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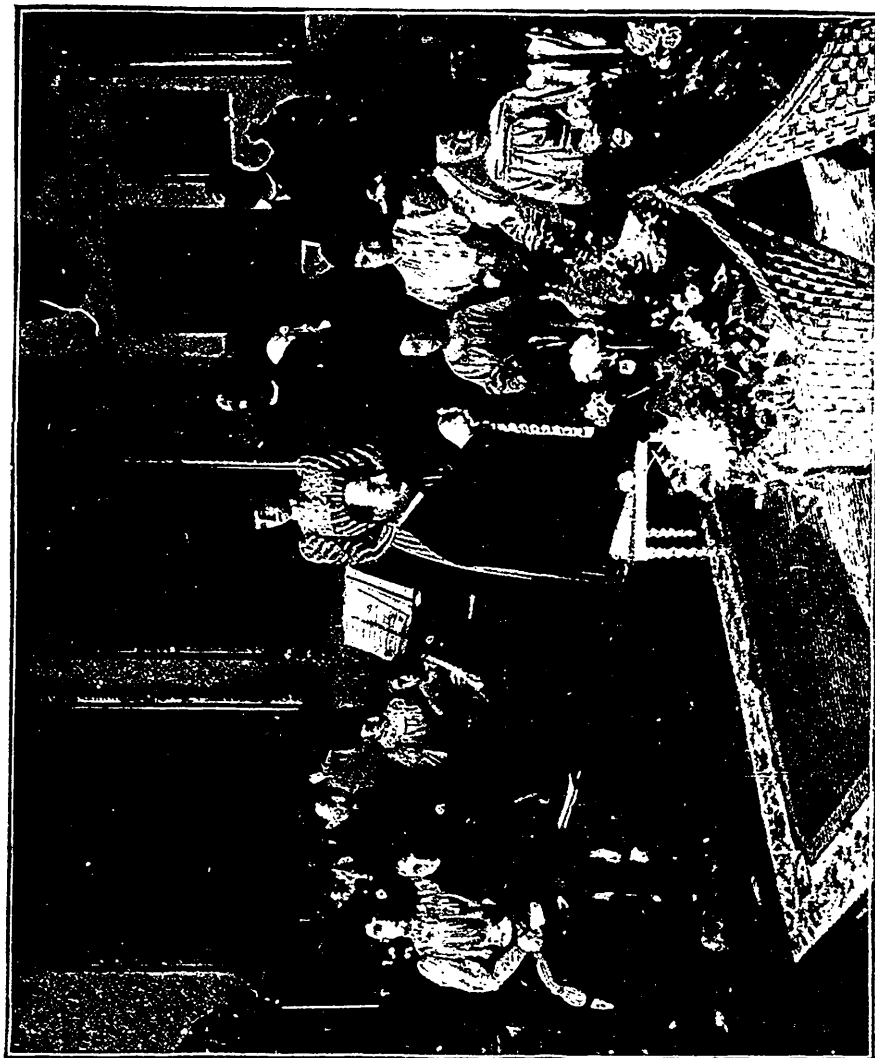
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DANISH ROYAL FAMILY IN MUSIC ROOM AT BERNSTORFFE.



KING OF DENMARK.

(Photo, Hansen & Willer, Copenhagen.)

married in 1869 the daughter of King Karl XV. of Sweden and Norway, thus reviving the idea of a reunion of the three Scandinavian kingdoms. Princess Alexandra became in 1863 Princess of Wales, and prospective Queen Consort of England. Prince Wilhelm became King Georgios I. of Greece, and married the Grand Duchess of Russia. Princess Dagmar in 1866 married Alexander III., Emperor of Russia. The Princess Thyra married in

1878 Prince Ernest, Duke of Cumberland. Prince Waldemar, in 1885, married Marie D'Orleans, daughter of the Duc de Chartres.

Prince Oscar Bernadotte, second son of the King of Sweden, says *The Outlook*, has been conducting a series of evangelistic services in the city of Copenhagen. The Prince startled his country and surprised the world a few years ago by marrying a maid-of-honour at the court. He first met her in a hospital ward where she was



THE LATE QUEEN OF DENMARK, MOTHER OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA.
(Photo, Hansen & Willer, Copenhagen.)

visiting the sick. His father, the king, made no objection to the marriage, but stipulated that, in accordance with the law, the Prince should renounce all right to succession to the throne, and resign his title of Royal Highness. Since 1888 he and his wife have been recognized as among the noblest Christian workers in the country, and during the last two years he has devoted himself largely to evangelistic work. He has a marvelous acquaintance with the Scrip-

tures, and reads them with extraordinary dramatic power. With perfect modesty and intense and unquestioned earnestness, the Prince and his wife seem to be reaching multitudes in their own country who before have been untouched by the Gospel message.

More recent intelligence comes that Prince Oscar and Princess Ebba contemplate leaving Fridhem, their beautiful home on Gothland Island in the Baltic, and sailing to Africa as missionaries,



ROSENBERG PALACE,

In old Danish architecture, begun in 1604, formerly a royal residence, now devoted to the chronological collections of the Danish kings.

in response to the appeal from jungle and slave-pen in that unhappy land where men, women and little children are hunted as beasts, and, like beasts, sold for burden-bearing and to be slaughtered for food.

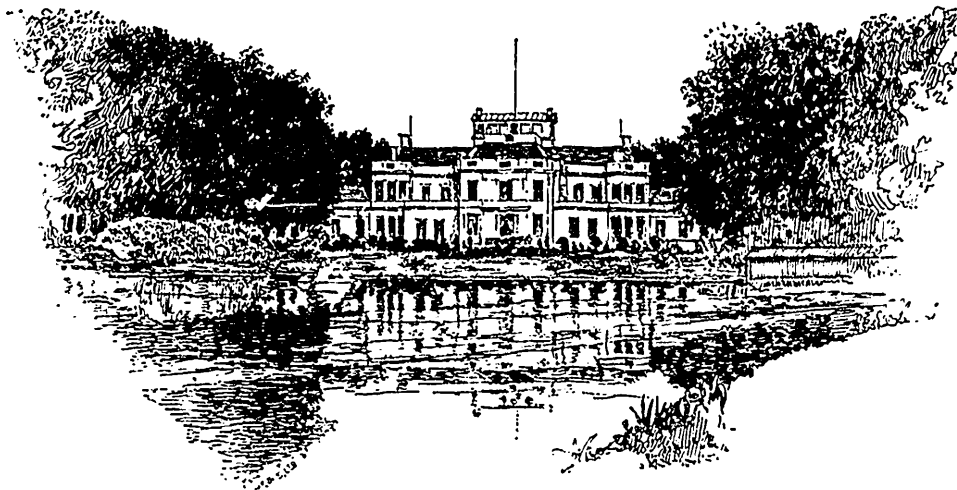
The following account of the domestic life of the royal family, by Mary Spencer Warren, who had the entree to their palace home, will be read with interest:

Copenhagen has been the capital of Denmark since the year 1443, so that parts of the city present a very ancient appearance; and yet at the same time it can show modern buildings as handsome and costly as those of most European cities. Its royal palaces certainly belong to the past, and present a very modest and rather decayed-looking front. But the

Danish royal family have been very unfortunate in their residences, having been burned out of their best abodes on three separate occasions!

The Sunday service is, of course, strictly in conformity with the Lutheran Reformed Church. The King and Queen—generally accompanied by some of their numerous grandchildren—drive from the palace in pair-horse carriages, which look as nearly like those of the English royal family as it is possible for them to look, even the scarlet coats of the retainers being identical.

The interior of the palace is on a much more sumptuous scale than one would expect to find after an outside observation. Beautiful suites of reception-rooms, a throne-room, a picture gallery, and other rooms remarkable for grace and ele-



CHRISTIANBORG PALACE.

Used chiefly for festivities and for the meetings of the "Thing," or houses of parliament.

gance, are all well worth noting. On every hand you may see numbers of tributes presented to their Majesties on their Golden Wedding. These came from the crowned heads of Europe, from the children and grandchildren of the King and Queen, from dignitaries and provinces of the kingdom, and even from the poor of the country. Their simplicity of life and the freedom with which they have mingled with the people have also doubtless done much to secure to the royal couple a permanent place in the people's affections.

The private apartments of the King and Queen are, of course, on a smaller and less pretentious scale; in fact, they are essentially cosy and homelike, but some of the rooms look like veritable museums, for they are full of curios and knick-knacks, as well as legions of photographs from all the numerous members of their family. Russia, England, Greece, and Sweden have contributed to this collection, and one is forcibly reminded of the happy autumn gatherings which take place every year, when every member of the august family that

can possibly get to Denmark joins the circle. Their liking for child-life was a marked trait in the character of the King and Queen, and so, whether at home or out, they nearly always had some of their grandchildren with them.

Not very far from the palace is a beautiful promenade by the harbour and sea. The Copenhagen elite promenade here from about two to four o'clock in the afternoon, and members of the royal family are frequently to be seen amongst them, always unattended, and with nothing at all to distinguish them from the ordinary pedestrians. You may often see the King, as well as the Crown Prince and his sons.

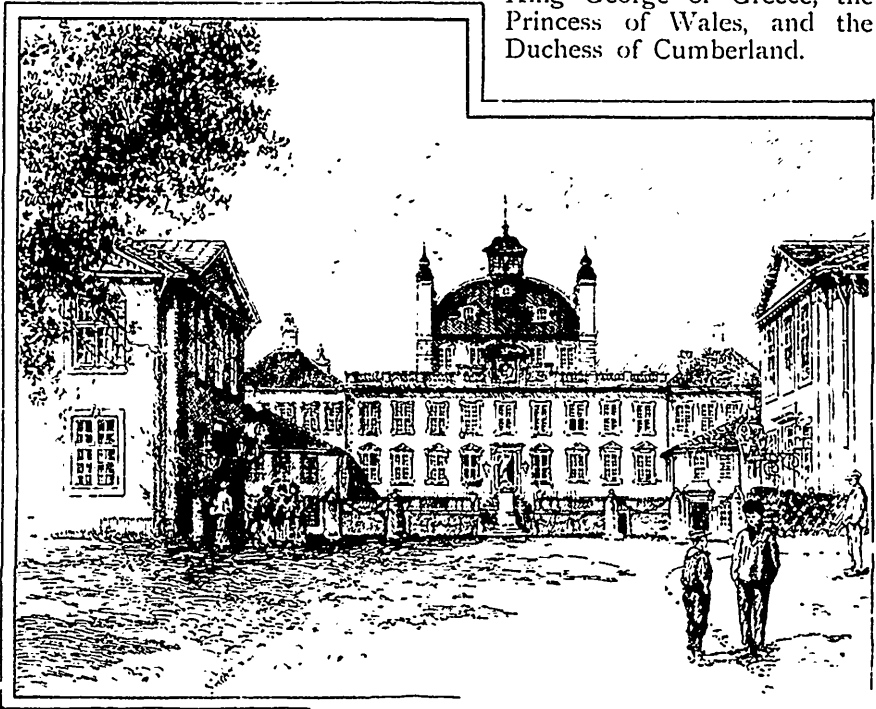
The Church of St. Alban's is remarkable as being the first English church erected in Denmark. It owes its origin principally to the exertions of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales; she had long felt that a need existed for it, and made the most strenuous efforts on its behalf. It is a very pretty, graceful-looking building, and stands on a site which was a free gift of the Danish Government. A beautiful stained-glass

window commemorates the late Duke of Clarence and Avondale. There is quite a good-sized congregation in regular attendance. Whenever the Princess is in Copenhagen, she makes a point of being present, generally accompanied by some members of the Danish royal family, as well as one or two of her own daughters.

Bernstorff is the favourite residence. This is about eight miles

press of a powerful country finding themselves the occupants of but two rooms of very modest size. Before closing, I must call your attention to the photograph of the music room—one of the principal apartments. The Queen was a talented musician, and her children take after her, so that this is a favourite rendezvous. Here you will notice quite a family group, the principal figures being the King and Queen,

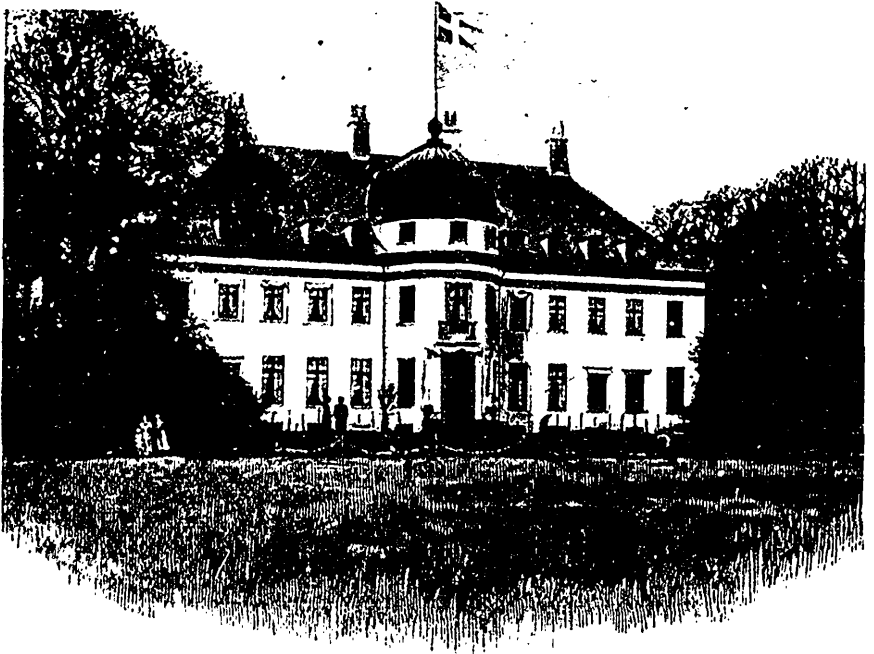
King George of Greece, the Princess of Wales, and the Duchess of Cumberland.



AMALIENBORG PALACE, DANISH HOME OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA, COPENHAGEN.

from the city, and was a present from the nation to the now reigning king. Here, in 1896, there was a big family gathering, the Czar and Czarina journeying thither for the first time since their marriage, all of them enjoying country rides and drives, cycling and tennis playing. The chateau is small; and so, when there are many of the family staying there, they are somewhat crowded out, the Emperor and Em-

In 1898, the Queen of Denmark passed away at the same age as her life-long friend, the Queen of England, at her death, eighty-one, surrounded by "love, obedience, troops of friends." Her end was peace; the weary wheels of life stood still. At her bedside were the King of Denmark, the Dowager Empress of Russia, the King and Queen of Greece, the Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland,



BERNSTORFF PALACE.

Favourite country residence of the royal family—eight miles from Copenhagen.

the Crown Prince and Crown Princess Denmark, and all the other members of the royal family.

“With the possible exception of Queen Victoria, no female personage of royalty has exercised for the last thirty years such a weighty influence on European politics as has Louise, Queen of Denmark; and to her, even more than to Great Britain’s sovereign, is the title applicable—‘the mother-in-law of Europe.’ When the comparative poverty and humble station that marked the early married life of Christian IX. and his spouse Louise are considered, the results appear more remarkable.

“Prince Christian, the fourth son of the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, was, in 1850, a good young man of no expectations. Eight years before he had married for love, Louise, Princess of Hesse-Cassel. He had a small salary and she had

a small *dot*. Together the young officer and his wife managed to make things meet for ten years. In 1852, however, a change, in appearance, if not in material, came over their prospects. By the Protocol of London, Prince Christian was formally recognized as heir to his wife’s cousin, King Frederick VII. of Denmark. The couple received the title of Royal Highnesses, and Christian secured a position, as became his new dignity, as Commander-in-Chief of Danish Cavalry, whose personnel existed chiefly on paper.

“At length, in 1863, Frederick died, and the poor Prince became Christian IX., King of Denmark. The late sovereign had been idolized by his subjects, and the Prince was not regarded with favour. The Danes had nothing against him, however, except that they did not consider his wife good-looking.

They called the King a "Teuton," and when he was proclaimed from the balcony of the Christianborg, they hooted and yelled in derision. The King, seemingly undisturbed, ordered his carriage, and taking his

quietly asserted herself, as she has often done since, and with consummate diplomacy said: 'They are all good people who loved the dead King very much. Let us wait while they come to their senses; then they



THE LATE QUEEN OF DENMARK, PRINCESS OF WALES, AND EMPRESS DOWAGER OF RUSSIA,
AT BERNSTORFF.

wife with him, proceeded to the Amalienborg, where he was residing. Stones were thrown at the carriage, and one struck the Queen on the cheek. The King, highly incensed, was for calling the military and having the mob dispersed by force of arms, but her Majesty

will be curious to see what we are like.'

"She was right, for after a little brawling about the streets of Copenhagen, quiet was restored. But the populace of the capital city were not the only persons that gave King Christian and Queen Louise

trouble. They were kindly tolerable, and soon the Danish nobility began to take advantage of what they assumed to be weakness. One crisis followed another in the Cabinet; but somehow or other the royal pair managed to retain their composure. The King had trouble with one Parliament after another; each was offensive, even abusive, to the other—characteristics which each has retained until this day. Such was the beginning of the rule of a King and Queen who in at least one respect have had a most remarkable reign. So meagre, it is said, was the income of the royal family that the princesses were taught by their wise mother to make and trim their own hats and bonnets.

“During the last twenty years of her life, the Queen steadily set herself to maintain her maternal influence over her august connections, and in the case of the Prince of Wales and the late Czar of Russia she succeeded to a wonderful degree. In short, all Europe should owe her a debt of gratitude as a peacemaker. She relied more on the bonds of true affection than on diplomacy, although the latter element has been called into play when all else failed. Both Castle Fredensborg and the humbler palace of Bernstorff she made into regular family homes—holiday meeting-places for Emperor and Empress, King and Queen, Princes and Princesses, and their offspring.”

The Baron de Stampenbourg enjoyed unusual advantages for studying the character of Queen Alexandra. He writes in the *Independent* as follows:

It was my fortune to be in a position where I had frequent opportunity to see the present British Queen in person, and to observe the characteristic features of her nature when she was the Princess of Wales, and as such visited her home among the Danes. On such occasions she was generally apt to

unbend, showing the people more of her own womanly self and less of the ermine lining of her cloak. Her sceptre became a parasol; her crown a jaunty straw hat; her jewelled orb a tennis ball. She would walk about the streets of Copenhagen as modestly and unpretentiously as any well-bred lady—something decorum forbade her to do in London. I have seen her when she was entirely unescorted, and she seldom availed herself of the usual and almost obligatory detective protection in disguise. As soon as she put foot on Danish ground the fear of assassination, always present in the minds of Royal persons, seemed to be dispelled from her apprehension, and she would walk about as unconcernedly as if anarchism were a mere dream and every citizen in the country her private detective. Undoubtedly this was in a sense the case as far as her own country was concerned.

On such private excursions of hers she was invariably dressed with a simplicity and modesty that barely complied with the demands of fashion. She did not by any means look the part of a “stylishly-dressed lady,” at least not according to the current notion of how such a creature must look. I am not sure but what the street dress adopted by her for such *tours d'incognito* could be duplicated in any department store for a ten-dollar bill. Beyond a simple pin in the collar I don't remember ever seeing her display any jewelry in public, when thus quietly walking about in the capital of her home. She always wore plain calf-skin shoes, apparently of the trusty British make, which sacrifices style for comfort. Not even as much as a patent leather tip would she tolerate. A plain sailor hat slightly tilted forward on her calm brow, a neatly tied veil, and a pair of Randers gloves, finished the attire of Her Royal Highness.

Obviously this Puritanic "style" was adopted by her to avoid notice, and to enable her, by actual contact with the plain people, to get some insight into life outside her sphere. In spite of her clever disguise not a few people would recognize her, and with profound bows salute her by removing their hats. In an Am-

Of a certain day I appointed myself her private, though unsolicited, detective, following her at a respectful distance to see where she would go, and how she would spend her time. She bought a bouquet of violets from a flower girl, patting her cheeks as she passed on. She looked in several store windows,



STATE APARTMENT IN OLD ROSENBERG PALACE.

erican city she would have had a crowd at her heels. In Copenhagen such a thing would have been regarded as an insult. Never in a single instance have I seen, or heard of, the present Queen of England being followed about by the curious when she would thus unbend and cheat etiquette of its daily claims upon her person.

not by any means those of the millinery or the tailoring trade, but mostly the poor shops, the modest display of the "speakhoker" (the secondary butcher), the cobbler's, the baker's, the pawnshop's tawdry, plebeian show. Evidently, she was bent on studying certain aspects of the life of the plain people. I did not see her entering any stores. On

ner reaching Halmtorvet it began to drizzle. She lined up on the curb with some other people to catch the "bus." On entering the "bus" a stout old man with two elderly ladies forced his way in front of her with the raw, selfish forwardness peculiar to some people. I watched her face as she gently fell back, allowing Mr. Tradesman to embark with his bejewelled "ladies" in advance of her. Not a sign of disapproval on her features; merely a sort of naive surprise; absolutely no comment. In paying her fare she gave the exact change—10 ore (2 1-2 cents) from a pocket book that was neither gorgeous nor "well lined." She seemed to take a certain inward pleasure in listening to the talk of a couple of carpenter's apprentices sitting next to her with a chest of tools between them. She did not, however, turn to look at them, but at times the fine lines of her mouth were on the verge of protruding into a smile at the drollery of the lads.

My clearest recollection of the present Queen Alexandra dates back some ten years ago, when she unexpectedly visited my aunt's, Lady Wain's, summer cottage in Spurveskjul. It is not likely she would ever have found this quaintly hidden cottage on her own hand, were it not for her mother, the Queen Louise, who brought her there, being herself a not infrequent, though most informal, caller on my aunt. I was in the cottage at the time in the uniform of a "middie" of the Royal Navy, but did not exactly behave according to the regulations. While I was cruising about the pantry, bent on capturing a supply of "shore grub" for a fishing trip I had planned with a friend, a noise in the adjoining anteroom nailed me to the spot with apprehension. In stormed the housekeeper, as breathless as if she had been in a running race, ejaculating: "The Queen!" My aunt,

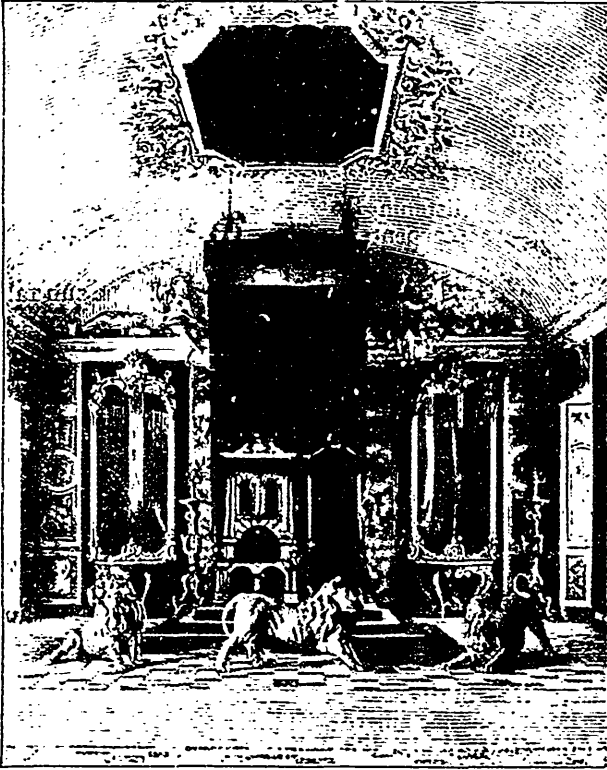
who was resting upstairs, was roused. I dropped all thought of assaulting my aunt's famous preserves and slipped into the hot-house, where, hidden among the shrubbery, I could spy upon the royal personage without much chance of being detected.

To my surprise there were "two queens," or rather the present British Queen with her mother, the late Queen of Denmark. They talked amiably and in low, conversational voices with my aunt, who could not have made her appearance more swiftly if the house had been on fire. The Princess of Wales went over some family albums, stopping at some of the pictures and asking for information. She looked so sweet and charming in her fluffy, white summer dress as she sat in a rustic chair, the sun falling on her high-set chestnut-brown hair, I had a good mind to go right up to her and kiss her, but—I didn't. Although she was about forty-eight years of age at the time, she did not look more than thirty, and when she smiled and chatted one felt tempted to deduct a few more years. My aunt opened the door to the hot-house. Now I thought I was going to get caught. The very shrubs around me trembled, apparently—or was it myself? But the royal-ties stayed on the threshold without invading my floral ambushade. I heard the Princess of Wales say in Danish, "Nej, hvor nydeligt og friskt De har det her!" (Oh, how charming and delicious this is!) Her voice was distinct, but mellow rather than clear-cut—a typically Danish voice. Her walk was grace personified, promenading. No capricious air. No studied or poseful manner. A free, natural, yet perfectly schooled carriage, with a stride as easy and firm as it was void of the artificially evolved "elastic gait" of the actress. It was delicious in watching her to think that this gentle-mannered

woman, who moved about in the cot as if she had never had a loftier ceiling above her head, was the Princess of Wales.

Her deep interest in the Danish people was peculiarly demonstrated during a talk which my grandfather, Bishop Wisby, had with her at the Fredensborg Castle. Grandfather being a story-teller of the

then proposed a regular weekly supply of "candy and coffee." The peasants in his parish were quite willing to go barefoot if they could have those things, said he. The royal sisters preferred to take that as a joke. But he was in dead earnest, and carried out the scheme himself. Till his dying day he supplied his rurals with as much



THRONE OF DENMARK IN CHRISTIANBORG PALACE.

old-fashioned spellbinder order, gave her Royal Highness and her sister, Dagmar, then Empress of Russia, such a graphic version of the troubles besetting the peasantry, that both ladies, highly moved, volunteered to give their assistance to any organized move for their relief which he might suggest. In his characteristic fashion the Bishop

coffee and candy as they cared to relieve him of.

Alexandra early endeared herself to her countrymen by the manner in which she encouraged charity and movements of a benevolent nature. Her various gifts and bequests seem rather insignificant compared to the wholesale education mania of many multi-million-

aires. She has always preferred to lend a hand in person rather than to despatch the matter with a check, which is always an uncertain gauge of the true sympathy of the giver.

Her sister Dagmar's marriage to Czar Alexander III. brought her into close intimacy with the Russian Imperial family, and she seems to have formed an affection for the Russian people which abides with her to-day. She used to go fishing with Czar Alexander, who, against her entreaties, persisted in using live bait. The tender-hearted Alexandra tried in vain to persuade him to her way of using artificial bait. On the Frederiksborg lake they could sometimes be seen paddling about in an old, leaky skiff, loaned them by a fisherman thereabout. The Czar would row way out into the middle of the lake, and one day he exclaimed, standing up in the primitive float: "Thank God, here I am safe. The Nihilists can't reach me here. If I were in Russia the shores would have to be lined with infantry before I would begin to feel myself."

Russia has a strong friend in the new Queen of Great Britain, and this affection will have to be reckoned with in the future diplomacy between these two rival world powers.

On the other hand, Germany long had a bitter foe in Alexandra—ever since 1864, when, through the dastardly cunning diplomacy of Bismarck, rather than because of the success of Von Moltke's army against the Danish, the part of the country in which she was born was lost to the Prussian Eagle. Bismarck's scooping in of the provinces Schleswig-Holstein-Lauenburg was never forgiven by Alexandra. However, the present Emperor of Germany being a grandson to the late Queen Victoria, and with Bismarck in the grave, the old hatred may have been appeased. The impression that Queen Alex-

andra has taken no part whatsoever in public life is a very erroneous one. It was estimated the other day that through her personal influence and direct action she has, during the nearly four decades that have elapsed since she first came to England as the bride of the Prince of Wales, been instrumental in securing the subscription and contribution of no less than \$250,000,000 for charitable and philanthropic enterprises.

Queen Alexandra's fondness for children is a prominent trait in her character, and extends to all children. In her own family this fondness is translated into passionate devotion. The greatest sorrow of her life, and one from which she has never wholly recovered, was the death of her eldest-born, the Duke of Clarence, whose life ebbed just as he touched a promising manhood. Through her love for him and grief at his loss, all sons of all mothers were glorified. Several months after her bereavement, walking in the lanes near her home, she met an old woman staggering under the weight of burdens far too heavy for her. The Princess stopped to give a word of sympathy and found that she was a carrier, who executed commissions for humble folk between two villages. "The bundles are too heavy for me," she cried, weeping, "and I never carried them when Jack was here." "And who is Jack, and where is he?" kindly inquired her questioner. "Jack's my boy, and he's dead, dead," was the wild and tearful answer of the old woman. With a sympathetic word, Alexandra turned hurriedly away, lowering her veil to hide her own emotion. The next day there was sent from one stricken mother to the other a stout donkey and cart, in which the rest of her life the old carrier-woman made her business journeys in comfort.

