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MAY, 1899.

VICTORIA.

BY ALFRED AUSTIN,

Poet Laureate.

The lark went up, the mower whet his scythe,
On golden meads kine ruminating lay,
And all the world felt young again and blithe,
Just as to-day.

The partridge shook her covey from her wings,
And limped along the grass; on leaf and lawn
Shimmered the dew, and every throat that sings
Chanted the dawn.

In the green wheat the poppy burst aflame,
Wildrose and woodbine garlanded the glade,
And twin with maiden Summer, forth there came
A summer Maid.

Her face was as the face of mid-June when
Blossoms the meadowsweet, the bindweed blows:
Pale as a lily first She blenched, and then
Blushed like a rose.

They placed a Crown upon her fair young brow,
They put a Sceptre in her girlish hand,
Saying, "Behold! You are Sovereign Lady now
Of this great Land!"

Silent She gazed, as one who doth not know
The meaning of a message. When she broke
The hush of awe around her, 'twas as though
Her soul that spoke.

"With this dread summons, since 'tis Heaven's decree,
I would not palter, even if I could;
But, being a woman only, I can be
Not great, but good.

"I cannot don the breastplate and the helm,
To my weak waist the sword I cannot gird,
Nor in the discords that distract a Realm
Be seen or heard.

"But in my people's wisdom will I share,
And in their valour play a helpful part,
Lending them still, in all they do or dare,
My woman's heart.

"And haply it may be that, by God's grace,
And unarmed Love's invulnerable might,
I may, though woman, lead a manly race
To higher height;

"If wise will curb disorderly desire,
The Present hold the parent Past in awe,
Religion hallowing with its sacred fire
Freedom and Law.

"Never be broken, long as I shall reign,
The solemn covenant 'twixt them and me,
To keep this Kingdom, moated by the main,
Loyal yet free."

Thus with grave utterance and majestic mien
She with her eighteen summers filled the Throne
Where Alfred sate: a girl, withal a Queen,
Aloft, alone!

But Love that hath the power to force apart
The bolts and baulk the sentinels of Kings,
Came o'er the sea, and in her April heart
Folded his wings.

Thenceforth more dear than diadem She owned
A princely helpmate, sharer in her trust,
If not her Sceptre:—since, withal, enthroned
By Time the just.

Scorner of wrong, and lover of the right,
Compounded all of nobleness he seemed,
And was indeed the perfect gentle Knight
The poet dreamed.

So when the storm of wrath arose that drave
Scared Rulers from their realms, Her Throne, deep laid
In liberty and trust, calm shelter gave
To Kings dismayed.

And stronger grew the bond of love and grace
Betwixt Her and her People, while that She
Reigned the glad Mother of a Royal race,
Rulers to be.

But Death that deepens love in darkening life
Turned to a pall the purple of her Throne.
Then, more than once the maid, the widowed wife
Reigned all alone!

"Leave me awhile to linger with the dead,"
Weeping, She sued. "But doubt not that I still
Am nuptialled to my People, and have wed
Their deathless will.

"Their thoughts shall be my thoughts, their aim my aim,
Their free-lent loyalty my right divine;
Mine will I make their triumphs, mine their fame,
Their sorrows mine.

"And I will be the bond to link them all
In patriot purpose till my days be done,
So that, in mind and might, whate'er befall,
They still keep One."

Then to the winds yet wider was unfurled
The Flag that tyrants never could enslave,
Till its strong wisdom governed half the world,
And all the wave!

And, panoplied alike for War or Peace,
Victoria's England furroweth still the foam
To harvest Empire, wiser than was Greece,
Wider than Rome!

Therefore with glowing hearts and proud glad tears,
The children of her Island Realm to-day
Recall her sixty venerable years
Of virtuous sway.

Now too from where Saint-Lawrence winds adown
'Twixt forests felled and plains that feel the plough,
And Ganges jewels the Imperial Crown
That girds her brow;

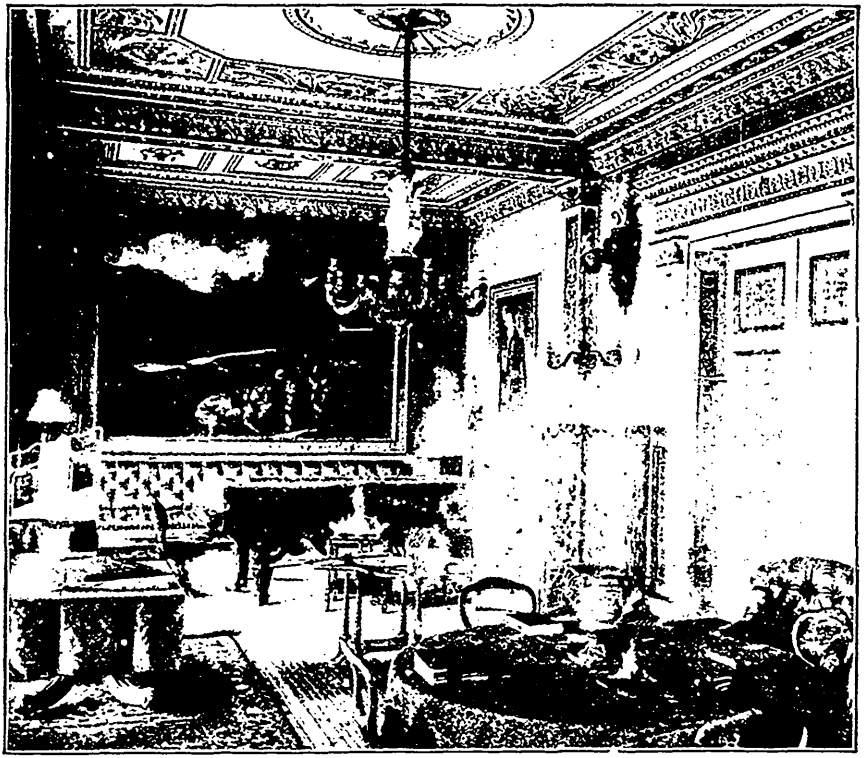
From Afric's Cape, where loyal watchdogs bark,
And Britain's Sceptre ne'er shall be withdrawn,
And that young Continent that greets the dark
When we the dawn;

From steel-capped promontories stern and strong,
And lone isles mounting guard upon the main,
Hither her subjects wend to hail her long
Resplendent Reign.

And ever when mid-June's musk-roses blow,
Our Race will celebrate Victoria's name,
And even England's greatness gain a glow
From Her pure fame.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE QUEEN.

BY ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.



THE COUNCIL CHAMBER, OSBORNE HOUSE.

THE QUEEN'S RELIGIOUS LIFE.

On the memorable morning of June 20, 1837, when the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Howley), and the Lord Chamberlain, the Marquis of Conyngham, toil-worn and dust-stained with their night ride from Windsor, beat at the doors of Kensington Palace—as the present writer has often heard the late Marquis describe—at five o'clock, and announced to the awakened girl of eighteen that she was the Queen of England, she kissed the extended hands of the kneeling messengers and fell on her knees between them, saying: "I ask your prayers on my behalf."

This would have been an extraordinary sentiment in any ordinary little lady, but it came naturally from one who we hear from her preceptor, Bishop Davis of Peterborough, had had the Bible read to her every day, and the anecdote is typical of the Queen's entire life, for those who know her well would be only too ready to admit that she is a deeply religious woman, who in all temptations and trials, tribulations and triumphs, has put her faith in God's grace and who

marks all acts of her private and public life by a prayerful appeal, and has brought up her children in the love and fear of God.

Sunday is with Her Majesty, in the best sense of the phrase, a day of rest. On Sunday she never transacts business of any kind, nor allows her servants, whether they be ministers or maids, to execute other than the most necessary duties.

The Queen's own form of worship is Church of England, with a strong leaning towards Presbyterianism, which latter inclination may be accounted for partly by Scotch influence, partly by the Prince Consort's Lutheran training, and partly by her own love of simplicity in all things that surround and appertain to herself, whether it be manners, speech, or even the patterns of her curtains.

The Queen has never attended any High Church public service, nor permitted the private services she attends to be conducted with the aid of vestments, candles, processions, or other ornamental accessories. Indeed, her greatest delight was to attend the poor little church at Crathie, and to communicate after the Presbyterian manner in her turn with the rest of the simple Highland congregation. And it was only her horror at finding that her presence turned the service into a show and an attraction to staring tourists that made her abandon Whippingham Church and set up a private Prayer-room at Osborne House.

The Queen has no sympathy with the modern style of introducing aesthetics, economics, or politics into the pulpit. She much prefers a plain exposition of practical truths arising out of some subject of the day, and is known to favour unwritten sermons. She has always shown a strong partiality for the clergy. She loves to talk of the many great churchmen who assisted in the moulding of her character and in her education.

It would be impossible to enumerate all Her Majesty's favourite hymns, but among those which are especially asked for are Toplady's "Rock of Ages," "To Thee, O Lord," "I shall not in the grave remain," "Thy will be done," "Happy Soul, thy days are ended," which has been so beautifully set by H.R.H. Prince Consort, and Mendelssohn's "Hear my Prayer," which was an especial favourite of the late Duke of Albany.

The simple little service in the Queen's Private Chapel is a very solemn and impressive experience, never to be forgotten by those who have had the privilege of attending it, while to those who can recall the more imposing appearance of the Queen when, with her husband and children, and surrounded by her Court, she worshipped at the Chapel Royal, or at the Private Chapel at Buckingham Palace, the quiet modesty of her present surroundings is infinitely touching. In face of such staunch Protestantism as the Queen professes, it is almost grotesque to go back to the early years of her reign, when men, both in England and Ireland, were base enough to accuse Her Majesty of the intention of re-establishing the Papacy as the National religion.

One very terrible trial came to the Queen through her strong and fervent religion. Some time after her marriage to the Grand Duke of Hesse, Princess Alice, the Queen's dearest daughter, showed strong signs of wavering from the faith in which she had been so carefully brought up. The Princess was naturally deeply religious but her own serious and thoughtful nature, coupled with the circumstances of her life, led her first to question and then to falter.

For some months a most interesting correspondence passed between the Princess and the Queen, the letters of the latter being most touching in their solicitude for her daughter's spiritual welfare. That the Princess' beautiful and trusting nature returned to the faith in which she was reared and that she died in it, a devout Christian, proved a consolation to the Queen, who has ever placed her religion and the welfare of her soul above the mere earthly considerations of crowns and kingdoms.

THE QUEEN'S LETTERS.

Much of the Queen's heavy daily work is self-imposed, and, from the point of view of governing her great Empire, absolutely unnecessary. When Her Majesty has, in her pretty open tent at Osborne, or beneath the shadow of the two splendid evergreen oaks at Frogmore, finished considering State papers, signing the despatches, and dictating letters on every conceivable subject, she turns to the vast pile of purely family and private correspondence which awaits her perusal every twenty-four hours. Apart from State business, it has been proved that the Queen is the greatest correspondent of the day, not only as regards the letters she receives and reads, but those she indites with her own hand in reply.

A point on which the Queen is extremely punctilious is the insistance that, unless debarred by illness, all her children and grandchildren shall write to her once in every day. These letters are not merely scrappy effusions made up of commonplaces and trivialities, but partake more of the nature of diaries, noting not only every event in the writer's life, but the thoughts and sensations entailed thereby.

Her Majesty is herself a most introspective letter-writer, and only cares for letters of a like quality.

The Queen does not answer all her family correspondence every day, for to do so would be a task beyond even her powers, but any letters that deal with sorrow or joy, doubts and fears, or hopes and anticipations, always meet with a speedy and intensely sympathetic reply from this true "head" of her family. The Queen's letters written to her descendants, under various and important trying circumstances, are most beautiful compositions, and imbued with a love and tenderness that is almost not of this world. In these days letter-writing is a lost art to almost every one save Her Majesty, who has preserved unimpaired her extraordinary aptitude in this particular.

The Queen's letters to the nation, which in moments of national rejoicing or grief she has from time to time indited in a spirit of thanksgiving or sympathy, are in themselves monuments of consideration, self-restraint, and good taste, in fact, altogether admirable.

Among the many beautiful letters written by the Queen must not be forgotten the long and touching effusion she penned to the Prince of Wales on his eighteenth birthday, announcing to him his emancipation from parental control. It was full of affectionate warnings and prayers for his future, and was pronounced by those few who saw it as being one of the most beautiful letters ever written. The Prince himself was so deeply moved by it that he burst into a flood of tears on showing it to the Rev. Gerald Wellesley. Her letters to her daughter, Princess Alice, after her marriage, and her daily communications to the Dowager Empress of Germany during the long and terrible illness of the Emperor Frederick, are in-

comparable in their tenderness and sympathy.

The letters by the Queen to her Ministers—or to reduce the matter to facts, by a woman to some of the greatest men of the century—were always remarkable for their clearness of expression, grasp of situation and detail, and for strong decision.

Lord John Russell—who from time to time had political differences with the Queen—received from her on more than one occasion letters of the firmest and most authoritative character, indicating clearly that Her Majesty could express her displeasure on paper as forcibly as she could her other sensations.

The Queen's letters of condolence in times of great grief have been penned by her own hand to many of her subjects, and have by their sweetness and sympathy brought balm to many a wounded heart.

Once only—outside periods of illness—did the Queen ever lose touch with all business and private affairs. That was at the time of the Prince Consort's death, when for some weeks every communication passed through the hands of Princess Alice. Almost the first letter penned by the Queen after her great grief, was that to the nation, which few can even now read dry-eyed, so touching and sad is it.

The Royal Mail Bag is a very bulky affair, and is first gone through by the Private Secretary. Letters from lunatics and beggars and people filled with impertinent curiosity are daily items in the correspondence, but all are sorted and answered courteously. Family letters are conveyed unopened to Her Majesty.

WHAT THE QUEEN READS.

That the Queen has all her life been an omnivorous reader can be readily understood by all who appreciate the broadness of her views, and her sympathetic knowledge of things and men, more especially of such as are touched by the sorrows of this world. As a child and young person she had a great love of history, and devoured everything that had to do with the making of England and the lives of those who had occupied the throne.

Dean Stanley, during his long and intimate friendship with the Queen, frequently referred his printed works to her judgment and discretion, and it was in his drawing-room that Her Majesty met Carlyle. The sage of Chelsea was not at all abashed by being in his Sovereign's presence, and, pulling up a chair quite close to her, proceeded in his quaint way to cross-question her on her historical knowledge, likes, and dislikes. He acknowledged to being much impressed by the terseness and sense of her remarks, which, he maintained, contrasted agreeably with the rambling inaccuracies of the majority of women.

To every observer it must be evident that the reading got through by the Queen each day is enormous. Her vast private correspondence, the Parliamentary reports from the hand of the Leader of the House of Commons, despatches from every Government office, and duly-considered excerpts from the leading daily papers are all read by or to the Queen by her private secretary, maid-of-honour, and lady-in-waiting, and are considered by the Queen in the light of business. Even when her arduous day is done, and at one o'clock in the morning the Queen betakes herself to bed, the lady-in-waiting reads to Her Majesty until the signal comes for extinguishing all the lights but the veilleuse. Princess

A BIT OF THE LONG CORRIDOR, OSBORNE HOUSE.

Beatrice is a most beautiful reader, and the art is one which the Queen has carefully inculcated in all her children.

Almost first in Her Majesty's favour come the works of Scott, those she likes most being "The Antiquary," "The Talisman," and "Peveril of the Peak." A few of Lord Beaconsfield's works are here, and a handsome copy of "Lothair," in three volumes, and bound in royal blue, contains the inscription: "For the Queen, from a faithful servant;" Kingsley's "Saint's Tragedy," and "Two Years Ago," Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," Trollope's "Barchester Towers," a complete set of Thackeray's works, some of the Brontes' and Edna Lyall's books, many of R. L. Stevenson's romances, Rudyard Kipling's stories, Edmund Yates' "Reminiscences," and nearly all Mrs. Oliphant's novels; Rider Haggard's "She," "Jess," and "Handley Cross;" Sponge's "Sporting Tour," and two full editions of Dickens' books.

It must not be thought, however, that the reading of the Queen and her Court is restricted by the limits of the Royal Library. Large boxes of current literature in English, French, and German follow Her Majesty from Mudie's wherever she may be, and all the Court have access to them. But the Queen has many favourites also that she takes everywhere, and six huge cases of books from the library are an invariable item in the Royal baggage. Besides this, when the Queen is away from Windsor, works touching on State business, maps, or indexes are frequently telegraphed for or fetched by the messenger who travels daily

between Windsor and wherever the Queen may be. It is only like the Queen's desire for others' happiness that the library is always free to those about her, who are also allowed to have books in their own rooms.

But the three favourite books of Her Majesty do not ever leave her intimate company. Her Bible, with the Book of Common Prayer, and a volume of Hymns Ancient and Modern, in their simple binding, are always by her side. Much of her fortitude under suffering and the consolations for her afflictions have been drawn from these sources, and among books that the Queen reads they should have important mention.

But more than her plate and the rare china, does Her Majesty prize the plain Bible, bound in limp leather, and with overlapping edges, that belonged to her faithful servant, General Gordon, and was brought to her by his sister some time after his sad death. It lies on a cushion of white satin, and is open at the first chapter of the Gospel according to St. John, pp. 64 and 65, which are marked in blue pencil. The Queen likes all her visitors to see this relic of a great man's life, and on more than one occasion has herself directed attention to it, and always with words of great feeling.

The Queen's love and remembrance of anniversaries is almost proverbial, and those which mark the more sorrowful events of her life are kept as days apart. The 14th of December, which date marks the death of the Prince Consort, and ten years later of Princess Alice of Hesse, is observed by the Queen as a day of great mourning. Save at the Memorial Service held at the Albert Mausoleum at Frogmore, not even those members of the Royal family who travel to Windsor for that function see the Queen. No business of any kind is transacted by Her Majesty on that day, she sits almost alone in her own apartments, and it is the one day in the year when, save for the short drive to Frogmore and back, the Queen takes no air. The Court is expected to wear black on this occasion.

When in Scotland the Queen's kindly fancies turned towards her humbler neighbours, and at christenings and funerals, or where sickness and sorrow are, she might be looked for and found in the tender capacities of consoler and friend.

HOME LIFE AT OSBORNE.

There is no doubt that the happiest hours of the Queen's long and glorious reign have been spent in the quiet country retreats she, by wise economy and care, was able to purchase for herself, and amid the simple sanctity of family life. Very soon after the Queen's marriage, she made up her mind that she must have some home of her very own. Before everything the young Queen, whose training as a child had been entirely domestic, and the Prince Consort had the most simple of tastes, while their affection and appreciation of Nature's fairest works were both mutual and genuine. But greatly as they admired and enhanced the beauties of Royal Windsor, the Queen and the Prince could never forget that the great country retreat of kings and courtiers was regulated by Public Departments which reduced life there to the semblance of a vast hotel instead of a "home," the love of which is so strongly imbued in those who have English or German blood in their veins.

She therefore purchased the estate of Osborne in the Isle of Wight. It was not too far removed from London and the various Governmental offices, yet it

was so retired that the Queen could easily obtain the privacy and retirement she so ardently longed for. The panoramic views across the Solent to Portsmouth, and the great roadstead of Spithead and farther down the channel to where the swelling downs of Devonshire rose palely through the summer mists made the little spot an ideal marine home.

Osborne House, as the Prince Consort designed and knew it, took six years to build, although the pavilion, where are situated the Royal apartments and the nurseries, was completed within a year. Since that time, Osborne House and its environs have been considerably enlarged.

On the first floor are the Queen's Private Rooms. On the staircase is a statue of heroic size of the Prince Consort in Roman costume.

Her Majesty's private sitting-room is lofty and large, and almost square in shape. It is very light and cheerful, for an unimpeded view across the sea is not veiled with voluminous curtains or shut out by heavy blinds. The impression of the room is one of extreme simplicity and homeliness.

There are about fifty pictures on the wall, mostly family portraits. Landseer's most famous picture, "The Deer Pass," hangs in the Council-room, a beautiful apartment overlooking the Upper Terrace.

Two charming proofs of the Queen's remembrances for all kinds and conditions of friends are in the Osborne grounds. One is a granite seat erected in memory of John Brown: on it is inscribed—

MR. JOHN BROWN,

8th December, 1826. *27th March*, 1883.

"A truer, nobler, trustier heart, more loving and more loyal, never beat within a human breast."—BYRON.

Princess Beatrice, the Queen's youngest daughter, has been her mother's constant companion since Prince Albert's death; and even now that she, the Princess, is a widow with three children, the union is closer than ever. The Battenbergs have always been domiciled under the same roof as Her Majesty. It is said that Prince Henry was made to promise that he and his wife would remain with the Queen so long as she lived, before Her Majesty would give her consent to the marriage.

Princess Beatrice's children are great favourites with the Queen. The little Princess Eugenie, to whom her godmother, the beautiful French Empress, gave her name, is said to be the darling of her old age.

The present estate connected with Osborne House contains about 5,000 acres, and includes the model farm which was the special pride of the Prince Consort. The Queen has eight miles of beautiful drives in her own park. Much of the land is under good cultivation, and it is dotted here and there with fine farmhouses, each one of which bears, in some conspicuous place, a monogram of the two letters V and A. All the horses used on the estate wear high, peaked collars marked with a big V. The dairy at the model farm furnishes butter and cream daily for the use of Her Majesty when she is at Osborne House.

THE QUEEN AT WORK.

On her accession to the throne, the Queen was plunged into a sea of responsibility, duty, and hard work that might well tax the nerves and health of the strongest man. Frequently during her married life, when business pressed and her hours for outdoor exercise were curtailed, she would ride at six o'clock for an hour before beginning the day's work.

The reading of the leading papers, English and foreign, of despatches and reports, occupied her until midday, when she always had an audience of her Ministers which was frequently followed by a Privy Council. Every paper and question has always been perused and criticised by the Queen herself, who in her most high-spirited moments has never permitted the slightest deviation from the hard and fast lines of the business in hand which she had to do herself, because the law would not allow a private secretary.

The Queen announced her betrothal herself to the Privy Council attired in a plain morning gown, but wearing a bracelet containing Prince Albert's picture. She read the declaration in a clear, sonorous, sweet-toned voice, but her hands trembled so excessively that it was wonderful she was able to read the paper which she held.

After her marriage, the Queen, so far from drifting into a leisure which would, under the circumstances, have been excusable, worked harder than ever. Prince Albert was devoted to music, and to please him she daily made time to practice both her singing and playing. The vast alterations and improvements made at Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace were all carried out under her own eye, and she often had to find time to inspect the various Royal residences at Hampton, Kew, and Richmond. No day, however long and fatiguing, passed without full entries and most astute comment on passing events being made in the Queen's diary by her own hand, or without her writing a number of letters to members of her family on every conceivable subject of private interest. Yet these were but adjuncts to a life given up to the service of the State and came as relaxations to a mind filled with every minute detail of Home and Foreign policy. It is not my wish to dip into history, but I must give some examples.

In the '50's the Indian Mutiny, and subsequently the Crimean War, laid fresh burdens on her already over-weighted shoulders. After Florence Nightingale went out with thirty-six other lady nurses to Scutari, the Queen daily summoned her friends and household to sit with her to make every kind of wrap and garment for her sick and dying soldiers.

Not only is the Queen's work very hard, it is sometimes very painful, as may be imagined from the following story, and is accompanied by long sleepless nights, the result of over-wrought nerves.

Once the Duke of Wellington brought her a death-warrant to sign, the soldier being an incorrigible deserter. The Queen evinced extreme reluctance to affix her signature, and pressed the Duke for some reason for clemency. At length the Duke admitted that the condemned man had always earned the affection of his fellow-soldiers. The Queen, with tears in her eyes, cried: "Oh, your Grace, I am so pleased to hear that," and hastily wrote "Pardoned, Victoria R." across the slip of paper.

But for a strong sense of duty, the Queen would always grant a reprieve, especially in the case of women, for it is easy to imagine the horror her refined nature feels in even indirectly being the cause of any one's death, and it has long been said that the hour of any man's hanging finds the Queen on her knees praying for his soul.

When the condition of the Court of the Regent and George IV. is remembered, it should not be forgotten that the present high standard of honour, virtue, and true goodness that prevails within the Queen's Palaces is entirely due to hard and very disagreeable

work, and the strictest personal supervision which the cleaning and keeping clean of the Royal Augean stable necessitates. Even nowadays Her Majesty finds time and energy to overlook the Lord Chamberlain's lists and, if need be, to cut them down.

When the world reads of the Queen driving out it naturally supposes that she is lolling in a carriage doing nothing. Those about her, however, know that she is more often than not making a tour of inspection among her farms, and inquiring after the comfort and welfare of her retainers. For many years past the Queen's health and strength have largely depended on her being almost perpetually in the open air, and it is necessity rather than choice that obliges her to do all her morning's work out of doors. Two mounted messengers keep up perpetual communication with the telegraph office and telephones at the Castle, and the attendant secretary stands at her side. At Windsor the Queen has a double set of messengers going between the Castle and the heads of the State department in London, and when there she not infrequently works before retiring to rest, though this is now done against the advice of her body physicians. In addition to the public work, the self-imposed private work done by Her Majesty is extraordinary. Every word of the Parliamentary report which is daily made to her by the Leader of the House of Commons is perused by her, and not infrequently annotated in her own hand before being filed.

Every morning the menus for all the meals are, as we know, submitted to and frequently altered by her. The Court Circular passes through her hands, and is rigidly criticised for errors. Nor must the large private correspondence I have dwelt on be forgotten.

It is too much the fashion in these Radical days to blame the Queen for her life of privacy, and to insinuate that one who draws such a large income from the people should be more seen of them. I wonder how many of these grumblers ever consider how long and how laborious the Queen's life has been, and how even now, at an age when most women lie abed, or sit with idle, folded hands and fading sensibilities by the fireside, the Queen is still working early and late for the welfare of her vast Empire and the good of her millions of subjects.

APPEAL.

BY GEORGE M. WHICHER.

Between the righteous and the strong
  Thou canst discern, All-seeing Lord!
And when to right a hoary wrong
  Our country bares the avenging sword,
Before thine awful throne we pause:
Lo! they that mock!—judge thou our cause!

Do we but lash a neighbour's crime,
  Careless of sin at home unscourged?
Thou sawest in our fathers' time
  With what a flame their dross was purg'd:
Before thine awful throne we pause:
O God of wisdom! judge our cause!

Do we but stir with greed for gain?
  For vengeance only do we lust?
Then speak our doom; make us as Spain—
  Topple our triumphs in the dust.
Before thine awful throne we pause:
O God of justice! judge our cause!

Dustless the crown we hope to win?
  Unsheathed to make thy will prevail?
O God! do we not garner in
  Our harvest from thy bloody flail?
Before thy righteous throne we pause:
Lord God of nations! judge our cause!

—*The Independent.*

IN MEMORIAM.

BY THE REV. DR. LATHERN.

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON.

Amongst books read, during a recent period of enforced silence, has been "Alfred, Lord Tennyson: A Memoir." The late Dr. George Osborn once said in regard to a book, that he envied those who had not yet seen it, for the sake of the pleasure they would have in reading it. So with these two noble volumes. Through their pages we seem to commune with the master minds of the latter half of the nineteenth century. The Memoir was followed by In Memoriam: and with the side-lights thus afforded in regard to genesis and growth, the result of careful re-reading has been a deepened impression of Tennyson's influence on the literary and religious life of at least one generation.

In Memoriam is inscribed to "A. H. H.," with whom an intimacy had begun at Trinity College, Cambridge. The gifted Arthur H. Hallam needs no monument of stone. The poem now classic in literature, sacred to friendship, forms a memorial more beautiful than Parian marble and more enduring than Corinthian brass. The Memoir gives us glimpses of many bright days at the Lincolnshire Rectory, when this honoured college friend joined the Tennyson home circle. Tuscan poets were read upon the lawn: "or, in the all-golden afternoon, a guest or happy sister sung." Hallam's brilliant promise was quenched ere it reached the splendour of noon. On a couch, while sojourning in Austria, sleeping it was supposed, he was found to be dead. Keen was Tennyson's sorrow of bereavement, but not without sense of alleviation:

"This truth came borne with bier and pall.
I feel it when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all."

The philosophic and spiritual poem, In Memoriam, was first published in 1850. The measure is simple iambic, an accent on each second syllable, that which best suits the English tongue. Its stanzaic form, however, almost new, adds to the technical range and structure of English verse. The educated ear instinctively seeks in the fourth line a measure of sound to balance that of the second and third rhymed lines, and is thus unconsciously led to linger over the stanza until its full meaning has been all taken in. In Memoriam may be regarded as Tennyson's most distinctive work, for it has put something into our literature which was not there before, but which has won highest recognition and must abide forever.

The transfiguration of Raphael, a famous altarpiece, now at the Vatican in Rome, while unhistoric in its grouping of figures, reflects in its marvellous expression and colouring that glory which was on the holy mount described by the Lord's evangelist. In reverential application of that scene, as depicted by the glowing pencil of genius, an art-critic claims that all poetry of the highest order is the transfiguration of common life. Tennyson's In Memoriam reflects the splendour of common themes under the touch of a great master —a

> "Light that never was on sea or land,
> The consecration and the poet's dream."

Its expression is terse and luminous. Each canto exhibits exquisite verbal felicities, and the jewelled finish of varied art: "like perfect music unto noble words." Thought streams out on the receptive mind and mood as the serene light of a summer noon. With opulence of diction there is no excess of verbiage.

Then why is the In Memoriam harder to read and understand than some other masterpieces of Tennyson? It is a cry from the depths—de profundis. But the profundity is not in structure or style; short swallow flights of song, as the poet deems them, that dip their wings in tears. It is because of the serious discussion of some of the most painful problems of life and destiny. Philosophic thought and deep reasoning lead on to the conclusion "that something good can be the final goal of ill." So runs the dream!

To rightly estimate the influence of Tennyson in relation to religious thought, we must remember the exceptional circumstances under which his greatest utterances challenged attention. It was an era of new ideas. Physical science had begun to achieve marvellous triumphs through steam and electricity. Parliamentary reform was exciting enthusiasm and expectancy. Oxford University had become the centre of a movement designed to promote spiritual revolution, and to substitute abject submission to sacerdotalism for simple faith in a living Christ.

At the other extreme was the seductive doctrine of the supremacy of human culture; not as a means of mental equipment, but as an end in itself. "All around us," says Professor Froude, in his Life of Carlyle, "intellectual lightships had broken from their moorings." In this condition, lights all drifting, compasses awry, and nothing to steer by except the stars, the best and bravest students determined to find ground under their feet, to let uncertain remain uncertain. They would not make their judgments blind, but would learn how much and what could be regarded as true, and live by it. Tennyson became the voice of this feeling in poetry. "We read the group of poems," continues Froude, "closing with In Memoriam, and they became part of our minds, the expression in exquisite language of the feelings which were working in our selves."

The standpoint from which Tennyson discusses deep problems of thought, not to mention better known poems, may be seen in the sonnet lines placed in front of the first number of the Nineteenth Century Review. Genius discriminates between opposite classes of writers for the new journal:

> "Some descending from the sacred peak
> Of hoar high-templed faith. . . .
> And some are wilder comrades, sworn to seek
> If any golden harbour be for men,
> *In seas of Death and sunless gulfs of Doubt*"

In three lines, we have a full picture of modern unbelief. Rock-

less agnostic reviewers steam away to polar seas of dark and dreary negation. There is the sorrowful feeling that in search for a harbour of spiritual refuge they are drifting to regions of ice and cold and endless night, on to "seas of death and sunless gulfs of doubt."

In Memoriam has on its brow the dew of hallowed association, and its pathos is of the tenderest character. But above all it voices the deepest thoughts and aspirations of the human soul, in regard to the unseen and eternal. It interprets the law of life's darkest mysteries. It sheds radiance over scenes of sorrow, and anticipates the future greatness of humanity, the thousand years of peace. No theologian could hold or inculcate more earnestly the truth, that, if we are to have clear visions of God at all, it must be under right conditions of belief and life. "The great world's altar-stairs . . . slope through darkness up to God."

With cleaving force, the teacher cuts his way through the intricacies of unbelief. He leads the inquirer back to those elementary but immutable truths that have stood the test of ages, and which satisfy the heart as nothing else can do. Through all the affluent diction and statuesque beauty of Tennyson's verse, there breathes a living soul. Spiritual ideals grow upon our vision of faith and love and reverence. More is meant than meets the ear. Such a celebration of momentous and everlasting themes is in striking contrast to the passionate strains of Byron, so often scornfully defiant of moral obligation, the sensuous elegancies of Swinburne, and even the unspiritual lucidities of Matthew Arnold.

How clear and triumphant the transition from doubt to faith!

