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DEVOTED TO

Religion, Literature and Social Progress.

W. H. WITHROW, M.A., D.D., F.R.S.C.,
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BARBARA HECK.

BY JAMES B. KENYON.



“OLD BLUE CHURCH YARD.”

BURIAL-PLACE OF PAUL AND BARBARA HECK, NEAR PRESCOTT.

THE HECK TOMBSTONE TO THE LEFT.

Below the whispering pines she lies,
Far from the busy world's loud roar ;
Above her bend the north's wan skies,
The broad St. Lawrence sweeps before.

A humble woman, pure of heart,
Hers was no dream of age-long fame ;
Yet even in the dusty mart
Remembered is her lowly name.

She sleeps the changeful years away ;
Her couch its holy quiet keeps ;
While some meek pilgrim, day by day,
Turns thither from the world and weeps.

O plenteous tears of grateful love,
Keep green and fresh her grassy bed !
O minstrel birds that brood above,
Sing sweetly o'er the peaceful dead !

Amid the silent sleepers round,
She sleeps, nor heeds Time's wintry gust ;
Tread softly, this is hallowed ground,
And mouldering here lies sacred dust.

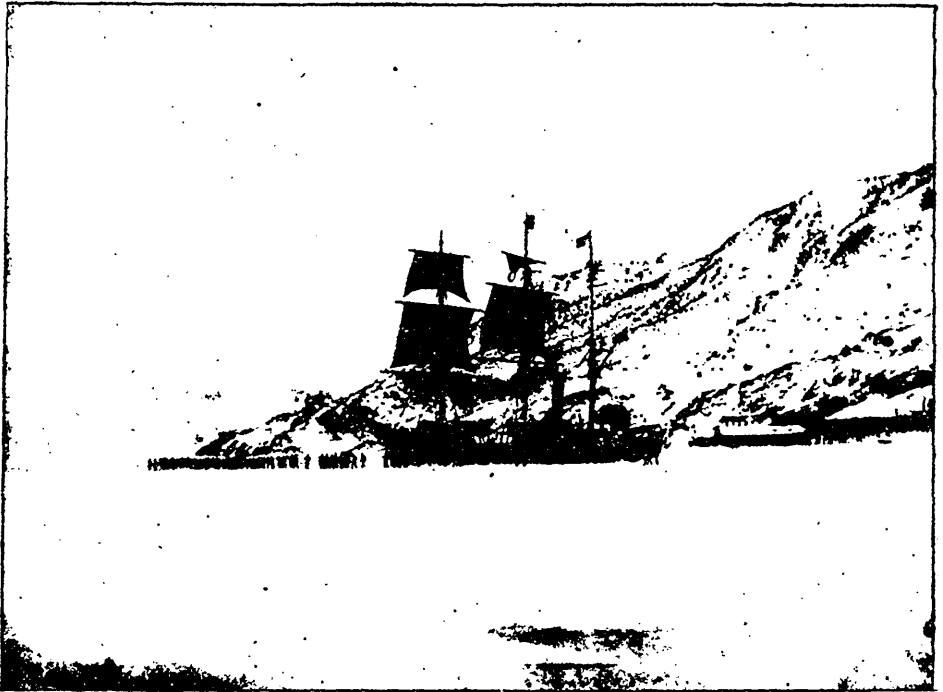
O world, roll on your noisy way !
O years, go by with wrong and wreck !
But till the dawn of God's great day
Shall live the name of Barbara Heck.

—*American Illustrated Methodist Magazine.*





ST. JOHNS HARBOUR AT SUNSET.



S.S. "MASTIFF" WORKING BY STEAM, SAIL, AND TOW-LINE
THROUGH THE HARBOUR ICE.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

JULY, 1903.

SEALING OFF THE GRAND BANKS.

BY PATRICK L. MGRATH.



THE NARROWS, ST. JOHNS HARBOUR.



SEAL fishing off Newfoundland is attended with excitement and adventure such as few other pursuits provide. Strictly speaking, it is not a "fishery" at all, but a hunt. The seals are found on the great Arctic ice-floes, and the killing is done there, the hunters ranging over the crystal plains and making regular battues among the helpless herds.

The industry is a remarkable one. It occupies only six weeks in early spring, employs twenty

steamers, and 4,000 men, and if successful yields a return of about \$350,000. From the departure of the fleet to the ice-fields until the return of the first ships, two or three weeks later, personal anxiety dwells throughout the community, because the venture is associated with such frequent dire disaster that another catastrophe is always dreaded. Scarcely a season passes without some gruesome tragedy, and it is not surprising that anxious hearts should eagerly await the news from the earliest home-comer.

Amid the floes that skirt the coast of Labrador the sealmen ply their adventurous trade. The whited

solitudes are invaded by the hurrying ships and the purity of the ocean-borne fields is stained crimson with the blood of thousands of young seals, killed at their mothers' sides. Frightful storms sweep the region and carry death or mutilation to the luckless hunters who may be caught far from their ships as nightfall approaches.

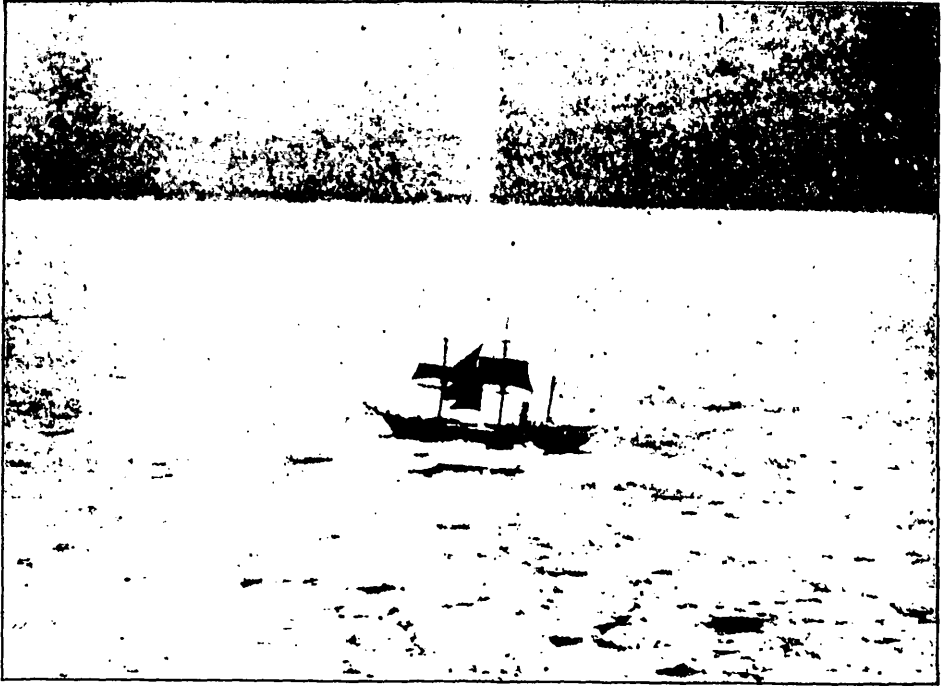
40,000, and as 4,000 are engaged in the seal hunt, practically every family has a relative among the sealers. Thus it is that the return of the first ship is counted among the chief events of the year; thousands throng the wharves to cheer her as she enters St. Johns Harbour, and the news she brings is especially wired to every section of the colony.



S.S. "NEWFOUNDLAND" IN THE ICE-FIELDS.

The seal fishery begins the industrial year in Newfoundland, and is reckoned of double importance for its intrinsic value and for the impetus a successful quest imparts to the other occupations which follow later in the season. The adult male population of the island is about

In bygone days the seals were taken in nets or hunted in small boats along the shore. Gradually decked crafts were substituted, these being in turn replaced by schooners, which forty years ago gave way to the all-conquering advance of steam. The steamers used in the fishery are

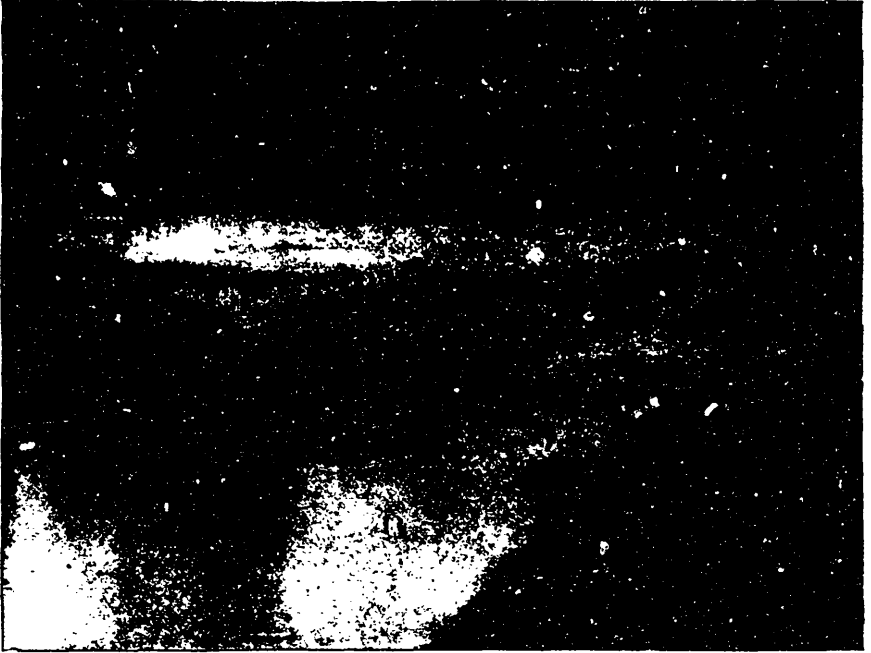


A SEALER IN THE FIELD ICE.

built of wood, stout and strong, their bows being from four to six feet thick, of solid timber, with stem shod with iron bands, so that she can be used as a battering-ram if occasion require, being backed away and driven at fullest speed against a floe, which her impact scams and splinters in every direction. The steamers are from 300 to 500 tons register, short and squat, and they are so firmly constructed as to be able to withstand almost any pressure on their sides. They make about seven knots and are splendid sea boats. All the American explorers who, during the past thirty years, have ventured into the Arctic regions by the Greenland route, have used these ships to transport them there.

The seal fishery opens on March 10th, the steamers not being allowed to sail before sunrise on

that day. A very unpleasant feature of the business is the crowding of the men on board the ships without much regard to the conditions essential to health and cleanliness. The precarious character of the industry necessitates large companies of hunters to effect the killing and loading in the shortest time, and from 200 to 300 men are taken on steamers that for ordinary purposes require from twelve to twenty. These large contingents are packed aboard like sardines, without regard for sanitation or material comforts, with the minimum of space, light, and air. To save space on the homeward journey their sleeping quarters are all crammed with pelts, while the men themselves must sleep about the decks at night. The home-coming sealer is anything but attractive. He is black with coal, begrimed



"THE MEN POUR OUT OF THE SHIP UPON THE ICE."

with dirt, and unsavoury with the blubber that coats his outer garments.

The problem of existence is altogether a relative one. The utmost a sealman can earn with a "log loaded" ship is \$50, and the average is about \$28, and this is obtained through toil more exacting, discomfort more complete, and danger more intense than falls to the lot of almost any civilized people to-day. Yet thousands of men are eager for a place on the ships who cannot be accommodated. During March and April, when this industry is prosecuted, the flocks blockade the seaboard and prevent other fishing. The coast folk, therefore, crowd into St. Johns, seeking "berths for the ice," a demand far in excess of what the steamers can meet. Many men come long distances on foot—tramping through the snow to the city on this quest,

and it is pitiful to see so many of them going back hungry, sad, and disappointed. Oftentimes the Government has to find them food, and a passage home. Until last year there were no surgeons carried by the ships. Then an experiment was tried, of putting doctors on six of the twenty, but it is doubtful whether it will be repeated. The medicine chest is in charge of the steward, who deals out doses of salts or pills, according to his best judgment.

The Alaska or fur seal is valued for the rich, soft velvet fur which ladies love. This seal is killed in rookeries along the Pacific islets, or when swimming in the ocean there. The Newfoundland or hair seal is valued for its skin and fat, the former being converted into leather and the latter used for various purposes. The finest grades of Russia and patent leather are made from

these skins, and when split they are manufactured into "kid" gloves. The oil forms a basis for high-priced scented soaps, and with the stearin extracted is used in lieu of "olive oil," from which it cannot be detected. The stearin gives it a fishy smell, but as soon as this is removed a pale golden, odourless fluid remains, as pure as the product expressed from Lucca's fruit.

which it inflates when angry. The Harps are mild and inoffensive, placid to cowardice; so harmless that boys of twelve and fourteen, taken to the ice as an excursion, kill them by the score. One captain's son, aged twelve, killed 106 last season, and a chum accounted for 118. The Hoods, on the other hand, are wild and fierce, plucky as bulldogs, and dangerous when



"WHO IS THIS RUDE MAN?"

There are two species of Newfoundland seals, the Harp and the Hood. Of their habits very little is known. They spend the summer and autumn in the far Arctic seas, and on the approach of winter migrate southward. The Harp gets his name from a curious marking on the back, the Hood from a bladder of skin like a monk's cowl, which lies behind its head, and

aroused. Both come south about the same time, when the winter floes are swept along by the Arctic current. The Harps are gregarious and herd in great armies on the vast plains of sheet ice formed along Labrador. The Hoods are solitary and contentious, and prefer the rough, shapeless masses broken from the Greenland glaciers. The set of the current always keeps the

Hoods outside the coast ice, exposed to the Atlantic swell, and guarding, as it were, the Harps who are between them and the shore.

The young seals are born on the ice-fields, about the end of February, when the floes are off the southern part of Labrador. By the middle of March, when the steamers reach them, the young

maturity. To admit of easy access to the ocean in which they fish, the Harps make "blow holes" through the ice, and it is a well established fact, that no matter how large the herd is, every mother seal, leaving her offspring in the morning to procure the day's food, will return to it unerringly at night, though the floes may have drifted miles and been swung half round the



TOWING SEALS.

have grown sufficiently to warrant killing. The young seals are the great prize sought, their skin and oil being the best; but if they cannot be got in sufficient numbers, the ships are glad to fill up by slaying the old ones. The young are known as "whitecoats," because of their soft, creamy covering of hair, that is pallid as the snow they lie upon, which they retain till

compass meanwhile. This is a strange evidence of maternal instinct. The reverse is, that when the "pup" has learned to swim—for it must be taught—the mother's love fails and she leaves the youngster to shift for itself.

The Hoods do not need "blow holes," as each family has its own pan, with the water right at hand. The mother displays the same in-

stinct, however. The pups weigh about six pounds at birth, but grow with amazing rapidity, attaining about fifty pounds weight within a month. It is at this time that the hunters descend upon them, and a shipload of them is the most valuable prize known to colonial commerce. The "whitecoats" are too inert to move; they lie and await the hunter with big, pleading eyes, and a strange, human-like whimper, such as that of a baby in distress. So real in its seeming is this plaint that at night young sealmen cannot be persuaded that children are not crying on the floe, and even in the act of slaughter, the sob has been known to unman hardened voyagers.

The whitecoats are killed by a heavy blow on the head from a stout, iron-tipped club or "gaff," which fractures the skull. The body is then cut open; the skin, with its adherent layer of rich, golden fat, known as the "pelt," is separated from the valueless carcass, and this "pelt" is dragged to the ship by the sealmen by means of a "hauling rope" which is part of his outfit. But if the ship is too far off, a large heap of pelts is made on a "pan," or flat islet of ice, being marked with a flag by day and a torch by night, so that she may pick them up as she cruises along behind the hunters.

The parent seals are more difficult to kill, however, especially the Hoods. Upon the cowl the hunter may rain blows unavailingly, while the fierce old creatures menace him with teeth and claw-tipped flippers, and it often happens that the assailant has to beat a retreat. The male seals, or "dogs," are the most ferocious, and no one man will attack them unless he carries a rifle. Two comrades sometimes tackle one, but usually a third is called on, who takes the brute in rear, while the others wait their chance

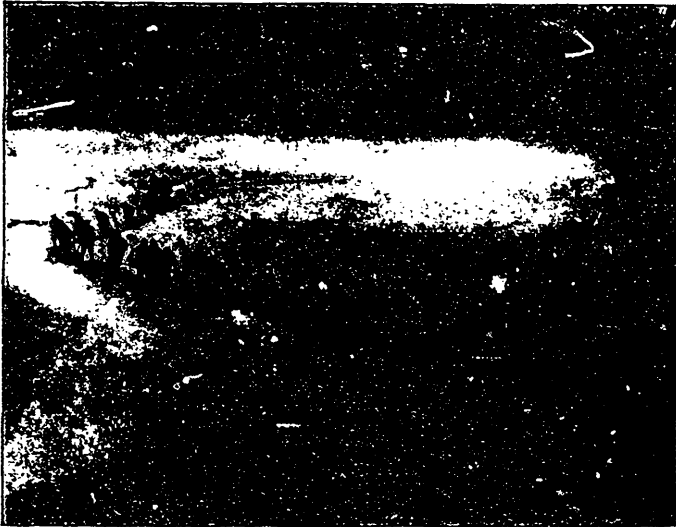
to get in a stunning blow, after which the task is an easy one. The "dog" will, however, desert his offspring if he sees a prospect of escaping, but the female will never leave the side of her "pup" but will die with it. She is the animal most dreaded by the sealmen, for her maternal instinct goads her to desperation, and she displays marvellous quickness in dodging about the floe, avoiding the strokes of the hunters and seeking to draw them away from her offspring. Sometimes a reckless assailant approaches too near and gets a blow from her flipper which strips him of half his clothing, or a bite from her sharp, strong teeth which will mark him to his dying day.

The Hoods are less valuable than the Harps, which yield a finer oil. A man can range amongst the Harps and kill from fifty to seventy in a day without unusual exertion, but in hunting the Hoods he may not get more than twenty in the same period, and to secure these puts his life in peril time and again. It is no pleasant pastime to traverse these ice plains and chase the wary seals. The tracts which the Harps frequent are seamed and broken by the waves and cross-currents, and into one of these an incautious hunter frequently plunges up to his neck. The "blow holes" of the seals, by which they reach the water, invite a like mishap, and the "young ice," the result of a night's frost and a slight covering of snow, is even more dangerous, because when it gives way it is next to impossible for a victim to reach a part substantial enough to bear his weight. Therefore the hunters travel in pairs, one assisting the other in time of danger, and if a man falls in he strips himself naked behind a hummock, which will shelter him from the breeze, and then wrings out his garments and dons them again. Only men of splendid

physique and long endurance of hardship can withstand such experiences, and it is of these men the sealing army is composed.

Hunting the Hoods is a still more dangerous enterprise. The scattered fragments have to be searched, and to jump from one to another calls for decided activity and daring, as a misstep may cost a man his life. The currents and tides also send the pans in various directions, and a sealer is often carried long distances before he can find a tract

are termed "cats," and are not usually taken. The largest number of seals ever got by one ship was 41,993 by the "Neptune," in 1896, but a goodly proportion consisted of "cats." Indeed, it was this instance of the slaughter of immature whitecoats which caused the enactment of the measure forbidding the killing before March 12th, thus giving the youngsters two more days to grow, during which they add about four pounds to their weight daily. A full load of prime young seals



TOWING A "PAN" OF SEALS TO THE SHIP.

closely connected enough to serve as a roadway home to his ship.

The seals are usually taken in the latitude of Belleisle Strait, and the hunt lasts about six weeks, though most ships, if the conditions are propitious, return fully laden within a month. The "catch" or load of a ship varies with her size and that of the seals themselves. The young ones cannot be taken before March 12th, and the fishery closes on April 20th. The whitecoats usually weigh about fifty pounds, when at their prime; if under forty pounds they

for our largest ships would be about 38,000, and each pelt would at least bring \$1.50, so a cargo obtained within two or three weeks nets almost \$60,000.

This is divided into three shares—one for the ship, a second for the outfitter, and the third for the crew, according to their different ratings. The ordinary hunters make about \$40 each, riflemen get an extra \$5, masters-of-watch something more, and the captain a percentage on the entire catch. With a full ship he will sometimes make \$2,000, the

investment frequently yielding 30 to 40 per cent. for the owner and outfitter. On the other hand, if the season be unsuccessful, the owner has to bear all the loss, for the sealing laws forbid him to carry over the charges against the men from one year to another, a pernicious practice which, while it prevailed, had the effect of making the hunters veritable serfs of the merchants. A bad year now means nothing worse to the men than the loss of a month's labour, for they are fed by the ship, and if they remained at home could find nothing to do.

The uninitiated can form no idea of the vastness of the flocs which are expelled from the northern regions each year, or of the size of the seal herds. Thousands of the seals make their way into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, through Belleisle Strait, and some of the steamers pursue them there, but the main "catch" drifts down along the eastern seaboard of Newfoundland. To locate the herds is a task demanding a keen combination of judgment and experience. Some years the ships overrun the herds altogether and fail to secure even an average catch. At other seasons the weather is so stormy that the flocs are broken and scattered, and the seals take to the water, with the same result. One spring the ships were scouring the ocean near Belleisle Strait, while the passengers upon transatlantic liners were treated to the novel spectacle of thousands of seals gambling on the ice islets as the greyhounds raced along the ocean lane south of the Grand Banks. Generally, however, the seal-boats strike the herds at the first trial, spread over a floc many miles in extent, and in such multitudes that a battue of 350,000 is made within a fortnight, while as many more seals escape to help swell the numbers for another year.

The post of captain of a sealing

steamer is one of great importance in the colony, and is usually the stepping-stone to legislative honours. It calls for no ordinary courage to start off at daybreak in quest of seals on a floc extending over many miles. The ship may steam out of sight and the men be scattered all over the ice. The pelts have then to be "panned," and the hunter drags his "tow," consisting of five or six pelts, to the pan chosen and displays the ship's flags. Sometimes he has to "haul his tow" for miles, repeating the operation as frequently as he can. The sealing laws prohibit any killing on Sundays in deference to a sentiment among a large section of our people against violating the Sabbath, but it is not to be supposed from this that the men enjoy a day of rest. The following literal extract from the log of one skipper, written in a' innocence, and published in the St. Johns papers, sheds a luminous reflection upon sealing methods:

"Sunday, March 25th. This being the Lord's day no seals were taken. Crew busy hoisting seals aboard and trimming coal in bunkers."

A contrast to him was the skipper who, being charged with sailing before the proper hour, and killing seals before and after the prescribed dates, and also on Sundays, remarked to his lawyer, "I've broken all the laws; do your best for me!"

Two skippers were in a very convivial mood one evening after their return from the ice, and one, in a burst of hibulous over-confidence, observed: "I've often intended to own up to you, J—, that I took 3,000 of your seals last year off Cape Fogo!" "That's all right, B—," returned the other, "I took 4,000 of yours the year before off the Grey Islands!" All sorts of devices are tried by the captains to gain a march on their adversaries. One of the youngest skippers, child-like and bland, played an ungener-

ous trick upon two others who, with him, were lying by a small "patch" of seals one Sunday night, awaiting for the midnight hour. Skipper No. 1 put the hands of his clock fifteen minutes ahead, called his assistants into his cabin for their last instructions, then, when the clock struck, rushed his whole crew over the side and gobbled up the whole "patch" ere his rivals realized how they had been jockeyed.

A naive story is told of the religious simplicity of some of these sealmen. One captain had taken a

nals of the sealing trade is the wreck of the "Greenland," in 1898, when forty-eight men lost their lives and sixty-five more were fearfully frost-bitten, but this is only one of the disasters of the icefields, and the sealmen are always harried by the horror of the long and melancholy list of past tragedies. Misadventures often occur, when the floes are driven in on the shore, as they are some years, giving a chance to the settlers on the northern coast to reap a portion of the harvest. Its advent is gleefully hailed by them,



"BACHELOR DIGGINGS."

crew composed almost wholly of Catholics. A few "black sheep" were, however, included, and one of the former, after the ship's return, was telling that it was the first time he had ever been shipmates with Protestants. "But," he observed, "they were first-rate fellows. I didn't see any great difference in them from ourselves. They used to come down every night and say the rosary with us." Then, as an afterthought, he remarked, "*But it was mighty lucky for them that they did!*"

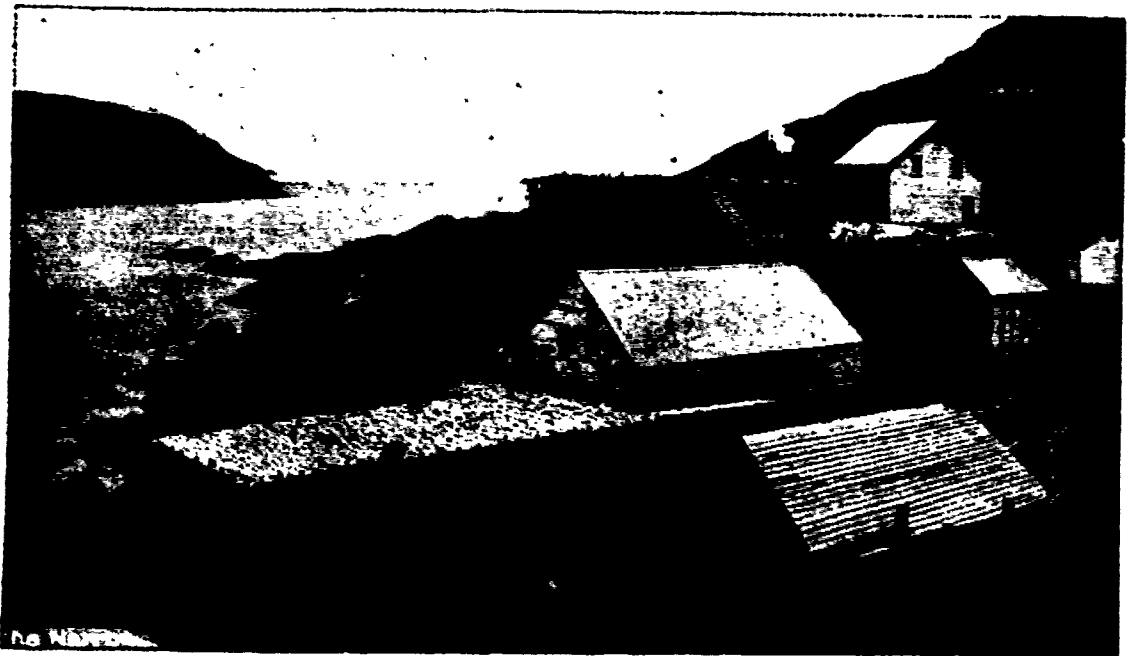
The most awful story in the an-

for a seal taken in this way is as good as three taken at sea, there being no shipowner to claim two shares. And yet it has the element of danger more fearful perhaps than the other. No position could be more perilous than that of the men who go forth on these dazzling, treacherous floes, to seek the spoil they bear. If the wind change, the ice is driven to sea as suddenly as it appears, and there are no steamers among the fleet, to which the men can make for rescue. Usually they go several miles from the shore, where the ice is not packed tightly,

as it is there the seals are found, having blow-holes or breathing places, by which to reach the surface of the floes. When the wind changes, it is this ice which is first acted upon, and the men are cut off from land before they know it. Then, it may be hours before the floes which bar the harbour are loosened sufficiently to admit of boats or schooners being despatched to their aid, by which time they are, only too frequently, driven beyond reach of human help, and perish miserably of cold and hunger.

Every year has records of grim

springs up, the outer floes begin to move, and the scramble for life begins. The hunters, completely alarmed, start for home, exerting every nerve to reach the land before the inner rim of ice has separated from it. Many who have killed seals are forced to abandon them; others, more fortunate, contrive to drag them to land. Men land where they can, many finding themselves miles from home, and quite as many are at death's door more than once before reaching terra-firma. When darkness comes on, signal lights are shown from the hilltops, and all



FISH-FLAKES, ST. JOHNS.

disaster; every cove and hamlet sends forth its breadwinners, and mourns the loss of some of its bravest and best; every family has some connection, more or less direct, with the bitter tragedy of the floes. The story of one such is the common tale of all. The vast ice plain gleaming to the horizon's rim is dotted with men, and steadily they move on, killing seals where they can and adding to their spoils while they may. The ice is in irregular pieces, rafted into fantastic shapes, both treacherous and tiresome to travel over. Then a land breeze

through the night stragglers are wearily dragging themselves to land, directed by these guiding lights. But some are caught in the awful grip of the "Ice King" and carried out to sea, where in the chill Arctic night, far from home and help, they render up their souls to their Maker. The seal hunt is inseparably associated with disaster and death, and beneath the joy with which the Newfoundlanders hail the reports of a big catch, is the ever-present, heart-searching query, "What will it cost in human life?"—*Frank Leslie's Monthly*.

THE EMERSON CENTENNIAL.*

BY HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE.



EMERSON was born in what has become one of the busiest sections of Boston; but when the future poet and thinker opened his eyes in this world, on the 25th day of May, 1803, it was in a Congregational parsonage "in the silence of retirement, yet in the centre of the territory of the metropolis," where, to continue the words of his father, "we may worship the Lord our God."

Favourable conditions conspired in Emerson's ancestry, birth, and childhood to make him peculiarly sensitive to the influence of star and field and wood, by familiarizing him with the simplest habits of life and centring his interest in the things of the mind. He was the child of a long line of highly educated and poorly paid ministers; men who had the tastes and resources of scholars, but whose ways of living were as frugal as the ways of the poorest farmers to whom they preached. "We are poor and cold, and have little meal, and little wood, and little meat," wrote his father at the close of his Harvard pastorate and on the eve of the removal to Boston, "but, thank God, courage enough."

The moral fibre of the stock was as vigorous as its life had been self-denying and abstemious; but it must not be imagined that the long line of ministers behind Emerson were pallid ascetics. When his father was on the edge of death, he wrote to a relative: "You will think me better, because of the levity with



R. Waldo Emerson

IN 1881.

which this page is blurred. Threads of this levity have been interwoven with the entire web of my life." This touch of gaiety could hardly be called levity; it was, rather, the overflow of a very deep spring in the hearts of a race of men and women who kept their indebtedness to external conditions at the lowest, in order that they might possess and use freely the amplest intellectual and spiritual means. Again and again, in the simple but noble annals of this family, whose name was on the college roll in every generation, one comes upon the fruit of this kind of frugality of appetite in the fine use of common things, and, above all, in an intimate sense of access to Nature and the right to draw freely on her resources of beauty and power.

There were Emersons in the pulpit in Ipswich and Mendon, but it

* Abridged from the New York Outlook.

is upon Peter Bulkeley, grandfather at the seventh remove of Ralph Waldo, that attention rests as typical ancestor. He was descended, one of the oldest of the colonial chronicles tells us, from an honourable family of Bedfordshire; educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, was given a goodly benefice, but found himself later unable to conform to the services of the English Church; came to New England in 1635, and after a brief stay in Cambridge "carried a good Number of Planters with him, up further into the Woods, where they gathered the *Twelfth Church*, then formed in the Colony, and call'd the Town by the Name of Concord."

William Emerson, who came five generations later, was as notable a leader in Concord as his great-great-grandfather had been. When the miniature but immensely significant fight in which

" . . . the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world,"
took place at the bridge, he stood on the steps of the Old Manse, which he had built ten years before, and was kept out of the fray only by the vigorous intervention of his friends.

In 1834, when Ralph Waldo Emerson was at the end of his period of apprenticeship, had withdrawn from the pulpit and made his first memorable trip to Europe, he went back to the Old Manse in Concord as to his ancestral home; henceforth he was to know no other.

In September of the following year Emerson took his young wife to live in the house which was to be his home to the end. The village of Concord was then the quietest of rural communities; no trains connected it with Boston; no literary pilgrims visited it; no city folk had discovered it. The country which was to be the background of Emerson's life and work was in such consonance with his temper and

habits that, as in the case of Wordsworth and the English lake country, it is not fanciful to trace a real rather than an accidental relation and resemblance between the men and the landscapes they loved. In a very true sense, all history and all countries were behind Emerson's thought and work; he seemed to have the two hemispheres in his brain, one lobe being Oriental and the other Occidental. In certain moods he was of the East as distinctly as in the applications and urgency of his thought he was of the West.