In the church at Sandringham

there hangs to-day a plain tablet of thanksgiving from the Princess of Wales. In the simplicity of its gratitude it speaks volumes:

TO THE GLORY OF GOD,

A thank-offering for His mercy,

14th December, 1871,

ALEXANDRA.

"When I was in trouble I called upon the Lord, and He heard me."

Queen Alexandra excels in all domestic accomplishments. She is an admirable housekeeper, her establishment at Sandringham being an estate as well as a house, over every part of which she exercises the most careful control. The model dairy on the place has almost a world-wide reputation, and the Princess and her daughters are more than theorists in the art of butter-making. Her attachment for dogs and horses is what might be expected in a woman devoted to out-door life, and her skill and delight in out-door sports are in the same proportion. Her musical abilities are of a very high order, and have won for her the degree of Musical Doctor, deservedly conferred by Trinity College.

Much could be written of her innumerable acts of kindness, of generosity, and of tender consideration for others, but I will merely relate one little incident which occurs to me at the present moment, and which may serve to illustrate the sympathy which she feels, and which can only be surpassed by the sympathy which she inspires. Some time ago, an old lady-in-waiting of her mother, the late Queen of Denmark, lay dying in the Royal Palace at Copenhagen. She had known the present Queen of England since the latter's infancy, and was deeply attached to her. King Christian writes every week to his daughter in England, and in one of his letters

declared that the dying lady's one wish was to speak with her "Princess Alex" before she expired. Alexandra was quite unable to leave England at the time, but she spoke a tender and sympathetic message into a phonograph and despatched it to Copenhagen by special messenger. Already the dimness of death had veiled the old lady's eyes when the phonograph gave out its message of love and hope, and as the last words died away and only the vibrations of the phonograph lingered on the air, she sighed hap-



CROWN PRINCE OF DENMARK.

pily, and with "God bless you," dear," on her lips, passed away to another world.

If anything could console the English people for the loss which they have sustained in the person of Victoria it is the knowledge that their new Queen is, like her lamented mother-in-law, a woman of singularly blameless life, of kindly disposition, a pattern of all domestic virtues, a woman whose heart goes out instinctively to all sorrow and suffering—in one word, a both lovely and lovable Sovereign.

ALBERT THE GOOD.

BY THE LATE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.



THE excellence of the Prince Consort's character has become a commonplace, almost a byword, among us. It is easy to run round the circle of his virtues: difficult to find a point at which the line is not continuous. He was without doubt eminently happy in the persons who principally contributed from without to develop his capacities, and determine his mental and moral, as well as his exterior, life: namely, in his uncle, his tutor, and his wife. But how completely did the material answer to every touch that it received; how full, round, and complete it was, as a sculpture; how perseveringly and accurately did the Prince apply a standing genial conception of duty and action to the rapid stream, it might be said, the torrent, of the daily details of life; how much of interest—amidst incessant action, and without the tranquillity necessary for systematic thought—he presents to the class who have no taste for mere action, to the philosophic student; how nearly the life approximates to an ideal; how it seems to lay the foundations for a class and succession of men, if only men could be found good enough, and large enough, to build themselves upon it!

The period of the great Exhibition of 1851, which entailed upon him arduous and constant labour, was probably the climax of the Prince Consort's noble career. It was a wide-spread peace, founded on social and mental unison, which the exhibition of 1851 truly, if cir-



H. R. H. PRINCE ALBERT.

cuitously, tended to consolidate. And if, in the period which has since elapsed, counter-influences have proved too strong for the more beneficial agencies, let us recollect that many of the wars which have since occurred have been in truth constructive wars, and have given to Europe the hope of a more firmly knit political organization; and that, even if this had not been so, the influences of theory and practice associated with the Great Exhibition would still have earned their title to stand along with most other good influences in the world, among things valuable but not sufficient.

During the last decade, however, of his years, from 1852 to 1861, wars, as well as rumours of wars, became the engrossing topic of life

and thought. This, we think, was a great misfortune to the Prince, in regard both to the mental movement which required a congenial atmosphere and exercise, and to the eventual greatness which was its natural result. He was properly and essentially a man of peace. The natural attitude of his mind was not that of polemical action, but of tranquil, patient, and deliberate thought. It was as a social philosopher and hero that he was qualified to excel.

The Prince's life from day to day was, however, not a life fashioned by haphazard, but one determined by conscientious premeditation. Though a short, it was a very full and systematic life. So regarding it, we may say that his marital relation to the sovereign found a development outwards in three principal respects. First, that of assistance to the Queen in her public or political duties. Secondly, in the government of the court and household. Thirdly, in a social activity addressed to the discovery of the wants of the community, and reaching far beyond the scope of Parliamentary interference, as well as to making provision for those wants, by the force of lofty and intelligent example, and of moral authority.

It was a matter of course that the Queen's husband should be more or less her political adviser; it would have been nothing less than a violence done to nature if, with his great powers and congenial will, any limits had been placed upon the relations of confidence between the two, with respect to any public affairs whatsoever. Had he been an inferior person, his interference would doubtless have been limited by his capacity. But he being, as he was, qualified to examine, comprehend, and give counsel, the two minds were thrown into common stock, and worked as one.

It was to be expected that one whose life was so steadily held under the control of conscience should deeply feel the responsibilities at-

tending the education of the royal children. In no station of life is there such a command, or such a free application, of all the appliances of instruction. The obstacles which it places in the way of profound and solid learning are indeed insurmountable. This disability is perhaps compensated by the tendency of the station itself to confer a large amount of general information and of social training. Our young princes and princesses have grown up under a sense of social responsibility far heavier than that which is felt by, or impressed upon, children born and reared at the degree of elevation next to theirs.

In a religious point of view, their dangers are immense; and they are greatly aggravated by the fact that after the earliest periods of life are passed, and anything like manhood is attained, they do not enjoy the benefit of that invaluable check upon thought and conduct which is afforded by the free communication and mutual correction of equals. They have no equals; the cases in which a friend can be strong enough and bold enough to tell them the whole truth about themselves are of necessity exceptional. It is much if the air of courts be not tainted with actual falsehood. The free circulation of truth it hardly can permit; and the central personages in them are hereby deprived in a great degree of one of the readiest and most effective helps for their salvation, while they are set up as a mark to attract all the wiles of the designing and the vile. It is well known, to the infinite honour of the Queen and of the Prince, how the best provision which love and wisdom could suggest was made for the religious training of the royal offspring.

It is not, however, as a model either of theological or of political opinion that any human being can profitably be proposed for exact imitation, or that we think the Prince will be longest and best remembered

among us. In the speculative man there remained much more of the German, than in the practical. His contemplation and study of the living and working England were alike assiduous and fruitful; and this man, who never sat upon our throne, and who ceased at the early age of forty-two to stand beside it, did more than any of our sovereigns except very, very few, to brighten its lustre and strengthen its foundations. He did this, by the exhibition in the highest place, jointly with the Queen, of a noble and lofty life, which refused to take self for the centre of its action, and sought its pleasure in the unceasing performance of duty. There was, beyond all doubt, one perceptible and painful change since his death; a depression of the standard of conduct within the very highest circle of society. In proof of this melancholy proposition, we will specify that branch of morality which may fairly be taken as a testing-branch—that is to say, conjugal morality. Among the causes of an incipient change so disastrous to our future prospects we should be inclined to reckon the death of the Prince Consort, and the disappearance from public view of that majestic and imposing, as well as attractive and instructive, picture of a court which while he lived was always before the eyes of the aristocracy and the nation.

From the midst of the hottest glow of worldly splendour the life of the Prince Consort has drawn forth to public contemplation a genuine piece of solid, sterling, and unworldly excellence; a pure and lofty life, from which every man, and most of all, every Christian, may learn many an ennobling lesson; on which he may do well to meditate when he communes with his own heart, in his chamber, and is still.

In the after-time, when great men stand before our thought in the white calm of death, colossal in the marble statues of their immortality, we feel only the glory and the majesty of deathless fame, and forget the sorrow, the struggle, the warfare, all fallen silent now, through which their day of striving and endeavour, of weariness, of disappointment, of toilsome achievement, slowly and often sadly passed. We overlook the contemporary enmity, hatred, and malice; the gross misconception, the ungenerous rivalries, the fierce oppositions, and the savage slanders which surrounded and embittered so many years of their warring lives; we look upon the triumphant warriors, and fail to realize the struggles of the time when, though they had all worth and all merit, they had not yet conquered fame or silenced envy. Time which soothes sorrow, alone renders justice to genius.

VICTORIA THE GOOD.

Stifle the throbbing of this haunting pain,
 And dash this tearful sorrow from the eyes!
 She is not dead! Though summoned to the skies,
 Still in our hearts she lives, and there will reign;
 Still the dear memory will the power retain
 To teach us where our foremost duty lies,
 Truth, justice, honour, simple worth to prize,
 And what our best have been to be again.

She hath gone hence, to meet the great, the good,
 The loved ones, yearn'd for through long toilsome years,
 To share with them the blest beatitude,
 Where care is not, nor strife, nor wasting fears,
 Nor cureless ills, nor wrongs to be withstood;
 Shall thought of this not dry our blinding tears?

—Theodore Martin.

WEALTH AND ITS USES.*

BY THE REV. JAMES COOKE SEYMOUR.



WEALTH, its acquisition, distribution, and use, is one of the tremendous questions of the day. Christ never forbade a man becoming rich, or condemned him merely for being rich. If Christ thought it was a sin for Job to be rich, and Abraham and Solomon, and a good many other Old Testament millionaires, He never said so, nor even hinted that He thought so.

There were rich people around Him, and some of them His own friends, but He never denounced them merely because they were rich, nor taught His disciples that wealth was a crime. If it is a crime to be rich, then Christ taught men principles of life and conduct which will necessarily make criminals of hosts of men, and indeed of whole nations of men, to a greater or less degree. Christianity, more than any other religion, recognizes the special gifts and endowments of men and shows them how to cultivate and use their talents, so that the one talent gains two, or five, or ten.

Many men are born traders. God made them such, and they

* A chapter from a forthcoming volume by Rev. J. C. Seymour, entitled "Christ the Apocalypse." In this book the writer, with an intense and fervid earnestness and eloquence sets forth our Lord as the revelation of God's love and man's salvation; as the solvent of all the problems of the ages—of war, the strifes of labour and capital, of true patriotism, of a purified literature, of an ennobled education and true science, of the social, economic, and moral reforms of the age, the sanctification of the Sabbath, the elevation of women, the conversion of the world, and the moral renovation of mankind.—Ed.

would not fulfil their mission if they did not trade. They would hide their Lord's money in the napkin of a sinful neglect, and if they do trade on Christ's principle they will oftentimes get rich, as cause produces effect.

But did not Christ say, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God?" and "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God"? Yes, and Christ explained immediately after that He meant by that "they that trust in riches." It is not the riches, but the trusting in riches, that keeps men out of the kingdom of God. Those who thus are swollen with the pride and abuse of wealth, will find it as hard to squeeze into the kingdom of God as a camel to go through a needle's eye. But "the things impossible with men are possible with God." Grace can keep a rich man humble, though it takes a good deal of grace to do it.

But then Christ told the rich young man to sell all that he had and give it to the poor. That is just as true as that Christ has not told every rich man to do that. Christ knew this young man better than he knew himself. He knew how he got his wealth, and what influence it had over him, and what final mischief it was sure to do him. Christ's diagnosis of this case was as infallibly correct as the cure He proposed was the only safe and possible one.

A radical, heroic treatment of that sort is likewise, with scarce a doubt, the only proper and safe course with many a rich man to-day.

It is not money, but the love of

money, that is the root of all evil. To make an idol of gold is to break the first commandment with as vicious and disastrous an idolatry as any in the world. "Wealth gotten by vanity shall be diminished," and it is just as true that "the hand of the diligent maketh rich."

The richest nations in the world to-day are the most Christian nations, and it is their Christianity that has made them rich. This is true, after making the very largest allowances for all the iniquities of trade, as practised among these nations, and there are plenty of them.

Take out all the diabolical business done in alcoholic liquors and opium, and all the injurious trade in tobacco and narcotics—all the cheating, lying, and deception and fraud—all the immoralities, oppressions, and objectionable features of every kind, and the Christian trade of Great Britain and the United States—to take two samples alone—prove overwhelmingly that the hand of the diligent maketh rich.

It cannot be denied that these two nations are largely controlled by Christian thought, and morals, and inspiration. Their commerce is certainly on the whole conducted on Christian principles, that is, of fair dealing, honest equivalents, and fidelity to honourable engagements. God made these people traders, and He has made them rich. It is perfectly right that they should be rich and that all men should be rich who have the ability and energy, and honesty, and righteous opportunity to become rich.

God has put the gold and silver in the mine for men to dig. He has strewn the precious stones along the river-beds for men to gather. He has filled the ocean with fish for men to catch. He has reared the forests for men to hew. He has enriched the soil for men to cultivate, and He has raised up inventors to find out agents like steam

and electricity, to facilitate all these labours and the interchange of commodities between the nations of the earth. The winds and the lightning, and many other forces in nature are God's resources of power, put there for men to harness and use.

Man is king of nature, by Divine right, and all he can do to subdue and rule the whole world is within his right.

Christ, more than all other teachers, has sharpened man's intellect, roused his energies, directed his faculties, fired his righteous ambitions, given motive to his aims, and strength and continuity to his efforts. This is all true in every moral and spiritual path he is to tread, and equally true in every material and earthly path too.

It is a sin for many a Christian man to be poor. His poverty means that he has been unfaithful to the fundamental principles of that Christianity he professes. If he had been a faithful Christian he would not have been a poor Christian. Extravagance, and negligence, and unfaithfulness will impoverish anybody. Industry and thrift and honest carefulness and persevering effort will, as a rule, give competence, if not riches, to almost any one.

"The poor ye have with you always." Nothing can prevent calamity and death and loss at times, as the lot of man. The wisest planning can never forestall disaster. The savings of a lifetime can go up in smoke in an hour, or be wrecked upon a lee shore. Many a good man knows how to earn money, but he does not know how to keep from losing it. The world has its thieves—plenty of them; some on the highway, pistol in hand, others behind the counter dressed in broad-cloth and full of smiles.

It is hard to honestly get, it is much harder to honestly keep, anything in this world. Between flood

and fire, deceit and villany, sickness and death, and the thousand ways that lead down to righteous poverty, the wonder is that more do not go that way than do.

Worse than all there is the deliberate waste occasioned by crime. Strong drink is one chief cause of all the poverty in the world. There is as much money spent every year on liquor and tobacco as would feed and clothe, house and sustain comfortably, all the poor on the face of the earth. God has decreed these people to be rich—they themselves have decreed that they shall be poor, through their wicked waste in drink and narcotics.

But do not the rich get richer and the poor poorer continually? Is not the world to-day the monopolists' paradise? Where stands the millionaire but on the high throne of the multi-millionaire, and climbing higher every day? Where is the poor man but sinking deeper in the mire of poverty continually?

Did God intend one man to own two hundred millions and another man scarce two hundred cents? No, no more than He intended all men to possess exactly alike. All men are not equal in brains, tact, push and principle, foresight and hard work. The clever, painstaking faithful worker, ought to have more than the slack, worthless heedless, lazy man. Men deserve to be paid according to what they earn. If they do not earn much, they ought not to get much. He that worketh not, neither should he eat.

But what right has any one man to own millions or even hundreds of millions? He has a right if he came by it honestly, and is using it righteously. Christ is not a judge or divider of property among men. He lets them do that themselves, but He requires that they do it righteously. A man cannot properly own millions unless he has defrauded nobody in gaining this

wealth. How many millionaires are there in the world who have become millionaires without defrauding anybody? If a man's millions have been acquired by fraud or violence or dishonesty, then his millions will burn him like molten lead. He could hang no greater curse around his neck, nor possess a more indisputable title to damnation. But if a man, by dint of honest industry, fearless enterprise, great abilities righteously employed, does get rich—what are his riches for? To be kept for himself? Surely not. He can use for himself those vast riches as well as he can eat five hundred dinners a day, sleep on a thousand beds every night, wear five thousand suits of clothes at a time, live in a hundred palaces at once.

The limits of one's personal needs are small. "Having food and raiment, let us therewith be content." We may as well be, for we cannot enjoy much more. These two things, with what they imply of necessary accompaniments, embrace about all that is absolutely needed for our bodily comfort.

What is a man to do with his honest millions? Use them to make more—well, if he does, what then? There must be some ultimate object in making money. What is it? Christ, through his inspired servant, gives us the apocalyptic answer: "Charge them that are rich in this world that they be not high-minded nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy; that they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate."

God allows that man to collect his millions in order to scatter them. It comes in that it may go out again, like the streams into the sea, that sends up its vapours to fall again in rain on the refreshed earth.

A stagnant ocean is an ocean of rotteness and death. An ocean of

wealth, held in stagnant selfishness, rots, and its stench of death fills the world.

That is why so many millionaires are hated. That is why such wealth, gotten by vanity and held in the tight grip of selfishness, will yet be torn to pieces in the fury of an incensed world.

If the rich mean to keep their wealth, they will have to give it away. There is no other way. The millionaire's wealth should go to keep the poor—but how? Distribute equally a charity to each? No, assuredly; indiscriminate charity is no New Testament doctrine nor practice. False, unwise charity is worse than none.

Christ helped no man who was quite able to help himself. He never will. He never should. Christ helped men to help themselves. That is the true principle of charity, and of all help given our fellow-men. Christ pauperized no man, and the millionaire has no business to do it either.

When Christ healed the paralytic at the Pool of Siloam, He healed him because there was no other that could or would, but after he was healed Christ did not shoulder his bed for him, he had to do that for himself. Christ lifted men up to health and life, but they had to walk on their own feet afterwards. The rich man can work miracles of that kind, too, with his money. He can help up multitudes upon their feet, and then let them walk forth themselves into industrious, manly, useful and fruitful lives.

But what forms shall this wise distribution of riches take? Christ tells us, forms as various and different as the cases require, and as sound sense and intelligence and the grace and wisdom of God suggest. Christ treated no two alike. He was wise according to circumstances. Rich men need not ask how their wealth is to be distributed among their needy fellow men, or

for any one of the ten thousand beneficent purposes which are awaiting their Christian liberality. A man who is clever enough and wise enough to accumulate an honest fortune is wise enough to find out—if he wants to—how best to use it for the good of his fellow men and the glory of God. If such men are so disposed, they will find no difficulty in settling those questions. And it will be well for them to be so disposed, as many of them, thank God, are.

The muttering of the coming storms can be heard without much of an ear-trumpet to help. There are underground volcanoes in society that begin to heave ominously, and if the lava of burning wrath once bursts, its first objective point will be to make some new burials like Pompeii and Herculaneum of old of the millionaire despotisms of the age. It will avert disaster for the rich to obey Christ in the distribution and use of their wealth—disaster to the fabric of society which already totters to its fall, through selfish, unused, or misused riches; disaster to the rich man himself, who may find that his riches have taken wing, and his opportunity of doing and getting good gone for ever.

The rich man has a first-class opportunity of being the happiest of men, the most beneficent of men, the most beloved of men, the noblest of men, the safest of men, for time and for eternity. He can put his money in the bank of heaven and it will be safe there, and bear interest at ten thousand per cent. for ever. He can come out of his triple armour of selfishness and make his wealth fly to the four winds of heaven, until it encircles the earth with blessing. He can plant its seeds over vast areas of human suffering and need, and reap harvests of permanent and ever-multiplying good to the widow, the orphan, the sick, the weak, the

forlorn, the ignorant, the depraved — a harvest which will go on multiplying long after his bones have mouldered to dust.

He can flash forth the light of truth and knowledge, and especially the knowledge of God that saves the lost, until it spreads its ennobling beauty and saving glory over whole continents of darkness and sin, and men are by whole nations recovered to manhood, to righteousness, and peace. He can secure the undying love and gratitude of generations to come, and of many gen-

erations. He can make friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, and when he fails on earth he will be received into everlasting habitations.

The cruel, selfish, money-worshipping miser is in hell already, and will soon be in a deeper hell below. The royal millionaire, whose Christly heart and hand touch wealth for the holy purposes which are its only purposes—even already is in paradise, and may soon hear the Master say, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

EASTER MORNING.

BY EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

The fasts are done ; the prayers are said ;
The moon has filled her horn ;
And in the solemn night I watch
Before the Easter morn.
So pure, so still the starry heaven,
So hushed the brooding air,
I could hear the sweep of an angel's wing
If one should earthward fare :—
Great Michael with his flaming sword,
Sandalphon bearing to the Lord
Some heart-cry of despair.

Now days are bright, and woods and fields
Thrill to the kiss of Spring ;
The plover calls across the marsh,
The mated robins sing ;
And in all the summer gardens
No fairer flower will twine
Than the shy arbutus yester-eve
I found beneath the pine, —
A censer every blushing cup
Whose breath of Eden floating up
Made the lone dell a shrine.

Alas for April song and bloom !
My eyes are dim with tears
As I think of the dead no Spring will wake
Through all the circling years !
With broken hearts we laid them down ;
We followed them with prayers ;
And warm and true for aye we keep
Our love and trust with theirs ;
But silence shrouds them evermore,
Nor sun, nor star, nor sea, nor shore,
A pitying message bears.

Oh for a rift in the arching heaven !
A gleam of the jasper walls !
A single note of the holy hymn
That ceaseless swells and falls :
Their graves are cold, and they never come
When the evening sun is low,
Nor sit with us one happy hour
In the firelight's fading glow ;
And I dream till my eyes are dim with tears,
And all my life o'erpowered with fears,
As the night-watches go.

Hark ! 'tis the west wind blowing free,
Swift herald of the dawn ;
Faint murmurs answer from the wood :
The night will soon be gone.
Sad soul ! shall day from darkness rise,
And the rose unfold from the sod,
And the bare, brown hills grow beautiful
When May their slopes has trod, —
While they for whom the sun shone fair,
And rose and bird rejoiced the air,
Sleep on, forgot of God !

Depart, dear visions of the night !
We are the dead, not they !
Through nobler worlds, with larger life,
They hold their blissful way.
Look out ! The sky is flushed with gold
In glad, celestial warning ;
The purple clouds are backward rolled,
And, gloom and shadows scorning,
O'er grief and death victorious,
Above all glories glorious,
Comes up the Easter morning !

Easier to smite with Peter's sword,
Than watch one hour in humbling prayer ;
Life's great things, like the Syrian lord,
Our hearts can do and dare.

— Whittier.

. MAN EAST AND WEST.

BY SAMUEL A. BARNETT,

Canon of Bristol Cathedral, and Warden of Toynbee Hall, Whitechapel, London.

THERE are, it must be remembered, not one India, but many Indias. There is the India of the Mahrattas, a hardy, people, who, like the Scottish highlanders, have memories of successful forays and of triumphant victories; and there is the India of the Bengalee, a soft and easy-living race, whose triumphs have been those of the brain and not of the arm. There is the India of the Punjab, with its fierce people, and there is the India of Madras, with its tame and submissive races. There is the India of the hillmen, among whom still survive primitive customs; and there is the India of the plain, to whom our civilization has sometimes hardly anything to offer.

There are over two hundred different languages at present spoken in the Indian peninsula, and the history of the past is not the history of a country, but of various tribes and nations who within its limits have fought for supremacy. An Indian gentleman, having travelled through Europe, relates how he could discover fewer national differences than he found travelling through India. Familiar only with eastern civilization and ignorant of European languages, Rome, Paris, Berlin, and London seemed to him to be more alike than Poonah, Delhi, Calcutta, and Madras.

The English traveller only slowly discovers some of these differences, and to him, as to the Indian traveller in Europe, there stand out some great common characteristics. 1. All the people

are poor; 2. All have been conquered; 3. All are subject to Brahman influence.

All are poor; the highlanders of Poonah are as poor as the peasants of Bengal, the people of Bombay as the people of Madras, the dwellers in town as the dwellers in the country. No passing traveller fails to be impressed by the prevailing poverty. The crowds he meets in the streets show by their clothing and by their looks that they are poor; the labourers in the fields often show in their spare and emaciated frames the signs of want. "Why do they live?" is the question ever forcing itself for answer. It is not that they may enjoy food; all they eat is some coarse grain. It is not that they may dress; all they wear is a coloured cloth. It is not from a sense of duty; all their duty consists in enduring and not in doing.

The sight of the toiling people, of their comfortless houses, of the faces too sad to answer a smile, depresses the traveller, and he soon learns that it is the poverty of 250,000,000 people which affects all discussion. "What do the people talk about?" "Always the same, always about pice," is the answer. "A million persons lie down every night not knowing when they will break their fast," is the stock phrase of a congressman. "The people get poorer every year," is the passionate assertion of young, educated Indians; and one professor, asked what he would do if the budget showed a surplus, put in no claim, after the manner of professors, for books or colleges, but pleaded only for the remission of the salt tax, which would leave

every year in the hands of the poor sevenpence a head. "Why is education so backward? Why are there few school buildings—no public libraries?" "The people are too poor to pay further taxes," is the answer. In India the annual income per head is only £2, whereas in Turkey it is £4, and in England £33.

How to keep people alive in ordinary years, and at the same time provide them with education, is the problem before every official, who is besides haunted by the fear of an extraordinary year when famine will sweep through his province in unchecked career. There may be differences between the various peoples who inhabit India, but the impression left on the traveller is that they are poor and sad.

The next common characteristic is that all have been conquered, first by the Mohammedans and then by the British. The symbols of victory are still evident, and the spirit of the conquered is still in the people. The great buildings of India stand as signs of the power which swept away the rivalries of the Indian nations and the Indian religions, and established the splendid despotism of the Great Mogul. The British magistrate, enduring loneliness and heat, cut off by duty from wife and children, while he sternly administers justice for a million people, is also a sign of a power which has conquered. There is nothing in the world grander than some of the Mohammedan buildings; there are few things nobler than a good English official; yet in the eyes of the Indian both represent force, and provoke in him suspicion, self-distrust, and deceitfulness.

It was an impressive sight when on one Friday I looked down on five thousand Mohammedan worshippers gathered in the mosque at Delhi. Silently they gathered, and marshalled by an unseen hand

and by an unheard voice—as by God himself—they formed lines, and faced towards Mecca. Long they stood motionless, and then, at the sound of a call, the multitude fell on their faces and worshipped. The sight was impressive, suggesting the fervour and the enthusiasm of warriors who obey God; but it was impossible to forget that near at hand were the representatives of the conquered Hindu religion, and that police had been specially appointed to prevent bloodshed between Mohammedans and Hindus.

The work of an English official with whom I spent a day was equally impressive. He was supreme over about a million persons. He lived by himself, and had in his office the help of one British assistant. All his servants and all his subordinates were Indians. He rose early to ride out to inspect roads and engineering works; he returned to sit on committees and see officials who were in charge of various departments; he spent the rest of the day on the bench, hearing appeals, settling disputes, considering the cases of the poor, and interfering to prevent bribery. His talk and his thought were always how to develop responsibility, how to increase happiness, and virtue, and wealth. The sight was impressive, suggesting the glory of the nation whose great men are those who have tried to do their duty; but it was impossible to forget that near at hand were the children of those who had risen in the Mutiny, that there was no trust between governor and governed, and that duty was neither inspired by love nor inspiring of love.

The people have in them the spirit of the conquered, and that which is finest in the land—Mohammedan buildings and Englishmen—reminds them of the force to which they have had to bow.

They are therefore suspicious. "What chiefly strikes you in the history of the English people?" I once asked an Indian schoolboy. "Their power of forming associations," was his answer. To him, familiar with the suspicion which will trust no one, this was the striking fact in our history.

They are also deceitful. Deceit is the weapon of the weak. The caterpillar wears its colour to deceive the bird; the conquered puts on a mask to deceive the conquerors. "One thing," said an English resident, "I have learnt by twenty years' service—I know less of the Indian character than when I landed."

Suspicion, self-distrust, and deceitfulness are common in India, and they belong to the spirit of the conquered as surely as arrogance, presumption, and brutality belong to the spirit of the conqueror.