> "One indeed I knew
> In many a subtle question versed,
> Who touched a jarring lyre at first,
> But ever strove to make it true."

He fought his doubts, gathered strength, and seeking the light, he came at length

> "To find a stronger faith his own;
> And power was with him in the night,
> Which makes the darkness and the light,
> And dwells not in the light alone."

The spirit of nineteenth century scepticism, seeking to sap the faith of the believer in revealed truth, vaunts its materialism, and appeals to the facts and laws of nature. But In Memoriam takes us up to the loftier region of faith:

> "Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
> Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,
> By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
> Believing where we cannot prove."
>
> . . . . .
>
> "Our wills are ours to make them thine."

Dartmouth, N.S.

"HIS SERVANTS SHALL SERVE HIM."

BY AMY PARKINSON.

How happy in that world to be,
'Mid scenes of cloudless beauty,
Where every life takes gladly up
A love-appointed duty;
Where swift His faithful servants move
To do their dear Lord's pleasure,
With nerveful hands and tireless feet—
Whose strength is past all measure.

Oh! we who still do tarry where
So many days are dreary,
And where, so oft, weak mortal frames
With lightest tasks grow weary,—
Think of the time, not far removed,
When, 'neath bright skies of heaven,
There shall to us, with vigour new,
Some blest employ be given.

The special work to each assigned,
God not on earth revealeth;
Nor would we seek to penetrate
The things which He concealeth;
But we may let this promise sure
E'en here our souls be cheering:
The joy of service all shall share
In the world which we are nearing.

CHRISTIAN LIFE IN GERMANY.*

BY THE REV. CHARLES H. HUESTIS, M.A.

Mr. Frederick Harrison, in an article in The Forum a year or two ago, advanced and defended the theory that the distinguishing characteristic of the age in which we are living is sociological. As is well known, Mr. Benjamin Kidd makes the same idea one of the main theses of his epochal book, "Social Evolution." In the opinion of these clear-visioned men of our day, the crowning glory of this latest time is not intellectual and scientific advancement, nor the progress of industrialism, nor the annihilation of space through electrical and steam power; but the development of the feeling of humanity, the softening of heart and broadening of sympathy that has slowly taken place in the Western world. Mr. Kidd maintains that this enthusiasm for humanity is the key of every great social and political movement of the age; and that it is due to the interruption, or rather, the modification, of the supreme law of organic development, the survival of the fittest in the struggle for existence, by the influence of the teachings of Christianity.

It would seem that this movement for the uplifting of humanity has divided into two streams, one of which consciously receives its impulse from the teachings of Christ; while the other, unconscious of its relationship to these teachings, and even at times antagonistic to the Church, merely expresses in its activities the dominant trend of the times.

The chief exponents of the latter stream of humanitarian impulse are the Germans, Marx and Engels; and in the Social Democracy of Germany is to be found perhaps the best organized, and certainly the most aggressive, movement for the final suspension of that struggle for existence which has been waged so long, through the seizing of the means of production by society, and transforming them into public property for the support of all.

The author of the important work, whose title stands at the head of this article, finds in Germany also, though he does not say so, a powerful tributary of that stream of humanitarian impulse which consciously and lovingly associates itself with Jesus Christ; namely, modern Christian enterprise. It is not the purpose of the present scribe to give an exhaustive review of this book, but simply to point out the main features of this study of social and religious activity as an object lesson of what may be done in the way of Christian work, through organized effort.

In making a study of any phase of German life, it is necessary that two things be borne in mind. The first is that Germany is a great military camp, and that hence all her institutions are modified by their relation to the army and navy. The second is that the centre of German life is the home. Not even amongst English people does the word "home" carry with it so emotional a colouring as in the "Fatherland," while there is a pathos about the word "Heimweh" that the word "Homesickness" does not translate, that, indeed, finds no parallel in any English equivalent. Whatever attacks the home saps the nation's vitality at its very source; hence we shall

* "Christian Life in Germany as Seen in the State and the Church." By Edward F. Williams, D.D. New York, 1896. Fleming H. Revell Company.

find that almost every form of German Christian activity looks to the homing of the people.

It is doubtful if one can speak rightly of a nation as Christian. There is a personal significance in the name "Christian" which makes it applicable to the individual only. But using the words "Christian nation" in their popular sense, meaning thereby that the laws, customs, and institutions are Christian in their ethical basis rather than pagan; perhaps there is no nation that better deserves the name than Germany. There is no phase of German life that is not cast in Christian form and coloured by Christian principle. This is as true of law and the conduct of the State, as it is of literature and the common life of the people.

In every German school, from the first grades to the highest, the Scriptures form a part of the course of study. A man is not educated if he does not know his Bible, and however far he may drift away from the faith of his fathers in later life, he never has dreams of "the irreligion of the future," as his brilliant and sceptical French neighbour sometimes has.

The great mass of the people are members of the Church by baptism and confirmation; both of which ordinances are required by law. Every officer of the army must be a member of the Church and attend Sacrament at least once a year. The Emperor, the head of the nation, is also head of the Church; and the Church is represented in the Imperial Cabinet by a minister called the Cultus Minister, who also represents the interests of education. Thus government, education, and religion are indissolubly welded together.

It is easy to see that the name "Christian" means a very different thing in Germany from what it does amongst us. No one would think of asking the common question, "Are you a Christian?" The reply would probably be, "Do you think I am a heathen?" But religion in Germany is usually a formal affair; and is largely made up of observance of customs, filling out of reports, and the discharge of certain duties. Faith in Christ thus tends to become simply a patriotic duty. The pastor in his parish is much like the commander of a regiment. His word is law; he belongs to a different class of society from his parishioners, with whom he seldom thinks of associating as his equals. Still he is sympathetic and helpful, ever ready to serve the religious interests of his people. "Functioning" is, perhaps, the best word to express the activity of the ordinary German pastor.

In all this the influence of the military constitution of the German Empire is evident. A Prussian officer of high rank was once asked what the Prussian soldiers say when they go into battle. The reply was, "They say, 'Wir Mussen unsere Pflicht thun'"—(We must do our duty.) Well, this sense of duty lies at the basis of German religious life. Emotion plays a small part in religion. To be a Christian is to give intellectual assent to certain propositions, to attend the Sacrament, and to do your duty to the Emperor, your neighbour and yourself.

It must not be supposed, however, that the genius of the German people is not deeply religious. This is evident in the many experiments at religion that have been made there. There is manifest a deep hunger after God. The purpose of Dr. Williams' book is, in a sense, to show how some German men and women have been doing to meet this hunger with the Bread of Life.

However, before we consider that matter, something may be

said about the homes and schools of Germany. Germany is a poor nation, hence most of the homes of the people, and especially those homes in which we are at present interested, are homes of the poor, Forty-seven per cent. of the people are farmers or peasants, and thirty-five per cent. employed in the trades. The German lives simply, has few extravagances, and, unless inflamed by Socialistic tracts, is content with his lot. He is a man under authority, and to this authority he cheerfully submits. Rents are low and food is cheap. Most Germans manage to save a little every year on salaries on which an American would almost starve. The barn and house of the peasant are under the same roof; pig, hens, and children mingle together promiscuously. Black bread, sausage, and beer are the staples of country diet. The German loves his home, but he loves his family better; and when he goes for amusement to the beer garden, he takes his family with him, and is never so happy as when thus situated, smoking his pipe and listening to good music.

Germans love their children. A great deal is made of birthdays and the Easter season, while Santa Claus is, as everybody knows, a native of Germany. Young people of different sexes do not associate as freely as with us, except in the presence of their elders, until they become engaged; but an engagement is an important affair, never to be broken except for the gravest reasons. This separation of the sexes makes it difficult, if not impossible, to organize Christian work like that of the Epworth League and Christian Endeavour Societies.

There is a Prussian proverb that what you want to appear in the life of the nation you must put into the schools. This idea lies at the base of the system of German education, a system superior to that of any nation in the world excepting perhaps Sweden. And yet, owing to the large number of the poor peasant class, the average intelligence of the country is not high. The German may be summed up educationally when you say he is a specialist. This is true from the lowest to the highest grades of intelligence. The peasant or artizan knows little outside his own work. That many-sided adaptability of the American mind, that Mark Twain has so cleverly characterized in his book, "A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court," is wanting in the German workman. The German has by nature that quality that is akin to genius, namely, an infinite capacity for taking pains; but he is wanting in allroundedness. If you want to know the bottom fact on any subject, however, you go to the German for it.

Newspapers are not read so largely as amongst us, nor do the Germans have our rich variety of magazine literature. The children of the poor have no ambition for such an education as every Canadian boy looks for. Yet, for all this, nowhere is "education" writ with so large letters as in Germany.

As mentioned above, education and religion are represented in the Cabinet by a Cultus Minister. The theory is that education and religion are of equal importance, and must be carried on concomitantly, a theory that finds a support in psychology.

There are three main classes of schools: first, the Volkschulen, like our public schools; second, the Realschulen, of two ranks, according to whether they fit the youth for business or for callings which require university training, but do not demand classics; third, the Gymnasia, in which boys receive thorough preparation for the University. The Volkschulen are practically free, and attendance is compulsory. The Gymnasium is

the characteristic school of Germany. But the crown and glory of the German system of education is the University, with its four faculties of arts, law, medicine, and theology. Its purpose, like that of the other schools, is to impart knowledge, but especially to stimulate the desire for original research, which is the vital spirit of all education.

There is a wide difference of opinion as to the moral condition of life in Germany. Doubtless, however, the people are not much better nor worse than their neighbours in other lands. Of course beer drinking is much more prevalent than with us, but the problem of intemperance is no greater. The social evil seems to be deeply rooted. About one-seventh of all births in Berlin are illegitimate. A crying evil of Germany is the gambling tendency. Lotteries sanctioned by Government gather in the people's money, and keep the lower classes in a constant state of excitement looking for sudden riches. But enough has been said as to the general conditions of German life. The rest of this paper will be devoted to a brief account of the efforts of Christian enterprise, especially that of the Inner Mission.

There is no better test of a man's character than the way he spends his money. A man's money is the credential and sign of his life's work; when he spends his money he spends himself. "Money is character," said Bulwer-Lytton with truth. Well, this fact has its application in the spiritual life; there is no truer test of the character of the spiritual life of a man or a nation, than its gifts of money to objects which are truly benevolent.

Measured by this test, it cannot be maintained, as is sometimes asserted, that the Church in Germany is destitute of spiritual life. No one can study the many-sided activity of Christian Germany without being impressed with the large development of that Christian culture that finds expression outside itself. Of course, when we remember that most of the people are nominally members of the Church, the aggregate of gifts of money is not large; but the few who are interested do nobly. There are two channels through which these gifts are poured, the "Outer," or Foreign, Mission, and the "Inner," or Home, Mission.

I have not space to give more than a very meagre account of the former of these; but one or two things command attention and admiration. One is the Government requirement that instruction be given in the schools on the nature and work of Missions. This would seem to be an admirable plan. We need in this country some one who will write a book like Gustav Warneck's "Die Mission in der Schule," giving in popular and interesting style the story of Missions. The guiding principles of German missionary work, according to Warneck, are these: The preaching of the Gospel in the language of the natives; the translation of the Scriptures, and the creation of a Christian literature; and the establishment of schools. As a rule the educational idea holds a more prominent part than preaching; yet everywhere the soul of all improvement is held to be the improvement of the soul.

Another admirable thing about German missionary methods is the thorough preparation, through training, of missionaries before they are sent out. Thus efficient work is ensured. Dr. Williams enumerates no less than sixteen different societies, heading the list with the famous Moravian Society, which began its work under Count Zinzendorf in 1732.

The history of the rise of the "Inner Mission" is the history of personal and original effort on the part of individual Christians; a reaction from the monastic to the early Christian plan of carrying on charitable work. As we read the Book of Acts, and watch the outgoing of the Christian spirit in helpfulness, we recognize a spontaneity, a spirit and power of initiative, working everywhere. Later on, the State took in hand the matter of caring for the needs of the poor. During the Middle Ages the monastic, or institutional, plan prevailed. The Church organized its benevolence to such an extent that begging became a profession, and attained an odour of sanctity. Giving became not a means, but an end; men sought remission of sins by compounding for them.

In the sixteenth century the Church went back to the personal methods that marked the early times. At present the State assumes the entire care of certain classes of sufferers, and looks to the Church for that sympathy which belongs to her special atmosphere. But it has been through the personal investigation and criticism on the part of Christian men and women that the State methods have improved. Witness the work of Howard on behalf of prisoners, and of Florence Nightingale in the interests of soldiers.

The work of the Inner Mission in Germany is associated with the names of three men—Francke, the founder of the Orphan House at Halle; Fliedner, the originator of the Deaconess movement; and Wichern, the founder of the Rough House, and restorer of the order and work of deacons. The life and work of these men is characterized by that readiness of response to the Holy Spirit, and that boldness of initiative, which was so manifest in the early Church.

Take for example the beginning of the famous Orphan House at Halle in 1695. Francke found one morning four German dollars and a few pence in a box he had set out for contributions for the education of the poor. "That is magnificent capital," he said. "With that something worth while must be done; I shall begin a school for the poor." That was the origin of the Orphan House which, with its 3,300 pupils (nearly 100,000 from the first), and its 470 dependents, is the largest establishment of the kind in Germany, if not in the world. The spirit and purpose of these schools, as of all other departments of the Inner Mission, are indicated in these words: "An ounce of living faith is worth more than a hundredweight of bare historical knowledge, and a little drop of true love than a sea of knowledge of all secrets." These, indeed, living faith and true love, are the origin and end of the Inner Mission.

Wichern began his work, which ended in the establishment of the Rough House, by receiving a few boys into his home and teaching them. Needing aid, as his boys increased in number, the idea of re-establishing the diaconate came to him. His motto was, "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even your faith."

The great deaconess movement, with its Mother and Daughter Houses, its great army of deaconesses, its hospitals, homes for the poor, nurseries, homes for fallen women, establishments for the training of servant girls, schools for little children, and numerous other activities, began with the reception by the simple Kaiserwerth pastor, in September, 1833, to his own home of a woman named Minna, who came begging for protection and assistance. In a gar-

den attached to the parsonage was an unoccupied house which Fliedner and his wife opened up as a temporary place of refuge. Soon a second penitent girl followed the first, and the work went on. To-day deaconesses from Kaiserwerth are at work in two hundred and twenty places in all parts of the world.

The providential character of these institutions is, therefore, evident. "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes." It is to be observed that all these enterprises, though they look to the alleviation of physical distress, have as their main object the revival and deepening of spiritual life. Francke, Fliedner, and Wichern realized that soul improvement is the basis of all outward reform, and ever sought to inspire those for whom they worked with faith in Christ Jesus.

It is thus seen that the Inner Mission begins within the souls of consecrated men and women, and then goes out to touch and redeem human society. It includes not only works of mercy and piety, as ordinarily understood, but that large class of humanitarian effort included in education, training for special positions in life, deliverance from temptation, rescue of fallen women, care for the sick, work among neglected classes of men,—in fact every possible form of service by which man can be benefited in this world and prepared for the next. Let me indicate in a few words some of the methods employed.

It is being recognized to-day by the most eminent criminologists that punishment is utterly inadequate to the lessening of criminal and anti-social tendencies; that the only possible means of improvement is to purify the stream at its source by creating about the possible criminal a wholesome environment. It is also being recognized that to do this effectively, the work must be begun in childhood. Both of these ideas have been worked out by the Inner Mission.

The care of little children is the first of the preventive methods employed. Creches, or Krippen, have been opened in many cities of France and Germany, which are public nurseries for the children of needy parents, as well as for those of working women who are employed away from home during the day. For a small sum the babies are cared for. They are fed regularly, have beds and toys, and are taught good physical and moral habits.

For older children, from three to six years, the Inner Mission has established the "Warteschule," or infant school. These are not kindergartens, but places for the moral and religious instruction of the children of the poor. Nearly every Deaconess Home has such a school attached to it. They differ from the State schools by the religious atmosphere that pervades them. The children are taught good behaviour and obedience, and are trained in habits of observation. In this way a fund of moral force is put in the child's soul that will serve when the time of temptation comes.

Orphan homes have been mentioned. They care for orphan children until ten years old (girls a little longer). The pupils are taught about the same as in the Volkschule, and besides, manual work. For those older still there are schools where servant girls are trained for work. These schools are under the care of deaconesses and are very popular. Servants' homes are also provided for girls who come from the country to the city seeking for work; and boarding-houses for factory girls. Boys and men are also looked after in the homes provided in the larger

cities for boys away from home attending school; and by means of Inns for working men, of which there are more than four hundred in Germany. The atmosphere of these Inns is Christian and homelike; at the head of them is usually a "brother," who with his wife has been trained for this work.

One of the aims of the Inner Mission is to follow with Christian influences those who are deprived of the privilege of attending Christian worship. "Separate coals will not burn," say the managers of the Mission. "They must be brought together." It was to this end that on November 6th, 1832, the two-hundredth anniversary of the death of Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, the Gustavus Adolphus Verein, or Church and Parsonage Building Society, was organized. The object of this society is to create new parishes in neglected fields, where Protestant Christians are too few to be able to support a pastor. To save souls, and then out of these saved ones to form parishes which shall act as a leaven in Catholic Germany, seems to be the special aim of the Verein. This society also seeks to minister to men engaged in remote places, as grass mowers, tile makers, etc., and those at work at railroad, canal, and turnpike building.

The Inner Mission not only cares for the morally defective, but to the physically defective and the sick. Asylums have been provided for the deaf and dumb, the blind, for epileptics and idiots; and also for children of scrofulous and rickety tendencies. From the beginning the hospital has had a large place in the work of the Mission, and men and women are trained for such work so that they may do it with efficiency and skill.

Though the chief aim, as has been said, of the Inner Mission is preventive, yet it is by no means indifferent to its duty to the lost. Its most difficult work in this department is against prostitution. It seeks to meet this evil in two ways: first, preventively, by providing homes for girls coming into the city for work; and, secondly, by establishing Magdaleniums. Of the latter there are more than twenty in the cities of Germany, in the majority of which deaconesses reside. Excellent work has been done, and many have been reclaimed from the paths of sin.

The Mission is doing good work in connection with prisons, visiting the prisoners, and providing reading matter; but its best work in this department is done in giving shelter and assistance to those who have served out their sentence. The fact that society looks with contempt upon these unfortunates, makes the way upward very hard for them, and the work of rescue is difficult. But love conquers all things!

One of the distinctive characteristics of modern life is the gathering of people into cities; and with this marvellous expansion of the modern city has come a multitude of social problems which have puzzled the wits of Church and State. Shelley said, "Hell is a city much like London," a saying that would seem to be even more true to-day than when it was first uttered. To the problems of city life the Mission has been awake ever since Wichern established the first city mission in Hamburg, in 1848. Three main objects are kept in view: (1) the sanitary condition of the people and their homes; (2) their moral condition as the outcome of the crowded state of the apartments they occupy, and their general environment; (3) their relation to the Church, of which the majority are members.

The causes of poverty are studied, and the poor are helped

by loving and intelligent ministration to do better for themselves. Carlyle says, "The beginning of a man's doom is when vision is taken away from him." Hence the Mission workers seek to inspire these poor people with nobler ideals and better hopes for the future.

The dynamic by means of which all these benevolent enterprises are carried on is that of whole-souled consecration to Christ and His little ones on the part of self-denying men and women. Of transcendent importance is the Deaconess movement, to the origin of which by Fliedner reference has been made. Fliedner's first assistant was Gertrude Reichardt (1788-1869), a woman of true piety and rare executive ability. The homes of the deaconesses, in which they receive their training, are called Mother Houses. Related homes, which have sprung up in imitation of Kaiserwerth, are called Daughter Houses. The spirit of all these homes is that of a Christian family. Candidates must be unmarried, between eighteen and thirty-six years of age, healthy, and must possess moral and spiritual gifts which the calling demands.

First there is a six-weeks trial; then the novitiate, which may last one or two, or even more years. At the end of that time the candidate is solemnly set apart as a deaconess, promises to obey the rules of the house, and to be true to God in the service upon which she enters. She takes no vow, and may, if she please, leave the home at any time. But the understanding is that she enters upon her life-work. She retains control of her own private property, and may dispose of it as she pleases.

There are two classes of deaconesses: (1) those who care for the sick, who are usually in hospitals, and (2) those who teach. In 1893 there were 867 sisters at work in 233 varied charges, most of them in Germany, but some in foreign lands. This paper could not begin to enumerate the various activities of these noble Christian women.

Akin to the service they render is that of the deacons, or "brothers," as they are usually called. We have seen how this work began under Wichern. Their special mission is to members of the National Church scattered abroad throughout Germany, who have received baptism and confirmation, but have either drifted away from the Church, or are in danger of doing so. There are now fourteen Brother Houses, besides eight related establishments. Those who enter these Houses must be between twenty and thirty years of age, blameless in life, sound in body and mind, and possessed of gifts necessary for their special work. The Houses are not permanent places of residence, as in the case of the deaconesses, but training houses. No brother takes a vow; everything is voluntary.

There are many other phases of life in Germany that it would be interesting to consider if we had room. The stimulating and modifying influences of Goethe, Schiller, and Lessing, and especially of Schliermacher, the solid benefit of the critical study of the Scriptures, the principles of Ritschlianism, with its watchword, "Back to Christ;" the destructive and demoralizing propaganda of Social Democracy—these and many other subjects must be left for the present.

Barrington, N.S.

"Thousand-masted, mighty fleet,
Out to sea, Youth's navy goes:
Silent, in his one-oared boat,
Age into the harbour rows."

JOHAN LUDVIG RUNEBERG.

BY OSKAR GRÖNLUND.

" Then row thy boat, O fisher,
In peace on lake and bay;
And thou, young maiden, dance again
Around the poles of May.

" Sit down, old men, together;
Old wives, in quiet spin;
Henceforth the Anglo-Saxon
Is brother of the Finn."

—*J. G. Whittier.*

The name of Runeberg, as those of J. J. Nervander, J. W. Snellman, and Elias Lonnrot have a strange look about them and convey nothing to many an Anglo-Saxon.

There are, however, eyes in this Dominion that do recognize those names; the very mention of them makes some hearts beat faster and some heads rise higher with a particular pride. These were fellow-students at the University of Abo, and the first three the closest of friends. Nervander is remembered as the one who took the highest marks in the history of the University at his Master's examinations. His name continues among the very brightest in the history of Finland's literature. Lonnrot is known as the compiler of the Kaledala, the Epic of the Finns, which is compared by Max Muller to Homer's Iliad. The name of Snellman is equally admired. Great as was their work and worth, Runeberg was loved probably best of all, and was often called the " King of Poets."

These three companions shared more than their country's praise. They shared a pinching poverty. Runeberg says himself that for six or seven weeks at a time he saw no bread; potatoes roasted in the ashes of his fireplace, very little butter, and a little milk were his only food. Other things time and again joined with poverty to block their way in the University. Nervander was the most hopeful; he was of a more cheerful temperament, and is therefore regarded as the author of the following sentence: " If we fail in everything else, we will do for bishops anyway;" this sentence frequently ended their talks about the future.

In Borga, a town east of Helsingfors, the capital of Finland, everybody knows and everybody loves the name of Runeberg. Ever since '65 the college professors and students, later the volunteer firemen and a large number of other citizens, would serenade him annually on his birthday, the 5th of February. The day was celebrated in other towns and cities as well. The Borga citizen will take you to their pleasant cemetery and point out to you on its most elevated place a grave hewn in the solid rock. He will tell you of the universal sorrow that fell over Finland when the tidings of Runeberg's death was heralded on the 6th of May, '77, of the flowers that came from all parts and filled the grave. A monument of bronze stands over the grave: it is smaller, but a fac-simile of the one in Helsingfors. He will point out to you Runeberg's home, purchased and kept in order by the town in perpetual memory of one whom still thousands love to honour.

He was the president of the Borga College, and the foremost classical scholar in the Swedish speaking countries. By devoting some time from his earlier years to making rhyme, he became recognized as a poet of no mean order in his early University years, when, according to custom, he would read these compositions of his at popular gatherings. A large com-

pany of young people were gathered at the archbishop's (a distant relative of his), and spent the evening in games. Three young ladies, one of whom was his future wife, demanded a forfeit from him in the form of an original poem. He agreed on being allowed time. Another day, being seated at the table in the same house, a newspaper was brought in. To everybody's astonishment some one read his poem, entitled, "To the Sun," given as the poem asked by the young ladies. The editor, the foremost critic of poetry, had often asked him for one; he gave this. Most of Runeberg's poetry was given to the world in Borga, where he resided the last forty years of his life. The "Elgskyttadne" (Elkhunters) he considered his best. His "Fandrik Stal's Sagner" (Ensign Stal's Tales), published in 1848, made him the hero of Finland. These works are translated into several European languages, and are everywhere highly esteemed. Their author, when on his first visit to Sweden, was met with a perfect ovation.

Being himself a descendant of Swedes who had settled along the shores of Finland, he says: "I had taken the Finn just as he seemed." During his two years' tutorship about the lakes of Nasi and Saari, he saw Finland in its real beauty, and came in contact with Pelander the "Ensign," and with Finns in general, and continues: "How different he is at his home. He lives in patriarchal simplicity, possesses a deep manly patience, and a clear insight into the inner experiences of life. These characteristics I have feebly endeavoured to describe."

He was only four years of age, when, in 1808-9, Russia, under sacred promises, assumed the protectorate of Finland. The Finnish ladies wear mourning to-day in consequence of the breaking of these promises, and the whole land is cast into gloom. He sat on the knees of Von Dobeln and Kulneff, whom, among other heroes of that day, his pen has immortalized. One of the gentlemen, in whose family he was employed as tutor, had taken very active part in that war, and from him and others facts were gathered which as recited by Runeberg stirred up patriotism in the holiest way in the lowliest of hamlets, and as by mesmerism filled every heart with pure delight.

His "Tales" convey the highest patriotic thought and sentiment of the Finnish race. He pictures in the simplest of language, yet most vividly, their heroism, their helpfulness one for the other, their unlimited sufferings for their fatherland, as well as their nobility and beauty of character, so true of the Finn, and says in "Our Land":

> "How blest, how precious is this spot,
> All that we love is here;
> Howe'er hard fate may cast our lot
> A land, a fatherland—we've got;
> Oh, what on earth can fairly e'er
> Be to our hearts more dear?"

The keynote of his poems is their flaming love for his native country, a glowing zeal for its advancement on the path of enlightenment and liberty.

It may be interesting to know something of his youth. As a boy he was among the most beautiful, hearty and ungovernable—and everybody's favourite, successful as a student from his early school days, evidently possessed of a good voice, for he sang with the Star of Bethlehem at Christmas in his native town, full of boyish pranks, over which I have laughed—and laughed loudly, as I again reread accounts of his boyhood days; there was nothing mean in his fun. He was a persistent opponent of the cruelty and overbearing manifested in his early

days by the senior students toward their juniors.

He was generous to a fault, and hated meanness. He could fight, and do it well, for he knew no fear. He was a great lover of animal life. Pets of all kinds, and in great numbers, ranging in size from a fly up, were almost constantly about him. He was passionately fond of sport, and, like R. L. Stevenson, a perfect child with children. His droll humour and great readiness in literary discussions were known to his friends. The following sentence in one of his letters sums up all his kindliness of heart and life: "To live for oneself is to wither with oneself, but to live for the eternally fresh, for God, for humanity, for nature, is to bathe in the real fountain of youth."

Such was the man whom the Finnish people, most sparing in the distribution of their honours, have made their hero. Canada, following other countries, has erected monuments for Wolfe and Nelson, another for the heroes of Sebastopol, etc. Finland has no monument for her national heroes; she has a few for those who have greatly distinguished themselves as statesmen; her greatest heroes are the giants of her literature. That beautiful, large bronze statue in a park which gets its name from our hero, and situated in the centre of the capital, is a mark of esteem to one among the greatest, if not the greatest, of these. Subscriptions for it came pouring from every part. Walter Runeberg, a son, and probably the most distinguished sculptor of Finland, carved it into his own filial love as well as the country's national love. There he stands, whose large blue eyes had a remarkable power of winning hearts, who succeeded, in a time of national mental depression, in arousing the land by his undying song. On the pedestal Finland is represented as a thoughtful maiden, leaning her arm against a picture, on which are inscribed the following first, second and last stanzas of that national anthem which opens his book of "Tales":

"Our land, our land, our Fatherland!
Thou glorious word, ring forth!
No mountain rises proud and grand,
Nor slopes a vale, nor sweeps a strand,
More dear than thou, land of the north,
Our fathers' native earth.

"Our land is poor, as all can tell;
No gold our rivers hold:
A stranger scorns its heath and fell;
And yet this land we love full well:
For us—with mountain, wood and wold—
'Tis still a land of gold.

"Thy blossom in the bud that lies
Shall burst its fetters strong;
Lo! from our tender love shall rise
Thy light, thy fame, thy hopes, thy joys:
And prouder far shall sound ere long
Our Finland's patriotic song!"

The inscription is in Finnish, "The Finnish people to their poet," and in Swedish, "From Finland's people."

Rose Bay, N.S.

HOME AT LAST.

Oh, sing, thou happy heart!
Thy world is all in bloom.
Sing, through the grateful tears that start
At Jesus' opening tomb.

Sing! even in grief be glad!
Breaks the new day within!
Thy path in living green is clad;
Thou leavest behind thy sin.

Sing, nor look backward, down
Thy dark, deserted Past!
Before thee gleams thy promised crown;
Thou shalt reach home at last.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

BALLOON POST DURING THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

Among the most interesting subjects connected with the siege of Paris, in 1870-71, was the method by which the Parisians communicated with the outside world, and the story of their trials and triumphs never ceases to be interesting. Even after the war had begun, the Parisians delighted to demonstrate to each other the mathematical impossibility of the investment of the city; but in a few short weeks they were shown their error, and they were surrounded by an impenetrable line of German soldiers. Paris was well fortified, armed, garrisoned and provisioned, but they now had to solve the problem of communications from outside.

There were within the fortifications about 2,000,000 people, a quarter of whom were under arms, and it was remarkable that the beleaguered capital should have succeeded in obtaining almost constant communication with the departments during the siege—a circumstance which was only rendered possible by the rapid advance made in the few preceding years in science. The stubborn resistance which Paris offered to the enemy was due to a considerable extent to the facility with which they communicated with the outside world, for the mental anxiety consequent upon the complete isolation of hundreds of thousands of human beings unfits them for resolutely engaging in a struggle of lengthened duration.

On September 18, 1870, the last regular despatch of letters from Paris was sent, and at 5 o'clock p.m. the early mail train was forced to return; but on the 20th, the post-office authorities attempted to send out the mails in three light-coloured vehicles, drawn by three horses, and accompanied by horse and foot couriers; but, with the exception of one of the latter, they were all driven back by the bullets of the German sentries. Up to the 24th of September, a number of couriers were sent out, but only a few succeeded in passing the German lines. The majority of these messengers carried with them dispatches in cipher, which were carefully secreted, At last the plan of sending out these men was abandoned. Paris, at this period, was far from depending exclusively upon the postal couriers. After the time when the land route became practically closed, and water communications being impossible, recourse to the air was taken.

Naturally the idea of employing balloons to take out letters early suggested itself to every one. On September 21, the director of the Paris post-office gave notice to the public to write their letters on extremely thin paper and to dispense with the envelope, and it soon transpired he had made arrangements with Nadar, the well-known aeronaut and photographer, to establish a regular balloon service.

On September 23, the "Neptune," in charge of M. Duruof, a well-known aeronaut, ascended with three mail bags containing 25,000 letters. The Prussians pointed cannon at the balloon, but the balls exhausted their impetus before the balloon was reached, though some of them arose sufficiently high to cause the balloon to vibrate perceptibly. The infantry peppered away with their rifles, but did no damage, and the aeronaut amused himself by showering down a quantity of Nadar's address cards upon the

heads of the Prussians. In three-quarters of an hour he alighted near Evreux, and his mail and official despatches were promptly delivered. The departure of the next balloon, the Citta di Firenze, took place on September 25, carrying 104 kilogrammes of letters, and with great difficulty the balloon succeeded in making a successful voyage. From that day the transit of Paris mails through the air was an accomplished fact, and by degrees the weight of all letters was limited to one-eighth of an ounce.

Energetic steps were at once taken to construct a number of balloons for postal purposes. All of the balloons in the city were utilized first. An aeronautic company was formed for the manufacture of the balloons. The cost of each was to be $800, including the cost of gas for its inflation. The aeronaut was to receive $40 for each ascension. A number of small paper balloons eighteen feet in diameter were also constructed which would be capable of raising rather more than a hundredweight. These "free balloons," as they were styled, were abandoned to the mercy of the winds without any aeronaut, and they only carried newly authorized postal cards, the contents of which were to be read by the postal authorities before being despatched, so as to make sure they contained no information likely to prove serviceable to the enemy. The cost of transmission was fixed at two cents each. A regular system of lookouts was organized in the departments to watch for these free balloons. They were only sent up when the wind was favourable.