He moved lightly through the store-house of the past, with sound knowledge of what it contained and with a sure instinct of finding what was of value to him. He borrowed generously, as he had a right, from the capital of the race, and in every case he repaid the loan at a high rate of interest.

Cosmopolitan as Emerson was in his interests, his surroundings, his tastes, he was nevertheless a true New Englander of the Concord quality. No one roamed further, but no one was a more devout home-keeper. He was eager to get the spiritual product, the deposit in the spirit, of the strain and storm of life; but he hugged his own hearth and was content to hear faint echoes of the tumult of life in the distance. A cosmopolitan in the range of his intelligence, he was a provincial in his habits and personal associations; and this was the prime characteristic of Concord. To a European it must have been a place of extraordinary contrasts; it was the home of the loftiest idealism and of the simplest manner of life. The little group of men and women of culture, among whom Emerson took his place by personal and hereditary right, shared this habit of rural or rustic simplicity with the farmer folk, who surrounded them. In the

old-fashioned farm-houses, which stood and still stand along the roads, or hidden among trees in sheltered nooks, there was a mingled air of thrift and generosity. They were built on ample lines, and their frugality was tempered by hospitality. The living was of the plainest ; the mug of hard cider and the pot of beans were in every house ; but there were also reverence, sobriety, respect for learning, the peace of God, and a love of liberty that had elements of passion in it.

ment of one of these "embattled farmers." "that he went to the services of the day with the same seriousness and acknowledgment of God which he carried to the church." The spirit of the best in New England is revealed in these few words. They feared God, but they feared nothing else ; they held to the highest truths in the simplest speech ; and the best of them carried the world in their minds and stayed quietly at home.

The peculiarity of the New Eng-



"These poor farmers, who came up that day to defend their native soil," said Emerson in a memorable historical address, "acted from the simplest instincts ; they did not know it was a deed of fame they were doing. These men did not babble of glory ; they never dreamed their children would contend which had done the most. They supposed they had a right to their corn and their cattle—without paying tribute to any but their own governors, And as they had no fear of man, they yet did have a fear of God." And he recalls the simple state-

land hermit has not been his desire to get near to God, but his anxiety to get away from man. In later years, when Concord had become a Mecca, a whimsical self-consciousness was sometimes evident in the more individualistic members of the community. Alcott said that Thoreau thought he lived in the centre of the universe and would annex the rest of the planet to Concord ; while Thoreau's view of his own relation to the place is reflected in his confession : "Almost I believe the Concord would not rise and over-

flow its banks again were I not here." This note of superiority did not escape the keen-witted neighbours of Thoreau. "Henry talks about Nature," said Madame Hoar, "just as if she'd been born and brought up in Concord."

Emerson was the highest type of this mingled frugality of the life of the body and generosity of the life of the mind; of this harmonization of the highest and broadest interest with the simplest domesticity. He seemed to affect in dress and manner a slight rusticity as heightening the effect of his thought, as the slight hesitation of his speech in public address brought out the marvellous felicity of his diction. He would not have disclaimed the compliment of being called the "Yankee Plato;" so entirely content was he to be a resident of Concord as well as a citizen of the world.

Hawthorne has given us a characteristic report of the strange folk to be met in Concord in the days of the "newness": "It was necessary to go but a little way beyond my threshold before meeting with stranger moral shapes of men than might have been encountered elsewhere in a circuit of a thousand miles. These hobgoblins of flesh and blood were attracted thither by the wide-spreading influence of a great original thinker, who had his earthly abode at the opposite extremity of our village. His mind acted upon other minds of a certain constitution with wonderful magnetism, and drew many men upon long pilgrimages to speak with him face to face."

The foremost idealist of the New World, Emerson rendered incalculable service to the cause he had at heart by holding it clean and clear above the touch of fanaticism, impracticable experiment, and the bitterness of the egoistical reformer. In April, 1824, two years before he took refuge in Concord, "stretched beneath the pines," Emerson wrote

the poem which expresses the deepest instinct of his nature and the tranquillity and detachment he was to find in the quiet village :

Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home :

I am going to my own hearthstone,
Bosomed in yon green hills alone,—
A secret nook in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned;
Where arches green, the livelong day,
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
And vulgar feet have never trod
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the love and the pride of man,
At the sophist schools and the learned clan;
For what are they all, in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?

Emerson was in no sense a hermit; an inveterate traveller of the mind, he was, for his time, an experienced traveller among his kind. His trips to Europe were memorable by reason of his quick and decisive insight, of which the "English Traits" is a permanent record; and by reason of what he brought back in broader sympathies and clearer discernment of the great race qualities. He was for many years a familiar and honoured figure on the lyceum platform in distant sections of the country, and he came to have a wide knowledge of the United States of the middle decades of the nineteenth century. He had a keen appetite for good talk, and he was often seen in Cambridge and Boston in social gatherings, great and small. But his genius was essentially meditative; he brooded over his subjects until they cleared themselves in his mind.

Tranquillity and peace were Concord's possessions by reason of its isolation and of the conformation of its landscape. It was a shire-town, and it had business relations with lumbermen and farmers who came to it for supplies. The life of the time was exceedingly deliberate in

movement, and the passage of several stages a day did not make a fever in the blood of the villagers. Emerson found there seclusion without isolation, and solitude and silence tempered with the most congenial companionship.

The Old Manse, in which he lived for the first year, is a dignified old house, in a locality of heroic tradition, in a place of singularly reposeful beauty, in so quiet an air that one can easily overhear the whisperings of the pines. Under its roof generations of gentlefolk have lived frugally and in loyal devotion to the highest interests of the spirit; from colonial days books of classic quality have been within reach in the halls and rooms; in a small room at the back of the house Hawthorne wrote a part of the "Mosses from an Old Manse," and Emerson wrote "Nature." When the latter appeared anonymously, the question, "Who is the author of 'Nature'?" brought out the reply "God and Ralph Waldo Emerson."

If tranquillity is the distinctive note of Concord, a tinge of something dim and shadowy seems to touch the Old Manse and impart to it, not gloom nor sadness, but something of the twilight effect of the pine groves. In this rural community, snugly at home in a landscape full of repose, Emerson found the best conditions for his growth and work, and through his long life lived on most intimate terms with his nearest and most companionable neighbour, Nature. "Hail to the quiet fields of my fathers!" he wrote when he had settled himself in the Old Manse. "Not wholly unattended by supernatural friendship and favour let me come hither. Bless my purposes as they are simple and virtuous. . . Henceforth I design not to utter any speech, poem, or book that is not entirely and peculiarly my work. I will say, at public lectures and the

like, those things which I have meditated for their own sake and not for the first time with a view to that occasion." In these words is to be found the secret of his relation to Concord and of his beautiful and fruitful life; he came to Nature as to the word of God, and he gave the world only the ripe fruit of his quiet, meditative, consecrated life. The twin activities of his spirit found their field and their inspiration under the open sky. With him, as with Wordsworth, his working-room was out-doors; his writing-room was the place where he made a record of his hours and studies under the open sky. No season barred the woods to his eager feet; he was abroad in winter as in summer, and he loved lonely walks at night, finding companionship with the stars full of inspiration.

The pine woods brought him some of his happiest moods and many of his most felicitous thoughts and phrases. In all weathers he went abroad alert and expectant, waiting serenely and confidently on the ancient oracles; and, holding himself in this trustful, receptive attitude, the pines became for him

"Pipes through which the breath of God
doth blow
A momentary music."

Emerson was not a successful farmer, though he had the respect of the practical farmers about him, and was known as "a first-rate neighbour and one who always kept his fences up;" his business was not with the acres, but with the landscape. No one ever took ampler or nobler harvests of the spirit off the land than Emerson. He had a keen eye for the small facts of natural life, but he cared chiefly for the vital processes, the flooding life, the revelation of truth, the correspondence of soul between man and Nature; he was, in a word, the poet in the woods and fields.

To the very end this devout lover of Nature lived in daily intercourse with her, and it was during a walk in a cold April rain that he contracted the illness which proved fatal after a few days of sitting in his chair by the fire calmly waiting

for death. In the quiet place where he lies, near Hawthorne and Thoreau, the pines seem to be always whispering among themselves; but, alas! there is no longer one who understands them.*

EACH AND ALL.†

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Little thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked
clown
Of thee from the hill-top looking down;
The heifer that lows in the upland farm,
Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm;
The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,
Deems not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine
height;
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbour's creed has lent.
All are needed by each one;
Nothing is fair or good alone.

I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even;
He sings the song, but it cheers not now,
For I did not bring home the river and sky;
He sang to my ear,—they sang to my eye.
The delicate shells lay on the shore;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave,
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam,
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things

Had left their beauty on the shore
With the sun and the sand and the wild
uproar.
The lover watched his graceful maid,
As 'mid the virgin train she strayed,
Nor knew her beauty's best attire
Was woven still by the snow-white choir.
At last she came to his hermitage,
Like the bird from the woodlands to the
cage;
The gay enchantment was undone,
A gentle wife, but fairy none.

Then I said, "I covet truth;
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;
I leave it behind with the games of youth:"
As I spoke, beneath my feet
The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,
Running over the club-moss burrs;
I inhaled the violet's breath;
Around me stood the oaks and firs;
Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground;
Over me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and of deity;
Again I saw, again I heard,
The rolling river, the morning bird;
Beauty through my senses stole;
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

EMERSON.

BY THE REV. BENJAMIN COPELAND.

His verse, the solemn Voice
Of Life's deep mystery;
His poems, cablegrams
Out of Eternity!

To Virtue's holiest heights
Leads, still, his dauntless strain;

And on our follies falls
"Its beautiful disdain."

Aye, "better than he knew"
He built his lofty rhyme;
A temple domed with stars,
And durable as Time!

*Emerson's authorized publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., announce the publication of a Centenary Edition of Emerson's Complete Works. The first three volumes will be ready for publication on May 20th. The

volumes will be sold separately at \$1.75 each.

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JOHN WESLEY—A PROPHET OF THE CHRISTIAN FAITH.*

BY THE LATE DEAN FARRAR, D.D.



JOHN WESLEY found a Church forgetful of its duties, somnolent in the plethora of riches, and either unmindful or unwisely mindful of the poor. He found churches empty, dirty, neglected, crumbling into hideous disrepair; he found the work of the ministry performed in a manner scandalously perfunctory. But John Wesley, becoming magnetic with moral sincerity, flashed into myriads of hearts fat as brawn, cold as ice, hard as the nether millstone, the burning spark of his own intense convictions, and thus he saved the Church, which at first had nothing for him but sneers, hatred, and persecution. He saved the Church of England, though at first she angrily and contemptuously rejected him, and, just as from the mouth of Socrates issued forth

Mellifluous streams which watered all the schools
Of academies old and new, with those
Surnamed Peripatetics, and the sect
Epicurean, and the Stoic severe,

so, from the impulse which Wesley gave, originated almost every form of special religious enthusiasm since his day. Thus he became one of the most disinterested of those benefactors of mankind who "have raised strong arms to bring heaven a little nearer to our earth."

One great virtue in his character was that sovereign religious tolerance which is so infinitely rare amid the divergencies of religious shibboleths. It is a splendid tes-

* From Farrar's "Prophets of the Christian Faith."

timony to Wesley's moral insight and spiritual greatness that "no reformer the world has ever seen so united faithfulness to the essential doctrines of Revelation with charity towards men of every Church and creed." This spirit of John Wesley has been found, theoretically at least, only in the best and greatest Christians.

I dwell on this high virtue of Wesley because it is so exceptional, and because it was never more needed than in these days. Writing in advanced age to the Bishop of Lincoln, he said: "Alas! my lord, is this a time to persecute any man for conscience' sake? I beseech you do as you would be done to. You are a man of sense; you are a man of learning; nay, I verily believe (what is of infinitely more value) you are a man of piety. Then think and let think."

Again, how wise are the remarks in the preface to his sermons: "Some may say I have mistaken the way myself, though I have undertaken to teach others. It is very possible that I have. But I trust, whereinsoever I have been mistaken, my mind is open to conviction. I sincerely desire to be better informed. What I know not, teach thou me. 'Da mihi scire,' as says St. Augustine, 'quod sciendum est.' If I linger in the path I have been accustomed to tread, . . . take me by the hand and lead me. We may die without the knowledge of many truths, and yet be carried into Abraham's bosom. But if we die without love, what will knowledge avail? Just as much as it avails the devil and his angels!"

As another of Wesley's ex-

emplary qualities I would single out his sovereign common-sense, which is also an endowment much liable to overthrow by the violence of egotistical dogmatism. How free, again, from all hysteric excitability was the entire attitude of his religion! Some one had been talking in an exaggerated and fantastic way about death, and asking what he would do if he knew that he would die the next day. "What should I do?" he said. "Exactly what I shall do now. I should call and talk to Mr. So-and-so, and Mrs. So-and-so; and dine at such an hour, and preach in the evening, and have supper, and then I should go to bed and sleep as soundly as ever I did in my life." His feeling about death was that, so far from being terrible, it was man's great birthright; and he would say, with the poet:

To you the thought of death is terrible,
Having such hold on life; to me it is not;
No more than is the lifting of a latch,
Or as a step into the open air
Out of a tent already luminous
With light that shines through its transparent folds.

Again, it was no small matter that, in an age so corrupt and decadent as his, in which the dregs of sensuality and worldliness poured over the glorious England of Puritanism by the despicable epoch of the Restoration had reduced religion to a Dead Sea of torpid unreality, Wesley, like the great Hebrew prophets of old, should have stood forth as a preacher of righteousness. No preacher or reformer can effect good results unless he insists upon Christ's plain teaching that, if we would ever enter into the kingdom of heaven, we must keep the commandments.

Which among all his contemporaries equalled him in versatility of beneficence, in zeal of self-sacrifice, in the munificence of his generosity, or in the lustre of the

example which he has left to all the world? Consider his supreme disinterestedness, his unparalleled courage, his indefatigable toils. How many have there been in all the centuries who made such an absolute offering of his money to God, and, living on less than many a curate's salary, gave away £40,000?

Consider, again, his unparalleled courage. How many have shown equal undauntedness? Men admire the courage of the soldier who heads the forlorn hope through the cross-fire of the batteries, of the sailor or of the fireman who, at personal risk, plucks from destruction an imperilled life; but such physical courage is a million times cheaper and more common than that of the scholar, the gentleman, the clergyman, who, in that age, day after day, month after month, year after year, in England, in America, in Scotland, in Wales, in Ireland, in the Isle of Man, could voluntarily and out of the pure love for souls, face raging mobs and descend to what was then regarded as the vulgar humiliation of preaching in the open air.

And higher even than this was the moral and spiritual courage which, in the calm of blameless innocence, could treat heroically the most atrocious and the most persistent calumnies with the disdainful indifference of unblemished rectitude. When even Charles Wesley was thrown into a fever of agonized excitement by the scandal against his brother caused by his wife's publication of stolen, forged, or interpolated letters, and wanted him to stay in London and expose the slander. John Wesley remained perfectly calm, knowing that no real harm can befall

The virtuous mind that ever walks attended
By a strong-sided champion, Conscience.

"Brother," he said, "when I devoted to God my ease, my time,

my life, did I exempt my reputation?"

Then consider his indefatigable toils—those sixty-eight years of service; the 4,400 miles which he travelled yearly on the execrable roads of those days; the 225,000 miles which he traversed in his lifetime; the 42,400 sermons—sometimes as many as fifteen a week—which he preached even after his return from Georgia—preached mostly in the open air, and sometimes to as many as 20,000 souls; those endless meetings, those burdensome anxieties, those numerous publications, that love of so many communities, continued amid incessant attacks of the mob, the pulpit, and the press, and scarcely ever relaxed till the patriarchal age of eighty-eight. Could a clergyman of any denomination, amid the work which, in comparison to his toils, is but ease and supineness, think it any thing but an honour to profess reverence for the memory of one who so heroically lived and so nobly died?

Although the world and the Church have learned to be comparatively generous to Wesley now that two hundred years have sped away since his birth, and though the roar of contemporary scandal has long since ceased, I doubt whether even now he is at all adequately appreciated. I doubt whether many are aware of the extent to which to this day the impulse to every great work of philanthropy and social reformation has been due to his energy and insight. The British and Foreign Bible Society, the Religious Tract Society, the London Missionary Society, even the Church Missionary Society, owe not a little to his initiative. The vast spread of religious instruction by weekly periodicals, and the cheap press with all its stupendous consequences, were inaugurated by him.

He gave a great extension to Sunday-schools and the work of Robert Raikes. He gave a great impulse both to national education and to technical education, and in starting the work of Silas Told, the Foundry Teacher, he anticipated the humble and holy work of John Pounds, the Portsmouth cobbler.

He started in his own person the funeral reform, which is only now beginning to attract public attention, when in his will he directed that at his obsequies there should be no hearse, no escutcheon, no coach, no pomp. He visited prisons and ameliorated the lot of prisoners before John Howard; and his very last letter was written to stimulate William Wilberforce in his Parliamentary labours for the emancipation of the slave. When we add to this the revival of fervent worship and devout hymnology among Christian congregations, and their deliverance from the drawling doggerel of Sternhold and Hopkins, and the frigid nullities of Tate and Brady, we have indeed shown how splendid was the list of his achievements, and that, as Isaac Taylor says, he furnished "the starting-point for our modern religious history in all that is characteristic of the present time."

And yet, even in this long and splendid catalogue, we have not mentioned his greatest and most distinctive work, which was that through him to the poor the Gospel was again preached. Let Whitefield have the credit of having been the first to make the green grass his pulpit and the heaven his sounding-board: but Wesley instantly followed, at all costs, the then daring example, and through all evil report and all furious opposition he continued it until at last at Kingswood, at the age of eighty-one, he preached in the open air, under the shade of trees which he himself had planted.

and surrounded by the children and children's children of his old disciples, who had long since passed away. Overwhelming evidence exists to show what preaching was before and in his day; overwhelming evidence exists to show what the Church and people of England were before and in his day—how dull, how vapid, how soulless, how Christless was the preaching; how torpid, how Laodicean was the Church, how godless, how steeped in immorality was the land. To Wesley was mainly granted the task, for which he was set apart by the hands of invisible consecration, the task which even an archangel might have envied him, of awakening a mighty revival of the religious life in those dead pulpits, in that slumbering Church, in that corrupt society.

His was the religious sincerity which not only founded the Wesleyan community, but, working through the heart of the very Church which had despised him, flashed fire into her whitening embers. Changing its outward forms, the work of John Wesley caused first the Evangelical movement, then the High Church movement; and, in its enthusiasm of humanity, has even reappeared in all that is best in the humble Salvationists, who learned from the example of Wesley what Bishop Lightfoot called "that lost secret of Christianity, the compulsion of human souls." Recognizing no utterance of authority as equally supreme with that which came to him from the Sinai of conscience; Wesley did the thing and scorned the consequence. His was the voice which offered hope to the despairing and welcome to the outcast. His was the voice which, sounding forth over the Valley of Dry Bones, cried, "Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain that they may live." The poet says:

Of those three hundred grant but three
To make a new Thermopylae.

And when I think of John Wesley, the organizer, of Charles Wesley, the poet, of George Whitefield, the orator of this mighty movement, I feel inclined to say of those three self-sacrificing and holy men, grant but even one to help in the mighty work which yet remains to be accomplished. Had we but three such now,

Hoary-headed Selfishness would feel
His death-blow, and would totter to his
grave;
A brighter light attend the human day,
When every transfer of earth's natural gift
Should be a commerce of good words and
works.

We have, it is true, hundreds of faithful workers in the Church of England and in other religious communities. But for the slaying of dragons, the rekindlement of irresistible enthusiasm, the redress of intolerable wrongs, a Church needs many Pentecosts and many Resurrections. And these, in the providence of God, are brought about, not by committees and conferences and common workers, but by men who escape the average; by men who come forth from the multitude; by men who, not content to trudge on in the beaten paths of commonplace and the cart-ruts of routine, go forth, according to their Lord's command, into the highways and hedges; by men in whom the love of God burns like a consuming flame upon the altar of the heart; by men who have become electric to make myriads of other souls thrill with their own holy zeal. Such men are necessarily rare, but God's richest boon to any nation, to any society, to any church, is the presence and work of such a man—and such a man was John Wesley.

The memorial placed in Westminster Abbey to the memory of John Wesley, more than twenty years ago, was a very tardy recog-

dition of the vast debt of gratitude which England owes to him. It stands hard by the cenotaph of that other illustrious Nonconformist, Isaac Watts, and gives the beautiful presentment of the aged face of the evangelist and the fine features of Charles, his poet-brother. In the solemn aisle thousands of visitors to our great Temple of Silence and Reconciliation may read three of his great sayings—one, so full of holy

energy, "I look on all the world as my parish;" another, so full of bright and holy confidence, "God buries his workmen, but continues his work;" the third, when, on his death-bed, uplifting victoriously his feeble and emaciated arm, he said: "The best of all is, God is with us." "Yes!" he exclaimed again, in a tone of victorious rapture, "the best of all is, God is with us."

IMMEDIATE RESULTS OF THE GREAT REVIVAL.

BY THE REV. JAMES HENDERSON, D.D.,

Associate Secretary of the Missionary Society.



METHODISM was something more than a passing breeze of religious excitement, disturbing the surface of British society. It was a moral earthquake, which shook all England to its centre. Nothing and no one, however isolated, seemed to escape the sweep of its

influence.

Like early Christianity itself, it took hold of the lowest sill of society, and thus raised to a higher level the whole superstructure. It inaugurated a new age of preaching power. As one has said, "it startled a drowsy, dissipated clergy, awoke a slumbering Church, and saved a half-damned nation." The new preachers moved around like lighted torches, and kindled the very refuse of society into sympathy with the new moral enthusiasm. Methodism is much greater than itself—greater, I mean, than the Church which bears its name. It has kindled with its enthusiasm Churches that despised its methods and spurned the name.

Some one has well said, that while only one Church bears Wesley's name, all the Churches that are alive have caught his spirit.

Wesley did more than any other man to save England from the throes of a revolution, not to say a reign of terror, similar to that which convulsed old France. Such was the discontent of the masses in Wesley's day, that if the social and political trend of the times had not been changed, sooner or later a crisis must have been reached that might have shaken the very throne, and undermined the institutions of the country. While Wellington checked the revolutionary tendencies of France with his big guns and brave battalions on the field of Waterloo, Wesley, more than any other man, checked the revolutionary tendencies of the British population themselves with a preached Gospel on the moors and heaths of his native land. It was Methodism that quenched the smoking embers of popular discontent, which later on might have burst forth in a conflagration. Green, the historian, says that "Methodism gave rise to a new

moral enthusiasm, which was seen in the disappearance of the vices which had disgraced the upper classes, and the foulness which stained the common literature ever since the Restoration.

But the noblest result of that revival was seen afterwards in the attempt which all England made to remedy the physical distress and social degradation of the oppressed and the poor. It was seen in the new-born sympathy of society towards women who had been brutalized, children who had been cruelly entreated, and labourers who had been hopelessly enslaved. It was seen in the humanitarian sentiment which like a tropical wave swept over England and America, which raised hospitals, endowed charities, built churches, wept over the erring, sheltered the outcast, sent missions to the heathen, applauded Burke and Sheridan in their plea for the oppressed Hindu, inspired Clarkson and Wilberforce in that historic crusade against "the sum of all villainies," which eventuated in the emancipation of every British slave. It was this that fired the soul of John Howard with a lofty enthusiasm for the lowest dregs of humanity, and which led him to spend and

sacrifice himself in seeking the mitigation of those horrors which made every common gaol an indescribable hell.

In fact, there is scarcely a reform or philanthropy of modern times which is not traceable to that new sentiment which owes its being largely to the greatest revival of modern times. We rejoice in the triumphs of the Tract Society, but Wesley wrote and distributed tracts half a century before the society was born." The ragged-schools, which have been compared to life-boats picking up the many little waifs which a cruel fate had flung like so much driftwood upon the social sea, had their inception in Wesley's orphan-houses. Our loan libraries and dispensaries for the poor had their origin in his prolific brain. Wesley was a temperance reformer long before a son of temperance wore a badge, or a temperance society unfurled a banner. "He was an abolitionist when Whitefield and Lady Huntingdon trafficked in slaves." So is it true, that Methodism, more than any other moral agency, created these modern conditions out of which modern England itself has come.

AT EMERSON'S GRAVE.

What afterthoughts the rough-hewn, uncarved stone
 Which marks the resting-place of Concord's Sage
 Suggest to our time-serving, restless age!
 How strong is its simplicity! Unknown
 To it complexity of line! Alone,—
 Amid the commonplace who ever gauge
 Life's guerdon by its fickle gauds and wage,
 Unheedful of the world's grave undertone,
 It stands, fit type of him whose soul's behest
 Transcended mere convention's petty bound.
 The boulder's rugged outline power implies;
 The rose tints, gleaming through the quartz, suggest
 That inward light which energized and crowned
 A gracious spirit, kindly, keen, and wise.

—Charlotte Brewster Jordan.

CANADA: ITS DEVELOPMENT AND DESTINY.*

BY THE REV. F. A. WIGHTMAN.

I. THE POSSIBILITIES OF INLAND TRANSPORTATION.



WITH a country of continental proportions, the question of cheap and ready transportation is ever one of primary importance. Where water systems with navigable rivers intersect the country, its development is greatly facilitated, and the question of economic transportation is largely solved. The presence of large navigable rivers in the United States has certainly contributed very much to the rapid development of that country. In the far west, by this means, the heart of the continent could be readily reached, and cheap transportation afforded its products both before and since the development of modern railways.

The absence of any great river system in the continent of Australia has certainly been a great detriment to the development of the interior of that great country. Since this question is of so great importance, it is worth while for us to have our thoughts turned in the direction of our own country, with a view to learning what nature has done for us in this direction.

Great and advantageous as are the water systems of the United States, it may be said with all modesty, that those of the Dominion are far more extensive and more far-reaching; perhaps no country in all the world has been so amply provided with facilities for inland navigation as has Canada. The small-

ness of the population in the past, and the undeveloped character of the Great North-West, has not made it necessary to use, or possible to appreciate, these vast lakes and rivers to the extent that their possibilities imply. With the development of the country there will be a growing demand for cheap transportation, for the ever-increasing harvests and rapidly-multiplying millions, therefore, a new importance must attach to these natural highways of commerce.

It must not be inferred, however, that these inland waterways have not already contributed very much to our present development and prosperity. Indeed, the country could not be what it is to-day if these facilities had not been at hand; they have been essential to the prosecution of the lumbering industry, the fur trade, and the opening up of the West. Had it not been for access to the far West afforded by this means, it is doubtful if it could have been held as a part of the Canadian Dominion. Up to the present time, we say, we owe almost everything to our marvellous system of the natural waterways; but they are destined to be of much more importance in the future.

It will be noted that the great natural water system of the Dominion may be grouped in five divisions, namely: The Pacific, Yukon, Mackenzie, Hudson's Bay, and the St. Lawrence. The presence of the Rocky Mountains entirely separates the Pacific and Yukon systems from the rest of Canada, and perhaps their importance may never be greater than it is at the present

* From a forthcoming volume, which deals exhaustively with this subject.

time. They have, however, contributed very much to the opening up of the countries through which they pass, and, in their navigable portions, will become more and more made use of as population and general commerce increases. The water systems east of the Rocky Mountains hold a different relation to each other, and to the future development of the country. It will be noticed as a peculiarity to the three great systems east of the Rockies that they overlap and interlace each other, and that the distances separating them are comparatively small.

Before contemplating the possibility of uniting these systems we may look at them separately and note their importance independent of each other. The St. Lawrence system is, of course, the best known and the most fully developed, as well as the most important as a highway of commerce. Perhaps, viewed from every standpoint, there is no river system in the world the equal of the St. Lawrence.

First, we have a magnificent river, with its broad mouth lying open to the commerce of Europe, at the shortest ocean distance, and extending eight hundred miles into the interior. Then, losing its identity in a wonderful chain of fresh water seas such as are found in no other part of the world, it extends one thousand miles farther to the westward into the very heart of the continent. The commerce that moves upon this great system of lakes and rivers is already stupendous, yet it is only in its infancy. More vessel tonnage passes through the Soo canals in the seven months of their operation than makes use of the Suez Canal in a whole year.

Of course, this great system has not reached its present state of usefulness without the expenditure of vast sums of money by way of improvement. The Canadian Govern-

ment alone has spent well-nigh one hundred million dollars in perfecting the system, but the money has been well spent, and the value of this great waterway is simply incalculable to the country. It is now possible to load a ship with grain at Fort William, Duluth, or Chicago, at the head of Lakes Superior and Michigan, and never break cargo until she reaches Liverpool.

Turning now to the Hudson's Bay system, we find it even more extensive, though presenting, perhaps, more barriers to continuous navigation, and demanding lighter draught vessels. Lying in the centre of the continent is the great Lake Winnipeg, some three hundred miles long. Into the north-west angle of this lake flows the mighty Saskatchewan River, navigable in its northern branch for suitable craft to Edmonton, one thousand miles to the west, and on its southern branch to Medicine Hat, one thousand miles to the south-west. The Grand Rapids at the mouth of this river is the only break in the navigation, and these present no serious barrier.

Flowing into the south end of this great lake is the Red River of the north, with its several large tributaries, representing navigable water of not less than one thousand miles in extent. It is true, at the present time, that the St. Andrew's Rapids, near its mouth, prevent navigation between the lake and the river, but they present no engineering difficulties; and it is said for a moderate cost this obstruction could be entirely removed. Doubtless it will receive the attention of the Government in the near future. There is also the English River, which receives the waters of Lake Sud and Rainy Lake flowing into Lake Winnipeg.

The great Nelson River of the north unites all the waters of this system, carrying them to the sea from the north end of Lake Winni-

peg, reaching Hudson's Bay on its west coast, near York Factory. This is a magnificent river in every sense of the word, being four hundred miles in length, and scarcely less than the St. Lawrence in volume. Unfortunately, the continuity of its navigation is broken in a number of places by falls and rapids, thus preventing its being used, at the present time, as a commercial highway.

There are, however, stretches of considerable extent entirely free from any obstruction, and it has long been estimated that four millions of dollars would overcome every barrier to navigation, on this or the Hay's River, between the city of Winnipeg and the Hudson's Bay. So comparatively small a sum, it is safe to say, will not long stand in the way of perfecting so important a system of interior navigation. Several thousands of miles of this system is now used according to the demands of the present population, and even in their present unimproved condition, various great rivers of this system are of vast importance to the country. But what must be their importance if freight could be carried without breaking bulk, from the base of the Rocky Mountains and Central Dakota, to the salt water of Hudson's Bay. Some day this will be possible.

It still remains to note briefly the possibilities of the great river systems of the Mackenzie Basin. The Mackenzie River itself, emptying into the Arctic Ocean, and having its birth in Great Slave Lake, is one thousand miles long, and is entirely free from obstructions to navigation for vessels drawing five or six feet of water. With a proper survey of its channel, and some dredging of its sand-bars, it could quite easily be made to accommodate vessels of two or three times that draught. Its chief tributary on the

west is the Liard, another large river, and navigable for a considerable distance from its mouth. Its chief tributary on the east is the Bear River, emptying the waters of the Great Bear Lake; this is a comparatively short river, though considerably obstructed; but, should necessity ever require it, navigation could be made possible to this the most northern of Canada's great lakes.

Uniting the Great Slave Lake with Athabasca Lake is the Great Slave River, some two hundred miles in length. This great river has but one obstruction in its entire course, namely, the rapids near Fort Smith, about midway between the two lakes. The Hudson's Bay steamer now navigates this system, and its tributary waters, from Fort Smith to the Arctic Ocean, affording over two thousand miles of navigable lake and river distances. The rapids at Fort Smith could easily be overcome by a canal, and, once overcome, the navigation of the great Peace River, Athabasca Lake, and Athabasca River to Fort McMurray, would be made possible to the ocean, thus adding another thousand miles free to the sea.