India has been conquered more, perhaps, because of the rivalries of its nations than because of its weakness, but, being conquered, its people suffer the effects of conquest as the English suffer those of conquering.

The last common characteristic to be noticed by the traveller among the Indians is their subjection to Brahman influence. The people of India may speak different languages, they may belong to different races, they may even have different forms of religion, but all, except the Mohammedans and Sikhs, who indeed are not uninfluenced, seem to have admitted the supremacy of the Brahmans. "Why did that man bow to you in that way?" I asked an Indian lawyer with whom I was walking at Allahabad, as a stranger prostrated himself before him. "He sees I am a Brahman," was the answer. "Why has this fine room been built?" was asked in Bombay, as amid some squalid huts we found a good stone build-

ing. "It is," we were told, "that one hundred Brahmans may be daily fed." "Why are there so many idlers about Benares?" is the question every one asks, and the answer is, "They are Brahmans who are fed by the pilgrims." When inquiries go more deeply, and it is asked, "Why does education not reach the masses?" "Why are superstitions so strong?" those who know most reply that it is because the Brahmans are afraid lest education should destroy their influence.

The secret of the Brahmans' power it is difficult to discover. In early days they were at once the teachers and the nobles of the race, created, it was said, from the head of God, while soldiers and workers were created from His hands and feet. As teachers in other lands, they became more eager for ritual than for truth, and, as other nobles in other races, more concerned for rights than for duties. They enforced, therefore, in the name of religion, that ritual which gave themselves the foremost place, and they more and more adapted the ritual to the tastes of the people. Their own being the highest caste, and men being "lovers of inequality," caste has received religious sanction, and it is an offence against God to take even a cup of cold water from the hand of one of a lower caste. Passion being strong, marriage is made for every man a religious duty, and woe to the father whose daughter is of marriageable age and is not married. "I shall go to hell," said to me one father, using a term which he thought would be familiar to my mind, "if my daughter is not married before she is fourteen."

The Brahman seems to retain his influence by an appeal to what is strong and weak in human nature. He takes the instinct of reverence; he binds to it the love of exclusiveness and the sexual

passions; he says, "Class yourselves; satisfy your lusts, and you will honour God." He keeps his own office in the forefront, and holds his place because his teaching pleases. But his teaching means degradation. By it slavery becomes a virtue, and beastliness a religion. No nation can rise far above the level of its women. His system keeps the women down, and therefore the people down, morally and physically. They whose minds are subject to such authority will never dare and do; they who concern themselves with petty questions of ritual—asking what they shall eat and how they shall wash—will hardly grasp great principles; and they whose parents are children will never have the manly strength to work or to fight.

As the fact of the Brahman influence is realized, it is better understood why the Government fails to prevent the spread of cholera and famine. Of what use are drainage schemes when, because the Brahmans declare water to be holy, the people drink the foul and dirty fluid in which the sacred beasts have wallowed and repentant sinners bathed? Of what use are famine commissions when the Brahmans forbid migration, encourage idleness, and make child marriage a duty? Idolatry may in some countries be "infant religion." Idolatry in India represents the dominance of the passions and the subjection of the mind.

Poor, conquered, degraded, there can be no people among whom it would be harder to learn respect for human nature. But yet the memory of the Indians, as it survives after a full consideration of all that is bad and sad, has in it more of hope than of despair.

The Indians stand out in the traveller's mind, not by their poverty or degradation, but by

their affection, their patience, their dignity, their capacity for admiration.

Their affection has been made notorious by many a tale. The nurses devote themselves, literally giving life, for the English nurse child. The servants endure any hardships to follow a master they love. Everywhere we seemed to see among them signs of a will to be clinging or affectionate, and their records are full of tales of loyalty and of generous devotion. If now there are not as many instances of such affection as there were in the earlier days of the English occupation, it must be remembered, as a missionary said, that India has now fewer English graves, and that employers on their side more often break the bonds when they with light heart take their journey home, made shorter by steam and swift vessels.

Their patience also has been told of again and again. Every one knows how the Indian can endure and wait. "Why are there so many people at this railway station?" "They are waiting," the official answers, "for tomorrow's train." His patience indeed goes to make that dignity which justifies the saying, "There is no vulgarity in India." He does not strive nor cry, he does not assert himself by speech or dress. He is not anxious to seem other than he is. Quiet and dignified, although he is as "one that serveth," he is in some respects greater than many he serves.

But the point in his character on which I would dwell is not his affection or his dignity, it is rather his capacity for admiration. "Man lives by admiration," and the Indian can admire. His favourite tale, listened to with ever fresh interest, is of a hero who would not enter heaven if his dog were excluded. He has placed among his gods an Eng-

lish general, who was both true and brave, and I heard from Indians of differing views, how, comparing European races, they placed the British highest. They admired their devotion to principle: "The British are the only foreigners who die for what seems right." But the same men, criticising what they admired for its want of tenderness and sympathy, often added: "The British, and especially the women, keep themselves aloof and alienate the admiration they might hold."

The Indian waits patiently; he is weary of the old theories and old promises; he looks out with sad and quiet eyes; he could rise to worship and to act. There is fire behind the quiet gaze, and he seems to ask, "Tell me of an object worthy of admiration." In reply, the Government often offer "shows," the missionaries always offer Christ.

The "shows" are contemptible, and speak of contempt for the people. "They must have this sort of thing," says the superior official, as he sends out a cheaply decorated procession, or gets up a "darbar," which his self-consciousness tends to make ludicrous. When one thinks of the Indian, with his knowledge and his intelligence, waiting for something to admire, and then turns to see the state elephants, the gay uniforms of the aides-de-camp, and the poor pomp which, in greater or less degree, the Viceroy and Governor offer, it is not hard to understand the cause of failure. "Indians need shows," indeed! They who say such things forget that the Mohammeden conquerors were Puritans, that Lord Lawrence scorned such trumpery pomp, and that Gordon retired in disgust from a court which seems to exist to dress.

The missionaries offer Christ. The problem for Christians is that

the offer has met so little response. The missionaries are often devoted, and many are learned; they preach the Christ, the tale of whose life and death softened the barbarians; they tell of his love and his gentleness, and they bring out the womanly side of his character. The tale rouses too little admiration, and among the few who have become Christians there is not the ardent zeal of first converts. The fact is that the Indians are not rough and fierce barbarians; they have heard of love and sacrifice, and they are waiting, we who follow Christ may think, for another side—the masculine side of our Lord's character—to be preached. "What puzzles me," said a young Indian barrister, "is how you English conquerors can worship a meek Christ." He had not realized the Christ whom Cromwell and our fathers followed into battle.

The English official, ready to die for what is right, sacrificing himself for duty, ascetic, not by starving his body, but by surrendering his will, might perhaps, if he gave from love and not from a sense of duty, win the admiration which is waiting, and so preach Christ to a weary and effeminate people.

The Indian can admire. This characteristic stands out above his poverty, his meanness, and his deceit, to strengthen faith in human nature. He has endured the worst that is possible, cruelty, and tyranny, and neglect, and yet what is best in him still survives. He has the qualities by which a man lives, and which make him equal to the highest. Through him mankind speaks, and asks to be trusted with the best. Through the Indian the lowest and the poorest plead for a Christ who will command their admiration; for a person who will draw them to himself, and give them rest in reasonable worship.

The Indian thus makes his contribution towards the traveller's estimate of human nature. What can the Chinaman offer? He has a bad name among Americans and Australians. His immorality, his selfishness, his low habit of living, meet their loud condemnation, and the first experience of a Chinese city tends to confirm the opinion. The ungracious looks, the surly manners, the spit of contempt at the "foreign devils," are in striking contrast to the gracious courtesy of the Indians. The sort of food offered for sale, the unspeakable stench from the houses and gutters, the rumours of plagues, all combine to make a traveller protest that by no inducement will he live among the Chinese.

But the memory of such things soon passes. The rudeness, the smells, are forgotten, and the traveller remembers only that the Chinaman has by his ability and his earnestness of purpose created a civilization of his own. The people may be rude, but the rudeness represents the obstinacy which has enabled them to resist temptation; they may eat rats, mice, and food which seems filthy, but the gross feeding represents the economy which has multiplied their race; they may be selfish, but the selfishness rarely takes the form of dishonesty.

According to the report of one of the consuls at Shanghai, a Chinese merchant will keep to the terms of an unwritten contract, even though it be to his own loss—a thing rarely met with among the European merchants of the East. "Obstinate" those travellers may call the Chinaman who think of him only as a rival; "earnest," "purposeful," are they bound to call him who see the inventions he has made, the civilization he has discovered, the self-restraint he exercises. "He does not know

what 'fear' means," is the evidence of a sailor-captain who had had many of all nations under his command, and certainly the only Christian convert we met during our journey who showed originality of thought or any sign of adapting Christian teaching to his countrymen's needs was a Chinaman. This man's room was illustrated by pictures of Christian allegories, and his talk was full of earnest purpose.

It is difficult to say why a civilization which advanced so far should have stopped so short. The energy and ability which have found so much which is good for food and which is pleasant to the eye, ought, it would seem, to have gone on to discover the causes of disease and the benefits of foreign trade. Probably the check is due to the fact that the Government absorbed the God. It became, therefore, a matter of religion to obey its orders, and its orders, like the decrees of heaven, settle a man's place in this world and the next. The desire for liberty has been crushed, and the Chinaman is not what his character fits him to be.

Already there are signs that officialdom is losing its power, and so in the twentieth century, when the Pacific is the Mediterranean, and the competing nations are the Russians, the Japanese, the Chinese, and the English-speaking races, it may be that the Chinese will rise to the level justified by the solidity of the national character. At any rate, even now, a very short stay in the country enables a traveller to understand more of the resources of human nature, and to put his trust in an obstinacy which will not let go what has been gained, and in a solidity which defies the passing fancies of irresponsible thinkers.

The Japanese have by much writing been made familiar to the

world. Everybody knows their quaint, pretty ways, their sweetness of disposition, their politeness, their fans, and their curios. Japan seems to be a sort of child nation, at which other nations look and smile as they see it playing with its toys, or trying on their clothes. Has not Sir Edwin Arnold written columns, the most widely circulated in the world, telling such things? At first the traveller finds all as he expected. He is charmed with the toy-houses, the toy-streets; charmed by the pretty graces of the little people; charmed by the gaiety and the laughter, by the postures and the dresses. Gradually, however, through this surface another Japan makes itself evident, and he becomes conscious that he is among a business people with a history and a character. He landed, expecting to find an Eastern country with its mystery, its stationariness, and its subjection of woman. He finds instead a Western country, with a people eager for progress, practical, common-sensible, and with the women taking a place in the work of life.

He knows how, by a sort of hermit policy, the nation had shut itself up for two hundred and fifty years, and excluded the experience gained by its sister nations, and it seems to him now as if, fresh from this seclusion, Japan was redoubling its energies to gather up all that had passed during that two hundred and fifty years. A Parliament with its parties has been established, an army and a navy have been modelled on the best European types, and a system of real national education is in operation. The child of the governor has to learn alongside of the child of the labourer; common schools, middle schools and universities, technical schools, art schools, commercial schools, and a sort of "college of industry" are established, so or-

dered that pupils may pass through any course of training. A post-office and a telegraph station are to be found in almost every village, a body of efficient police keeps order, and justice is administered by able judges with a bar of highly-trained barristers.

While Government is thus busy, the people themselves are active. Merchants, manufacturers, men of science, and skilled workmen are at work, and signs of their labour are to be seen in the factories, the hospitals, the buildings, and perhaps, not least of all, in the poverty which begins to be apparent. Japan, which was to be oriental, pretty, toy-like, now seems to be the most western of the American States, with a specialty for curios, of which the Mikado is perhaps the chief.

It is natural to regret the change, and doubtless there is some loss. Gone is the calm, gone is the patriarchal simplicity in which, because the lord cared no peasant wanted; going is the prettiness and the laughter of earlier days. But with Japan, as with the Western nations to which by character it belongs, the best must be hoped for when on the banks of the river of time the cities grow "in a blacker, incensanter line," and when, "as the pale waste widens around, there will come murmurs and scents from the infinite sea."

The Japanese leave in the traveller's mind the memory of courtesy and grace, but even more deeply marked is the memory of their versatility and their energy. All men, he has learnt, may be polite; cabmen and prisoners may be gentlemen. I never saw more grace than that shown in the courtesy which passed between the governor of the prison at Kioto and a female prisoner. But the chief lesson taught in Japan is man's versatility.

Man's energy is indomitable, and his history in Japan repeats the lesson enforced by the Jewish prophets, that though only a remnant, a stump, be left, yet out of that stump may grow branches and leaves in which generations may rest. Thirty years ago, men who have now the language and habits of highly cultivated civil servants, were swaggering with two swords, and witnesses of the suicide by which men then punished themselves. A generation ago Japan was where England was three hundred years ago, but by energy and versatility, Japan, in science, education, knowledge, and history, now takes its place alongside the foremost nations.

This is the more remarkable because religion seems to have had no place in the development. "No one is religious. I believe in nothing. I believe in myself,"

expresses the attitude of young Japan. The Japanese are curiously deficient in the religious sense; they have never made friends with sorrow, they have hid it behind a ceremony, and waved off care with a blossom branch. They have missed, therefore, religion, which is sorrow's consolation, and have missed perhaps also the impulse which would make them original as well as energetic.

There is, however, little doubt but that in the clash of class interests they will become familiar with sorrow, and the human nature which is energetic will not be less strong when it learns to say, "Lo, I come to do thy will, O God." "When they want a religion they will become Christian," said the most devoted Christian we met in Japan; "at present they do not want any, they are occupied with civilization."

AN EASTER LESSON.

BY KATHARINE LENTE STEVENSON.

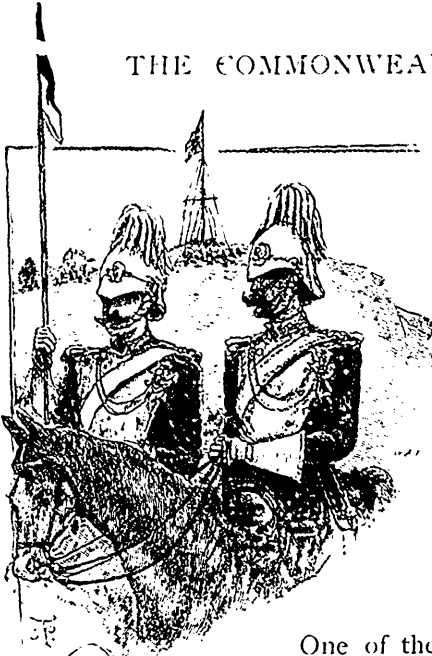
"Oh, who shall roll away the stone?"
 Cried the women in grief that day,
 As they ran, with the hurrying feet of love,
 To the place where the Master lay;
 O what can our puny strength avail
 For a stone that is stamped with the Roman seal?

Lo, what was the sight that met their eyes,
 As they drew near the sacred place,
 The tomb it was rent, and beside the door
 Stood the man with a shining face.
 Ah, they well might have stinted their fears that day,
 For their hands had no stone to roll away.

Oh, the old, old lesson we've learned so oft,
 How it comes to our hearts anew,
 As we walk, with our doubts and our fears oppressed
 To some duty we have to do!
 Take courage, oh soul, on this Easter day:
 Where God leads, the stone shall be rolled away.

For the Lord of Life breaks the bands of death
 Or in tomb, or earth, or soul;
 Not holden of it, could He ever be
 In whom is Life's perfect whole.
 Laugh, heart, with the newborn Spring to-day!
 All thy doubts with the stone shall be rolled away.

THE COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA.

AUSTRALIAN
TROOPERS.

One of the auspicious events in the opening reign of King Edward VII. is the formal inauguration of the new Commonwealth of Australia. The first day of the century saw indeed the proclamation of that great event, but the opening of its parliament in May more properly marks the organization of the new nation. Special distinction will be given to this event by the presence of the heir to the throne and his wife — the Duke and Duchess of York and Cornwall.

Canada has set a noble example to our British kinsmen at the Antipodes, both in its political federation and its ecclesiastical unions. In both these respects the Australians seem apt imitators. Few of us

have any conception of the magnitude of that great island continent. The annexed diagram graphically sets it forth. The whole of Europe, with its crowding millions, its great nations and stately cities, from Lisbon to Constantinople, from John o'Groat's house to Cape Matapan (omitting Russia and Scandinavia) seems almost lost in the broad area of Australia. Even Canada and the United States have little to boast of in the way of larger area. When this island continent beneath the Southern Cross, and this great Dominion beneath the Seven Stars shall be, in half a century or more, filled with a teeming population, then will be realized the true significance of what Great and Greater Britain mean. When the South African confederation is complete, and it will be in the near future, Great Britain's proud title, the "Mother of Nations," will be more than ever true.

A brief retrospect of the marvellous history of this Greater Britain of the Southern Seas will, we trust, be neither uninteresting nor uninformative. This article will be a mosaic of quotations from recent writers on this subject. We lay under tribute first Mr. Owen Hall, who writes two admirable articles on this subject to *Harper's Journal of Civilization*.

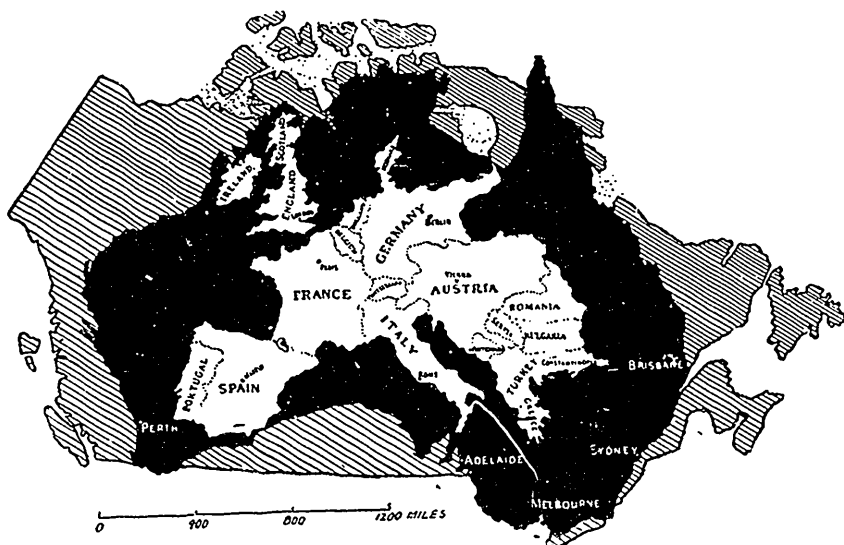
Hardly more than a century has passed since the first white man landed on its shore intending to stay there; it is scarcely eighty years since free white men began of their own accord to settle in the distant island continent of the south seas; and now, on the first day of the new century, the people of Australia enter on a united national life.

The real history of Australia may almost be said to have fallen

within the limits of the reign of Queen Victoria. Just fifty years before she came to the British throne, the first forlorn band of convicts had been landed to form the penal station of Botany Bay; indeed, but nearly half that time had passed since either the English Government or people began to think of the country as a place for the settlement of free colonists. It was the discovery of the vast grassy plains of inland Australia between 1815 and 1820 that opened the eyes of England and of the most enterpris-

the accession a little township was surveyed, and the first lots sold of what is now the city of Melbourne, with its population of half a million.

From its western extremity, Steep Point, to its extreme eastern point, Cape Byron, says Mr. Arthur Temple in his "Making of the Empire," Australia is 2,500 miles long; and its breadth, from Cape York, its northernmost point, to its southern extremity at Cape Wilson, is 1,900 miles. Its entire coast line embraces a circuit of 8,000 miles, and its area is estimated at 3,000,-



COMPARATIVE AREA OF CANADA (SHADED LINES), AUSTRALIA (BLACK), AND EUROPE (WHITE) MINUS RUSSIA AND SCANDINAVIA.

ing young men of the country to the fact that there was an all but unlimited scope for profitable colonization in the great island which had been abandoned by Holland as valueless (It was long called New Holland on old maps), and only taken up by Great Britain as a convenient place to which to banish criminals, because it was so far from home. In 1834 a chartered company, not unlike the South African chartered company of today, began the settlement of South Australia, and in the very year of

1836, 1,000 square miles. Its interior has been only partially explored. It seems to have the character of a table-land of moderate height, studded with groups of small mountains, and, in the interior, sometimes sinking into low, swampy valleys; while on the general level of the table-land itself are vast plains, sometimes fertile, but oftener sandy, or covered with the long, stiff grass called spinifex.

Very few of the rivers of Australia are navigable, and in most of them running water is only



HENCEFORTH "ONE PEOPLE, ONE DESTINY."—*Review of Reviews.*

found during a small portion of the year. The most remarkable peculiarity of these streams is the suddenness with which, even when full of water, they disappear into a quicksand or marsh. Thus, although these creeks and rivers are almost innumerable, they fail to irrigate the soil. Only a few exceptions to this rule are found.

The climate of Australia is exceedingly hot, but dry and healthy in such southern parts as are already colonized, where it appears favourable to European constitutions, and resembles in many particulars the climate of Spain. In the extreme north, beyond the tropic of Capricorn, which crosses the continent near its centre, the heat is more oppressive, and the absence of large streams gives almost the arid climate of a desert. In summer the mercury often rises to 100 degrees, or even 120 degrees. One traveller (William

Howitt) has even stated his experience at 139 degrees.

Captain Cook, in 1770, discovered New South Wales and Botany Bay, which was so called by Sir Joseph Banks, the botanist of the expedition, from the wonderful display which its plants afforded. In 1788, the first English colony was established in New South Wales, at first as a penal settlement.

Gold has been found all over the colonies. It was at first met with in small pieces on the surface; as the surface supply became exhausted, it was found at a short distance down, and the diggings have increased in depth as they have decreased in general richness. At Ballarat near Geelong, where the most valuable lumps of gold have been procured (28, 60, and 136 pounds in weight), the shafts are sunk to a depth of more than 100 feet.



AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES.

Among the industries which have grown up, the raising of sheep has the most prominent place. The great sheep runs, occupying immense tracts of land, have become a principal feature of the country. Merino and other fine breeds, imported early into the colonies, have increased with great rapidity, and the statistics show the extraordinary amount of wool annually yielded and nearly all exported.

The Rev. Joseph Cook thus enumerates the elements of the prosperity of this Greater Britain of the Southern Seas:

Among the promises notice:

1. The quantity of the prospective population—100,000,000, at least. There is room in Australia and the islands near it for 200,000,000 of people.

2. The quality of the population,—English and Scotch, and chiefly Protestant. Thank heaven that the southern lands are not likely to be settled by Asiatics, but by the foremost Western peoples! No doubt there is a great future before Japan and China: but it is fortunate that Australia is not to be indebted to them for more than a fragment of its population. It is quality that makes nations great. The pioneers

of Australian civilization are picked men. The vast breadth of ocean which separates this continental island from Great Britain and Europe acts as a protective tariff with regard to the things of character. It appals drones. Second-rate men have rarely pluck enough to go across this breadth of sea.

3. Its inheritance of high ideals and approved institutions in education, politics, and church life.

4. Its achievements up to the present time in education, politics, and religion.

5. Its broad suffrage, and the consequent political necessity that it should make education and religious training general.

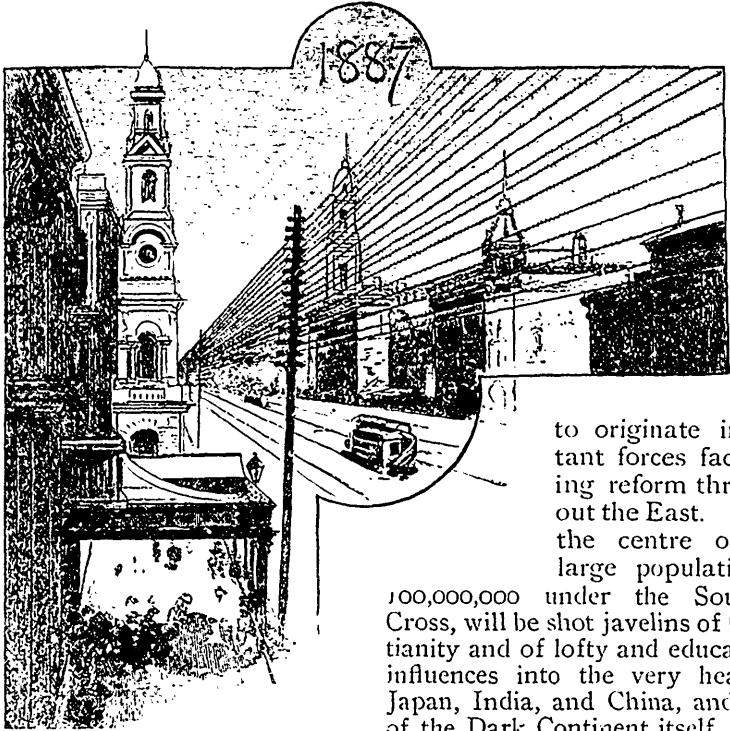
6. Its separation of Church and State, and the consequent necessity that the churches should depend on self-help, and not on State help.

7. Its close moral and educational, as well as political, connection with England and Scotland.

8. Its distance from corrupting neighbours and the usual paths of wars.

9. Its mobility of ranks in society, and the consequent aspiration of the masses for culture.

10. Its central position and im-



mense opportunity for usefulness in Japan, China, and India.

As one nation, Australians will feel that their responsibilities are continental. Australasia, first or last, will naturally draw into the circle of its political control most of the islands south of the equator.

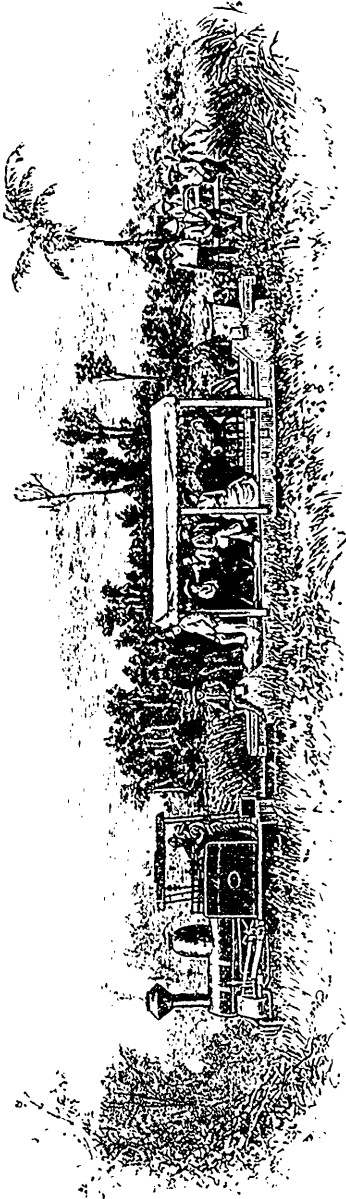
In Australasia, as I believe, are

to originate important forces facilitating reform throughout the East. From the centre of this large population of 100,000,000 under the Southern Cross, will be shot javelins of Christianity and of lofty and educational influences into the very heart of Japan, India, and China, and even of the Dark Continent itself.

The worst feature of the Victorian system, says Dr. Bowman Stevenson, is its offensive secularism. It is not only irreligious, it is anti-religious, at least so far as the influence of the Ministry of Education can make it so. No religious services are permitted in the schools and the Bible is strictly excluded.



And more still, at the bidding of Jewish or infidel parties in the electorate, all passages which in any



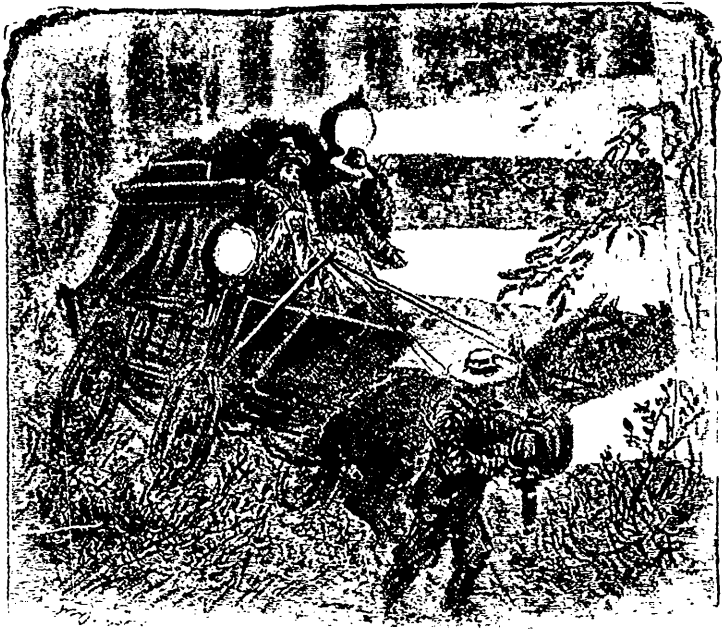
EARLY BUSH RAILWAY, AUSTRALIA.

sense recognize Christ Jesus as worthy of reverence are expunged from the reading-books. Some of our finest poetry has been murdered

at the bidding of this worse than heathen vandalism, in order that such words as "Christ" and "Christian" may not be heard within the state school walls. I have no doubt that, in spite of the regulations of the department, many Christian men and women amongst the teachers exercise an admirable influence upon their scholars, but they do it in spite of the system, not in pursuance of it. So far as the Government is concerned, all is done to secure that a child shall be able to pass through the whole of its school course without suspecting any such thing as Christianity ever existed on the planet.