A balloon factory was organized at the Gare d'Orleans, and under the vast iron and glass arched roof of this railroad station the balloons were built. Sailors balanced themselves on the metal girders and trusses and suspended long strips of coloured calico reaching almost to the ground, and from the girders already hung wickerwork cars, trailing ropes and grappling irons. A score of women were either occupied in straightening out and ironing long pieces of material or else soaking the calico to get rid of its stiffness and dyestuff. Having been hung up to dry, the material was then cut to the various patterns, and after a preliminary varnishing, a hundred or more girls seated at long tables and superintended by Madame Godard proceeded to sew the seams with mathematical exactitude. Then came a second coat of varnish both inside and out.

The balloons were then inflated by means of a metal fan which caused the varnish to dry quicker and facilitated the detection of any holes that might hitherto have passed unperceived. The netting, ropes, and other tackle, together with the cars, were all made by sailors. The balloons were 51 feet 8 inches in diameter, 162 feet 4 inches in circumference, and had a capacity of 72,234 cubic feet. Each balloon required twelve days to manufacture. The total weight of the balloon, independent of passengers and cargo, was 2,200 pounds. The balloon itself weighed 450 pounds, and was tested after inflation and held captive until the test was completed at an altitude of 655 feet.

For a time France was really governed by balloons, and M. Gambetta was conveyed over the Prussian lines in a balloon. He had a most exciting trip. The first attempt at ascent was relinquished at an altitude of 600 yards, for some Prussian soldiers were perceived immediately underneath. Their arms were piled, and while they rushed to these, ballast was thrown out, but the

balloon did not mount sufficiently fast to prevent several balls penetrating it, one of them grazing Gambetta's head. The ascent was safely made near Montdidier. Subsequent to Gambetta's departure from Paris, says Mr. Vizetelly, "the government decided on despatching other ardent republicans through the clouds to arouse the provinces from their lethargy."

Of all the balloons which left Paris at this time, by far the most successful voyage was that of the "Washington," which took out no fewer than 120,000 letters. Military balloons were also used in Paris for obtaining a view of the enemy. The Germans had Herr Krupp cast special cannon of extremely small calibre to destroy the balloons.

Carrier pigeons were also used to a considerable extent, and 1,100 trained birds were brought in before the siege and lodged at the Jardin des Plantes. Pigeons were despatched with balloons to bring back word of the safe descent of the balloons, these pigeons being furnished by several carrier pigeon societies. Not infrequently the pigeons, when they returned, were found to be wounded either by some bird of prey or by shots from the German rifles. The Germans brought birds of prey to the environs of Paris in order that they might pursue the carrier pigeons. The despatch was generally contained in a quill fastened to a tail feather that remained immovable when the pigeon spread its tail to fly. Very many of the messages were lost, however.

With an aerial fleet at their disposal, there had never been any difficulty in getting letters out of Paris in a reasonable time, but the means of obtaining news from the provinces were limited in the extreme, and at last the people had to fall back to the employment of pigeon messengers. Originally the latter were only employed to convey government despatches to announce the safe arrival of some balloon in the provinces, but in the month of October it was also suggested that they might be used to convey the correspondence of the general public. At first the messages had to follow a fixed form, the words being limited to "no" and "yes," to questions such as, "Are you well?" "Do you want money?" etc., which had been previously asked in letters sent out of Paris by balloon. The charge for conveying these messages was one franc.

The messages were sent to the postal delegate at Clermont-Ferrand, where they were copied on a single sheet of paper and then reduced by photography to the most minute proportions and sent by pigeons into the capital. On the arrival of these despatches, the characters were enlarged with a microscope and each message was copied onto a card and forwarded to the person to whom it was addressed. The plan was found to be rather inconvenient, and at last ordinary messages were allowed to be sent. A charge of half a franc was made for each word contained in the despatch, and the limit of the message was twenty words. The messages were set up in type and printed; they were then photographed, thus rendering them a great deal more legible. When reduced, they occupied a piece of paper 1 1-2 by 1 1-4 inches, having the appearance of a diminutive journal of four columns. One message followed the other without interval of any kind. The reverse side was also filled with messages.

Three of the first birds sent off carried nearly a thousand despatches by means of this arrangement. Post-office orders to the value of 300 francs each could be

forwarded in a similar manner, and photographic reproductions of the Tours Moniteur and the London Times were sent into the capital. The films used were of collodion. A suitable number of copies were made of each sheet. They were then rolled and inclosed in a small quill, which was sewed on the tail feathers of as many pigeons as could be procured. The employment of thin films of collodion instead of paper was a great improvement, for these films were ten times thinner and lighter than paper, so that a pigeon was able to carry an increased budget of news with a diminution of both weight and volume.

On the arrival of the pigeons in Paris, the quills containing the microphotographic despatches were split open with a penknife and the films were rapidly unrolled in water containing a few drops of ammonia. The films were then dried and inclosed within two plates of glass. They were then ready to be deciphered by the microscope. This mode of reading proving slow, recourse was had to the projecting lantern, using the electric light. The thin film of collodion containing the message was placed in the proper part of the apparatus and the message was thrown on a large screen, so that four transcribers could work at once on different parts of the despatch sheet, each square of which contained some 1,600 messages.

At a later time the despatches were photographed on collodion films on the scale of the original printed matter, so that each section was enlarged from the most minute dimensions to the size of an 18mo page; the characters, being in good, bold type, could thus be read off with perfect ease. Finally, the telegrams were separated from each other by means of scissors, and each person received his despatch in facsimile of the original printed matter. This system proved to be very satisfactory, and when the pigeons escaped the hawks and guns, the Parisians were tolerably sure of obtaining information from their friends. Many of the despatches have been transferred and are now exhibited as specimens of microphotography, thus affording a unique microscope object. Other means that were tried was to tie messages onto dogs and have them penetrate the German lines, but the scheme was not found to be satisfactory.—Scientific American.

NON NOBIS, DOMINE.*

BY THEODORE C. WILLIAMS.

Lord God of Hosts, who dost award
  All gifts that make the nations strong,
Who dost not leave the Victor's sword
  To rest with carnal strength for long,
In this our Country's triumph-hour,
Be Thine the kingdom and the power!

Thy gift, that courage freemen feel
  Deep-pulsing with their native breath;
And thine the hero's faithful zeal
  For duty done, come life or death.
For all that makes a people free,
God of our Fathers, thanks to Thee!

For songs of hope the millions sing,
  For Union of the palm and pine,
For manhood without priest or king,
  The praise, O Lord, is only Thine.
Our regions of the Western star
Proclaim Thy promises afar.

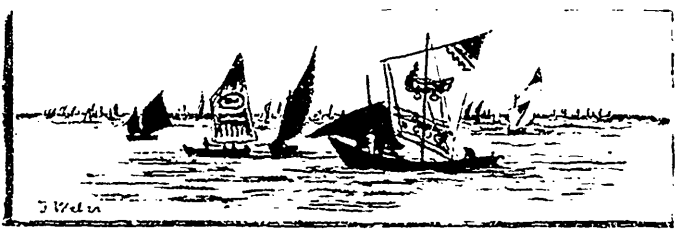
When at a mighty people's door
  Our brother's blood cried from the ground,
When crime its fateful fruitage bore,
  Nor justice, truth, nor peace were found,
We rose th' avenger's right to find:
Judge gently, Lord, for man is blind!

Soon rolls the battle-smoke away;
  Soon mercy soothes the stroke of wrath;
The isles will own our happier sway,
  The sea-waves kiss the conqueror's path.
Be Thine, O Lord, our Country's gain!
May she not bear the sword in vain!

*This fine poem appeared in the *Outlook*.

THE QUEEN OF THE ADRIATIC.

BY THE EDITOR.



ON THE LAGUNE, VENICE.

"She looks a sea-Cybele fresh from ocean,
Rising from her tiara of proud towers
At airy distance with majestic motion,
A ruler of the waters and their powers.

. . . . . .

I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As at the stroke of the enchanter's wand:
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Looked to the winged Lion's marble piles
Where Venice sat in state, throned on her hundred isles."

In the fourth century a band of fishermen, flying from the ravages of Atilla, the Scourge of God, built their homes like waterfowl amid the waves. Bold, skilful, adventurous, they extended their commerce and conquests over the entire Levant; and soon, like an exhalation from the deep, rose the fair City of the Sea. During the Crusades the city rose to opulence by the trade thereby developed. In 1204 she became mistress of Constantinople and "held the gorgeous East in fee." The names of her merchant princes were familiar as household words in the bazaars of Damascus and Ispahan. Her marble palaces were gorgeous with the wealth of Ormuz and of Inde. Her daughters were clothed with the silks of Iran and the shawls of Cashmere. Their boudoirs were fragrant with the perfumes of Arabia Felix, and tuneful with the notes of the bulbul from the gardens of Schiraz; and her walls were glowing with the breathing canvas of Titian and Giorgione.

"Her daughters had their dowers
From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East
Poured in her lap all gems in sparkling showers.
In purple was she robed, and of her feast
Monarchs partook, and deemed their dignity increased."

In her golden prime Venice had forty thousand sailors, and her fleet carried the banner of St. Mark defiantly over every sea. At length the son of her ancient rival, Genoa, discovered a New World beyond the western wave, and snatched forever from Venice the keys of the commerce of the seas. Cadiz, Bristol, London, Amsterdam, became the new centres of trade; and the discrowned Queen of the Adriatic saw her glories fade away.

"City of palaces, Venice, once enthroned
Secure, a queen 'mid fence of flashing waters,
Whom East and West with rival homage owned
A wealthy mother with fair trooping daughters.
What art thou now? Thy walls are grey and old:
In thy lone hall the spider weaves his woof,

A leprous crust creeps o'er the house of gold,
And the cold rain drips through the pictured roof."

It is very odd on reaching Venice, instead of being driven to one's hotel in a noisy fiacre or rumbling omnibus, to be borne over the water streets, as smoothly as in a dream, in a luxurious gondola. In the strange stillness there was a suggestion of mystery, as though the silent gliding figures that we passed were not living men of the present, but the ghosts of the dim generations of the shadowy past.

"By many a dome
Mosque-like and many a stately portico,
The statues ranged along an azure sky;
By many a pile of more than Eastern pride,
Of old the residence of merchant kings.
The fronts of some, though Time had shattered them,
Still glowing with the richest hues of art,
As though the wealth within them had run o'er."

Others were of a faded splendour wan, and seemed, Narcissus-like, to brood over their reflection in the wave. Here are the old historic palaces, whose very names are potent spells—the Palazzi Manzoni, Contarini, Foscari, Dandolo, Loredan, once the abodes of

VENETIAN GONDOLAS.

After dinner I sallied out for a sunset row upon the Grand Canal. I had only to step to the door and hold up my finger, when a gondolier, with a stroke of his oar, brought his barque to my feet. The charm of that first ride along that memory-haunted water way, whose beauties are portrayed in every gallery in Europe, will never be forgotten. I was alone—as one should be to let fancy conjure up the past. Onward I glided silently—

kings and doges and nobles. Here swept the bannered mediaeval pageants as the doges sailed in gilded galley to the annual marriage of the Adriatic. There is the house, says tradition, of the hapless Desdemona. Now we glide beneath the Rialto, with its memories of Shylock, the Jew, and the Merchant of Venice. And

"Now a Jessica
Sings to her lute, her signal as she sits
At her half-open lattice."

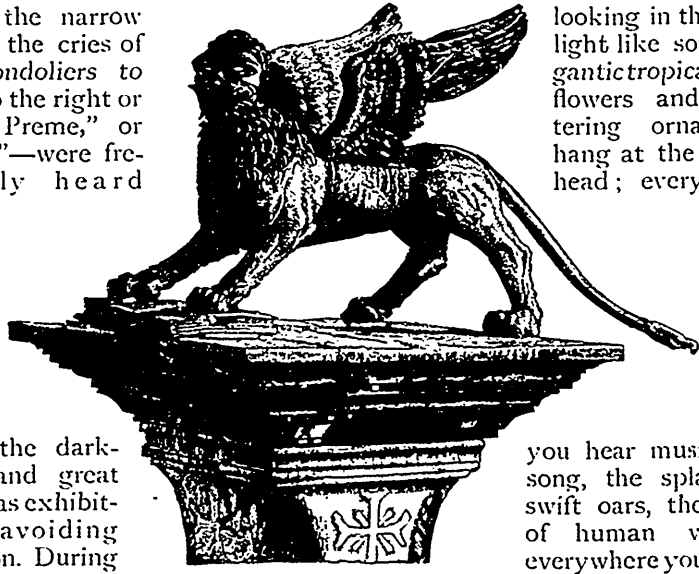
I directed the gondolier to stop

THE PIAZZETTA, WITH COLUMN AND TOWER OF ST. MARK.

at Gli Scalzi, a sumptuous church of the barefooted friars, and attended the singing of the Angelus. The scene was very impressive. The sweet-voiced organ filled the shadowy vaults with music. The tapers gleamed on the high altar, reflected by the porphyry and marble columns. A throng of worshippers knelt upon the floor and softly chanted the responses to the choir. And at that sunset hour the fishermen on the lagunes, the sailor on the sea, the peasant on the shore, the maiden at her book, the mother by her babe, pause as they list the vesper-bell and whisper the angel's salutation to the blessed among women.

As the sun went down I sailed out into the broad lagune, over the glowing waves which seemed like the sea of glass mingled with fire. The sunset fires burned out to ashen grey. The light faded from the sky; the towers and cam-

paniles gleamed rosy red, then paled to spectral white; and the shadows crept over sea and land. The gondolier lit the lamp at the little vessel's prow, and rowed me back to my hotel through a labyrinth of narrow canals threading the Ghetto, or Jews' quarter, and the crowded dwellings of the poor. The twinkling lights from the lattices quivered on the waves, and the boatman devoutly crossed himself where the lamp burned before the rude shrine of the Madonna. As we traversed the narrow canals, the cries of the gondoliers to pass to the right or left—"Preme," or "Stali"—were frequently heard amid the darkness, and great skill was exhibited in avoiding collision. During the night, in the stillness of that silent city, without sound of horse or carriage, the distant strains of music, as some belated gondolier sang a snatch, perchance from Tasso or Ariosto, penetrated even the drowsy land of sleep, till I scarce knew whether my strange experience were real or but the figment of a dream.



LION OF ST. MARK, VENICE.

In the piazza of San Mario rises, to the height of over three hundred feet, the isolated square campanile of St. Mark, from which I enjoyed a magnificent sunset view of the city, the lagunes, the curving shore of the Adriatic, and the distant Tyrolese and Julian Alps. A tourist, with an artist's eye and poet's pen, thus describes the beauty of the scene: "The burning sunset turns all the sky to opal, all the churches to pearl, all the sea to crimson and gold. The distant mountains glow like lines of lapis-lazuli washed with gold; the islands are bowers of greenery, springing from the bosom of the purple waves. Great painted saffron and crimson sails come out from the distance, looking in the sunlight like some gigantic tropical bird; flowers and glittering ornaments hang at the masthead; everywhere you hear music and song, the splash of swift oars, the hum of human voices; everywhere you drink in the charm, the subtle intoxication, and the glory of this beloved queen among the nations." For six centuries and more the grey old tower, which Galileo used to climb, has looked down upon the square, the scene of so many stately pageants. It has witnessed the doges borne in their chairs of state, and borne upon their biers; triumphal fetes and funeral processions; the madness of the masquerade and carnival; and the tragedy of the scaffold and the headsman's block.

On the piazetta are two granite

columns brought from Syria in 1120. One of them bears the winged lion of St. Mark, the emblem of the tutelary saint of Venice. The other is surmounted by St. Theodore standing on the crocodile. For seven hundred years they have kept watch and ward over the City of the Sea. Beneath them have been enacted many grim and bloody tragedies, for the space between them was the ancient place of execution. Here many a knightly head fell beneath the axe. Here many a victim of conspiracy and injustice made his appeal from the injustice of men to the eternal justice of God.

The gondola, in its best estate, is a sombre funereal-looking barque, draped in solemn black, its steel-beaked prow curving like a swan's neck from the wave. Its points are thus epitomized by Byron :

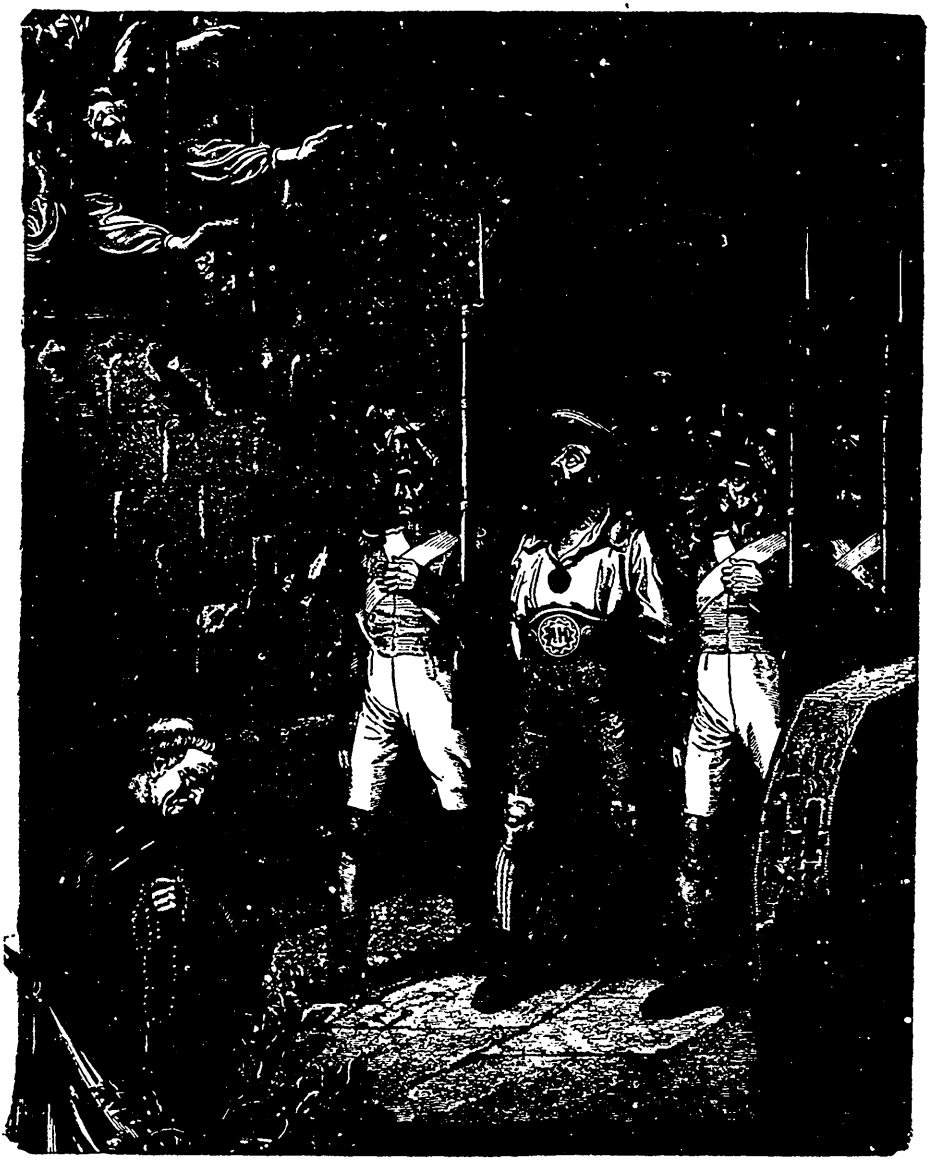
"'Tis a long covered boat that's common here,
Carved at the prow, built lightly but compactly,
Rowed by two rowers, each called a gondolier;
It glides along the water looking blackly,
Just like a coffin clapped in a canoe
Where none can make out what you say or do."

Gliding along a lateral canal in my gondola one day, I saw on a wall the words "Metodista Capella." I soon after found it out. It was a private house in a very narrow street. I introduced myself, and was very warmly greeted by the worthy pastor, the Rev. Henry Borelly, and his wife. They were both Italian, but spoke French fluently. They represented the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States. They showed me the chapel, a very comfortable room which would hold two hundred persons; but they spoke of the great discouragements and difficulties under which they laboured, and asked for the prayers of the Methodists of America on their behalf. After a very agreeable interview, Mr. Borelly courteously accompanied me back to my hotel, and gave me at parting a hearty God-speed and "bon voyage."

On the last evening before I left Venice, I sailed in a glowing sunset to the Lido shore. In the golden radiance, the marble city seemed transfigured to chrysophrase and alabaster, reflected in the glassy wave. The purple curtains of the night closed round the scene, and only the long line of twinkling lights revealed where the Sea Queen lay. It was with a keen regret that I tore myself away; for no spot in Italy, I think, exercises such a potent fascination over mind and heart. "There can be no farewell to scenes like these."

THE INEVITABLE.

I like the man who faces what he must
With step triumphant and a heart of cheer:
Who fights the daily battle without fear;
Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unfaltering trust
That God is God: that, somehow, true and just
His plans work out for mortals. Not a tear
Is shed when fortune, which the world holds dear,
Falls from his grasp; better with love a crust
Than living in dishonour; envies not,
Nor loses faith in man; but does his best,
Nor ever murmurs at his humbler lot,
But with a smile and words of hope gives zest
To every toiler. He alone is great,
Who by a life heroic conquers fate.



ANDREAS HOFER LED TO EXECUTION.

ANDREW HOFER—THE TYROLESE PATRIOT.

BY THE REV. H. H. FAIRALL, M.A.

The cause of freedom, in all lands and ages, has rendered illustrious many names that otherwise would have been unknown to fame; and these heroes have come, generally, from the humbler walks of life. This was true of Andrew Hofer, the Tyrolese patriot. He was a noble specimen of that brave, hardy race of peasants which still inhabits the cold, rough Tyrolean country. Their villages may be seen clinging to the rugged mountains, or nestled along the deep ravines. These people are industrious and adventurous, and have a healthy, honest, and independent physiognomy. It is said that "liberty loves the mountains," and history confirms the declaration by teaching us that few have been the nations dwelling in mountainous districts which have ever been subjugated.

The name of Andrew, or Andreas, Hofer is as dear to the Tyroleans as that of Tell is to the Swiss. Though of obscure origin, and the defender of an ignorant, superstitious, and uninfluential people, his bravery rendered him one of those heroes whom Carlyle has enthroned for worship. This celebrated man was born November 22, 1767, in a tavern at St. Leonard's, in the Passeyr Valley, called the Sand House; whence his popular name of the Sandwirth, or Sand Landlord. He became generally known as a wine-dealer and horse-drover between the Tyrol and the north of Italy. In 1796, he led a company of riflemen against the French, on Lake Garda; and was actively engaged, in 1803, in organizing the rural militia. He soon distinguished himself as an able and patriotic counsellor as well as soldier; and, in 1805, was made a member of the deputation to which was committed the political direction of the country.

The Tyrol became the possession of the House of Hapsburg in the fourteenth century, part by war, part by marriage, part by purchase; and continued an appendage of Austria till the year 1805, receiving mild treatment from its owners. In that year, Bonaparte demanded that it should be ceded by Austria to the King of Bavaria, his ally; and the Emperor of Austria, Francis, was compelled to make the surrender. This sudden transfer was made without the consent of the Diet, or of the Tyrolese, who could not endure this sudden transference of themselves from one master to another; and who had also an old antipathy against the Bavarians, their new rulers. Their representative States were suppressed, the public funds arbitrarily seized, new taxes levied, and ecclesiastical properties confiscated. Their prejudices, right feelings, notions, and virtues were insulted by the French and Bavarian soldiery.

A bold, hardy, and proud race of mountaineers were not likely to submit to such wrongs. Discontent, then hatred and revenge, spread rapidly on both sides. In 1808, when the disaffection toward Bavaria had become extreme in the Tyrol, and hostilities broke out between France and Austria, Hofer, then living in the Valley of Passeyr, and in the little inn his father had left him, was one of the deputies who went to Vienna to confer with the Archduke John on the subject of their national griev-

MARIA THERESA STREET, INNSBRUCK.

ances. At this meeting, the archduke advised an insurrection in the Tyrol. The Baron von Hormayr was charged to carry it out. So rapidly did the measure spread, that, within three days, between March 31st and April 3rd, the whole Tyrol was prepared for the conflict.

Hofer was one of the first to take up arms; and his example and encouragement, added to those of his friends, Speckbacher and Haspenger, had a wonderful effect on the peasantry. He was then about forty-two years of age, and possessed traits of character that gave him great influence over his countrymen. He was a man of irreproachable morals, and of more talent and education than was commonly found among his companions. He was also gifted with a kind of rural eloquence; and his well-known bravery, his fortitude, and his commanding personal appearance, all combined to make him the chief of an essentially popular insurrection.

Three means were resorted to, in order to advise the mountaineers of the proper moment of rising en masse: Sawdust was thrown on the rivers Inn and Eisach, which carried the signal along in their rapid course; fires were lighted on the tops of the mountains, and on the ruins of the old castles; and women and children ran from rock to rock, from glen to glen, from cottage to cottage, saying, "It is time!"

In 1809, when Bonaparte was again in the field against the Emperor Francis, the Tyroleans rose, almost to a man, in his rear; opened communication with Archduke John of Austria, who had

not only secretly favoured the insurrection, but assisted it by descending with a formidable army into the plains of Lombardy, and effected a powerful diversion in favour of the Austrian cause, being themselves firmly resolved to drive the Bavarians out of their country.

Hofer struck the first blow. He signally defeated the Bavarian troops in the Valley of the Eisach, where, between killed, wounded, and prisoners, they lost nine hundred men. On the same day, his friend Speckbacher drove the Bavarians out of Halle: and, shortly afterward, twenty thousand peasants took Innsbruck, the capital, in spite of the obstinate defence of General Kinkel and Colonel Dittfurt, who disputed every inch of ground. Dittfurt, when dying of his wounds, asked what distinguished officer had led them on so well to battle. "No one," said the Tyroleans; "but we fought for our religion, the emperor, and our fatherland."

The Tyrolese were supported by an Austrian army of ten thousand men, under the Marquis Chasteler; but Bavaria sent twenty-five thousand troops to quell the revolt. Though ill supported by the Austrians, Hofer and his companions were long victorious. On the 10th of April, 1809, the Tyrolese chieftain fell upon the Bavarians, while they were toiling through the narrow valleys, and defeated Bisson and Lemoine in the moors of Sterzing. Within a week the whole province was free. The loss of the enemy, attacked on all sides in narrow valleys and deep chasms from dense woods and overhanging rocks, was terrible; but the brave peasants were guilty of no unnecessary cruelty. M. Mercey, a Frenchman, says "they killed only those who resisted." If there was inhumanity on one side, it was certainly not on that of the Tyroleans. Hofer, when a conqueror, spared the lives of his opponents; but, when conquered, his own life was not spared.

The extent of Hofer's success aroused his enemies to still greater exertions, and drew down on the Tyrol three armies. It was expected that, at the appearance of these fine armies, the undisciplined Tyroleans, who were unprovided with artillery and most of the material of regular warfare, would at

THE FIRE TOWER, INNSBRUCK.

once lay down their arms, and submit to the Bavaro-French Government. Though almost entirely left to their own resources, Hofer and his companions rallied in their mountains, and defeated the Bavarians, who had nine thousand men and twenty-five pieces of artillery. They kept possession of the perpendicular rocks, which rose like walls on either side of the pass; and, having brought immense stones, trunks and arms of

trees, to the very edges of the precipices, they kept them suspended there in large masses, by means of ropes, until the enemy was engaged in the narrow gorge, and fairly beneath them. Then a voice was heard saying, "Hans, is everything ready?" "Yes!" was shouted among the rocks, on which the word of command was given, "In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, let go your ropes!" The next moment, more than a thousand of the Bavarians were crushed and buried under a frightful mass of trees, stones, and rocks. The Duke of Dantzic was forced to flee, abandoning his cannon and nearly all his baggage to the Tyroleans.

The result of these engagements was the immediate evacuation of the country by all the Bavaro-French armies, and the establishment of a provisional government, of which Hofer took the direction; for the Court of Austria was too much embarrassed to attend to the affairs of the country. Had Austria been as brave as the Tyrol, Napoleon's career would have been earlier checked and overthrown.

On the 14th of August, 1809, Emperor Francis signed the disgraceful Treaty of Vienna, by which the brave Tyroleans were again given over to the Bavarians. But they would not tamely accept this destiny. Hofer and many of his comrades determined to make one more effort for independence. Three veteran armies marched into the country to force them to obedience; but these brave men determined to resist the attempt. In Passeyr, the native valley of Hofer, they defeated the French. But the contest was too unequal; and this was the last of their successes. They were hunted from post to post, from rock to rock; they were obliged to conceal themselves, like wild beasts, in the depths of their forests, the tops of their mountains, their remote caverns, and this during all the rigour of winter. Some laid down their arms, some escaped into Austria, more were taken prisoners by the French, who shot them like brigands; and, at last, Hofer was left almost alone. He fled to the mountains and concealed himself, the peasants resisting all inducements to reveal his hiding-place.

From the beginning of December, 1809, to about the middle of January, 1810, this remarkable man, on whose head the French had put an enormous price, lay concealed in a small hut situated in a rocky hollow, near the summit of one of the loftiest mountains of the Tyrol. But, besides his family, a friend and former confidant knew his retreat, and had the baseness to betray him. This villain was a priest; his name (may it be forever execrated!) was Donay. In the darkness of night, he led a strong detachment, under the command of Baraguay d'Hilliers, to the spot, and the hut was surrounded. Contier, the commander of a battalion, arrested him; but his fortitude did not quail at this awful moment. He presented his breast to a company of French grenadiers, saying: "I am Andrew Hofer. Frenchmen, kill me at once, but save my wife and children!"

The soldiers rushed upon him, and, having loaded him with chains, designedly led him through the Tyrol, in order to show that every hope of throwing off the French yoke had disappeared. He was carried down to Meran, where he was joined by his family, consisting of his wife, a son about twelve, and a daughter. From Meran he was marched to Botzen, thence to the fortress of Mantua, which was already crowded with his unfortunate countrymen. The only tear he was seen to shed was

when they forcibly separated him from his wife and children. From the time of his arrest on that memorable night of January 27, 1810, when one of his most trusted partisans betrayed him for three hundred ducats, he exhibited the same courage in every emergency, until death closed his earthly career.

Napoleon having ordered that he should be tried at Mantua, the examination took place before General Bisson. There was a court-martial; the injustice of the case, his heroic bravery and humanity, pleaded strongly in his favour, and the majority of the French officers were for a sentence of limited confinement, two even dared to vote for acquittal. But these tribunals were mere farces; the doom of Hofer was signed by a higher hand, and the commands from Paris, conveyed from Milan to Mantua, were that Hofer should be condemned and shot within twenty-four hours. He died as he had lived, a brave man, not manifesting the slightest indication of fear, refusing to have his eyes bound, and himself giving the word to fire. M. Mercey, the Frenchman, says of his countrymen: "They killed him out of obedience. After his death, however, they rendered him the same honours that are paid to a general officer; and the body of the Tyrolean patriot was carried to its last home on the shoulders of French patriots."

Schlosser, in his "History of the Eighteenth Century," says: "Hofer's execution was regarded throughout the whole of Europe as a demonstration against every one who should attempt to make any resistance, with courage and perseverance, to the dominion of the French forced upon them."

The Emperor of Austria, who could hardly do less, assigned a pension to his family, as the property he left them had been confiscated. They also received, in 1819, under the name of Von Passeyr, the patent of nobility already decreed in 1809. This was the name of the place where Hofer was captured, and where a monument was erected to his memory. The house where he was born and lived was converted by the Emperor into an asylum for sixteen old Tyrolese.

MEDALLION ON MONUMENT TO THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN.

In 1823, Hofer's remains, by order of the Emperor, were brought from Mantua, and interred in the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, near the monument of the Emperor Maximilian. Six of the patriots, Hofer's companions-in-arms, entered the Metropolitan Church, bearing the coffin, upon which lay the broad-brimmed peasant's hat and the sword of the hero, an immense concourse of Tyroleans following it to the tomb. The brave mountaineers, by this imposing demonstration exhibited their undying regard for the memory of their illustrious defender. A fine statue was placed over the tomb. The design is simple and plain, and corresponds with the character of him whose deeds it perpetuates. Above it is the glorious watchword, "Death is swallowed up in victory." The magnificent monument of the Emperor Maximilian I., close by, in the same cathedral, is more costly and attractive, and a suitable memorial of royalty; but that of Andrew Hofer is without display. He needs no trophied tomb to declare his greatness. He will live in the hearts of his countrymen, and be remembered as the patriot-martyr of the Tyrol.