With the exception of Vermilion Falls, easily overcome, the Peace River is navigable almost to the Rocky Mountains, and though the Athabasca River has somewhat serious obstructions in its middle course, if these were removed, as doubtless they could be, it would also be navigable considerably west of Athabasca Landing, and into Lesser Slave Lake. This accomplished, navigation would be uninterrupted from Fort St. John and Athabasca Landing to the sea. The future can only determine the importance of these great transportation systems, and bring to light their marvellous possibilities.

Whether any attempt will ever be made to unite these separated sys-

tems with each other it is difficult to say. The proposition has already been made for the extension of the St. Lawrence system by way of Rainy River, uniting it with the waters of Lake Winnipeg. The difficulties in the way are not insuperable. This accomplished, it would only remain to unite the Mackenzie Valley system with them to complete the whole. This would probably be a smaller task than what has been done on the St. Lawrence.

It will be observed that the Athabasca River comes within ninety miles of the Saskatchewan River between Athabasca Landing and Edmonton. When we bear in mind

what prominence has been given, and what expenditures have been made, to perfect inland navigation in both Germany and Russia in recent years, the difficulties in the way of uniting these vast systems seem insignificant. Should they be united, it would of course be possible to pass up the St. Lawrence River or Hudson's Bay, or reach the Pacific Ocean by way of Mackenzie River without any hindering barrier. This would be, indeed, the discovery of the long-sought north-west passage. Who can say that it shall not be accomplished? It is merely a matter of millions.

THE ROSE-MIRACLE.

"And therefore is that Feld clept the Feld of God floryssched: for it was fulle of Roses."—Sir John Maundeville.

I.

I watched the alleys of the garden fill
 With drift of rose-leaves by the soft south shed
 In sweet midsummer, while I sat and read
 From the quaint book of old John Maundeville.
 And there I found this tale that haunts me still:
 "Falsely accused, by foes encompassed,
 A guiltless maid of Bethlehem was led
 Forth from the town to die on Flourisht Hill.

"But while they lit the faggots she made prayer
 To her dear Lord: and straightway all were 'ware
 Of a strange stillness smiting them with awe,
 And lo! red roses where the faggots burned,
 And unburned boughs into white rose-trees turned:
 Now these were the first roses that men saw."

II.

O Love, the miracle! I thought of you,
 And said, "Noble fancy is this tale.
 Seed-time, 'tis writ, and harvest shall not fail,
 And still God works his miracle anew:
 Where'er the blade of springtide battles through
 The dull cold clod late drenched by snow and hail,
 Or morning mists, that hid the valley, scale
 The steep hillside and melt into the blue.

"And human life as rich a change may hold,
 I witness, whose dry twigs to flowers of flame
 You once enkindled with a gentle breath,
 When to my prayer, God's perfect gift, you came,
 And lo! Love's rose of beauty and bliss untold,
 Whose fragrance fills all life, dies not in death."

—J. H. Fowler, in *The Pilot*, London.

CHARITY ORGANIZATION AND THE SOCIAL QUESTION.

BY THE REV. J. W. DICKINSON.



HERE will be no question in the mind of any Christian or philanthropic person as to the fact that the law of love demands that the weak, the helpless, the suffering, the old, or the unfit for the battle of life in any way, ought to be helped. Yet in the doing of this we stand face to face with one of the gravest of social problems, that is, how shall we obey the law of love and mutual help without weakening the blood of the race by inheritance, and the spirit of the race by removing the necessity of self-help?

As an attempt at least to find a solution of this very serious problem the question of charity organization is worthy of consideration. Speaking of it as a phase of the social movement, it seeks to do three things:

1. To bring all the philanthropic forces of a city or district into amalgamation so that they may work together for one common end, rather than at cross purposes, and to use the means at their disposal to the very best advantage and benefit of the persons sought to be helped.

2. To secure as far as possible as complete a knowledge of the class of persons who need help, and of the unfortunate, by means of an examination of the conditions wherever want is reported, and by systematically registering useful facts concerning the persons and families aided.

3. To bring the well-to-do and the poor to a mutual understanding by the means of friendly visitors.

Any one who has had experience in dealing with the class of persons who seek for charitable aid, and who obtain it in almost every case, and those who need it and do not obtain it, will recognize at once the value of such a method as that indicated in dealing with the matter in question. Nothing can better attain the desired end than some measure of organization and co-operation. Nothing can be more undesirable than indiscriminate giving, and nothing tends as much to continue the very evil it is sought to correct than such a course. Where relief is being granted indiscriminately from several different sources there is at least the temptation to continue indefinitely the practices, and retain the conditions that are conducive to such generous remuneration. And so indigence becomes chronic, and charity is abused, to the detriment of some worthy person, who suffers for the sins of a previous offender when the deception is found out.

Where organization is effected there is one common centre for the distribution of relief, or workers who are in touch with such a centre to attend thereto.

In the gathering of information by an organization, several good purposes can be served.

There is a very decided gain to the individual dealt with. Questions have to be asked, but once suffices. There is not the continual probing of what may be a very deep and sore wound. It may be probed very vigorously the first time by an official who is accustomed to the business, and is not to be carried away by sentiment, or to be overwhelmed by tears. He is investigating a wound

of the social organism, and his purpose is to discover its extent and severity, in order that the most effectual form of relief may be applied. This has not to be repeated by every amateur dispenser of charity who comes along, and who may be moved by a recital which has become to the reciter a stock-in-trade, bringing in more or less remunerative return, or which may open afresh a fountain of sorrow deep and real, tearing apart a wound which those who open it are powerless to close.

It is under such a system possible to detect and deal with an impostor before he has had an opportunity of victimizing a whole town or neighbourhood before his deceit is discovered, or he has had the opportunity to go elsewhere to do the same thing over again.

There is also the possibility of applying the remedy most suitable to the case. With the strength of an organization there can be a genuine attempt to lift the fallen with a strong hand, which cannot be done by individuals as a rule. This also can be better done along the line of creating the spirit of self-dependence, and no charity should lose sight of that fact as the desired end to be obtained, for it may be taken as an axiom of all charitable relief that it should be at once abandoned if it does not lead to this, for otherwise it leads only to pauperism.

In the gathering of information by an organization the facts can be registered in classified order, and made available for future reference. The information so obtained may be disseminated for the purposes of comparison as well as information. It may come to be known what class of effects or circumstances produce certain results, and such knowledge obtained is half way to a cure. There can be gathered information affecting the family as a group, and the effects of heredity can be more

clearly shown, and information of this kind will in the future come to be a valuable adjunct to the dealing with social problems from an economic standpoint.

So far as the work of charity organization societies has gone up to the present time, there has not been any great attempt at social reforms. Their efforts have been confined in a large measure to dealing with individuals or families. This seems to be an approach to a more legitimate form of helpfulness, and may in an indirect way do more for the solution of many social problems than has hitherto been the case.

It may also assist in that direction by the creating of the truer spirit of charity, that of brotherliness, in the breasts of those who are so brought into contact with each other; and in the truer sense of the needs of the weak there may be stirred up the truer spirit of sympathy with the suffering without which charity even is dead.

There can be very little doubt in the minds of those who have been brought into active contact with charity distribution under an indiscriminate system that as a method it has largely failed to accomplish its desired end. It has been too often a giving without any definite object in view other than that of the response to an appeal for assistance from one whose antecedents are practically unknown, and whose worthiness and necessity are very largely a matter of conjecture. It is a relief ostensibly of a present necessity without any regard to the future of the individual relieved, and is a positive harm to the receiver. It opens up a way for the recipients whereby their self-reliance is destroyed, and they look altogether to others to provide for them that which they should provide for themselves. Their talents and energies are directed in the way of dissimulation and fraud. It is a

wrong done to the charitably disposed, as their gifts are frequently bestowed on unworthy recipients, who are possessed of a good stock of pertinacity and impudence.

The aim of charity organization is to overcome this vitiating tendency of indiscriminate charity, and not only so, but to afford a means whereby chronic cases can be traced from step to step of their career, and such cases can only be successfully dealt with by experts who are employed by an organization. The persistent professional mendicant would rather do anything else than have his past undergo a dissection by a skilful questioner who has had experience in dealing with the type. This in itself would have a deterrent effect upon the permanent charity-seeking class. A knowledge that their history was known in a place would do much to rid that place of their presence, and as organization is extended it would become increasingly difficult for such persons to carry on their practices. Then they must work or become criminals, and can be dealt with under other heads and by other agencies. The feeling prevails amongst this class that "the world owes them a living," and that it is their business to collect the income at the least possible expenditure of energy to themselves. When once the discovery is made that it is impossible to obtain on the strength of a plausible tale

liberal supplies of food, clothing, and money, their energies will become quickened, and they must take to some form of work for the supply of their needs.

Charity organization also recognizes the principle that charity, rightly considered, has its limitations. It is not intended by its very nature to be permanently bestowed upon any one individual, unless in a most extreme case of helplessness. Under all ordinary conditions its permanent bestowal is unwarranted, and has become a positive injury to the persons receiving it. It is intended to promote self-reliance. True charity is helping the weak to fight the battles of life manfully, but it oversteps its province when it undertakes to fight them for him.

So we, therefore, think that in charity organization we have a far more effective social agency than indiscriminate giving. In this way the churches may do good work. By uniting they may relieve themselves of many undesirable parasites which at the present time afflict them. This work comes well within the province of the churches, and is but a reversion to the method adopted by the early Church when it chose men of good repute, who attended to the necessities of the saints. So may the Church do good work in the advancement of the social movement.

Dauphin, Man.

A SUMMER MORNING.

Give me the gospel of the fields and woods—
 The sermons written in the book of books;
 The sweet communion of the things of earth
 Fresh with the warm baptism of the sun.
 Give me the offertory of bud and bloom,
 The perfect caroling of happy birds.
 Give me the creed of one of God's fair days
 Wrought in the beauty of its loveliness;
 And then, the benediction of the stars,
 His eloquent ministers of the night.

—*The Outlook.*

THE STORM CENTRE OF EUROPE.*

BY THE REV. HENRY OTIS DWIGHT, LL.D.



MAP OF THE BALKAN PENINSULA.



MACEDONIA is not a definite territorial division. Yet for the sake of convenience this ancient name is commonly applied to the three Turkish provinces of Salonica, Monastir, and Kossova. As thus defined, Macedonia lies between the Balkan Mountains and

the Grecian Archipelago or Egean Sea. It is shut off from Thrace by the Rhodope Mountains, from Epirus and Albania by the main mountain chain which forms the backbone of Greece, and from Greece

by the great spur thrown eastward from this mountain chain to meet the sea at Mount Olympus.

The spurs of the Balkans fill the northern half of the region with their peaks and jagged ridges, having a general trend toward the south-east. Just east of Salonica one of these great spurs thrusts itself some seventy miles into the Egean Sea, finally ending in an enormous trident, one of whose prongs is formed by Athos, the holy mountain of the Oriental Church, the inhabitants of which are all monks. The river valleys and the southern or coast regions enjoy a fertile soil, produce cotton, tobacco, opium,

* For the map and much of the text of this article we are indebted to The Missionary Review of the World.

For centuries the tide of war has ebbed and flowed across the great Sarmatian plain, sometimes dashing against the very walls of Vienna. It has ebbed and ebbed with the waning of the Turkish Empire till Hungary, Transylvania, Bosnia, Roumania, Servia, Bulgaria, and Greece have become independent kingdoms or principalities. But

in the mountain regions of the Balkans the forces of reaction and rebellion have never been overcome.

Eleven years ago the present writer traversed from end to end this ancient scene of conflict, from Constantinople to Vienna. The whole country had much the appearance of a state of war. Armed sentries stood at the railway stations and mounted guard over the mild and innocent tourist as he purchased his railway ticket, while the



BULGARIAN PEASANTS IN HOLIDAY DRESS.

silk, and the cereals, and naturally attract the larger part of the population.

Since this region, naturally fitted to support its people in prosperity and content, is producing explosive matter in a way that threatens the peace of Europe and arrests the attention of the world, the characteristics of the population invite inquiry.

In the first place, it is necessary officer scrutinized his passport and compared his appearance with the description therein recorded.

At the ancient city of Philippopolis, named after Philip of Macedon, a great Turkish review was in progress. The stalwart fellows marched by with a swinging tread; their loud barbaric music, the clanging and clashing of cymbals and throbbing of drums, made a sonorous clangour that stirred the blood. Their accoutrements were coarse, their clothing poor, but the light of battle was in their eyes, and a truculent looking set of fellows they were.

A Turkish officer shared our seat in the

to fix in mind the point that there are no Macedonians. All the people of Macedonia claim to have come there from somewhere else, and each to hold, by right of some long-forgotten conquest, as good a title to the land as anybody else. In the second place, these people are compactly grouped in separate parties. Leaving out of account the Jews swarming in Salonica and other large trade centres (from whose numbers one might imagine Macedonia to be a second Judea), there are six well-defined and thoroughly insulated factions in the population of about two million souls.

The first group is composed of the Turks, a mixture of many races, held together by a common interest in domination, and found in numbers at every strategic centre of control. They possess abundant records and census returns to prove that their group is the largest of the six, for census returns in that land honour the faith of him who writes them up.

Second are the Albanians, renowned for patriotic love of Albania and its customs and language, and also for love of strifes, stratagems, and spoils. Somewhat more than half of them are Mohammedans, but they are allies of the Turks only so far as interest permits and nationalism does not forbid.

Third are the Wallachians, remainders from some ancient invasion of the Dacians beyond the Danube. They cherish their na-

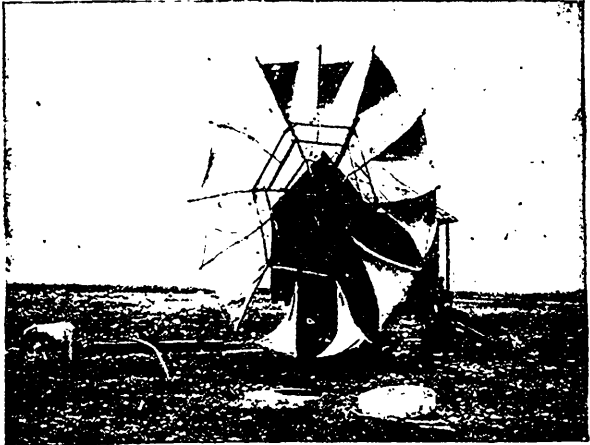
train. He underwent continual grooming by his orderly, who brushed his coat and fez cap, polished his sword and looked after him in a very zealous manner. We were profoundly glad to get out of the dominions of his imperial majesty, the Sultan, and beyond the power of the Sublime Porte. The world had been ringing with the blood-curdling accounts of the Balkan atrocities wreaked by the brutal *Bashi-Bazouks*, but it was a delightful change to be in a Christian community, to witness the thrift and industry, the bright holiday dresses of the Balkans and Servians.

tional Roumanian language, and are the horse-breeders and the waggoners and muleteers of the trade of the provinces. They are mostly members of the Greek Church, but they hold themselves aloof from the other groups of the population in order to profit by their dissensions. Although they are the smallest of the six factions, cases might arise where these Wallachians would hold the balance of power.

Fourth are the Serbians, who are chiefly found in the northern part of Macedonia, in that belt of land which goes by the name of "Old Servia," where they are unobtrusive agriculturalists and swineherds.

Fifth are the Greeks, bright, vivacious, and enterprising, swarming in the coast regions where mercantile pursuits most flourish, and always supplied with church records and census reports to prove that they are more numerous than the Bulgarians or the Turks.

Sixth are the Bulgarians, a people less well known, but not less numerous in Macedonia than the Greeks. In origin they are kin to



BULGARIAN WINDMILL.

the Turks, being Turanians. The Bulgarians conquered Slavic peoples when they came out of Asia, but adopted their language and commingled with them, so that now they are genuine Slavs, loving agriculture rather than trade. They are sturdy men, quiet and persistent, and have the curious trait of not knowing when they are defeated. Their kingdom was a thorn in the flesh to the Greeks of Byzantium until it was overthrown by the



BULGARIAN FARM.



BULGARIAN GYPSIES.

Turks at the end of the fourteenth century.

A curious peculiarity of all of the peoples of Macedonia, including, to a certain degree, the Turks, is a deep-seated and hereditary hatred for the Turkish Government and all of its appurtenances and incidental appendages. The reason is not far to seek in the essential inequalities imposed upon Christians living in a Mohammedan territory. The Turkish Government steadily refuses to give weight to the testimony of Christian witnesses in lawsuits against Mohammedans; it often—perhaps commonly—refuses to punish Mohammedan murderers when the victim is a Christian; it seizes upon trivial excuses to make Christians pay money for the support of idle Mohammedans; it refuses to regard crime as an injury to the social organization and insists in the very worst cases that a money payment to the victim should clear the criminal; it registers the names of educated men as suspicious characters and seeks to block their way to any career; it brands the schools as seditious, so that a proverbial expression in the mouths of all Turkish officials is: "Where schools are, there seek treason."

The system of tax-farming further insures rancorous hatred of the

government. The man who has bought the right to collect taxes arranges with corrupt officials; demands the money when he knows there is no cash, and forces the people to borrow of his partner at two per cent. a month. Then he collects at harvest double value in produce for the usurious advance, and there is no redress. One class of acts which rankles in the mind of the subject is the endless meddling of the police with ordinary business. A merchant in one of the sea-coast towns of Macedonia a few years ago conceived the brilliant idea of securing for his Greek customers a stock of table ware decorated with portraits of the King and Queen of Greece. When the goods arrived the government confiscated the whole consignment as treasonable political documents, smashed the crockery and emptied the pieces into the sea. There was no redress.

Another class of such acts is the steady succession of devices by which the Christian peasants are made to feed and finance Mohammedans. A typical device is to appoint a Mohammedan as field-guard to a Macedonian Christian village. He is to protect the villagers from robbery and they pay him a salary. Thenceforward the man lives at ease upon the best provender of the

people. If he can pick up a stray animal belonging to a village, he collects a special fee for his trouble. If a stranger stops at the village over night, he collects a fee for each horse or donkey which the traveller leaves to graze upon the village common. He keeps an eye on the prospects of all the pretty girls, and when he discovers a suitor with money but no favour, he offers him, for a consideration, the prettiest of the lot. He then forces the father to consent to the marriage. The father dares not disobey; the girl is married against her will and her interest; the field-

the Turkish Government toward its Christian subjects has to be, on religious grounds, the principle of Rehoboam: "My little finger is thicker than my father's loins. My father chastised you with whips, but I will chastise you with scorpions." It is impossible that the relation of the Christian subjects of Turkey to the government which holds these principles can ever be other than that of readiness for revolt the moment that there is the ghost of a chance for success.

The Mohammedan Albanians are encouraged by immunity to abuse and rob and kill the Christian peas-



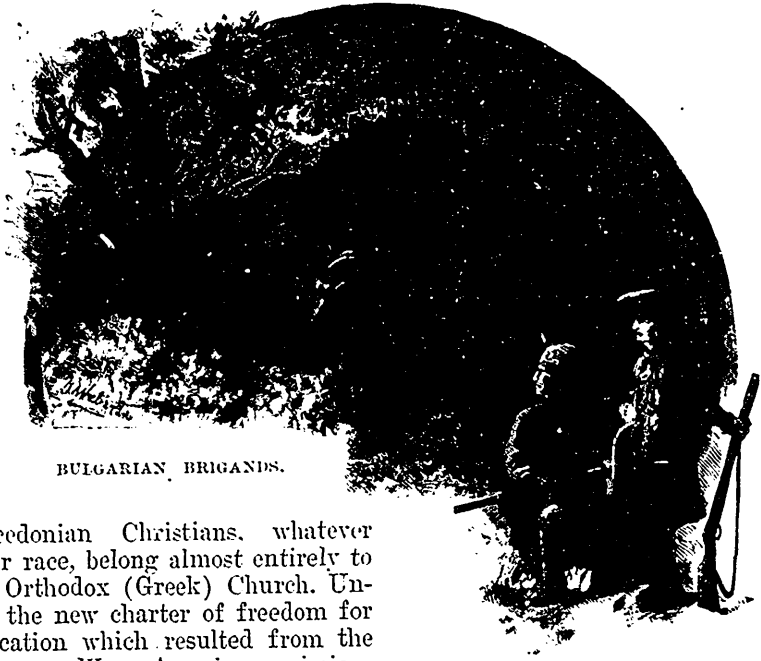
FRONTIER TOLL HOUSE,
BULGARIA.

guard pockets his fee from the bridegroom, and then he forces the father to pay him brokerage for having taken the trouble to find a husband for his daughter. If any peasant dares to refuse the demands of the field-guard, he is punished by some sudden inroad of brigands summoned by the guard himself.

Such injuries are small and petty compared with those atrocious outrages of which the papers give us occasional descriptions. But they are continuous in action, like the tiny bits of coal-dust that sometimes get into the eye and drive a grave man wild. The principle of

ants. Thus the government is secured against any coalition between Albanians and Christians. But the Albanians, like each of the Christian factions, claim a right by inheritance to annex to Albania a goodly slice of Macedonia. Their power, too, is so great as to make them a real danger. Hence the Turkish government intrigues to cultivate strife between the different Albanian clans.

A hatred which feeds Macedonian ebullition without aid from the Turks grows from half-political, half-religious dissensions among the Christian populations. These



BULGARIAN BRIGANDS.

Macedonian Christians, whatever their race, belong almost entirely to the Orthodox (Greek) Church. Under the new charter of freedom for education which resulted from the Crimean War, American missionaries, in 1858, opened schools at Philippopolis, which were taught in the Bulgarian language. At that time not a school taught in Bulgarian existed in all Turkey. But the Bulgarian national spirit was not dead, and in five years from the opening of two Bulgarian schools by the Americans, numbers of others had been opened by the people.

The modern Eastern Church has copied after Islam in closely intermingling politics and religion. It was in 1880 or thereabouts that the Bulgarians of Macedonia began to clamour for churches and schools where their own language would be used. A long and bitter wrangle ensued between Greeks and Bulgarians. The Turkish Government favored the wrangle as another safeguard against coalitions among the factions.

The Servians of Macedonia now saw that their claim to a considerable portion of the region might suffer unless they asserted them-

selves. Another fierce struggle took place which embroiled Bulgarians, Greeks, and Servians. Finally the Sultan, about five years ago, consented to the establishment of a Servian bishopric in Macedonia, and these branches of the Orthodox (Greek) Church have been at swords' points ever since. By this enmity the Turkish Government profits, since the least movement of discontent in any one faction of the Christian population is promptly reported to the government by the others with the fiendish glee of the tell-tale school-boy who hopes to see a delinquent mate flogged.

That this bitter enmity between the factions of Christians is needless is shown by the prosperity of the American mission in Macedonia. This mission has stations at Salonica and Monastir, carried on by ten American men and women, with some forty native workers scattered throughout Macedonia at about twenty-five out-stations. The point for special notice here is that in

these churches Bulgarians, Greeks, Albanians, and Servians have put aside their racial hates in order to become brothers in devotion to Jesus Christ. This proves, as far as it goes, that the intermixture of politics with religion in Macedonia, by obscuring supreme devotion to Jesus Christ, is what has brought the Christians of that region to such a pass that their brawls may yet drag Europe into war, as a dog-fight sometimes brings on a riot among the bystanders on a city street.

military forces into the unhappy region of the boiling caldron. The spectacle is by itself proof, if any were needed, of the utter futility of the famous reforms which, under pressure of Europe, the Sultan has granted to the three provinces. It is not any Turkish reform that can weld together that hodgepodge of races which has made Macedonia what a bright Englishman has called "the infernal machine at the door of Europe."

In such circumstances one can no more venture to prophesy the future



RUTHENIAN
COTTAGE.

After the last war between Russia and Turkey the treaty of San Stefano (in 1878) gave to Bulgaria about one-fourth of Macedonia. This the congress of Berlin gave back to Turkey. Straightway people from that section of Macedonia began to emigrate to the principality of Bulgaria. Nearly two hundred thousand of these Macedonian Bulgarians are now in the principality, holding prominent places in the trades, the professions, the army, and the cabinet of the prince.

Turkey dreads rebellion. It dreads the Albanians, it dreads the Greeks, but especially it dreads rebellions of imported rebels from Bulgaria, and is pouring enormous

than one can prognosticate the future of a cyclone. The only conclusion to which past experience points is that until Europe can agree on a direct intervention, such as calmed Bosnia and quieted Crete, there is no hope of peace among the wrangling factions of Macedonia.

Mission Work in Bulgaria.

The Rev. J. F. Clarke, Samokov, Bulgaria, missionary of the American Board, says :

The Bulgarians were almost unknown to the outer world until about the year 1850, when they began their efforts to throw off the Greek yoke, which culminated in



DESERTED MOSQUE LEFT STRANDED BY
EBBING TURKISH TIDE.

1870, when they secured the recognition by the Sultan of their own exarch. The population of Bulgaria is nearly three and a half millions, of whom about three-fourths are Bulgarians. The total number of Bulgarians, including those in Macedonia and elsewhere, must be about five millions.

King Boris accepted Christianity in 861 A.D., and from that time his people were called a Christian nation. The religion of the mass of the people has consisted in picture worship, especially that of the Virgin Mary, while even the name of Jesus was little known. Doubtless their nominal Christianity has had an influence to keep them together as a separate nation.

The American Methodist Episcopal Board commenced work north of the Balkan Mountains in 1857, and the American Board south of the same mountains in 1858. And these missions have been working in cordial sympathy with each other to the present time. During the first years the missionaries were received with great cordiality in

their tours among the villages, and one of them for a year taught singing in the Bulgarian school of the city. The people were grateful for the aid given them in education, and thousands of books, chiefly the tract primer, were used in their schools. God has given his blessing to feeble efforts, and little bands of Christians have been gathered to be lights to those around them.

At different times missionaries and others have been exposed to perils and beaten. In returning from Constantinople in 1863, Mr. Merriam was murdered by Albanian brigands, and his wife's experiences at that time led to her death twenty-three days later. But such violence has always led to greater openings for the Gospel.

From Salonica, Messrs. House, Baird, Haskell, and Miss Stone have abundantly utilized the three railroads spreading out through all Macedonia, and enabling them to do much for a population of two millions, among which they have twenty-one out-stations. Miss Stone's efficient efforts as an "elder



BULGARIAN GYPSIES IN GALA DRESS.



TIPSY GYPSIES.

sister" among the Bible-workers, teachers, and the women in many places have been of much value. Some of her workers and others in Bulgaria are doing more for Christ than many of the preachers. They have been welcomed even in Turkish homes.

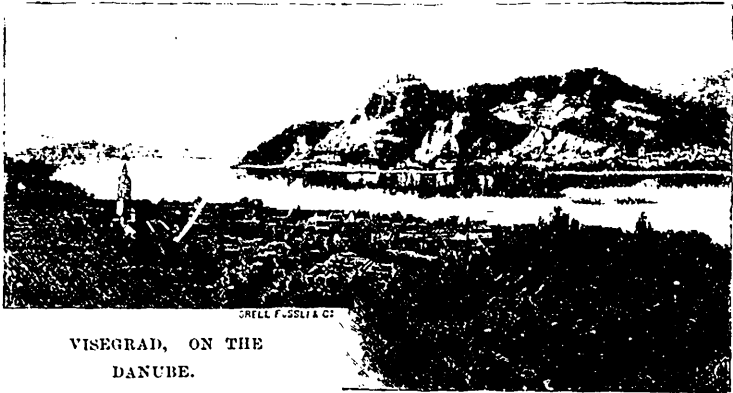
Miss Stone's capture has focused the world's attention upon her, and her missionary activities have acquired a new interest in the eyes of the public. For twenty-three years she has had charge of the Bible-woman's work in Bulgaria. She made many long, arduous, and dangerous journeys, visiting schools, reading the Scriptures to women in their own homes and in public meetings, preaching, teaching, praying, distributing the Word of God.

The present situation, says the Nashville Advocate, is, briefly, this: The treaty agreed upon by European powers and Turkey after the Russo-Turkish war, more than twenty years ago, guaranteed autonomy for Bulgaria and for Serbia, leaving Macedonia as the only European province under Turkish rule. A reformed government was by the same treaty guaranteed to the Macedonians, who were persuaded by their fellow-Christians of Europe

to keep the peace and submit to the inevitable.

As a matter of course, Turkey meant all the time to do as little as possible in the way of improved government for the Christians, whom the Sultan both hates and fears. But the Macedonians, abetted by a constant influx of teachers, priests, and agitators from both Bulgaria and Serbia, have given themselves to self-improvement, to study and agitation, until they are now so infinitely superior to their Mohammedan fellow-citizens that to institute anything like popular government would be simply to hand everything over to the hated Christians. Hence, though there is much talk of reform, there are no reforms.

Anticipating this, the Macedonians have never ceased preparing for an uprising. They know it is impossible to succeed as against the powerful Turkish army, but they believe that they can force their Christian neighbours—certainly Bulgaria and Serbia, and perhaps even Russia and Austria—to take sides. At least one thousand five hundred Bulgarian teachers, with perhaps an equal number of priests, are in Macedonia in active co-



VISEGRAD, ON THE
DANUBE.

operation with the insurgent leaders.

The whole Christian population of Macedonia belongs to the insurgent organization, which has reached a high degree of efficiency. Arms are brought in by it and laws are promulgated. This organization has really about as much to do with the affairs of the people as does the actual government by the Turks. A hot-headed element wished to precipitate a general uprising last fall, but the real leaders did not agree, and the little outbreak came to nothing.

By an irony of fate, an injustice as gross as were their other offensive procedures, the Turkish soldiers wreaked upon these peaceable citizens the hatred which had long rankled in their hearts, and for which the little uprising gave them a pretext. The whole province was devastated, and that at the beginning of winter. So horrible were the atrocities that the people fled naked and without food to the snow-covered mountains. There Mrs. Bakhmetieff found them a few weeks later.

Through the snows of the inhospitable mountains, with the thermometer almost down to zero, she travelled amid every exposure and inconvenience to witness the wrongs and, as far as she might, mitigate the pains of the fugitives. Her

story given out in January, and confirmed by other investigators from Bulgaria and elsewhere, is heart-rending. The Turkish soldiers butchered the men in the presence of their wives, sisters, and mothers, and tortured, using burning irons, hot pincers, and other instruments of fiendish ingenuity, the women and the little girls of entire villages. No man can read even the veiled account in cold blood.

DELENDÁ.

Turkey is filling up the cup of her iniquity. The handwriting on the wall, announcing its destruction, already appears. The following striking poem, whose title means "shall be destroyed," by Mrs. Laura E. Richards, in *The Boston Transcript*, expresses the sentiment of Christendom on this subject:

Because the blood that long has filled her
cup
To-day brims o'er;
Because the banner that she lifted up
Drips red with gore;
Because our brothers from her death-struck
plains
For help do call;
Therefore this land shall fall!

Because the props that shored her crumbling
throne
Are rotted through;
Because not one hour could it stand alone,
Black 'gainst the blue;
Because the earthquake clutches at the foot
Of tower and wall;
Therefore this land shall fall!

But most because the Lord is Lord of might,
And light, and love;
Because the nations in his balance-hand
Are weighed above;
Because his mill, slow grinding, grindeth
small;
Therefore this land shall fall!

OUR FIRST DAYS IN JAPAN.

BY LINCONNU.



A SHINTO SHRINE.



AND so we were in Japan —really in Japan at last. Malcolm, my elder brother, had come suddenly into possession of a considerable fortune. His educational opportunities had never been of the best as a boy, and he had always aimed at the utmost possible for me. A man, capable of running the business, had turned up at the right moment, and thus we were free for the two years of foreign travel that we had talked

of sometimes as among the vague and improbable things of life.

I was my brother's junior by ten years, and had ambitions in the line of art. It was, therefore, part of his unselfish plan that we should spend most of our time in the great art centres of Europe. But we decided to go to Japan. I felt my young pulse flutter at the prospects. But whether I ever realize my hopes as an artist or not, it means something to have lived for awhile close to the heart of the dainty people of the Sunrise Kingdom.