In one of the pretty parks which adorn Sydney may be seen a statue which will certainly challenge the attention of the visitor. It is the figure of a seaman, dressed in the costume of the last century. He is looking over the houses which cover the sloping ground before him, and across the blue waters of the most beautiful harbour in the world, to a point where, in a wall of rocks, there is an opening so sharply defined on either side that it seems as though nature had herself built two mighty posts, on which to hang the huge doors of some Titanic prison. As he looks towards this, the entrance to the harbour, he stretches out his hand as though in greeting to the voyager who, after crossing vast seas, has come hither to establish a new home. The idea of that statue was a happy inspiration. For who is so well entitled to give a representative welcome to all newcomers as Captain Cook, the dauntless explorer.

Australia, says "Max O'Rell," is a vast eucalyptus forest, with a superficial area about equal to that of Europe. Setting aside Queensland, where the vegetation is tropical, the eucalyptus is really the only

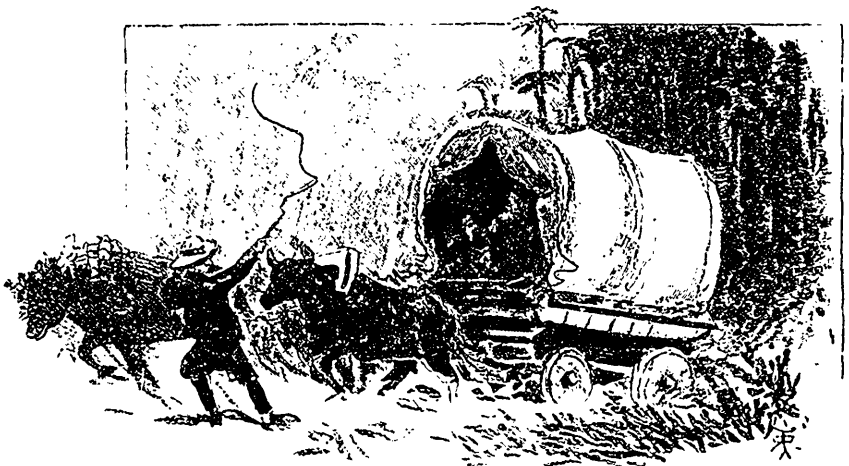


STAGING UNDER DIFFICULTIES IN THE EARLY DAYS IN AUSTRALIA.

tree that grows in these regions. In certain parts it attains a prodigious height. I have seen some four hundred feet high, and I measured several that had a circumference equal to that of the famous giants of California. The eucalyptus leaves possess therapeutic pro-

perties which science is engaged in utilizing, and which make Australia one of the most healthy countries in the world.

A sad-looking figure is the "sundowner," who, as his name implies, turns up at sundown and claims the hospitality of the squat-



IN THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH.

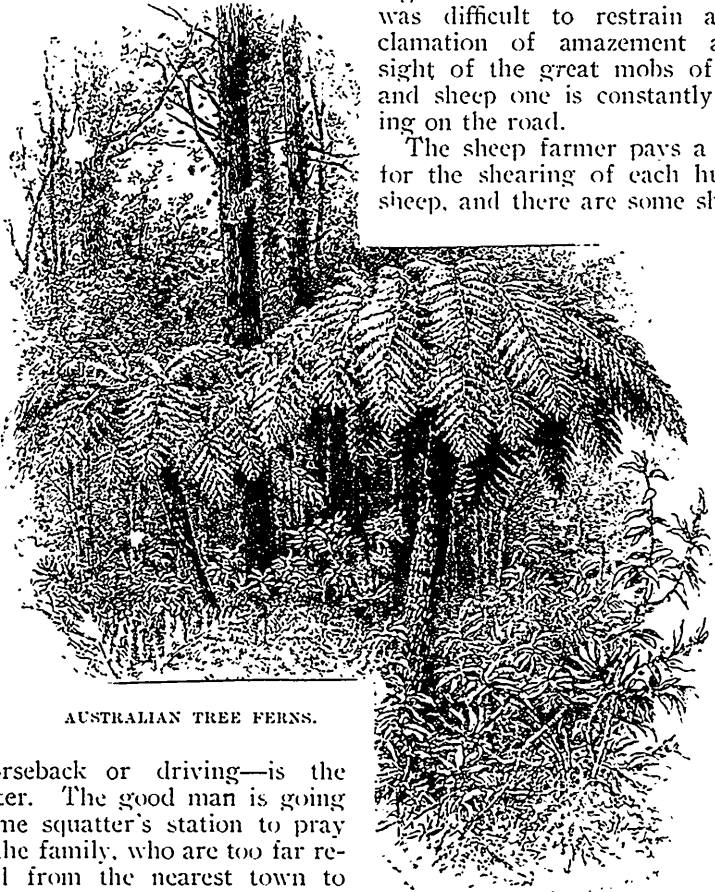
ter. He is supplied with rations and a shelter for the night. Next morning he goes on his way if there is no work for him, and directs his steps toward some neighbouring station, where he will meet with the same kindness. He is always on the move.

Another figure you meet—always

man, the telegraph boy, the lamp-lighter, the beggar, even.

One grazier has twenty thousand sheep to be shorn, another, thirty thousand or more. Their flocks and herds astonished me, until I had been to Queensland, and had heard of a station as large as the whole of England, belonging to one man. Even then, it was difficult to restrain an exclamation of amazement at the sight of the great mobs of cattle and sheep one is constantly meeting on the road.

The sheep farmer pays a pound for the shearing of each hundred sheep, and there are some shearers



AUSTRALIAN TREE FERNS.

on horseback or driving—is the minister. The good man is going to some squatter's station to pray with the family, who are too far removed from the nearest town to come often to service in church or chapel. He wears a moustache and rabbit-paw whiskers, in the Australian fashion, and he is white with dust from head to foot. Presently it is the doctor you pass, who is perhaps going on a fifty or sixty mile journey through the bush to attend an urgent case. Every one rides in Australia, the shop-boy, the post-

so clever at the work that they can shear two hundred a day.

Australia is a vast continent, equal to four-fifths of the superficial area of Europe. It contains a tract of sterile land here and there, but, roughly speaking, its bowels are full of precious ore, and its surface is admirably suited

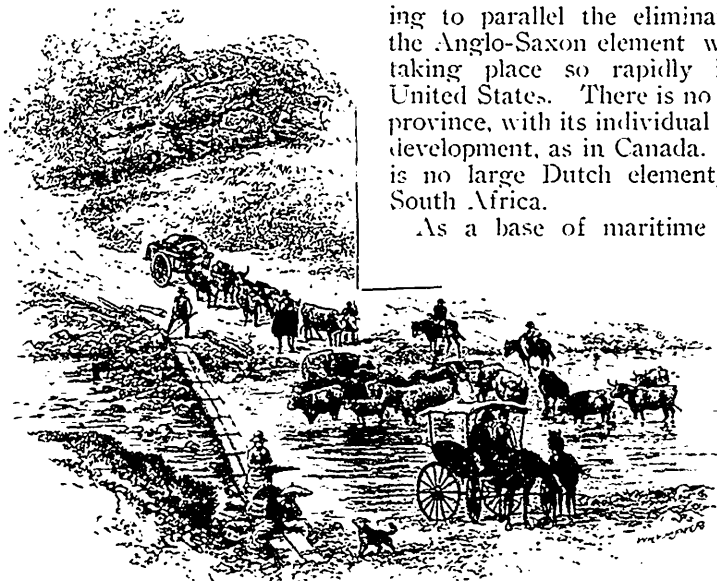
for raising cattle and sheep, and growing corn and fruit. If Australia had better rivers, it would be another America; unfortunately, it lacks water and hands. Its rivers in summer are mostly trickling streams or empty ditches, and the hands are not there to overcome the difficulty by irrigating the land.

The town of Bendigo produced in a few years £65,000,000 of gold. Ballarat ran this performance very close. Broken Hill produces 300,000 ounces of silver per week.

pended, and the whole colony is breathless with feverish impatience, until the name of the winner of the cup is published throughout the length and breadth of the land. It is a national event, only to be compared, for widespread intensity, to the Presidential election in America.

The population is, and will continue to be, more purely British, than any countries yet occupied by Anglo-Saxon people. Ninety-five per cent. is British—either born in the colonies, or in the mother land. There is here nothing to parallel the elimination of the Anglo-Saxon element which is taking place so rapidly in the United States. There is no French province, with its individual lines of development, as in Canada. There is no large Dutch element, as in South Africa.

As a base of maritime power,



THE FORD.

Mount Morgan, in Queensland, is a mountain of gold. To get at the precious metal, the miners only have to cut into the mountain as one would cut a slice of cake.

The Australian is exceptionally addicted to sport. The greatest event of the year, in colonial life, is the Melbourne Cup race. The prize is worth ten thousand pounds sterling; and such is the betting done upon this race, that, when the winning horse is announced, more than £500,000 change hands. The banks are closed, trade is sus-

the Australasian colonies manifestly furnish to the nation of which they are a part an opportunity for maintaining a supreme and indisputable control over a vast area of the southern seas. Their harbours, some of which are amongst the most capacious in the world, are yet for the most part capable of secure defence. Melbourne is pronounced by competent authorities to be one of the best defended ports in the empire. It is manifest that such colonies may be a great element of strength in any nation, and



BALLARAT,
AUSTRALIA.

especially in one which chiefly depends for security on naval power. Along with South Africa, in the southern hemisphere, they complete what I have before called the quadrilateral of maritime position, which in the northern hemisphere is represented by the United Kingdom itself, and Canada, with the commanding outlook of the latter upon the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans. A great sea power, enjoying the right to their exclusive use, would in any conflict have an immeasurable advantage in maintaining command of the ocean.

Australasia easily leads the world, both in respect of quantity and quality of its products. In its singular adaptation for pastoral pursuits, it seems the natural complement of a great manufacturing country like the United Kingdom, and of a cold country like Canada. Its capacity for supplying meat, as well as wool, to the United Kingdom, has increased greatly during the last few years, and appears capable of indefinite expansion.

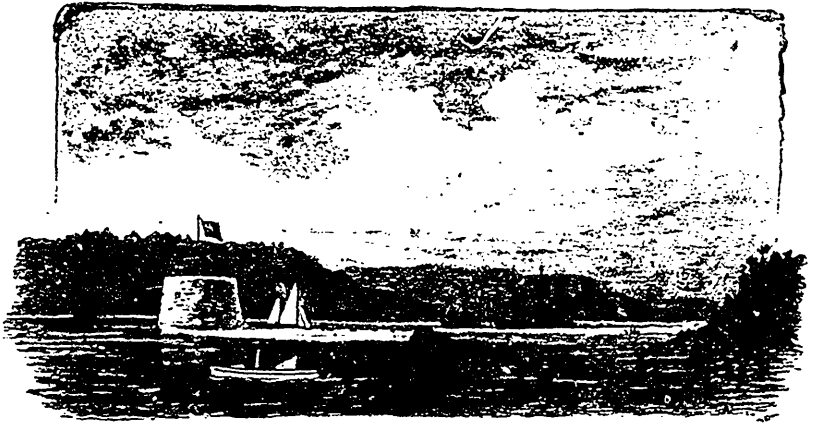
The production of gold, amounting to more than £300,000,000 in less than fifty years; of silver, copper, tin, and other metals, which in vast quantities find their chief market in Great Britain, indicate another important line of connec-

tion with British industry. In proportion to population, the Australasian colonies take from Great Britain more than any other countries in the world; they are able to do so because they sell to her more than any other countries.

Only an artificial boundary separates Canada from the United States, yet an emigrant who goes north of that boundary immediately begins to purchase more than three times as much of British goods as one who goes south of it. As a customer to the British artisan, one Australian is worth sixteen Americans; one South African is worth seven or eight Germans. Figures such as these have suggested the remark that "trade follows the flag."

"The Constitution of the New Commonwealth," says Mr. Owen Hall, "preserves the independent action of the states—six in number, including the island state of Tasmania—in all matters of strictly local concern. It does not, as in Canada, leave it in the power of the Federal Parliament to encroach on any of their functions not specially reserved to the Commonwealth by the constitution, but gives only to the federal authority the powers actually mentioned. No state can embody or command any part of the armed militia or volunteer forces of the country, which are to be solely under the control of the government of the Commonwealth.

"In the Federal Parliament each of



SYDNEY HARBOUR.

the six states has equal representation in the Senate, irrespective of population or size, and in the Representative Chamber only is the basis of population recognized; but, with a view to securing the ultimate supremacy of the majority, provision is made that in case of a prolonged disagreement between the Chambers on any measure a joint sitting shall be taken, and then an absolute majority of those present shall decide. Each state will be represented by six Senators, to be elected by the popular vote directly. Their term of office is limited to six years, though under certain specific circumstances the Senate may be dissolved and a new election take place. The Representative Chamber is elected for a term of three years by the popular vote—the numbers being allotted to the states in proportion to the population as ascertained at each census.

“The executive authority is vested, as in England, nominally in the sovereign or his representative, but really in the cabinet, consisting of members of the two Chambers of the Parliament who possess the support of a working majority of votes in each, but particularly in the Representative Chamber, which has the absolute initiative in all matters of finance. The Governor-General will technically retain the power to veto measures of the Parliament, but as he can only do so at the cost of a change of the cabinet, he is practically helpless as long as the existing ministry possess a majority. In this way provision has been made for the absolute supremacy of the will of the majority of the people in the new Anglo-Saxon commonwealth.”

The inauguration of the new

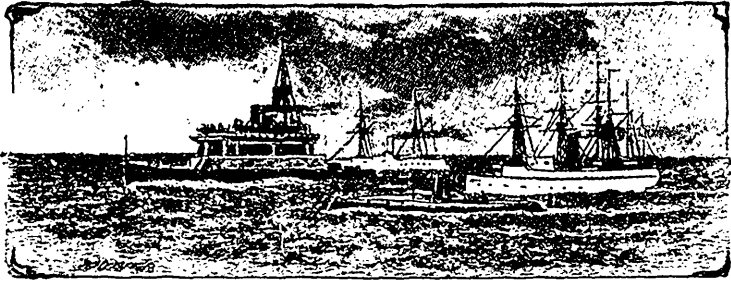
Commonwealth on January first was an imposing function. It is estimated that a million persons took part in the celebration, the largest crowd ever collected together in the Australian colonies. The oddest incident in the whole celebration, says Mr. Stead, was the selection of a layman, Lord Tennyson, son of the poet, to write the prayer which was uttered by the Archbishop. The prayer itself was a very good one:

“We beseech Thee, grant unto this union Thy grace and heavenly benediction, that a strong people may arise to hallow Thy name, to do justly, and to love mercy.

“We pray Thee to make our Empire always a faithful and fearless leader among the nations in all that is good, and to bless our beloved Queen and those who are put in authority under her, more especially in this land.

“Let Thy wisdom be their guide, strengthen them in uprightness, and vouchsafe that all things may be so ordered and settled upon the best and surest foundations, that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety may be deepened and increased among us.”

The mighty multitude sang with a voice like that of many waters the hymn, “O God! our help in ages past;” then Lord Hopetoun, the first governor of the commonwealth, took the oath of office: and, amid boom of cannon, blare of trumpets,



AUSTRALIAN IRONCLAD FLEET.

and the shouts of a loyal people, the federation was accomplished.

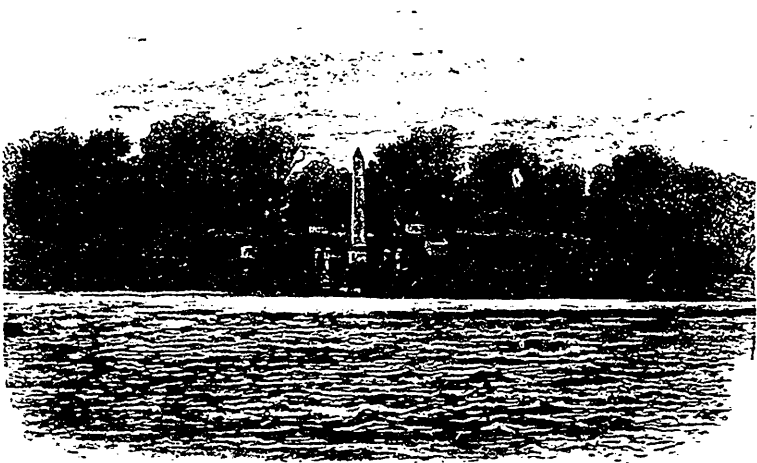
Mr. Brunton Stephens, the Australian poet, in his poem, "Australia Federata," thus commemorates the event:

"The Charter's read; the rites are o'er;
The trumpet's blare and cannon's roar
Are silent, and the flags are furled;
But so not ends the task to build
Into the fabric of the world
The substance of our hope fulfilled—
To work as those who greatly have divined
The lordship of a continent assigned
As God's own gift for service of mankind.
O People of the onward will,
Unit of Union greater still
Than that to-day hath made you great,
Your true Fulfilment waiteth there,
Embraced within the larger fate
Of Empire ye are born to share—
No vassal progeny of subject brood,
No satellite shed from Britain's plentitude,
But orb'd with *her* in one wide sphere of
good!"

Mr. Stead, who seems to delight

to be a prophet of evil, makes this comment on the birth of the new nation:

"It remains to be seen how far a community which is born with a golden spoon in its mouth, and which has been reared upon whipped cream and syllabubs, can rise superior to the temptations which assault most prosperous States. The Australian has been the spoiled child of destiny. The habit of self-indulgence begotten by the sunshine of prosperity will not make him very amenable to discipline, nor is there much trace of a high religious principle and lofty moral ideal among her people as a whole. That there are good men and excellent men and women in every colony goes without saying; but parental discipline is lax. The larrikin has reproduced under the sunny sky of Australia the worst features of the London Hooligan, and it is not so many years ago since the violence accompanying the trade disputes led to some misgivings as to the peaceful evolution of society in those regions."



COOK'S MONUMENT, BOTANY BAY.

· THE ENGLISH NILE.

BY THE REV. W. H. ADAMS



I AM haunted with the fear that in this paper I may drop into autobiography or riot in reminiscences. For the sake of the long-suffering reader I will do my best to avoid both. But if that gentle soul should detect a semblance of either as I proceed, I beg him to consider that I have received an editorial fiat to expand my theme, and that, accordingly, I am not wholly responsible for the pangs or twinges it may occasion.

The English Nile is not the Thames, as some unsophisticated persons might precipitately suppose. That great river, which every budding genius in the kingdom, in his adolescent days, is regarded as destined to set on fire, has its charms, of course. I have spent many a glad hour on its bosom and its banks—though quite without any covert purpose of incendiarism. It unquestionably presents scenes unparalleled, it conjures up multitudes of historic memories; it bears the merchant-ships of every nation on the earth; it is the artery which con-

nects a world-wide empire with its mighty, wondrous, throbbing heart. In his own way, Father Thames is most decidedly unapproached and unapproachable, but we must look elsewhere than to his sadly discoloured waters, with their flotsam and jetsam, for the English Nile.

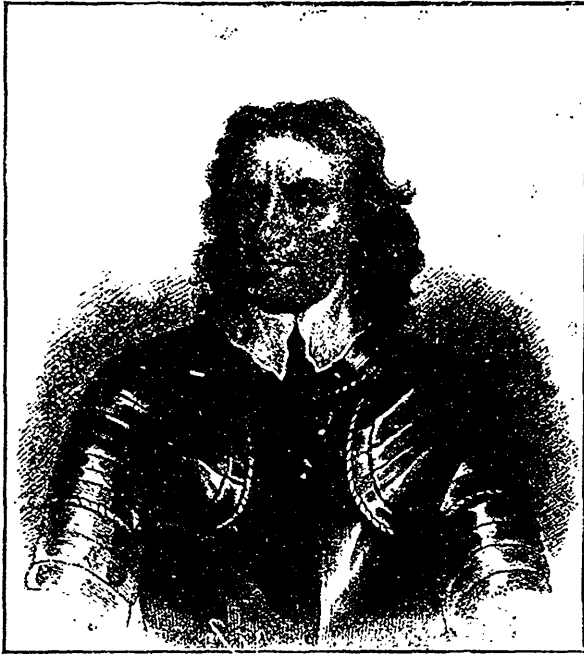
To find that stream you must wend your way into the very heart of England—right, indeed, into the midst of the ancient Mercian Kingdom. For the sobriquet of "the Nile," in allusion to the fruitfulness of the country it beautifies, belongs to "that beloved nymph, fair Dove, princess of waters." The fear that I may be betrayed into reminiscent garrulity lies in the fact that it was on the banks of the Dove that I spent my boyhood, as, according to the records, did my forbears for at least twelve or fifteen generations. On their smiling farms they lived, and love and laboured, and in ancient churchyards here and there rows of crumbling gravestones mark their resting-places. They saw cataclysmic changes come over the land, did those high-minded



"THE MOAN OF DOVES IN IMMEMORIAL ELMS."

yeomen, and one sometimes wonders whose cause they espoused when York and Lancaster fought in the devastating Wars of the Roses, how they took the revolt from papal supremacy in the days of bluff King Hal; what sensations thrilled them when the blazing beacon told of the approach of Philip's Invincible Armada; how they acted when Cromwell was levelling castle

pleat Angler"—and his "dear adopted son," Charles Cotton. Their shades seem yet to hover over its clear depths, and the trees upon its banks seem never to have lost the echo of the innumerable songs which Cotton sung, in praise of his "Princess," more than two centuries ago. Edward Bradbury thus describes the associations of this storied stream:



OLIVER CROMWELL.

and keep within hailing distance of their homes, or what sort of reception they offered to Prince Charlie when he brought down his Scottish forces in outlandish bonnet and kilt among their peaceful pasture-fields.

It is impossible to separate the Dove from memories of Izaak Walton*—the "Piscator" of his "Com-

"To him the Dove was not so much a running water as a living presence, a personal power, a friendly individuality, a communing companion, a human entity. She lent to him her inspiration, and his verses have her flowing cadences. She whispered to him her secrets, and they had sweet confessions and confidences in common. She prattled to him in liquid lisplings from her cradle amid the morose mountain mosses; she played at hide-and-seek with him when a wilful child in the

*There is a bust of Izaak Walton in the fine old collegiate church of St. Mary, in

Stafford, and underneath, on a mural tablet, embellished with some quaintly suggestive

hidden glens and glades ; she skipped and danced for him in innocent girlhood in the golden green meadows ; he heard her maiden song in the rocky dales ; her princess' smiles and frowns, her pouting prettiness and passing passions, the coyness and shyness, caresses and coquetry, all were dedicated to Charles Cotton. He knew all her friends and associates—every ancient well of moss and fern that sent her a trickling trinket for her neck ; every rill and rivulet that contributed to her growth ; every eddy and cascade that gave her grace ; the greenery by her side, both forest tree and wee wild flower ; the hills that reflected themselves in the crystal mirror of her shining face ; the rocky fortresses that protected her from intrusion ; and the cathedral-like grottoes in which she worshipped. And the Princess Dove knew all Charles Cotton's chequered career. She saw him the prosperous squire of Beresford Hall, with Izaak Walton at his hospitable table, addressing him as 'my dear son Charles' ; and saw him deep in debt, distressed by duns, and badgered by bailiffs, to find him a sheltered cave of concealment by her side where her song was sweeter to him than the Latin poets, even Horace, who were his only other companions."

It was small wonder that among the reams his poetic soul was inspired to write in honour of the Dove, Charles Cotton should have been found to compare and contrast his well-loved stream with others famed in song and story. The muse drove him to this in the irregular stanzas of the "Retirement," which he dedicated to his "dear father,"—thus further attesting to

bulrushes, this inscription which I copied years ago :

"Izaak Walton
'Piscator.'

Born in this Parish, Aug'st 9th, 1593.

Baptized in this church, Sept'r 21st, 1593.

Buried in Winchester Cathedral

October 19th, 1683."

Among the contemporary eulogies, in both English and Latin, which his "Compleat Angler" evoked, was the following from Robert Floud :

"This book is so like you and you like it,
For harmless mirth, expression, art and wit,
That I protest, ingenuously, 'tis true,
I love this mirth, art, wit, the book, and
you."

the David-and-Jonathan bonds that bound their souls together :

"Such streams Rome's yellow Tiber cannot show,
The Iberian Tagus, or Ligurian Po ;
The Maese, the Danube and the Rhine
Are puddle water all, compared with thine :
And Loire's pure streams yet too polluted are
With thine much purer to compare :
The rapid Garonne, and the winding Seine,
Are both too mean,
Beloved Dove, with thee
To vie priority ;
Nay, Thame and Isis, when conjoin'd, submit,
And lay their trophies at thy silver feet."

The Dove is by birth one of those rivers in which Ruskin delighted. It rises in Derbyshire, concerning which he says :

"Derbyshire is a lovely child's alphabet, and powerful chiefly in the way it engages and fixes the attention. . . . It was a meadow a minute ago, now it is a cliff, and in an instant is a cave, and here was a brooklet, and now it is a whisper underground ; turn but the corner of the path, and it is a little green lake of incredible crystal ; and if the trout in it lifted up their heads and talked to you, you would be no more surprised than if it was in the Arabian Nights."

But though of Derbyshire origin, the Dove becomes a Staffordshire stream before losing itself in the stately Trent at Newton Solney. It has, however, for the most of its course of fifty-six miles, flowed be-

Winchester, in this year of King Alfred's millenary, will be a kind of Anglo-Saxon Mecca, and pilgrims, when they wander into the south aisle of the cathedral, will read on the black marble stone which covers his remains and chronicles his death, this tribute to Izaak Walton from his "children" :

"Alas ! he's gone before
Gone to return no more
Our panting hearts aspire
After their aged sire
Whose well-spent life did last
Full ninety years and past
But now he hath begun
That which will ne'er be done
Crowned with eternal bliss
We wish our souls with his.

"Votis modestis sic fêrunt liberi."

tween those two midland counties, and, by deepening its bed, more completely described the tortuous line of demarcation that divides them. It may be observed in passing that the youthful inhabitants of each bank of the river have, from time quite out of mind, affected a haughty scorn for those of the other. And so the

“Derbyshire born and Derbyshire bred,
Strong in the arm and weak in the head,”

which you might hear in a shrill crescendo from the westerners, would certainly evoke something like this equally classic couplet from their rivals on the east:

“Staffordshire lubs are in their tubs,
And daren't come out for Derbyshire
lubs.”

Of course the mere fact that Herbert Spencer—not to name others—hails from Derbyshire—where, by the way, his people were well-to-do Wesleyans of the old school—completely pulverizes the first of these ancient epigrams; while the recital of the names of those Staffordshire heroes,* which have been inscribed upon the nation's roll of fame, effectually disposes of the charge of cowardice found in the second. Still, facts of such a modifying character do not generally strike the mind of youngsters when engaged in their reciprocal “pin-pricking,” any more than they do that of their elders, when by tongue and pen, and at a nation's risk, they give themselves to the same diversion.

I set myself the task of conduct-

* *E.g.*, among others, Talbot, “the scourge of France,” of whom Shakespeare writes:

“Welcome, brave captain, and victorious
lord,
When I was young (as yet I am not old)
I do remember how my father said,
A stouter champion never handled sword.

Therefore, stand up; and for these good
deserts,

We here create you Earl of Shrewsbury;
And in our coronation take your place.”

—*King Hen. VI. I. iii., sc. 4.*

ing the reader from Axe Edge, the source of the Dove, down to the site of its confluence with the Trent. But it is pretty obvious now that for space reasons this plan must be abandoned, and that I must attempt a more modest ciceronage.