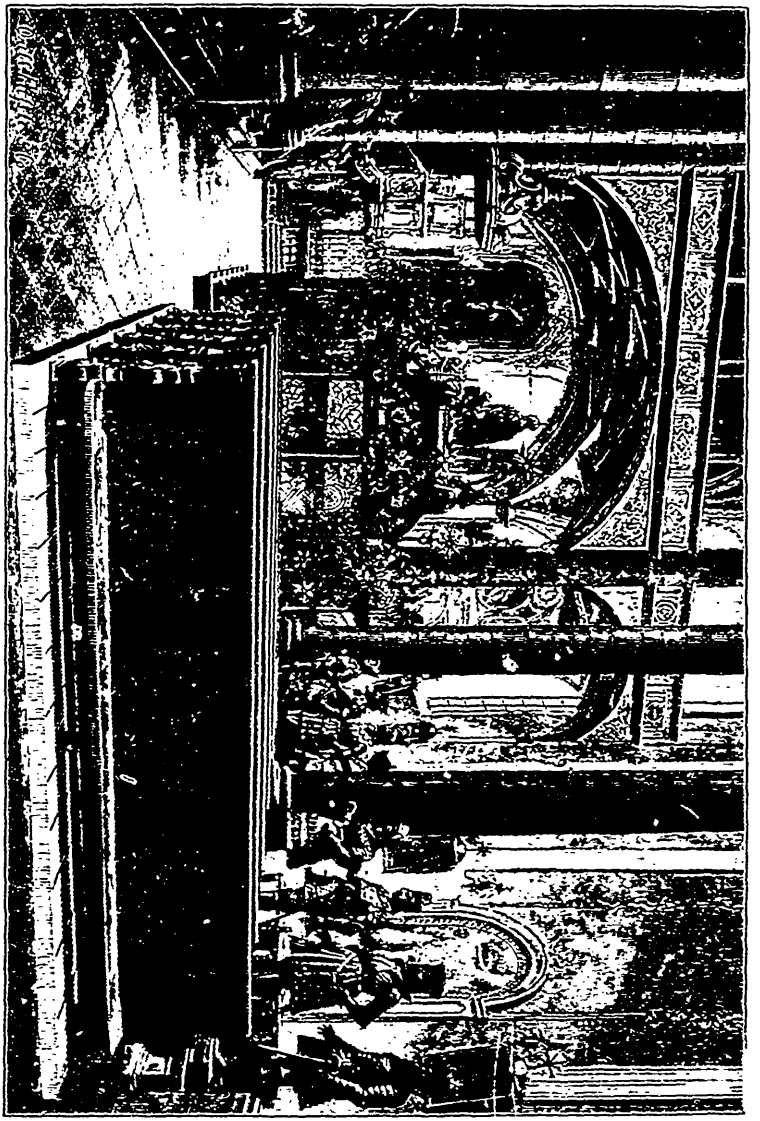
The following is an account of the present Editor's visit to the scene of Hofer's triumphs and defeat.

Innsbruck, the capital of the Tyrol, has 30,000 inhabitants and a garrison of 2,000 men. It is situated in a cup, the sides of which are the engirdling mountains. Both customs and costumes are very odd. Fiery little horses dash around with carriages to which they are attached on one side of a central pole in a very lopsided-looking manner. When they stop, the drivers coolly unhitch one trace and thus prevent a runaway. The wide, stately modern streets are commonplace enough, but the narrow ancient ones are like a page out of some romance of the Middle Ages. Over the shops are queer signs with elaborate wrought-iron work, representing scarecrow-looking double-headed Austrian eagles with very dishevelled iron wings, and the like. Some of the house-fronts are ornamented with frescoed pictures from top to bottom. Many have great arcades, the sidewalks being under the building, shown in initial cut, and separated from the street by arches, with huge buttresses.

Near our hotel is the beautiful Rudolf's Fountain, commemorating the 500th anniversary of the union of Tyrol with Austria in 1363. The odd-looking structure, seen in one of the cuts, is the Feuerthurm, or Firetower, with a strange bulbous top. The huge Tyrolese mountain waggons, used for freighting merchandise over the mountains, are of most ponderous build. The wide and beautiful Maria Theresa Street is shown on page 428. The snow-clad mountains seem almost to overhang the town. The monument is surmounted with a statue of the Virgin Mary, erected in honour of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, for this is a thoroughly Roman Catholic city. The Golden Dachl, a now faded gilt copper roof, covering a rich Gothic canopy with flamboyant paintings of the Emperor Maximilian and his two wives, whose effigies we shall see in the Hofkirche, is part of a palace erected in 1425. The tomb of the Emperor is one of the most famous monuments in Europe. I have seen nothing anywhere more impressive. In this church, Christina of Sweden, daughter of the Protestant champion Gustavus Adolphus, em-

braced the Roman Catholic faith, which she disgraced with her wicked life.

In the churches numerous votive-offerings—wax figures of arms, legs and feet—add their corroboration to the testimony that "Maria hat geholfen"—that Mary had helped the sufferer. Theatrical-looking angels in wretched taste surround the altars, and the architectural details are overladen and meretricious.



TOMB OF MAXIMILIAN I., HOF KIRCHE, INNSBRUCK.

I entered the Hof Kirche, or Court Church, through the cloisters in the rear, and found myself in the chancel separated from the nave by an iron screen. Before

I observed, in the half-light, that she was at prayer, I asked a peasant woman the way into the church. She immediately sprang from her knees to show me the way, with an eye keenly expectant of a fee, and then went back to her devotions. The roof of the church is supported by very tall Corinthian columns, and its decoration is in the usual poor taste. But we soon forgot this in the presence of the majestic monument of the dead Emperor Maximilian I. The bronze effigy of the Emperor kneels in prayer on a massive marble sarcophagus, with seated figures of the evangelists at the angles. Ranged on either side are twenty-eight statues of his heroic ancestors and kinsfolk, in the guise of mourners and torch-bearers. The grave, austere, homely, realistic figures—all over life-size—were wonderfully impressive—the men long-haired, in heavy armour richly decorated, some with visor sternly down; the women with embroidered robes, tall, stately statues, the drapery being very severely and simply arranged. The finest figure, that of King Arthur of England, is attributed to the celebrated Peter Vischer, of Nuremberg. It is an heroic young warrior in chain armour. The two wives, the sister, father and grandfather, and more remote kinsfolk of the Emperor keep forevermore their solemn vigil around his tomb; and kneeling among them the poor peasants and market-women, for over three hundred years, have counted their beads and pattered their prayers.

On the sides of the sarcophagus twenty-four exquisite marble reliefs represent the principal events of the Emperor's life—marriage scenes, state pageants, battle pieces, celebrations of victory over the French, the Turk, Bohemians and Venetians, battles and sieges, scenes in camp and court, all crowded with figures, among which that of the Emperor may be recognized in the varying aspects of youth, manhood and age. The conception and execution of this noble monument are equally fine.

To this monument Longfellow refers in his poem on the death of Bayard Taylor :

> "Dead he lay among his books!
> The peace of God was in his looks.
> As the statues in the gloom
> Watch o'er Maximilian's tomb,
> So those volumes from their shelves
> Watched him, silent as themselves."

Very simple, but scarcely less impressive is the marble effigy of Andreas Hofer, the Tyrolese patriot and hero, who was captured by the French, tried and acquitted by his judges, yet ordered to be shot by Napoleon himself. Above his monument is the glorious watchword, "Death is swallowed up in victory."

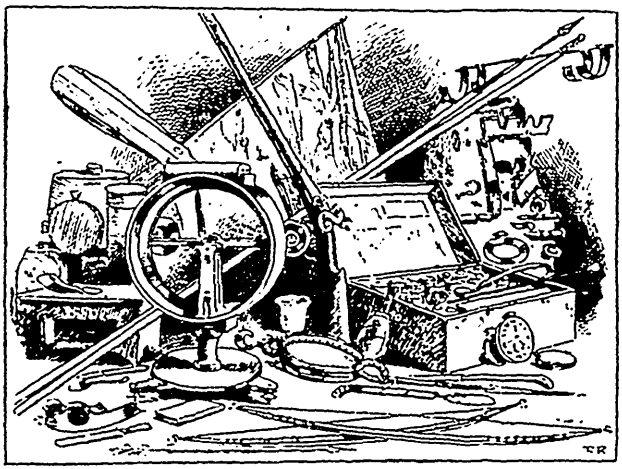
In the dusk I wandered alone across the Inn and through the quaint suburbs, and back through the deserted streets—they go to bed very early in Tyrol—and again in the morning took a last mental photograph, as well as laid and bought some souvenirs of the old-world town which I shall never see again.

THE ARROW.

> Straight from the Mighty Bow this truth is driven:
> "They fail, and they alone, who have not striven."
> Fly far, O shaft of light, all doubt redeeming,
> Rouse men from dull despair and idle dreaming.
> High heaven's evangel be, gospel God-given:
> "They fail, and they alone, who have not striven."
>
> —*Clarence Urmy.*

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

BY E. SANDERSON.



RELICS OF THE FRANKLIN EXPEDITION.

At this period, when the world is ringing with the names of Peary, Nansen, and other notable explorers, it is but natural that our minds should revert to the brave men who traced out safe pathways for the feet of their worthy successors. Sir John Franklin had the honour of first defining the North-west Passage, an achievement which had long been one of the ambitions of maritime nations. Merely looking at the expenditure of money and at the sacrifice of so many noble lives, we might be inclined to question whether the results justified the cost, until we are reminded of nature's unalterable law, that only through seeming loss and death can be secured real, ever-increasing gain and life more abundant.

Spilsby, a market-town in Lincolnshire, was the birthplace of John Franklin, the date of that event being April 16th, 1786. He was the youngest son in a family of ten children and was destined for holy orders. But

"There is a providence that shapes our ends
Rough-hew them as we will."

While still a lad Franklin took advantage of a holiday, walking twelve miles for his first view of the sea. There and then the latent desire for a sailor's life immediately grew into determination. Under the impression that a bit of actual experience would effectually dispel this boyish fancy, his father arranged for him a voyage to Lisbon. But this taste of salt water only whetted his appetite for a seafaring life. In 1800 a position was secured for him on H.M.S. Polyphemus, and for fifteen years young Franklin was either on voyages of exploration in Southern seas or engaged in active naval service. Under the command of Nelson his ship took part in the battle of Copenhagen, and, at a later date, on the Bellerophon, he served in the battle of Trafalgar.

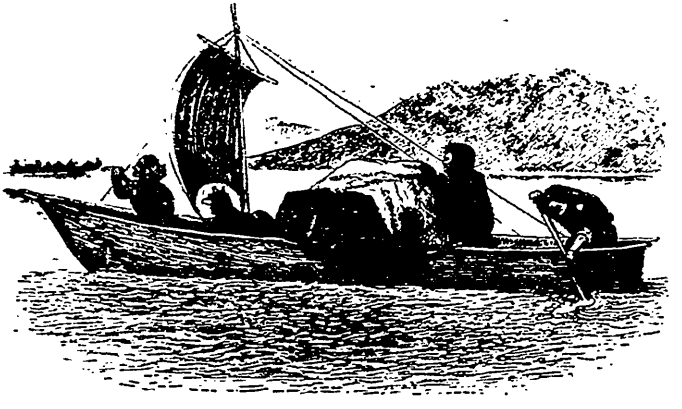
The term of enforced inactivity after the fall of Napoleon was devoted by Franklin to scientific research, chiefly in surveying and astronomy. The knowledge then acquired proved invaluable in later years.

The spirit of investigation began to stir vigorously again in 1818, when two expeditions to the Polar regions were equipped; one, under the command of Captain John Ross, to sail for Davis Straits, and from there to explore westward; the other, led by Commander Buchan and Lieutenant Franklin, to voyage north between Greenland and Spitzbergen, and thence, navigation permitting, to Behring's Strait. On the north-west coast of Spitzbergen their course was intercepted by formidable ice-barriers, and the ships, having sustained severe injuries, Commander Buchan, to the intense disappointment of Franklin and Parry, ordered a return.

Franklin's nobility of character, his versatility of resource, his courage, and above all his reverent spirit, won golden opinions from his associates. When, in 1819, the Government sent out a fresh expedition, Franklin and Parry were appointed to command it—Parry to explore by sea by way of Baffin's Bay, while Franklin was to follow the northern shore of Arctic America.

Starting from York Factory on September 9th, 1819, they returned to the same point on July 14th, 1822, having covered a distance of 5,550 miles. The northern terminus of the journey, 68° 19', was named Point Turn-Again.

The records of this expedition are simply appalling. It is noteworthy that in all the terrible and long-continued privations, it was the men of gentle birth and higher education who displayed the greatest fortitude, as well as the nobler qualities of kindness and self-sacrifice.



ESKIMO CANOE.

When the remnants of the party were at the last extremity they were rescued by three Indians, whose care of their pale-faced brethren reflects honour on the race. Upon his return to England, Franklin received well-won honours, being made captain by the Admiralty, and elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. He was soon married, and after the isolation and hardships of life in that great lone land, how rare

ESKIMO CANOES AND KYACKS.

must have been Franklin's enjoyment of home comfort with the love of wife and child!

"The view from sunlit heights is for the climber;
The harbour's calm for those who've crossed the bar;
The fountain's coolest draught is for the thirsty;
The sweets of home for those who've wandered far."

Meanwhile, Parry's expedition proceeded in the face of great difficulties, and, after making important discoveries, returned to England in 1823. Letters exchanged by the two great explorers breathe a noble spirit utterly devoid of all petty emulation and jealousy, which commands our keenest admiration. Parry writes to Franklin:

"Your letter was put into my hands at Shetland and I need not be ashamed to say that I cried over it like a child. The tears I shed, however, were those of pride and pleasure—pride at being your fellow-countryman, brother officer, and friend: pleasure in seeing the virtues of the Christian adding their first and highest charm to the unconquerable perseverance and splendid talents of the officer and the man."

Parry's services were recognized by his promotion to the rank of post-captain, and by his appointment to the command of a new expedition, which set out in 1824. In 1825 Franklin was commissioned to extend his explorations. His wife gave him a silk Union Jack—her own work—which was to be hoisted when he reached the Polar Sea. In recording this incident and its sequel one recognizes the supreme Wisdom which holds life's experiences like a sealed book, the leaves of which open one at a time, else heart and flesh would fail.

The expedition consisted of two divisions,—one under command of Captain Beechey, to go by sea through Behring's Strait; the other, under Franklin's leadership, to travel eastward surveying the coast as far as the Coppermine River in order to make connection with previous discoveries. Advance parties were sent out in 1824 with light boats and stores to Great Bear Lake, which had been selected as headquarters. In 1825, Franklin and his officers followed. Before reaching Fort Cumberland, in June, Franklin received the sad news that his wife had died six days after he had left England. Surely now, if ever, the great heart of the man might have failed! But recognizing himself as first the servant of his country, he went bravely forward in the path of duty, only brief reference in one or two letters to friends showing how sorely he was smitten.

At Slave Lake they were met by their old Indian and Eskimo friends with kindness, and the leader and his party started on a hazardous journey to the mouth of the Mackenzie River. On August 16th they came in sight of the sea, where Franklin, in accordance with his promise, raised the silk flag made by his wife. They spent the winter at Fort Franklin, on Great Bear Lake. The camp numbered fifty, a company of Englishmen, Highlanders, French-Canadians, Eskimos, with Indian men, women and children of various tribes. Franklin showed himself master of the situation, and manual labour, study, and recreation were conducted upon the most systematic principles. A night school was established for the men, and in their amusements the officers always took part. For their own special delectation the officers took up the interpretative reading of Dante, which Franklin chronicled as a genuine pleasure and fine mental discipline.

In preparing for the summer expedition of 1826 the party found that a new boat was necessary, and they proved the truth of the old adage, "Necessity is the mother of invention," by providing substitutes for nails, tar, and paint.

ARCTIC SPORT.

Franklin had several encounters with Eskimos, who raided the boats, stealing everything they could carry,—even trying to make off with a case of fine astronomical instruments. Having explored 374 miles of coast, they began the homeward journey. This voyage might be briefly summed up as a series of perils: perils of fogs and ice-drifts; perils of Indians and Eskimos; of sand-flies and mosquitoes. On September 21st the

leader and his party reached Fort Franklin, where they found Dr. Richardson alive and well after a remarkable and successful journey, by land and water, of 1,980 miles, 1,015 miles of the distance being fresh exploration.

The dull prospects for approaching winter were cheered by the arrival of the English mail, bringing the announcement of Lieutenant Back's promotion to the post of a commander. The intense cold of that season is illustrated by the record that one day one of the party froze some mercury in a bullet mould. In the month of February the temperature fell to fifty-eight degrees below zero.

In this same month, Franklin deciding to return to England, Back was left in command, with instructions to make for York Factory as soon as the ice broke, and there to disband the party. With sincere regret the leader bade farewell to his associates, and under the guidance of two Indians set out by way of the woods for Fort Simpson. In a short time his guides forsook him, after which he had to rely upon his sense of locality, which was remarkably strong; but he completed his journey in safety, and on June 18th Richardson joined him at Cumberland House. They arrived in England in September, 1827, after an absence of two years and seven months. Both officers and men received full appreciation from the different scientific societies. The geographical record was the discovery and accurate delineation of over one thousand miles of north coast, hitherto absolutely unknown, leaving only fifty leagues unsurveyed. From the Paris Geographical Society Franklin received the gold medal, valued at 1,200 francs, as reward for having made the most important acquisition to knowledge in that study during the year 1827. He was knighted in 1829, and a little later, along with his friend, Sir Edward Parry, received from the Oxford University the honorary title of D.C.L. The great explorer's second wife was Miss Jane Griffin, a lady of rare intellectual gifts, whose devotion as wife and widow has its well-merited place in history with the name and achievements of her noble husband.

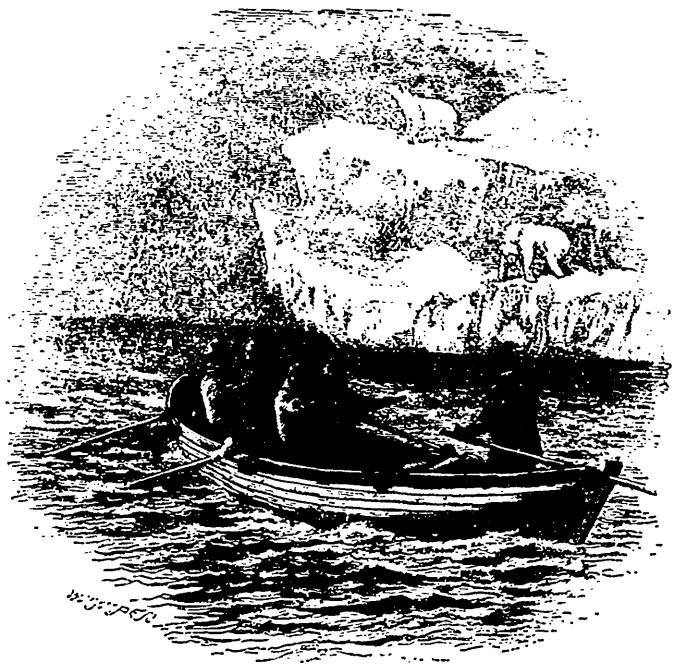
In 1830 Franklin was appointed to the command of a twenty-six gun frigate, the Rainbow, in which he served for three years, chiefly in the Mediterranean, rendering valuable assistance in Greece during a period of disturbance in that country. From 1837-1845 he filled the onerous position of Lieutenant-Governor of Tasmania. The noble work done by himself and his gifted wife, and the remarkable wisdom of his entire administration, would make an interesting story. Ten years later the Tasmanians subscribed £1,700 toward the expedition initiated by Lady Franklin for the discovery of her noble husband, while they also erected a statue in his honour at Hobart Town.

It has been stated that the discovery of some channel of possibly 300 miles in length was all that remained to complete the long-wished-for goal of a north-west passage. Soon after Franklin's return from Tasmania, the enthusiastic patron of Arctic exploration, Sir John Barrow, suggested to the Admiralty the idea of a new expedition for this purpose. In a conversation held with Sir Edward Parry, Lord Haddington (First Lord of the Admiralty) said, "I see Franklin is sixty years old. Ought we to let him go?" Parry's reply was, "My lord, he is the best man for the post I know, and if you don't let him go he will die of disappointment."

Later, when Lord Haddington expostulated with Franklin, suggesting that he ought to be satisfied with the laurels already won, and reminding him of his age, the enthusiastic explorer broke out with all the spirit of a young man, "My lord, you have been misinformed, I am only fifty-nine!" So he prevailed, and was appointed to the command.

Two vessels were fitted out for the expedition,—the Erebus, commanded by Franklin, and the Terror, by Captain Crozier. The officers and men of each ship numbered sixty-seven, and stores were provided for three years. On the the last Sabbath before setting sail Sir John Franklin read in an impressive manner the church service and a sermon, his wife, daughter, and niece being present.

At the Whalefish Islands, near Drisco in Greenland, which were reached on July 4th, Franklin dismissed the transport ship Barretto Junior,—the last vessel with which the expedition ever communicated. On July 26th, the two ships were seen in Melville Bay by Captain Dannet, of a whaler from Hull. After that they seemed, like phantom ships, to fade away. In 1847, no tidings having been received of Franklin and his party, great anxiety was felt, and the Government was strongly urged to send out a relief expedition. Through the medium of the Hudson Bay Company, Indians were employed as scouts, while large rewards were offered by the Government and by Lady Franklin for any tidings of the missing explorers.



HOME OF THE POLAR BEAR.

Between 1848 and 1854 no less than fifteen expeditions were sent out by England and America, Lady Franklin making large ap-

IN THE ARCTIC SEAS.

propriations from her own fortune toward the equipment. Many important geographical discoveries were made, and eventually sufficient data were gained by which to trace the probable course and ultimate fate of the unfortunate expedition of 1845. The first substantial tokens were secured by Dr. John Rae, who in 1853 commanded an expedition under the direction of the Hudson Bay Company. These brave explorers covered upwards of 1,100 miles in sledge parties alone, 400 miles of the distance being hitherto untravelled territory. At Pelly Bay, in 1854, Rae met with Eskimos, from whom he received a good deal of information, and also a number of articles which had undoubtedly belonged to the Franklin party. Later on other relics were obtained by barter from the Eskimos, and more than once a human skeleton was found, telling its own ghastly story.

The most important discovery was a report found in 1859 by Lieutenant Hobson, of the M'Clintock expedition. This gave briefly the record of the Franklin explorations up to April, 1848. The work of the first year had been phenomenal. Before settling into winter quarters at Beechey Island they had gone up Wellington Channel to latitude seventy-seven degrees, returning by the West side of Cornwallis Island. The following spring a party, under command of Lieutenant Gore, started to explore the coast of King William's Land. Subsequent observations favour the idea that, reaching Point Victory and going on toward Cape Herschel, the continent of North America must have been visible in the distance. This meant the completion of the North-west Passage, even though they did not actually travel the intervening space. Later records, discovered in a cairn at Point Victory, stated that Sir John Franklin died June 11th, 1847. There is, however, not only hope but good reason to believe that his brave heart was gladdened before death by the assurance that his life-work was accomplished.

The terrible fate of the survivors is soon told. Being shut in by the ice from September, 1846, to April, 1848, the remaining officers and crew had abandoned the ships and started for Back's Fish River. Nine officers and fifteen men had perished. The absence of fresh meat had induced scurvy, and the horrors of disease were added to those of famine. Under the leadership of Crozier and Fitzjames the

survivors, to the number of 105, began the journey to Great Fish River in sledges, hoping to meet with friendly Indians on the way, and from them to secure food. At the very time that they abandoned the ships, Sir James Ross, with two relief ships, was only 300 miles distant.

After the record alluded to came silence, punctuated here and there by the discovery of a human skeleton or a deserted boat, with the testimony of the Eskimos that white men had been seen travelling, and dropping down dead as they walked. Then came the supreme moment, when the sole survivor found himself alone with God in that awful region of icy silence.

In 1858, a tablet, which had been left by a previous expedition at Godhaven, was taken by Commander M'Clintock and set up at Beechey Island. This was Lady Franklin's memorial to her noble husband and his brave companions, and contained appropriate inscriptions.

All the explorers who brought to England relics, records, or information concerning the ill-fated expedition, received substantial reward and appropriate honours. An extraordinary departure from the usual custom was made by the Royal Geographical Society in presenting to Lady Franklin the founders' medal. A monument to Sir John Franklin was erected in Waterloo Place, London, and a statue to the great explorer graces the market-square of Spilsby, his native town. A wonderful work of art is the monument erected by order of Parliament in Greenwich Hospital. In the centre tablet are the names of Franklin and his brave associates; and about this the skilled fingers of the sculptor have wrought in marble statuary the story of an Arctic expedition.

All honour to Lady Franklin for devotion to her noble husband, but many another woman gave her best beloved in the interests of exploration, and the record of her patient heroism is kept only in God's book of remembrance. In her poem, "The Arctic Expedition (From the Woman's Side)," Miss Mulock voices the heart-cry of these unrepresented ones:

"In Portsmouth Harbour the good ship rides
Rocked safely upon the placid tides
As love in a happy heart abides
Moving with each emotion.
With voices and hands alive all o'er;—
And to-morrow—(perhaps for evermore!)
I shall look out from a desolate shore
Upon an empty ocean.

"O love, my hero and my saint,
My knight of the white shield without taint,
This woman's heart turns sick and faint,
Although my lips may fail not.
I see the rocks under smiling seas,
I hear a tempest in every breeze,
I feel the icebergs as they freeze
In the deeps where ship can sail not."

In 1875 Lady Franklin joined her husband in that land where, throughout eternity, knowledge shall grow from more to more. His body lies, until the resurrection, in that great lone land whose grim splendours so fascinated him; where icebergs lift their glistening peaks to the cold beams of the midnight sun; where against a background of sky so deeply, darkly blue, the Aurora's stately arches stand like wide portals inviting the explorer to the mysteries of the limitless beyond.

What thou hast in store
This coming year I do not stop to ask;
Enough if, day by day, there dawns before
Me my appointed task.
I seek not great things,
For I have learned before how vain such seeking is;
But let me seek Thy will, O King of kings,
And find therein my bliss.

—*O. E. Fuller.*

WHAT IS THEOSOPHY?

BY GEORGE WOLFE SHINN, D.D.

It is not an easy task to tell what it is. First of all, its leading principles are not readily translated into simple and untechnical phrase. Then its advocates differ among themselves as to what these leading principles are, and change or abandon them at will. It appears to be an effort to build up something on the foundation of the old Eastern "wisdom religions," as they were called, and to revive the odd fancies which men have held concerning life and destiny.

There is no necessary connection between individuals and schools who have been called Theosophists. It simply seems to be a convenient designation for those who seek to make use of portions of these ancient speculations of the East. Of late years there has come into existence a new society of Theosophists.

Two names rise up into prominence when this modern organization is mentioned: Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott. They were the founders of it in November, 1875. The declared purposes of the new organization were as follows: 1. To form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without regard to race, creed, sex, caste, or colour. 2. To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences. 3. To investigate the unexplained laws of nature and the psychic powers latent in man.

Madame Blavatsky was regarded as the mouthpiece to the Western world of the Wisdom Religions of the East. She was declared to have received her knowledge from certain adepts in occult science who had instructed her in its mysteries and deep philosophy. Her instructors are said to be the Mahatmas. These Mahatmas are great beings, who have attained to high stages of human perfectibility. These beings cannot be seen by common mortals, only by those who have attained the same plane of consciousness. They are not angels or spirits, but possibly reincarnations of men, or men too wise to die. The Mahatmas may or may not wear bodies; they can travel with lightning-like velocity, and are always at the call of such of their disciples as have reached the proper stage of sublimation.

One of their most common performances seems to be to travel many miles to drop letters from the ceiling to the floor of the rooms where their disciples happen to be. "But," said Madame Blavatsky, "the world is not ready yet either to recognize the Mahatmas or to profit by their appearance." "They have been met on the shores of the Ganges and in the ruins of Thebes, in the arid and desolate plains of the Great Sahara and in the caves of the earth. They may be found everywhere, but make themselves known only to those who have devoted their lives to unselfish study, and are not likely to turn back."

Note that the Mahatmas are a very important feature of modern Theosophy. You must believe in the existence of these human beings who may be all the way from a hundred to many thousand years old, who may be the result of a succession of reincarnations, and who have the power of appear-

ing and disappearing at will, and of travelling from place to place quicker than the stars that shoot athwart the sky. The founder of the society says that they taught her what she knew of the principles of Theosophy.

Of the strange history of Madame Blavatsky it is needless to speak at length. She was born in the north of Russia in 1831. Her early life was filled with remarkable adventures. When she was sixteen years old she married a man nearly seventy. She had been married but a few months when she suddenly left her husband and her home. Later on she burst upon the world as a spiritualist, and then still later as a teacher of the occult philosophy of the East and as a founder of a new society.

The interval from 1848, when she left her husband, to 1857 is an unexplained gap in her existence. Her friends say that she was then in Tibet, studying the secret of the Mahatmas, but others declare that she led a wandering life, being sometimes in Paris, in London, in New Orleans, and elsewhere. No one knows just where and why. In 1858 she appeared as a convert to Spiritualism. Some years later she set up a spiritualistic society in Cairo.

Her prominence in this country began to grow in 1874, when she made the acquaintance of Colonel Olcott.

Colonel Olcott had been a soldier of the Union and an agent of the Government in various capacities. He settled down to the practice of law and the pursuit of literature. He became well-known as a newspaper correspondent. He first met Madame Blavatsky in Vermont, where he was sent by a New York newspaper firm to examine into some supposed spiritualistic manifestations by the Eddy brothers. Madame Blavatsky made her appearance there, and she seems to have soon gained a very willing disciple. He says, in one of his books, that "little by little she let me know of the existence of Eastern adepts and their powers, and gave me proof of her control over the occult forces of nature by a multitude of phenomena."

By-and-bye Olcott was initiated into the inner circle, and received written communications from some of the Mahatmas—at least so he declares. Never was there a more accommodating convert than this soldier. He dropped all secular work to aid her in establishing her new society in different parts of the world—a society that contemplates the formation of a Universal Brotherhood, based upon a revival of some of these old religious principles held in the East. This new society is to adapt to modern uses these ancient beliefs, and of course their adoption means the overturning of Christianity and the substitution of something which they suppose is better than Christianity.

We shall see later on the contrast between the two systems, as we study the doctrines which modern Theosophy asks us to accept.

Says one of its recent exponents, "Theosophy is to be found here and there in the ancient Aryan literatures, remnants of it in the Zoroastrian and other ancient religions and philosophies, and fragments in the Greek pantheistic philosophy. Nowhere, however, had any complete outline been collected until about the third century, when a school of New Platonic Philosophy was opened at Alexandria, in Egypt. This school gradually elaborated a system of philosophy and religion, in which were embodied all the elements of theosophical teaching which had withstood the crucible of time."

These philosophies held three chief beliefs :

"1. That there is a supreme, inscrutable, all-pervading and absolute Deity, from which all nature, visible and invisible, has proceeded, and into which it will return."

Observe the expression "from which," for the personality of Deity is denied.

"2. That man is an imperishable entity, of divine and of infinite potentiality as a progressive manifestation of divine nature."

We shall see what this progression includes, and how it ends in man's annihilation as an individual.

"3. That there are certain intelligent forces in nature, also psychic and spiritual powers in man, which are capable of development and of use by man."

This refers in part to the occult sciences, which have always excited curiosity.

It will be noted later on how these three general principles may be regarded as including some of the views promulgated by modern theosophical societies. Many attempts have been made to adopt and use this strange jumble of Eastern religion, philosophy, and science. It was hoped by some that the mastery of its principles, and the attending supernatural illumination, might admit them to a knowledge of the mystery of being, and that they would thus find the solution of every difficulty in science, and of all the hard problems in the spiritual world. They expected a miraculous knowledge of physics and special spiritual insight.

Persons who are interested in the history of these efforts to appropriate parts of Eastern mysticism will find some strange chapters recounting the story of Paracelsus (1493-1541), and later on the Rosicrucians, and finally that of Jacob Bohm (1575-1624).

Let us now look at some of the doctrines of modern Theosophy as they appear when stripped of their strange verbiage and put into our common speech.