The land itself is a fitting cradle



LITTLE PEASANT GIRLS AT WORK.

for art. One sees always the mountains or the sea. The Land of the Rising Sun, the Flowery Kingdom, the Switzerland of Asia—we had known Japan under all these and other names, and yet they conveyed but little to our minds till we looked with our own eyes upon the Island Empire in its beauty. We had decided to leave city life behind and betake ourselves to the villages, there to study the domestic life and labours of the little brown folk.

There is really no country life in Japan. The Japanese farmer lives in a village. The isolated farmhouse of our own land is never seen. The houses are grouped together, and the surrounding neighbourhood divided into little farms of from one to five acres. That the Japanese have a high regard for agriculture is seen in the fact that they place the farmer higher in

social rank than the artisan or merchant. Perhaps the national feeling on this point is best expressed in the saying, "Farming is the foundation of the country."

It was a quaint little inn in the village of Kinoki where we put up for the night. The movable partitions had been folded away during the day in the interior, and a passer-by could look right through the house into a garden that seemed a miniature Fairyland. One of the first things to surprise the foreigner about these Japanese inns is the plan of having the best rooms at the rear. If you want to know how a thing is done in Japan think of the opposite way to which you would do it yourself. That will be the Japanese method. So we had to become accustomed to finding the kitchen at the front. In this instance it was half filled with smoke that strug-



JAPANESE GIRLS PEARL-GATHERING.

gled vainly to make its exit through the roof. A few servants and travellers of the poorer class were reveling and jesting in the stifling atmosphere. But the rooms at the rear were clean to admiration. It was in the month of September, when the atmosphere is its clearest, after the long oppressive weeks of rain, and in the clear moonlight that night we strolled through the garden at the rear.

We began to realize then how very flat and monotonous our attempts at gardening must appear to Japanese

eyes. This garden was a little world in itself. There was no profusion of flowers, but shrubs were everywhere in abundance. The space was not large, but it gave a perfect representation of a stretch of several miles of landscape. There were little rivers and tiny rustic bridges. There were mountains and fields, and clumps of dwarfed trees; for the art of dwarfing trees has been well mastered by the Japanese. You will see a pine, sixty years old and perfect in all its parts, yet not more than a foot in height.



A TYPICAL NURSE.

Another principle of Japanese gardening is to symbolize abstract ideas, such as peace, old age, prosperity, etc. In short, gardening is one of the fine arts with the Japanese. We lingered for a few moments in this miniature world of beauty, with the brow of Fujiyama crowned with silver moonlight in the distance. The katydids were singing the same song they sang in our own Canadian home, and just for a moment our hearts went back to the old land. Then we went in to retire for the night.

Next morning we took our first

walk in a Japanese village. We started out with the intention of shopping, but we must first have a look at the quaint Japanese dwellings and the village streets. Houses of white plaster, with thatched or tiled roofs, narrow windows, a weather-boarding from the ground six feet high, and eaves that project about three feet beyond the walls—these completed the picture.

With no chimneys and small windows, the next problem for the Japanese mind was the securing of light and air. To do this, he literally folds up one side of his house. That is to say, one side (preferably the south) consists of sliding doors. Usually there are twelve to twenty of these in a house. At night they are all closed, but the first duty of the morning is to open them and let in the air and sunshine. Thus one can sit in the house in Japan while enjoying the open air and scenery. Inside is another sliding partition made of slender frames covered with transparent paper, or filled in with glass. If it is damp or windy these are left closed.

At the entrance of one house we were particularly struck by a beautiful flowering plant in a pot. This we afterward chanced to learn had been left by a lover as a tribute to the dark-eyed maiden within. If kept flourishing he would know her parents favoured his suit, and accordingly his father would send the "go-between" to arrange matters with her father. If the plant is left to wither, he knows his hopes are vain. This one bloomed. Happy lover! Doubly so, since for the most part love has little place in the courtships of Japan. The suitor may see a young lady on the street with her mother, and fancy he would like her, after which the flowering plant may be called into requisition. But by no spoken word or correspondence dare he address the young lady, that is, except in



JAPANESE LITTLE MOTHERS.

“One sees them everywhere with their little charges.”

the lowest classes. The lovers, if such they can be called, never see one another alone till after marriage. Indeed, in many cases, they do not see one another at all. The “go-between” arranges everything between the fathers of the prospective couple.

Later on we gained admission to the doll-house dwellings. We grew accustomed to taking off our shoes in the vestibule, to sitting on our feet on the mats about the hibachi in the centre of the room where the charcoal fire was burning slowly. We learned, too, when invited to a meal, to make ourselves quite comfortable on our mats on the floor before a little stand about six inches high, and partake of our meal with-

out knife, fork, or spoon. So much for the mastery of the chopsticks.

We became accustomed, too, to seeing our bedding taken out of the “push-put-in place” (in other words, closet), and our pallet prepared on the floor. The wooden pillow, on which the little Japanese lady looks so dainty, grew to be a mere matter of course; we even grew accustomed to the rats that molest your slumbers in Japan, and they are no common rats. Our biggest and best rats would be put to shame by comparison with these creatures.

We walked slowly through the streets, and watched a couple saluting each other as they passed. Each bowed to the other a number of

times, slowly and deliberately, and interspersing their lowly obeisances with polite inquiries regarding the other's welfare. Each was delighted to see the other. Neither could tear himself away from the pleasure of the other's company. Finally one of them passed on, humbly begging pardon of his acquaintance for so doing. It will be seen from this

pickaback rides of our childhood. Somnolence and contentment seem to be the chief characteristics of these plump little nurslings. It is funny sometimes to see papa and mamma Jap playing ball, with baby's head meanwhile peeping up from the strappings on their backs.

A faint strain of music in the ex-



JAPANESE PILLOW.

that in Japan no one is in a hurry. Hurry is synonymous with ill-breeding.

Another typical sight was that of the nurse-maid, with the baby Jap strapped upon her back. One sees them everywhere with their little charges. The first two years of his life the young Japanese spends mostly in a fashion similar to the

treble sky above suddenly drew our attention, and we looked upward to see trailing along the sunny clouds the famous kites of Japan. For kite-flying is not merely child sport in that land. It is quite common to see grown men thus taking recreation. These kites are of enormous size and varied colours and shapes. By a series of strings drawn across,

as in the Aeolian harp, they sing as they soar. Often in the evening one listens to these sky-serenaders as a fleet of kites sails overhead.

One thing we noticed in which the Japanese were considerably in advance of us. The rural free mail delivery, for which we are just beginning to agitate, is already an established fact in Japan. Their new post-office system is said to be superior to that of the United States or Canada. There is free delivery at every man's door throughout the country, even in the most remote towns and villages of the interior.

where the goods are made and sold.

That afternoon we hired a jinrikisha, and went out amid the wilds of nature, for I was anxious to get down to my self-allotted work of sketching. But the pencil was idle nevertheless that day. We could do nothing but gaze and gaze. We had never dreamed of a world so beautiful. The coolies ran with us in the jinrikisha along the wild mountain paths, and then left us, as had been arranged, to wander by ourselves and study flower and shrub and rock. In the far-off sunny haze Fujiyama looked down upon the land, while to the westward the blue Pacific rolled and tumbled, and rested like a young lion in its play.



"PAPA AND MAM-
MA JAPS PLAY-
ING BALL."

We had come out that morning for the purpose of shopping, and so turned into a little dry-goods store. It quite satisfied our desires to see something foreign. There are no large stores in Japan, they are rather little shops and stalls. The clerks sat upon their feet, neither did they rise to receive us when we entered, nor make any attempt to show us their wares. We had to ask for what we wished to see. Japanese goods are manufactured in the same building just back of the store. The old English custom prevails, too, of master and apprentices living together under the same roof

The mountains owed much of their beauty to the brokenness of their outline. Everywhere were deep gorges and clusters of peaks. The tillable land was but a narrow stretch of plain between mountain and sea. The rivers were short, rapid, and rushing, and often un-navigable. The forests were few, but the land everywhere had an appearance of great freshness and beauty. The trees were frequently evergreens, pines, firs, cryptomerias, and cedars, thinly scattered here and there, bamboo groves, orange orchards, tea bushes, the glossy camellias with their variegated blos-

soms, the palm, the camphor and the tallow trees, the bluish-green leaves of the eucalyptus, and the clinging wistaria, combined to make the rich vegetation that was everywhere in evidence. One must add, too, the wild shrubs that in America we find in small pots in hot-houses. We saw in wild profusion all around us azaleas and peonies, hydrangeas, irises and chrysanthemums.

The flowers are for the most part brilliantly coloured, but not equal in fragrance to those of our own land. It is sometimes said that Japan is a land of songless birds, odourless flowers, tailless cats, and babies that do not cry. But this is an exaggeration. One has only to hear a soft, flute-like call at evening to be reminded of the English nightingale, and the flowers, too, have many of them a slight fragrance; but it is for their beauty the Japanese love them.

Certainly a kindly providence has sent the flowers to a land where they are well appreciated. What other people would think of making a holiday when a certain flower is in the height of its season and going out to the parks and groves to enjoy its beauty? Think of New York and Chicago, or even Toronto, taking a holiday and going out into the country to enjoy the peach-blossoms or the wild roses, or the maple leaves of autumn. But Japan puts on its gala dress, it calls out its music-girls to add to the merriment, and goes out to the gardens and orchards to admire the plum-blossoms, the cherry-blossoms, the chrysanthemums, etc. But the cherry-blossom of Japan is no common flower. It atones for its barrenness by being large and double, like roses. Tokyo is especially noted for the beauty of its cherry groves.

One feels like calling Japan a sort of children's kingdom, as well

as a flowery kingdom, so bright-spirited are its people. Perhaps their happy disposition is in some measure due to the fact that they spend so much of their life out of doors. Even the peasant children have a sunny occupation, many of them among the tea-bushes. We could see them from where we stood, their little white caps bobbing up and down amid the dark green foliage, and away up along the shore we could see through our field-glasses the little pearl-fishers at work, barfooted in the sunny waters. What a happy contrast to our sweltering factories! Some one has said it is hard to keep a sad heart if you spend much time in the open air, and certain it is that on the very slopes of volcanoes that may burst forth at any minute, these light-hearted people picnic and make merry. They slumber peacefully, rocked by the earthquake and with the waves of a possible flood washing their shores. Even as we walked we came to one of those mysterious cracks in the rock, whence hot, sulphurous fumes issue, telling their tale of heat and unrest beneath the ground on which we trod. Hot, sulphurous springs bubble up here and there throughout the land.

We had just turned to go back to meet our coolies, when a sudden trembling in the grass and brushwood beneath our feet made us pause. For a moment we had a sensation as of walking on a steamer deck, the trees shook their foliage slightly, and then all was still. It was our first experience of an earthquake, but it was only a very slight one.

The red sun dropped behind the mountains, the moon came riding up slowly over the great, playful Pacific, that tossed its white-caps on the breast of the opal tide. The uguisu breathed its plaintive evening song from the scattered pines,

and we got into our jinrikisha and turned toward our lodgings. We were seeing Japan at its best in the beautiful autumn months, when the atmosphere is clear and bracing.

It was another story the following spring, when the rainy season set in, when our books moulded, and our clothes moulded, and our spirits moulded, too; when "the sick head" became prevalent among foreigners and we began to understand something of the nervous strain of those of the English race who live and labour in that land.

A few days later we took a trip to Tokyo, to make some purchases in the line of Japanese art of which I was covetous. We happened there just in the time of the chrysanthemum festival. We knew before long that we knew nothing—positively nothing, about chrysanthemums, and that other Canadians were like us. One must see the chrysanthemum in Japan to know it. The variety is simply amazing. There is not only every colour, but every shape. But the most curious thing is to see five or six kinds of varied colours and shapes on the same plant. Again, sometimes the whole energy of the plant is directed to producing one flower. But such a flower!

There are many quaint names for these highly developed varieties. There is the tawny monster called "Sleepy Head," the "Fisher's Lantern," the "Robe of Feathers," and the "Starlit Night," a lovely creation like Iceland moss covered with frost. But the strangest sight is to see these mammoth flowers in the shapes of men and gods, boats, bridges, castles, etc.

The festival kept us in the city till the Sabbath day, and it was our first experience of a Christian church in a foreign land. We had worked for missionary-supported missions, prayed for missions at home, and now we were privileged to

see some of the fruits that were being harvested. The church we entered was one of the outposts of Canadian Methodism. It was already almost full as we took our places, for the great revival had been shaking the foundations of Japanese life."

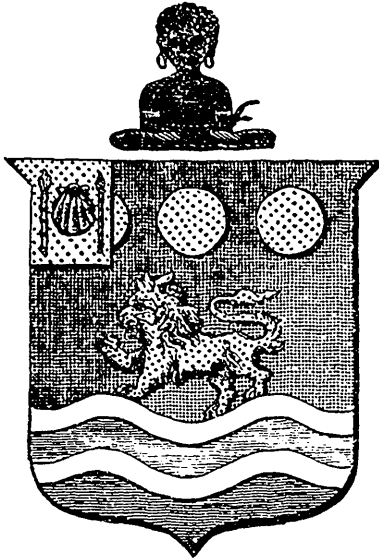
"Jesus, lover of my soul,"—the tears started to our eyes as we heard the Lord's song in a strange land. We understood not a word, but we could feel the reverence and fervour in the voices that sang. Oh that those who work and pray at home could see for a moment that throng of faces and hear those voices sing as we saw and heard them that day.

The service throughout was in Japanese, but our hearts were not the less touched as we looked around at those faces reverently lifted as they listened to the Word of Life. Here, where once Christianity was a capital offence—here in the shadows of the temples of Buddhism and Shintoism, the churches of the Cross were being reared and filled with seekers of light. On our way that morning we had paused a moment at the entrance of a Japanese temple, silent under the shadow of its mysterious trees and with the great brazen monsters guarding its approach. Farther down we had passed a Shinto shrine. And these people worshipping around us, they had passed them too,—the shrines of their fathers, and come to worship at the cross.

As yet we had not had opportunity to delve into the religious life of Japan. Its conflicting beliefs, its indifference to all beliefs, were alike unfamiliar to us. We had as yet but a surface glimpse of that wonderful land and people. But of this we were convinced, that this religion of Jesus Christ is the hope of the New Japan. With it she will be the power of the Orient. Without it her name will be Oblivion.

THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.

BY THE EDITOR.



THE HAWKINS CREST.

Sir John Hawkins was the first Englishman to engage in the nefarious slave trade 1562. He had the bad taste to glory in his shame and to emblazon on his crest the badge of human servitude denounced by Wesley as the "sum of all villainies."

I.

Its Origin.



It is gratifying to Canadian patriotism to know that among the very first laws enacted by the newly-organized province of Upper Canada was one for the abolition of slavery. In year 1793 the conscript fathers of the new commonwealth, homespun-clad farmers or mer-

chants, from the plough or store, with a large vision of the future, passed an act which forbade the further introduction of slaves and made provision for the gradual emancipation of all slave-born chil-

dren in the province. Dr. Scadding thus describes the picturesque surroundings of the scene:

"We see them adjourning to the open air from their straitened chamber at Navy Hall, and conducting the business of the young province under the shade of a spreading tree, introducing the English Code and Trial by Jury, decreeing roads, and prohibiting the spread of slavery; while a boulder of the drift, lifting itself up through the natural turf, serves as a desk for the recording clerk."*

From that time onward till the abolition of slavery in the American Republic, a period of nearly a hundred years, Canada was the place of refuge for many thousands of fugitives from bondage. The lone north star was the cynosure of their watching eyes. On many a midnight march it guided their footsteps till they reached our shores. It is estimated that more than thirty thousand negro slaves found freedom in Canada. These were helped

* Previous to this date, however, Lord Mansfield had declared, in 1772, "Villeinage has ceased in England, and it cannot be revived. The air of England," he said, "has long been too pure for a slave, and every man is free who breathes it. Every man who comes into England is entitled to the protection of English law, whatever oppression he may heretofore have suffered, and whatever may be the colour of his skin: *Quamvis ille niger, quamvis tu candidus esses.*"

Cowper, the British poet of the slave, translated this dictum into verse that thrilled the age:

"Slaves cannot breathe in England: if their ^{lungs} Receive our air, that moment they are free: They touch our country and their shackles fall."

Still earlier, in the very opening years of the eighteenth century, Chief Justice Holt had affirmed that "as soon as a negro comes into England he is free; one may be a villein in England, but not a slave"; and later: "In England there is no such thing as a slave, and a human being never was considered a chattel to be sold for a price."

on their way to the land of liberty by a philanthropic organization known as the Underground Railway. Of this organization, of its methods, its results, and some of its principal agents, we purpose in this paper to give some account.

From the nature of the case the operations of the Underground Railway had to be conducted in secret. Few details of its work were placed on record. Its agents for very practical reasons "did good by stealth and blushed to find it fame." They lived in an atmosphere of suspicion and espionage. When discovered they were marked men, exposed to punishment by the law, and were subject to extrajudicial disabilities, annoyance, and persecution; and they were sometimes done to death as martyrs of liberty. The literature of the subject is therefore meagre. It is scattered through reports of legal trials, newspaper and magazine articles, and a number of books and sketches, reminiscence and biography. A few Underground Railway agents were indiscreet enough to commit to writing the record of their operations, some of which, for a time preserved, it was found necessary to destroy. Nevertheless, a number of works have been compiled on this subject.

The most considerable of these is Still's "Underground Railway Records," a large volume of 780 pages, which appeared in 1872 and a second edition in 1883. Levi Coffin, an apostle of abolition, a distinguished member of an uncompromising anti-slavery family, has written a large volume of reminiscences of the stirring events in which he was so prominent. Theodore Parker, of Boston, an active abolitionist, made a large collection of manuscript and printed documents on this subject, which is now in possession of the Boston Public Library.

That philanthropic Canadian, Dr.

Alexander M. Ross, who bore a brave part in aiding the escape of fugitives, has in his "Recollection and Experiences of an Abolitionist," recorded many stirring incidents of the anti-slavery campaign. The biographies of Fred Douglass, Josiah Henson, Austin Steward, and other escaped slaves, also describe many personal incidents and adventures. Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" gives a graphic account of Underground Railway methods, and the Key to that work furnishes corroborative statements vindicating the general truthfulness of her novel. The latest, best-digested, and most comprehensive book on this subject is "The Underground Railway from Slavery to Freedom," by Wilbur H. Siebert, Professor of European History in Ohio State University.*

It is somewhat remarkable that such law-abiding and peace-loving people as the Friends or Quakers should be active agents in the violation of law and defiance of authority involved in the abduction, concealment and forwarding to their destination of the hunted slaves. The zealous abolitionist and Underground Railway agent, to use the words of Professor Hart, of Harvard University, argued thus:

"In aiding fugitive slaves he is making the most effective protest against the continuance of slavery; but he was also doing something more tangible; he was helping the oppressed, he was eluding the oppressor; and at the same time he was enjoying the most romantic and exciting amusement open to men who had high moral standards. Above all, the Underground Railway was the opportunity for the bold and the adventurous; it had the excitement of piracy, the secrecy of burglary, the daring of insurrection; to the pleasure of relieving the poor negro's sufferings it added the triumph of snapping one's fingers at the slave-catcher; it developed coolness, indifference to danger, and quickness of resource."

* Macmillan Company, New York, 1898. 8vo, pp. 478.

Fred Douglass, himself frequently exposed to fine and imprisonment for succouring the fugitives, writes: "I never did more congenial, attractive, fascinating, and satisfactory work."

Professor Siebert has recorded the names of over three thousand persons who were engaged in this heroic work, a roll of honour in which its members might well be proud to be inscribed. While the rank and file were men of humble birth and unknown to fame, yet some of them were persons of high position, literary culture, or heroic daring—men who won "glorious infamy" by their sufferings for the slave. The futile effort of Brown, of Osawatomie, to emancipate the slaves in Virginia, led to his execution on the scaffold; but on many a weary march and by many a lonely camp-fire, the armies of freedom chanted the Marseillaise of the Civil War: "John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave, but his soul is marching on." Its refrain, too, furnished the motive for the noble battle hymn of the Republic.

"In the beauty of the lilies Christ was
born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures
you and me:
As He died to make men holy, let us die
to make men free.
While God is marching on."

The historic record of the Quakers as unflinching friends of liberty and uncompromising foes of oppression and wrong, as heroic confessors unto blood and martyrs unto death for righteousness and truth, finds further illustration in their connection with the Underground Railway.

From very early times in the history of slavery the bondman had a habit of seeking his liberty when he found an opportunity. It is a way that slaves always and everywhere have had. So great a loss thus accrued to the slave-holders of the

American Republic that as early as 1793, in an unconscious irony on its own recent struggle for Independence, Congress passed its first Fugitive Slave Law.

From that time down to the close of the Secession War may be considered the period of the secret modes of rescuing the slave, culminating in the well-organized Underground Railway, with its many routes and branches. The fugitive slave laws were from time to time made more severe in their penalties, involving not only heavy fines, but long imprisonment. These laws became more and more obnoxious to the abolitionists as violations of primal human rights, and of the instincts of liberty. The benign provisions of the ancient Hebrew law of divine origin, "Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant which is escaped from his master unto thee," were cited as good reasons for violating the man-made law which virtually made all northern citizens accomplices in the crime of slave-catching.

A considerable number of slaves in the far south escaped to Mexico or to the deep recesses of the Dismal Swamp, and some to Great Britain; but to most of them the true land of liberty was Canada. The increased scope and value given to slave labour by the Louisiana Purchase and the invention of the cotton-gin and consequent vast extension of cotton culture made the task of the slave more bitter, and increased his passion for liberty. Virginia, the mother of presidents, became also the mother of slaves. The southern tier of slave states became a great mill, in which were ground out the lives of bondmen; and new grist must be supplied, after the foreign slave trade had been abolished, by slave-breeding in the northern tier of slave states. The dread of being "sold south," with the utter and irrevocable severance of the dearest and

tenderest ties of kinship and love, hung like a nightmare over the souls of myriads of our fellow-beings. The value of slaves became greatly enhanced, and led to the systematic pursuit of fugitives, and sometimes to the kidnapping of free negroes in the north.

Yet in many parts of the far south the very existence of such a place as Canada, and the succour which it offered for the fugitive were unknown. The war of 1812-15, and the return of the southern soldiers to their homes, made that place of refuge known and predisposed the negroes to seek liberty among the enemies of their masters. It was not long before tidings from the fugitives in Canada found their way back to their old homes. Before the Secession War it is estimated that five hundred negroes annually travelled between the land of freedom and the land of slavery to rescue their kinsmen.

There were those also of an alien race, whose only kinship with the oppressed was that of the soul, who took part in this crusade. Notable among these was Dr. Alexander M. Ross, a native of Ontario, a citizen of Toronto, a man of culture, and of distinguished scientific attainments, who devoted his energies with impassioned zeal to the succour of the slave. Mrs. Stowe's tear-compelling story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was to him a revelation and a command. Upon reading it his resolution was taken, he says, to devote all his energies to let the oppressed go free. Dr. Ross had won name and fame in the Old World and the New for his scientific studies, and had received decorations from several European sovereigns. He visited the cotton States in pursuit of his studies in ornithology, visited many plantations, conversed with the more intelligent slaves, and induced numbers to escape. He would give them money, food, a pocket compass, and

a knife or pistol, and send them on to the land of liberty. A reward of \$12,000 was offered for his arrest. While aiding the escape of a slave he evaded capture only by shooting the horse of his pursuer. He was a tried and trusted friend of John Brown, whom he entertained at his home in Toronto.

Dr. Ross was in Richmond at the time of Brown's attack on Harper's Ferry. He was arrested and handcuffed, but escaped for lack of incriminating evidence. John Brown on the day before his death wrote to Dr. Ross exhorting him not to give up his labours for "the poor that cry and are in bonds." During the Civil War he served in the Federal Army, and subsequently in the army of Mexico. He won the commendation of Mr. Gladstone for his zeal, forethought, and tenacity, and for the signal courage and disinterestedness in humanity which formed the basis of his character.*

William Lloyd Garrison, one of the most famous of the abolitionists, was born at Newburyport, Mass., of New Brunswick parentage. In Baltimore and Washington he came in contact with slavery, and wrote so vehemently against it that he was tried, imprisoned, and amerced in a fine of \$1,000. In 1831 he issued the first number of *The Liberator*, in which, for five-and-thirty years, he continued to plead

* Whittier made Dr. Ross the subject of the following memorial verses, which are printed in fac-simile in *The Canadian Magazine*, Vol. V., p. 16 :

For his steadfast strength and courage
In a dark and evil time,
When the Golden Rule was treason,
And to feed the hungry crime.

For the poor slave's hope and refuge
When the hounds were on his track,
And saint and sinner, State and Church,
Joined hands to send him back.

Blessings upon him ! What he did
For each sad, suffering one,
Chained, hunted, scourged, and bleeding,
Unto our Lord was done !

the cause of the slave. He adopted as his motto, "My country is the world, my countrymen are all mankind," and stoutly affirmed, "I will not equivocate, I will not excuse, I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard." These prophetic words are engraved upon his monument in the city of Boston, through whose streets he was dragged by a mob and committed to prison to save his life. When he visited England Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton was amazed to find him a white man, having taken it for granted that no one could plead so eloquently against slavery unless he himself had been a slave. He procured the aid of George Thompson, the eloquent English abolitionist, who earnestly pleaded the cause of the oppressed in the chief cities of the Northern States and Canada.*

A noble band of women became leaders in the anti-slavery reform at a time when public opinion forbade public speaking to their sex. Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. Child, Lucretia Mott, Abby Kelley, and others bravely bore this reproach and addressed public audiences when stones and brickbats crashed through the windows. For admitting free coloured girls to her school at Canterbury, Conn., Mis Prudence Crandall, a Quaker lady, was treated with contumely and malice. She was boycotted, to use the phrase of a later day, even by the doctor who refused to visit the sick in her school, and lived as in a besieged garrison. She was thrown into a prison cell from which a murderer had just been taken for execution. Her school was fired and well-nigh wrecked, and was finally closed by violence.

Wendell Phillips, a man of the

* After thirty-five years' ceaseless effort the work to which *The Liberator* was devoted was accomplished, and Garrison, an invited guest, saw the flag of the emancipated Union raised upon the battlements of Fort Sumter.

bluest blood of Boston, a member of its Brahmin caste, son of the first mayor of that city, espoused the cause of the hatred abolitionists. He shared their persecutions and witnessed their triumphs. Channing, Quincey, and other heroes of reform soon joined the ranks.

Intense opposition was offered the new propaganda. Anti-abolitionist riots took place in several northern cities. In New York the house of Mr. Louis Tappan was sacked and the furniture burned. In Philadelphia the anti-slavery hall was burned, as was also an asylum for coloured children. The Hon. J. C. Burney, solicitor for Alabama, released his slaves, for which his name was stricken off the roll of the bar, and the press he established at Cincinnati was destroyed.

Many ministers of religion obeyed the precepts and imitated the example of Him who came to "preach to the captives and to set at liberty them that are bruised."

The Rev. Elijah P. Lovejoy, a Presbyterian pastor from Maine, for denouncing a cruel lynching in St. Louis, was driven from that city. The same fate followed him to Alton, Ill., where his house was attacked, and he was himself shot to death by a mob. He was the first but not the last abolition martyr. His fate sounded the death-knell of slavery. Soon more than a hundred anti-slavery societies sprang up throughout the north.

The Rev. Owen Lovejoy, whose brother, as we have seen, was murdered for the cause of liberty, was taunted as "nigger stealer." He replied, "Thou invisible demon of slavery, dost thou think to cross my humble threshold, and forbid me to give bread to the hungry and shelter to the houseless! I bid you defiance in the name of my God!"

For many years the lights in the windows of Thomas R. nkin, a Presbyterian pastor on the Ohio River,

"were hailed by slaves fleeing from the soil of Kentucky as beacons to guide them to a haven of safety."

Theodore Parker, the accomplished scholar and orator and enthusiastic abolitionist of Boston, writes: "I must attend to living men, and not to dead books, and all this winter my time has been occupied with these poor souls."

The Rev. Charles Torrey, in 1838, resigned the pastorate of a Congregational church, in Providence, Rhode Island, and relinquished quiet and comfort that he might devote himself to the work of freeing the slaves. He was thrust into prison, attempted to escape, was sentenced to penitentiary for six years, and in prison he died. In 1844 he wrote: "If I am a guilty man, I am a very guilty one; for I have aided nearly four hundred slaves to escape to freedom, the greater part of whom would probably, but for my exertions, have died in slavery." Of him Whittier wrote: "In the wild woods of Canada, around many a happy fireside and holy family altar, his name is on the lips of God's poor. He put his soul in their soul's stead; he gave his life for those who had no claim on his love save that of human brotherhood."

Calvin Fairbank, a student of Oberlin College, read at his father's fireside, a station of the Underground Railway, the story of sorrow of escaped slaves. "My heart wept," he writes, "my anger was kindled, an antagonism to slavery was fixed upon me." He devoted himself with enthusiasm to the work of succouring the slave, and soon was placed behind prison bars. He was arrested again and again, and spent seventeen years and four months of his life in prison for abducting slaves, and has placed on record the statement that he received at the hands of prison officials thirty-five thousand stripes on his naked body. His ample reward was that he had guided forty-seven slaves toward the north star. He writes:

"I piloted them through the forests, mostly by night; girls, fair and white, dressed as ladies; men and boys, as gentlemen or servants; men in women's clothes, and women in men's clothes, boys dressed as girls, and girls as boys; on foot or on horseback, in buggies, carriages, common waggons, in and under loads of hay, straw, old furniture, boxes and bags; crossing the Jordan of the slave, swimming or wading chin deep; or in boats, or skiffs; on rafts, and often on a pine log. And I never suffered one to be recaptured."

H A T E.

BY S. M. BAKER HUDSON.

So close their lives, none else might know
As well as she,—the throbbing woe,
The hidden hurt, the unhealed blow,
 In heart more near than friend!

But well *Hate* knew; and waited till
Both time and place her wish fulfil,
Then took her aim with cruel skill:
 With subtle, devilish art.

For as she wove her silken mesh,
Her jagged javelin rent afresh
The quivering, lacerated flesh:
 The kindred, trusting flesh!

She sees the life-blood's crimson stain,
But gloats upon her victim's pain,
And joys to see it bleed again;
 And tells herself—" 'tis best."

And yet, those selfsame wounds that bleed,
By every evidence of need,
But dumbly, eloquently plead—
 Love's opportunity:

A chance to deal with Christ-like art,
To soothe, to heal the bitter smart,
To bring down heaven to one poor heart;
 Such chance as angels seek!

HAWTHORNE'S MASTERPIECE.

BY FRANK C. LOCKWOOD, PH.D.



THE SCARLET LETTER
—the most perfect
production of Am-
erica's finest liter-
ary artist—seems
almost to have been
a chance blossom.
At least the appar-
ent misfortune of
the author proved

to be an uncommon piece of good fortune to the world of letters.

Hawthorne had for three years been surveyor in the Salem Custom House, but suddenly, by a change of party, he was removed from office. He was gloomy and disheartened; but when he announced the news to his wife she smiled, drew out from its hiding-place one hundred and fifty dollars that she had saved from her husband's salary without his knowledge, placed pen, ink and paper before him and said: "Now you can write your book." He toiled terribly over it for three months, his application being so intense that, Mrs. Hawthorne tells us, a great knot sometimes showed itself in his forehead before the work was finished.

In 1849, some time after Hawthorne had been turned out of office, Fields, the publisher, hearing that he was in poor health, went down to Salem to see him. He was living in a little house on Mall Street at that time. Mr. Fields found him alone in a small upstairs room, hovering near the fire. He was very low-spirited.

"Now," said Fields, "is the time for you to publish, for I know during these three years in Salem you must have got something ready for the press."

"Nonsense," replied Hawthorne, "What heart had I to write any-

thing when my publishers have been so many years trying to sell the 'Twice Told Tales?' Who would risk publishing a book for me, the most unpopular writer in America?"

"I would," said Fields, "and would start an edition of two thousand copies of anything you wrote."