Whether the Dove was known to pre-historic man might be difficult to determine. But the caves in the immediate neighbourhood of her lonely birthplace in the Peak have furnished precious relics of his occupation. Paleolithic implements imbedded with the remains of pleistocene animals work powerfully on the imagination, and here involuntarily one wonders whether, in that age, before Eden, they knew much of those humanizing emotions which Wordsworth has enshrined in his immortal gem:

“She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there was none to praise
And very few to love.

“A violet by a mossy stone
Half-hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

“She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me!”

Long before Julius Cæsar, in the year 55 B.C., came, and saw, and conquered, the ancient Briton knew every reach and bend of the English Nile, and sped down it or across it in his coracle. His priest, the ancient Druid, too, frequented the stream, and, millenniums ago, caused a great stone circle to be erected within easy distance of its banks. This “Stonehenge of the Midlands” is situated at Arbor Low, and ranks among the six largest Druidical circles in existence. The circular platform is one hundred and seventy-two feet in diameter. Below is a ditch varying in depth from fifteen to eighteen feet. Beyond is a vallum from eighteen to twenty-four feet in height, and eight hundred

and twenty feet in circumference. This rampart affords entrances north and south by a path thirty-six feet wide to the area above, where there is a circle of thirty rough slabs of limestone, irregular in shape, unhewn, weather-worn, and time-stained. These stones are prostrate, and for the most part point obliquely with their narrow ends towards the centre of the circle—where some larger stones suggest the position of an altar. How were those megaliths lifted and carried there? Of what imposing or bloody rites were they the witnesses? Would that they had tongues to tell the hidden story! Such musings have filled the mind of many who, like William Howitt—

“ In twilight solemn and alone
[Have] sat upon the Druid stone,
Where visions of those distant times
Their barbarous manners, creeds and
crimes,
Have come, joy's brightest thrill to raise,
For life's blest boon in happier days.”

The memory of the Druid is perpetuated not only by his stone circle and other striking remains. At Tissington, a romantic village also on the Derbyshire side of the river—of old spelled Tizinctun—they still observe one of his ancient festivals. It is well known that, according to Druidical teaching, the *Sidhe* (answering to the Naiades of classical mythology), were held to reside in rivers, fountains, and wells. Both they, and the natural objects in which they were supposed to dwell, were invoked and conciliated, and offerings by leaves and flowers were made to them. In Tissington each springtime the immemorial wells are still ornamented with buds and flowers, for which the children of the place scour the country far and wide. These floral tributes are arranged in tasteful designs in a moist clay bed upon wooden frames, and at each well, as also in the parish church, a religious service is conducted. The

prayers on this great holiday are of course both theistic and Protestant. But Milton's imagination has shown us what in ages past they may have been:

“ Sabrina fair
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping
hair ;
Listen for dear honour's sake
Goddess of the silver lake,
Listen, and save.”

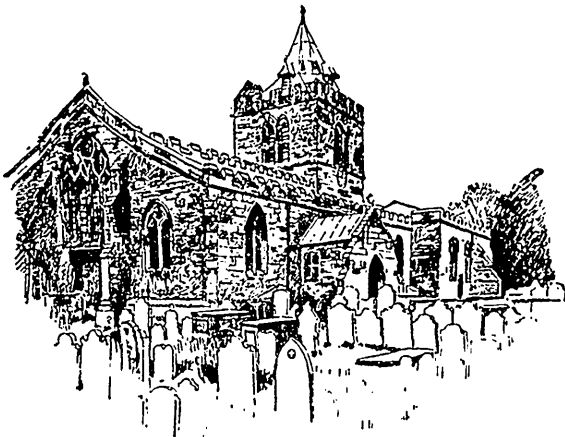


JOHN MILTON.

In the valley of the Dove, the mediæval as well as the ancient mixes with the modern. And so you not only have railways and Roman roads, telephones and tumuli, but in abbeys like Croxden and Calwich, castles like Tutbury, and churches like Ashbourne, Blore and Norbury, you are furnished with monuments of the feudal and monastic days. Here marble knights lie at rest on their altar tombs; here glorious old glass fills oriel windows; and here, again, the holy wa:er howls, built into the

chancel wall, proclaim the Popish practices the land upheld. Consecrated by the worship of his forefathers, however superstitious at times that worship may have been, such hallowed fanes inspire reverence in every true-born Englishman, and he can readily sympathize with the sentiments of Gladstone in his hymn on the "Holy Communion," written in Hawarden church:

"Here where Thine angels overhead
Do warn the Tempter's Power away ;
And where the bodies of the dead ;
For life and resurrection stay ;
And many a generation's prayer
Hath perfumed and hath leaved the air ;



HAWARDEN CHURCH.

"O lead my blindness by the hand,
Lead me to Thy familiar feast,
Not here or now to understand,
Yet even here and now to taste,
How the Eternal Word of heaven
On earth in broken bread is given."

At Tutbury, where Mary Queen of Scots was once incarcerated, in the early thirties, there were found over a hundred thousand gold and silver coins in the bed of the river. It is supposed that they formed part of the treasury of the Earl of Lancaster when he had taken up arms against Edward II., and that in the panic of retreat across the Dove the money chests were lost in the

swollen stream, at that time scarcely fordable. The money was claimed by the crown, but not before some of it had been appropriated. A notice-board still stands upon the bridge threatening trespassers with prosecution.

Some mediæval customs still survive. The guisers, with their traditions of the old miracle-plays, come round at Christmas and perform. And at "All Souls"—a festival which England has disregarded since the Reformation—children sing at your door:

"A soul-cake, a soul-cake,
An apple, a pear, a plum,
a cherry,
Or any good thing to make
us merry ;
One for Peter, two for
Paul,
And three for Him that
made us all ;
Put your hand in your
pocket
Pull out your keys,
Go down in your cellar
Bring what you please,
If you don't do this
You do it for spite,
And we'll remember you
bonfire night.
Who-o-OO !

This song of the juveniles will not for volume and vigour compare with that which is sung by troops of swains and hobbledheoys on the same day after darkness has settled over the earth. I cannot recall the whole of this latter dithyramb, for I had usually been tucked into my little bed before the revellers stormed the gate, but this was the benediction with which they vociferously closed:

"God bless the master of this house,
Likewise the mistress too ;
Likewise the little children,
That round your table go ;
Likewise your men and maidens.
Your cattle and your store,
And all that lies within your gates
I wish you ten times more.
Who-o-o-o-o-OO !"



MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

The Peak, where the Dove rises, is rich in other than historic interest. It has furnished inspiration for the poet and the novelist. Thus Sir Walter Scott's "Percival," Charlotte Brontë's "Jane Eyre," and Mrs. Humphrey Ward's "David Grieve," all breathe its exhilarating atmosphere. But Dove Valley is also linked with famous names. Here lie the Oakbourne (Ashbourne), Eagledale (Dovedale), Rossiter (Rocester), and Hoyslope (Ellastone), of George Eliot's "Adam Bede;" and in the churchyard of the last-mentioned place is the vault of the Evans's—the Welsh family from which she was descended, and about which misinformed persons continue to write such a stupendous amount of nonsense. Near by, at Wootton Hall, Jean Jacques Rousseau, that incarnate paradox of France, found a retreat, and they still point out the grotto called "Rousseau's cave." In this parish, again, was born, in 1598, the son of a servant in the Earl of Shrewsbury's household, Gilbert Sheldon, who became Archbishop of Canterbury. At Mayfield, Thomas Moore once lived: there he wrote "Lalla Rookh;" and there Byron paid him a visit. It was the music of the Ashbourne bells—since transferred to Ellastone church—that inspired these

charming stanzas which Moore gave to the world:

"Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time,
When last I heard their soothing chime.

"Those joyous hours are passed away;
And many a heart, that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells
And hears no more those evening bells.

"And so 'twill be when I am gone;
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall walk these dells
And sing your praise sweet evening bells.'

The two chief towns of the Dove Valley are Ashbourne and Uttoxeter. The latter name is not pronounced as written. I may also add that it will never do to allow yourself to be betrayed into the false accent insinuated by a native bard:

"In the country round there's nothing
neater
Than the pretty little town of Uttoxeter."

Never say Ut-tox-e-ter, if, gentle reader, you find yourself in that vicinity. Uxeter will do; but, if you desire to pass as one unto the manner born, say Utcheter! Here it was that Mary Howitt first saw the light, and here, in the marketplace, the attention is arrested by a monument. Thereby hangs a tale. "Once," said old Dr. Johnson, the literary king, "I was disobedient. I refused to attend my father to Uttoxeter market. Pride was the



SIR WALTER SCOTT.

source of that refusal, and the remembrance of it was painful. A few years ago, I desired to atone for my fault; I went to Uttoxeter, in very bad weather, and stood for a considerable time bareheaded in the rain, on the spot where my father's stall used to stand. In contrition I stood, and I hope the penance was expiatory."

So on that spot, where he stood self-shriven, was placed this structure, which appeals more to the emotions than does the eleven-thousand-guinea statue they gave him in St. Paul's. Grand old lexicographer! how often, when at his grave in the Poet's Corner of the Abbey have we seemed to hear the words: "Take off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."



CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

Ashbourne, with its stately church—"the pride of the Peak"—and its old alms-houses and grammar-school, was often visited by Johnson and his faithful Boswell. Hither some of my ancestors in their youth, and before the era of steam, rode on their ponies to school, while older members of the family came hither on horseback to market. One of the latter once witnessed the mobbing of a man in Ashbourne market-place. They pelted him with rotten eggs. His offence was

that of preaching out-of-doors, and his name—John Wesley!

For the account of the pleasant days spent in Ashbourne by Johnson, as well as for the interesting conversations he took part in, and the letters he wrote there, the reader must be referred to Boswell's famous "Life." From that volume we will extract one incident. The words are Boswell's—who was the man Macaulay misunderstood:

"After breakfast I departed, and pursued my journey northwards. I took my post-chaise from the Green Man, a very good inn at Ashbourne, the mistress of which, a mighty civil gentlewoman, courtesying very low, presented me with an engraving of the sign of her house; to which she had subjoined, in her own handwriting, an address in such singular simplicity of style, that I have preserved it pasted upon one of the boards of my original Journal at this time, and shall here insert it for the amusement of my readers:

"M. Killingley's duty waits upon Mr. Boswell, is exceedingly obliged to him for this favour, whenever he comes this way, hopes for the continuance of the same. Would Mr. Boswell name the house to his extensive acquaintance, it would be a singular favour conferred on one who has it not in her power to make any other return but her most grateful thanks, and sincerest prayers for his happiness in time, and in a blessed eternity."

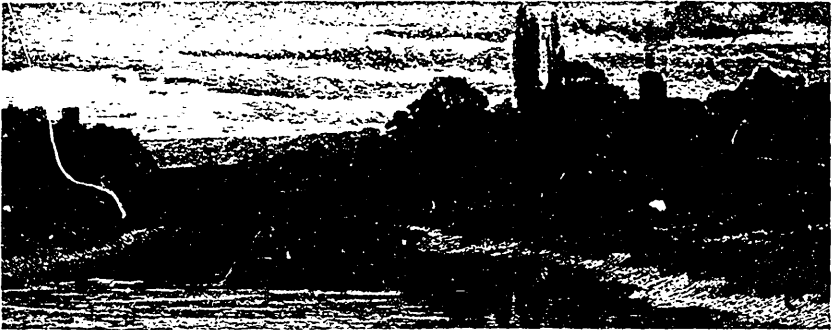
It is nothing to the reader, and has only a tangential connection with this article, and yet I am compelled to parade the fact. It is simply this: that the Nestor of the Newfoundland Conference is the Rev. James Dove, D.D.; that I was amenable to his jurisdiction after I came out from England as a student volunteer, and was stationed in St. John's; and that now for some years past it is Dr. Dove who has been to me both friend and father-in-law. And yet people ask, as they did in a still earlier day, "What's in a name?"

Claremont, Ont.

THE BANKS OF THE DOVE.

(Author unknown.)

- “ Adieu to the Banks of the Dove,
 My happiest moments are flown ;
 I must leave the retreats that I love
 For scenes far remote and unknown.
 But wherever my lot may be cast,
 Whatever my fortune may prove,
 I shall think of the days that are past,
 I shall sigh for the Banks of the Dove.
- Ye villas and cots so well known.
 Will your inmates continue to love ?
 Will ye think on a friend, when he's gone
 Far away from the Banks of the Dove ?
- “ But oft hath the Dove's crystal wave,
 Flow'd lately commixt with my tears,
 Since my mother was laid in her grave,
 Where yon hallow'd turret appears,
 O Sexton, remember the spot,
 And lay me beside her I love,
 Whenever this body is brought
 To sleep on the Banks of the Dove.
- “ Ye friends of my earliest youth,
 From you how reluctant I part ;
 Your friendships were founded in truth,
 And shall ne'er be erased from my heart.
 Companions, perhaps, I may find,
 But where shall I meet with such love,
 With attachments so lasting and kind,
 As I leave on the Banks of the Dove ?
- “ Till then, in the visions of night,
 O may her loved spirit descend ;
 And tell me, tho' hid from my sight,
 She still is my guardian and friend.
 The thoughts of her presence shall keep
 My footsteps when tempted to rove :
 And sweeten my woes while I weep
 For her, and the Banks of the Dove.”
- “ Thou sweet little village, farewell !
 Every object around thee is dear,
 Every woodland, and meadow, and dell,
 Where I wandered for many a year.



“ AND LEAVES THE WORLD TO DARKNESS AND TO ME.”

EASTER INTERPRETATION.

They who, surrounded by their loved ones, join
 In festival of flowers and joyous lay—
 They cannot comprehend the *highest* joy
 Or deepest meaning of the Easter day.

But they who gently kneel by new-made graves,
 Lifting their tear-stained eyes toward heaven, say :
 “ Thou art the resurrection and the life ; ”
 They know the meaning of the Easter day.

Dear risen Christ ! to every heart bereft—
 Stone-sealed with grief—too dazed to pray ;
 Reveal to such Thy resurrection power
 And *richest* meaning of the Easter day.

—Jennie Elizabeth Gates.

A GROUP OF CLEVER ENGLISH WOMEN.

BY EUGENE L. DIDIER.*



LADY Mary Wortley Montagu enjoyed the threefold distinction of being a beauty, a belle, and a wit. She was not only the cleverest

woman of her age, but she was as clever as the cleverest man of her age, and in an encounter of wits with the greatest of wits she carried off the honours. When we remember that her antagonist was Pope, who silenced Addison by his tremendous sarcasm and won the admiration of Swift by his wit, we may easily claim for Lady Mary the first place among the clever women of the eighteenth century. Soon after her marriage to Edward Wortley Montagu (it was a runaway match which ended unhappily) Lady Mary became a bright particular star in the fashionable world of London, and dazzled the court of George I. by her many shining qualities of mind and body. After two years her husband was appointed Ambassador to Turkey, and she accompanied him to the East. Her letters from Turkey, describing the magnificence and mystery of the Orient, glowed with genuine enthusiasm. She went everywhere and saw everything—the bazaars, the baths, the mosques, the harems, the cemeteries, the palaces—every place of interest was visited by this most clever observer. So delighted was she with everything Oriental that she adopted the Turkish dress, in which her portrait was afterwards painted. At the time of her visit to the East, few Europeans had penetrated that land of romance and luxury. Her graphic descriptions of its wonders,

which have charmed the world for over one hundred and seventy years, have never been surpassed in interest and brilliancy. She was a keen observer of society at home and abroad, and wittily exposed its follies.

In 1739 Lady Mary left England for a permanent residence on the Continent. After spending five years in Venice, Florence, Rome, and Naples, she bought an old palace at Lovere, on Lake Iseo, where she settled down to a life without friends, without society, without gossip, and without admiration. With characteristic courage she defied *ennui*, and preserved her individuality. She sought solace in her books, her flowers, her pictures. In 1761, after a self exile of twenty-two years, Lady Mary returned to England. Her reappearance in London is thus described by Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu, who married her husband's cousin:

“A very extraordinary personage has lately returned to us from Italy—Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. I was very graciously received by her, and, you may imagine, entertained by one who neither thinks, speaks, acts, nor dresses like anybody else. Her domestic establishment is made up of all nations, and when you get into her drawing-room you imagine you are in the first story of the Tower of Babel. An Hungarian servant takes your name at the door; he gives it to an Italian, who delivers it to a Frenchman, the Frenchman to a Swiss, the Swiss to a Polander—so that by the time you get to her ladyship's presence you have changed your name five times without the expense of an act of Parliament.”

Although past three score and ten, Lady Mary retained all her vivacity and courage, her wit and sarcasm, her gay spirits, and much of her youthful beauty. But be-

* Abridged from *The Chautauquan*.

neath her loose, flowing robe was concealed a fatal cancer, from which she died less than a year after her return to England.

During Hannah More's long life, which extended from 1745 to 1833, she enjoyed the extraordinary distinction of making three reputations: First as a clever poet and talker in the literary circle of John-

in his suit, settled a handsome annuity upon her. Thus released from school teaching, she devoted her time and talents to literature. Her wit, simplicity, and enthusiasm made her a great favourite of the whole Johnson set. She was not spoiled by the adulation which she received in both literary and social world. Unlike too many women of that age she never touched cards,



HANNAH MORE.

son, Burke, Goldsmith, and Garrick; next as a writer on moral and religious subjects; and finally as a practical philanthropist. Her father was a village schoolmaster, and after she had received a careful education she joined her sisters in establishing a boarding-school for young ladies. Hannah More never married, but she had an admirer who, although unsuccessful

avoided scandal, and was a strict observer of Sunday. Among her books may be mentioned, "Sacred Dramas," and "Cœlebs in Search of a Wife." The last was the most popular of her works, and one of the most popular books ever published up to that time (1808). No less than ten editions of it were published in one year. She realized \$150,000 by her literary work,

one third of which she bequeathed to charitable purposes. In her old age she retired to Clifton, where the last years of her life were serenely passed in the enjoyment of the society of her friends and visitors who came from all parts of the world to see the bright and clever old lady. She died on the 7th of September, 1833, in the eighty-eighth year of her age.

Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Sheridan Norton Maxwell, known in literature and in society as the Honourable Mrs. Norton, came naturally by her cleverness, for she was the granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the most brilliant wit that England has ever produced. Mrs. Norton has been called the "female Byron." She was like that noble poet in the fire, energy, and passion of her poetry, as well as in the fact that she was unhappily married. This gifted woman was born in 1807, and began to write verses before she was well in her teens. At seventeen she wrote a lively satire. It was brimful of gay spirits and youthful wit. In 1830 appeared her remarkable poem, "The Undying One," based upon the interesting mystery of the Wandering Jew. The rhetorical pomp of illustration and the rich, fertile imagery of this poem showed that she had inherited her grandfather's brilliant genius. It placed Mrs. Norton first among the woman writers of her age. Both her pen and pencil were kept busy during the next thirty years. Her last poem was the exquisitely beautiful "Lady of La Garaye," which was published in 1861. She was an enthusiastic champion of her sex against injustice and wrong, for she had herself suffered from both. Before she was twenty she married the Honourable George Norton, brother of Lord Grantley, whose harsh treatment soon led to a separation, followed by a cruel perse-

cution by her husband's family. Her reprobate husband had not the grace to die until two years before her own death, but within eighteen months she married Sir William Sterling Maxwell, the distinguished historian, and died the same year.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans, one of the most accomplished of the clever English women of the nineteenth century, was born in Liverpool, September 25th, 1794. Although born in a commercial atmosphere, she was reared amid the picturesque scenery of Wales, where her poetical tastes, inherited from her mother, who was of Italian descent, were encouraged and fostered. Under these favourable circumstances Felicia began to write verses before she was ten years old, and when she was sixteen a collection of her youthful poems was published under the title of "Early Blossoms." Like the juvenile poems of Byron, her first volume was harshly criticized, but she did not turn upon her critics with lofty scorn and bitter satire. On the contrary, she was made severely ill by the merciless criticism. In 1812 she ventured upon a second volume of poems, "The Domestic Affections," which was so successful that she was encouraged to enter upon a literary career. She was at this time a lovely girl of nineteen, with a profusion of golden curls encircling her face all glowing with poetical enthusiasm. Such was the beautiful creature when she became the wife of Captain Hemans, from whom, after a matrimonial experience of six years, she separated, he taking up his permanent residence in Italy while she returned to her former home in Wales.

Here she devoted herself to literature more earnestly than ever, and studied German, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese. She became a frequent and acceptable contributor.



FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

both in prose and verse, to the annuals and magazines. Her genius won her the friendship of Sir Walter Scott and William Wordsworth, both of whom she visited, and upon whom she left the impression of a most lovely and clever woman. In 1831 Mrs. Hemans went to reside in Dublin with one of her brothers. Here she continued her literary labours until her early death, in 1834, in her fortieth year.

In a branch of science seldom pursued by women, Mrs. Mary Somerville won a high place. She

was the most extraordinary mathematician of her age, and equal to any in this difficult science. George Ticknor met her frequently during his many visits to England, and he describes her as a quiet, kindly person, with a low, sweet voice. She educated her children with great success, and they grew up and called her blessed. As a wife, she managed her household very judiciously. Although very domestic in her tastes, she was necessarily thrown into the best literary and scientific society of her time. An accomplished American traveller who knew her very well said she

was one of the most remarkable women that ever lived, both in the simplicity of her character and the singular purity, power, and brilliancy of her talents. Mrs. Somerville's "Mechanism of the Heavens" was pronounced by the *Edinburgh Review* "one of the most remarkable works that the female intellect ever produced"—doubtless well-merited praise.

21st, 1780. She had six sisters, all of whom wore fashionable attire and entered into social gaiety with great spirit. Visiting London at the height of the season, when seventeen years old, she became acquainted with Mrs. Inchbald, Amelia Opie, Dr. Wolcott (Peter Pindar), and enjoyed, as she herself says, "scandal and grand company."

In 1798 William Savary, an Am-



MARY SOMERVILLE.

Mrs. Elizabeth Fry was one of the most interesting and admirable English women of this century. She came of a Quaker family of long descent, but they did not follow the usages of that peculiar sect either in dress, language, or social life. Her father, John Gurney, was a wealthy banker of Norwich, near which place she was born, May

erican Quaker, preached in the Friends' meeting-house in Norwich. Among the two hundred persons present were Elizabeth Gurney and her six sisters, all dressed in the latest style of fashion. The preacher, in the course of his sermon, said, he was surprised to find himself in the presence of so gayly dressed an assembly of his brethren, and ex-

pressed great regret that they had departed so far from the gravity and simplicity of their fathers. Elizabeth was deeply moved by the discourse, and after holding several conversations with Mr. Savary she determined to adopt the dress and live the life of a plain Friend. In 1800 she married Joseph Fry, who belonged to the strictest sect of Quakers. After her marriage she became more and more devoted to the tenets of the Quakers, and in 1810 began to preach. In 1813 she made her first visit to an English prison. Her kind and sympathetic nature was touched by the condition in which she found the female prisoners of Newgate, which was the first prison she visited. She found "three hundred women crowded together in rags and filth, without bedding, and suffering all the privations and neglect of the old prison system." She supplied the poor wretches with clothes and other necessaries. Continuing her philanthropic work, she established a school and reformatory in Newgate. In a few years she introduced similar improvements and reforms in all the prisons of Great Britain. Her sweet, gentle, soothing voice was a great help in carrying out her noble work. The self-sacrificing life of this admirable woman inspired the poet Crabbe to address her in some beautiful verses, from which we quote:

"Once I beheld a wife, a mother, go
To gloomy scenes of wretchedness and woe;
She sought her way through all things
vile and base,
And made a prison a religious place,
Fighting her way, the way that angels
fight,
With powers of darkness to let in the
light."

We close this group of clever women with Mary Russell Mitford. She was the daughter of a physician, and was born in Alresford, Hampshire, December 16th, 1786. About the time that Byron published his "Hours of Idleness," Miss Mitford published three volumes of verse, some of them in the narrative form which Scott had made popular. The *Quarterly Review* criticized her poems with that brutal ferocity which in those days passed for clever and strong criticism. In 1812 Miss Mitford adopted literature as a profession, owing to the embarrassed condition of her father's affairs. Her first notable success was "Our Village," the idea of which was suggested by Washington Irving's "Sketch Book." The work was written in an easy style, and an attractive tone of cheerfulness pervaded it. The book proved very popular and she was induced to extend it to five volumes. "Bedford Regis" was written in the same style, Reading, near her home, supplying the scenes. She wrote four plays, "Julian," "Foscari," "Charles I.," and "Rienzi," the last of which was the most successful. Toward the close of her life she published in three volumes "Recollections of a Literary Life," which has been pronounced "a book full of delightful reading, and furnishing the best illustrations of the writer's tastes and character." Her last work was "Atherton and Other Tales," published in three volumes, in 1854. The next year she died, in her cottage near Reading, where the last forty years of her life had been passed.

NOT HERE, BUT RISEN!

Their feet no longer tread life's weary way,
Those dear ones who have passed beyond our sight;
Their eyes are open to that fadeless day
Wherein shall fall no shadow of the night.
Yet they are with us still and for their sake
We mould our lives to meet the wishes they had framed;
Our steps are those they would have had us take;
We shun each thought or deed they might have blamed.

EASTER DAY.

BY THE REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.

"Now is Christ risen from the dead."—1 Cor. xv. 20.



THE REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.

affirm, then here is a greater wonder than the Resurrection itself. If Christ be not risen, then have we this strange fact—that an empty notion, unlike anything else in human experience, has for 'twenty centuries prompted the noblest life that man has ever lived, the most heroic endurance, the truest brotherliness, the loftiest enthusiasm. If Christ be not risen, then has a hollow delusion wielded a strength, mightier than human sorrow and pride and hope, stronger than death and the grave. If all this be begotten of nothingness, the spawn of a lie, then is there here a marvel greater than the Resurrection, and unbelief accepts a mystery more wonderful than faith has ever dreamed about. *But now is Christ risen from the dead.* Let us rejoice to blend our hearts and voices with this great Easter gladness.

Let us try to get at the story of the man who makes this assertion. Jesus Christ is crucified, dead and buried. Of that the whole city is assured. The Roman governor, the high priest and the rulers have no doubt about that. Quickened by an uneasy conscience, the rulers remember that He spake some words about His rising again in three days; not once only or vaguely, but openly, and he made it indeed the sign and proof of His authority. That must be guarded against. They come to Pilate and ask for a company of soldiers, declaring, in explanation of so strange a request, that they feared lest His disciples should come and steal the body of Jesus Christ. Crushed and stunned by their great sorrow, the disciples were utterly incapable of any such attempt. If they had ventured to hope for His Resurrec-



TO-DAY we rejoice in that which is the greatest event in the history of the world. It is well for us to think how vast a chorus of praise is running through the world, what an outburst of rapture, "Christ the Lord is risen to-day." Wherever life is fullest, reaching its highest height and measure; where beneficence is most abundant; where freedom is most settled and assured; where enterprise and energy are greatest; where there is the truest reverence for women and the deepest tenderness for little children; the richest pity for the poor; the kindest help for the sick—there is heard to-day the music of the Easter hymn.

If Christ be not risen, as some

tion, the very fact of such an expectation would have kept them from disturbing the sepulchre. If they did not believe in it, hope was dead, and there was no use in doing anything more. They could but show their devotion to their Lord by anointing His body with the spices. What could it avail them, poor things, to steal the dead body and declare that he was risen? They were neither bad enough to plot such a thing, nor mad enough to attempt such a clumsy imposture. So frightened and overwhelmed were they that they feared almost to show themselves. Even whilst the Lord was with them, they had all forsaken Him and fled. Now that He is gone, is it likely that they will risk a collision with the Roman soldiers and Jewish authorities?

This charge was never made against them on any single occasion when they were brought before the rulers. It was for speaking in the name of Christ that they were threatened and punished, not as impostors who had stolen the body of their Master.

Now come rumours that He is risen, rumours that strengthen and grow with every day. Mary has seen Him, Simon has seen Him. He has walked with two of the disciples to Emmaus and spoken with them. He appears to five hundred at once. At last He has led His disciples forth to Bethany, and there they see Him ascend from amongst them with outstretched hands, blessing them as He goes, and "a cloud received Him out of their sight."

Within a very few weeks after His death the disciples are going everywhere proclaiming what they have seen, and are ready to die for the truth of it. Of course, the Pharisees, crafty ecclesiastics, the police, as well as the priests of the nation, having eyes and ears all over the land, are kept aware of all this. Sharp and shrewd men, what would

they naturally say? "This Jesus of Nazareth is dead—we have made sure of that—the work is done. If these poor, deluded followers like to fancy that He has risen again, let them; we can well afford to allow that to pass."