First of all, what do they believe as to God? They deny the personality of Deity, and they set forth definitions which represent God as "an impersonal thought, permeating and interpenetrating all things, so that God is all and all is God." In other words, it is Pantheism.

Mrs. Besant, in her book, "Why I Became a Theosophist," says: "The next matter impressed on the student of theosophy is the denial of a personal God. Theosophy is pantheistic; God is all and all is God."

You will observe that it is not God behind all things, distinct from his works, sending them forth with an intelligent aim to do His will, but very God Himself. The stone, the bird, the tree, are parts of God. Observe, then, that when one becomes a Theosophist he gives up his belief in a personal Deity, and accepts instead "an impersonal God, who cannot see, or feel, or hear, who has no sympathy, no love, no thought."

2. Closely allied with this conception of God is the other thought, that all things are fixed by an eternal necessity. "There is the iron law of a remorseless necessity, the fatality of unchanging and unchangeable force. There is no possibility of setting it aside. The only thing you can do is to submit."

The Theosophist sets forth God as the law of all things in the universe, and the universe as being under the law of fate. In other words, here we have the old fatalism of the East. You are to think of the universe as a great piece of machinery which goes crashing on according to immutable laws and carrying you with it. You have no power to change anything. Prayer is useless. Your agony is

nothing to any intelligent cause in all the universe. You are in the inexorable path of fate. Your highest wisdom is to learn to submit to a fate that rules all with resistless force.

The Theosophist tells us then the dismal old story of fatalism. You must give up all your hitherto accustomed thinking about God as the loving Father, and begin now to think of changeless fate, which sweeps all on with pitiless force if you accept Theosophy.

A vast difference, surely, between the two conceptions: A wise, loving Father who plans the welfare of his children. Remorseless Fate!

3. What does Theosophy teach us about man?

It tells us many strange things concerning man. Thus man, it says, consists of one spirit, three souls, a life principle, and two bodies—seven distinct things; hence the expression, "Man is a septenary being." The spirit is indivisible and impenetrable; the soul is a trinity in unity—spiritual, human, and animal. But there are three souls: the spiritual soul, the mind, and the desires.

The body is really two, the outer being the physical body, and the inner one being the astral. The outer body, at death, is soon decomposed, and returns to its constituent elements. The astral body may exist for awhile after death, and be the shadowy continuance of the person who died. It hovers over the dead body, but finally passes away. The animal soul lives for awhile after the death of the body until it reaches a definite stage and is separated from the other soul, the ego, when it goes into the place of the souls of animals. The ego, the personality, goes on through a land of dreams until it awakes and seeks to be reincarnated, to take a new body; and this process may be repeated many times. Reincarnation is one of the distinctive teachings of Theosophy. Your soul—your ego—must live in some other body again. Perhaps again and again you may be reincarnated in a variety of forms. As one has said: "John Smith, who was vigorous and self-reliant, may reappear as Mary Jones, timid, weak, and dependent. Sarah Thompson, a refined and cultivated gentlewoman, may come back as a burly, pushing, not overscrupulous politician."

You will observe that "in reincarnation the matter of sex is not arbitrary. A man may be reincarnated as a woman, and a woman as a man. The father of one family may come back to be the mother of another family. The quiet, self-restrained, dignified maiden of to-day may be, in her next process of reincarnation, the bootblack who plies his business on the corner of the city street. The man of wealth now may have to appear next as the ragged beggar, and the day labourer may become in the next change the refined gentleman or the cultivated gentlewoman. No one knows how many times he will have to be reincarnated. Again and again we must go through this process of living in clay tenements "in revolving sex, in continually changing conditions, from profoundest joy to keenest sorrow, from munificent wealth to abject want, passing through ranges of utter comedy to the voiceless agony of tragedy that has no sunlight."

And what does Theosophy teach us is the end of all?

After all these reincarnations, "when the last round of the last race shall be made, and when the ego shall attain to that condition where it can remember all its past reincarnations and can recall all the incidents and feelings of each separate consciousness on earth;

when it shall have attained to the full knowledge of all its aspects of principle and law in each separate experience"—what then?

Then it will "enter into the eternal and final all, and become an integral part of the great abyss of impersonality called God." The Eastern mind calls this Nirvana. Stripped of all imagery, it is nothing but annihilation. The blotting out of the soul as a separate existence, to become part of the impersonal Deity, is a very different thing from the vague phrase often used, "Absorption in God." The latter somehow implies continuous blissful existence, but, says Hardwick, the oldest literature of Buddhism will scarcely suffer us to doubt that Gautama intended by Nirvana nothing short of absolute annihilation, the destruction of all elements which constitute existence. If we are told that modern Theosophy does not adopt the annihilation view of the Buddhist, but the view of the Brahmin, which is reversion to original oneness with Deity, the reply is that the denial of the personality of Deity and the denial of human personality compel us to think of such oneness with an impersonal Deity as an absorption which is the equivalent of extinction.

Here, then, are the leading principles of Theosophy:

1. A Deity who is simply the sum of all things, without personality.

2. Everything governed by unchanging force. Karma is fatalism.

3. Man, a complex being passing through various changes, being often reincarnated and finally reaching Nirvana, or nothingness.

This is what you are asked to accept in exchange for Christian faith. That is what the Theosophist tells you is so superior to the religion of Christ.

Compare the two.

Think of the idea of God as the Theosophist expresses it, and then as it is set forth by the Christian. You have heard the idea of an impersonal Deity governed by fate. Think, now, of the Christian's Supreme Being, the Creator of all things, visible and invisible. A God who is back of nature, immanent in nature, but not the mere sum of created things. He has ever an eye to see and an ear to hear, a heart to feel, and is tender toward His children. He reveals Himself as their Father, and in the incarnate Christ welcomes all to His loving heart.

Which of the two conceptions seems to you the nobler? There can be but one answer.

Our own personality implies the existence of the Divine personality, and the Divine personality carries with it the ideas of an intelligent first cause, a wise and powerful Creator, who works upon a plan; a beneficent Providence, who provides for the wants of His creatures; a loving Father, who is ever watchful over His children—loving them with tender compassion, coming into the realm of their own humanity, and drawing them lovingly into communion with Him.

This is the conception of Deity which Christianity presents.

Think, now, of the contrasted ideas of happiness.

Ultimate happiness, according to Christianity, is the blissful state of nearness to God and of likeness to Him. The man retains his personality, and is ever growing more like unto God. It is always the relationship of a child to a father. However great the Creator and Preserver of the universe, however wise, He is eternally our Father.

When a Christian dies he is done for evermore with pain and tears. No coming back again to dwell in a mortal body. No reincarnation, to go through again the weary

round of earthly cares and trials. His soul passes into Paradise, to await there the joyful resurrection of the body, when the Son of God returns in glory. Then comes the end, when this dispensation shall cease; when the redeemed of the Lord shall be welcomed to yet higher bliss.

Compare the religion of Christ with Theosophy. Just so soon as you put the two together, it is as if the sunlight struck the great fog bank and the mists rolled away. Christianity is the sunlight of truth; Theosophy, the mists of human error. Christianity is the religion of hope; Theosophy, the religion of despair. Christianity, the religion that urges you to develop your best, to live in the sunlight of God's favour here, and promises a continuance of that sunlight, eternally, ever-ascending progress in holiness, ever-increasing likeness to Christ, ever-enlarging capacities for bliss. No annihilation, but eternal life in the nearer presence of God.

The life of heaven is the life of sinless blessedness. It is the consummation of every good desire, every holy motive, and every noble effort. It is the Christian life in its advancing fruition, the ever-growing realization of knowledge and holiness. It is the perpetual but painless striving toward perfection. It is the fuller realization of the life of love in the presence of Him whose most blessed attribute is love.

THE MAD PAINTER WIERTZ.

The strangest collection of pictures in Europe, probably, is that of the "Mad Painter," Wiertz, which fills an entire museum, many of the pictures being of gigantic size, and exhibiting Titanic strength of imagination. Wiertz was an ardent hater of war and of the great war-maker, Napoleon. One painting represents with painful realism its horrors, and another portrays "Napoleon in Hell," confronted by the victims of his unhallowed ambition. "The Last Cannon" and the "Triumph of Christ" exhibit the final victory of love over hate, cross over corselet, peace over war. There is a wild weirdness about many of his pictures that makes one shudder. He is fond, also, of practical jokes. Here a fierce mastiff is bounding out of his kennel. There a figure stands in a half-open door, as if about to enter. You look through an eye-hole and see a mad woman slaying her child, and through another and behold a prematurely buried man bursting his coffin. It is a chamber of horrors. Yet the execution is marvellous, and the "motif" of the picture is generally patriotic and humane.

The following sketch of the life and work of the "Mad Painter" is from the pen of the distinguished art-critic, Wirt Sikes:

Wiertz was born in 1806, in the old town of Dinant, on the banks of the river Meuse. He made drawings almost before he could run alone, and tried to colour them with berry juices, plants, bits of clay. He carved curious figures with his jackknife.

One of the triumphs of his babyhood was a wooden frog which he had cut with his knife, and which was so marvellous an imitation of the living creature that visitors to his father's shop tried to kick the counterfeit reptile into the street. At the age of fourteen, Wiertz could not only teach his drawing-master, but he had acquired a surprising facility at engraving, in which latter art he was

entirely self-taught. The boy's soul became fired with a passion for Rubens, and his patron finally took him to Antwerp, got him a pension of about $56 from the king—and left him to make his way. On this paltry sum the boy lived, practising the most rigid economies. He had no pleasures, no occupations, outside his art.

In one of his letters to his mother, to whom he was tenderly devoted all his life, he wrote: "Except for food, I hardly spend two farthings." His lodging was his studio, and that studio was a miserable corner in a granary, without fire and without lights at evening, the roof so low that as his stature increased, he could not stand upright in it, but went about stooping. Here he wrought all day long on the paintings which he had already designed to open the door of fame, and in the darkness of night, either went out and studied, or remained in his den and solaced his lonely hours with wild, weird music. In winter, in the intensest cold, he worked still, almost without ceasing, in a sort of ecstasy, as wretched in his externals as a beggar, as happy in his sublime passion for art as any king, or better, as any lover.. For six years he so dwelled and so lived, and in his scorn of physical comforts—not to speak of luxuries, pleasures—was as stoical as Diogenes. If he could have painted in a tub, he would have lived in a tub.

Tempting offers were made to him to paint for money, but he would not. To one connoisseur, who offered him a large sum for one of his studies, Wiertz made a reply worthy to live among the celebrated speeches of genius. "Keep your gold," he said, "it is the murderer of art." This sentence strikes the key-note of this remarkable man's anthem of life. He would never sell his works. Hence the gallery in Brussels, today, is crowded with the efforts of his genius, while, out in the world, you would seek in vain for one of his pictures.

Portraits form the only exception to this statement, for portraits he painted now and then throughout his life as "pot-boilers." To the day of his death, he adhered firmly to the programme which he had laid down when he was twenty. "One must have courage enough," he said, "to remain poor, in order to remain a great artist."

In the twenty-sixth year of his life, Wiertz went to Rome, and consecrated himself to the work of producing a masterpiece. He read and re-read the Iliad of Homer. "Like the conqueror of Darius," he said, "I keep him under my pillow. It is singular how the reading of Homer frenzies me. I think continually of the struggle between Ajax and Hector. To give myself emulation, I dare throw down a challenge to the greatest colourists. I want to measure myself with Rubens and Michael Angelo."

He entered upon the work of painting upon an enormous canvas, twenty feet by thirty feet, that majestic picture, which, under the title of "The Greeks and Trojans contending for the body of Patroclus," rivets the gaze of the lover of art. No man can stand before this picture and say that Wiertz has not grandly borne out his purpose of combating the grandest masters.

The history of this picture is a sort of type of Wiertz's whole career in art. It created a profound sensation in Rome, where it was first exhibited. When Thorwaldsen saw it, he said of Wiertz: "This young man is a giant." Flushed with success, the artist took his picture to Belgium, where he placed it on free exhibition (he never allowed himself to realize a farthing of profit from his great works, even in this indirect manner), and supported himself and

his old mother again by painting portraits as his "pot-boilers." His cup of glory in Belgium ran over the brim. He was the lion of the hour; critics discussed and lauded him in column upon column; the Academy of Antwerp (his alma mater) tendered him a banquet. And now he turned his eyes on Paris. The great canvas was sent off to the French capital for exhibition at the Louvre. Disaster overtook it on the road, the expenses of transportation were great, and the work was detained at the custom-house. It was actually on the point of being sold for the duties, when it was rescued, but it arrived too late for the exhibition.

Returning to Liege, and again settling down with his old mother, he obtained from the town the privilege of stretching another enormous canvas in an abandoned church, which became his studio. The canvas was fifty feet by thirty feet, and he attacked his new subject with a sort of fury. Slowly the "Revolt of Hell" grew into shape. It was a Titanic work, but it did not reach the greatness of the "Patroclus."

At the same time, he competed for a prize for the best eulogium of Rubens, which was offered by the city of Antwerp, in the year 1840, on the occasion of the inauguration of the great master's statue. He won the prize over all competitors, his eulogium being instinct with the same fire which blazes on his canvas.

It was in 1848 that Wiertz established himself in Brussels. His mother was dead; he was alone in the world. He had now one sole purpose in life: to possess a large studio and exhibition room, upon whose walls he might hang his pictures, never to be disturbed more. He would no more sell his works to popes or sovereigns than he would sell them to private individuals. He resisted every temptation, refused every offer, that he might retain in his possession and concentrate under one roof all the productions of his genius. An offer was made to him of a sum equal to sixty thousand dollars for his "Triumph of Christ," the first production of his brush in Brussels; but he refused it. "I cannot sell my picture," he said, "because to-morrow I may find something to correct in it." This work—"The Triumph of Christ," was painted in an abandoned manufactory in Brussels, and fairly shares with his "Patroclus" the honour of being his best work.

It placed him in the first rank of living artists without dispute, and led the Government to build for Wiertz his long-desired studio, on the condition that the painter should give his works forever to Belgium, to remain undisturbed on the walls of the building where they are now, on free exhibition to the end of time. Therefore was built the large Museum on the outskirts of Brussels. It is built in brick, inexpensively, but from the picturesque designs of Wiertz himself in imitation of one of the ruined temples of Paestum. Time has covered the structure with a rich mantle of ivy, and, situated in the midst of lovely grounds, it is in itself a sight worth seeing. Before he died, Wiertz had completely covered the walls within with the works of his brush.

Established in his studio, Wiertz laboured incessantly, still a stoic in his philosophy—still scorning pleasure, rejecting luxury, indifferent even to ease—he met the bare necessities of life by painting portraits as "pot-boilers." He refused, however, to affix his signature to these portraits, or in any way to acknowledge them. They sold on their merits alone for sums ranging from sixty to two hundred dollars, according to his freak or his momentary need. They were hastily done; he would give but

little time to them, time was too precious; he wanted it for the work he loved. Portrait-painting was to Wiertz what copying music was to Jean-Jacques Rousseau.

One of his profoundest occupations in his new atelier, was the bringing to perfection of a process for painting by which the merits of fresco and of oil should be combined. In the chemical researches which he pursued with a feverish ardour, he undermined his health, and planted the seeds of comparatively early death.

"The Beacon of Golgotha" is another large painting, thirty-three feet by twenty-four feet. Here is an Elevation of the Cross, in which Despotism is represented under the form of a Centurion. Whip in hand Despotism scourges a group of slaves who are raising the heavy cross with its Holy Burden hanging upon it, the pale and spiritual Saviour, from whom a glory of white radiance—the Light of Truth which maketh all men free—pours forth from behind a surging mass of demons, who like a cloud encircle the cross, and who strive together with their prince, Satan, to prevent the elevation of this glory of salvation.

Strongly opposed to capital punishment, Wiertz devoted a triptych, or three-panelled piece, to increasing the horror of the sentence, by representing that sensation did not cease with apparent death. It is named: "Pensees et visions d'une tete coupee," and the details must be left untold, though here again is written on the canvas, in unmistakable characters, that word which is the hall-mark of genius—Power.

A painting entitled "Civilization of the Nineteenth Century" shows the interior of a handsome modern home in a Belgian town. Within the gloom of the chamber, you discern two French soldiers. With levelled muskets, presented bayonets, and cruel, jeering faces, they chase, like some terrified, gentle creature, a beautiful young mother. In her white night-dress, scarcely whiter than her scared, maddened countenance, with her masses of dishevelled hair flying behind her, her infant in her arms, she is driven to the window, and is on the point of hurling herself and her child downwards to destruction. Thus does Wiertz depict the civilization of the nineteenth century.

Wiertz's tremendous protest against war, and indictment of its horrors, is the painting entitled, "Napoleon in Hell."

The Genius of War is typified by a figure of Napoleon Bonaparte. There stands the well-known figure, in its white coat, with the cocked hat drawn down over the brows; arms folded tightly on the breast; keen profile sharply set and bent downwards; lips compressed with dire unutterable pain; the countenance livid as that of a corpse, but animated by an undying consciousness. Encircling him, and pressing upon him in his outward impassiveness, is an infuriated, lamenting crowd—desolated widows and orphans, and parents bereaved of their children, bearing in their hands the reeking members of their beloved murdered ones; phantoms cursing him to his face.

One of the noblest efforts of Wiertz's maturer genius is entitled "The Last Cannon." The thought is unmistakably grand which speaks in this picture. It is a large canvas, twenty feet by thirty-two feet. On the earth, the terrors of war are depicted: a great battle has just finished. Above this horrible battle-field the genius of Civilization soars, her face glowing with avenging rage; the deity of Progress has seized and broken in two a large cannon; Civilization is triumphant amidst

a throng of philosophers, artists and poets, representing peace, science and the arts. A guillotine is burning in the distance. Above, behind Civilization, legions of freemen chant the praises of peace; poets and artists exchange fraternal embraces; while at the extreme left a group of savages still strive to resist.

"Food for the Cannon" is a group of naked children playing at war around a cannon.

Another of the artist's grandest works, in a similar vein, is called "The Man of the Future Regarding the Things of the Past." The Man of the Future is represented by a gigantic head,—for the men of the future are to be giants of civilization as compared with the people of our day. With his wife and child looking on, the man of the future has gathered in his colossal palm certain curious toys of the present age, and is regarding them with a face which expresses curiosity, amusement, and a sort of divine contempt. How infinitely small to that majestic gaze seem the cannon, the thrones, the sceptres, the battle-flags, the arches of triumph of our day.

Two years before he died, Wiertz painted the extraordinary picture called "The Orphans." It exhibits the desolation of a family whose bread-winner has been stricken down by death. This vivid picture preached a sermon so instantaneously powerful and effective, when it was first exhibited, that the incident is worth recording. It was at a charity concert for the benefit of orphans. Between the first and second part of the programme, this picture was suddenly unveiled. The effect was thrilling. No orator could have spoken with tongue more eloquent. A munificent contribution was made on the spot amid a scene of great excitement.

This bit of sensationalism was like Wiertz. But it was manifested in the most trifling and playful ways too. Such, for example, as the neglected table, on which appear strewn a number of objects—an easel, some dirty brushes, a dried fish, which, on closer observation, prove to be merely painted there. There are several rude studies, boxed about with odd board fences, and visible only through an aperture. Some critics of Wiertz have deemed that this playful side to his genius—this love of startling and surprising, and devising dramatic effects—degraded his genius.

In the last year of his life, Wiertz modelled three groups which would have been grand if they had ever been produced, as he intended, in colossal dimensions on a public square in Brussels. These groups were to symbolize the history of humanity.

Another design which Wiertz entertained in his latter years was the enlargement of his gallery, for it was now filled. In this enlarged studio he intended to paint a series of grand pictures which he had already sketched out, and of which he had such an idea that he called all he had hitherto done, merely the preface to his work. In the midst of these preparations he suddenly died, absorbed to his last moments in the one love which had occupied his heart from his earliest childhood. In the delirium which preceded the hour of death, he raved but of one thing, his art. "Oh! what beautiful horizons! Oh! what lovely faces! Quick, quick! My brushes! My palette! What a picture I shall make! Oh! I will surpass Raphael!"

Of every noble action the intent
Is to give worth reward, vice punishment.
—*Beaumont and Fletcher.*

DUMB FOXGLOVE.*

BY ANNIE TRUMBULL SLOSSON.

All the golden October day we had been driving leisurely along through the Green Mountain country.

Everything was golden that fall. It had been a very dry season, and the leaves upon the maples and other forest trees, instead of ripening into brilliant hues of crimson and scarlet, had all taken on tints of yellow. Then, when the autumn winds arose, suddenly the whole earth was carpeted with saffron, daffodil, amber, and gold, a thick, soft, rustling carpet, and for days our horses trod upon it, and our waggon-wheels rolled over and through it. Somehow it had the effect of sunshine, and even in cloudy weather we were in the light. But the sun shone that day, and the air was soft and warm. There had been as yet no heavy frost, and the late flowers were still bright, while berry, seed-vessel, and nut were gay with red, blue, russet and gold.

The bouquet we had gathered along the way was not a satisfactory one, and there was little of beauty about it when we reached our destination. But it was the sight of these blossoms as they stood in the old creamware pitcher on the sideboard, that evening, that made Aunt Eunice—every one in Peru called her by that name—tell the story.

"Yes, I know it isn't its real name, but that's what I always call it myself. Ma used to call it that, and so I do. And it's a real good name, come to think of it—dumb foxglove. For it's a good deal like the foxglove that grows in the garden, you know, and it's the dumbest flower, for a real full-growed one, that I know. Never opens out into real blowth, you see, and nothing can make it. Water or sunshine or rich soil, loosening the dirt round it, or transplanting, or anything, don't make any difference; it won't open out. But pick it open and there 'tis, just like the prettiest posy in the world, streaked and painted and all, and nobody ever seeing it. It's dreadful queer why it's that way, ain't it? If the pretty part's all inside and hid and shut up, and isn't ever to do anybody a mite of good, why, what's it made that way for? Why didn't they leave the inside just plain, not finished off any, sort of skimped that part, you know, that wasn't to show?

"But there! it isn't half so queer and puzzling about posies as 'tis about folks, is it, now? For you know as well as I do, don't you, there's lots of folks just that same way. They're all shut up tight, all in the dark and cold and lonesomeness, and never showing the pretty part inside that most of them's got after all.

"I never see that dumb foxglove that I don't think of Colossy Bragg. She lived just down the road there, in the house with so much of that wild-cucumber vine running over it, and the marigold bed in front.

"David and Lucy Ann Bragg were married a good while before they had any children, and they were dreadful pleased when this one came. She was a nice, big baby, and they thought she was going to take after Grandma West, and be tall and fleshy and fine-looking. So they named her, out of a book, Colossa, but we called it—you know how they do with such names about here—Colossy. Poor child, it didn't turn out a very suitable name for her. She was a healthy, nice little thing, rugged as any child, till she was about four years old. Then something took her—the doctors never seemed to know what, exactly—and she stopped growing. Her legs and arms were helpless like, and she couldn't walk or use her hands much. 'Twas the pitifulest sight to see her. Her mind was all right; it was only the poor, pinched-up, pindling body that was wrong.

"Her face was real pretty, sort of thin and white, but with such big, dark, purple-blue eyes, almost black by spells—they made me think lots of times of the colour of those dumb foxgloves—and long, black eye-winkers curling up at the ends. And her hair was long and soft, and such a pretty yellow, and it curled all round her head. She used to sit all day in a big chair with pillows, by the south-west window there, and every one for miles round Peru knew that pretty white face.

*From "Dumb Foxglove and other Stories." New York: Harper Brothers.

"'Twas terrible hard on her pa and ma, they'd set so much by her, and lotted so on what she'd be when she grew up. They learnt her to read, but that was about all. For she couldn't use her hands, so there wasn't any ciphering, or drawing pictures on her slate, or sewing patch-work, or any of the things girls did in those days. She never seemed to care much about story-books. To be sure, there wa'n't many in those times; not what young ones call story-books nowadays, with red-and-gold covers and painted pictures and all. But there was a few in the place, and folks was glad enough to lend them to poor little Colossy.

"The Braggses owned Pilgrim's Progress and Evenings at Home themselves, and I had Anna Ross and Dairyman's Daughter. And here and in Landgrove and about there was Little Henry and His Bearer, and The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain, and some numbers of the Juvenile Miscellany, and there was some books about missionaries, and some travels. She had them all, one after another, and as long as she wanted them, but they didn't interest her much.

"And there wasn't many things she could play. Puss-in-the-corner and tag and blind-man's-buff and trisket-a-trasket, and all such running-about plays was out of the question, course, and even checkers and tit-tat-toe and fox-and-geese, and set-down games like those, she couldn't play at on account of her poor, helpless hands. Why, she couldn't even put down her mite of a forefinger with the other children's and say, 'Hinty minty cuty corn,' to see who was 'it,' as the youngsters used to say. She had a kind of weak, whisp'ry voice, so she couldn't even sing; and she didn't appear to care much about hearing tunes, neither. So you see she was nigh as much shut up and blind and dumb a little creatur' as that flower there.

"You wouldn't have thought, when you saw her sitting in her high-chair, bolstered up with pillows, her little drawed-up hands all helpless in her lap, and a shawl wrapped round her poor feet and legs--you wouldn't have thought there was anything in the world to interest her or make her forget her troubles. But there was. There was just one thing that kept her up, occupied her mind, amused her all day long, and made her willing to live and be so different from the other children. How it came first into her head I don't know, for 'twas the very last thing you'd ever expect would 'a' got there, considering what she was, poor, rickety little mite.

"It was cooking! Now, o' course you know she couldn't cook with her own hands, little, limp, crooked things that they was, but some ways or other she'd got the greatest faculty for making up dishes. 'Twas all she really cared about, the only thing that made her little bleached-out face lighten up, and those queer, pretty, purply eyes shine a speck. She was all the everlasting time composing, as you might say. But it wasn't verses or stories she made up, but things to eat, victuals.

"Where she got it all, as I said before, I never could see. There wasn't anything like it in the family, either side, Braggses or Wests. Her folks liked good, plain, filling food, and plenty of it, and Colossy hadn't ever seen anything different. But from the time she was a mite of a young one she was always making up the most beautiful receipts, and laying out the most fixed-up, company-looking dishes. To this day I often think over some of the victuals she talked about, and I can't help wishing they could be tried; they'd make your mouth water, they sounded so good and tasty.

"But somehow you couldn't make them; there was always something or other to be put in that you couldn't get, even if you could afford it. And they were generally pretty expensive victuals, too. Real receipt-books she didn't care much about. Her mother had one all writ out nice, in a little book made of ruled paper. It came from Aunt Huldy West, her father's sister, and it had real good receipts too. But Colossy didn't care to hear it much. She'd get fidgety after a spell, when her ma was reading it, and then 's soon as she got a chance she'd begin something of her own. Some of the ingredients, as the cooking-books say, were the funniest things. She'd come across them, I suppose, in stories and newspapers, in the missionary books and the travels, but most of all in the Bible. They were queer, outlandish, foreign things, that couldn't be bought round this part of the world, if they could anywheres. But she'd tell them off till you'd know, or think you did,

just how they tasted, and, what's more, could see the whole thing dished up, too.

"It all comes back as I tell about it, and I can most hear Colossy's croupy, hoarse voice saying over those things. 'Take a teacupful o' anise an' cummin,' she'd croak out—'an' mind it's a blue chiny teacup, not a plain white; put it into a yaller bakin'-dish, an' pour on a pint o' milk an' honey. Beat it all up till it's white an' bubbly and soapsudsy, an' then add ten clusters o' raisins. Stir for an hour an' twelve 'n' a half minutes by the settin'-room clock. Then you chop up the peel o' nineteen rorangers'—she always called them that—'an' mix into the hull mess. An' then—now listen, Aunt Eunice,' she'd say, so solemn an' old-fashioned, 'for this is the most partic'lerest thing in it—bile five an' a half turtle-dove's eggs kind o' hard, take off the shell, an' lay 'em over the puddin'—for it's goin' to be a puddin' this time, Aunt Eunice—an' bake half an hour in a quick oven.'

"'And what's the name of that?' I used to ask, just to please her and show I was listening.

"'Well,' she says, slow, and stopping to think a little, 'well, that's called jest a Plain, Fam'ly Puddin.' But here's one for comp'ny,' says she. 'I made it up last night, when I couldn't get to sleep, my back hurt so, and it's the very nicest puddin'—this is a puddin', too—you never, never eat; an' it's so sightly to look at, an' sets off the table so. Now listen, Aunt Eunice,' she says. 'It's called Comp'ny Puddin'. Take two pomygranites and crack 'em, an' pick out the meats careful. Chop 'em fine, an' sprinkle over 'em a pinch o' frankincense and a teenty, teenty speck o' myrrh. Wet it up with a little maple surrup. Then take some fresh bread-fruit an' toast a few slices brown; lay 'em on a green-spriggled chiny meat-dish, an' spread your pomygranite sass all over 'em. Then beat the whites of ten ostrich's eggs for an hour 'n' a half, an' lay over the hull; sprinkle with light-brown sugar, an' dish up hot. Oh, Aunt Eunice!' she'd say, with her little thin face working, and such a pitiful look in her big eyes, 'I wish I could try it my own self. I know I could do it, an' oh, how I'd like to beat up them ostrich's eggs an' spread 'em over, all sudsy an' nice, an' then sprinkle that light-brown sugar on!'

"'What's pomygranites, Colossy?' I'd ask her, to divert her mind a little.

"'Why, it tells about em' in the Bible,' she says, 'an' Mr. Interpreter give some to Christiana, in Pilgrim's Progress.'

"You know I said 'twas this cooking or making up dishes that helped her along, and kept her amused and occupied. Well, it did, one way; but another it made her uncomfortable, for she did want so bad to cook and bake and mix up things, to be over the fire, stirring and basting, and baking and boiling. She ached to set the table and dish up the victuals, and make things look as they did in her mind when she composed them. She never fretted because she couldn't play about with the boys and girls, or hoppity-skip along the road, or slide, or run, or jump rope. But she did worry a good deal because she couldn't carry out the things she had in her head, nor mix a single one of the sightly and tasty dishes she was always making up.

"'Course I like to think about 'em,' she'd say, in her husky voice, 'but lots o' times I think, What's the good of it, anyway? What's the use o' settin' here an' makin' up receipts for puddin's an' cake an' jells an' all, an' never try 'em, nor see 'em, nor taste the teentiest speck on' em? I'm tired settin' here, an' I'm tired achin' an' keepin' still an'——Oh, I do jest want to have a bakin'-day of my own, an' try some o' them things!'

"'Twas pretty hard to know what to say to her for comfort. She was a good little thing, and she'd been trained right, for the Braggses were pious, church-going folks, and I really believe she was a Christian before she was ten years old. But that didn't make much difference as to the thing she was fretting about just then. 'Twasn't heaven and singing and all the glorious things we know there'll be there that the poor little thing was achin' for those times, but just a mite of fussing and messing and cooking before she went away from this earth that was such a lonesome place for her. So I used to be at my wits' ends to know what to tell her to comfort her up when she went on that way; and her pa and ma, they were just as bothered as me.

"But there was one person that hadn't any such scruples as we had, and sometimes I was kind of glad there was. 'Twas old Mrs. Peavy

that lived next door—Mother Peavy, as everybody called her. She was real old, a good deal over seventy anyway in those days, and I don't know but she was a mite childish. But she was smart and spry for her age, and her eyesight and hearing were as good as ever. And she was a dreadful comfort to Colossy, that's certain. For, as I said before, she hadn't any scruples—that is, the kind the rest of us had. Maybe you'll think she was a heathen, or a heretic, or something of that sort, when I tell you what she used to say to the child; but I am sure she meant well, and it did seem to help Colossy lots.

"'Oh, Mother Peavy,' the young one would say, 'won't I never, never have no chance to try 'em? If I'm real good an' patient, an' say my prayers an' my catechis' an' my hymns, an' do 's I'd be done by, an' all, won't I, oh, won't I never be let to try a single one o' them receipts? Jest not even the b'iled dish, with coriander seeds for flav'rin', an' thickened up with fine flour mingled with ile? Oh, won't I, Mother Peavy?'

"'Yes, yes, you poor little cosset,' Mother Peavy 'd say; 'don't you worry an' fret over that. If you want to mess an' cook an' try receipts when you get up there, you'll be let to do it. An' you'll be able to then, you know, for you'll be strong an' well, an' rugged; for there ain't a single inhabitant up there that ever says "I'm sick," an' there won't be any more pain. An' your poor little drawed-up fingers will be straight an' sound, an' your legs strong and limber. An' you'll lift up the hands that's a-hangin' down now, and the feeble knees, as the Bible says, an' then if you're set on cookin' an' dishin' up they'll let you try, you see if they don't.'