"What madness!" he exclaimed. "Your friendship for me gets the better of your judgment. No, no, I have no money to indemnify a publisher's losses on my account."

As it was almost train time, Fields was compelled to go, though he still pressed Hawthorne to tell him what he had been writing. He again shook his head, conveying the impression that he had produced nothing. But his friend, as he left the room, caught sight of a bureau not far from Hawthorne's elbow, and it occurred to him that hidden away in this receptacle was a story; indeed, so positive was he of this that he warmly insisted that such was the case. The author, though he seemed a little surprised, only shook his head once more; but before Fields had reached the bottom of the stairs, Hawthorne called to him to wait a moment, and immediately appeared in the hallway with a roll of manuscript in his hands.

"How in heaven's name did you know it was there?" said he. "As you have found me out, take what I have written, and tell me, after you get home and have time to read it, if it is good for anything. It is either very good or very bad—I don't know which."

Mr. Fields read it through before he slept, and at once he wrote the author a glowing note of praise.

Hawthorne was still dubious; but when the book came out, altered somewhat in accordance with Field's suggestion, the publisher's most enthusiastic hopes were realized, and Hawthorne's fame was secure.

"The Scarlet Letter" was an immediate success, the first edition of five thousand copies having been sold in ten days. Hawthorne never wrote anything that surpassed it. As a work of art it is faultless, and as a prose product of the creative imagination it is equal to any book ever written. The story is based upon a fact in New England history, for a young woman in punishment for some heinous offence was once condemned to wear a symbol of her shame. The scene of "The Scarlet Letter" is laid in Boston in the early New England days of "witchcraft" and Puritanical inquisition, and is a story of sin and retribution. It deals with the elemental and eternal passions of the human soul; it has the ring of absolute truth; and the warmth and grace of consummate art. It is as chaste as it is strong, and as unique in conception as it is perfect in execution.

Hawthorne reaches the height of his power in the delineation of the character of little Pearl. There are few more perfect creations in literature than this. Pearl is the animate scarlet letter—the link that binds together the sinful Dimmesdale and Hester. She is an altogether elf-like and peculiar creature. She is a dainty, fiery and lawless blossom of a wild and irreparable moment of sin. She both taunts and delights Hester's heart; at once a thorn that pierces and a dewy rosebud that perfumes with infinite sweetness the scarlet bosom of her mother. She is as innocent as the dawn, but preternaturally gifted with an instinct to guess the nature of the crime and sorrow that

envelop her own life and that of her mother in gloom. She is a distinct creation of the author's mind, the most imaginative of all his characters, yet artistic and consistent in every particular.

"What is it," I have been asked, "that makes 'The Scarlet Letter' such a great work?" I might reply briefly to this inquiry, "It is because it fulfils all the requirements of a literary masterpiece." But, I am sure, the question anticipates a more detailed answer, so I will point out, as best I can, some of the artistic qualities of the story.

The first requisite of a great piece of literature is that it speaks to the emotions. The primary function of art is to move rather than to instruct. It is not enough, though, merely to yield luxurious delight to the feelings. The object or occasion which the artist sets before us must be of such a character as justly to evoke the emotions felt by the reader or observer. He must base his work upon some fundamental principle or passion of human life. This Hawthorne does in "The Scarlet Letter." The theme of the book is, a great sin and its effects upon the characters of all those who are involved in it. Such a theme certainly will lead into the very depths of human life, and will offer a worthy task to the brain and pen of the most gifted genius. It will suggest love, innocence, temptation, struggle, intrigue, sorrow, remorse, and retribution. Such emotions and experiences are the stuff of which life is made. But Hawthorne has not only based his story upon a fit subject of life; he has shown us his characters in such situations as to arouse in us the most vivid and lively emotions of admiration, pity, aversion, and sympathy; and has from the beginning of the book to its close held us in the grasp of intense and varied feeling. The secret recesses of the

human soul are laid bare before our gaze. Elemental passions are depicted in their origin and gradual progress. We are awed and sobered as the author, with an inspired and inevitably accurate pen, describes how the primal instincts and impulses of men and women exert their fatal attractions and repulsions, and pictures the inner agony of soul that works itself out at last in diabolic or heroic deeds.

Best of all, there is a tone of moral grandeur in the book. There is no ethical limpness in this work; no attempt to make sin seductive; no weak palliation of guilt by subtle apologies for the frailty of human nature. Here is the very truth of life presented without fear or favour—naked, impassioned sin; strong, heroic suffering; consuming remorse—the innocent child visited with the penalties resulting from the misdeeds of its parents, poisonous hatred reacting upon the one who cherishes it—all the spiritual laws that relate to characters situated as these characters are situated, working out the rewards and penalties of human action.

But still another element is essential for the production of a literary classic. It must be well written. It must be clothed in language at once fresh, precise and felicitous. There must be grace as well as energy of expression; and, in addition to all this, there must be an individuality of style which shall bear the impress of ease and distinction in equal measure. To affirm that a book must be well written implies still further that the whole production shall exhibit unity of design and orderly progression from beginning to end. Any good story will have unity of form as well as unity of sentiment. I venture to say that not one work of fiction that has been circulated to the extent of a hundred thousand copies, written in the English lan-

guage, during the past ten years, has fulfilled the simple requirements that I have just indicated. The fact that our most popular books are cast aside and forgotten in less than a decade could be accounted for readily enough by pointing out their manifest failure to measure up to the elementary tests of literary form. But what a delight to turn from the loose and glaring style of "The Crisis," or the depressing tone and coarse manner of "Unleavened Bread" to the grave, chaste, and elevated language of "The Scarlet Letter."

Perhaps some would say it is too grave and sombre. It is true that the story itself contains scarcely a gleam of humour to light up the prevailing gloom. Hawthorne himself felt that there was too little sunshine in the book, and wrote the long introduction about the old Custom House at Salem to liven it up somewhat. Yet the style is not inappropriate to the subject matter. There is little place for glee and laughter in a narrative so fraught with human frailty and suffering. The sombre vesture in which the story is clothed is well adapted to the guilt and shame that it depicts.

But where shall we find, apart from the very greatest masters of English prose, such rich and full expression? "Before his exquisite sentences verbal criticism folds its hands for lack of argument." Hawthorne's diction is unsurpassed. Simply to con his words and feast upon his sentences is a delight, and an artistic exercise of no small merit. He possessed every quality that the writer of English should possess. Achilles was not stronger, Ulysses not more cunning than the diction of this consummate literary artist. Strength, richness, sweetness and lucidity are equally apparent in this great masterpiece.

Allegheny College.

THE DUTY THAT LAY NEAREST.

BY MRS. A. H. DOANE.



HE aged pastor read impressively: "And the Lord said unto Cain, Where is Abel, thy brother? And he said, I know not: Am I my brother's keeper?" Pausing, he repeated, "And Cain said, Am I my brother's keeper? Note the first result of hereditary tendency. The first born into this world sinned against God and man, and sought to excuse himself by asking, Am I my brother's keeper? Ever since the time of Cain the question has come to every child of man, Where is thy brother? Woman, where is thy sister? Is it well with them? Cain is not alone, friends, in his answer. Again, and ever again, all down through the ages, does the man or woman strive to shake off responsibility and reply, Am I my brother's keeper? Am I my sister's keeper? Oh, man, knowest thou not, the voice of thy brother's blood crieth to heaven from the ground? Oh, woman, remember the voice of thy sister's hardship and suffering crieth to God. For all these things ye will be brought into judgment."

A fair girl, tastefully clad, sitting midway in the auditorium, started as the minister read his text. Regaining almost instantly her composure, she appeared henceforth merely an attentive listener. In reality, after the first few words we have transcribed and which seemed burnt into her brain, she heard little of what followed. All through the preacher's masterly exposition of the social evils of the day and his eloquent plea for right against might, she sat perfectly still, deaf to it all. She was thinking, thinking thus:

How strange he should have chosen that text that very day! Could it be merely accident, or was she to believe, as mother would have done, that it was divinely ordered? Did God really care so much about one girl's deeds? Pshaw, what nonsense! Ministers had to preach. It was their business, just as it was hers to write readable, breezy articles for her editor.

Still that text this morning seemed just a little eerie. There must be a God who, as she used to repeat in childhood, knew all the thoughts and desires of the heart. Oh, she knew

there was; deep down in her heart she knew it. She dare not disobey Him, lest—how was it?—the voice of her sister's blood should cry to Him from the ground. But it was hard, so hard. How hard none but herself and God could know. Must she give all up, the congenial occupation, the hope of future independence, and the pleasant life with all its bright prospects?

"Oh, God," cried her heart, "the other way is hard, is hateful. Thou Thyself gavest me my talents, must I bury them in the earth?"

A still, small voice seemed to whisper, "I also gave thee thy sister, and will require her again, at thy hands. Behold I, even I, have trodden the winepress alone, and is the servant greater than her Lord?" Still she sat on through hymn and final prayer, feeling numb, stricken, aged. Ah, she would ever feel so. Suddenly she became aware the people were moving out, and she rose also, and went with the rest.

All that day she felt in a stupor. She did nothing. What was there to do? All was decided. It was out of her hands. She must go, since she was bidden. But to-day was Sunday, she could rest to-day.

Next morning she woke with an odd, depressing sense of ill. In a moment she remembered everything. Strange that the sun should be shining, and the sparrows chirping so cheerily on such a sad, sad day. She read again the missive she had received the Saturday before.

"Dear Niece," the letter ran, "Bertha is very poorly. She has her spells very often now, and nothing we can do seems to relieve her. She don't talk, but we see she's fretting. I think, if she could live with you in the old home in the old way she would be better, or at least no worse than she used to be. I expect it's a hard thing to ask you to do, Frances Jane, but if you love your sister and want her to live out her days, you'll certainly have to come home at once and give up your writing. Let me know what you intend doing, and I'll get the old house done up ahead for you.

"Your affectionate aunt,

"Martha.

"P.S.—Bertha had four fits yesterday."

Then she opened the note she had intended mailing that morning.

"Dear Aunt Martha,—

"So sorry to hear of Bertha's illness. However, I suppose it is no more than could be expected. Those epileptic fits, I believe, do become frightfully frequent in time. Let everything possible be done for her. The boys and I will foot the bills. It is absolutely impossible for me to leave just now. I've just succeeded in getting a foothold. Imagine, auntie, the chief actually tossed me a crumb of approval this week. It was a very small crumb, but I hope for more. Explain to Bertha and give her my best love.

"Ever your loving niece,

"Fannie."

Slowly and sadly, as one compelled, she tore it into fragments and tossed it in the grate. Then seizing a pen she wrote, hurriedly :

"Dear Auntie,—

"I must give a week's notice, after which expect me home.

"Frances J. Collinger."

Then she went to the office and told her chief, that owing to her sister's illness, she was compelled to return home at the end of the week. The busy editor wheeled round in his chair and stared at her, saying curtly : "Suppose you understand what you are doing, Miss Collinger. It's a pity to quit. Think I could guarantee your success later. Can't you hire for your sister?"

"Thank you, sir, but I'm afraid I'll have to go."

"Oh, well, very sorry. Good morning, Miss Collinger."

As she left the building that noon, a voice cried, "Here you are at last, Miss Fannie. May I walk with you? We're planning a small excursion for next week, and we want you to arrange to get off that day. You can, don't you think?"

"I'm afraid not, thank you. I've just heard of the illness of my sister and am about leaving the city for good."

"Oh, no, Fannie! Miss Fannie, surely not! We can't spare you. I mean to tell you at a more suitable time and place, not here in the street, Fannie, but if you're going away what's a fellow to do? I—I think lots of you. Never saw a girl I liked so well, really. I want to marry you

some day, don't you know, if you'll have me. You will, won't you?"

What girl is unmoved when the right man speaks to her of marriage—speaks he ever so haltingly? Poor Fannie felt her cup of trial overflow. Nevertheless she realized her duty to Bertha lay nearest, and she meant to perform it. Yet the temptation was great. John Paul St. John was offering her not only love, but culture, wealth, and position, all her soul craved. Must she refuse? Life with him would be a dream, a poem, and she must give it up. Could God possibly require so much sacrifice.

A moment she hesitated, then she said quietly, "Mr. St. John, I am an orphan and my sister is an epileptic. She is greatly attached to me, her only sister. With me at home and everything as of old, she will live years, I've no doubt, and be happy, poor girl. Without me, or in a strange place, she will pine away and soon die. The five months I've been in Halifax I've enjoyed greatly. I love my work, but I must go back to Lornville Saturday. So you see, what you ask is impossible."

"Not at all, not at all! Why must you go, Fannie? Come, marry me at once, and we'll get your sister a good nurse or send her to some sanitarium. You must not waste your youth and talents on an epileptic. If she dies, what then? We all must some day."

"The epileptic is my sister, Mr. St. John, and if she dies for want of me, I fear the voice of my sister's blood will cry to God from the ground."

"My dear girl, you are morbid! You have been working too hard. Come, let us marry quietly and go to Europe. You'll feel differently soon. By the way, I've heard you speak of brothers, cannot one of them care for their afflicted sister?"

"Either George, Roland, or John would do all they could, but, you understand, they're married. It's not upon them, but upon their wives the care would fall. They are all good women and kind, but in a case like this kinship tells. Try their very best, Susan, Bessie, or Kate could not help shrinking and showing their repugnance. Besides, Kate is extremely nervous. Indeed, indeed, I've gone over it all before, but if I, Bertha's own sister, dread the task and feel it almost more than I can bear, how can I expect a sister-in-law to perform it? Besides, Bertha longs for me. It is my burden, Mr. St. John, that I must bear, though, of

course, our brothers will help me as much as possible, financially and otherwise."

"I think, Fannie dear, if you would trust me, I could arrange a way; find some way out of this dilemma."

"There is no way, Mr. St. John, but that I have mentioned. Good-bye. We must walk different paths in this world, but I hope you may be happy."

"You are unkind, Fannie. You wish me happiness and yet refuse me the one thing necessary for its fulfilment."

"I do not mean to be unkind, Mr. St. John, but we must part here. Good-bye."

In a few days she was back in Lornville, striving as cheerfully as she could to take up the old life. Poor Bertha was visibly changed and Fannie's heart smote her, as she realized how much her own happy five months had cost her sister. It nerved her to do her best in house and garden. The work was uncongenial, but duty faithfully performed brings a certain satisfaction. Moreover, Bertha's clinging helplessness appealed to some instinct of her nature. Indeed, what good woman could neglect a mere dumb brute, dependent upon her? How much less an ailing, loving sister?

Although there were times without number when she longed for what might have been, yet she found herself by no means so miserable as she had expected. Friends rallied round her. She had the respect of the whole small community. Many favourable comments on her sisterly action were vigorously expressed. Some even averred that it was her deed that had caused Deacon Skinfint Jones to offer a home to his crippled cousin. Be that as it may, shortly after her return Farmer Jinks was actually seen carting a full load of meal, vegetables, and flour to his brother's widow, who ever since her husband's death, unaided by her well-to-do brother-in-law, had striven to keep her little family together and a roof over their heads. Moreover, he remarked genially, as he started for home:

"Don't spare anything, Melissy. There is more where that come from, so fatten up the kids as fast as you like."

What wide results an influence for good or evil has? Had Fannie Collinger known what was the incentive to these doings she might not have felt so dejected as she sometimes did.

Gradually, quiet happiness seemed to have a beneficial influence on poor Bertha. She became somewhat less helpless. She even walked out occasionally. Fannie thus could find time to write a little. Rather to her surprise, her articles proved more acceptable than of yore. She did not realize that the performance of her God-given duty had broadened her sympathies and given her a wider outlook on life; that she could reach the heart of suffering humanity because she too had suffered; that she could teach others because she had overcome self. Before she was old, God gave her the good things she had craved in youth, but, as she always strove to impress on the young, it came about not in her way, but in His; not by following her own will, but by trying to obey His commands.

As time passed her pen brought in sufficient for the modest wants of their little household. Miss Fannie Collinger's name began to be spoken in literary circles. She was known as a clever and good woman.

They were quite middle-aged when the end suddenly came to poor Bertha. No terrible fit carried her off, but an act of unselfish heroism. It was only the old story of a runaway horse and a little child in its track. How she ever did it was a mystery to all. The child was safe, but Bertha, killed instantly by the horse's hoof, lay motionless in the road. Tenderly they lifted the poor, bruised body and bore it into the home. Ah! the dear dependent ones are, after all, most missed. When she was gone, Fannie knew that poor afflicted Bertha had been more to her than even her sturdy, handsome brothers. She was free. Free at last to live her own life in her own way, but she gave that no thought. She mourned for her sister and was exceeding sorrowful.

In accordance with the custom of story-books, Mr. St. John ought now to have appeared, married Miss Collinger, and lived happy ever after. However, no such thing happened. In the first place, Mr. St. John had long been happily married, and was now more interested in the concerns of his eldest son than in Miss Collinger. In the second place, had the faithful Mr. St. John of the story-book appeared, I doubt if Miss Collinger would have accepted him. Her quiet life suited her, and she was wedded to her literary work. She had become a woman of importance

in her own little circle. All vied to do her honour. Why should she change her state?

In fact, she did not. She lived quietly on, a beautiful life, honoured and beloved, influencing through her books the youth of many lands. She lived to be over ninety and retained all her faculties to the end. When she was very old, she loved to tell of her youth, its temptations and trials, and the wonderful way in which God had led her.

Her last illness was brief and painless. Just before she crossed the river she was unconscious a little time, but roused herself at the crossing and, looking brightly upward, said something. Her physician bent over her and caught the words, "Those thou hast given me I have kept." And none of those standing round, that saw her rapt expression, but believed she even then heard her Lord's "Well done."

Barrington, N.S.

SINCE ELLEN CAME.

BY DOUGLAS L. HEMMEON.

Since Ellen came,
Only a year ago,
My world is brighter than
When roses blow.

She cannot talk,
But when did this world need
That any word should fall
When children plead.

Scarce can she walk,
But if she could; why, then
Much less she'd ask me for:
And, truly, when

My little Nell
Puts pleading in her eyes,
None is abject as I
Beneath the skies.

Her eyes are blue
As summer sea beneath
A summer sky. Her hair,
A shining wreath

Hebron, Nova Scotia.

Of finest gold,
Spun in God's own great loom,
And made her crown, whereby
She does assume

Authority,
And reigns, a queen by right
Divine—a fairer queen
Than e'er bedight

With jewelled crown,
Adorned, a priceless dress.
This thing our hearts untaught
Will fain confess.

Her heart is pure,
Chosen by Christ when He
A pattern sought to teach
Us what to be.

Since Ellen came—
God's touch on heart defiled—
I have, like her, become
A little child.

LIFE IN THE SPIRIT.

From "Threnody."

Wilt thou not ope thy heart to know
What rainbows teach, and sunsets show?
Verdict which accumulates
From lengthening scroll of human fates,
Voice of earth to earth returned,—
Prayers of saints that inly burned,—
Saying, What is excellent,
As God lives is permanent;
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain;
Heart's love will meet thee again.
Revere the Maker; fetch thine eye
Up to His style, and manners of the sky.
Not of adamant and gold
Built He heaven stark and cold;
No, but a nest of bending reeds,

Flowering grass and scented weeds;
Or like a traveller's fleeing tent,
Or bow above the tempest bent;
Built of tears and sacred flames,
And virtue reaching to its aims;
Built of furtherance and pursuing,
Not of spent deeds, but of doing.
Silent rushes the swift Lord
Through ruined system still restored.
Broad-sowing, bleak and void to bless,
Plants with worlds the wilderness;
Waters with tears of ancient sorrow,
Apples of Eden ripe to-morrow,
House and tenant go to ground,
Lost in God, in Godhead found.

—R. W. Emerson.

THE APOSTLES OF THE SOUTH-EAST.

BY FRANK T. BULLEN.

Author of "With Christ at Sea," etc.

CHAPTER XX.—Continued.



UPON reaching the infirmary Jemmy was at once shown into the ward where Paterson lay, looking wan with suffering. A compound fracture of the right leg, also of the left arm, and the breakage of three ribs, to say nothing of many bruises, had brought the burly fellow very low. So low, in fact, that when he saw Jemmy he did what probably he had never done before—he blushed with shame. But when Jemmy settled down by his side, and said cheerily, "Well, ole man, 'ow goes it? Gittin' 'long famous, ain't yer?" he could no longer withhold his confidence from one whom he had so deeply injured. Looking up at Jemmy's bright, sympathetic face, he murmured:

"Thankye, Jemmy. I'm a doin' well; ever s' much better 'n I 'spected or deserves. I wish I'd a-ben killed. Now, don't say nothin'" —for he could see Jemmy about to interpose—"don't say nothin' till I tell yer. It was me robbed yer of that there money. I thort you might 'ave somefin worf pinchin', an' that wos w'y I stopped that Sat'dy night so 's I c'd see whereabouts you was likely t' put the stuff. And I was in the 'All arf an' 'our after you'd all left, same way as I was a-gettin' in this las' time—through th' skylight. Wot did I care abaht yore troubles or 'oo'd 'ave ter make it up? Nothin' at all; I was only thinkin' o' th' oof. But th' way ye met me very near choked me orf. I ses to meself w'en I got clear: 'Well, I won't go near their drum no more; they ain't arf a bad lot o' jossers.' An' I wouldn't a-done either, only I got boozed, an' somebody touched me for wot I'd got left, 'n then I thort I'd go through the old drum agen. An' you know wot 'appened. I'm glad of it. Only thing, I wish 't 'd a-ben wuss. If I'd only a-broke me worfless neck it would a-ben all right."

"Oh, don't say that," said Jemmy, as the poor wretch sank back exhausted. "Wile there's life there's 'ope, y' know. You're still in th' place o' re-

pentance, an' it may be 'at Gord's got some great work fur you to do that nobody else can do. Now, just you cheer up. We sharn't appear agen ye; at least, if we 'ave to we ain't a-goin' t' say more 'n we can 'elp. It ain't no part of our belief to 'unt th' sinner dahn an' punish 'im. We know 'at 'is punishment's quite 'eavy enough gen'lly wivout us a-puttin' more on it. Wotever it is they give yeh fur wot ye did, don't you fink as we 'ad any 'and in it. We'll do ahr best t' make fings brighter for ye."

"Oh, that's all right," said Paterson. "I'm goin' t' make a clean breast o' th' 'ole thing, an' take wotever they gives me wiv a thankful 'eart. I deserve it all, an' it'll do me good t' git it. Nah, go away. You're such a good little chap that I feel awful to fink I ever did ye so much 'arm, an' I really can't bear t' see ye a-settin' there. Come agen, won't ye, sometimes? P'raps w'en ye do I'll feel better able to speak t' ye than I do nah."

So Jemmy bade him good-bye, and went back to his uncomfortable home with a light heart, happy in the consciousness that he had done his duty. When Saturday night came he told the story in the prayer-meeting—told it, too, with such graphic power that every one present was moved almost to tears, and unanimously agreed that this was the way that the blessed Master himself would have acted.

Yet, strange to say, on that very night a gang of Paterson's wild associates, having taken enough drink to make them reckless, came up the lane and amused themselves by breaking every window in the Hall, utterly destroying the lamp hung over the entrance, and battering both doors with big stones until they looked more like a section of road than anything else. It was a pitiful sight that greeted Brother Salmon when he came on Sunday morning, and naturally it cast a gloom over the breaking of bread—so much so that when Jemmy was strolling homeward with Brother and Sister Salmon, after the meeting, he said in deepest depression:

"Brother Salmon, it seems 's if we never 'ave such blessed seasons of refreshin' Sunday mornin's as we useter.

'S if nah we've got ahr 'All an' a goodly number 'as jined the chutch, 'at the' dear Lord wasn't as comf'ble wiv ers as 'e useter be. Or is it, I wonder, as farver ses, 'at we've got some'un in ahr midst as ain't right wiv 'im—the Lord, I mean?"

"Oh, don't think that, brother!" exclaimed Sister Salmon; "there's no need to, I'm sure. Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, you know; an' besides, we've been permitted to do a great work among the people here lately, an' you don't suppose the devil's a-goin' to let us off without tryin' all he knows to make us suffer for it? Bless His Holy Name, I ain't going to feel down-hearted as long as I see souls bein' saved an' added to the church every week. An' see how the young converts is a-comin' on, too. That young Jackson, did you notice how he prayed this mornin'?" An' don't you remember how he spoke in the open-air last Sunday?"

Jemmy's face brightened up at once as he replied: "Yers, sister, I shou'd fink I did. 'E's a fine speaker already. An' 'ow well he knows 'is Bible! W'y, I cou'd almost leave 'im to conduc' a meetin'. But then ye see 'e's been well brort up, an' it's only sence 'e's ben in London 'at 'e's run wild." The man of whom they spoke was a fine, stalwart young policeman from Shropshire, who had been gathered in at the memorable meeting on the "Waste" when Bill Harrop was converted. The ways of mission folk apparently came quite natural to him, for he had never gone very far astray, and the memory of his quiet country home and the serenity of his life there took but little reviving. But there was one thing about him of which these simple souls seemed quite unconscious. He was a born leader of men, and no subordinate position could long content him. Already he had visions of the time when he would be the chief figure in the Wren Lane Mission. It may be thought puerile to aspire to such a lowly position as that, but, dear reader, remember that it was a leadership, a place of authority, and such na'ures as his cannot but reach out after authority, even though it be over as humble a band as this little gathering was.

And all unconsciously, by their praise of him, their pushing him forward whenever possible, they were feeding the flame of his ambition. He it was who boldly came forward, and with the ever-willing Bill Harrop's aid determined to repair the extensive

damage done to the building by Paterson's friends. In quite a patronizing way he begged Jemmy not to worry himself about it. He (Jackson), Harrop, and a few others would do all that was to be done without troubling the outside public with any details. And it was so. They worked like beavers; they stinted themselves of the common necessities of life, and before the next Sunday's meeting every broken pane had been replaced, the door had been taken off its hinges, planed and painted, the lamp was replaced, and the Hall looked quite fresh and bright again.

The joy of the brethren at this energetic behaviour on the part of the new adherents may be imagined. It was in nowise lessened when before the expiration of Paterson's short term of imprisonment (short because of the absolute refusal of the brethren to press any charge against him, and their pleading that he might be given the benefit of the doubt as to how he came to be in their premises in such a condition) Brother Jackson proposed that he should be met at the prison-door, brought to the mission, and there presented with a new barrow and donkey, as well as a sum of money to go to market with so that he might resume his real calling as a costermonger with a fair chance of success.

But I am anticipating somewhat. Before Paterson's term had nearly expired, Jackson had suggested, and succeeded in establishing, a Tuesday evening series of Bible readings and expoundings by himself. At the first two or three, well attended as they were, Jemmy and his father were present, and were both delighted at the way in which Brother Jackson handled the sacred Word. Presently, however, they were not so sure as to his perfect orthodoxy. It seemed to them that he was straying away from the old paths in which they had long trodden into strange no-thoroughfares of dogma. But, as neither of them were very keen disputants, or able to dissect a question with any logical ability, they held their peace for the time.

The finances of the Hall did not improve, however, and as it became necessary to discontinue the open-air meetings on account of the inclemency of the weather, the falling off in the revenue at once developed into a matter for serious concern. In vain did each speaker within the Hall warn all the congregation of the danger of letting their contributions dwindle.

Let it be recorded in justice to Brother Jackson that he left no stone unturned to keep the contributions up to the required amount, giving himself really more than he could afford. But he did not fail to drop hints occasionally to such as he thought disposed to receive them; that the superintendent was somewhat wanting in energy, as he certainly was in setting an example in the matter of subscriptions. The latter failing was well known to all the older members, and condoned because all knew how hard a struggle Jemmy had for bread; but the newcomers did not realize this so well, and consequently felt, especially those whose contributions were very small, much aggrieved that the superintendent should not rise to the dignity of his office in better style.

In this unsatisfactory way matters had gone on for some weeks, Jackson having taken over the treasurership meanwhile, when the storm which had undoubtedly been brewing for some time suddenly burst. At the Tuesday church meeting, which Jackson had taken care to have well attended, he suddenly brought a charge against Jemmy of having neglected his duty, or at any rate of having failed to perform it. Moreover, he went on to say that while Jemmy and his father were undoubtedly a draw in the open-air meetings, and had been signally blessed in the bringing in of such as should be saved, they were quite incapable of managing the affairs of such an important gathering as the Wren Lane Mission had become, or of teaching the young converts the doctrines it was so necessary they should know in order to become, in their turn, spreaders of the light.

It was a long harangue, and it made a great impression. But it did Jemmy good. Deep down within him smouldered hidden fires of that dogged energy that his father was so notable for in the bad old days before his conversion. And this outspoken attempt to oust him from a position that he occupied by right divine, as he believed, aroused him effectually. He sprang to his feet at the close of Jackson's speech, and made so vigorous a declaration of his views and of his awakening to the real aims of Mr. Jackson, as he now called him, that the audience visibly wavered. But while they were wondering whereunto this matter would grow, old Pug Maskery arose and said:

"Brevren an' sisters, less adjurn th' meetin' till Sunday night, tryin' then

t' get all our members an' friends here. An' then we'll arsk 'em w'ich they'll 'ave, my son or Bruvver Jackson fer superintendent. We must settle it some-ow; it's gone too fur t' be patched up—it must be settled." At that Brother Salmon at once pronounced the benediction, and the audience dispersed to spread the news of the first split in the Wren Lane Mission.

Meanwhile Jackson spent every spare moment calling upon possible adherents, discussing the roseate prospects of the mission under so energetic and capable a superintendent as he should be, and dismally dwelling upon the certain disaster impending if Jemmy, good Christian but incapable business man as he was, was allowed to continue in command. Altogether, the very keenness of his interest and the flow of his persuasive talk mightily impressed people, and even those best affected towards Jemmy began to shake their heads and say, "Well, it would be a pity to let the mission run down, wouldn't it?" Quite forgetting that the principal sufferers in such an event would be the original members who were trustees, and who would, of course, be called upon to find the rent for seven years in any event.

CHAPTER XXI.

SAUL'S RETURN.

In all the range of human experience I make bold to say that there is nothing more beautiful and at the same time more wonderful to watch than the behaviour of a newly-converted man or woman. They have a happiness far too deep for expression, but they have also so sensitive an appreciation of danger to that happiness through their failing to maintain the high standard they have set before themselves, that the way in which they walk through the wilderness of this world is most pathetic to watch. "Smit with a sudden and a sweet surprise," they welcome every blessing with a profound yet glad humility, and as in every circumstance of life, so far as it affects themselves, they are able to find blessing intended for them, their cup of thankfulness runs over all the time. Like infants learning to walk, you shall see the once selfish person totteringly practising unselfishness, the once foul tongue almost silent, while its new lan-

guage is being learned, the flaccid muscles of the once indolent, impudent loafer being braced to meet the new demands made upon them by this mighty indwelling force which no amount of human reasoning or philosophy can ever satisfactorily account for or explain away.

But when, instead of an individual case, there is, as in the crew of the "Asteroid," a company of believers, all without the faintest tinge of hypocrisy or cant, clustered together in their little floating world with an utter absence of all the evils by which folks ashore are continually being tempted to forsake the Lord, the sight is one that is as near an advance view of the joys of heaven as can be witnessed while yet this hampering environment of flesh compasses us about. There is nothing monastic about such a life except in the enforced coarseness of the food. No rule of silence, no formal routine of mechanical prayers, no self-torture. His service is perfect freedom, because the will of Christ has become the will of the Christian. There is, however, deep down in every heart a dread of the time swiftly approaching when the loving company must separate, when new companions will, by every wile that the devil can suggest, endeavour to turn the released ones back into the loathsome dungeons they have been delivered from, until the trembling Christian is prone to pray that it may please God to set him free from the burden of the flesh, which he feels to be more than he can bear.

Therefore it was that as the "Asteroid," bounding homeward before a strong westerly gale at the rate of three hundred miles a day, gave all her crew to understand that their time of refreshing was drawing to a close, they were one and all possessed by mingled feelings of joy and dread. Perhaps of all of them Saul had the most single eye. He loved them all, as he was beloved by them, but upon his heart night and day was the welfare of the brethren at Wren Lane, and his impatience to be back again with them grew almost painful in its intensity.