Men who have for three years set themselves to accomplish a desperate work like that of the death of one so prominent and powerful as Jesus Christ of Nazareth, do not suffer themselves to be moved by the fancy of a few men and women, a few simple fishermen. It is beneath their dignity to disturb themselves over such a matter. But we can think of their asking one another, "*What if He be really risen?*" It certainly looks like it. The tomb is empty, that is certain, in spite of the Roman soldiers and their watchfulness. If He be *really* risen, there is only one thing for it. With unsparing energy and ruthless persecution we must silence and, if need be, kill these witnesses, or the end of the matter will certainly be worse than the beginning." Thus, and thus only, can we explain the persecution that followed immediately after the death of Christ, and when His Resurrection came to be everywhere declared.

And now amongst these Pharisees is one who was probably in Jerusalem at the time of the Crucifixion—certainly was there only a little while afterward. He comes to the front at once. A man of tremendous energy, trained to weigh evidence. With sedulous care he sets himself to destroy this new faith. He was the detective, the superintendent of the police, to whom this matter was entrusted for investigation. And he is armed with authority to destroy every proof of it at all risks and all hazards.

What, then, was the first thing that he would do? He would naturally try to find out what had become of the dead Christ. If there be any delusion in the matter, he

will assuredly detect it. If the Resurrection is a mere fancy, it will be easy to show that the dead body of the Crucified is yet amongst them. That will be at once the end of the whole matter, and it will be hard to evade so clear-headed and determined a man as Saul of Tarsus, who would leave no stone unturned, no inquiry unmade, no chance of discovery overlooked. He has all the wealth and power of Jerusalem at his service, and yet within so short a time after the Crucifixion he can find no way of silencing these witnesses and destroying their evidence but by prison and death. He has no mere brutal delight in blood. He is a cultured gentleman, belonging to the aristocracy of the State, yet he begins to seize right and left and imprison all men and women who profess this belief.

Amongst so many at a time of such peril, an imposture would certainly be detected. Some timid soul would be sure to confess. Liars do not make heroes, and mere fancies are apt to fade in the grim misery of the dungeon and in the face of death. But nothing is heard, nothing is found anywhere to contradict it, and in very despair of anything else Saul commenced a work of slaughter which is to leave no witness of the Resurrection of Christ alive.

Look at this man. He is one who above all others is fitted to investigate this matter to the very depths. He has every opportunity of knowing all the facts of the case. He has given himself up to silencing by any means every witness of the Resurrection. Then, as he comes to Damascus with the design of arresting a new batch of prisoners, this risen Christ meets him and speaks to him by name: "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" And this is the man who declares, "Now is Christ risen from the dead." He gives up his life to declaring, amidst scorn and suffering and

persecution, that which he has set himself to disprove and destroy, and he goes forever declaring alike to Jew and Greek and Roman, that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is risen from the dead. 'With him it is no matter of theory, but of fact, simple, sober fact, and he joins those whom he has such reason to believe, and exults in confirming their faith. "I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received how that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures, that he was seen of Peter, then of the twelve, after that he was seen by above five hundred brothers at once, of whom the greater part remain unto this present, but some are fallen asleep, and after that he was seen of James, then of all the apostles, and last of all he was seen of me also, as of one born out of due time."

Upon this fact of the Resurrection, St. Paul and all the apostles take their stand. Their one work was to be witnesses of His Resurrection. With that everything stood; without that everything was gone. "If he be not risen," says St. Paul, "our preaching is vain." There is no Gospel to preach, and as for us, we are liars, not simply deluded and mistaken men, but false witnesses, because we have testified that God has raised up Christ.

Is this evidence—so unstained, and from such witnesses—going to be lightly set aside by the objection that miracles are impossible because the laws of nature are fixed and unaltered? Well, what is law but the way in which God is pleased to move and act in nature? Laws are fixed not from any unalterable force in matter, but that we may rely upon them without any doubt. All the confidence in life comes from the consistency of nature's laws. Everything would be turned into utter confusion, and morality itself would vanish before an utter recklessness if we were uncertain

about the laws of nature. But if that same gracious Father, who for our confidence is pleased to fix with settled ways the order of nature, has sent His Son, Jesus Christ, to be our Saviour, is it not perfectly natural that the Father should confirm the authority of His Son and confirm our faith by some such manifestation as this? He was "declared to be the Son of God with power by the Resurrection from the dead."

The facts of law cannot make the Resurrection in any sense impossible; but *they do make room for the greatness and force of such a miracle.* If to redeem us from the fear of death and to afford us a blessed hope for ourselves and our dear ones, and if to bring into our lives a mighty uplifting power and a new energy, Christ be raised from the dead, is it not in perfect keeping with the grace and loving-kindness of our Father in heaven? Here, as everywhere else, love is the fulfilling of the law; love is law. The hands of the Almighty are not tied by the laws of that Nature which He hath made. There is no law which can ever chill and paralyze the power of His love. The Resurrection is the divine assurance of Christ's authority; the seal of God upon His finished work; the "Fear not" of our Father that alone can help us in the shadow of death and the grave.

Yet another suggestion may occur to us. If the Resurrection of Jesus Christ be so necessary to complete the work and assert His authority, why did He not show Himself by many infallible proofs to the rulers of Israel instead of only to His disciples? To my mind no proof of Christ's Resurrection is more precious than this. As the Word says, "This *same Jesus* hath God raised up." In His life our Saviour ever refused to put forth those dazzling and overwhelming proofs of His power which would have instantly subdued His enemies

and secured His triumph. Those about Him often resented His gentle methods, and said angrily, "If thou doest these things, show thyself to the world." But He went quietly along His way seeking to win to Himself by goodness and pity and love, the sinful and the sad, who would have been driven away by such dazzling manifestation of His power." If the Resurrection had been an invention the imposture would have required all that was in keeping with so sublime and splendid a triumph. If He appear at all it must be with all His holy angels, as they had seen Him in the Transfiguration, His face like the sun in its strength, His eyes like flames of fire, His robes white and glistening. That had been all unlike our gracious Lord and Saviour. His kingdom then would have been a kingdom of wonder, of display—of rapturous excitement and external show, instead of a loving soul and trusting spirit. The blessed proof of the Resurrection is that the risen Saviour is so perfectly one with the Lord Jesus Christ as they knew Him aforetime. He comes to Mary simply and tenderly, and heals her broken heart. He walks with the disciples along the dusty road to Emmaus, opening the Scriptures to them as of old. He stands upon the shore and calls in sweet, familiar tones to His disciples on the sea of Galilee, and stoops to kindle a fire and get the breakfast for the cold and hungry fishermen after the night's toil. These two things Christ seeks to secure in the Resurrection. He must appear unmistakably to His disciples to confirm their faith in Him; and yet He must assure them that He is the same gracious, kindly, loving friend and brother as of old. Enough is revealed to establish the fact that He is risen, yet nothing is done to lessen the simplicity of their devotion and the sense of a blessed, personal possession that cries, "My Lord and my God."

A PRAYER FOR THE KING'S MAJESTY.

BY E. NESBIT.



KING EDWARD VII.

The Queen is dead. God save the King
In this his hour of grief,
When sorrow gathers memories in a sheaf
To lay them on his shoulders, as he stands
Inheriting Her glories and Her lands—
First gain of his at which his Mother's voice
Has not been first to bless and to rejoice—
A man, set lonely between gain and loss.
(O words of love the heart remembereth,
O mighty loss outweighing every gain !)
A Son whose kingdom Death's arm lies across
A King whose Mother lies alone with Death,

Wrapped in the folds of white implacable
sleep.
O God who seest the tears Thy children weep,
O God who countest each sad heart-beat, see
How our King needs the grace we ask of
Thee !
Thou knowest how little and how vain a thing
Is Empire, when the heart is sick with pain,
God save the King !

The Queen is dead. The splendour of Her
days

The sorrow of them, both alike merge now
 In the new aureole that lights Her brow ;
 The clamour of Her people's voice in praise
 Must hush itself to the still voice that prays
 In the holy chamber of Death. Tread softly
 here,

A mighty Queen lies dead.
 Her people's heart wears black,
 The black bells toll unceasing in their ear
 And on the gold sun's track
 The great world round
 Like a black ring the voice of mourning goes,
 Till even our ancient foes
 With eyes downbent, and brotherly bared
 head,

Keep mourning watch with us. This is the
 hour

When Love lends all his power
 To speed grief's arrows from the bow of
 Death,

When sighs are idle breath,
 When tears are fountains vain.
 She will not wake again,
 Not now, not here.

O great and good and infinitely dear,
 O Mother of Your people, sleep is sweet,
 No more life's thorny ways will wound Your
 feet.

O Mother dear, sleep sound !
 When you shall wake,
 Your brows freed from the crown that made
 them ache

So many a time, and wear the Heavenly
 crown,

Then, then You will look down
 On us who love You, and, remembering,
 The love of earth, will breathe with us our
 prayer ;

—Our prayer prayed here, joined to Your
 prayer prayed There—

Who knows what radiant answer it may
 bring ?

“God save the King !”

The Queen is dead. God save the King !
 From all ill thought and deed,
 From heartless service and from selfish sway,
 From treason, and the vain imagining
 Of evil counsellors, and the noisome breed
 Of flatterers who eat the soul away,

God save the King !

From loss and pain and tears
 Such as Her many years
 Brought Her ; from battle and strife,
 And the inmost hurt of life,
 The wounds that no crown can heal,
 No ermine robes conceal,

God save the King !

And may the love he has won
 As our own Queen's son
 The noble, kindly, generous Prince we know,
 The loyal love we bear him

Make strong the prayer we bring :
 O God be good to spare him
 Whom England holds so dear,
 Over his Empire and our hearts to reign

This many many a year !
 And let our love get leave and time to show
 How a great love can still more greatly grow,
 That we may cry again and yet again,
 “God save the King !”

That every corner of his Empire may
 From day to day

Echo more ardently the words we say,
 “God save the King !”

God, by our memories of his mother's face,
 By the love that makes our hearts Her dwell-
 ing-place,

Grant to our sorrow this desired grace :
 God save the King !

The Queen is dead. God save the King.
 This is no hour when joy takes leave to sing ;
 Only, amid our tears, we are bold to pray,
 —More boldly, in that we pray sorrowing,
 In this more sorrowful day.

God, who wast of a mortal Mother born,
 Who driest the tears with which thy chil-
 dren mourn,

God save the King !
 Look down on him whose crown is wet with
 tears

In which its splendour fades and disappears—
 His tears, our tears, tears out of all Her
 lands.

The Queen is dead.
 God ! strengthen the King's hands !
 God save the King !

—Daily Chronicle, London.

IN THE MORNING.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

In the morning, when the shadows
 Shall have fled for evermore,
 Death's dark hour of midnight ended,
 All earth's pains and sorrows o'er,—

How our grateful hearts will gladden,
 How our lips o'erflow with praise,
 As we hear the voice of Jesus,
 And our eyes to His we raise !

Toronto.

Oh, with what sweet words of welcome,
 With what tender looks of love
 He will greet us, when we enter
 To His happy home above !

Jesus ! Jesus ! in the morning—
 When doth dawn Thy deathless day—
 We shall come where Thou art dwelling
 And with Thee shall live for aye.

AN EASTER SONG.

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL.



TILL the train did not start. Five—ten minutes went by slowly, and then, in despair, the solitary figure on the back seat of the stuffy little car got to its feet and moved with stately grace down the aisle to the platform outside. The rain was falling steadily, forlornly. The dim little lamps of the tiny station blinked palely through the mist.

The moving, graceful figure ran against something looming up big and wet. The voice that went with it was big and looming, too.

"Pardon—oh! it's you, ma'am. I was jest on my way to tell you it ain't no go—not to-night. Freight knocked into kindlin'-wood down the line a piece. It's kinder too bad, but it's one o' them cases where you have to submit. I've been makin' inquiries and there's a good place to put up—."

The lady interrupted him with a sharp little note of remonstrance.

"But I must go on!" she cried; "I must! It's a matter of honour for me to be in Brewer City when the church bells ring to-morrow morning. Oh, why did I try to cut across by this miserable little line?"

It was an uncontrollable little wail of despair that ended as sharply as it began. Instantly the slender figure straightened, and by the dim glare of a passing bull's eye the beautiful face regained its composure. The voice that began again was steady and dignified.

"And the good place to 'put up?' If you will be so kind as to show me the way," it said calmly.

"Well, I guess! That's talkin'! You give me your traps, an' you jest foller along. It's up street a little piece."

His other remarks were cut into crisp sentences and flung over his shoulder as he strode on ahead.

"Pass'nage. Station feller, he directed me. Pa'son's all right. Runs the town. You'll have to stan' it over Sunday. We'll go on a Monday mornin', sure."

"A Monday mornin'!" But "a Monday mornin'" wouldn't do. There was no use "goin' on" Monday—it was to-morrow morning. It was Easter morning, when the church bells ring, that she must be in Brewer City. Hadn't she given her word to be there?

"Oh, dear!" groaned the lady, softly, as she hurried through the rain after the big looming brakesman. Then suddenly there was a flash of light in her face. The big figure was standing still in front of a bit of a house, and a glow of soft red light was shining out over them both.

"Pass'nage," explained the man, cheerily. "Now you're fixed. Good-night, ma'am; I've got to be gettin' back."

It was Daniel Grier who came to the door. His little pale wife, Margaret, was putting the children to bed. The warm red light made a kind of halo round the lean, shabby figure in its faded dressing-gown.

"I have been detained here by an accident—A freight train has been wrecked. They told me you would let me—"

"Yes, yes," cried Daniel Grier, in his hearty, welcoming voice; "they told you just right. Come right in and get dry and warm. Margaret will be down soon. We are glad to have you come to us."

He was holding her wet, cold hands in his warm clasp and gently pulling her in to the bright little hall.

The lady in the rich clothes, with the beautiful, cultured face, had never been in such a tiny hall before—nor in a brighter one. The quaint pictures of prophets and saints on the narrow spaces of wall, and the breadth of worn carpet running like a straight and narrow pathway the length of the hall, were new to her. She followed the minister into a little room, bright, too, and shabby by the finger prints of poverty. It was full of the signs of little children. A picture book lay on the floor, a tiny dress hung over a chair and under her feet a little broken horse reared a maneless head, and stared unblinkingly up at her. It reminded her, in spite of its humble aspect, of another, smarter, finer horse. There is a family resemblance to all the wooden horses in the world, it would seem.

"Margaret will be down soon. It is bath night, you know, and there are so many little ones! There are five, all told, or there were at the last census," laughed the minister.

He held out his hand for her wet wraps and waited on her as deftly as a woman. All the while he was talking pleasantly. The stranger had an intuitive feeling that he had been upstairs with Margaret helping wash the little children before she

came. His thin, white hands had the shiny look that comes of very recent contact with soapy water, and there was that about his whole benign presence that suggested at once familiarity with mother-work. It scarcely surprised the stranger when he took up the little dress and began to sew on buttons.

"They do come off so!" he smiled, "and Margaret can't keep up with 'em all. I take a hand now and then myself—when Margaret doesn't know! I learned to sew on buttons before I learned to preach." He looked up with a whimsical, wistful face and added simply, "I haven't learned that yet."

Overhead sounded the incessant pad, pad of little bare feet, and now and then a subdued shriek of laughter. Somebody coughed hoarsely. The minister's face sobered instantly.

"Margaret got another of her colds," he said, with the pain of keen anxiety in his voice. "I don't tell her, but it's a continual worry to me when she coughs like that. Her folks had consump—weak lungs."

The grim word slipped back, half-spoken, Daniel Grier could not bear to speak it.

A little later the strange lady lay snug and warm in the little "spare room" opening off from the sitting-room. A narrow shaft of light shone in upon her.

"I'll leave the door open a little mite for ventilation, if you don't mind," Margaret had said. "You see, it's such a little room, and the window's too close to the head of the bed to open. You needn't mind about Daniel—he'll sit round back to."

The stranger did not mind about Daniel. She lay drowsily listening to the low hum of his deep voice until, for very comfort, she fell asleep. When she awoke half an hour later the voices were like parts of a queer dream—she listened half unconsciously. It was Margaret speaking—she knew it was Margaret in her dream.

"I'm going to try just once more, Daniel, just once. I don't think it will disturb her, and I can't give it up! To think how we planned it all so carefully! And I'd practised and practised it so faithfully—I can't give it up—no, I can't, Daniel!"

Then presently there was the soft sound of chords on a little weak-throated organ, and then Margaret's voice again, singing. It started in bravely, and the thin, sweet notes of an Easter anthem floated into the stranger's ears. She smiled to herself in the dark. The notes were so thin and so weak!

"Splendid, Margaret—you're doing finely! You can sing it, after all," Daniel cried, softly.

But at the very moment of its triumph the slender, sweet thread of voice broke hoarsely. Margaret buried her face in her hands and coughed.

"There, there, little one—there, there!" murmured the big, deep voice, comfortingly. "Never mind about the Easter hymn. The congregation can sing, 'The Lord is risen, indeed'—Margaret, Margaret, you mustn't cry! There, there, little one—you ought not to have tried. It was the singing made you cough."

"But I can't give it up, Daniel! I wanted an Easter anthem so, to go with your sermon. We need it—every other church will celebrate Easter Sunday tomorrow, and we haven't even any lilies. I could give up singing the anthem if only we had the lilies."

The "dream" in the bit of a spare room had grown real enough. The stranger was sitting up in bed peering toward the shaft of lamplight earnestly. She had heard the whole story plainly. There was to have been an especial celebration of Easter Day in the bit of a country church somewhere out in the darkness and rain. Margaret was to have sung in her thin, little voice an Easter song, and the minister had set his Easter sermon to its simple tune. They had planned the whole little service together—it meant so much to them.

The stranger could close her eyes and see the minister's pew in the little, bare church—she had never been in a little, bare church, but she could see it now—with its row of little heads tapering down to the foot. She could see the minister's rapt, earnest face, and Margaret's face. Margaret's face was wistful and grieved. She would try to join in "The Lord is risen, indeed," but it would be no use.

There were two visions before the stranger's eyes, as she sat against the pillows in the dark. The other one was of a magnificent, great church, dim and grand, and of rows upon rows of waiting faces—a sea of faces. The mighty swell and peal of a great organ rang through the vision, and then soft at first and clear and triumphant and glorious as it went on, a beautiful voice sang an Easter song.

The words of the song and the music sang themselves in her ears—she knew them so well! A thrill of pride fluttered into life—it pleased her that the sea of waiting faces would glow with admiration of the wonderful, sweet voice. In spite of herself she thrilled with triumph. Had they not sent for her so far—for her to

sing their Easter song! There was no one else they wanted—no one but her. Money had no weight. They had money enough even to send for her.

But now—oh, now, who would sing the great Easter song to them? The big, fine church was far away out of her reach. There was nothing in reach but a shabby little parsonage, and somebody out in the other room trying to pipe a weak, little anthem—and rain, rain, rain. The drip of it on the window sounded on drearily. With a long sigh the stranger sank back on the pillows and closed her eyes. The two visions jostled each other and made a discord. She tried to put them away from her. But they stayed—it was the humble little vision that stayed the longer.

“Don’t think any more about it, Margaret. It will be Easter without the lilies and the anthem. It will be the Resurrection day, dear,” Daniel Grier said, gently.

“Yes, Daniel,” answered the patient Margaret. And then the shaft of light went out and the little parsonage settled down to quiet.

Easter dawned clear and radiant. The rain had washed the world of all its stain, and made it fit for the Lord’s rising to be kept in it. In the trees, among the rain drops and the new green buds, the birds were singing Easter anthems. Outside

the bit of a spare room the stranger-guest could hear oddly blended, and harmonious with the bird songs, the constant chatter of little voices. She smiled to herself, thinking of a little voice at home.

The little congregation gathered and ran together in a thin stream at the door of the small brown church. The Easter calm was in all the plain faces. At the last moment the stranger had whispered something to Margaret, and her face was shining with joy.

That day the little church had its fill of melody. For suddenly, after the hush of the minister’s prayer, a wonderful voice rose softly, and grew into magnificent volume as it sang of the Christ who was risen. It pealed through the church and rose and fell on the listening, wondering ears as if it were a choir of holy ones who sang. In all the churches in the land there was no Easter song more beautiful.

And Margaret, at the end of the row of little heads, sat and listened in happy awe. Her face was uplifted to Daniel’s face above her, in the pulpit. They heard the Easter music together, and together they were satisfied. The singer, singing of Christ who was risen, was satisfied, too. It was Margaret and the lean, little minister, and the row of little heads she was singing to—they were her “sea of faces;” and she was satisfied.

—*Wellspring.*

EASTER OFFERINGS.

BY FRANCES BEST DILLINGHAM.

In the garden the lilies, slim and white,
With closed lips, leaned in the purple gloom
Against the door of the Master’s tomb,
On that still and awesome Easter night.

But sudden,—a light sweeps down the sky,
The lilies open, oh, fair and wide;
For One hath stepped from the tomb’s sealed side,
And the Lord of the garden passeth by.

O lilies of Easter, unfold, unfold!
And offer to Him your hearts of gold.

O soul, with thy living, loving power,
That round self’s paltry hoard is drawn,
Behold how lightens the Easter dawn,
To herald the Master’s crowning hour!

O slow of heart, awake, uplift!
See! Life is throbbing, unspent and free,
And Love eternal doth smile on thee
To proffer Life’s unending gift.

O heart of immortal, wake, awake!
To the Lord of Life thy offering make.

THREE EASTER SCENES.

BY JEAN K. BAIRD.



MRS. WEIKSEL opened the hall door and came out into the sunshine of the bright Good Friday afternoon. The day showed the first touch of spring, and seemed more a glorious herald of the Easter morning than a day for memories of the sepulchre.

Mrs. Weiksel was a minister's wife—poor, as many of those great workers are, yet generally so bright and happy and fearless of what might come and go.

But to-day she seemed discontented. There were so many things she wished to do; so many places she could brighten and cheer if she had but a little more leisure, or a little more of the world's money to spend. As she looked down at the faded, patched kitchen dress and the shoes almost worn through, she gave up with a sigh all plans of money-spending.

She went back into the house and brought from the living room her one blooming plant, and set it in the sunshine on the porch. She had planted a great number of lily bulbs in the fall, and had watched over them as tenderly as a mother might watch over the tiny babe in the cradle. But only one bulb had sprouted into green, and now, just at the time she most longed for something fresh and beautiful, the flowers had burst into bloom. But half-blown they were now, yet by Easter Sunday they would be perfect in form and fragrance.

"I never had anything that pleased me quite so much," she said softly to herself, as she touched each stalk tenderly, and turned the pot about so that the soft rays of the sun would reach deep into their golden hearts.

Soon other cares carried her thoughts away. Oh, if she had only a little bit more money!

There was one of her own church women lying ill near the little chapel, who needed delicate fare and nourishment. She would like to slip in to her with some of the dainties that would tempt an invalid's appetite. But she laughed softly at the thought of what there was in the house ready to take. There were buckwheat cakes and sausage left from breakfast, and she had planned a dinner of cabbage, boiled meat and potatoes. She laughed as she thought of what the doctor might say if she would

offer his patient such delicacies as these. She never complained of such food as this for herself. She was strong and hearty, and this seemed to suit her, physically at least. Not one dissatisfied thought for the comforts she was missing ever found a resting-place in her heart. Had she not her own loving, loyal husband, and her home filled with healthy, happy children! Was not that enough? No, she was quite sure her discontent did not rise from selfishness.

If she had as much to do with as others who did nothing at all! Her eyes wandered across the square and rested upon a rich and beautiful house. It was the home of a young and wealthy woman who had more of the world's goods than she could use—and much of the world's sorrow, too. But many people, as they passed along the street and looked up at the pillared porches and the perfect lawn, saw only wealth and luxury; or, as they walked through the beautiful rooms admiring the rare and costly treasures there, they forgot or saw not that the owner's heart was empty and bare, more lone and desolate than their own poorly-furnished rooms. For father, mother, sisters, husband, and children had left her and her wealth to go to a more exceedingly beautiful home than hers.

Only the outside view saw Mrs. Weiksel, and just for a moment she imagined herself walking over rich velvet carpets in beautiful gowns that made a gentle swish as she moved. With time to think, to read! No boiling, no mending! No scrubbing, no—.

Just then a pair of baby hands caught the folds of the kitchen dress, and the little one, clinging to her mother's skirts, raised herself to her feet and began her unsteady travel toward the sunshine.

"No scrubbing, no—." But the mother's heart finished the sentence better than her head had begun it. She stooped and picked the baby up, and pressed it to her with a sudden fervour. "No babies! No one to love!" she whispered. "No, no, not that! Better a lifetime of drudgery and love than a day of loveless loneliness."

With her baby clasped close in her arms, as though she feared to lose her, the mother's eyes went back to the stately home across the way. "Poor, lonesome, empty life," she said. "Poor, unhappy woman with so little, and I with so much!"

If I could lend you but a little of my happiness."

Then a thought, perhaps born of the great sacrifice of which the day stood as a memorial, came to her.

"That is just what we will do, baby! She may laugh at our poor little gift, and yet perhaps she will be glad to know some one thought of her. Either way, we'll risk it; won't we, baby dear?" And the baby cooed its agreement to whatever plan the mother had.

In the most beautiful of all the beautiful rooms of the house across the way sat the owner of it all. Her silken garments made the gentlest of rustles, and her hands were soft and white. There was no boiling and scrubbing and mending here, such as had worried the minister's little wife. Yet Mrs. Reider, the possessor of all these luxuries, was not idle. This day she had written innumerable letters to friends; she had sent her cheque to a mission school of which she had heard a little; she had ordered the house-keeper to send delicacies to whoever was sick in the neighbourhood; she had instructed the gardener to send the finest palms to the church if they were needed for Easter decoration; she told her maid to select what she wished of her last season's gowns, and to give the rest to the deserving poor.

She had done all this, and had done so for years, without leaving her desk in this beautiful room. She had but touched the bell at her hand, and in a moment a servant stood ready to fulfil her wishes.

She gave, and gave freely. A certain part of her income was intrusted to her lawyer for charities, yet deep in the great empty loneliness of her heart she believed that she was not generous or charitable. Give freely as she might of her money, she felt there was something she was holding back.

She finished her last letter and laid it aside to post. Her eyes wandered across the street to the plain little parsonage, with its small rooms filled to overflowing.

"That poor little woman! How busy she keeps herself," she thought. And she laid her pen aside and sat watching the mother at the parsonage.

"How can a refined, delicate woman stand such work?" she mused. "She scrubs and dusts and romps about with those noisy, laughing children. She might as well be a slave. She never is free from the care of them all. And she looks so bright! Her manner and gestures are refined and graceful. She might be welcomed anywhere."

She took up her pen and started to write, but her thoughts went helter-skelter across the way.

"I wonder——," she began, slowly. Then she paused and a half-doubtful look crept into her eyes. "Well, I believe I'll risk it. It may be odd and she might not enjoy it, yet--" She turned and touched the bell at her side. "Tell Moody to bring the carriage around at once," she said, "and that I will drive." She went back to the window and watched the little woman across the way. She saw the baby clinging to its mother's gown. Then the delicate, overworked husband joined them in the sunshine, and, with the baby in one arm and the mother clinging to the other, they bent over the pot of Easter lilies.

"They're so poor," she said. "So poor, and yet so rich!" Her head bent over the writing desk, lower and lower, until her face lay hidden on her arm. "And I alone—alone all my life! With everything in life except something to love and be loved by. Alone! all alone!"

All the luxuries of wealth and position faded from her, and she saw how poor, how very poor, she was, and how rich was the little woman across the way.

But the group on the porch of the parsonage were acting very strangely. The husband was carrying the pot of flowers toward the street, and his wife was following half doubtfully. When they reached the curb he turned and put the flowers in her hand. Mrs. Reider watched them closely. Like two children they acted. Just here Moody came driving up, and she turned from the window and went down to enter the carriage. The servant opened the door for her, and she passed out on to the porch. There stood the minister's wife, with the lilies in her hand.

"I thought— we loved them so—" she began, hurriedly; "you're being alone. You might be glad to know we thought of you—so often and the lilies—" Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes bright. She stopped in her hurried, broken speech, and held out the lilies she had tended so faithfully and long.

Mrs. Reider took them as eagerly as they were given.