"'But, Mother Peavy,' Colossy 'd whisper in her hoarse, short-breathing way, 'be you certain sure they've got things to do with up there? There's harps, an' crowns, an' books to sing out on, an' a sea o' glass, an' golden streets, an' all them pretty, pretty things, but mebee they don't have the kind o' things you'd oughter have for cookin' an' dishin' up. Mebee it's bad to want 'em, Mother Peavy, but—oh, I jest do sometimes!'

"'No, 'tain't bad, you poor young one; they understand up there, an' they make 'lowances. That's what they're great at in that place, you know, makin' 'lowances; must be the principal thing they do, these times, anyway. An' if they see they ain't no other means o' settin' your poor little mind easy an' showin' you there's more satisfyin', fillin' things than victuals, why, they'll give you your way an' let you try. An' as for there not bein' any eatable things there, why, the Bible tells about twelve kinds o' fruit, an' about olive-trees an' oil an' wine. An' there's that hymn you like so much, about

> "'There cinnamon an' sugar grow,
> There nard an' balm abound.'

Take my word for it, Colossy, there won't be no lack o' things to do with, if you want 'em bad.'

"An' the child would take a dreadful lot of comfort out of all her talk, and always stop fretting, at least for a spell.

"Now, I know it wasn't right; we all knew it. The way was to show her how much better things there were than what she was set on—spiritual food that she didn't dream of, poor, stunted, shut-up little soul. But Mother Peavy always made out that there wasn't any harm in it; that she didn't really say there would be cooking and dishing up there, but only that if Colossy was still set on that kind of amusement after she got there, she'd be let to try it. 'But she won't want it then, you see,' she'd say. 'She'll have better work there, more satisfyin'. So it don't do any harm, an' it does go against me to see her fret, the dear lamb.'

"So they were great cronies, she and Colossy, and had long confabs together. 'Twas mighty queer talk to listen to, I can tell you, and you'd get all mixed up and confused to know whether 'twas real flesh-and-blood food of this world they was dwelling on, or the spiritual, heavenly sort. For 'twould be manna and milk and honey and angels' food and unleavened bread and balm of Gilead and all that, which might be just figurative or speaking parables like. But again 'twould be cakes and puddings and stews, with spices and oil and spikenard and leeks and onions and almonds and turtle doves and melons till your mouth watered.

"But it really beat all how much that child found about victuals in the Bible; things none of us ever knew was there till she brought them into her receipts. And then we'd look them up and find they were really there. And to this day I recollect

them, and time and again, as I come across them in reading a chapter, I think of poor little Colossy and her talk: fish and summer fruit and wheat and barley and millet and apples and butter and broth and nuts and vinegar and parched corn and grapes and raisins and figs and—why, I can't tell half of them now. Why, once, I know, she told about some dish or other, and there was to be a pound of pannag. We thought she'd made that up, sure. But come to look it up, there 'twas in Ezekiel, and there 'tis to this day, though I haven't the least idea what 'tis or where it comes from.

"Poor little creatur', she looked for that kind of thing, and, of course, she found it. There's everything folks want in that book. And she got a good deal of a real different sort of comfort out of it, too. She'd be turning over the leaves of the big Bible on the table, as well as she could with her little twisted bony fingers, looking for new 'ingrejunts,' as she called them, for her dishes, and you'd see such a pretty look come on her white face. An' she'd draw a long breath, as if she was resting after a hard job, and look up with her big purply eyes all soft and wet, and say over something she'd found there. 'Twas something generally about getting rest, or casting your burdens off, or being carried or comforted as a mother comforteth, or having tears wiped away, or something like that. No, it was not all victuals she found there. But it's the victuals part of the story I'm telling you now.

"The minister that time was Mr. Robbins. He was a real good man, and terribly sorry for Colossy. He used to go and see her a good deal, and try to help her, and teach her, and raise her thoughts higher. But when she got on that favourite topic of hers, why, he didn't know just what to say. 'Twas a sight to see his face, after he'd been reading and talking and praying with her a spell, and she'd been so sweet and good, and seemed in such a promising state of mind, when she'd look up so pitiful just before he went away and croak out, 'Oh, Mr. Robbins, won't you jest listen to one single one o' my receipts now?'

"He generally did, for he was a good-natured man, and had children of his own, but he'd try to put on a moral at the end and draw some kind of a lesson from it all. 'Now hear this, Mr. Robbins,' she says one time, speaking slow and plain, as if she was reading from a receipt-book. 'Di-rec-tions for ma-king a mess of pottage.'

"'Yes, yes, my little girl,' he says. 'I'll hear it; but be careful lest you part with your own heavenly birthright for a mess of pottage,' he says.

"'Yes, sir,' says Colossy very quick, for she was in a hurry to go on with her receipt, 'I'll be careful. Take one fatted calf'—and on she'd go, till Mr. Robbins' face was just a picture, kind of puzzled, and sort of amused, too.

"Or she'd tell off a receipt for 'raising unleavened bread,' poor little cosset, and the minister 'd remind her that 'man shall not live by bread alone.' Again 'twould be some sort of a savoury meat stew, and he'd counsel her to labour not for the meat that perisheth. But he was always good and kind to the child, and she was real fond of him to the last.

"Poor little thing, she took it all out in making up and telling about victuals, for she hardly eat anything herself. Whether it was her made-up, make-believe dishes was so good it took away her taste for common, every-day food, I don't know, but she didn't eat enough to keep a robin alive, and so, of course, she didn't get very strong or rugged. Fact is, you couldn't want her to stay on here, suffering and shut up and helpless as she was, and as she'd got to be all her days. And we all saw pretty soon that she wasn't going to be here much longer. Her little scrap of a face got thinner and whiter, and the purple eyes bigger, and the little hands more than ever like bird's claws; and her poor little body was wasted away and weak. She was real patient, but the ache in her back was pretty bad, and she seemed to be tired the whole living time.

"'I'm terrible tired,' she'd say in her croupy voice—'tired when I lay down, an' tired when I set up, an' nothin' don't seem to rest me any. Seems 's if I'd feel better if I could only walk round a mite, an' get out the dishes an' sasspans, an' grease the bakin'-plates, an' stone some raisins, an' chop some citron, an'——Oh, Aunt Eunice, I do want so bad jest to dish up a dinner once—only once, Aunt Eunice.'

"I didn't quite dare to do as Mrs. Peavy did, and tell her she'd have her chance some day, but I did go so

far sometimes as to refer her over to Mother Peavy. 'What does she tell you, Colossy, when you talk so?' I said.

"Her face brightened up a little, and she answered, 'Oh, Mother Peavy says, when I get up there, if I'm set on messin' and mixin' an' cookin' things, why, they'll let me try my hand at it. They'll know I 'ain't had no chance down in Peru, 'cause o' my hands an' my legs an' my back, you know, an' they'll make 'lowances. That's what they're allers a-doin' up there, Mother Peavy says, makin' 'lowances for folks. She says she don't think I'll want to do any dishin' an' bakin' up there, there's such splendid things to do that I don't know nothin' about now. She says nobody 'ain't never heard nor seed, an' it' ain't come into nobody's head to guess at sech things as they've got up there for folks that's good an' patient an' lovin'. But I don't know; I'd like jest to try my hand a little, if they don't mind, seems 's if. An' if I do try, why, I'm goin' to see if they won't let me send down some o' my very fust cookin' to Mother Peavy. But if that can't be done, I mean to let her know, 't any rate, that she was right, an' they've let me try my hand.'

"She'd take some of the commonest, plainest kinds of food to experiment on, and she'd have a receipt for it with something in it you never dreamed of putting in before. Doughnuts, I know, she'd always say there was to be the third part of a hin of olive-oil in them. 'What's a hin?' I'd ask her; and she'd say, 'Well, about a coffee-cup full, I guess, more nor less.' And there was to be honey from the honey-comb in her dough-nuts, too. And in her apple-dumplings there'd always got to be 'jest the teentiest pinch of aloes.' And all these victuals were to be fixed up in the tastiest way, and on the queerest kind of dishes. To hear the solemn little old-fashioned young one tell about 'butter in a lordly dish,' and meat cooked in a caldron or in a flesh-pot, or sodden in iron pans, and about brazen pots and earthen pitchers, was dreadful odd.

"She grew weak very fast near the end. She didn't go to bed, for it hurt her more to lie down, and they bolstered her up in her chair with the pillows, and made her as comfortable as they could. Her voice got more and more husky and low, down to a whisper, 'most, but she'd talk a little by spells up to the very last. She'd make up receipts still, but they were pretty short, and we couldn't always understand what she said. I stayed there all I could, and Mr. Robbins came a good deal, and old Mrs. Peavy hardly left her, for days. She liked to hear verses about resting, and being carried, and made to lie down in green pastures, and having her tears wiped away, and about how the weary are at rest and the sick made well. But by spells she'd think about what she'd always set her little heart on, and she'd turn towards Mother Peavy and whisper, 'An' mebbe I'll be let to try makin' some of them things? 'Cause you know I've never had any chance down here, an' they'll make 'lowances for that.'

"And Mrs. Peavy'd say, stroking her yellow hair, 'Yes, lovey, they'll make 'lowances fast enough. And you'll be let to do it certain sure, if you hanker bad after it; don't worry about that.' And then she'd say over to her, in her thin old voice, her favourite piece about

> "'There cinnamon an' sugar grow,
> There nard an' balm abound,'

and another old-fashioned hymn, all about milk and honey and wine and heavenly manna, till Colossy'd drop off to sleep like a lamb.

"She went off that way at the last, bolstered up in the big chair by the window, her poor white face resting against the pillows, and her pretty yellow hair like a light all round her head. David and Lucy Ann, Mr. Robbins, Mother Peavy, and me were all there. We loved her dearly, every one of us, but somehow not one could be exactly sorry when the tired look slipped off her little thin face, and the bits of fingers stopped twitching, and the hoarse, short breathing was all still. I never thought as much of Mr. Robbins as I did at that funeral. It seemed as if he knew just the right things to say that day—mostly verses from Scripture, or a line or two of a hymn. I can hear him now, speaking in his soft, pleasant way about the 'bread that came down from heaven,' 'meat to eat that ye know not of,' 'whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst': and those comforting verses about how 'they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more,' and how

'blessed are those that are called to the marriage-supper.' And then he led off in his nice, clear voice:

"'Food to which this world's a stranger,
Here my hungry soul enjoys;
Of excess there is no danger;
Tho' it fills, it never cloys.'

"Well, 'twas about a week after we put the little girl to rest in the graveyard over there I met Mrs. Peavy one day. We stopped, and naturally we fell to talking about Colossy. Glad as I was to have the child at rest, I missed her lots, and I said so.

"'You were real good to her, Mother Peavy,' I said. 'I often think how you used to comfort her, and tell her that maybe she'd have a chance to try her receipts up there, if she wanted to. Dear little thing, she understands better now, and don't trouble her head about those earthly things.'

"Now, I'd always thought that Mrs. Peavy told the child that about having her chance up there just to chirk her up and please her, and not because she ever dreamt such a thing could really be. So I must say I was took aback when she shook her head now and answered in a queer, knowing sort of way, 'She 'ain't found out the better things yet, that's certain. She's got her chance, and she's a-makin' use of it right along; leastways, up to yesterday she was."

"'Why, what do you mean?' I says. 'What makes you say that?'

"And then she went on and told me the oddest story. She said she'd been thinking and thinking about Colossy, and trying to picture her all well and rested and happy in heaven; but for the life of her she couldn't see her in her mind as singing and praising and doing all the things the saints and angels are said to do. The poor little one's talk about her wanting to dish up and mess kept coming into her head to spoil everything. One day she was sitting at her dinner. She lived all alone and did her own work. And that day she had what every one in these parts calls 'b'iled dish.' You know what I mean—beef and potatoes and carrots and turnips and all. And she says:

"'I'd jest helped myself, and was going to taste of it, when I smelt a queer kind of spicy smell. I couldn't think where it come from, or rec'lect jest what 'twas like. Then I took up a little of the meat and put it in my mouth, and I didn't know what to make of it. I'd made that b'iled dish that day with my own hands, just as I'd made it all my life, an' my mother before me. But this partic'ler one wasn't any more like mine or ma's or any Vermont b'iled dish I ever see than—anything. It was tastier, more flavoury somehow, and, above all, there was that cur'us spicy kind o' physicky smell and taste. "What can it be?" thinks I to myself. "Is it cloves or saxifrax? Did I spill any nutmeg or ginger into the pot while 'twas b'ilin'? No, 'tain't like any of them. It's more like that rhubarb jellup I used to make after old Dr. Phelps' receipt. Lemme see, what did I put in? Rhubarb root an'—why, it's coriander seed; that's what it tastes of!" And in a jiffy I rec'lected Colossy, and how she used to always say in her receipt for b'iled dish, "Add a little coriander seed brayed in a mortar."

"'Well, I didn't know what to think,' she went on. 'It seemed 'most too sing'lar to believe in. But to save my life I couldn't help surmisin' that maybe—jest maybe—they'd let her try, to show her how unsatisfyin' it was compared to other things up there. And she'd always said, if they did, she'd try to send some of the victuals down to me, the blessed young one!

"'I tried to get it out of my head and swallow my dinner; but, deary me, every mouthful choked me, and I salted the gravy with my cryin' into it, thinking of that poor little soul. Well, the next day was Saturday, and I fried some dough-nuts. The taste o' coriander seed bein' all out of my mouth now, I begun to think I'd conceited the whole thing and 'twas all foolishness. But when I set down to supper and took a dough-nut, I hadn't more'n bit into it than I see 'twasn't one o' my dough-nuts, Aunt Maria's receipt, sech as I'd made for more'n forty year. These was rich an' light, and sort o' iley, and there was a strong taste o' honey about 'em, a thing I never use in cookin'. Oh, Aunt Eunice, then I knowed, I knowed they was lettin' that poor child have her way for a spell, jest to learn her a lesson. "Fine olive-ile an' honey from the honey-comb," she used to say in her receipt for dough-nuts. And when the gingerbread tasted o' spikenard, and the apple-dumplings was jest a little bittery like aloes, and everything I made—or thought I

made—was different from any Peavy cooking ever done in the family, then I see plain I was right. And it's only yesterday I made—or thought I made—some one-two-three-four cake, the old plain receipt; and it came out the most cur'us, spicy, milk-an'-honeyish, balmy, minty thing—oh, you never did!'

"I tell you, as Mother Peavy went on I began to think she was really crazy. She'd always been a little peculiar, and she was growing old, and Colossy's death had weighed on her mind, and I thought it had fairly upset her now. I tried to reason with her, and show her how such a thing as she thought of could never be. But I couldn't make any impression. I told her it was dreadful to think of heaven in that way, and that dear little girl losing all the light and glory and all, for such earthly, gross kind of employments. I couldn't bear to think of it. Mrs. Peavy looked sort of mournful, and she says, ''Tis dreadful, I know. I did hope Colossy 'd put it all out of her little head, once she got there. But there can't be any mistake. If I am old, I 'ain't lost my faculties, leastways my taste, and I know what I've been eating all this week. They've got some good reason for it up there, take my word for that; but oh, I do wish she'd learn about the better things there is.'

"Well, I meant to go over and see the old lady next day, and taste some of her victuals myself, to show her what a mistake she was making. But I took a bad cold that night, and didn't go outside the door for 'most a week. The first day I was well enough I started, but I met Mrs. Peavy coming over to my house. It upset me to see her, she looked so terrible white and changed and old.

"'Oh, Aunt Eunice,' she says, 'it's dreadful, dreadful. That poor little thing's at it still. She's turning my sody biscuits into unleavened bread, and my pies into pottage; there's lentils in my corn-beef hash, and fitches in my johnny-cake; and oh, deary, deary me, there's mint, anise, and cummin in every bit of victuals that comes on the table. Poor, ignorant little soul, what can she be thinking of! It jest breaks my heart, Aunt Eunice, for—oh, 'twas I done it, I done it!' and she just wrung her hands.

"It seemed she'd got into her head that her tellin' Colossy she'd have a chance, and they'd let her try things had made the poor child beg for it; and now she liked it so well, after never having had anything of the sort all her days, that she couldn't give it up. It seems a crazy idea, I know, but 'twas terrible real to her, and as she 'said herself, it 'most broke her heart.

"'I thought 'twould be sech a comfort,' she went on, 'to think of that child among the blessed ones, all straight and well and rested, all dressed in clean white robes, praising and worshipping and loving, walking along the banks of the river or down the streets o' gold. And now to think of her keepin' on and on this way—oh, 'tain't right, 'tain't right.'

"I saw she needed some one wiser and better than me, and I went that night to Mr. Robbins with the whole story. I'd calculated he'd be very much put out by such foolishness, and think it was wicked and making light of sacred things. But when I got through I saw his eyes looked kind of moist, and he had to cough and clear out his throat before he could say anything. So I spoke again to give him time, and I says, 'Mother Peavy's growing old, and she's getting childish.'

"'Well,' says he, 'that's what we've all got to be to get at the truth of things. "Except ye become as little children," you know; and childish and unreasonable as the good old soul's idea is, there's a lesson in it. Let us go and see her.'

"And we did; but he couldn't do her much good. She had got so upset and shaky that she couldn't do anything but cry and bewail her having put things into little Colossy's head and spoiled her heaven for her.

"At last Mr. Robbins said, 'Well, Mrs. Peavy, suppose we lay this before the Lord and ask His aid,' and then he prayed. I never shall forget that prayer. You see nobody but Catholics ever prayed for dead-and-gone folks then, and I suppose they don't now; and our church was always strong against it, of course. And I'd heard Mr. Robbins himself preach a powerful discourse about it from the text, 'Where the tree falleth, there it shall be.' But I suppose he saw now it was a time for strong measures, and, scruples or no scruples, he must quiet this good old soul. So he prayed for Colossy!

"I can't help thinking he meant that prayer more to help Mother Peavy than to do Colossy any good; but 'twas beautiful, 't any rate. Of course I can't remember just the very words. But he asked that the child might rest in peace, and have light given unto her, that she might, with the other little ones, always behold the face of her Father. And he asked that she might drink of the water of life, clear as crystal, and eat of the heavenly manna, and be satisfied. And he ended up by asking that her friends here below might be given the full assurance of the little one's peace and rest. In all the years he was settled in Peru I never heard him pray so earnest, and I was certain sure in my own heart he'd be heard. Then he asked Mrs. Peavy if he and I could come over next day and eat dinner with her. 'And you must have one of your good, old-fashioned dinners for us, Mrs. Peavy,' he says, 'and we'll tell you just what we think of it.'

"So we went. She'd made b'iled dish, and it looked real tempting and just like her old way of making it, for she was a real good cook. But she was all shaky and trembly, her face looked drawn up and old, and she could hardly sit up to the table without help. Mr. Robbins asked a blessing, and then the dinner was helped. I'll own up I was a little nervous. The queerer the ideas, you know, the more catching they are. And I'd thought so much of what the old lady had said of the tastes and smells in her cooking lately that I felt almost creepy with being afraid I should find it that way myself. 'Oh, dear,' I says to myself, 'if there should be a coriander-seed flavour!' But there wasn't. Mr. Robbins began first, and I followed right away. It was the same good, well-seasoned, Peru b'iled dish I'd eat dozens of times before at that table. Mrs. Peavy didn't taste of hers at first. I really don't think she could raise her spoon to her mouth, she shook so. But she fixed her eyes on our faces, first one, then the other, leaning 'way over and looking and looking, as if she was hoping, but scared.

"'Well,' speaks up Mr. Robbins, 'this is good indeed. One of your best old-fashioned dishes, Mrs. Peavy. I should know that this was a Peru b'iled dish if I was a hundred miles away,' and he went on eating it.

"'Yes,' I says, following his example, 'I always liked Mrs. Peavy's way of making it—just the pepper-and-salt seasoning, and no flavours, as some folks use.'

"She looked real earnest at us, and then she says, low and quivery, 'Don't you—take notice—of a leetle—coriander-seed taste—just a leetle?'

"And we both hurried up to say there wasn't one bit of that—not a suspicion, Mr. Robbins said.

"She didn't look quite satisfied, though just a mite more comfortable. Then she took some of the gravy in a spoon with her shaking hand, and put it to her mouth. She spilt some, and she could hardly swallow any, but I see her face clear up a little, and she sort of whispered to herself, 'She's let that alone, anyway.'

"Then we had some apple-dumplings, and 'twas the same way. Mother Peavy waited and watched, half hoping, half frightened, till Mr. Robbins led off, eat some and praised them up, and I followed on.

"'An'—there—don't appear—to be—anything—a speck—bittery?' she says, leaning across to us and asking so solemn—'not enough to—spile 'em, but—something like—aloes?'

"And again we hurried on to tell here there wasn't a taste of such a thing, not a taste. Then she managed to swallow a little herself, and again I saw her features light up a mite, and she whispers to herself again, 'An' she 'ain't meddled with them.'

"After that came dough-nuts and cheese with our cup of tea, and that was just the same. After Mr. Robbins had praised them up, and I had done it after him, and she'd asked us in the same scared, nervy way if we was sure we couldn't taste a flavour o' olive-ile or honey, we told her decided there wasn't anything at all like that; they were just good, old-fashioned Peavy dough-nuts. They were the last thing on the table; she'd tried all the rest, and I saw she was more scared now than any time before, when she took one in her trembling fingers and tried to lift it up to her mouth. I thought for a minute I should have to do it for her, but she managed it somehow, and got a piece between her poor, shaking, twitching lips. I thought I was prepared for anything, worked up as I was over this. But I did break down like a baby when the good old soul burst out, the tears running

down her wrinkled face in a shower, and the heavenliest smile shining through them like a rainbow, 'She's found it out—oh, bless the Lord, she's found it out at last! No more messin' an' fussin' with earthly things for Colossy Bragg. She's looked up higher, and seen the light at last. Oh, thank the Lord, thank the Lord!'

"We both went over to her. Seems to me now, as I look back, we was both crying, but I disremember all about that. We got her quiet after a spell, but for a long time she kept sobbing out, 'I'm so glad, I'm so glad. Your praying done it, Mr. Robbins. They've took the blessed child up higher now, and they've sent me word.'

"Well, there was a story went around the whole country, after that, that Mr. Robbins was on the road to Rome, as they said. Maybe you've heard it. It all came from that prayer he made at Mrs. Peavy's in behalf of little Colossy Bragg's soul. But, as I said before, it's my opinion that prayer was meant more to help the living than the dead, and somehow, some ways, it answered its purpose."

THE SERMON IN A SALOON.

BY J. BENSON HAMILTON, D.D.

I spent a week in an enterprising little Western city in attendance upon a Methodist Annual Conference. The leading merchant was my host. After dinner the first day of my visit, we were talking of the growth of the city from a small frontier settlement. My host, who was proud of the little city, related many incidents connected with its early history. Among other stories he told me how Methodism began by a sermon in a saloon.

"I attended the first Methodist meeting ever held in the town. It was a terrible service. I tremble now when I think of it, although it was so many years ago. Our town was a pretty tough place. The chief businesses were liquor selling, gambling and undertaking. There was a funeral every day. If some one did not die from disease or accident there was a murder. The street or bar-room fight that was not to a finish attracted little or no attention. The bowie-knife and revolver were never concealed. They were always within ready reach. If ever a place deserved to be called hell it was N——.

"I was a youngster who had run away from home in the East to try the frolic of frontier life. I had been a resident about a week. As I was passing down our principal street, I noticed a horseman in a very peculiar garb riding slowly along as if he were looking for some one. Noticing me, he drew the reins of his horse and said:

"'Young man, is there a hall or room of any kind in this place large enough to hold a meeting in? I am a Methodist itinerant and would like to add this town to my circuit. I desire to hold a service to-night.'

"I was so amazed that for a moment I was silent as I looked closely at the stranger. He was a tall, powerful looking man. He had a clear, resolute eye, a lip and chin that revealed a determination nothing could balk. I felt that he was a man that did not know fear, but the folly of the question became more and more amusing until I broke out in a merry, mocking laugh.

"The face grew stern; the eyes shone with a light like the gleam of steel; the voice hardened to a cutting curtness almost like anger:

"'Does it amuse you, my young friend, to have me ask you a civil question?'

"I replied hastily: 'I beg your pardon, sir, for my discourtesy, but the idea of anybody wanting to hold a religious meeting in this town is funny enough to make any one laugh. You might as well try to hold a meeting in Perdition.'

"'I would certainly hold a meeting in Perdition if I felt it to be my duty and could get in; but this town can't be as bad as that.'

"I directed him to 'The Coyote,' the largest gambling hell in town. I said:

"'It is large enough to hold a good-sized congregation, and it has one advantage over any other place: it is always full. You will be sure to find a crowd there, night or day. I do not believe they will allow you to speak. If "One-eyed Jack," the proprietor, is in good humour he may kick you into the street; if he is cross, and he generally is, he may shoot you.'

"I saw the circuit rider fasten his horse in front of the saloon and enter. I

slipped in to see the sport. The preacher stood for a moment, just inside the door, looking around. At the farthest end of the building a powerful man with a black patch over one of his eyes was swearing at a bartender in a most sulphurous manner. The stranger approached the swearer and said, as he removed his hat and made a courteous bow :

"'Are you the proprietor of this place?'

"'One-eyed Jack' was about to reply with a savage oath, according to his usual custom, when the peculiar garb and the distinguished bearing of the questioner caused him to hesitate. With a politeness unusual to him, he said :

"'I am, sir. What can I do for you?'

"'I am a Methodist preacher, and I would like permission to preach in your saloon.'

"'Preach in my saloon! When!' said Jack, in a tone of amazement.

"'Now!' said the preacher.

"'Well, I'll be——, I beg your pardon, parson, I'd almost said a cuss-word; but preach in my saloon!' He looked about and heard the clink of the glasses, the banging of cards upon the tables, the harsh laugh and the awful oaths, and said :

"'I think, parson, you have come to a mighty poor place to start a revival.'

"'No place needs it more,' said the minister, as he looked with respectful but resolute glance into Jack's single eye.

"'Let him preach,' said the bartender, who was glad to have his employer's wrath diverted from him. 'Let him preach. It will be fine fun for the boys.'

"'Fun!' roared Jack, 'I'd like to see anybody make fun of my guest. Parson, fire away. I'll be the deacon of this revival. If anybody dares kick up a row, I'll be——"

"'There, there,' said the preacher, 'Deacons don't swear.'

"Jack rang the huge bell with which which he signalled for attention when he had an announcement to make or a command to give. In a few seconds there was silence. All eagerly looked at the two men as if they expected to see a fight. Jack roared out in a voice that could be heard half a mile :

"'Gents, here's a Methodist parson who's honoured us by coming to town to start a revival. I allus said "The Coyote" never follows, she allus leads. We're the fust saloon in town to start a prayer-meeting as a side-show. The parson's goin' to hev a chance to show his hand. I'm goin' to be the deacon of this protracted meetin'. If anybody tries any funny business with the parson, he'll hev to settle with the deacon! See? When the parson wants somebody to come forrud and get converted, I'll make one of my bartenders go, and you can stand around and see the show. Now, parson, fire away. If you've got any gospel that'll reach this crowd, it'll hev to be like my whiskey, hot and strong.'

"The preacher sprang upon a table and began to sing a Gospel song. His voice was full and powerful, and the air was a popular war ballad. The chorus was simple and all were urged to join in singing it. In less than five minutes half the crowd were singing as lustily as class-leaders and pounding time with their fists upon the card-tables. After the hymn was sung, a short prayer was offered and the sermon began. It was a plain, fervent, manly talk, straight from an earnest heart. The preacher's face was sympathetic, his voice was tender at times and then it rose in a ringing tone like the blast of a trumpet. The words were simple, bold and true. He plainly told them of the danger of sin, the certainty of penalty for the sinner, and ended with an exhortation to regain the innocence and purity of their childhood days. He was in the midst of a pathetic picture of the far-away home, where loved ones were thinking, weeping and praying for the wicked wanderer, and the crowd was hanging in breathless silence upon his words. An angry altercation was begun at the feet of the preacher. It was fierce and brief.

"An old man with the face of a demon and the form of a giant was playing cards with a young lad with long curly hair and the sweet innocent face of a girl. The giant was called 'Slippery Dick.' He was the terror of the town. He was such a consummate trickster with cards that every game was deliberate robbery upon his part. The lad was called 'The Baby,' because of his face and curls. When the two sat down to play, every one in the saloon had said to his neighbour :

"'What a fool "The Baby" is to try to play cards with "Slippery Dick."'

"The death-like silence, which was stirred only by the low, gentle voice of the preacher, was broken in upon by 'The Baby's' clear boyish treble :

"'You're a cheat!'

"'Slippery Dick' roared with the fury of a mad bull :

"'You're a liar!'

"Both sprang to their feet. The old man snatched his revolver from his belt. The hammer caught in the fold of his flannel shirt, and before he could loosen it, the young man was upon him with the

spring of a tiger. The little hand, as strong as steel, grasped the giant by the throat, a huge bowie-knife flashed in the light, and the next second was buried in the old man's heart. He sank back in his chair, killed instantly. Before a man could stir, Jack had pressed a revolver against 'The Baby's' breast and shouted:

"'Move and you're a dead man!'

"The young man coolly folded his arms and said in a ringing, defiant voice:

"'He cheated me and I've killed him. Do what you please!'

"'That is so,' said the parson, whose sermon had been so suddenly interrupted. 'The old man has cheated in every move he has made. His sleeve is full of cards.'

"Jack gave orders to search the body of the dead man. When a whole pack of cards were found concealed about his person, all accepted this as certain evidence of fraud. Jack roared out:

"'This court decides that "Slippery Dick" was caught cheatin', and "The Baby" is guilty of justifiable homicide and goes free. All in favour of the motion say "Aye!"'

"A thunder of 'Ayes' responded.

"All opposed say "No!"' said Jack as he cocked his revolver and glared about the room. A moment's death-like silence followed. Jack in a lower tone said:

"'This court is unanimous, and "The Baby" is acquitted. The parson will now say a prayer for "Slippery Dick," and we'll take him out and plant him.'

"The great bell rang out as Jack shouted:

"'All up, gents; hats off!' Every one stood and uncovered the head.

"I have heard many prayers in my life, but never one like the parson's over 'Slippery Dick.' The preacher towered above the sea of heads, and, with eyes closed, talked with God. He pleaded for mercy for the mob of sinners before him who were on the road to eternal ruin. He uncovered the hard, cruel hearts about him with the fearless and steady hand of a master surgeon. You could hear the quick gasp of suppressed breathing as each one of the pack of reprobates felt the unsparing hand reveal his own guilty secret.

"The prayer for Jack, the ringleader in sin, was like a blast from a furnace. Jack covered his face with his slouch hat and trembled like a leaf. The petition for 'Slippery Dick' was a picture of awful sin receiving its awful penalty in accordance with Divine law. It brought a sob of terror from a score of hearts. When the prayer reached 'The Baby' the hard voice trembled and broke into a wail and ended in a heart-breaking sob. The strong man pled in the name of the mother, who through her burning tears prayed day and night for the loved boy's return. I have seen trees swayed by a cyclone until I felt as if they must be torn from their roots by the next fierce blast. So that a mass of heads swayed and bowed while the preacher prayed. When the whispered 'Amen' was uttered, a breath like a sigh parted the lips of every man as he looked into the white face of his neighbour.

"Jack was the first to regain his composure. His voice had lost all of its rollicking tone as he gently and solemnly said:

"'A collection, gents, for the parson.'

"He passed through the crowd, receiving a coin or a bill from every hand, and poured the hatful of money into the parson's pocket. The parson and 'The Baby' went out together. As soon as the door closed behind them, Jack said:

"'Gents, "The Coyote" is closed until to-morrow morning at 6 o'clock.'

"The crowd passed out in silence."—*The Independent.*

RUDYARD KIPLING.

BY S. J. UNDERWOOD.

Hadst thou been summoned from the harvest field
Ere yet the sun had climbed up to high noon,
How few who late have toiled beneath the moon
Have bound such sheaves as thine for goodly yield.
There is a tale in Holy Writ revealed
Of one who found in added days no boon;
Who prayed with face against the wall, and soon
Knew that his death decree had been repealed.
To life restored, by vain display he drew
The woes of Babylon upon his land.
Not thus, O poet, loved as are but few,
Have we who greet thee healed, thy future planned,
But when, long hence, thou rend'rest back God's own,
Thy work shall bear the search-light of His throne.

SPIRITUAL POWER.

BY THE REV. T. S. LINSCOTT.

II.

I repeat the question: What is spiritual power? If I had to answer in a word, I would say that it is the power of God in a man by which he is enabled to do the work and act well the part which God has assigned to him. It is simply the power to do one's whole duty, the power to be a faithful steward of the manifold grace of God. But I will give a few particulars.