The cares of his position, however, kept him from becoming too much absorbed in anticipation. Howling squalls of snow swept down upon them from the low, leaden skies, enwrapping them in a whirling smother of white cold that seemed to freeze their very hearts. The sudden leap out of a tropical temperature into the rigour of English

Channel winter weather is so trying to that wonderful piece of mechanism, the human body, that it is no wonder sailors become prematurely old. The sailor, who for weeks has been basking in tropical sunshine until his blood is thin as claret, suddenly finds himself beset by Arctic weather. He is wet and cannot dry his clothing. He is bitterly cold, and has no means of warming himself, for a stove in his abode (a "bogey," as it is called) is said to be very unhealthful. And so he must shiver and suffer, while from his food he gets no sensible degree of comfort as far as the raising of his temperature goes.

As they drew nearer the land and their deep-sea lead smelt bottom, bringing up its "arming" of tallow, sand, shells, and hake's teeth, down came the fog in vast eddying wreaths like smoke. With it came also that terrible sense of proximity to danger which is peculiar to seamen in a fog. Even in Channel, what is, perhaps, the most crowded arm of the sea in the world always seems to have so much room when the weather is clear, that the idea of collision is scouted as ridiculous. But when the fog shuts down, all those wide breadths appear to have closed up. The eye vainly tries to pierce through the dense veil, the ear aches with listening for the hoot of sirens or the wailing shrieks of whistles, while every fibre of the seaman's body tingles with expectation of being suddenly called upon to battle for his life with the utmost energy.

On board the "Asteroid," however, there was less of this waste of nerve-force than usual, because all hands were imbued with the idea that they were under the peculiar and particular care of God. Whatever befell them would, they were sure, be the very best thing for their welfare. With this perfect panoply of faith to ward off those infirmities of fear or apprehension that do so easily beset men engaged in dangerous callings, they were wonderfully light-hearted, and sprang to their duties in response to the calls made upon them with a cheerful alacrity delightful to see. As Captain Vaughan said to Mr. Carroll: "I don't want to meet trouble half-way, but these dear fellows are spoiling me for the next lot I shall get. I would to God I could keep them by the ship. But that's out of the question, of course."

So the "Asteroid," her home wind holding steadily, ran up Channel in safety, until she entered the nar-

rowing waters off Beachy Head. The skipper had not taken steam because he had not seen a tug, and being anxious to shorten the anxious period of his navigation, was carrying a heavy press of sail. Suddenly the fog seemed to grow solid just ahead, and out of that density leaped a huge steamship, her electric masthead light glaring like the solitary eye of some suddenly awakened Cyclops. With both helms hard aport, the ships slowly revolved, as if upon an axis, but so close to each other that the agonized passengers on board the steamer could hear the dull booming of the "Asteroid's" sails as they sullenly beat against the masts. A few moments of terrible suspense, and the ships swung clear of each other, not a splinter or a rope-yarn displaced, and all who thus escaped entitled henceforth to say that they had been suspended over the grave by a single hair.

Owing to the smartness of the "Asteroid's" crew, very few minutes elapsed before all sail necessary was again set, and those no longer needed were furled. Then shone out the familiar low beam of Dungeness, inviting the homeward bounder to stay awhile and receive a pilot from the cutter cruising in the East Bay. Presently the burly form of their new guide appeared at the gangway, welcomed, as a pilot always is by homeward-coming crews—as if now, indeed, the perils of the voyage were all at an end. And hardly had the sails been filled and the ship gathered way before out steamed a tug from Dover harbour and offered her services. They were immediately accepted, and the joyful news communicated to the watch below. There is no order more cheerfully obeyed on board ship than that to pass the hawser or tow-rope along to the tug, and it was a heart-lifting sight to see those fine chaps move.

Morning was just breaking, so that the pilot had a full view of their actions. As soon as the tug was fast and steaming ahead, the pilot turned to the skipper and said: "Cap'n, you've got a splendid lot o' fellows here. 'Tain't often nowadays one has the pleasure of seeing work done aboard ship as these fellows are doin' it."

Captain Vaughan's face lit up with a proud smile as he replied: "Pilot, you never said a truer word in your life. But you make me think of the last time such a remark was passed to me and the change that's come over me since then."

Having thus got his opening, the skipper told the story of his conversion

in Calcutta, of the blessing Saul had been to them all, and the time of perfect peace they had all enjoyed since leaving port. He wound up with streaming eyes, his heart running over with gratitude as he remembered all the joys of the voyage, and finally said: "Now, pilot, I don't know how you feel about it, but I feel that with such a testimony as I have given no sailor-man ought to hesitate for a moment before accepting the blessing offered him by such a Father; especially a pilot, who knows so well what it means to poor sailors to have some sure guide well acquainted with all the intricate navigation of life, and whose knowledge is so perfect that he cannot make a mistake."

The skipper stopped abruptly and looked at the pilot. As he did so he saw that upon that worthy man's face there was a most happy smile, an infectious smile. Slowly the pilot replied: "Cap'n, I wouldn't interrupt ye, for I ben enjoyin' myself more than I can possibly give ye any idea of. I've ben a Christian for a good many years now, an' when I look back on 'em I can't see that I've done much to justify my calling. I'm an active member of our church (I'm a Congregationalist) when I'm ashore, but I can't say—I daren't say—that I use my opportunities afloat as I might do, not by a very long way. What you've just told me, however, has, I hope, hit me pretty hard. You've shown me a picture of a state of sea-life such as I've long dreamed about, but, like so many others, I never took one little step towards makin' my dream a reality. I will now, though. By God's help, I certainly will. An' p'raps, if you git half a chance before it's too late, you'll give me an opportunity of tellin' your fine fellows as much before they go ashore."

"I'm real glad you mentioned that, pilot, because it's just given me the clue I want," said the skipper. "There's been a hazy sort of an idea floatin' round in my brain for several days past that such a ship's company as this oughtn't to part as usual. That we ought to have a sort of thank-givin' service before we get far enough up the river to be interrupted by visitors.—Mr. Carroll!"—as that officer came in sight—"as soon as the hands have had their breakfast let them muster aft for a few final words; everybody in the ship, if you please, and we'll gather on the poop so that the man at the wheel can take part at the same time."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered Carroll. "I'll see to it. They'll all be very glad of the chance, I know."

All hands were sent to breakfast at seven bells, a breakfast that the skipper had personally superintended the preparation of, all that could be found worth having in the cuddy stores.

At one bell (8.30) all hands came aft, no longer shamefacedly and awkwardly, as would once have been the case, but brightly, cheerily, and all at ease, as men who respected themselves and knew the respect due to others. They grouped themselves all about the poop in obedience to the skipper's gestures, and when all hands were present Captain Vaughan stood out in front of them and said:

"My dear fellows, for the very first time in my life my heart is heavy at getting home. It's heavy in spite of the joy I naturally feel at the prospect of meeting my own dear ones. Heavy because I am about to part with the best crew ever man had. Oh, dear, but my heart is sore at the idea of partin' with you all. But perhaps I'm selfish. I'm forgettin' in my desire for my own personal comfort, how necessary it is that all you missionaries of the real kind should be scattered about through as many ships as possible.

"An' that brings me to what I've called you aft for. Only as your skipper, mind you, for the man that has the best right to talk to you on this subject is the man we all love and admire, the man to whom, under God, we all owe the salvation of our souls. God Almighty bless and prosper Saul Andrews, our bo'sun." A broken chorus of "God bless him" and "Amen" went up, and on several bronzed faces there shone a jewel of incomparable lustre, the grateful tear welling from a heart surcharged with divine love. The skipper resumed:

"You know, dear boys, that presently we shall all be in the thick of all those snares that our countrymen spread for us when we are let loose for a brief holiday. Now, we must all freeze on to the fact that if we want to be truly happy, not only while we're ashore but afterward, we must never forget for one moment that we have been bought with a price. We're no longer bits of flotsam and jetsam. We're witnesses for God in one of the most difficult callings known to men. Therefore my advice to you is, that when the B. T. (Board of Trade) man comes aboard, all of you who have a home to go to, even if you've been so long away that you've

almost forgotten it, be off at once. Those who haven't any home, go and get some decent lodgings away from sailortown and its miserable, squalid temptations. And keep in touch with me all you that can. It may be that we may all or nearly all manage to make another voyage together. But for the dear Lord's sake don't forget that all the happy hours we've had since we left Calcutta have only been to fit us for the fiery trial that's about to try us. Now the pilot wants to say just a word or two to you."

Forthwith the pilot came forward and said: "Well, Cap'n Vaughan, officers, and men of this fine ship, I'm afraid I'm a bit tongue-tied. Ye see, I've neglected my opportunities of sayin' a word for the Master for so long that I don't know how to begin now. But one thing I can say, an' that is, that what your skipper has told me about your wonderful voyage has made me feel dreadfully ashamed of myself, an' I take ye all to witness that from this out I intend to say something for the extending of the kingdom of God in every ship I take out or bring in. After the example you've all set me I feel right down ashamed of myself. And I must say this one thing more, which is, that of all the crews I've ever seen in my life you are the brightest, the smartest, and the happiest-lookin'. God bless every one of ye."

"Bo'sun," said the skipper, when the ringing cheers which greeted the pilot's little speech had died away, "we should all very much like, I know, to have a final word from you, and also to have you give us a closing word of prayer. I know you'll be glad of the chance, so go ahead." Saul, who had been drinking in every word with feelings indescribable, sprang to his feet, and faced the ship's company. But for some moments he was unable to get a word out because of the hearty cheering of his shipmates. When at last their affectionate tributes had subsided, he began:

"Captain Vaughan, pilot, an' friends, what can I say? My heart's so full I can't hardly speak. Just think of it. God saved me, made my work a delight to me 'stead of a weary way of gettin' a living', filled me so full of His love that I had to show it, couldn't help it. An' then, all these things, all these blessin's that would be well wuth any trouble or pains to get, blessin's which I never did nothin' for, are treated as if they was good doin's o' mine, an' I'm paid for 'em like this. What is the use o' me tryin' to talk to you about it? I'm so

happy I can't talk. If workin' chaps, an' 'specially sailormen, only knew how good a thing it was to serve God, what an ex'ample to the churches, ships, an' workshops it would be to be sure! But there is one thing I'd like to say, an' that is, that I'm connected with a little mission over in Rotherhithe, an' I would dearly love for as many of you as ain't leavin' London to come over an' attend some o' the meetin's there. I promise ye a treat.

"Besides that, I'd like as many of ye as 'aven't got no regular good place to go to let me do what I can to get ye respectable lodgin's away from sailor-town, as the captain says, an' perhaps if we keep in touch with the dear old ship we may make another voyage in her. If not, three or four of us may get in a ship together. An' I'll warrant the Lord'd make use of us.—An' now, oh, dear, lovin', careful Father, do accept all the thanks of our full hearts. You've done a wonderful work in this ship; you've saved every soul aboard. We've been as happy as any ship's company could possibly be. Now, we're a-goin' into greater dangers than there is 't sea. Lord, keep us. We 'aven't got the strength—we'll be just like children let loose; but you know all about us. Keep us from doin' any harm to ourselves or anybody else, and wherever we goes, let us bear witness for Jesus. God bless our dear skipper, our officers, God bless us, every one, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

It was all over, and back flowed the tide of work. Ah, how they worked, those Christian sailors! Presently the ship reached Gravesend, and with a perfect hurricane of farewells, the channel pilot took his leave. He was succeeded by the river pilot, a totally different kind of man, who had not been on board five minutes before he rapped out a tremendous oath at one of his boat's crew who had in some way offended him. Captain Vaughan, who was standing near him at the moment, said: "Pilot, that's the first swear-word I've heard for five months. I'd almost forgotten that men were such fools as to swear."

"Look 'ere, cap'n," retorted the "Mudlark," "I ain't under yore command, and if I feels like cussin' an' swearin', I'm a-goin' t' do it, see! Pretty fine thing w'en a man cawn't swear if he wants to. I wonder wot th' 'ell next."

"Oh, certainly," replied the skipper, "swear if you want to, if you think it does you any good. I can't stop you, of course, though I should like to. I only said that I'd almost forgotten that men were such fools as to swear."

Now, strange as it may appear to those who know the painful and frequent and free language indulged in by river workers on the Thames, that pilot did not swear any more while he was on board the "Asteroid" until she reached the dock. He caused a good deal of harmless mirth among the crew by issuing his orders sarcastically, saying, "Wouldjer kindly oblige me by trimmin' them yawds forrard?" or, "Will somebody 'ave th' goodness t' see whether the anchor's all clear for lettin' go?" or, "Do yer mind givin' her a little stawbud 'ellum?"

But, although the strain must have been severe, not another oath escaped his lips until, just as the ship's head was being pointed into the East India dock basin, a lighterman, whose aim of getting pushed into the basin ahead of the "Asteroid" had been frustrated, launched a perfectly tropical squall of profanity at the suffering pilot. That burst the floodgates of his speech, and for the space of about three minutes he gave vent to his long-pent-up feelings. When, for sheer lack of breath, he paused, the lighterman looked up at him with a quizzical smile, saying: "Lord love yer, Billy, anybody'd fink you'd ben dumb fer a week. I didn't fink you'd got it in yer. Y' awt t' keep a Sunday-school, you awt." To this remark he made no reply, but with all the usual skill of these men saw the ship safely moored in her berth. As soon as she was fast he fled ashore, muttering unintelligibly, a man that had met with a problem beyond his utmost skill to solve.

The decks cleared up neatly, and all as a careful mate would have it, Mr. Carroll sung out for all hands. When they mustered, he said: "Boys, I'm goin' to say the usually welcome words, 'That'll do, everybody.' But I feel I must say good-bye to every one personally. I do hope with all my heart, and so does Mr. Kerton, that we shall all be shipmates again. Of course Captain Vaughan had to go, but before he went he told me he'd pay off at Green's Home the day after tomorrow in the afternoon, and if any of you that are not going home by the Board o' Trade scheme wants any money, I've got it to give you." Only four men stepped forward, and asked for a sovereign each; the rest had all accepted the most welcome provision made by the laws for the protection of the poor sailor from the swarming villainy along the river banks. The money was at once handed over, and then each man stepped forward and gave the two officers a hearty hand-shake and good-bye.

On the quay there waited hungrily several individuals, whose faces alone should have been as a danger-signal warning homeward-bound sailors to shun them as they would an infected corpse. A wise law would not allow these fellows on board, but they came as near as they dared, and whenever they saw a face over the rail one of them put on as amiable an expression as he knew how, half-withdrawing a bottle from his pocket, and beckoning the owner of the face ashore. It is difficult to imagine the chagrin experienced by these landsharks when they found that of all the crew not one was at all likely to fall into their nets. How savagely they cursed as they saw the home-goers leave under the careful supervision of the B. T. man, and the four remaining chaps sedately walk away with Saul! They spat out their opprobrium at the departing men as long as it was safe for them to do so, and then, baffled at every point, slunk away to await the coming in of another ship's company who would be less carefully prepared to meet and withstand their diabolical wiles. So happily ended the voyage of the Asteroid, inauspiciously begun, but by the courage, ability, and Christian perseverance of one man brought to so beautiful an issue as never to be forgotten by any one who belonged to her during that time.

CHAPTER XXII.

A CATASTROPHE AT THE MISSION.

It is disagreeably necessary to turn back for a time from the peaceful, happy condition of things experienced on board of the Asteroid to the turbid waters rapidly rising around the mission. It will be remembered how high the tension had become on account of the desire of Brother Jackson to oust Jemmy from the position of superintendent. On the Thursday following, the usual mid-week meeting was held indoors, the weather being far too inclement now for open-air work, and there was a fairly good attendance. But the whole performance was perfunctory in the extreme. Outwardly, at all events, both parties observed the compact not to do anything until the question should be put to the gathering as a whole on Sunday night. Except, of course, the issue of emphatic invitations to all members to attend who possibly could. Yet it is undeniable that Jackson did do a great deal of underhand work, aided

by those who favoured his claims, while Jemmy and his party, as far as they could, dismissed the whole matter from their minds for the present.

On Saturday night, however, the prayer-meeting, which had been exceptionally well attended of late, was almost deserted. To the astonishment of Jemmy, only the old members of the mission were present, with the addition of Mary Seton, Woody, and Bill Harrop, and the omission, of course, of the defaulters Jimson and Jenkins. And there was a noticeable absence of fervour except in the case of Bill Harrop and Woody. Indeed, the former bade fair to be one of those wonderful spiritual prodigies that from the outer darkness seem at once to spring into the most perfect light, liberty, and usefulness.

Woody was as happy as usual, but, as he had ever been since his return to the fold, very penitential over his backsliding, and overflowing with gratitude for the goodness of God in permitting him to come back to peace. But neither of these cheery souls made any allusion to the impending crisis. From anything they said a stranger might have supposed that the affairs of the mission were profoundly peaceful and prosperous.

Just before the close of the meeting, Jemmy's uncle, old Jack Maskery, quietly glided in and took his seat alongside of his brother. A whispered word or two passed between the two old warriors, and presently Jack stood up. There was a deep hush over all as he began: "Dear Farver, we've been arskin' ye fur a blessin' on ahr coming tergevver ter-morrer, arskin' yer ter bless ahr effits t' exten' thy kingdom. An all the w'ile some on us 'at orter know better 'r feelin' 'fraid 't arter all these years o' blessin' th' wuk we ben tryin' t' do fur thee, yore a-goin' t' let up on erse; a-goin' t' begin t' let erse be put t' shame. No, Lord, that you ain't. You never done it yit, an' you ain't goin' t' begin nah. If there's goin' to be a bust up 'ere in this mission it's corse it's wanted. Any'ow, you knows best, Lord. There ain't or ortn't t' be any doubts abaht that. Gord bless erse all. Keep erse steadfast, unmovable, alwus abahndin' in th' wuk o' th' Lord, forasmuch as we know 'at ahr labour is vain in the Lord. Amen."

Then Pug pronounced the benediction, and the little company passed out into the bleak night, all except the three Maskerys, who remained behind

to discuss the situation. The two old brothers were very emphatic upon the "all-rightness" of the mission, while at the same time sympathizing with Jemmy. They knew what he must be feeling, much better than he thought they did, for had they not often gone through much the same experience many times. But what they did not know was the suffering he was enduring by reason of that evil suggestion he had entertained about the money.

The words of his father concerning the possible presence among them of one who was not all right with the Lord clung to him and would not be got rid of. However, to his great relief, the two rugged old Christians proceeded to discuss ways and means in case of a split, and this turning his mind into another channel did him good. At last it was decided that, in the event of the impending break being of a serious nature, and drawing off a majority of the congregation, Pug and Jack should beat up their friends and endeavour to persuade them to tide the little gathering over its temporary troubles. And with this resolve they parted for their several homes.

Sunday evening saw the hall packed to overflowing, for not only were there no absentees among the members, but, allured by the prospect of a row, premonitions of which unseemly proceeding had somehow got circulated in the neighbourhood, there was a goodly muster of those who had no Christian feeling whatever—only a wish to see what they termed a lark. After the preliminary hymn-singing and prayers, Jemmy rose, and taking for his text the familiar John iii. 16, launched into a fervent appeal to those present to hear the voice of God, to come and be saved. Never had he spoken with so much fire blended with so much pathos. Never, apparently, had his hearers manifested such keen interest in his remarks. But, had he been ten times as fervently eloquent, it is doubtful whether he would have made any real impression, because the majority of his audience, having come to hear something entirely different, had a certain sense of grievance at Jemmy's unwarrantably taking up their time with what they felt that they could hear whenever they liked. So, when he suddenly brought his address to an end by announcing that after the hymn had been sung Brother Jackson would address the meeting, there was perceptible intensifying of interest, all faces lost their somewhat dreamy look, and the hymn was sung with great vigour.

While the last verse was proceeding, Brother Jackson made his way to the platform, being met at its break by Pug, who whispered something in his ear. He nodded and took a seat by Jemmy's side at the rear of the platform. As soon as the congregation had resumed their seats, Pug limped forward and said:

"Brevren an' sisters, most on you know what's in the wind. I needn't remind ye of all that my son 'as ben an' done in this 'ere nayburwood; you all knows it as well as wot I do. But Bruvver Jackson, 'e fnks as 'ow us old 'ans at the work in this mission's git-in' stale, an' 'that they ort t' be some fresh blood in the conduc' of matters 'ere. 'E's nah goin' t' address yer on th' subjec', an' arterward we'll 'ave a show of 'ands to see oose in faviour of 'im being superintendent 'stead o' my son. I sh'll 'ave a little more t' say arter 'e's finished, but at present it's 'is show. Bruvver Jackson, will you take the meetin'?"

The attention was now earnest enough to justify the most exacting speaker. Brother Jackson advanced to the rail, moistened his lips with his tongue twice or thrice, cleared his throat nervously, and at last said: "Dear friends, my task to-night ain't a easy one. God knows I shou'd be the last to say a word agen Jemmy or his father, or anybody else connected with this mission. I owe 'em all too much for that. I don't believe that you could find, if you searched London through, a better job than there is here. But we've all gotter remember that a man may be very godly, very lovable, and very kind, an' yet be a very bad business man. An' in a mission like this you can't afford to have a bad business man for a superintendent. There isn't any outside help; all the funds 'as got to come from the poorest of the poor (I know I'm a-wearin' my shirts till they nearly fall to pieces 'cause of the drain the mission is on me), an' if these funds are not carefully nursed and wisely managed you know what'll happen, don't you? If not, I'll tell you. Before this winter's gone you'll have the landlord bund'lin' you out an' collarin' the Hall 'at 'as cost so much labour and money"—("Neither of it yours," muttered Jemmy).

"Well, what I propose is this, that we have an election for superintendent, treasurer, secretary, and deacons, in proper form, every member of the gathering being entitled to vote, and when the election's over, that we have a proper set of rules drawn up and audi-

tors appointed to examine all vouchers and deeds and everything else belonging to the mission. All of you who think that what I propose ought to be done, please hold up your hands." Immediately the hands of everybody in the Hall went up, the only exceptions being the old members—Stevens, Salmon, Burn, and their wives, aided by Woody, Bill Harrop, and the Maskerys. With a triumphant flush on his face Jackson turned to Pug and said: "Well, shall we proceed to the election?"

Stiffly Pug rose, came to the front of the platform, and quietly said: "My friends, ahr Bruvver Jackson 'as invited yer t' elect the breveren ye choose ter run this 'ere mission. But 'e's fergot ter mention that four on us 'as made ahrselves responsible fur th' place, an' it falls t' ahr lot t' make up any deficits in payment. Nah, that bein' th' case, I got ter remind 'im—an' you, too—at us four 'ave got the say in this matter. An' we don't choos; that any of them what's come inter the mission sense we've born' th' burden' an' 'eat of the day shall rob us of ahr interest in it. We think we've earned ahr right and we mean t' stick to it. 'Ave yore election if ye like, but understand, please, 'at if ye decide t' put us aht, yer decide to put yerselves aht of this 'All; yer must go an' git some'ers else t' wusshup in. It's very simple. It almost breaks my pore ole 'eart t' 'ave t' say this, but 'tain't th' fust time I've 'ad t' face th' same kind o' fing. I ain't got nuffink t' say agin anybody; I'm only a-tellin' yer the plain facts. Now go a'ead wiv yer votin'."

Jackson sprang to his feet instantly, crying: "I thought as much. These 'ere Maskerys are runnin' this place as a little private concern. I didn't say so afore, but now it's been so plainly put afore us, all that we've got to do—those of us who don't agree with having a matter like this made a family affair of—is to go out an', as Mr. Maskery, senior, suggests, get a place of our own. All them as are in favour of doing so follow me out."

Alas for the fickleness of human nature! In spite of all that had gone before, notwithstanding the blameless record of the Maskerys and the history of the mission, there was such an exodus at Jackson's invitation that in five minutes only twelve persons remained to support the original members of the Wren Lane Mission. But what principally troubled Jemmy were the insulting remarks passed by sundry people as they passed out—re-

flections upon him which he knew to be undeserved. For, in spite of what people say, undeserved reproach is far harder to bear than that which has been earned.

The little company left behind felt very forlorn and lonely as they looked around the Hall, so much too big for them now. Each thought mournfully of the months still to pass before the open-air campaign could be entered upon again and new converts made to swell their numbers, for each of them knew how little hope there was of getting audiences into the Hall during the winter. They sat speechlessly for a few minutes, until Bill Harrop rose and said quietly:

"Breveren an' sisters, this 'ere's a bit of a knock; I ain't sayin' it isn't; but I ben a-readin' that there yarn in the Book 'bout Gideon, and I reckon 'e 'ad a good deal 'eavier knock than this w'en all his army melted away 'cept them three 'undred. Our congregashun's left us, but God ain't, an' you mark my words, there's some great blessin' 'id in this fur us if we'll only wait an' see th' salvation of the Lord. I don't know as it's much good sayin' a great deal to-night, but afore we parts let me remind yer 'at that pore wretch is a-comin' aht ter-morrer—Jem Paterson, I mean. Now, I serjests as Jemmy an' 'is farver goes up an' meets 'im w'en 'e do come aht, 'cause I know 'e ain't got nowhere to go, an' aht er th' mission funds, in spite o' th' straits we're in, they sets 'im up wiv a donkey an' barrer an' some market money. Firty bob'l abaht do it, an' I know it ort ter be done. Wot d'ye s'y?"

"Say," almost shouted Stevens, the tug-boat skipper, "w'y, I say certainly. An' wot's more, there's the money." (Flinging it on the platform.) "I brought it to-night out of a bit of a bonus I had comin' ter me. I had to make up as far as I could what I knew would be short, but I'm shore you're right, Bill, that's what we ought to do. It'll be more pow'ful among that rough lot as he knows and lives among than all the talk in the world. Le's ask a blessin' on it an' on him."

Immediately the little group closed up, and, forgetting all their sorrow and difficulties, they prayed with all their hearts that this man might be saved, might be added to their trophies of grace; for be it noted that although they could not help being resentful at Jackson, their feelings of tenderness toward the new con-

verts whom he had led away remained unchanged. They rose from their knees refreshed, comforted, and with many expressions of goodwill parted and repaired to their respective homes.

That was a delightful journey made by Jemmy and his father the next morning to the grim portals of the prison, only tempered by the thought that perhaps Jackson might be there also and cause some little complication. Even that slight drawback to the joy of their merciful errand was removed when they saw him in his uniform parading his beat, and knew that he was safely employed for some hours at any rate. To do him justice, he did not know for certain the date of Paterson's release, or he would have made some arrangements for his being met and helped in case of the mission people either forgetting or being disinclined to help. For it must not be supposed that he was a bad man or an unconscientious one. He honestly strove to do what he believed to be right, and that with all his heart. But then so did many of the mediæval monks who inflicted nameless cruelties upon the quivering bodies of those whom they deemed to be heretics, feeling that the bodily pain was not worth granting a moment's consideration if haply the soul might be plucked from the everlasting burning.

When the two unconventional philanthropists arrived at the prison gate they found a curious gathering. Salvationists and members of the Prison Gate Brigade were there, ready to welcome the punished one, and to let him see that to them at any rate he was no pariah; that the punishment he had undergone should not, if they could help it, be mercilessly augmented by the prevention of the penitent getting honest work. It is one of the blackest blots on our police system that a man who has, according to our laws, expiated his crime (and legally no one can be punished twice for the same offence) should be hunted down when trying to earn an honest living; should be shadowed by detectives eager to find him tripping, so that they may be commended for their vigilance; and should, in sheer despair of ever being able to reinstate himself, sink back into criminal courses again.

Suddenly the small door, opening a little way, allowed a man to slip out, and closed again. He melted into one of the groups and disappeared, as if

he had been spirited away. One after another emerged in the same way and departed, all but one boy of fourteen, who seemed to have no one to welcome him. Leaving Jemmy to watch for Paterson's coming, Pug limped towards the lad, and presently succeeded in winning his confidence and persuading him to come and share for awhile the little place that was all Pug's very own.

And then came Paterson, hearty and healthy-looking, but with downcast eyes, as if he wished not to be seen by any of his old associates who might be there. He needed not the precaution. None of them had come. But Jemmy in his impulsive way sprang towards him, and clutching both hands, cried:

"W'y, Gord bless ye, old man; yer look a fair treat. S'pose they ben a-feedin' ye up th' larst week or two. Never mine, come on outer this; it's no plice for 'spectable people like you an' me. Now, I wants ter tell yer somefink," talking very fast, and beckoning his father and the waif to come along, as if afraid he might not be able to hold his prisoner. "We've got a bit o' stuff for yer. A friend of ourn 'as put up a barrer an' *such* a slap-up moke, if yer try at all you'd orter take first prize wiv 'im at the fust donkey show as ever is. An' there's a few og left fur market money, so yer won't 'ave ter run inter debt fur anyfink. An' if ye don't do wot you orter at fust, well, come an' look us up agin. We can feel for yer, yer know."

"Jemmy," said the quivering man, "I ben tryin' t' git a word in edge-ways, but yer won't let me. I can't jine yore meetin'."

"Well," ejaculated Jemmy, "oo wants yer to? I don't, I know. I woodn't 'ave yer if yer didn't come free and full o' yer own accord." Not me. No; you do wot ye like, an' go w'are ye like, only we'll all pray 'at ye may do wot's right and go w'are ye orter." That stopped the conversation, for Paterson was choking. He had struck something quite beyond his comprehension, and its incidence deprived him of speech. And Jemmy was also much moved, for he felt in the very marrow of his bone that in what he was saying and doing he was mor' highly honoured; that his fall from grace, all unknown to anybody on earth, had been forgiven, and the joy of the reinstated ones was his.

In due time they reached the Hall, where punctually, according to prom-

ise, Skipper Stevens had caused the donkey and barrow to be in readiness. And then, handing over fifteen shillings for a nest-egg. Jemmy and his father shook hands heartily with Paterson and bade him God-speed. He did not reply, because he could not, but his face told its own story as he flung himself into the barrow and drove away.

"Jemmy, my son," said Pug, "the Lord's a-goin' t' bless us. I ain't ben so 'appy fur a long time as I am to-day. 'Ere we are, 'avin' ben privileged to do a bit of 'is own work 'smornin', a bit o' wuk as the bigges' chutch on earth 'd be prahd t' claim a 'and in. An' nah you run along 'ome w'ile I take this pore lad t' my little drum, an' giv' 'im somefink t' eat, an' arterward see wot can be done t' keep 'im aht of trouble in th' fucher. Good mornin', boy, good-mornin', and God bless yer."

Heart full, Jemmy silently shook hands with his father and the boy, and turned his steps homeward. When he arrived he went straight in through the open door of his little house to his parlour, hoping that his wife would be too busy to notice his entrance and scold him for "wasting so much time" on an object of which she disapproved. And when he turned the handle of the parlour-door and strode in, there was Saul sitting in the arm-chair, with Mrs. Maskery facing him on another, her arms fold' d and a beaming smile on her face.

It would be a hopeless task for me to attempt a description of Jemmy's behaviour, much less his feelings, on thus beholding the friend whose presence had been so greatly longed for by him. The affection that one man often bears to another is one of the most sacred and beautiful things that it is possible to witness on earth. But it does not lend itself to description.

For a few moments Saul and Jemmy stared at one another speechlessly. Saul recovered himself first, rose and seized Jemmy's outstretched hands in both his own, saying: "Dear old chap, I can't tell you how glad I am to see ye. I've ben longin' fur a sight of ye all until I was half-crazy, and the voyage wasn't

a long one either. How are ye gettin' on at the mi.'sion? Mrs. Maskery here's been a-tellin' me of yer health an' yer struggles, and some troubles you have been havin', but I want t' hear all about it from you."

"All right, Saul," said Mrs. Maskery, "I'll git ye t' excuse me. I got my work t' do, an' it won't be put orf like 'is will. 'E'll tork ye blind an' deaf if you'll let 'im. But there, ye know 'e will. I'll see ye later on."