"How strange! What a coincidence!" she began, flushing and smiling. "I was watching you—I saw how you loved these lilies. I was going to ask you—just now I was going to ask you to drive with me and take the smallest of the babies along."

As she smiled her whole face lighted up, but the brightness there was naught compared to the sunshine that spread

over the face of the little lady of the parsonage.

In another part of the city, far distant from the beautiful home and the little parsonage, amid tumble-down tenement houses, among rough people, and at the topmost floor of the building, lay a sick woman.

The room was small and bare, but the floor was scrubbed white as a floor could be, and the small windows shone bright and clean. And the patched, threadbare muslin on the bed was as white as the petals of the lilies that shone from the parsonage window.

And like one of the lilies themselves was the fragile old lady that lay propped upon the pillow. Her hair was snowy; her face calm and serene, as though no cares or fears had ever touched her, poverty oppressed, or riches overwhelmed.

She lay smiling and gazing at the small fleck of blue sky that showed from the window. She was too high up to catch a glimpse of signs of spring, but she knew from the growing colour of the sky and the strength of the sunshine that spring had really come.

But memory had been good and lingered with her; so, although she was imprisoned high up from the earth, she could see the grass growing green in the fields, the pink buds of arbutus hiding under their heavy leaves. She knew the crocuses had come, and the violets! She could smell their delicate fragrance with every breath of the spring wind.

Clouds, tempests, sunshine and flowers had all a place in Mrs. Williams' memory. But she put aside all that had been dark, and wisely treasured up all that had been bright in her life.

She had been rich, and yet divided her time and money with those who had less; she had been poor, very poor, and yet there had always been a little of her store she could spare to the more needy. She had struggled and starved, had worked and saved, but never until this year, never until this Easter, had the time been when she had not passed on to a more needy soul some remembrance of the day's sacrifice. But to-day there was absolutely nothing. She lay bedridden and suffering, a burden on the bounty of others. So this Easter must pass with the world's being none the better for her living.

"If I had but a tiny flower from the field, a violet or a buttercup, I could make some one happier with it. There's the

poor little child on the floor below! But there's nothing at all to give. My books and papers are all gone. Not a shred or mite I can call my own, and I know this to be my last Easter. I'm willing to give and to work, but my hands are tied. 'Tis hard to be patient—to leave an active life, and lie with hands folded in idleness. Yet it must be right that it is so. I must put aside all thoughts of having things different. This shall be my Easter sacrifice."

She turned her eyes from the dark room to the patch of blue sky, and thought she saw again the fields she roamed over and the flowers she had picked long ago. There was the look of expectancy upon her sweet face. To be bright and well in the springtime is a glorious thing, yet it was lonely away up here, and the hours pass slowly, dream as she might. How the room would brighten at the sound of a bright, cheery voice! How cheery she would be at the touch of a soft, loving hand! So she dreamed.

And just then the door opened. No, these were not fairies from fairyland that entered, but two bright, active, loving women. One was dressed in silk and fur, and the other in a much-worn, old-fashioned dress. How the old lady's face lighted up at the touch of their hands! And when the lady from the mansion sat down at the bedside and sang, the old lady gazed from the window out at the clear sky, and far, far beyond.

"My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary."

The words filled the little room from floor to rafter, and crept into every vacant, empty place of the women's hearts.

When Easter morning came a bunch of white lilies bloomed in one of the windows of the mansion, while in the heart of the woman rested the remembrance of tender, loving words. In the parsonage all rejoiced in the memory of a bright, happy day spent in the air and sunshine; while the hearts and lives of the younger women were softened and mellowed by tender, helping words from her whose eyes were about beholding the glory of resurrection, and whose life stood a memorial of the great sacrifice. The song still fills the bare little attic room, and the flower, although faded, still sheds a delicate fragrance. And these were the three who had nothing to make the world brighter at Easter. *Christian Advocate.*

CALVARY.

Under the Eastern sky,
Amid a rabble's cry,
A man went forth to die,
For me.

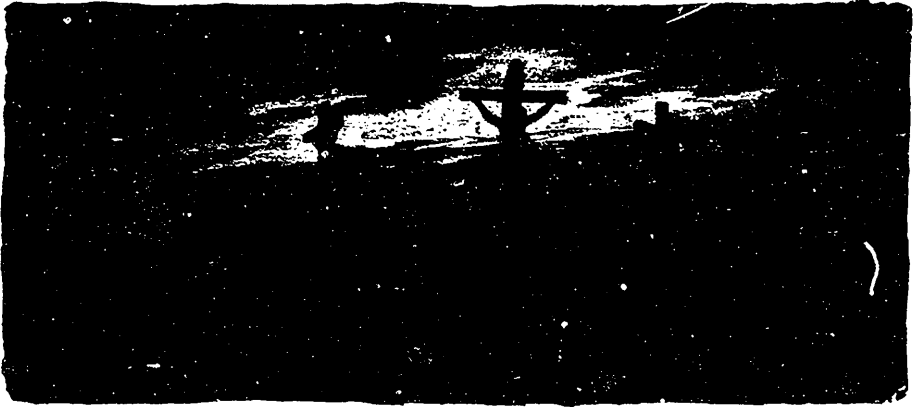
Thorn-crowned His blessed head,
Blood-stained His every tread ;
Cross-laden, on He sped,
For me.

Pierced glow His hands and feet,
Three hours o'er him beat

Fierce rays of noontide heat,
For me.

Thus wert Thou made all mine ;
Lord, make me wholly Thine
Grant grace and strength divine
To me.

In thought and word and deed
Thy will to do. O lead
My soul, even though it bleed,
To thee.



“THERE WAS DARKNESS OVER THE WHOLE LAND.”

HE DIED FOR ME.

Three crosses stood grimly side by side
On the hill of Calvary ;
On each a suffering man had died ;
Two for their crimes, the other for me.

Like a lamb they led Him out to die
From shades of Gethsemane ;
He uttered no moan, no bitter cry ;
’Twas love that moved Him to die for me.

On the central cross they nailed my Friend,
To languish in agony ;
He bore it all to the bitter end --
O wonderful love, He died for me.

“If thou art the Christ,” they, taunting, said,
“Come down from the cursed tree.”

He heeded no jeering word they said,
But, bowing His head, He died for me.

Like a wandering sheep I had gone astray,
But all my iniquity
My God laid on Him that awful day,
When, bearing my sins, He died for me.

O, thanks for the love that brought him down,
Love, fathomless, like the sea.
His brow was pierced by a thorny crown,
That a crown of life might be given me.

My brother, behold Him, crucified,
On the cross of Calvary ;
Thy ransom see in that crimson tide ;
O, freely it flowed for you and me.

--*British Weekly.*

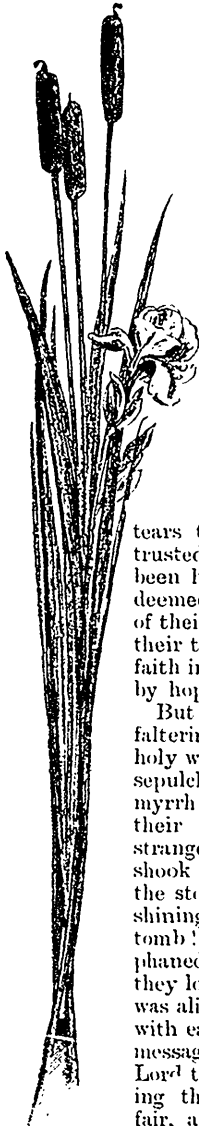
“Who will roll away the stone ?
We are few and we are lone !
Sav the women sad and weak,
‘Who will give the help we seek ?’

“Thus in whispers low they talk,
Sighing on their early walk,
Of the work that has been done
Ere the rising of the sun.

“Who will climb into the sky,
Bring redemption from on high ?
Who will light the dreary grave,
And the dead and dying save ?

“All is done that you would do !
All is finished, soul, for you !
Life is born, and death is dead,
Day is shining, night has fled.”

THE EASTER HOPE.



Thank God for the Easter hope and the Easter joy. The darkness that covered the land at the hour of the Crucifixion was followed by the brightness of the Easter dawn. But without that passion hour we never could have known the joy of the resurrection. Each was part of God's great redemptive plan. But amid the shadows of the cross we are more favoured than the sorrowing Marys who beheld the agony of their Lord, but foresaw not His approaching triumph over death. We may see through our tears the risen Lord. They trusted that this would have been he who would have redeemed Israel, but in the agony of their despair it seemed as if their trust was deceived, their faith in vain, their love crushed by hopeless grief.

But still faithful in their unflinching love and loyalty, these holy women were early at the sepulchre with their balm and myrrh to render the last rites to their blessed Lord. What strange tumult of emotion shook their souls at sight of the stone rolled away and the shining watchers at the empty tomb! They were not left orphaned and desolate, the Lord they loved was living still, and was alive for evermore. To us, with each new Easter comes the message with new power. The Lord through the years is seeking the lilies for His garden fair, and beyond the reach of time and tomb they flourish in immortal bloom. We will wait His call, we will seek to fulfil all the holy purpose of His will. Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness?



THE MARYS AT THE CROSS.

—Bougereau.

“ I gave my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead.
I gave my life for thee ;
What hast thou given for me ? ”

“ O Death, thy victory is only seeming !
O Grave, thy sting but ends earth's pain and strife !
Through them all souls at last to Thee are coming,
Who art the Resurrection and the Life.”



THE POETS AND OUR EASTER FAITH.

BY LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

As the Easter time draws near the significance of its splendid hope and confidence is impressed anew upon our minds and hearts. The essence of that sublime faith that God is in His world a present, thinking, willing, caretaking Father, that man is His child, with whom the divine Being holds communing, schooling him for immortality, pulses with new vigour in the veins of our intellectual and moral life. It is interesting and comforting at such a time to notice the sensitiveness of our great poets to the presence of God in the human soul, and the wreath of confidence and trust they twine about the brow of the Easter Christ.

James Russell Lowell closes his splendid song of "The Oak" with this expression of his faith :

"Lord! All Thy works are lessons; each contains
Some emblem of man's all-containing soul;
Shall he make fruitless all Thy glorious pains,
Delving within Thy grace an eyeless mole?
Make me the least of Thy Dondona grove,
Cause me some message of Thy truth to bring,
Speak but a word through me, nor let Thy love
Among my boughs disdain to perch and sing."

Here again are words very sweet and tender in their revelation of the simple confidence of his own heart :

"I, that still pray at morning and at eve,
Loving those roots that feed us from the past,
And prizing more than Plato, things I learned
At the best academy, a mother's knee."

Looking through a great European cathedral, Lowell exclaims :

"Let us be thankful when, as I do here,
We can read Bethel on a pile of stones,
And, seeing where God has been, trust in Him."

John Greenleaf Whittier, the great-souled minstrel of human freedom, had a sublime faith in the presence of God among men and in the power of Jesus Christ to gain victory over every force of evil. How inspiring to listen to his optimistic words !

"The world sits at the feet of Christ,
Unknowing, blind, and unconsolated;
It yet shall touch His garment's fold,
And feel the heavenly Alchemist
Transform its very dust to gold."

Many people are so inflated by their own pride and self-sufficiency that they do not discern the unspeakable beauty of the character of Jesus; but great natures, like the old Quaker poet, through their humility find the way into the secret of His presence, and can sing with him :

"O hearts of love! O souls that turn
Like sunflowers to the pure and best!
To you the truth is manifest:
For they the mind of Christ discern
Who lean like John upon His breast!"

The poems of Whittier are so full of these gems of living light that one is embarrassed with the abundance of riches. But this triumphant utterance of his own Christian experience cannot fail to strengthen our faith :

"I know He is, and what He is
Whose one great purpose is the good
Of all. I rest my soul on His
Immortal love and Fatherhood
And trust Him as His children should.

"I fear no more. The clouded face
Of Nature smiles; through all her things
Of time and space and sense I trace
The moving of the Spirit's wings,
And hear the song of hope she sings."

Longfellow, one of the gentlest of singers, yet rouses us with a stirring trumpet-call in his "Psalm of Life" :

"Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,'
Was not spoken of the soul."

THE EASTER MESSAGE.

With each returning Easter-tide all nature begins to throb with renewed life, and every plant that springs into new life, and every tree that unfolds its luxuriant foliage, and every flower that opens its bosom to the sun, and every bird that comes back from its winter home to sing its sweet song of summer-time and build its nest, anew whispers to us of a resurrection day, and our thoughts are turned once more to the spot where

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that we have prest
In their bloom

and where

The names we love to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

And turning thus we are electrified with the thought that the same hand that unbarred the new tomb of Joseph, and the same voice that woke the sleeping Lazarus, gives life to the trees and beauty to the flowers and music to the birds, and that this Master of power and goodness is keeping watch above His own, and that by and by those who sleep in Jesus shall doubtless come again bringing their sheaves with them to the gathering of the loved ones around the great white throne, there to join the chorus of the blood-washed millions who shall sing redemption's story beyond the pearly gates of paradise.

Then let the happy festival bush sorrow's murmuring voice in every life, and let it light every eye with that sweet hope that looks beyond our churchyard graves and empty tombs and confidently expects that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we shall walk in newness of life in that city where we shall know as we are known, and where we shall rest in joy and peace and love in the land of eternal youth. Let us take comfort then. Those from whom we have separated, and those from whom we must soon separate shall be our companions again, recognizing us as of old and loving us with a pure, sweeter love than earth can ever know, if we only follow the leadership and obey the commands of the great Master. Man is made for a higher destiny than that of the earth. There is for him a realm where the rainbow of love never fades, and where the stars of glory will be spread out before him like the islands that slumber on the bosom of the ocean, and where the beautiful beings that here pass before

him like fleeting visions to delight his soul shall stay in His presence for ever. His home is in that city not built with hands nor made hoary with age; that city whose inhabitants no census taker will enumerate, and through whose streets the grinding rush of heart-crushing business does not flow; that city along whose thoroughfares the creeping hearse does not wend its way and in whose borders the black plume of death does not wave its heart-chilling signal.—*Rev. T. M. Hurst.*

AN EASTER MEDITATION.

As our Saviour was dead and is alive again, so we, who are now enduring the fellowship of His sufferings, shall know the power of His resurrection. The process is—suffering, death, resurrection; all who follow Christ pass this discipline. The story of the resurrection is far from having been fully told. The angel sitting at the head of the grave could tell us much more, could we but command the courage to listen to the radiant messenger.

“I was dead.” The counsels of eternity are epitomized in this declaration. The problems over which the ages bent in perplexity—at which they looked again and again in the wonder of a great agony, and which they bequeathed to posterity with a hope that was broadly streaked with the blackness of despair—is, in reality, solved by this fact. All the love which glows in the infinite heart is expressed in words so simple, “I was dead”—“Alive again.”

Let me inquire around what centre the Church assembles. Do you hasten to reply, the cross? I answer, “Not there only.” The cross first, but afterwards the grave! “If Christ be not risen from the dead, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain.” In the centre of the Church is an empty tomb, and to the doubting world the Church can ever answer, “Come, see the place where the Lord lay.” And, “seeing” it, what then? Why, from the sacred rock a living stream breaks, and as the countless multitudes drink, they exclaim, “These are the waters of immortality.”

“Alive”—to what end and for what purpose? He never changed His purpose; it can be put in two words—*to save*. He is able to save unto the uttermost all that come unto God by Him, seeing that He ever liveth—what to do!—to pray, to pray for others, to make intercession for us.—*Joseph Parker, D. D.*



From a photo by Byrne & Co., Richmond

IRENE ELEANORA VERITA PETRIE.

Wearing the costume in which she was presented to Queen Victoria.)

"A WOMAN'S LIFE FOR KASHMIR." *

BY THE EDITOR.

This book has a special interest to Canadians. It was largely written in Canada by the sister of Miss Petrie, the wife of Professor Carus-Wilson of McGill University, and Canada has many tender links with the Kashmir mission. It is the inspiring story of a noble and beautiful life. Miss Petrie was the daughter of a British officer of high distinction and of ancient family. She was one of the most cultured and accomplished women that ever entered the mission field. As artist, musician, linguist, scholar and for her fine literary taste and skill, she was alike distinguished. A beautiful *débutante*, a social leader with brilliant prospects, she laid all on the altar of missions, and after four brief years of service beneath the shadows of the Himalayas, she passed away in 1897 in the Highlands of Thibet.

"A soldier's daughter, she died upon the field of battle in the holy war against ignorance and superstition, and received the crown of glory and honour and immortality," writes one who had been her father's friend.

Miss Petrie enjoyed the finest culture in art and music that love and wealth could procure. In budding womanhood she kissed the Queen's hand as one of the most favoured *débutantes* of the day. She enjoyed frequent travel amid the fairest scenes of the continent and studied in its choicest art galleries. Four times she traversed the Alps on foot, and "next to the Bible, Bradshaw and Baedeker were her favourite books." She had a passion for the beautiful in nature and in art and a soulful sympathy with the highest class of music, the fugues of Bach, the sonatas of Beethoven, and movements of Chopin. Her favourite instrument was the majestic organ.

Yet was she not beguiled by her social position into worldliness of life. She early engaged in Sunday-school and mission work for poor boys. For nearly eight years her place was never vacant. She took an active part in temperance work, organized a Band of Hope and was devoted to this great social reform. What pleased her more than any drawing-room

or concert hall plaudits was singing the Gospel, or playing to an audience of factory girls, or blind folk, or women of the prison mission, or sick paupers of the Kensington Infirmary. She took active part in the College by Post, a correspondence school in which five thousand students are now enrolled with over four hundred teachers. She won the silver medal of the National Health Society for knowledge of nursing and first aid to the injured.

When the Student Volunteer Movement was organized Irene Petrie was one of the first to respond, was one of the first to win promotion to the skies, and was the first whose life is written. Missionary literature early led her thought to the world's need. Some of her earliest givings were to the Choral Fund, a Children's Missionary Society. When the call of God came to her soul she was not disobedient to the heavenly vision. The way opened for service with the Church Missionary Society in India, and she joyfully entered the open door. On the steamship by which she sailed, were nearly forty missionaries, among whom was the young widow of the Hon. Ian Keith-Falconer, that "brave and able son of the late Earl of Kintore, who gave up the Professorship of Arabic at the University of Cambridge to lead a forlorn hope as a pioneer missionary in Arabia," and who died at Aden on May 11th, 1887.

Miss Petrie was profoundly impressed with the grandeur and loveliness of Taj Mahal, the matchless monument which the Mogul Emperor raised to the lovely Nur Jehan, but the spell was broken when she learned that the Taj was built by forced labour, the families of unpaid workmen being left to starve, and that the Shah Jehan amused himself by watching his less favoured wives being put to death when he tired of them. Her first impressions of India were very vividly expressed:

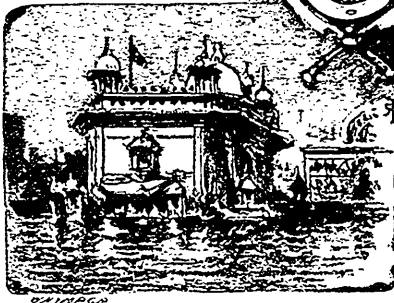
"Speaking generally, one may say that the country is very big, the people innumerable, the plains very flat, the rivers very sandy, the voices very shrill, the crows very comical, the cooks very clever, the mosquitoes and vendors very pertinacious, and the snake stories told to newcomers very blood-curdling. It is just as unfair to call the brown natives

* "Irene Petrie." A Biography. By Mrs. Ashley Carus-Wilson, B.A. With an Introduction by Robert E. Speer. With Portraits, Map, and Illustrations. Chicago, New York, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Pp. xxii-343. Price, \$1.50.

black as to call the climate unconditionally a 'beastly' one."

She entered with enthusiasm upon her work, learning the difficult Urdu language, meanwhile teaching Eurasian women. "It is high time," she says, "we got to work; hitherto the Methodists have been far more active than the Anglicans." The greatest stumbling-block to missionary progress was caused by the worldly lives of English "Christians." The English newspapers eagerly read by the intelligent natives made her heart ache. In the exquisite golden temple at Amritsar her heart was gladdened to hear a Christian sermon delivered by a faithful missionary to a respectful group of listeners.

Her special field of work was in the beautiful Vale of Kashmir, where Alexander the Great conquered Porus two thousand years ago. It is sung by Oriental poets as equal to Paradise, but the "City of Roses, its capital," was probably the dirtiest city in the world. "Its massive and unrelieved stench was something indescribable."



his diary. His medical work was a brilliant success. Forced to leave the country he started over the mountain passes. "He walked till he could walk no more; then his young wife put him in her dhooli, and went on foot across the snow herself." In a few days he died.

His appeal for medical missions for medical women led Fanny Butler to become the first woman medical mis-



THE GOLDEN TEMPLE OF
AMRITSAR.

Here Dr. Elmslie, the son of an Aberdeen "boot-closer," who won his way through college by toiling at his father's humble calling, rising at three o'clock a.m. to study, became the first missionary to Kashmir. The Maharaja offered him four times the salary he received as missionary if he would become Court physician, but he wrote home "Our Father's promise is better than the Maharaja's cash down." In 1872 an awful outbreak of cholera crowded the hospital. He treated eleven hundred patients and performed seventy operations in a month. Yet this man was persecuted and pelted with stones. "Came home sadly heartbroken; the stone of their heart is worse than the stones they threw at me," is his entry in

his diary, five years before the Countess of Dufferin organized the Zenana missions. Miss Butler's hospital so impressed Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop, whose well-known interest in missions, to quote her own words, "came about gradually purely through seeing the deplorable condition of nations without Christianity," that she gave her then and there five hundred pounds to build a new hospital. After nine years' toil Dr. Butler "fell on sleep." Five days before she died she wrote: "The happiest thing on earth is to help to take the Gospel to every creature."

Upon this heroic inheritance Miss Petrie entered. In her journey over the Indian Alps she walked a hundred miles. From the summit of the pass the Vale of

Kashmir spread out like a map, while to the north stretched the glorious Himalayas, glistening snowy peaks and domes, the highest almost twenty-seven thousand feet high, near to the spot where meet "the three greatest empires in the world." It was a sore privation to resist the delight of sketching amid the most superb views she had ever yet seen. Yet her guitar lay unstrung, her zeal could seldom tempt her from the table where the repugnant Urdu text-book was flanked by a grammar and dictionary.

One of the saddest things to her woman's heart was the oppression of women. "One of the root ideas of Mohammedanism," she writes, "is that while woman may minister to man as either toy or drudge, she can have no share in his intellectual, still less in his religious, life. A woman never enters a mosque. The system begins by despising and degrading her, and ends by distrusting, insulting, imprisoning her, and placing her all her life under the absolute rule of some man—in childhood of her father, in wifehood of her husband, in widowhood of her son. Poets, like Byron and Moore, who were never in the East, have thrown over her imprisonment a glamour of gleaming robes and dazzling jewels, of perfume and flowers and music. In reality the Zenana, even in the affluent houses, is mean and bare and squalid; the life of its inmates is dull with *ennui* unutterable; wretched with bickerings, jealousies, petty tyrannies, and sometimes hideous cruelties. So close is the imprisonment that an Indian woman can live and die without seeing even a tree or a cow." As for teaching them—"You will take your book into the fields," said the native, "and teach the cows next." The boys have a great reverence for cows, but none at all for women. The passage "kill the fatted calf" she had to change to "get dinner ready."

The medical mission breaks down race prejudices as nothing else can do. The wholesome, airy hospital is a revelation of undreamed-of possibilities of comfort and cleanliness. In their homes the sick are shamefully neglected. Pictures of the life of our Lord were a potent means of teaching. As the tender story from the manger to the cross was shown, the reverent salaam and ever and anon "Blessed, blessed be Jesus, the Saviour of the poor," showed how they had learned to love Him.

In 1895 Miss Petrie enjoyed a five months' visit home on furlough for her

health. In that time she gave many addresses in behalf of her mission one of them in the ball-room at Penshurst beneath the chandeliers presented to the Earl of Leicester by Queen Elizabeth. Returning by way of Rome she sailed from Brindisi to Bombay in twelve and a half days, a marked contrast from the one hundred and fifty-two days of Carey's voyage. After reaching Kashmir she travelled much, sleeping in eighty-two different places in the course of nine months. A telegram from Montreal announced the birth of a nephew. "May God give her seventy sons and may they live lakhs of years," was the kind wish of the natives. The study of a second and third Hindu language taxed her strength. She soon had fifty attentive pupils. The strain of teaching an hour was more exhaustive than a whole day's teaching in a high school at home. The child-wives, loaded with jewelry, with dirty hands and clothes, were frivolous and silly; it was almost impossible to gain their attention. Sometimes the squalor and stench were almost intolerable. It sometimes made Miss Petrie, who was very sensitive to odours, seriously ill; yet she conquered her disgust to continue her labour of love.

The male native loves cramming for an examination, to write himself B.A., or M.A., in order to get himself a snug official post. He will read the Bible and indulge in the most holy conversation for hours, then when the unsuspecting missionary is rejoicing over an out-spoken inquirer, he will say, "Please get me a lucrative post and a Christian wife." Those who cling to their idols and superstitions will naively confess: "Our fathers from time immemorial have been dirty, effeminate, superstitious, cowardly, lazy, liars, sneaks, and hypocrites." Nevertheless genuine converts are made.

In the summer of 1897, with some Swiss ladies, Miss Petrie made a visit to Thibet. The lowest pass from the Vale of Kashmir was eleven thousand five hundred feet high. Two others which must be climbed are over thirteen thousand feet. Water boiled for cocoa seemed curiously cold, the boiling point being so low. "The scenery is so bare and wild," she wrote, "that it suggests a landscape on the dead moon." She had been working hard teaching, writing, painting pictures for the Simla exhibition to bring in money for her schools. Already the germs of typhoid were in her system. Her temperature was 104°,—"a point," she says, "at which one does not enjoy cooking, wash-

ing up, or bed-making particularly." Nevertheless, she was bright and cheery.

After weeks of climbing they reached the Highlands of the Himalayas. In a cave in the mountain side they held service, the first time the Psalms were thus sung in Thibet. In a Buddhist monastery they photographed and sketched "in spite of the unspeakable stuffiness of the air." Miss Petrie was planning a journey into Thibet on a yak, the native ox. But her earthly journey was well-nigh done. On July 29th she made two water-colour sketches of the mountains and the glorious sunset glow. She was unable to sit on her pony, so was borne on a litter by native carriers to Leh, a city on the frontier of Thibet. Here her last letter from Canada reached her, with photographs of her sister and young nephew. Her strength failed so rapidly that she was able to hear only one page of this letter read. "I wearied much," she remarked, "but I have asked Our Father to take it all away, and now I am quite contented," and in a few hours she passed away.

"The last words she listened to before she became unconscious were these: 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee.' The Christmas child, whose name was Peace, who gave her life to preach the Gospel of Peace, who would, we are told, always be remembered, first of all, as 'The Peacemaker,' entered into the peace of God

under the shadow of the great monastery with its vain dream of the peace of Buddha.

"For her who had all her life made music, Mrs. Francke gave her harp-case, and out of it Mr. Francke and Dr. Graham wrought the coffin; and only Christian hands bore her to her grave in the Moravian God's acre outside Leh, to rest beside the noble missionaries, Marx and Redslab.

"So Irene 'sleeps to wake' where the giant mountains she had from earliest childhood longed to see keep watch and ward over the little grass-grown grave, and every Easter Day the Moravians meet on that spot to give thanks in a special liturgy for those who have departed in the faith since the feast of the Resurrection was last celebrated."

Was this bright young life wasted? A thousand times no! This tender and touching story will inspire many another to take up the blessed service in which she died. An Irene Petrie memorial fund will maintain a missionary in Kashmir. To this fund Montreal sent a generous donation. Montreal has given yet another gift to Kashmir—Miss Minnie Gomery, M.D., daughter of a clergyman of that city, who, in her medical course at Bishop's College, carried off every prize for which she could compete and won the gold medal. A Montreal Missionary Union is pledged to support her as successor to Irene Petrie in that far-off Vale of Kashmir.

THE FEDERATION OF AUSTRALIA.

BY GEORGE ESSEX EVANS.

In the greyness of the dawning we have seen the pilot star,
 In the whisper of the morning we have heard the years afar.
 Shall we sleep and let them be, when they call to you and me?
 Can we break the land asunder God has girdled with the sea?
 For the flag is floating o'er us, and the track is clear before us.
 From the desert to the ocean let us lift the mighty chorus
 For the days that are to be.