In the first place I would say that it is the possession of the constant testimony of the Holy Spirit that we are well-pleasing to God. To hear always the words that were heard concerning Jesus, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased," to know that "the Spirit himself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God;" to realize that He "hath also sealed us, and given the earnest of the Spirit in our hearts." Now to have such an experience of God's approval, pre-supposes that we have learned the secret of obedience, that we do know how to avail ourselves of the power of the Holy Spirit, and that by His strength we constantly do the will of God, so that His witness is to an actual accomplished fact. It is dangerous to say it, but practically it is the power to live without sin. Now, no mere man can so live; for the seductions and the weaknesses of human nature are so great, the subtilty of the devil and evil are so fascinating, the mysterious influences of evil spirits are so constant and powerful, that human nature alone is unable to cope with them. But the battle is with God and not with man; and a man filled with the Holy Ghost is more than a match for all the p .ers of evil. Mere men, it seems to me, must constantly sin in thought, word and deed, but "ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you" to live without committing sin. Such a man is not a mere man, but a man plus the Holy Ghost, and he must of necessity be invincible against the powers of darkness.

God certainly does not intend to take away moral responsibility or to save a man from the necessity of learning by his mistakes; nor does He do for him what He intends him to do for himself, but it is the work of the Holy Spirit to do that which a man cannot do for himself, and to supply the necessary power to every spiritual weakness so that one who is filled with the Spirit can live in a way to constantly please God. There certainly is no room for human boasting here, but for profound humility and thankfulness, and such a soul will make her boast only in God and give Him all the glory.

Spiritual power will also cause us to see God in all the events of His providence and to know that all things work together for our good. The saints of old knew that, "the steps of a good man are ordered of the Lord," and Jesus taught that such was God's care of His children that the very hairs of their heads were numbered. This means that God is interested in all the details of our life, and permits nothing to happen except that which will work out our highest good.

Therefore, He being Almighty, no misfortune can befall His children; but all that does happen to them is either a blessing plainly seen, which excites the sensations of sight with holy emotion, or it is a blessing disguised for a purpose, which calls forth the liveliest exercises of faith, with profound thankfulness. Sighing, lamentation, woe, regret, desiring sympathy, eagerness for praise, are words not needed in our vocabulary when describing the experience of the Spirit-filled Christian.

If life is a lottery, as unbelievers foolishly say, then the Christian draws all prizes and no blanks, and if he does draw what looks like a blank, it is for him better than a prize. Life is certainly full of pitfalls and dangers, but the Christian filled with the spirit of wisdom falls into none of them. If it is true that nine men out of ten are failures, then the man in whom the Spirit of God dwells is always the tenth, for spiritual power precludes the possibility of failure.

It is not denied that things do happen to Christians which are called failures, and they get into positions that are said to be calamitous, but it is the universal testimony of Christians afterwards in looking at the results, that failure was only another name for success, and blessing was simply misnamed calamity, and every Christian testifies in the light of past experience that all things have worked together for his good.

But present spiritual power enables

one to call things by their proper names as they transpire; to rejoice in tribulation at the time, and to recognize the hand of God in sorrow; to be thankful for every experience that comes, no matter how seemingly sad to the eyes of sense. But this can only be done by the power of God, and therefore we see divinity in the words of the man who wrote from his own experience, "Not only so, but we glory in tribulations also," and again, "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen." This is an experience beyond the range of philosophy; too subtle to be scientifically understood; more extravagant than poets ever dreamed of, to which I fear many Christians are strangers; however, it can be said to such: "But ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you."

Another sign of spiritual power is, that the work which God commits to us is always successfully done. This has been hinted at before, but is sufficiently important to be more fully demonstrated. The adaptation of nature to carry out her evident purposes; the fitness of every power in the universe to perform its functions; the evidence of design in earth, sea and sky; the fact that the universe is known to be a vast machine, with most complicated mechanism, the one part fitted to every other part with absolute perfection, and the whole accomplishing an intelligent purpose; have for ages been used to demonstrate the existence of God, and although this method of reasoning may fall short of actual proof of the existence of the God we believe in, it certainly does demonstrate the existence of a Being who has made all things to accomplish His purpose with unerring certainty.

The will and purpose of God is stamped upon all creation, animate and inanimate, and all carry out His sovereign purpose. Man alone, it is said, has been invested with intelligence and free will, and he alone has seen fit to balk or frustrate the purpose of God. Had he, however, remained morally and spiritually true, as the balance of the universe has been mechanically and physically true, he too would have accomplished every purpose the Creator planned for him. Now, the religion of the Lord Jesus is to restore man to harmony with God; to adjust him to his environments; to fit him for the work which he ought to do. It is clear that God has a work for each man, and it must be that the work is adapted to the worker; and all men who come back to God, according to Jesus' plan, and who receive the Holy Ghost as He directed, will succeed in every detail in life and carry out the purpose of God the same as all the rest of the universe. No matter what may be the weakness of the man or the demands of the work, God's children are supplied with adequate "power after that they have received the Holy Ghost."

A man under the full control of the Master will assuredly find the work for which he is intended and fitted, and this alone is a guarantee of success. Those, of course, who take the bit between their teeth and go their own way at their own pace, will be likely to make failures and miss the road on which God intends them to travel; but the possession of spiritual power keeps a man from doing this, and it is impossible that God will misdirect any man.

It is true that we must let God be the Judge of what success really is, and in this we have to walk by faith, for often a state of things transpires which seems like failure, but if we are true to God it is only seeming, and seeming failure is either itself success, or the only road that can lead to it.

Another of the results of spiritual power is the ability given us to always choose with wisdom the way we should walk and the work we should undertake.

The question has been debated for ages as to whether human actions and destiny are necessary or contingent; that is, whether *must* or *may* regulates our present actions and future position. Much can be said in favour of either contention, and from many standpoints it does seem that we are the creatures of circumstances; that our character and consequent actions are formed for us and not by us; that the position in which we now find ourselves and the opinions we now hold have been brought about by a process outside of our choice.

Certainly we had no voice in choosing our paternity, or the surroundings of our birth and early training, and it looks as if nine-tenths of character and future position depended upon these two original conditions. Looking from this standpoint alone, we would say that we are creatures of circumstances and the sport of chance; as much under the law of necessity as the universe is under the law of gravitation. But when we take God into consideration and the fact that He must have a plan and a purpose in each man's life; and when we think of man with his almost omnipotent power of will and choice, then it looks as though man was under the law

of *may* and not *must;* that his actions are dependent upon himself and not upon necessity. Powerful as are heredity and early training, influential as are circumstances and environment to shape our course, decide our character, or fix our destiny; there are mightier forces at our call which can overturn and bring to naught all influences that would tend to keep us from our God-appointed walk and work.

I have just referred to "the almost omnipotent power of the human will," but I do not mean by that, that an effort of mere will or purpose, however strong, will evolve out of a man's self a power that will bring about any desired result; but I do mean that the will is mighty to choose right and refuse wrong, to link itself to God, or to refuse so to do; and that upon this exercise of the will character and destiny depend. The Holy Spirit and Scripture, the inner self and reason, not only teach a man his impotency to direct his own course and to obey his best impulses, but call aloud for him to join himself to the Infinite, and if he will but obey this fourfold call, "he will not full direction lack, or miss his providential way."

The amount of practical unbelief among Christians on the question of Divine Guidance is simply appalling, in view of the clear voice of revelation on the subject.

If one thing is clearer than another in both Old and New Testaments it is that God is the guide of His people; that "the lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord;" that "the steps of a good man are ordered of the Lord." We are to acknowledge the Lord in all our ways and He will direct our paths. If we lack wisdom we must ask of God and He will supply it. But Jesus is more emphatic than any concerning sure and certain guidance, and said that when the Holy Ghost came He would guide us into all truth, and would teach us all things. In fact no person can read the words of our Lord and Master concerning the Holy Ghost without seeing that the Comforter was to dwell with the Christian as a continual guest, and that His business with him was to guide him in the right way, and teach him all truth as fast as he can stand the lessons.

God enters into security with every Spirit-led Christian that he shall never miss his way or his work, and he only is the wise man who takes God at His word, and in the simplicity of faith walks through life with the full consciousness that he is so guided.

Certainly it is a walk of faith, pure and simple, for to-day, but when to-day becomes yesterday, faith has received a scientific justification by the only true test, for then faith is always vindicated by actual knowledge.

Now, if I am right in these conclusions as to spiritual power, I fear that thereby I condemn a great many preachers, for I rarely if ever read or hear the same teaching concerning this the Master's great bequest as He himself taught.

The gospel I hear and read from Christian teachers with rare exception is a true gospel, so far as it goes; but it is very incomplete; the truths that Jesus laid most stress upon being almost completely overlooked, and the truths which He only incidentally alluded to being preached with great vigour. Is it possible that the reason for this is in the fact that few have received the Holy Ghost, or tarried as He directed until they have been endued with the spiritual power which comes upon the advent of the Comforter?

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Born April 25, 1599.

Hammer of God, smiting oppressions down,
  Breaking the yoke from fettered nation's neck;
  For wrath of tyrant king thou didst not reck—
As little for his futile smile or frown—
Trampling as bauble 'neath thy feet a crown.
  Stern sword of Justice, at the awful beck
  Of a brave people's peril, thou didst deck
Thy fame with blended curses and renown.
Greatest of England's kings, albeit uncrowned;
  Mightiest moulder of a Commonweal,
Guardian of liberty forever found,
  In fiery furnace-heat thou didst anneal,
The thrice-attempered weapons which shall fight
For evermore the battle of the right.

—*W. H. Withrow.*

INCUNABULA GENTIS.*

Professor Fiske's volume is the most adequate and scholarly treatment of the beginnings of New England that we know. The book is made on lines of ideal excellence. It is based on wide and thorough research, especially of the original documents and contemporary chronicles. The author gives fac-similes of old maps and manuscripts, old books and pamphlets, old pictures and portraits, old buildings and monuments that are of intense interest and great importance. No one possesses the best material for the study of the beginnings of New England who fails to consult this volume.

The motto that prefaces the volume indicates the spirit that pervades "the plantation" as it was called: "The Lord Christ intends to achieve greater matters by this little handful than the world is aware of." The author describes the Puritan exodus from England, the sojourn in Holland, and the planting of the germs of empire in the stern New England soil. "In all history," he says, "there has been no other instance of colonization so exclusively effected by picked and chosen men." "The wheat of the earth was sifted for the seed of that planting." If this be true, and we believe it is, it is equally true that that seed was twice sifted for the planting of the commonwealth of Upper Canada. The United Empire Loyalist fathers and founders of our country forsook their pleasant fields and goodly heritage and braved the perils of the wilderness for their loyalty to the flag under which they were born, and to the religion in which they were bred.

Professor Fiske reviews the effect of such perpetual theological discussion as was carried on in early New England. He compares it with that which developed such a sturdy strength of character in the Scotland of Knox and the Reformation. He attributes the genesis of the persecuting spirit which arose in New England to the "prime necessity of social cohesion in the evolution of a new nation." We think this explanation inadequate. We believe it was the intense religious convictions of the Puritans that led to their persecution of all whom they thought in error, just as it was the intense religious convictions of Dominic and Torquemada that led them to burn heretics at the stake, and similar conviction that led even so wide-minded men as Knox and Calvin to acts of intolerance and cruelty.

The Baptists were the first victims. In 1644 the General Court of Massachusetts passed an act banishing from the colony all persons who should either openly or privately oppose the baptism of infants. The Boston magistrates "looked upon the Baptists as moral lepers, unfit to associate with their fellowmen." A little group of Baptists were haled to a trial like that of Bunyan's Faithful at Vanity Fair. They were fined sums equivalent to from $125 to $750. William Holmes exclaimed, "I bless God I am counted worthy to suffer for the name of Jesus." Whereupon the Rev. John Wilson, quite overcome of rage, struck him, and said, "The curse of Jesus go with you." Holmes was bound to a stake and received thirty lashes on his back. "When he had loosed me from the post," says this confessor of Jesus, "having joyfulness in my heart and cheerfulness in my countenance, as the spectators observed, I told the magistrates, You have struck me as with roses; and, moreover, although the Lord hath made it easy to me, yet I pray it may not be laid to your charge."

"Of all the Protestant sects," says Prof. Fiske, "the Quakers went furthest in stripping off from Christianity its non-essential features of doctrine and ceremonial." They felt it also their duty to protest against steeple-houses, uncovering to magistrates, and to hoot the fiery Governor Endicott as he walked up the street. Thomas Newhouse came into the Puritan congregation with a glass bottle in each hand, and knocking them together, cried out, "Thus will the Lord break you all in pieces." Such contumacy was severely punished by both Old and New England. At one time in the home-land four thousand Quakers were in prison. Mary Fisher and Jane Austin were kept in prison in Boston, half-starved, for five weeks till they could

* "The Beginnings of New England; or, the Puritan Theocracy in Its Relations to Civil and Religious Liberty." By John Fiske. Illustrated with portraits, maps, fac-similes, contemporary views, prints, and other historic materials. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Sq. 8vo. Pp. xxxix-328. Price, $4.00.

be shipped back to Barbadoes. Five years later Mary Fisher went to Adrianople to try to convert the Grand Turk. He treated her with grave courtesy and allowed her to prophesy unmolested. "Governor Endicott," says Prof. Fiske, "was afraid of Mary Fisher. Mohammed III. was not."

In 1659, two Quakers were hanged on Boston Common under an escort of a hundred soldiers. One who was reprieved returned next year to defy the gallows. "In obedience to the will of the Lord I came," said she, "and in his will I abide faithful unto death." And so she died. For some years longer Quakers were fined, imprisoned, and now and then tied to the cart's tail and whipped from one town to another. But these acts of persecution came to be more and more discountenanced by public opinion, until at length they ceased.

Professor Fiske shows that the Puritans scrupulously paid the Indians for every rood of land on which they settled, and as far as possible extended to them the protection of the law. John Eliot and Thomas Mayhew soon began to preach the Gospel among them.* Although the Indians at first refused to give up their thirty-seven deities for one, and to become the servants of Jesus Christ or of any white man, yet in a few years there were four thousand who had learned to pray.

Unhappily King Philip's war broke out. The grim and wrathful Puritan thought of Samuel and Agag and spared none, and soon King Philip's forces were virtually exterminated. But of ninety Puritan towns twelve had been utterly destroyed, while more than forty others had been the scene of fire and slaughter.

One of the sublimest features of New England life was its theocratic government. It recalls Macaulay's magnificent account of the Puritans in his essay on Milton. The founders of New England regarded themselves as soldiers of Christ enlisted in the holy war, who must "march manfully on till all opposers of Christ's kingly power be abolished." The result of this dominant idea is that with all its errors and intolerance, its occasional bigotry and austerity, New England ideas have largely moulded the history of the American nation. It has been the schoolmaster of the Union. It was the New England pioneers who forever pre-empted the free soil of Kansas and the North-West for liberty. It was the same spirit, incarnated in Garrison, and Wendell Phillips, and Beecher, and Sumner, and Whittier, and Lowell, that broke the shackles of the slave and emancipated the bodies and the minds of millions of men.

*One word, and one only, of Eliot's Bible has survived in common speech, the word "mugwump," which meant Great Chief.

"LET PATIENCE HAVE ITS PERFECT WORK."

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Would'st thou not weep, when 'tis the tear-wet faces
Shall feel the tender touch of God's own hand?
Would'st ne'er be weary, when for weary pilgrims
He keeps such sweet rest in His glad home-land?

Would'st suffer naught, when they His will who suffer
With Him a regal diadem shall wear?
Would'st have thy portion here, when heavenly mansions
He doth for thy inheritance prepare?

Nay: suffer now—and pass to joy eternal!
Be weary for a while—then rest alway!
Bear here the cross; grasp not at things that perish;
Thou shalt be crowned where pleasures are for aye!

Toronto.

PRACTICAL THEOLOGY.*

BY THE REV. N. BURWASH, S.T.D., LL.D.,
Chancellor of Victoria University.

This is the first volume of a series designed "to supply some carefully considered teaching on matters of Religion to devout laymen." It begins by setting forth religion as a personal relation to a personal God which includes both the knowledge and worship of God. The expansion of this definition evidently implies spiritual knowledge and worship of God, although emphasis is also placed upon right belief concerning God and upon right mode of worship. This religion presupposes and includes morality, although it passes beyond this to a higher life of faith, hope and love, and finds the ideal of that life in the life of Christ.

The obstacles to this religion, in the temptations of Satan, the love of the world, and our own fleshly desires, are clearly and strongly set forth: and the danger of doubts as originating in spiritual blindness or moral obliquity is ably handled. Divine help ministered through the Atonement by the power of the Holy Spirit and the offices of the Church is set forth; and finally the expression of religion in worship and in holy life is impressively pictured.

In the entire presentation we cannot but admire the ability of the writer and the spiritual earnestness with which he handles his theme. If he is High Church, he presents to us neither dead and outward forms, nor cold, dry orthodoxy, but an intensely earnest, as well as active form of religious life, exactly the type of religious life which would have satisfied Wesley's Holy Club at Oxford before 1738.

With many features of this admirable portrait of the religious man, the true Christian of every name and creed will heartily sympathize; and the great religious movement which this work represents can scarcely be denied the name of a great spiritual quickening.

But while we heartily acknowledge this, we cannot overlook other elements which it involves which seem to us fraught with weakness and danger. It founds both orthodoxy and faith too much upon authority, and allows not sufficient weight to that higher reason which separates true religion from superstition. It founds the whole spiritual life on the mysterious efficacy of Baptism, rather than in the personal conscious appropriation of the truth by the power of the Spirit and a living faith. It belittles a worship which consists of hymns of praise and prayer and the contemplation of truth as set forth in the preached Word, and centres all worship in the offering by the priest of the Eucharistic Sacrifice. It teaches the sinner to look for the forgiveness of sins after baptism to priestly absolution. It derives from Apostolic Ordination the power to remit sins and to confer the gift of righteousness in baptism and subsequent to baptism in absolution, and to offer the sacrifice of the Eucharist, and to make it the body and blood of Christ to the partakers mystically nourishing their spiritual life, thus centring the whole efficacy of religion in the mysterious power of three rites or offices properly performed.

These teachings of course stamp the book at once as Catholic, not Protestant, a designation to which we suppose the gifted and devout author will make no objection.

* "The Oxford Library of Practical Theology. Religion." By W. C. E. Newbold. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company. Price, $1.75.

Soul, rule thyself. On passion, deed, desire,
Lay thou the laws of thy deliberate will.
Stand at thy chosen post, Faith's sentinel:
Though hell's lost legions ring thee round with fire,
Learn to endure. Dark vigil hours shall tire
Thy wakeful eyes; regrets thy bosom thrill;
Slow years thy loveless flower of youth shall kill;
Yea, thou shalt yearn for lute and wanton lyre.
Yet is thy guerdon great: thine the reward
Of those elect, who, scorning Circe's lure,
Grown early wise, make living light their lord.
Clothed with celestial steel, these walk secure,
Masters, not slaves. Over their heads the pure
Heavens bow, and guardian seraphs wave God's sword.

—*J. A. Symonds.*

CARLYLE'S LETTERS.*

This book possesses a special interest to Canadian readers from the fact that Mrs. Janet Hanning, Carlyle's youngest sister, lived for forty years in Hamilton, and died in Toronto, December, 1897, at the age of eighty-four, the last surviving Carlyle of her generation. The modern Ursa Major appears to better advantage in these letters than in his journals. Instead of growling like a polar bear he purrs as kindly as a domestic cat. Carlyle's dyspepsia, we suppose, was responsible for much of his disgruntled objurgation. But such a strong man as he, and such an admirer of Job, should have exhibited more of the patience of that patriarch.

Janet was Carlyle's youngest and favourite sister. Her husband was not successful in Manchester, and came to Canada in the early fifties. He remained in the service of the Great Western Railway till his death—a period of five-and-twenty years. Carlyle's grim, dour nature was like one of his own Cambrian mountains, austere to sternness, yet gushing forth with springs of tenderness and ruth. This book abounds in good counsels, homely domestic touches and kind brotherly sentiment. He seems every year, after he could afford it - for he had a grim struggle with poverty at first to have sent his sister a ten or twenty-pound note at New Year's, which was more valued for the love of which it was the token than even for its money worth.

"My little Jenny," he writes, "is to accept it as a small New Year's gift from her brother." Again, "It is a great pleasure to me, dear Jenny, to think you are getting this poor fairing from me."

He also sent his books as they came out, with quaint comments. This was long before the days of cheap postage, and the large family of Carlyles had a code of signals by which one, two or three strokes on the wrapper of a newspaper conveyed domestic information.

On his sister's marriage he writes her, "Keep snug within your own doors, keep your own hearth snug." He has been working away, he says, "at an unutterable quagmire of a job—(his "Frederick the Great"). In the last letter he was able to write in his old age to Mrs. Hanning, he says, "Be always sure, my little sister, that if I can be of any help to you I right willingly will. No more from this lame hand, dear sister Jenny, except my heart's blessing for the year and for ever."

Several of the most touching of these letters are to his mother. He confides to her his troubles as he did when a bairn: "To myself my poverty is really quite a suitable, almost comfortable, arrangement. I am perhaps among the freest men in the British Empire at this moment. There is nothing but my Maker whom I call master under this sky. . . . In the whole world there is only one true blessing for me—that of working an honest work."

Of his brother Alick, who had gone to America, he writes in words of tender affection: "My dear mother, I know your heart is many a time sad about Alick. He is far away and there are others of us gone still farther, beyond the shores of this earth, whither our poor thoughts vainly strive to follow them—our hearts' love following them still—but we know this one thing, that God is there also, in America, in the dark grave itself and the unseen eternity even He is there too, and will not He do all things well? We have no other anchor of the soul in any of the tempests, great or little, of this world. By this let us hold fast and piously hope in all scenes and seasons whatsoever. Amen. My good mother's picture, looking down on me here, seems to bid me 'call on patience' and persevere like a man."

Speaking of his endless work on the "Cromwell," he says: "I have nothing for it but to bore along mole-like; I shall get out some time or other. The back of this sorrowful book is now broken."

There are pathetic touches of domestic life. After the death of his wife and all his near of kin Carlyle's life was very lonely. As he was passing away his mind turned to the old Ecclefechan days. He often took his nephew Alick for his own dead brother, and would put his arms around his niece's neck and say, "My dear mother." His was an heroic life. He did a good day's darg for God and for man. This book greatly increases our estimate of the nobility of his character. One of the letters is in autograph fac-simile. The family portraits are of special interest, especially the shaggy one of Carlyle in his old age, with a look of infinite sadness in his eyes.

*"Letters of Thomas Carlyle to his Youngest Sister." Edited with an Introductory Essay by Charles Townsend Copeland. With portraits and illustrations. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $2.00.

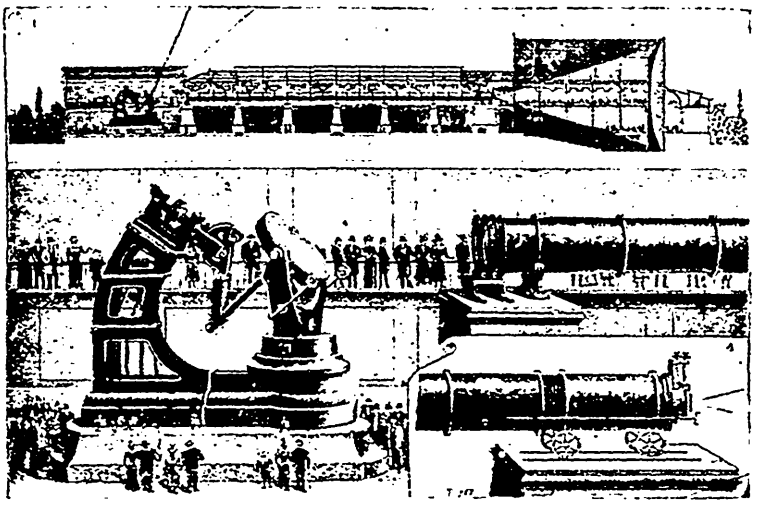
THE LATE DR. ORMISTON.

THE REV. WM. ORMISTON, D.D., LL.D.

The accompanying portrait, for which we are indebted to *Life and Work*, the quarterly record of St. James' Square Presbyterian Church, Toronto, vividly recalls one of the strongest and most magnetic men we have ever known. Alive to his very finger-tips, every gesture, word, and intonation added force to his speech. He was a man of immense energy and vivacity. At times his words came in a perfect torrent, and he had a quaint habit of alliteration which gave great pith and point to his discourse. He was a man of broadest sympathies, of ardent and impulsive nature. He was a born teacher. Both at Victoria College, of which he was one of the earliest graduates, and at the Normal School he grappled his students to his heart with hooks of steel. He inspired a devotion such as few men were able to evoke. His ministry of fourteen years in Hamilton, and twenty in New York, was fruitful of grandest results in the upbuilding of two influential churches and in the development of personal character. For several years impaired health compelled a residence in the genial climate of California. It is a pleasing coincidence that in the same number of this MAGAZINE AND REVIEW we were able to print two articles by the two oldest graduates then living of Victoria University, Dr. Ormiston and Professor Wesley Wright. The following is the tribute in *Life and Work* to this great Canadian preacher:

"Dr. Ormiston will always be pleasantly remembered by those who knew him. In appearance he was certainly striking: none could forget him who had even once seen him. He was tall, broad-chested, deep-voiced, powerful, self-reliant, and above it all there rose a rich mass of erect, compact, dark-brown frizzed hair, which made the preacher look simply unique. In natural character strong to a degree, the man was withal gentleness itself. In public speech he was both emphatic and pathetic; and a vein of pure sympathy revealed itself everywhere. In scholarship Dr. Ormiston was decidedly versatile. In private intercourse he was a man most genial in manner. In the pulpit he was fervent as well as logical; but he shrank instinctively from the perils of reaching 'white heat.' Hence his arguments seldom failed to move men to think, and by-and-bye they felt themselves constrained willingly to act. Few men, and few that touched so wide and influential a circle, can be more sincerely sorrowed for than Dr. Ormiston is now mourned by those who have called him friend or pastor."

Science Notes.



DETAILS OF THE GREAT TELESCOPE.

1. View of the whole; 2. the siderostat; 3. the telescope; 4. the eyepiece.

The Great Telescope of the Paris Exhibition.

The *Literary Digest* thus describes the huge telescope that has been planned for the Paris Exhibition of 1900: We are told by M. L. Barré, astronomer at the French National Observatory, that the instrument is now under construction, and we translate below parts of a descriptive article contributed by him to *La Nature* (Paris, February 11). The new instrument is so huge that it is to be mounted horizontally and fixed in this position, the desired image being reflected into it by an enormous movable mirror. M. Barré expects great results from this new departure, but the astronomic world waits for practical demonstration before venturing upon prophecy. The monster instrument will doubtless be one of the sights of the Exhibition, but whether it will be a success from an astronomer's standpoint remains to be seen. Says M. Barré:

"We have just inspected, in the fine workshops of P. Gautier, the different parts of this magnificent instrument, about which we have already spoken to our readers. It will surpass the most powerful instruments that have been hitherto constructed. The visitors to the Exposition will have at their disposal an incomparable telescope, which will enable them to admire the worlds of the solar system, and especially our own satellite, as no one has yet been able to do.

"The largest telescope now existing is that of the Yerkes Observatory, whose object-glass is 1 metre [3 feet 3 inches] in diameter, and whose focal distance is about 20 metres [65 feet].

"The telescope of 1900 has an object-glass 1¼ metres [4 feet 1 inch] in diameter and is 60 metres [195 feet] in focal distance; its weight will exceed 20,000 kilograms [20 tons]. It cannot, therefore, be expected that it will be placed under a dome, for this would have to be 64 metres [208 feet] in diameter and would require foundations of exceptional solidity; the construction would have been difficult, the bending or deformation of the glasses and tubes would have been considerable, and the cost would have been extremely high.

"M. Gautier has therefore adopted a very fortunate plan, which, so to speak, forced itself upon him under these circumstances that of Foucault's siderostat.

"This instrument is composed essentially of a movable plane mirror, actuated by clockwork, which so moves it that the

light from a star is reflected continually in a fixed and absolutely invariable direction. If the axis of a telescope be placed in this direction, the observer whose eye is at its eyepiece will see the image of the star as long as the star continues above the horizon. He can therefore study it at leisure or make photographs of it.

"The siderostat to be used in this instance consists of a circular plane mirror 2 metres [6 feet 6 inches] in diameter, absolutely plane and giving excellent images, and of a telescope 60 metres [195 feet] long, placed horizontally in a north-and-south line. The telescope forms the images at its focal point, where they can be examined by means of an eyepiece or can be printed on a sensitized plate, or finally, can be projected on a screen placed in a public hall where they can be seen by a large number of people at once.

"We now proceed to details.

"The mirror is a glass cylinder 2 metres [6 feet 6 inches] in diameter, 27 centimetres [14.6 inches] thick and weighing 3,600 kilograms [7,920 pounds].

"It is set in a frame or barrel weighing 3,100 kilograms [6,820 pounds] and is kept in balance by a system of weights and counterpoises. All this is fixed in a mounting whose weight is 15,000 kilograms [16 tons]. The base of this mounting floats in a vessel of mercury that supports nine-tenths of this weight. Thus the clockwork that runs the apparatus has to move only a mass of 1,500 kilograms. The siderostat is shown in Fig. 2. . . . Fig. 3 shows the arrangement of the object-glasses intended for visual observations and for photographic work. They are mounted together on the same car, which moves on rails in such a manner that either can be easily fitted to the end of the telescope that is nearest to the siderostat. . . . The flint-class and crown-class sections can be separated to allow of the removal of dust.

"Fig. 4 shows a side elevation of the eyepiece . . . and Fig. 1 shows us the whole apparatus, the siderostat being at the north end.

"We await with impatience the installation of this magnificent instrument, which will be the optical and mechanical masterpiece of the nineteenth century. The marvels that it will reveal to us will be the astronomic legacy of our epoch to future centuries."

Wireless Telegraphy.

The London *Times* has printed a brief dispatch sent from France to England by electricity, but without the use of wires or cables. The possibility of thus sending and receiving messages has been known for two or three years, and interesting experiments have been made by several investigators, acting independently. Some practical use has even been made of the discovery in communicating between British lightships and the shore, and it is also said that the Italian Government has paid Signor Marconi considerable sums for the use of his invention on warships. In England two lightships near the Goodwin Sands were able to send and receive messages with the shore all through the severe weather of the past winter, when any other form of communication was quite impossible. The scientific triumph of Signor Marconi in transmitting "wireless" messages between France and England is notable, not only because it is such a striking demonstration of the possibilities of the system, but because the distance over which the messages were sent—thirty-two miles, from Boulogne to the South Foreland Light—was much greater than had been before attained. Signor Marconi is a man only twenty-six years old. While he does not claim to be the sole inventor of the system of wireless telegraphy, the remarkable practical results he has reached will doubtless identify his name with one of the greatest marvels of electrical science—one apparently capable of large future improvement and development. The exact method of the sending of messages without a wire has not been fully made known. It consists of the transmission of electric waves from one delicately adjusted and sensitive instrument to another exactly adjusted to the same kind of vibration. Marconi himself likens this to the way in which a tuning-fork will respond to the vibrations of another tuning-fork of the same pitch. A vertical conductor is used; that employed in the recent experiments at Boulogne was over one hundred feet high, and intervening hills are said not to effect the vibrations.—*The Outlook.*

Typhoid Fever.

Speaking of the outbreak of typhoid in Philadelphia, the *Medical Record*, the leading medical journal of the United States, says: "In the present stage of science typhoid fever is a crime, and every death from the disease is murder. Philadelphia has an awful responsibility to face, that we hope will be discharged with a promptitude and a positiveness worthy of a city known throughout the world for its patriotism, its intelligence, its sterling character, and its progressiveness.

The World's Progress.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Chancellor of the Exchequer, in presenting his budget on April 13th wisely said: "We must be hopeful that the approaching Conference of the Powers, who are animated by a desire for peace, may devise a check for this terrible competition in armaments, so wasteful of our ability, energy and money, from which even the wealthiest nations may well pray to be delivered."

That expenditure even for Great Britain is enormous, while for other countries it is simply crushing.

The Czar's Peace Conference meets with much criticism. A leading journal says: "The Czar's proposal to check the increase of armaments is not without a flavour of irony, proceeding as it did from a monarch who not only has by far the largest army in the world, but who was also busy increasing his navy when he made his famous proposal."