As she departed, Jemmy, drawing a chair up to Saul's side, burst into a disconnected and not very lucid account of the happenings of the last few months. But, above all, there was one matter which had long burdened his heart, about which he had been unable to speak to a soul—his meditated, yes, practically accomplished dishonesty. This he now confessed to Saul, certain that he would find perfect sympathy and consideration. The recital made Saul's heart bleed, and, unable to say a word, he could only grip Jemmy's hand tighter, and look into his face with humid eyes, from which beamed perfect love.

The story ended, Saul began his yarn. His sole auditor was entranced, astounded. Jemmy's breath came in short, thick gasps, his mouth twitched with uttermost sympathy, and occasionally a whispered "Bless the dear Lord!" broke from his lips. Such a listener would have been a treasure to any speaker, but as a listener to such a story as Saul had to tell Jemmy was pre-eminent. Both the men were lost in the contemplation of what God had wrought, and the time flew by utterly unnoticed, until at last Mrs. Maskery burst in, crying: "There, Saul, wot'd I tell yer? Once git 'im started you'd never make im leave orf 'cept by force. 'E's the orflest jaw-me-dead I ever see, an'——"

"Excuse me, Mrs. Maskery," interpolated Saul, "let's be just. I've ben doin' all the talkin' fur a long time, an' a better or more patient listener man never had. But let's see what th' time is." And looking at his watch, Saul exclaimed: "Why, Jemmy, my lad, no wonder your wife got impatient to know what was goin' on. We've ben a-talkin' fur three 'ours."

(To be continued.)

Virtue
Stands like the sun, and all which rolls around
Drinks life, and light, and glory from her aspect.
—Byron.

THE HAND THAT FALTERED.

BY MAUDE PETITT, B.A.



THE afternoon sun fell in mellowing floods through the roof-lights of the art-gallery. A new picture had just been hung that day, which a group of visitors paused to admire. An autumn scene from the Rockies—a number of deer were clustered together in the foreground of a deep ravine. A fine stag tossed its antlered head, and with one foot half upraised, stood as if scenting something on the autumn air, all unconscious that from the brink of the ravine above a hunter was taking deadly aim at his velvet forehead. An old tree, lifeless and torn by lightning, projected straight out from the topmost ledge of rock. On this the hunter had stepped forth to get the better aim. You almost saw him take that step, so natural was the work. Then you held your breath at his peril. A movement, a step, a moment of dizziness, and the hunter would be dashed to death a hundred feet below! In the background the mountain forests rose with their dashes of russet and crimson, while far out over the ravine a solitary cloud rested, like a ship at anchor in the blue sea of heaven.

The onlookers made various comments, as, "New picture," "New artist," "Quite young," "A mere girl, they say," "A future before her," etc.

Meanwhile, a man of distinctly clerical bearing crossed the gallery toward the picture, at his side a fine, well-poised, well-dressed young lady.

"See, there is the artist, that girl," said one of the spectators in an undertone to another, "the girl coming toward us with the clergyman."

"Humph! Looks very much like any other girl. Nice-looking girl, though. But how very young she seems to have attained such success. Wonder if she will fulfil all she promises."

Apart from her picture, she was really less interesting than her companion. The Rev. Edgar Welland was certainly a striking man—strong, erect, dark, polished, a suggestion of brilliance, the brow of a profound intellect. Strength and refinement were impressed on every feature, but there

might have been with them just a little too much dogged determination. He looked like a man who, having made a resolution, would walk over coals of fire to carry it out. Just now his eyes were all aglow as he took in every detail of Miss Ray Bruce's masterpiece.

He looked from the picture to the artist. Yes, her mind was filled with beautiful visions. He found it all here, the inspiration he had been seeking so long. It was all there in her face, in her words as she talked. He had known her but a little while, but hers was the soul his heart had cried out for. She lifted him out of life's pettiness. He could preach and work with threefold vigour after a talk with her. She was so brilliant, so far beyond any other woman he had known. The man studied the painting, and the woman studied the man, whether because she wanted a new subject or because the study pleased her, it was hard to say just then.

"Good afternoon, Miss Bruce." It was a lady with silvery hair and satin robes who joined them.

Edgar Welland watched his companion as she talked to her elderly friend.

"What an air she had! How graceful and elegant her every poise and movement!"

He looked at her picture again, and a shadow crossed his face, a shadow that deepened and deepened till he was all in a cloudland. He was painting a picture, too, just then. Her picture had taken months. His took moments. But his was the stronger of the two. What he saw was the low, old-fashioned white house, where he lived alone with his housekeeper, an old Frenchwoman, away back in the village of Poonagee—a village consisting partly of Indians, a few French, and a number of hard-handed toilers in a manufacturing establishment that was the sole life of the village. This was his place in life. He had come up to the city for one winter to take a post-graduate course. Then he would return to Poonagee. His work was there. "A future before her," he heard some one say on his right.

And he painted his picture again.

The home was neat enough, the lawn and the flowers and the close-clipt hedge, but a quiet, low-roofed, old-fashioned place, nevertheless, with the pigeons on the eaves, the smoke of the factory on the flats in front, and old Madame Ronde deaf and muttering over the stove in the kitchen. Then he tried to see this famous young artist in her graceful tailor-made suit—he tried to see her frying potatoes in Madame Ronde's place; he tried to see her dust his study, and scrub the steps; this woman whose name was on men's lips. He tried to see her sewing quietly on her door-step, like the women of Poonagee, while Mrs. O'Flynn poured the story of Pat's delinquencies into her ear, or little Mrs. Bead told her all about the trouble between Jim Smith and Jim Smith's wife.

"No, it did not fit. It could never be. She was not the kind of woman Mrs. Edgar Welland must be."

He looked at her again. How well she held her own among all these people! How gracefully she took their compliments! No, it would be a sin to take a star and plant it in a vegetable garden. If there were an island somewhere to fly away to, a beautiful isle with no more responsibilities to one's fellowmen, then—

To be sure, he would not always be in Poonagee. But there were other Poonagees. He had given his life to the lowly, and with them he must be poor and lowly. He was a minister with an ideal of his own. It was not to scramble for the largest church in the largest city, and the largest salary. That settled it. He would see but little of Miss Bruce that winter. They had known each other such a little while, no harm could be done her. Strange that he did not realize that some souls know more of each other in a few weeks than others do in years.

And so in that few minutes, while Ray Bruce chatted and smiled and men praised her work, her life was changed.

The two left the gallery together, both sadder, the girl without knowing why.

The winter months were passing. Edgar Welland was buried in his work. Nevertheless, in spite of his resolution in the art-gallery, he had seen a little more of Ray Bruce than he had meant to see. It could do no harm, he told himself. She was so strong, so intellectual, so unlike other girls. She had so much of the artist,

so little of the woman, he said. So he went. And they both talked very fast without telling each other much. They talked of Browning, of Petrarch, of Dante, of Raphael—then, after he went, she would sigh and wish something—wish she knew not what. She wished almost she were not an artist at all, and had never been called clever, but she knew not why.

One day he came and took her to the gallery again.

"See, here is a new painting I want to show you, Miss Bruce. The artist is making quite a stir. She's an elderly woman. Now, you have all the power she has. She has just one thing more. I covet for you the little home-touches that you lack. You will get it in time. It will come to you with experience."

'Experience' Whose was the hand of the master that was to teach her? She looked up into his face, but it was cold, and her own grew colder still. He was right, she said. The camp-fire was more natural to her hand than the hearth-fire.

Then spring came; the birds were nesting in the trees along the avenue; the leaves and the flowers were bursting aglow. It was time for him to return to Poonagee. Would she ever see or hear from him again? Would he make any effort to continue their friendship?

He came one day to say farewell. He wished her success, fame, the top-most rung of the ladder, then went out into the far-off years—and left the woman alone with her art.

Would she have preferred the lone white cottage in Poonagee to her tapestried studio on First Avenue? He had never asked her that. He never would. It were madness to spoil her career like that. Left alone she would be famous. Besides, she could not fill the place in Poonagee. She was not made for toil and monotony. He left only one thing out of his consideration. He left out her heart.

As for the girl, she understood her place now. "Lacked the home-touches," did she? Well, she would paint, then, paint always. Leave to other women the clasp of tiny fingers, the curtaining of a little corner of earth for home. She would paint.

Time passed. Her face grew hard and white. She laughed often, but her laugh had lost its music. There was a dash of recklessness about her, and lines of silver coming already in her hair.

Her uncle died, and was found to

be heavily in debt. She was left alone in the world, and poor. Then she looked up into the very face of heaven, and said, "God is cruel."

She plunged into Bohemianism with a vengeance; she painted, painted, painted, but gradually her work decreased in value. Her hand faltered because her heart had hardened within her; and it was as if her skies had lost a little of their blue, her flowers of their freshness, the faces she drew of their tenderness. The world was quick to read the change and turn away.

Then she catered to lower ideals. For one must please in the marketplace—or in the art gallery, which was only another kind of marketplace, she told herself.

"My child," said an old gray-haired master, "remember your first ideals in your life as well as in your work."

"Ideals! Ha! ha! ha! I have only one ideal, Signor—making a living. And I scarce know why I strive to make that. The game is hardly worth the candle."

War broke out in a far-off land. She went out as a war-artist. And after that her friends heard of her no more.

Years, fourteen, had passed. A woman, poorly dressed and worn with want and hardship, came up the steps of an art gallery in her native city. A few people eyed her curiously as she passed along. But none knew her. There in the halls where the world had praised her work, and flattered her vanity, none knew her to-day. She went out, but a memory went with her, a memory of—of—. Something choked her even yet. Ah, would that she might have been his servant only!

She went to the great library across the park. The March wind blew cold about her thin garments. She was just a little faint, for she had fared but lightly. She was poor. She had some sketches, but her work only brought a pittance now. She had never fulfilled the promise of her youth. Her life had been a failure.

She glanced down the dailies on the library shelves for news of people she had once known. Some one was advertising for a nursery governess. Then she turned to a magazine. A name! A name she had not seen for fourteen years. It was Edgar Welland's! An article of his!

She read quickly, breathlessly, the story of a mighty cathedral in the Far East, the Candova, now in ruins. Its

frescoes, its glittering towers, its bells of music, all in crumbling silence now, the birds nesting in its statuary, the night winds moaning down the aisles long clogged with debris. The writer went on to tell the story of a youth, a gifted young fellow; fortune, talent, influence, all were his; he was beginning a brilliant career, but sin—sin had laid a hidden hand upon him. One day the doors were torn open, the world saw a ruined Candova, the man a felon's cell. The story was probably an extract from a sermon, for there followed an appeal for the Candova of Christian character wherever it was secretly going to ruin.

Ray Bruce locked her hands across her eyes as she read, to shut out the world that came and went, clacking its heels on the hard stone floor. The story was for her—for her just now. Her Candova was fallen. The tears flowed silently down her face. Oh, that voice, that spoke out of fourteen years of silence! It was as the wine of life to her in the hour of her faintness. She could hear the very voice that uttered the plea. Would that she could go back to the pure ideals of her early girlhood! Would that she might rebuild her Candova!

She sat there long—so long it was night, and the library lights were lighted. But when she rose her face was calm. She would give up her dream of fame. She would teach, and by days of hard, faithful labour she would strive quietly to rebuild the fallen Candova. In heaven he would know, if they never met on earth, what his words had done that night.

An hour later she was on her way to the house where the nursery governess was wanted. She waited alone in the white electric light of the drawing-room. A picture on the wall startled her—a scene from the Rockies, a hunter and a herd of deer in a ravine. It was the picture she had shown Edgar Welland years ago.

Mrs. Monroe descended the tapestried stairs. Her applicant pointed to the picture and told her story.

"I think you will do, dear, very nicely," said the fair-faced little woman. "I will pay you your first quarter's salary in advance, my dear," she continued, glancing at her clothing. "You will come home to us to-morrow, then. I trust it will prove home in truth."

So it came that Ray Bruce was seen taking three pretty children along the avenue for their morning walk. And it came also that those who passed her

daily noted her face taking on a new roundness, her eyes a new light; the hard lines were disappearing, the bitterness giving place to tenderness. Little waifs looked timidly up into her face in passing, and she who had nothing else to give them gave them her smile. Sometimes she even went for Mrs. Monroe with a basket of fruit or a bunch of flowers to some sick one. The little Monroes twined their tiny arms about her neck, and whispered little nothings in her ear, and she was beginning to find that there was something else in life besides art and fame. And she looked up into the skies afresh, but this time she did not say, "God is cruel;" she only said, "Father, hold me lest I fall."

It was one night late in the summer, and two gentlemen of clerical cut were following the long rear verandah of the upper story of a tenement house. One was evidently in his own field of labour, the other a stranger. They were passing an open window; the blind raised to admit the air revealed an instant's picture. A woman lay on a sick-bed in a poorly furnished room; she was gazing admiringly at a lady in white muslin bending over the face of a child she was washing.

"Humph!" said Dr. Arthurs. "There's one of my flock playing the good Samaritan."

"Who? the woman in white? Do you know her?" asked the stranger quickly.

"Yes. She's Mrs. Monroe's governess. You met Mrs. Monroe yesterday, you know. This Miss Bruce seems a very fine character, capable woman, too. She's a fine worker. I find her a great help. She used to be looked on, years ago, as a promising artist, they tell me. Came of good family—considerable means once, but did not turn out all that was predicted of her in the line of art."

The two men left their message at the other end of the building, and in passing the lighted window again they instinctively softened their steps. The voice of childish prayer came from within; the woman in white was

kneeling with the little one beside its bed.

A little past midnight Ray Bruce came out of the tenement-house. The moon had risen, outlining the towers and chimneys of the sleeping city; it outlined, too, the figure of a man leaning on a railing. He turned toward her, and the light was on his face.

"Mr. Welland!"

"I am very glad to see you again, Mr. Welland," she said, as he escorted her home. "I have always wanted to thank you for that story you wrote of the fallen Candova."

"Why, may I ask?"

"Because—because my own Candova was fallen."

He murmured something half to himself about being permitted.

She, meantime, was wondering silently. Did he still live alone with the old French housekeeper? Or were there little feet now pattering about his chair.

"Do you remember," he asked, "a certain man who told a certain young artist that she lacked the home-touch?"

Did she ever forget?

"Well, that man saw through the window of a tenement-house to-night the 'touch' he thought was lacking long ago."

Then he told her brokenly of his lonely life and work in a mining town of the Rockies.

So the Poonagee it was not given her to choose in her girlhood was waiting yet with the sunsets in the West.

In after years she painted another picture. But it was a moving picture this time. Two children romped and frolicked among the vines and rocks about their Western home. Sometimes they stopped in their play to run their fingers through the locks of a silvery-haired mamma.

And if her hand had faltered, if she had not fulfilled her dreams, she had learned at least that there were other things in life than art and fame. She was satisfied.

Simcoe, Ont.

BETTER FAR.

'Tis brave to do, but braver far
To leave the thing you want undone,
If strife thereby averted be,
And peace and harmony be won.

'Tis fine to speak, but finer far
To act and be. The noblest art

In language never can surpass
The triumph of the human heart.

'Tis better far that self should die
Than dominate the heart and brain;
For he who loses self hath lost
The least. The best doth yet remain.

THE CONFERENCES.

In the leafy month of June nearly all the Methodist Conferences of the Dominion, as well as the Synods and Assemblies of the other Churches, hold their annual sessions. In none of these is the *esprit de corps* stronger than in the Methodist Church. The ministers greet with a special sense of brotherhood the comrades of other years, and recall the happy memories of the past.

Never, we think, has the tide of religious feeling flowed higher than in the Conferences just closed. The public services have been scenes of special benediction and grace. The spell of that great life which God two hundred years ago gave to the world seemed to rest upon the assemblies, a new feeling of consecration came upon the preachers and people. The Church is girding itself for the best possible celebration of the Wesley Bicentenary by a great religious revival. This gave the keynote to the Conferences. There, was much earnest conversation on "the state of the work," there was much soul-searching as to the causes of less rapid progress than with all our organization and effort we ought to have made, and a determination to emulate the triumphs of early years of Methodism.

We quote, in part, the words of the pastoral address of the Toronto Conference to the churches under its care, the only one of those addresses which we have, at the date of this writing, seen :

The God of our fathers is with us yet. He has not left us without signal marks of His favour. There have been gracious revivals of religion in many of our congregations. The old fires of Methodism are still burning on our altars. The old doctrines of Methodism have not lost their power. We thank God for the accession to our number through faith in the Lord Jesus. We praise Him that very many of these come from the children in our Sabbath-schools.

IN THIS BICENTENNIAL YEAR

we look back with devout gratitude for God's gift of the man who preached a new evangel with a new power in the cold, dead ear of the world. As we contemplate the results of the great revival of the eighteenth century, its

reorganization of society on a higher plane, with a wider vision and deepened religious life, with its far-spread missions, with its noble philanthropies, with its many churches and institutions of learning and beneficence, with the many millions who bow at its altars and fashion their lives after its holy teachings, we devoutly exclaim, "What hath God wrought! Not unto us, not unto us, O Lord, but unto thy name be the glory." Not in pride of heart, but in lowliness of soul, we would think upon the way in which the Lord our God hath led us.

"Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

We need, and we possess, the same sources of strength that our fathers had. The personal experience of sins forgiven, of fellowship with the Divine, the gift and grace and guiding of the Holy Spirit, are our privilege as well as theirs, are no less a source of strength amid the changed conditions of our modern civilization and its complex social relations than in the simpler life of a hundred years ago. We have the same almighty Saviour from sin, the same succour in every time of need, the same solace in sorrow and affliction. Our God maketh us always to rejoice in Him.

THE OUTWARD FORM

and manifestation may vary, the inward strength abideth for ever. Not so many books of devotion, perhaps, are read as in the former time, but the Word of God itself is studied as it never was before—not in the worship of the letter, but in obedience to the Spirit, which giveth light and life. Methodism is still true to its early ideal as Christianity in earnest, as a power within, sanctifying the life and moulding the character. Amid the manifold activities of the times it enables men, while diligent in business, to be fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. The Church of to-day is more marked, we think, than at any former time with that spirit which looks not upon its own things, but on the things of another; which is not satisfied with saving one's own soul alive, but which seeks to benefit the bodies and the souls of men; which looks not so much to reward in heaven, but seeks to

bring heaven down on earth, and to lift men above their sordid selves and ennoble and dignify their lives here and now. With a burning zeal and a passionate charity he is endeavouring in the home land and in the far land to seek and to save that which was lost.

OUR MISSIONS

in the great empire of China have passed through a time of fiery trial, and have not been found wanting. Our missionaries have taken their lives in their hands and gone back to their fields of distant toil. In the empire of Japan, where a nation has been born in a day, they are moulding the young life of that realm. In our own land they are teaching and training the red men of the forest and plain, of whom we are the providential wardens. The white man's civilization has often brought to them less of blessing than of bane. We are under solemn obligation to lift up and succour and save these red races whose ancient inheritance we possess.

Never for any land or nation did the

GOLDEN DOORS OF OPPORTUNITY

swing wide open on every side as to our land to-day. God hath given us a goodly heritage, which the nations of the earth are seeking to share. From many lands, and of many tongues, are flocking the multitudes who shall be the future citizens of this great Dominion. Upon our own Church more largely than upon any other rests the responsibility of moulding these diverse peoples into a great Christian civilization. It will tax all the energies, all the wisdom, all the grace that we possess to rise to the height of our privilege and of our obligation in this regard. Under the inspiration of this divine call, let us lift up our eyes and behold the fields white unto the harvest, and thrust in the sickle and reap.

There are not wanting signs of great encouragement in this crisis in our history. The success of the Twentieth Century Fund has relieved many of our embarrassed churches, and left them free for fresh endeavour. It has in some measure strengthened our colleges and universities, and better equipped them for the training in higher Christian culture, never so much needed as to-day, of the men who shall be the tireless workers in this harvest field. The need of the hour is that we should pray therefore to the Lord of

the harvest to send forth labourers into his harvest, and that we should with large and liberal souls devise liberal things, and so be ourselves greatly enriched. Above all, we need the divine anointing. We need the tongue of fire of a new Pentecost. We need a richer, fuller baptism of the Holy Ghost. We need a great spiritual revival in all our borders. This will be the solution of all the problems before us, this will be the equipment for the duties that call us. We have adequate organization, we have perfect machinery, what we need is the Spirit within the wheels to give power and efficiency in this supreme opportunity.

Never has the beneficence of Methodism been so marked as in the very recent times. The laying of a million and a quarter dollars upon God's altar for the Twentieth Century Fund, and the gift of nearly half a million more to redeem imperilled St. James' Church in our commercial metropolis, and other remarkable givings, have shown that Methodism is not a rope of sand, but a closely knit organization. This demonstration of its solidarity is a pledge of its integrity, and an evidence of its unifying power.

SABBATH-SCHOOLS.

The training in Christian nurture and piety by the great company of devoted Sabbath-school teachers has not been unavailing. This is the brightest augury for the future of our beloved Zion. The Church of to-morrow is in the schools of to-day. These schools are an instrument of potent influence placed in our hands. Never were they better equipped, never did they receive such generous support, never were so many faithful teachers—often busy men of affairs and women of refinement and culture—devoted to the training of our youth, the hope of our country. But still further improvement in methods, still more careful study of the Word of God, still more practical results must be sought—not by the destruction of the system by which such grand results have been reached, but by its development to higher usefulness and efficiency. The extension of the schools in two directions affords great possibilities of good: the development of the Home Department, so as to embrace the aged, the infirm, the shut-ins who are the prisoners of God's providence; and the organization of the Cradle Roll, by which the babes of the household may be adopted into the Church of the liv-

ing God. These, if faithfully prosecuted, will embrace the whole family in a golden circle for the study of God's Word.

EPWORTH LEAGUES.

Never were our Epworth Leagues doing a nobler work for Christ and his Church than to-day. Never was more prayerful study, more earnest effort, more kindly co-operation put forth than now. But they have not reached the full ideal of their full usefulness. They may exert an influence of untold power upon the young men and young women in our towns and cities, who through the exigencies of our industrial civilization are often severed from their homes and exposed to social perils and estrangements from the house of God. What is a young man or woman to do who has no place in which to live except a little seven by nine room, in an alien and often unsympathetic environment? It is the duty of the Church to act the part of father and mother to these homeless young people, to extend the hand of cordial greeting, to show a kindly sympathy and interest, to bid them welcome, not merely to the class-meeting or prayer-meeting, but to its social gatherings and entertainments. Hence the General Conference directed that wherever practicable church parlours for reading, music, rational culture, and social enjoyment should be opened.

Nor may the Church frown upon the desire of its young people for out-door recreation and athletic games. These will, under proper guidance, conduce to those twin essentials of moral well-being, a sound mind in a sound body. These will prove a powerful antidote to the saloons and pool rooms which too often spread their allurements and beguilements around the path of our youth. We are glad to know that in some of our churches these reading parlours and gymnasias are being organized, that in connection with others playgrounds are being prepared for the children of the schools and for children of a larger growth.

OUR SUMMER SCHOOLS

are annually enlisting increased numbers of our young people to seek the advantage of our college halls, and Biblical instruction and missionary inspiration. These possess the potency and promise of great spiritual blessing to our Church. Our college halls are filled as never before with eager young

souls who are coveting earnestly the best gifts, seeking the best training for life and its duties. Analogies of the Holy Club at Oxford, out of which grew the Methodism of the world, are not wanting in these institutions of learning. It is cause for gratitude that they are instinct with Christian spirit, inspired with missionary zeal, and better equipped than ever for the higher culture of heart and mind and brain of our young people. Many parents have made strenuous efforts, even to great self-denial, in the past to secure this precious boon of higher education for their children, and have been abundantly rewarded by their increased usefulness in the world. May their number be greatly multiplied.

No Church has provided more largely and liberally than the Methodist Church in this land sound and wholesome periodical reading for all classes of the household. We urge upon our people the duty of making the widest and wisest use of this provision. Amid the flood of fiction, frivolous and often pernicious in its character, it is the duty of parents to see that their households are well supplied with that which will interest, instruct and religiously profit their members.

SOCIAL QUESTIONS

The Methodist Church is not indifferent to the great sociological problems of the times, and an advance was sounded all along the line in the unending war against the liquor traffic, Sabbath profanation, the gambling spirit of the race-course, pool-room, and other forms of making haste to be rich.

There are some aspects of our national life that arouse deep solicitude. In the material prosperity by which we are surrounded we should not be full and forget God. If riches increase we should not set our hearts upon them. We should not in the greed for gain join in a chase for worldly riches at the cost of better things. We may not despise the plodding industry of our fathers, slow, perhaps, but safe and sure.

In the emphatic verdict given by the people of this province when the liquor bar was up for trial, the voice of the Methodist Church was heard in no uncertain tones. But the bar is still with us, and doing its deadly work. There must be no faltering nor failing till these death-traps, in which Canada's most precious treasures are lured and

limes, are for ever banished from our land.

A new evil has within a few years developed whereby even young children are sacrificed to the Moloch of sordid greed. The deadly cigarette is poisoning the blood, dwarfing the lives and perverting the natures of children, often of tender years. The noble efforts of the Women's Christian Temperance Union to procure the suppression of this crying evil call for our warmest sympathy and most earnest co-operation.

The chief bulwark of our holy religion, the sanctity of the Sabbath, is being assailed at many points by the greed of organizations of travel and traffic. This must be guarded with greatest vigilance, and protected with most earnest endeavour.

The unhappy strifes between our brethren who toil with their hands, and those who often toil harder with their brains, is a portent of ill omen for our modern civilization. The best thought and effort of Christian men is demanded to find some solution of this vexed problem, whether in profit-sharing or co-operative industry, or in whatever way the difficulties can be overcome, and an industrial peace se-

cured. The greater dominance of the Sermon on the Mount and the Golden Rule would remove these evils which estrange class from class, and man from man. No man liveth to himself. We are interdependent one upon another. Let the whole body be fitly joined together, and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, making increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in love.

The visits of our vivacious and vigorous, and ever-youthful General Superintendent are always an inspiration and a blessing. His ardent optimism, his fervent loyalty to Christ and His kingdom, and to the Empire of which we form a part, create a kindred enthusiasm in those who hear his utterances. In a remarkable manner his visits to the Conferences, from Newfoundland to far Vancouver, and sometimes to Bermuda and Japan, maintain a uniformity of administration and a unity of feeling which are essential to the well-being of this far-extended Church. The brethren go forth to their varied fields of toil, feeling that Methodism is a mighty unit, is a brotherhood the wide world over.

JOHN WESLEY.

BY THE REV. DAVID H. ELA, D.D.

So strenuous his faith, so firm for truth,
 So tolerant of thought—to heritage
 Of liberty and law giving one gage;
 With courage joined such gentleness and ruth,
 With calmest judgment burned such fire of youth,
 With such impetuous zeal such counsel sage,
 Such pulses throbbing in the blood of age—
 Youth so discreet, years so intense, forsooth,
 The world, half faithless, sees—

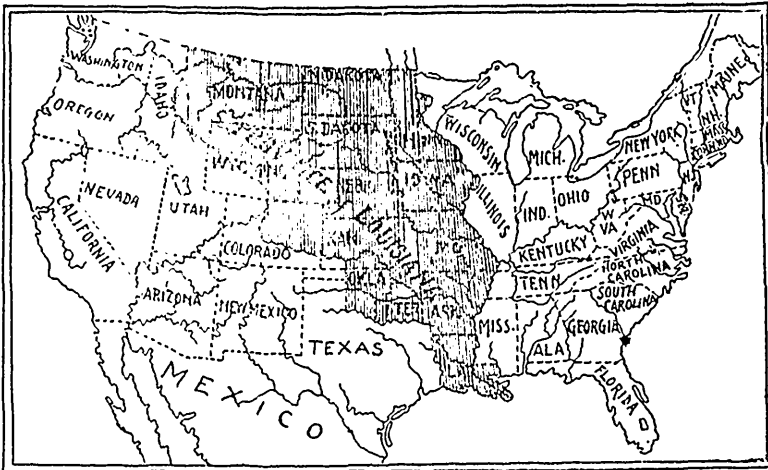
Yet, "ear by year,
 Awaits in vain his zenith power's decline,
 Marks how all realms, all climes, his followers share,
 His name, his deeds, with growing lustre shine,
 Till Wesley, in all lands beneath the sun,
 Mighty as Paul is held, beloved as John.

—*Zion's Herald.*

Health and Hope and Happiness
 All your life-long pathway bless.

—*Clifton Bingham.*

Current Topics and Events.



THE "LOUISIANA PURCHASE" OF 1803, SHOWN BY THE SHADED PART OF THE MAP.

—From The Review of Reviews.

A HUNDRED YEARS OF PROGRESS.

It was eminently fitting, says The Christian Herald, that the first national celebration, in connection with the World's Fair Dedication, should have been that of the Louisiana Purchase, which was observed on April 30th and the two succeeding days in the Exhibition City. That purchase, which gave the United States the vast territory now occupied by practically all the States bordering on the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers, was an event whose importance can never be lost sight of by posterity.

When Napoleon signed away France's American possessions for \$15,000,000, the United States territory, which hitherto had been bounded on the west by the eastern bank of the Mississippi, was at once extended to include the great States shown in our map. At the outset of the negotiations, it was proposed to purchase only that part of the province of Louisiana which included the city of New Orleans; but the French Emperor, whose schemes of European conquest were then expanding to colossal proportions, himself proposed that the negotiation should include all the territory owned by France in the central part of the Western Continent—nearly a million square miles—very

little of which had been explored by the whites. This new turn to the negotiations opened up vast possibilities, and the rich possessions, of which France had once dreamed that she might make a second Canada, passed from her control. Napoleon foresaw the difficulties that would arise in attempting to hold so extensive a territory against the American colonies; but he could not have foreseen the mighty development that was destined to take place along the great Mississippi highway.

When this magnificent territory was added to the Union it was but little known. The upper Missouri had been visited by a few daring travellers, but the country was wild and filled with hostile Indians. St. Louis was a mere French trading-settlement, and beyond it all was wilderness. Two years after the treaty, a strong expedition visited the upper Missouri River, and returned with glowing reports of the character of the country. What was then a wilderness, nominally Catholic but largely heathen, has since become a cluster of Christian States. Populous cities and thriving towns and villages have sprung up on every hand; railroads bridge every stream and chasm, and tunnel the mountains; river transportation lines have opened up the country to com-

merce along the waterways; the great fertile areas supply cereals to feed the nations, while a thousand varied industries swell the tide of commerce that flows through what a century ago was almost an unknown land.

It is impossible to overestimate the influence of this act of territorial expansion upon the fortunes of the nation. The Louisiana Purchase was a conquest of peace. Recognizing this fact, the French people are to be represented on a larger scale in the Exposition than any other country on the continent of Europe. There are no regrets, no recriminations, no aftermath of bitterness over France's lost possessions.

A CENTURY PLANT.

Our cartoon expresses the American idea of the value of their century plant. The price paid for this great purchase was fifteen million dollars, just the amount which was paid by the Hudson's Bay Company for the vast fertile area covered by Manitoba and



A CENTURY PLANT.

UNCLE SAM: "That century plant was worth buying."

—The Philadelphia Press.

the North-West Territories, an area about equal to that of the Louisiana Purchase, and being an incomparably richer wheat-growing region. At the end of a hundred years doubtless that vast Territory will be divided into

many Provinces, each with its great cities rivalling those of the Louisiana Purchase. We shall have a century plant of our own, comparable with that of which our American kinsmen are to-day so proud.



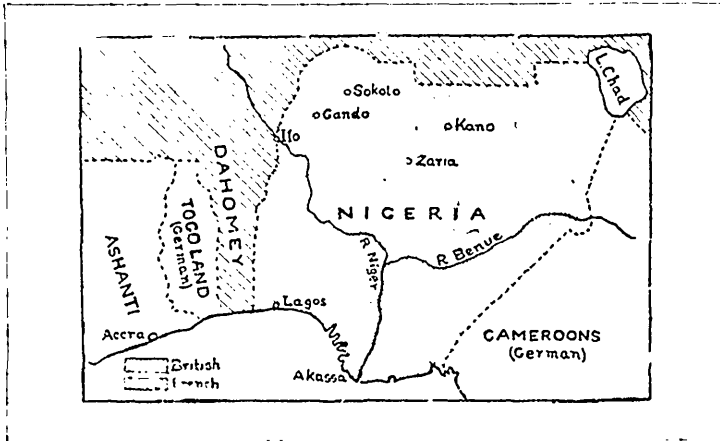
BURYING THE CLUBS.