The following tables, compiled by St. Paul's, will enable one to compare the armaments of the leading nations:

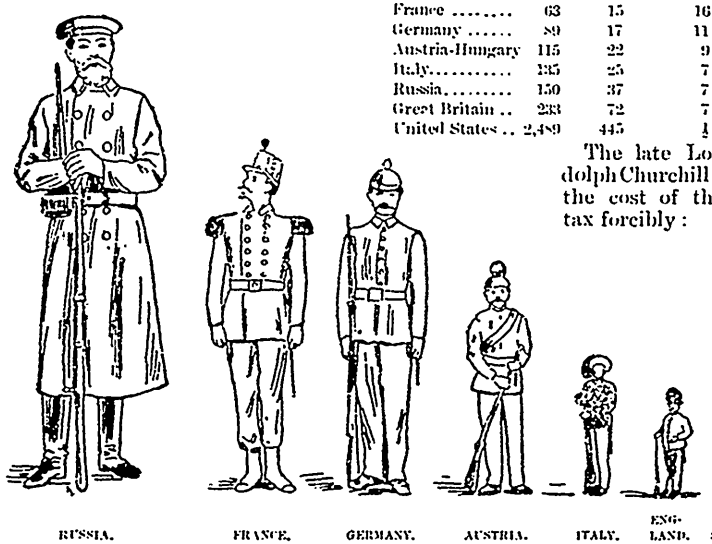
	Population.	Army In Peace.	Army In War.
Russia	129,166,561	860,000	3,503,000
United States	62,622,250	25,000	140,627
Germany	52,279,915	585,440	3,000,000
Austria-Hungary	41,231,342	385,697	1,827,178
France	38,517,975	615,413	2,500,000
Great Britain	38,104,975	163,569	526,220
Italy	31,114,589	231,355	1,268,308

Four millions of men in Europe constantly under arms as soldiers or sailors even in times of peace; and when it is borne in mind that all these have to be maintained in non-productive work and supplied with the most costly appliances, some idea may be formed of the gigantic waste.

A still more convincing method of estimating the burden of military service in the various countries will be found in the following table:

	No. of Inhabitants to each Soldier.		No. of Soldiers to 1,000 Inhabitants.	
	In Peace.	In War.	In Peace.	In War.
France	63	15	16	65
Germany	89	17	11	57
Austria-Hungary	115	22	9	44
Italy	135	25	7	41
Russia	150	37	7	27
Great Britain	233	72	7	14
United States	2,489	445	½	2

The late Lord Randolph Churchill once put the cost of this blood tax forcibly:



THE STANDING ARMIES OF THE WORLD COMPARED.

"Out of the life of every German, every Frenchman, every Italian, every Austrian, and every Russian, the respective governments of those countries took three years for compulsory military service."

Empire Building.

The liberal share taken by Canada in the construction of the Pacific submarine telegraph furnishes another strand in that cable which is binding the British Empire more closely together. This will greatly develop the growth of Canadian commerce, and will prove that our country is not indifferent to the great cause of Imperial defence. By aiding this de-

velopment, and constructing the Canadian Pacific Railway, Canada does more for the Empire than if she furnished half a dozen warships or an entire army corps. The extraordinary development of the United States into one of the great world powers is due, not to her military or even naval prowess, but to the fact that through her minimum expenditure for war purposes she has built up those productive industries which are the sources of the nation's wealth. The victories of peace are greater than those of war.

We are glad to note that Dr. Leonard Bacon, in the *Independent*, recognizes the Imperial penny postage system throughout the British Empire as a magnificent stroke of statesmanship.

"Its voice has not been heard in the streets to any great extent. It will make no figure in history in comparison with the battle of Manila. But it will do more for the world than many battles. And, especially, what will it not do for the permanence and peace, the commercial wealth and the social well-being of the British Empire!"

He urges that the commercial, social, and political benefits of penny postage should be extended to the United States as well, and thus strengthen the growing bonds of friendship and good-will between the mother and the daughter land.

The End of the War.

With the formal ratification of peace at Washington on April 11th, the brief but pregnant war with Spain ended. How rapidly history has been made in the few months of its progress. The capture of Malolos, the Filipino capital, will practically, we doubt not, end the war in the Philippines. There may be a guerilla conflict maintained for a time in the mountains and marshes, but Aguinaldo is a defeated and discredited fugitive, and cannot again rally the fickle Tagals under his banner.

Aguinaldo's Tactics.

We have received several printed communications from Hong-Kong published in the interest of the Filipinos. There seems to be a well organized insurgent propaganda in that city. It sends marked papers and special documents broadcast throughout newspaperdom. In the issue of the Hong-Kong Press of March 7th, it urges the independence of the Philippines under American protectorate, freedom of the press, religious toleration, with the exception of the Romish friars, the opening of the country by means of roads and railways. This was a possible basis of operations before the folly and crime of Aguinaldo's armed resistance to the American army.

The Inevitable.

Stern as the alternative is, there seems now nothing for it except the thorough subjugation of the insurgents. The kodak pictures in the American papers bring the horrors of war home to every household. It is a gruesome sight to see the trenches filled with Filipino dead, slain by American Maxims. The American press and people revolt from this manner of forwarding civilization and the Gospel on a powder-cart.

Soul-Questioning.

A writer in the *Outlook* says: "Does America really wish to help the Filipinos? Let her take back her machine guns and plant a hundred schools, like Hampton, Atlanta, and Tuskegee. Does she wish a theatre for the display of chivalry? Let her send her graduates of her universities, if need be, to die with the fever and the climate."

The Utah *Tribune* says: "There is another side to it, which shows that the white man's burden is not confined to those on the battle-line in the far East. There are pale women, mothers, wives, sisters, sweethearts, who dread to pick up the morning paper, lest its news break their hearts. This has been the white woman's burden since before Thymbra, or Marathon, or Salamis was fought, and every advance of the world has been sanctified by women's tears, every signal station along the bloody trail of civilization has mixed with the cement in its columns the blood that has oozed from the aching hearts of sad-browed women, whose burdens were none the less hard to bear though their outcries were smothered."

"As has been pointed out by the English," says the *Western Christian Advocate*, "the way to win a lasting victory is to press forward with the instruments of civilization. Roads and bridges and schools and churches, and order with it all, will win over the Filipinos. It is a long programme, but it is a sure one. The rebellious natives would be pressed to the mountain fastnesses, while their peaceful

brothers would enjoy the blessings that attach to civilized life. Soon the mountains would yearn for the springs in the valleys, and the battle would be won for all time."

The White Man's Curse.

The conquest of the Philippines has furnished a new sphere for the spread of the liquor traffic. One of the first exportations from the United States was an enormous quantity of liquor. Already, it is alleged, three hundred saloons have been opened in Manila, demoralizing alike the natives and the American soldiers. The greed and selfishness of this conscienceless traffic that carried the white man's fire-water and the white man's disease to the red men of America, sweeping away whole tribes by vice and loathsome death, is taking up the same rôle in the Philippines.

A New Poland.

It is unfortunate that on the eve of the meeting of the Peace Conference at the Hague Russia should be guilty of a crime akin to the partition of Poland in the last century. Finland has a population of about two millions, nearly the same as Ontario. Abo, its former capital, is nearly eight hundred years old. A bishopric was established here in the thirteenth century. At Helsingfors is a university of fifty professors and five hundred students. The Finns are Lutherans in religion, and an intensely liberty-loving people, with a smaller proportion of illiterates than almost any other country. Though a Grand Duchy of the Russian Empire, it has hitherto possessed a sort of political autonomy. Three successive Czars guaranteed the rights of the Finns, to which they were intensely devoted, but the advisers of the present Czar have changed all that. The Emperor's title of Grand Duke disappears, and the words "Empire of Russia" are substituted in the soldier's oath for the word "Fatherland."

"Thirty-five per cent. of the young men, instead of ten per cent. as hitherto, must enter the army for five years' service with liability for a still longer term.

The unkindest cut of all was the refusal to receive the petition bearing 563,000 signatures brought to St. Petersburg by five hundred delegates. The article in this number by our contributor, the Rev. Oskar Grönlund, himself a Finn, will be read with special interest. We will open wide our doors in Canada to an immigration of these intelligent, thrifty God-fearing, liberty-loving people. While attributing the noblest motives to the White Czar, we cannot but deprecate the moral callousness of his advisers in breaking faith with the Finns and Doukhobors and allowing the people of Little Russia to starve by the thousands while pouring out money like water for the maintenance of the army and navy.

The Russian Famine.

"The real facts of the Russian famine are beginning to leak out through the censored press. The situation is pitiable in the extreme. Several millions of the peasant population are suffering. So great have been their necessities that they are said to be subsisting on a mixture of weeds and acorns, as well as garbage of all kinds. A terrible epidemic has resulted. Typhus and scurvy are doing the reaper's work where actual starvation has not forestalled them. The Government was caught unprepared, and though Red Cross societies and private relief organizations are labouring valiantly, the territory affected is so great as almost to discourage effort. The Czar is said to have been greatly distressed at the situation, and to have ordered great changes in his Interior Department in consequence."

The Flood of Talk.

We are reminded of the phrase of Hamlet, "words, words, words," by the interminable talk of our legislators at Ottawa. This ceaseless flood of eloquence must be a weariness to the flesh to those who have to listen to it; and very few, we think, read the endless columns which are telegraphed throughout the country and recorded in the Hansard at enormous expense. In the British Parliament, the first deliberative assembly of the world, such protracted debate is unknown, and such a series of speeches from four to seven hours in length are, we think, without parallel. If a man cannot make his points, or, to use the American phrase, if he cannot "strike ile" in an hour or two, he should study compression. How these M.P.'s can endure or inflict such interminable speeches is past finding out. The country is getting tired of it. The common sentiment is "Cease your talk, gentlemen, and do something."

What will Parliament Do?

The Dominion Alliance issues a strong

and timely appeal to the people for an immediate demand for prohibitory legislation. After the remarkable majority for prohibition given by the plebiscite it would be in our judgment a high crime and misdemeanour against the rights of the people if nothing were done toward granting their request. It is for the Legislature to find out or devise what the best thing is. We would be strongly in favour of granting authority to the several provinces to enact prohibition within their respective bounds. It is intolerable that the single Province of Quebec should hang as a millstone round the neck of the Dominion in this respect. If it does not want prohibition, at least let those provinces which so strongly demand it have a chance to try the experiment.

Some strong temperance advocates wish the Government to take charge of the whole traffic, after the fashion of the Carolina Dispensaries. This would remove at least some of the greatest evils of the traffic, the impulses of private greed to make money out of the vices and frailties of men and the sufferings of their wives and children. It would do away with the treating system and the temptations of the social attractions of the saloon. We greatly prefer, however, the giving local authority for its complete prohibition.

The Dispensary System.

The *Outlook* speaks as follows on the results of the system in the Southern States:

"In North Carolina the dispensary system has united the temperance forces as no other radical measure has done, and what is equally to the point—has encountered perhaps a fiercer resistance from the liquor interests than prohibition itself. The fierceness of the opposition from the liquor-dealers is, of course, due to its fundamental provision prohibiting private profit from the liquor traffic. This prohibition is made effective by authorizing salaried State officers to sell all the liquor for which there is a legitimate demand, and thus securing almost universal co-operation in suppressing illegitimate sales. The salaried agents, having no financial interest in increasing their sales, have no incentive to violate the law, or even stimulate drinking within the law's limitations.

These limitations, furthermore, are more stringent than have ever been imposed upon private saloons. There are no sales after sundown; there are no sales on days when political meetings are held; and there is no opportunity for treating or tippling in the places where the liquor is sold. In its provision against private greed as a stimulus to public demoralization, the system, of course, resembles the famous Gothenburg system of Scandinavia, but in the restrictions it throws about the saloon it is infinitely more satisfactory to the American conscience. The fact that it leaves the individual free to drink what he will in his own home secures for the measure the support of men who are not total abstainers, but recognize the corrupting influence of the public saloon; while the fact that it goes to the root of the evils of the public saloon secures for it the hearty support of the great body of prohibitionists.

In South Carolina it has established itself; while in North Carolina, in Georgia, and in Alabama it is rapidly becoming the hope of the temperance party in the cities. In one county twelve saloons and nineteen distilleries have been forced to go out of business. The sale of liquor is diminished two-thirds.

The Samoan Tangle.

It is significant of the growth of peace principles that the Samoan tangle is to be patiently ravelled out by an intelligent arbitration instead of being rudely cut with the sword. The time was when such a complication, with the loss of British and American sailors, would have been deemed a *casus belli*. But an earnest desire to do justice and arrive at a peaceful understanding is a presage and prophecy of the final abolition of war.

Since the above was written the disastrous collision has occurred wherein several British and American officers and privates have been slain and beheaded by the barbarous Samoans. It is alleged that Mataafa would have surrendered to the British and American *ultimatum* but for the interference of Herr Rose, the German Consul. The Germans seem to have shown great lack of tact in dealing with this delicate question. The only gleam of light in this dark cloud is that the British and Americans are standing shoulder to shoulder. This seems a guarantee of the diplomatic settlement of this vexed question.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

REV. WILLIAM ARTHUR, M.A.

The following is the generous tribute of the New York *Christian Advocate* to Rev. William Arthur, M.A., the "grand old man" of British Methodism:

This influential servant of the universal Church of God, and especially of ecumenical Methodism in three continents, has just celebrated his eightieth birthday. He belongs to the class of ever-young men. The infirmities of age are hidden beneath his perennial flow of sympathy with all that concerns mankind. Religion is first with him, but in the word are included art, science, literature, the rise, progress, decline and fall of nations, and all that is meant by man, nature, and society.

Whether we look upon him as the modest but yearning, ardent lad in his birthplace, a village in County Antrim, Ireland, as the young man graduated from a London collegiate institution, or follow him to India as a missionary, thence in the same capacity to France, we see a capacious and aspiring mind, enlarged by every effort it made, and enriched by every experience. If we read his first book, the thrilling tale of his "Mission to the Mysore," his second, "The Successful Merchant," and the third, the imperishable "Tongue of Fire," we shall see the enthusiast, the mystic, the man of affairs in one personality. But to hear him preach to the French in their native tongue, to the Italian in his vernacular, and to the German in the language of Luther, is to elicit the gaze of wonder at his versatility. As President of the Wesleyan Conference, as a most influential member of the World's Evangelical Alliance, as a fraternal delegate to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and as a member of both Ecumenical Conferences, his character shone with a lustre which delighted all eyes.

Of course many honorary degrees have been conferred upon him; but their chief function has been to honour the discrimination of the institutions awarding them.

Though a weakness of the vocal organs has often silenced his voice for long periods, and the harshness of the English climate drives him each winter to his beloved rest at Cannes, France, his influence is not weakened, for his name is as a precious ointment poured forth by his pen. The organ of the World's Evangelical Alliance in its February number announces that the Rev. William Arthur has sounded the note of Christian jubilation regarding that Twentieth Century which is so rapidly approaching," and calls upon all the Churches to take up the marching song.

An American Recessional.

God of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our loved and honoured sires,
Whose deeds of valour we uphold,

Whose record all our aims inspires,
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

Through toil and tumult of the past,
By faith and hope in thee sustained,
Our fathers, worn with war, at last
The longed-for goal of Freedom gained.
Now Lord of Hosts, thy boundaries set,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

Freedom to worship God, they said,
In this fair land of fat increase,
By thine Almighty Guidance led—
True heralds of the Prince of Peace!
Lord God of Hosts, restrain us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

Lo! glittering in the golden East
Behold the Star of Conquest shine!
Shall we be tempted to the feast
Of earthly lords that are not thine?
Lord God of Hosts, direct us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

Shall sword and spear, as in thy book
By prophets long ago foretold,
Be beat to share and pruning-hook,
Or held to smite, as held of old?
God of the Nations, lead us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

God of our fathers, be our guide!
If we must smite to be humane,
No longer let our lips deride
The Turk, or Moslem creed profane!
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet!
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

—*Adapted from Kipling, in Boston Transcript.*

Soot *vs.* Surplice.

The anti-ritualistic war is still raging in Great Britain. We are sorry that we cannot commend in all cases the weapons employed. Mr. Kensit's interruption of worship with his cohort of stalwarts does not help the cause of evangelical religion. Still less does assailing a religious procession and emptying bags of soot on the white surplices of the ritualists. Such violence only injures the cause of those who use it. Like the persecutions of the Wesleys and of the early Methodists, it awakens sympathy for the persecuted party. More significant is the action of the House of Commons in passing an almost unanimous resolution "deploring the spirit of lawlessness shown by certain members of the Church of England, and hoping that the Ministers of the Crown will not recommend any clergyman for preferment unless satisfied that he will obey the Bishops and the Prayer Book."

Dr. Meacham.

We are glad to observe that the Missionary Executive has secured the services of the Rev. Dr. Meacham as principal of our college at Azabu, Japan. Dr. Meacham has given about a score of the best years of his life to missionary service in that country. He is widely known and greatly honoured in the mission field as well as in Canada. It will vastly strengthen our mission interests, both in Japan and throughout the Dominion, to know that such a high character and marked abilities will take charge of this important work.

St. James' Church Relief.

The Presidents of the Western Conferences issue a strong appeal for the prompt completion of the canvass for this important object. It is exceedingly desirable that the entire business be wound up not later than the May District Meetings. Dr. Carman, our General Superintendent, strongly indorses this appeal and extends it to all the Conferences. "Every interest of the Church, preachers and people," he says, "makes it imperative that this work be promptly and faithfully done. Time is an element of momentous importance; for interest on the debt accumulates more rapidly than our contributions, unless we strike all together, and strike at once. It is devoutly hoped that the Presidents' directions will be closely and instantly followed."

The Rev. Robert Wallace.

By the death of the Rev. Robert Wallace, at the good old age of seventy-nine, passed away one of the fathers of the Free Church movement in Canada. Mr. Wallace was one of the best types of the hard-working Presbyterian ministry of this land. Twenty-three of the best years of his life were spent in the West Church, Toronto. Under his ministry it greatly increased in numbers and in generous contributions to the benevolences of the Church. Mr. Wallace throughout his long ministry was an ardent friend of the temperance reform, of home and foreign mission work, and of French evangelization. His ministry was intensely evangelical in character. Nine years ago he resigned his charge after well-nigh fifty years of active service. The very large attendance of ministers and laymen of the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches at his funeral was a fine tribute to the memory of a good

man. Mr. Wallace was the father of the Rev. Professor Wallace, of Victoria University. A pleasing incident in connection with the ordination of Professor Wallace in the old Richmond Street church was that his own father took a prominent part in the religious service.

THE REV. DR. MCMULLEN.

The members of the General Conference which met at Montreal eight years ago, and many others who had the pleasure of hearing him, will remember the delightful sermons and addresses of this genial, cultured and scholarly representative of English and Irish Methodism. Dr. McMullen lived to the good old age of eighty-one, but so vigorous was he in both mind and body that he seemed a much younger man. He was a native of the County Down, in Ireland, and spent his entire ministry in that country. He was four times vice-president of the Irish Conference, and was representive to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church and of our own Church, and also a member of the first Ecumenical Conference in London. He had held every office, says the *Methodist Times*, that an Irish minister can fill, and it was very widely regretted that the constitution of the Church made it impossible to put him into the chair of John Wesley. No man was more highly revered on both sides of the Channel, and, indeed, on both sides of the Atlantic.

ITEMS.

The Rev. James A. Spurgeon, a brother of the late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, died very suddenly in one of the coaches of the underground railway of London. He was associated with his distinguished brother, Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, in the pastorate of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, London. It will be remembered that Sir William McArthur, Lord Mayor of London, also died in one of the underground trains, of apoplexy, induced probably by the suffocating atmosphere of the tunnel.

Our venerable friend, the Rev. John Hunt, has been mercifully raised by Divine Providence from death's door. He has been very ill, but is so far restored as to be able to resume his ministrations to the sick and the suffering in the Toronto hospitals—a labour of love to which he is greatly devoted, and in which his ministrations are highly appreciated.

The many friends of the Rev. William Savage will sympathize with his bereavement in the loss of the partner for over half a century of the joys and sorrows of life. Mrs. Savage passed away in Owen Sound on March 31st, after a long life of singular devotion in the service of God.

It is not often that the Methodist preacher becomes a candidate for Governorship. The Rev. Dr. Hamill, a member of the staff of the *Western Christian Advocate*, and a highly esteemed contributor to this periodical, has been named by the prohibition party as the candidate for the governorship of Ohio. Dr. Hamill is a courageous champion of civic righteousness, and has won the intense antipathy of the liquor party by his opposition to their nefarious traffic. We wish for him a very successful candidature.

Newfoundland has never known such a revival as that which accompanied the labours of Messrs. Crossley and Hunter in St. John's and Carbonear. At St. John's fifteen hundred persons are recorded as seeking the Saviour during the five weeks' services. The meetings were prolonged to give the returned sealers an opportunity of attending them, which they did in crowds, and many of these hardy toilers of the deep were savingly converted to God. The closing services were of intense interest.

In that part of New York above the Harlem River, in a territory which now numbers two hundred thousand people, the Methodist Episcopal Church maintains about one-fourth of the work which is being done by Protestants. It outnumbers the Episcopal churches, and "has twice as many as either the Baptists or Presbyterians or Reformed churches, and three times as many as the Lutherans or Congregationalists." In that district there are twenty Methodist churches, and seven of them are under the care of the Extension Society, while others have received help from it. In that field over fifty workers are employed who give their entire time to their duties. About one-half are "pastors, assistants, and paid missionaries, and the remainder are deaconesses, kindergartners, and special workers." These facts indicate that the Methodist Church is not losing its hold on the masses of the common people, since the district to which we have referred is chiefly inhabited by people of this class.—*Outlook.*

Book Notices.

Christian Archæology. By CHARLES W. BENNETT, D.D., LL.D., with an Introductory Notice by DR. FERDINAND PIPER. *Second edition. Revised by* AMOS WILLIAMS PATTEN, D.D. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xxii-608. Price, $3.50.

The present age is one marked by the study of origins. Men are going back to the beginning of things. Especially is this true in Church history. The early Christian monuments, mosaics, sculptures and paintings are the unconscious art record of the times. Hence we can appeal with confidence to their unbiased testimony. Dr. Bennett made this fascinating subject a study for many years, and his book is a masterly treatise on this theme. Dr. Patten, who edits this revised edition, is specially qualified for his task. We had the pleasure of travelling with Dr. Patten from Damascus to Constantinople, and were much impressed with his archæological enthusiasm and accurate research. His revision considerably enlarges the first edition, adds numerous illustrations, gives the result of most recent discoveries, and has a complete series of indexes.

The volume is every way worthy of the Library of Biblical and Theological Literature issued by the Methodist Book Concern. The book has 148 engravings, 10 plates and 2 folding maps. Book I. treats lucidly the archæology of Christian art and symbolism, the development of Christian architecture, the difficult but important subject of Christian epigraphy, and early Christian hymnology and music. Book II. traces the development of the Christian Church from apostolic times down to Constantine and later. Book III. discusses very fully the sacraments and worship of the Christian Church, the development of early confessions and liturgies, and the celebration of Sundays and festival days. Book IV. treats the archæology of Christian life, the family, the Church and slavery, military life, charities of the early Church, education, general culture.

Much valuable information is derived from the testimony of the catacombs. Many of the early Christian epitaphs are reproduced and translated. "He is nearer the heart of the Primitive Church," says Dean Stanley, "who is steeped in the imagery of the catacombs than he who knows by heart the most elaborate treatise of Origen or Tertullian. Indeed," he adds, "were the entire body of early ecclesiastical history destroyed, the constitution and doctrines of the early Church could be entirely reproduced from the testimony of the catacombs." This handsome volume is an invaluable apparatus for the study of Christian archæology.

In Palestine, and Other Poems. By RICHARD WATSON GILDER. New York: The Century Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

These poems are just what one would expect from the cultured and scholarly taste of the editor of the *Century Magazine.* More than even Italy is Palestine "the land of all men's past." More than Greece it appeals to the profoundest feelings of our nature. With reverent feet and sympathetic spirit the author walks through those scenes made sacred evermore by the life and labours of our Lord. "The Birds of Bethlehem" is an example of the clear-cut, gem-like poems:

I heard the bells of Bethlehem ring—
  Their voice was sweeter than the priests';
I heard the birds of Bethlehem sing
  Unbidden in the churchly feasts.

They clung and sung on the swinging chain
  High in the dim and incensed air;
The priests, with repetitions vain,
  Chanted a never-ending prayer.

So bell and bird and priest I heard,
  But voice of bird was most to me;
It had no ritual, no word,
  And yet it sounded true and free.

I thought Child Jesus, were He there,
  Would like the singing birds the best,
And clutch his little hands in air,
  And smile upon his mother's breast.

Not all the poems, however, are inspired by Palestine and its memories. A wide range of topics is treated, all of them in sympathy with the highest Christian civilization. The poem on "The White Tsar" deprecates the cynical sneer at the Peace Conference, and in the broad interest of humanity prays for its success:

"But the mothers of youths who had died
  of their wounds and of fever,
And the poor, crushed down by the price
  of the glory of battle,

And the weight of the wars that have
been, and that yet are preparing,
They from their burdens looked up and
uttered their blessing;
For peace—the peace of God—was the
warrior's prayer!"

The Secret History of the Oxford Movement. By WALTER WALSH. Third edition. Twelfth thousand. London: Swan, Sonnenschein & Co., Limited. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo. Price, $1.25.

This book is a tremendous revelation of the insidious and stealthy development of Romanistic tendencies in the Church of England. Were it not that volume and page of books by ritualistic writers are given in support of every statement made, these disclosures would seem incredible. The secret Society of the Holy Cross, the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament and similar organizations are described. The growth of that un-English institution, the confessional, of ritualistic sisterhoods, and the unquestionable Romeward movement of the Ritualists, and the purpose of corporate reunion with the Church of Rome, are set forth.

Anything more grovelling and superstitious than some of the teaching and practice of these secret enemies of the Protestant faith it would be hard to conceive. The full-blown Mariolatry, the doctrine of the sacrifice of the mass, of the real presence, of purgatory, of priestly absolution, invocation of saints, the virtues of holy salt, holy water, and holy oil—after the devil has been duly exorcised from them—are set forth by writings of Ritualistic clergymen.

The very name of Protestantism is by some of these gentlemen strongly denounced. The quotations from the Ritualist catechisms, manuals, and ordinals show what a viper the Church Established by Law has been nourishing in its bosom.

The un-English deception, not to say lying, that is practised will kindle the indignation of the British public. Dr. Pusey is quoted as teaching that a man may swear with a clear conscience that he knows not that which he has heard in confession.

We cannot help thinking that the saintly Newman, the gentle Keble, the devout and learned Dr. Pusey, are somehow misrepresented in these *ex-parte* statements. We cannot think that these men, whose hymns we sing, whose commentaries we read, whose saintly spirit has won the commendation of all the Churches, are as black as they are here painted. One can prove almost anything by garbled quotation. Even learned bishops attempted to prove that John Wesley was a very bad man.

The trouble is that at present the extreme Ritualists are a law unto themselves. There is not in existence a tribunal to whose judgments they will yield obedience, when they come into collision with their own superior judgments. It is time that some law was found to restrain this underhand attempt to betray the Church designed to be the bulwark of Protestantism into the hands of Rome.

A Duet with an Occasional Chorus. By A. CONAN DOYLE. Toronto: George N. Morang; William Briggs. Paper, 75 cents.

A new book from the author of "Micah Clark" and "The White Company" will always have a warm welcome. The "Duet" in this story is by a young married couple whose home-making experiences are very amusing, yet exhibit shrewd common-sense. The warnings against debt, against becoming surety for a stranger, are as old as Solomon. Speculation in mining stock is more recent, but more risky. Conan Doyle is withal the prince of humorists, with a strong tincture of quaint wisdom. The sketches of Westminster Abbey, "the British Valhalla," and of Carlyle's Home, the shrine of genius, are of special interest. "At 5 Cheyne Road, last of all there was the subterranean and gloomy kitchen, in which there had lived that long succession of serving-maids of whom we gain shadowy glimpses in the Letters and in the Journal. And never one word of sympathy for them, or anything save scorn in all his letters. His pen upholding human dignity, but where was the dignity of these poor girls for whom he has usually one bitter line of biography in his notes to his wife's letters? It's the worst thing I have against him."

With Nansen in the North. A record of the Fram expedition in 1893-96. By HJALMAR JOHANSEN, Lieutenant in the Norwegian Army. Translated from Norwegian by H. L. BRÆKSTAD. Toronto: George N. Morang; William Briggs. Price, paper, 75c.; cloth, $1.50.

No more stirring story, we think, was ever written of the conflict of man with nature than that of the Nansen expedition to the North Pole. After drifting on the Polar Sea for twenty months Nansen and Johansen left the good ship Fram to

reach the Pole if possible on foot. They failed in their attempt, but came nearer reaching the axis of the earth than any other man—86° 14′ N. When baffled by the rigours of eternal winter, by the roughness of the ice, by shortage of food, they reluctantly gave up their quest and sought to return to civilization. One after another all their dogs were sacrificed. They harnessed themselves to the sleds which bore their boats, and through biting cold and soaking slush, and over Arctic Seas, reached Franz Josef Land.

Here they built a hut of stone and walrus hide, in which they spent a dreary winter, living on walrus and bear's flesh. Nansen and Johansen, in order to keep warm, spent most of the winter in the same sleeping-bag. They could only turn over by mutual consent. Their greatest trouble was that their clothing under exertion became saturated with moisture and then froze, causing severe excoriations of the skin. They could not change it for over a year. At last they came upon the winter camp of Jackson and his English party, and so found their way back to Norway. Shortly after, the Fram and crew, too, returned safely from their adventurous voyage. Never was a ship better equipped for Arctic exploration. It had a windmill which furnished electric lights for the three long winters they were frozen in the Arctic ice. They had even a telephone to the crow's nest. The numerous illustrations are exceedingly graphic and the narrative is one of fascinating interest.

Across Three Oceans and Through Many Lands with Pen and Camera. By FRED REYNOLDS. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is an interesting, instructive, and beautifully illustrated account of a trip around the world by an intelligent tourist. The descriptions of Ceylon and India and their missions, of the Greater Britain of the Southern Seas, Australia and New Zealand, and his appreciation of the magnificent resources and progress of Canada, will be read with much interest. The book is illustrated with ninety-seven engravings.

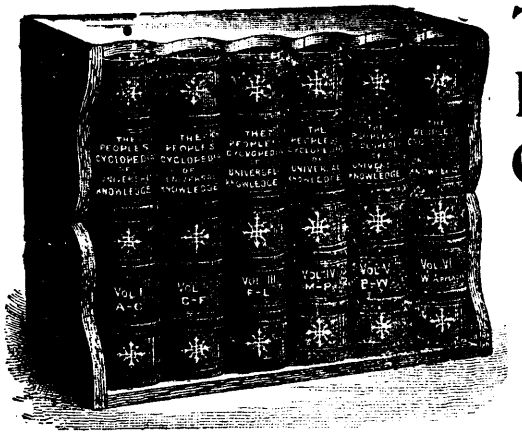
Depth and Power of the Christian Faith. By the Rev. ARTHUR HOYLE. London: Charles H. Kelly; Toronto: William Briggs.

These are discourses by a Methodist preacher, spoken in the Highlands, Scotland. Methodism has not won the success in the far north that it has in south Britain, partly because the ground was already occupied with an intensely earnest religion, and partly because the logical and metaphysical Scot was not in such sympathy with an emotional religion as his Southern neighbour. These discourses, however, will commend themselves to every thoughtful mind. They treat such important subjects as Heredity and Sin, The Mystery of Pain, The Unchanging Christ, Sanctification, Immortality as a Motive, Jesus and the Despondent.

Fiftieth Volume of the Methodist Magazine and Review.

The increased circulation of this magazine is most encouraging. The fiftieth volume, July to December of the present year, will be the best yet issued. As a special inducement to new subscribers the June number will be given *Free*. Two new stories of special interest will be begun in that number, namely, "Denis Patterson, Field Preacher," a story of Early Methodism and John Wesley, by Kate Thompson Sizar, author of "Alys of Lutterworth," etc. It will have about forty engravings, specially made by the accomplished artist, Mr. C. Tresider. The other is "Sim Galloway's Daughter-in-law," by the Rev. Dr. Barton, author of the stirring story of "The Trouble at Roundstone." The Short Stories, and Illustrated and other articles on Social and Religious Topics, Missions, Character Sketches, Popular Science, etc., will be kept up to the high standard of this magazine. Also the departments of World's Progress, Religious Intelligence, Book Reviews, Science Notes, etc.

To secure the June number free send subscriptions at once to William Briggs, Methodist Book Room, Toronto. Price, $2.00 a year, $1.00 for six months. MAGAZINE and *Guardian* or *Wesleyan* together $2.75.



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