John Bull and Ireland bury a few, and will set out the Irish Land Bill on their graves.

Amid Mr. Chamberlain's expansive ideas of empire building, the happy consummation of peace and prosperity in dear old Ireland is for the time overlooked. Our thumb-nail sketch shows how long-estranged friendship is being re-knit. The old foes are burying the hatchet and smoking the pipe of peace.

BRITAIN IN WEST AFRICA.

Another kingdom added to the Empire, says the London Spectator. That strange "destiny" which drove a few English merchants owning a few square miles as trading stations to the conquest of the Indian peninsula appears to be again driving us forward in West Africa. Nobody that we know of deliberately designed the conquest of the vast regions which we describe by those two words. The British people as a body know absolutely nothing about it, not even its geography, and do not feel the slightest inclination when they hear that "Sokoto has fallen" either to cheer or to "maffick." The army regards victories there with something like dismay, lest they should imply the



MAP SHOWING THE POSITION OF KANO AND SOKOTO.

formation of more stations in "God-forgotten holes," and the Imperial Government itself discourages expansion as much as the East India Company ever did. It is sick of its ever-accumulating responsibilities, and does not supply its agents in West Africa either with sufficient troops or adequate resources for administrative expenditure. Nevertheless, the work goes forward. State after state passes, as if through some invisible compulsion, under British authority, and as it passes produces a situation demanding in the eyes of all local experts a fresh advance, till we are already responsible for fifteen kingdoms in West Africa, each with its history, and for a population which is greatly underestimated at twenty millions. There is little use in resisting the process, which is directed by some force, be it Providence, as we think, or Necessity, as others think, and no moral reason for doing it.

GOVERNMENT BY ASSASSINATION.

The Government of Russia has been described as "a despotism tempered by assassination." The saying is largely true of the turbulent south-eastern principalities of Europe. Recently relieved from the tyranny of Turkey, some of them have fallen prey to the petty tyrannies, misgovernment, and oppression of its successors. "The smaller the cockpit the fiercer the fight," and the smaller the kingdoms often the keener the animosities, and more unscrupulous the strifes of rival factions.

All the world lifts its hands in horror at the wholesale massacre of the recently ruling house of Serbia. Neither Alexander nor his wife Draga were model rulers, but their faults are largely forgotten in the hideous manner of their taking off. Such ruthless and reckless butcheries find no parallel in European history since the days of the later Roman empire and its still more degraded Byzantine successor.

The question is, What will Europe do about it? Will it allow the enthroned assassin to defy the public opinion of mankind, or will it wipe out the Servian kingdom or annex it to some other more civilized nation. But for the conflict of rival races in the Austro-Hungarian empire, it would naturally gravitate to that country. Yet on the death of the aged Francis Joseph, chaos may come throughout his wide dominions. Our own personal observation of travel in both Bulgaria and Serbia makes us feel that under Austrian rule they would reach a higher civilization than as independent governments. The tendency to integration of nations favours also this result.

TO RUSSIA.

This vigorous poem of Joaquin Miller's, says The Epworth Herald, is especially pertinent just now. Russia is reviving, with new and revolting cruelties, the race-hatred which has made the wandering Jew a shrinking, pitiful fugitive on every highway of the Old World. Meanwhile, Mr. Car-

negro gives his millions for a marble palace to house the Czar's International Court of Peace.

["Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?"—Bible.]

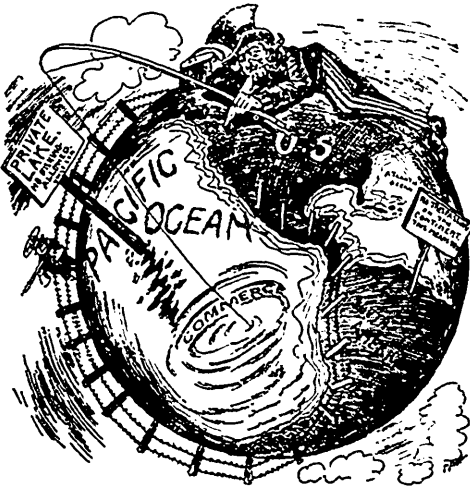
Who tamed your lawless Tartar blood?
 What David bearded in his den
 The Russian bear, in ages when
 You strode your black, unbridled stud,
 A skin-clad savage of your steppes?
 Why, one who now sits low and weeps;
 Why, one who now wails out to you—
 The Jew, the Jew, the homeless Jew.

Who girt the thews of your young prime,
 And bound your fierce divided force?
 Who—who but Moses shaped your course,
 United down the grooves of time?
 Your mighty millions all to-day
 The hated, homeless Jew obey.
 Who taught all poetry to you?
 The Jew, the Jew, the hated Jew.

Who taught you tender Bible tales
 Of honey lands, of milk and wine?
 Of happy, peaceful Palestine?
 Of Jordan's holy harvest vales?
 Who gave the patient Christ? I say,
 Who gave your Christian creed? Yea, yea,
 Who gave your very God to you?
 Your Jew, your Jew, your hated Jew!

THE MASTERY OF THE PACIFIC.

President Roosevelt's remarks in California on the prospective American mastery of the Pacific, have aroused keen criticism in France and Germany. Theodore the Strenuous declares



HIS PRIVATE PRESERVE.

-- Brooklyn Eagle.

"America's geographical position in the Pacific is such as to insure our peaceful domination of its waters." Nevertheless, he urges building a navy of the best and most formidable ships. His critics consider this claim a new and enlarged Monroe doctrine. There are other powers than the United States on the Pacific. The British Empire has in Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, to say nothing of India and South Africa, a very much larger littoral on the Pacific, and immensely greater commerce. The single British port of Hong Kong has a larger trade than the port of New York. Our cartoon humorously takes off Mr. Roosevelt's somewhat bumptious proposition.

The New York Nation sizes up the situation as follows:

"We do so much tall talking of that kind, in the press and on the stump, that we think nothing of it, because we know that it means nothing in particular. But here is the German press talking about daring ambitions and an 'alarming development of the Monroe doctrine!' What stupid folk they are to take this screaming of the eagle as anything more than practising the scales. Yet, if that noble bird expects to be welcome in the international zoological gardens, where he has demanded admission, it would be just as well for him to adopt the rule of not screeching unless he means something by it, or always carrying a placard in his talons, reading, 'Don't mind me; I'm only joking.'"

The Brooklyn Eagle thinks: "It is to be regretted that Mr. Roosevelt cannot talk of expansion in any of its various guises without sounding a note of strife. He seems to be constitutionally unable to speak of the victories of peace without associating them with the triumphs of war."

The following rather incoherent historical criticism of Kaiser Wilhelm appears in an English paper: The Emperor, who is half German and half English, is probably the most hysterical person in Europe, and with the exception of the Prince of Montenegro and of the Pope, is far and away the ablest sovereign in Europe, possibly in the world." We should have thought hyper-hysterics inconsistent with such exalted statesmanship.

Religious Intelligence.



KING STREET METHODIST CHURCH, TORONTO.

THE METHODIST SOCIAL UNION AND ITS WORK.

Many and varied are the beneficent fruits of the Methodist Social Union. This organization found its origin March 25th, 1892, its purpose being the advancement of the interests of Methodism in Toronto. By "interests" it is not alone financial interests that are meant. The Union concerns itself with the spiritual and social welfare of the churches as well, and especially with the promotion of connexional spirit among them. It seeks to aid small and struggling churches, and those burdened by debt, also to give such advice as will prevent errors in the erection and location of churches.

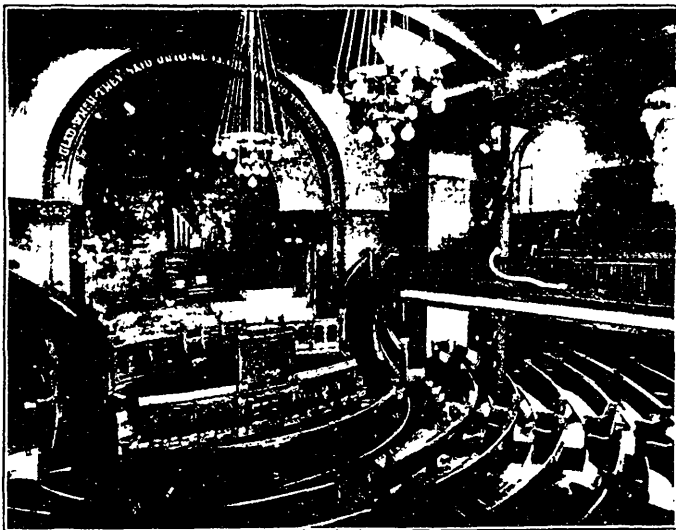
By means of its annual banquet, Methodists throughout the city have come to know each other better, and to know each other's needs. Christian fellowship has been greatly promoted. In fact, we have begun to look upon the banquet as a great family gathering.

Another avenue through which the Union has touched the public at large is by the Festival of the Lilies, held every Easter Monday in the Massey Music Hall. These concerts have netted several thousand dollars in behalf of the work of the Union.

Those desirous of helping Toronto Methodism in general can do so through the Union, and feel that their contributions are being used in the best possible way for the general good. A body of men with the needs of the whole city spread before them are better prepared to grasp the needs of any particular church than even that church itself.

One of the developments of the Union along this line is the institutional church, of which the new King Street Church, recently opened, is a worthy example. Without the splendid work of the Union this church would be an impossibility. Through its aid \$17,300 was contributed, thus enabling the church, which has cost \$23,000, to be opened free of debt. This is largely due to the generosity of Sherbourne Street Church, of which King Street Church may be called the daughter.

The former church was small, un-gainly, ill-equipped, and unsanitary, in the midst of a poor and needy field. To-day we have a splendid, well-equipped building in its place. The money expended has not been so much in outer embellishment as in the equipment of the church for its work. We were pleased to find it provided with a reading-room and gymnasium, to be



INTERIOR OF KING STREET METHODIST CHURCH, TORONTO.

kept open every night, this in a district where hitherto there has been no place for young men to spend their evenings but the saloon.

We rejoice in the development of this spirit of brotherhood, which takes to heart the needs of the churches in the poorer districts. Without making parasites of them, the Union is helping them to help themselves.

The members of the Union are now a goodly number. All ministers and adult members of the Methodist Church are eligible for membership, which only costs \$1.00 per year.

Among the forceful men of the Union is Mr. R. C. Hamilton, one of its former presidents, and now its special treasurer. Of its present president, Mr. Richard Brown, we shall have more to say later. Mr. Hamilton, of the Royal Insurance Company, was born in the town of Killeshandra, Co. Cavan, Ireland. He is the son of Rev. Robert Hamilton, a gentleman of Scottish descent. The subject of our sketch came to Canada some forty-two years ago, and at once identified himself with Elm Street Church, where throughout the years he has ever given zealous service, wise counsel, and a worthy example. In 1877 he was elected trustee. He is now recording steward. Several years of his life, from 1857 to 1861, were spent in Halifax, where he is likewise favourably known. A man of clean life and clean

lips, he richly deserves the respect that his name commands among his fellows. In the business world he is known as a man whose word can be absolutely relied upon. It is well when the Church has men of this stamp, who are willing to devote themselves and their energies steadfastly to her interests. Mr. Hamilton has been connected with the Union since its organization, and has ever proved himself zealous in its interests.

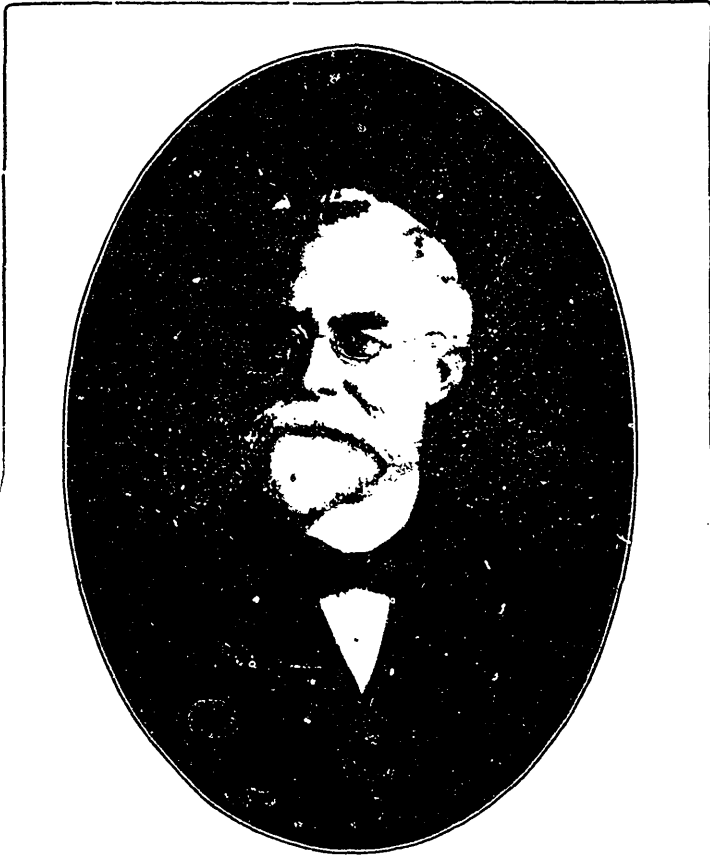
PRESBYTERIANS AND METHODISTS TO CO-OPERATE.

Another proof of the growing bond of sympathy between the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches in Canada is that shown in the joint letter to both bodies issued by the secretaries of the respective Missionary Societies, the Rev. Drs. Sutherland and Warden. The purpose of this letter is to promote co-operation in New Ontario, British Columbia, and the North-West. The phenomenal growth of the population in these districts makes it impossible for one Church to keep pace with it. While sympathetic toward the subject of organic union the letter points out that that is a matter of future deliberation. No overtures on the subject have as yet been presented to the courts of either Church. But it is affirmed that present duty lies in the line of fraternity between the two

Churches. It is recognized that the differences in administration, and even in doctrinal statement, are not fundamental. It is hoped, too, that co-operation in our newer fields will influence likewise the older and more settled provinces. The problem of today is the missionary one, both at home and abroad. Says this letter:

"In this crisis of the world's religious history the paramount duty of

the Rev. Dr. Dewart, came with a shock of surprise to the community. Without an hour of warning he was cut down in his ripened maturity of manhood. It was only last week that he took an active part in the proceedings of the Toronto Conference, and up to the very day of his death gave no premonition of his approaching end. He ceased at once to work and live. He was so familiar a figure



MR. R. C. HAMILTON,
Treasurer of the Toronto Methodist Social Union.

Christians is not to build up organizations, each after his own pattern, but to evangelize the world in obedience to the Master's word."

DEATH OF THE REV. DR. DEWART.

Truly a prince and a great man is fallen in Israel. The death of the veteran editor, scholar, and preacher,

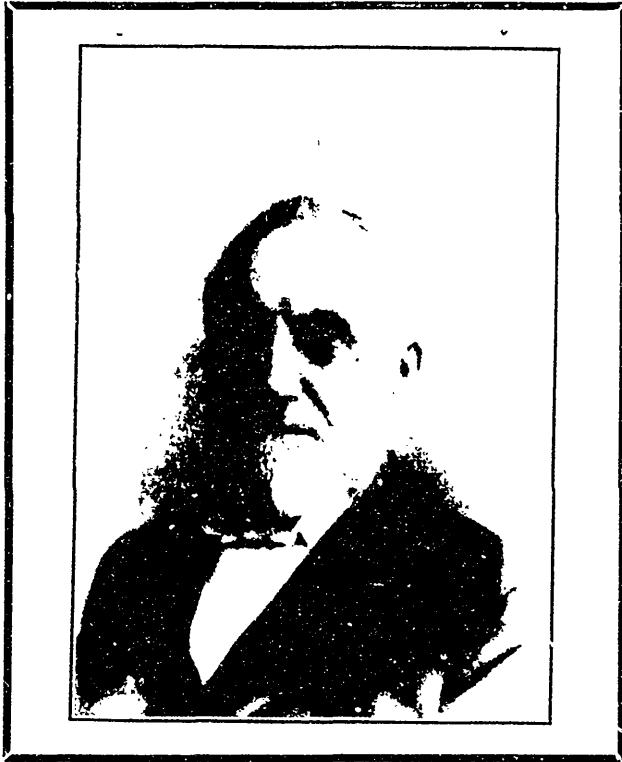
among us that we failed to realize that Dr. Dewart was growing old, so full was he of mental energy and alertness. Yet he had reached the advanced age of seventy-five, and had lived from his youth a strenuous life.

In the days of his prime he was a great preacher, strong, evangelical, fervent, his close-linked logic lightened and brightened by apt illustra-

tion and poetic imagery. He was one of Canada's great editors, conducting *The Christian Guardian* with marked success through important crises in the history of Methodism in this land. It is not generally known that it was in Dr. Dewart's house, and through his initiative, that the first steps toward the Methodist union in Canada were taken, and largely through his influence were carried to a successful issue. With some features in the basis of the second union he was not in accord, but with the

of the faith are striking illustrations. "His opinions," Dr. J. S. Ross well remarks, "while in process of formation were, like the molten metal, susceptible to pressure, but when once formed, like the hardened steel."

Dr. Dewart was one of the most virile and vital of our Canadian poets. His ode on the death of Tennyson was one of the very strongest which that event called forth. In the days of his vigour he was a leader of men, a very Rupert of debate, exerting by his strong moral convictions a profound



THE REV. EDWARD HARTLEY DEWART, D.D.

principle he heartily concurred. He was one of the most vigorous promoters of the federation of Victoria and the provincial universities.

In his early ministry he was considered quite advanced and progressive, and, indeed, by some was thought almost radical in his theological views. But in later years he was much more conservative in this regard, and was a stalwart defender of the orthodox standards against what he considered pernicious innovations. Of these his many books and pamphlets in defence

influence. The marked note of his character from his early manhood was his intense evangelical earnestness. This spirit breathed through his numerous tracts and pamphlets and editorials, and marked his pungent preaching.

There was no opportunity granted for dying testimony, save a few last words commending himself and the faithful companion of well-nigh fifty years of ideal married life to the love and care of God. Nor was there need of such. The stalwart and sterling

character which he developed throughout long years of Christian service was more eloquent than could be any dying words.

The assemblies of Canadian Methodism, without the presence of Edward Hartley Dewart—without the benediction of “the good grey head that all men knew,” will lack one of the strongest characters and one of the most potent forces for righteousness that our church and country have ever known.

FROM SHADOWLAND TO GLORY.

On the 10th of April of this year William Henry Milburn, D.D., passed from the shadowland in which he spent this life, into the Light of Glory. The blind orator of American Methodism was late chaplain of the Senate of the United States. He was born in Philadelphia in 1823, the son of prosperous parents. Like his blind brother, George Douglas, he entered life with every sense perfect. When five years of age, through an accident at play, he lost the sight of his left eye, and the right one was greatly impaired. Thus handicapped, he began, at the age of eight years, to spell his way through volumes of voyages, travels, history, fiction, etc.

In 1837 his father lost almost all his worldly goods. The family moved to Jacksonville, Ill., where young Milburn continued his studies. He finally entered college. But so difficult was it for him to read with his impaired vision that he had to bend nearly double and his spine became affected. He was compelled at last to give up his ambition of graduating. At the age of twenty he became a probationer in the Methodist ministry. Some two years later he chanced to be travelling on an Ohio steamer; among the passengers were a number of Congressmen on their way to Washington. “Not a few of them swore outrageously, played cards day and night, and drank villainous whiskey to excess.” Sunday morning, on the steamer, Milburn was asked to preach. In his sermon he fearlessly denounced these sins.

After the service, as he sat alone in his room, wondering how his words would be received, a Congressman came on behalf of the others to present him with a purse of money and assure him an honourable election as chaplain of the Senate. He consented and became at Washington the lion of the season. But at the close of Congress he declined re-election.

He was an indefatigable worker, a prodigy of self-culture. He stowed his mind with the best literature, with large portions of the Scripture and with hundreds of hymns. He had a phenomenal memory. Let him hear a voice once, and ten, twenty, thirty years later he knew his man again at sound of his voice. He went about alone with perfect freedom in spite of his affliction. It is estimated that up to five years ago he averaged not less than ten thousand miles of fearless travel a year in his preaching and lecturing tours. He covered thus most parts of United States, Canada, Great Britain, and Ireland. His trust in all men was implicit. To those with whom he had to deal he would say, “Here is my pocket-book, take what you ought to take.” And it speaks much for human nature that rarely, if ever, was his trust abused. He was the author of many books, among them “With Rifle, Axe, and Saddle Bags,” “What a Blind Man Saw in Europe.” In his later years he was tenderly cared for by an accomplished Canadian lady, the daughter of the late Rev. John Gemley, whom he adopted as his own.

DEATH OF REV. W. W. SHEPHERD.

A thrill of sorrow was felt throughout Canadian Methodism at the death of Rev. W. W. Shepherd, principal of the Muncey Institute. His death was the result of an accident, being thrown from his carriage during the preceding week. His noble character, his services to Canadian Methodism, and particularly his twenty-three years of splendid work in connection with Mount Elgin Institute, are too well known to need further comment. He had put the Institute on a paying basis and thus relieved the Missionary Society of responsibility in the matter. The Institute has doubled its attendance in the past few years, having now over a hundred pupils.

His services, however, were not confined to this great work alone. Since going to Muncey he has preached regularly. He was chairman of the district for several years. He was a member of the General Conference, and president of the Annual Conference in 1894-5. In each of these offices he was noted for his energy and wise counsel. A courteous gentleman, a man of foresight, of tenderness, and of broad sympathies, his memory will ever be an inspiration. Our sympathies go out to the bereaved family.

Book Notices.

"The Turk and His Lost Provinces." Greece, Bulgaria, Servia, Bosnia. By William Eleroy Curtis. Author of "The True Thomas Jefferson," etc. Chicago, New York, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. Pp. 396. Price, \$2.00 net.

Ever since we traversed from end to end the Bulgarian peninsula, the disturbed regions of the storm-centre of Europe, we have been looking for a book which covers just the need of this latest volume by Mr. Curtis—but up till now without success. It is easier to learn the history of ancient Greece and Rome than that of the many new kingdoms and principalities of south-eastern Europe. Mr. Curtis is a vigilant observer and trained newspaper writer. He has traversed these regions with his eyes wide open, and records with vivid interest the result of his observation and study.

The Bulgarian peninsula is one of the most primitive in character, yet one of the longest settled sections of Europe. "Her kings and queens and courts shone resplendent in ermine and jewels when western Europe was still overrun by barbarians." The blight of the Turk, the modern successor of Attila, "the scourge of God," of whom it was said "the grass never grew where his horses' feet trod," is over all this region.

The first section of the book is devoted to the unspeakable Turk, himself, his government or misgovernment, his family, his city, his mosques and palaces, and, finally—the most cheerful outlook for the future—Robert College and the missionaries. No wonder the lost provinces and those soon to follow them have been in chronic revolt, for, says Mr. Curtis, "the thresholds of thousands of homes are slippery with the blood of husbands and fathers who have died defending the honour of their wives and daughters." The spoliation of the peasant has become a science. Even after the recently pledged reforms the exorbitant taxes were this spring collected from the seed corn of next harvest.

Mr. Curtis gives a vivid picture of the city of the Sultan, its strange contrasts, its maladministrations, its gorgeous palaces and reeking and wretched purlieus. While it may be

true that, as Mr. Curtis says, you seldom see a mosque out of repair, yet in Cairo and the provinces you seldom see one that is not out of repair. No country, not even Russia, is more intolerant. No Turk can become a Christian except on penalty of exile, imprisonment, or assassination. No city has a more polyglot population. Here are newspapers published in fourteen different languages. The strife of tongues is like that of Babel.

No wonder that the Bulgarian atrocities roused the soul of Gladstone and all Europe. The American consul at Constantinople states that fifteen thousand persons were massacred by the Turks in a single month. The creation of the new kingdom of Bulgaria and its strange fortunes is a tale of facts stranger than fiction. Even now it is only emerging from anarchy. But the railway, telegraph, and telephone and improved agriculture are removing the stigmas of centuries of blight. Incidentally the author says the German telephone system is the worst in the world, which he explains by the suggestion that some of the German words are too big to send over the ordinary wire. A Berlin professor, however, tried to show the absurdity of the proposition. His moral is: Never try a joke on a German professor.

We describe elsewhere the present status of Bulgaria. One of its greatest exports is attar of roses, of which a million dollars' worth a year is sold. There are eleven Methodist missionaries, with eight churches and thirteen schools at work. They are the leaders of mission work in that land. Speaking of Miss Stone's capture and ransom for \$65,000, Mr. Curtis gives a list of eighteen others, several of whom were ransomed at a cost of sums ranging from \$50,000 to \$60,000.

The history of Servia, with its swineherd monarch, who cooked his own meals in the palace, is one of unique interest. His successor, Alexander, is described as "a degenerate, looking like a fugitive from an asylum for the depraved." Of Queen Draga little better can be said. The misrule of the Turks in Bosnia is described as one of chronic and chaotic anarchy. It is officially asserted by the British consul that eight or ten thousand

persons were annually murdered by the troops, but to-day, under wise Christian government life is as safe in Bosnia as in Illinois; travel is safer, because there has never been a train robbery in the country.

It is to the credit of the Turk that his religion makes him a total abstainer, but he makes up by indulgence in coffee, of which some drink a hundred cups a day, and smoke a hundred cigarettes.

In Greece, says our author, what is needed is "not so much men of culture, but men of agriculture." The king himself is served by the field, and the highest civilization is dependent upon the cultivation of the soil. This book is simply indispensable to a correct comprehension of the interesting problem of south-eastern Europe. It has many striking illustrations.

"The Jewish Encyclopedia." Vol. IV. Chazars to Dreyfus Case. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Company. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xxii-688. Large 8vo. Price, \$6.00 per vol.

It is remarkable that no other such great work on the religion, history, and biography of any race has been produced by any Church or race as this Jewish Encyclopedia. God's chosen people Israel through the ages have been bitterly persecuted, and their maltreatment by Russia excites daily the indignation of the world. It is another illustration of the vitality and virility of this remarkable people, of their scholarship, their energy and enterprise, and of the enterprise of the great Christian Publishing House which issues this work. All Christendom is interested in the Jew. All the Churches are connected with his faith. Nowhere is this many-sided subject so fully and fairly treated as in this Encyclopedia. An evidence of its thoroughness and up-to-date character is shown in the fact that the Dreyfus case, on which was focused the attention of the world and which is still "a live wire" in French politics, is treated in fifty-six closely printed columns, with several illustrations. Into this space have been condensed the essential facts of this most celebrated trial of modern times. So important do we deem this great work that we have placed it in the hands of an accomplished expert for more adequate treatment in this Magazine and Review.

"The Papers of Pastor Felix" (Arthur John Lockhart). Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 386. Price, \$1.25.

Our readers have long been familiar with the delicate fancy, the grace of diction, the poetic insight, the keen sympathy with nature of "Pastor Felix," a much prized contributor to The Methodist Magazine and Review. These qualities are conspicuously shown in this collection of some of his most graceful articles and most touching stories. They are interspersed with fine poetic selections and with some of his own contributions in verse. The nature studies of the varied aspects of the seasons will open new windows to the world without through which many of us walk blindfold. Mr. Lockhart, though for some years a member of the East Maine Methodist Conference, is a Canadian, born in Lockhartville, Nova Scotia. He retains his love for the land of his birth and has won wide recognition in both the United States and Canada as a poet and essayist. We welcome this volume as an important contribution to our international literature. A handsome Canadian edition is published by our Book Room.

"The Souls of the Black Folk." Essays and Sketches. By W. E. Burghardt Du Bois. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. viii-264. Price, \$1.20 net.

This book is an important contribution to higher literature by a coloured writer. The author is a professor at Atlanta University. His work found its way into high-class magazines, as The Atlantic Monthly, World's Work, and other leading periodicals. His book is marked by fine literary grace. It is in some respects a cry *de profundis*. The iron of injustice has entered into his soul. He echoes the bitter cry of his coloured kinsmen: "Why did God make me an outcast and a stranger in mine own house? The shadows of the prison-house closed round about us all, walls relentlessly narrow and unscalable to sons of night who must beat unavailing palms against the stone."

He discusses the great race problem which confronts the American people. Education, intellectual, but

still more industrial, is the only solution of this problem. "They are rising, all arising, the black and white together." There is a strange pathos in some of the chapters, as that on the Sorrow Songs of his race, some of which are given with the strange, fascinating music to which they are sung. The studies of the Black Belt, the Training of the Black Men, the Quest of the Golden Fleece, the Faith of the Fathers, and the Passing of the First-born are a new voice of strange power in our ears. A fine poetical vein runs through these papers.

"Ontario Historical Society Papers and Records." Vol. IV. Exploration of the Great Lakes, 1669-1670. By Dollier de Casson and De Brehant de Galinee. Galinee's Narrative and Map, with an English Version, including all the Map Legends. Translator and Editor: James H. Coyne. Part I. Toronto: Published by the Society. Pp. xxxvii-89.

The Ontario Historical Society is accomplishing a great work for our country. The preservation, study and dissemination of the documental history of our province is a task of much importance. In this work the Society has achieved great success, very largely through the inspiration and energy of Mr. J. H. Coyne, B.A., its president for 1898-1902. Mr. Coyne has prepared, edited, and translated the very fascinating narrative on the exploration of our Canadian lakes two hundred and forty years ago. A detailed, accurate, and interesting account of that exploration exists in contemporary narrative written in the quaint old French of the period. This Mr. Coyne has translated into lucid and luminous English, comparing the narrative with the different extant versions. The narrative in English and French is printed on opposite pages so that one can verify the accuracy of the translation. It is a model of editorial fidelity. Mr. Coyne has also visited many of the places described and presents photographs of their present appearance, reproductions of historic maps and portraits. This is a very important contribution to the history of our province.

"The Oldest Code of Laws in the World." The Code of Laws promulgated by Hammurabi, King of Babylon, B.C. 2235-2242. Trans-

lated by C. H. W. Johns, M.A. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xii-88. Price, 1s. 6d. net.

This very important document—one of the most important, says the editor, in the history of the race—is one of the latest results of studies in Assyriology. It contains the laws enacted by Hammurabi, which date from the time of the migration of Abraham from Ur of the Chaldees, and must have served to "mould and fix the ideas of right throughout that great empire, and so form the state of society in Canaan when, five hundred years later, the Hebrews began to dominate that region." The document is of intense interest.

"The Keswick Movement" By Arthur T. Pierson, D.D. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 50 cents net.

This little book traces the origin and growth of the Keswick Movement since the first Keswick Convention about a quarter of a century ago. It is a sympathetic exposition of this movement toward holier living that is slowly but steadily permeating the whole evangelical world. Dr. Pierson writes in a clear, concise, and forceful style, and many readers who have previously heard little or nothing of this movement will recognize that a similar influence has been at work in their midst.

"The Cross and the Dice-Box." Sermons and Addresses to Working Men. By Rev. Thos. G. Selby and nine others. Manchester: Jas. Robinson. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. vi-232. Price, 3s. 6d. net.

This book takes its rather sensational title from the sermon on the text: "Upon my vesture did they cast lots." The sermons are strong and cogent presentations of divine truth, specially adapted to arrest the thought of working-men—The Value of a Man, the Sacredness of Work, the Workman and his Overseer, Unclean Speech, the Law of Christ concerning Controversy. Among the writers are Griffith-Jones, Thomas Selby, Principal Rowlands, and George Jackson, whose "Man with the Muck-rake," here included, was heard with such appreciation during his visit to Toronto.