We have flung the challenge forward. Brothers, stand or fall as one!
 She is coming out to meet us in the splendour of the sun,
 From the graves beneath the sky, where her nameless heroes lie,
 From the Forelands of the Future they are waiting our reply.
 We can face the roughest weather, if we only hold together,
 Marching forward to the Future, marching shoulder-firm together,
 For the Nation yet to be.

All the greyness of the dawning, all the mists are overpast,
 In the glory of the morning we shall see her face at last.
 He who sang, "She yet will be," he shall hail her, crowned and free,
 Could we break the land asunder God has girdled with the sea?
 For the flag is floating o'er us, and the Star of Hope before us.
 From the desert to the ocean, brothers, lift the mighty chorus,
 For Australian Unity.

Queensland, Australia.

ROMANCE OF A COUNTRY TOWN.

BY ANNETTE L. NOBLE,

Author of "Dave Marquand," "How Billy Went Up in the World," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VI.



IT was Saturday evening, and Miss Goddard had just said to Katharine, "I suppose we will have no sermon to-morrow. There is no preacher near here who is unemployed, but a minister who married three months after his wife died, and Cairnes women never tolerate that kind of immorality."

A quick step was heard outside the open door, and, in a minute, Mrs. Ostrander appeared, or at least gave audible proof of her arrival, for they were sitting in the warm darkness, discarding lights for fear of mosquitoes.

"We have a minister, Hannah," she exclaimed, "and, what is more, we can keep him all summer if we like."

"Where did we get him? Don't fall over that cushion, Maria."

"Well, he is a Mr. Willard, from the east somewhere. He has been camping out with a friend who is not well. They were foolish enough to pitch their tent over in the Knox woods, near the creek, and his friend had a chill. They sent for Doctor Summers, who ordered them under a roof forthwith, and pretty soon he found out that Mr. Willard was a clergyman without a charge. He has lately returned from Europe. The doctor told the church trustees, and they've asked him to preach to-morrow."

"I could do it for him," murmured Katharine, and was promptly called to account by Mrs. Ostrander.

"Don't you know how he will go on? We will have his emotions over the Eternal City, hung on some mention of St. Paul as a peg. He will serve up Mont Blanc and Cologne Cathedral—Savonarola, the Renaissance, and Michael Angelo's 'Last Judgment.' Cousin Hannah, I do not feel well. I mean to stay at home to-morrow, with Andy and the cats."

"Andy always goes to church, and my cats keep the Sabbath," laughed Hannah.

"Yes, and you must remember that

we have not been abroad, if you have, and after all, the enthusiasm of young ministers is inspiring sometimes," expostulated Maria.

"This must be the young man that Andy calls Peppergrass," put in Hannah, suddenly.

"And the one we passed that day I came. His bicycle frightened the horse, you know. He was very good looking," said Kate, recalling the gray eyes that she felt sure "took her in," spite of a capering horse and brevity of time. Softening into more sympathy with Mrs. Ostrander's large charity, she concluded to go to church, even if she must hear described the interior of St. Peter—the basilica's interior, of course, not the saint's own.

Every one who ever went to church at all was out the following morning, for there were several objects of interest to contemplate—first, there was Mr. Willard, then his friend, Mr. Allen, about whom some curiosity was felt, and expressed. Again, Katharine was an interesting stranger, and, besides, all the rest, was Mary Ferris, who had not been as yet thoroughly discussed.

It was generally conceded that Mr. Hugh Willard was very good looking. Certain young women said that he had a magnetic eye; probably they meant two of them, but they expressed themselves with self-restraint. His sermon had in it no allusion to anything described in Bædeker, no word of the original Greek, nor any mention of Plato or Praxiteles, but it was not commonplace. Hannah Goddard and Mr. Ferris were started on a new, helpful train of ideas, brought out of a review of the Gospel read, while some of the very old people were greatly pleased with the services.

To be sure, Polly Huggins said right out afterwards what others secretly thought—"That chap ain't specially gifted, not accordin' to my notion. I like a preacher who can just tread the upper corridors, melt into pathetic poetry, and git away off where I can't scarcely follow—come out at the windin' up on the high climbs of glory, with harps a-clangin', robes a-glistenin' and Cairnes nowhere. Not but what it is sensible

enough, and pious, too, when a man only sort of suggests, as this one did, that glory comes in hereafter, and we had better all be a-behavin' more like Christians here in the present tense."

During the sermon there was opportunity to inspect the minister's friend, Fred Aller, who had been conspicuously placed, directly under the pulpit. When it was known (as it was very speedily) that Mr. Aller was to board a few weeks at the Bogert House, in order to be near his friend, and also to let Dr. Sumner tackle his malady, visions of mild rural festivities floated over the minds of the young ladies of the congregation, who recognized the duty of making it pleasant "for strangers." A faint regret, however, was felt at the presence of one stranger who sat in Miss Goddard's pew. The Cairnes girls thought her nose was too short, and that she lacked colour, although a few of them who were rather knowing reflected that some people (meaning gentlemen) found "such" girls interesting.

When the services ended, Mrs. Ostrander (who had invited Mr. Willard to dinner) whisked out of her pew and rallied about her a score or more of people, so that by the time he reached the vestibule she had ready for introduction half the congregation. She passed him around so energetically that when all was done he carried away in his memory something like a composite photograph of forty-nine or fifty faces commingled in one grotesque visage with youthful eyes, a gray wig, pink cheeks, red whiskers, a rosebud mouth like Marjory Hopkins' over a stubbly chin like Jocel Huggins'.

"It is not Sunday talk at all," whispered Mrs. Ostrander in Hannah's ear just before she towed her ministerial craft into the broad sunshine outside the church door, "but Tuesday we had better have a picnic and slake everybody up together. Don't you plan anything else because—"

"No, Maria; but 'to-morrow is also a day.' We can talk then," returned Miss Goddard.

Monday morning, Mrs. Ostrander was, as Andy said: "all up and down" the broad road, arranging the next day's programme. Her first call was at the parsonage, in order to secure Mr. Willard.

"Yes, it is wickedly ungrateful to

stay under a roof such glorious weather," he exclaimed, as soon as she had proposed the picnic. "I should like nothing better, and as for Aller, he is just now happy in the belief that Dr. Sumners has shaken him out of the shakes, so he is all right. I will walk along to the Bogert House with you and invite him, if you like."

Mrs. Ostrander assented gladly, but they had gone only a few steps when Dr. Sumners' old nag came trotting along, and the doctor, seeing Mr. Willard, drew up to the beaten path, calling out, "Come, sir, now is the time for that talk we were going to have. Besides, it is my Christian duty to rescue you from Mrs. Ostrander. She can plan out work enough in ten minutes to kill twice that number of ministers, work in this community, too."

"Are you not ashamed, doctor! It is nothing but a picnic; too bad you are so busy, or I would ask you."

"Tell me the dinner hour sharp, and I'll be there, never fear, Maria. I'll sit by you and your chicken pie. In with you, dominie!"

"Picnic, is it? Well, I'm agreeable," mused the old doctor, starting up his horse. "It's about time we had one. You must get Aller out." He turned off into a side road before he asked, in a graver tone, "What is that chap going to make of himself? He has no profession, yet he is a college graduate, he says. Hain't needed to scratch for his bread and butter, I take it?"

"No, he was born to money, and he inherited more a year or two ago."

"More is the pity."

"Yes, it is in his case," agreed Mr. Willard.

"Drinks, doesn't he?" bluntly asked the doctor.

"Yes, or he has been rather intemperate for the last three years, I am certain. We were college chums. He was all right then, and Fred is a noble-hearted fellow, but when I came back from Europe last year I heard that he was going down at a reckless rate. He used to like me, and his father thought I had some influence over him. He got hold of me and begged me to do something for him. The old gentleman planned this summer outing of ours, and Fred was glad to strike off with me. It is now seven weeks, to the best of my knowledge, since he has taken a drop. How did you know, doctor, that he ever had done so?"

"From something he said, I forget now what. It is a shame for such a fellow to go to the dogs."

"When I talk to him like a Dutch uncle he declares that he can stop—has stopped."

"Until he starts again," said the doctor, switching a persistent fly from the horse's flank, and before Willard could go on about his friend, the old man branched off another turn in the road and gossiped away about Cairnes' people, the church, politics, and his patients.

Willard had come out with him knowing that he would learn from a reliable source all about the congregation. In return he yielded up freely all desired information about himself and Mr. Aller, for the doctor was inquisitive to the last degree. It was high noon before they returned to Cairnes, and Mr. Willard feared his friend might have gone to seek diversion alone, and Mrs. Ostrander would think him remiss in giving her invitation. Fortunately Fred had just finished his dinner, and was sitting in the upper balcony, with his heels on the top rail.

"Well, I would like to know who is going to amuse me," he exclaimed. "while you are philandering off with the sisters—"

"Only with 'a man and a brother,' put in Willard.

"All the same, I have passed a poor morning. That is a respectable, well-mannered pump, but I can't commune with it all day, and even the rush of business down below has wearied me. Three purple calico dresses, a rolling-pin, and seven nutmegs sold since nine o'clock, to my certain knowledge. Where is the rural missionary society, with tea at early candle-light, and gentlemen paying a mite admitted? You promised me wild, wicked fun of that sort."

"It begins to-morrow, Hugh, a picnic at the lake."

"All right, and this afternoon I propose to call on you at the parsonage. It is no sort of matter about you, if you want to be away making pastoral calls. Miss Hopkins will suffice—that Titian-haired girl is Miss Hopkins, is she not?"

"Titian was about a hundred when he died—yes, there are gray-haired maidens in the congregation."

"See here now, if I never saw an old master in the flesh (my flesh), I know the red-yellow-haired girls

that were all the go in Venice, and Miss——"

"Be still," said the minister. "If you stay here, just remember that there are proprieties that one of us must have regard to——"

"Of course, I'll leave every prune, pickle, and prism to you."

"No, you won't, Fred; you will put a curb to that tongue of yours, and remember that—Oh, you know well enough that our life here can't be one big joke."

"No, perhaps a very little, feeble, flat one," assented Fred, but he understood that Willard meant him to conduct himself with dignity. Fred was a gentleman by instinct and training, but he was so full of hilarity that he often in society forgot that Willard could not romp like a riotous boy just freed from school.

The chosen picnic ground was on the lake shore, but not at the point nearest Cairnes. It was a grove between a beautiful white-sanded beach and a strip of pine woods, and distant about three miles. By half-past eleven the following day everybody seemed to have arrived on the spot. The woods re-echoed with the shouts of children. All about the horse-sheds, roughly erected, where the wood ended, were the men who had been willing to leave their farm-work for a day's recreation. Many had resisted the temptation, and so the wives and sisters far outnumbered them. These last were occupied according to age and disposition: the matrons overlooking hampers and getting dinner ready, the younger women and girls laughing, chatting, and encouraging conversation, with such youths as strayed away from the less elegant society around the horse-sheds.

Aller, who was as full of little vanities as ever was any girl, had arrayed himself (it being very warm) in an English suit of white flannel, and he could not fail to note the admiration following surprise that his attire excited in the young ladies. The men agreed with Mrs. Huggins, who ejaculated, "Law, Suz! a fellow dressed in white! if he had only worn a blue sash and a pink nosegay, he would have been as pretty as Hope Hopkins." However, the men soon found there was nothing of the Miss Nancy about Aller, and they liked his jovial ways. Mr. Willard, having been warned by Mrs. Ostrander that his business before dinner was to

"get acquainted," bravely endeavoured to resolve that composite photograph of Sunday into its original elements. He answered questions—the same questions (for Cairnes' converse with strangers always took the interrogative form), and discussed the weather and the lake—yes, and, ignorant male creature that he was, he marvelled because every woman past fifty seemed to have rich, brown front hair, all waved in a certain sort of horizontal undulations; not knowing of the "job lot" of such fronts once purchased by the village "worker in human hair."

After dinner, Kate, seeing Mrs. Ferris by herself, proposed a stroll in the woods, whose cool depths looked inviting.

"I don't like the lake as well when the sunshine is so dazzling; at morning, and later in the day, it is far more beautiful," said Kate, with a sturdy effort to make talk, no matter how commonplace.

Mrs. Ferris turned toward the woods, saying, "I like the creek better than the lake; where it grows narrow, and the steep sides are shaded and the lilies are found. If I could row, I would take a boat some time and follow it up for miles."

"I can row; let us go together any day."

Mrs. Ferris nodded with indifferent assent.

She had come to the picnic under protest, just as of late she had gone to church, visited, and received visits. Mary had greatly changed, there was no denying that fact. She treated no one rudely, beyond showing by her preoccupation that people wearied her. At home she was silent rather than sullen, and had not shown a trace of her once violent temper; but she baffled John. She was living farther back than he could go, in recesses of her nature shut to all, and he had supposed her a rather dull and shallow woman. That a struggle was going on in her he understood.

It was strange that a woman with few mental resources should crave solitude, yet the moment that Kate Hamilton bent her head over the wood treasures she had discovered, Mrs. Ferris darted into the densest thicket and, speedily as might be, lost herself, or her companions, which was the same to her. This done, she sank down on a tree, overturned and moss cushioned. There—strange time and place!—she and her conscience (or

would old Doctor Sumners have said her father, her grandfather, and all that line of corrupt ancestors, instead of her conscience?)—fought the battle of a life. Far off through the woods came the gleeful shouts of the young people around Aller. Not far away the clergyman, looking at his friend, was reflecting how aside from temptations of certain sorts was the life of this little rural community.

Yet there in the soft warm silence of the summer afternoon, in a spot as beautiful as any pictured by Spenser in his tales of enchanted forests, came demons beguiling as the legendary creatures of the "Faerie Queen." They whispered to Mary that she never had been, never could be, a bright, attractive woman like Mrs. Ostrander or Hannah. The friends they made without conscious effort, the life into which they entered with keen interest, their enjoyments, their knowledge—all were undesirable, in Mary's estimation, or unattainable. Mr. Willard had stood by her, trying to draw her into easy conversation, and she had not only been dumb, but had felt dumb, which is worse. The fussy, good-natured housewives who tried to "take her up" and be "sociable," as they called it—these she was almost angry with. Why should she be what she was not, or try even to be something more or better than a woman who did what pleased her. Did she know what pleased her? Verily she knew better than any one on earth knew.

All the morning she had longed to get away, away from these curious—these kindly—these self-satisfied people (as she fancied them all) and alone in the woods or drifting on the quiet water to rest and dream—a rest that no bodily weariness demanded, dreams that came only when summoned by a veritable enchanter. To-day all were happy in their own way. Why might she not be happy in hers? She drew from her pocket a purse, took out what was more precious to her than gold, and wandered away toward the creek. She knew all this region well, so by and by she came to a path down the hillside to the water, where, under great overhanging pines were fastened two or three old row-boats. Untying the driest one Mary stepped in, pushed it away through the reeds, and gave herself up to the influences of the hour and the—morphæe.

Slowly, regularly her oars dipped in

the green water, while she turned here and there to gaze at the open lilies. Surely never were there flowers so exquisitely white; never did mellow sunshine so fill the upper air with light and beauty, while it stole into lower coverts, and made a green glamour in the shades where she rested. Life began to seem worth her living, after all. She had taken hold of it too severely, had been too rigid with herself. John's friends were all kind enough, they wished her well, of course. Vague fancies that the future might be brighter filled her mind and undefined notions that she herself was being transformed into a woman quite as pleasing as Hannah and as gay as this stranger, Miss Hamilton. She resolved—no, hardly so vigorous a word can be used; she imagined that she would go back by and by, and be merry and talk. What they said was nothing, after all; only they were not afraid of one another. Why should she fear?

Sometimes she sat motionless for long moments, and her mind seemed brooding, lost in a boundless, passionless content, but at all times she kept in her consciousness one idea, "I must let no one know of this secret of mine. I must guard it from John. It is right. He and his friends have everything, I have only this."

Because Doctor Summers had been John's friend and counsellor since time out of date, she refused his attendance, but summoned a young man who would tell her no unpleasant truths. He came, and left her to a long, blissful rest, which was the quick result of one tiny white powder. How often afterwards she called that skilful new physician, and how soon he learned just what remedy she required. It would seem that she was for ever in pain, considering how constantly she had used the new-found medicine. She did not talk much of its efficacy to her husband, and after a time she did not wholly rely on the doctor for the morphine supply. She had money, and there were near towns, and drug-stores in all of them. It was only that time when she was confined to the house, and her chosen physician had gone, that she lost all control of her temper—of her reason, they said, and she was taken to the asylum. Had she been insane?

Sitting alone there with summer airs playing about her, with hands idly resting on the oars, Mary herself

could not tell; but she remembered the asylum with no horror. John had kept her supplied with money; there were attendants who had furnished her with what she craved, and so it was that her husband heard with thankfulness that she was far less excitable and less unhappy than ever before. It had been such an easy, pleasant deception, even the physicians had not discovered it, or had been silent in any case. It was not so manageable a matter here at home as it had been hitherto, yet Mary was by nature secretive and cunning. She had, it is true, pledged herself to resist temptation, to enter on her new duties with an unclouded brain and strong will, to enjoy with others those things that they found pleasant. What had been the use? A persistent restlessness had possessed her, every nerve was a torment. A little longer abstinence, and she would cease to be the calm, reasonable woman that John believed her to have become. Therefore it had been a wise and happy prompting that had drawn her away to solitude, and had let her yield herself to the old soothing power. Moreover, as she assured herself, she had exercised great self-control in allowing herself a very small portion.

Aware, at last, that the sun had gone so low that no more of its radiance fell on the water, she began to fear that her prolonged absence might have caused remark, although she had taken the precaution to tell John that she meant to stroll off by herself, if she tired of the rest.

She found the company making ready to go home. Some packing baskets and looking up stray spoons and platters, others in search of wandering children, while a number of the older people had already departed.

"I have been looking everywhere for you, Mrs. Ferris," said Mrs. Ostrander, cordially. "I wanted a little visit with you."

"Well, it seems queer, doesn't it, that I could lose myself in these woods, but I did," returned Mary. "I wandered east and west, and came out finally at the Newton farm."

It was a peculiarity of Mrs. Ferris, when under the influence of morphine, to say whatever suited her purpose at the time, and what little imagination she possessed was then most active.

"It has done you good, anyway; you look a great deal fresher than be-

fore you ran away," commented Maria, instantly perceiving the absence of Mary's usual wearied expression.

To her surprise the latter began to talk with an ease and freedom new in all Maria's intercourse with her. John drew near, and was playfully rallied for not coming in search of her, and she accused Kate and Marjory of running away.

"Sakes alive!" whispered Polly Huggins to Sophronisba Pixley. "She had better come to a picnic every day; she was as glum as an oyster when we drove over."

"For all that, I never see anybody more improved. She has caught a kind of style of some of those lunatics."

"Clothes—mostly clothes, Sophie! But I will admit her temper must be improved. She's never what you would call voyalent nowadays."

"I must come over for a call, and I want to call at the Hopkins', too, and see Mr. Willard. Poor young man! it must be real trying to him, to feel such a congregation is criticising him. We ought to encourage him all we can. I have asked him to tea. Do you think he's gifted, Polly?"

"With common-sense—yes; and then again, if you mean burning, fiery eloquence—he ain't; few is nowadays," replied Polly.

Sophonisba returned to Mrs. Ferris.

"She don't take any interest in things that he likes, does she?"

"He," in Cairnes, meant, of course, either the speaker's husband or somebody's else.

"He? No, indeed! He has tried to stir her up every way you can think of. Deliver me," groaned Polly, "from folks that never enthuse over nothing! I knew a woman once as near like a putty image as if the Lord hadn't made her," but she did love to collect buttons. She had seven hundred on one string, and set fier going on the history and family connections of them buttons, and she was sort of interesting. Mary Ferris! Well, I needn't a worried about her meddling with housekeeping. Pie or pickle, it is all one to her, and she don't know the rain water dipper from the well water one."

John Ferris lingered late at the beach, hoping to give his wife time to talk with her neighbours, particularly as she seemed in a more social mood than he had seen her for weeks. If

Mary had once been a torment to him, she was now a mystery. Every day he tried to assure himself that he was quite satisfied with her, and every day he knew he was disappointed. She was not obstinately silent, but beyond answering his questions, or asking a few when necessary, she had no impulse to talk, and nothing to say. Utterly lacking in humour, she could not be amused. Caring for no one, she could not be waked up by the most exciting gossip. She was a dead weight, as Mrs. Huggins declared.

The greater part of the company had gone when Fred Aller rushed back with his proposal to stay an hour or two longer.

Mrs. Ferris exclaimed, "Yes, it would be nice to go out on the lake. Let us stay, John!"

That night Mary Ferris stayed awake for hours, planning how best to supply herself with morphine. To get it through Doctor Summers was impossible; to obtain it at drug stores, without a doctor's order, not practicable. The safer way was to communicate with the person in the asylum who, for a sufficient remuneration, would buy and send, securely put up, to her, at any post office that she mentioned. She decided to have liberal quantities sent her, not too often, at Kent, where she could easily get it by taking a pleasant drive, and where her husband's mail was never received or asked for. She assured herself that she would take just enough to banish melancholy and make life enjoyable—only, in short, what she "needed."

The next day Mrs. Ferris wrote a letter, and asking Mrs. Huggins if she would like to go with her to Kent, took that individual for a shopping excursion. Polly, at least, went buying various small articles. Mrs. Ferris went to the bank, sent away a cheque in her letter, obtained a small amount of morphine at the drug store on a forged order, and returned home in so affable a mood that Polly said later to Joel,

"Goin' over she wasn't one whit more sociable than the Egyptian Sfinnix. Comin' home my own sister couldn't have been more confidin'. She is just captivated with Miss Goddard, and I had to tell her every item in her autobiography."

"Her what?"

"Why, all about her."

The World's Progress.

THE WORLD'S SUPREME COURT.

The kingdom of heaven cometh not with observation—not with roll of thunder, but with a still small voice. The triumphs of the Gospel are like the silent-footed dawn dispelling the darkness of the night. Amid the wars and rumours of war are steadily growing influences which shall banish war for ever. The world takes more note of a conflict with the Tagalogs or Boers than of a far more momentous event. The formation of the Hague Peace Tribunal, the World's Supreme Court, has been accomplished so quietly that few seem to know it. Nevertheless, the leading nations have appointed fifty of their most trusted and honoured men as judges. Lord Julian Pauncefote heads the list for Great Britain, and Chief Justice Fuller and Judge Gray are on the list for America. Germany, Russia, and other countries, have selected their leading jurists. Let us hope that this high court of reason and justice will adjudicate upon the next international difficulty before it can break out into war. This high ideal has seemed for centuries but the dream of a dreamer, and now it is a fact. *Laus Deo.*

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.

The inauguration of the President, on March 4th, gives an opportunity for stock-taking in the United States. Since Mr. McKinley was first inaugurated the assets of the country have wonderfully increased—as have also its liabilities. The new inauguration is a milestone by which progress will be measured. A deal of history has been made in the last four years—the conquest of Spain, the addition of Porto Rico, Guam, and the Philippines to the territorial possessions of the nation, and the commercial and industrial expansion of the public. The President's address was one of noble optimism. "Hope maketh not ashamed. Our institutions will not deteriorate by extension, our sense of justice will not abate under tropic suns in distant seas."

The President has proved himself to be a wise, just and peace-loving ruler. His attitude towards Britain in the Boer war has but reciprocated that of Britain to the United States during its war with Spain. A great opportunity lies before

the Republic, the opportunity to fulfil its pledge made to the Cubans in granting independence and withdrawing the troops as soon as proper guarantees for the maintenance of liberty and administration of justice shall be given. We may be confident that the nation will fulfil that pledge. In this it will be but imitating what Britain did in withdrawing from the Ionian Islands and from the Transvaal in 1881.

It would be rash and reckless to give the Cubans liberty without such safeguards. The ingratitude and truculence of the Boers are an admonition to guard against similar ingratitude and truculence by the Cubans. The problem in the Philippines is not yet solved; yet it is not incapable of solution. The fight with the Tagalogs has endured much longer than that with the Boers, and is not apparently as near its close. And the half-naked Bolomen of Luzon are very different foes from the eagle-eyed sharpshooters of the veldt.

ANOTHER LIE NAILED.

Some American Anglophobe writers have denounced the alleged atrocities of Great Britain in South Africa and accepted as truth the bitter accusations of that truculent and treacherous brigand DeWet. If reasonable people will not believe the denial of the truth-loving Lord Roberts, they will, at least, not refuse credence to an honest pro-Boer's statement, M. Constançon, Swiss Consul at Pretoria, just published, says *The Outlook*, in the *Gazette de Lausanne*. For nearly two decades M. Constançon has lived in Pretoria, and personally knows, not only all the townspeople, but all the Boer families in the district. After searching inquiries, he writes, that he has been unable to discover the outrages that have been alleged. Furthermore, he adds that since the entry of the British troops he has travelled far and wide in the Transvaal, and nowhere has he heard from the women on the farms one word in criticism of British soldiers. "Although we sympathize with the Boers," he says, "we must, in all justice, render homage to English officers and men for the humane manner in which they have conducted this war."

THE PHILIPPINE PROBLEM.

On the other hand, Mr. Kennan, a patriotic American, denounces the treatment of the Filipinos. He says :

"That we have inspired a considerable part of the Philippine population with a feeling of intense hostility toward us, and given them reason for deep-seated and implacable resentment, there can be no doubt. We have offered them many verbal assurances of benevolent intention; but, at the same time, we have killed their unresisting wounded, and we are now resorting, directly or indirectly, to old Spanish inquisitorial methods, such as the 'water torture,' in order to compel silent prisoners to speak or reluctant witnesses to testify. That the present generation of Filipinos will forget these things is hardly to be expected."

In proof of these severe charges he quotes the testimony of soldiers, and proceeds: "General MacArthur gives, without comment, the following statistics of Filipino killed and wounded in the ten months ended November 1st, 1900: 'Killed, 3,227; wounded, 694.' The normal proportion of killed to wounded, as shown by our losses in the Philippines and elsewhere, is 1 to 2 or 3. In the case of the Filipinos this proportion is more than reversed, the killed exceeding the wounded in the proportion of 4.6 to 1. The irresistible conclusion is that we increased the number of killed by putting to death the wounded. It is painful and humiliating to have to confess that in some of our dealings with the Filipinos we seem to be following more or less closely the example of Spain. That such methods are general, or that they have the approval or sanction of any considerable number of American officers, I refuse, at present, to admit or believe; but that a wounded Filipino should ever have been bayoneted to death by an American soldier, that a defenceless prisoner should ever have suffered the 'torture of water' under the American flag, is reason enough for humiliation and shame. 'War,' perhaps, 'is hell,' as General Sherman said; but it need not be hell with Spanish improvements."

We have no pleasure in referring to these atrocities, and do so only to remind Mr. and Mrs. Harding Davis, who so vigorously denounce Britain for alleged cruelties which the pro-Boer Swiss Consul denies, to the American methods which Mr. Kennan affirms.

Mr. Kennan, who is the Special Commissioner of *The Outlook* in the Philippines,

reminds his countrymen that "the Seminole Indians, although they numbered only about four thousand, resisted the forces of the United States for a period of seven or eight years, and their complete subjugation cost hundreds of lives and \$10,000,000 in treasure;" and that a comparatively small part of the population of the Philippines, "if it remains hostile and irreconcilable, may harass and annoy us for years."

THE END IN SIGHT.

The generous peace terms offered by Great Britain seem to have satisfied all but the most truculent and treacherous Boers, whom their crimes have made desperate, and who are fighting not for peace but for revenge. Small wonder that DeWet, with the craft and cunning of a hunted fox, is able to escape when the disturbed area, as Lord Roberts says, is "larger than France, Germany and Austria combined." It is a notable tribute to the justice and clemency of Britain that thousands of ex-burgers, are asking arms to fight against the marauding bands of Boers. Every town occupied in the Transvaal or Free State will soon become a centre of British influence, extending far and wide.

THE "FRENCH SHORE" QUESTION.

The *modus vivendi* which has existed between the English and French occupants of the "French Shore" of Newfoundland for the past ten years came to an end on January 1st, and the knotty problem of French fishing rights in Canada again presses for settlement. The original ten years' agreement really terminated one year ago; but the Newfoundlanders, not wishing to embarrass the British Foreign office, then in the first throes of the South African war, consented to a provisional extension of one year. Now they again extend the *modus*, and ask permanent settlement. *The Literary Digest*, in the following cartoon, shows the fishery question causing a friendly settlement between France and England.

BRITAIN VINDICATED.

The reception of the virulent attack upon Britain's policy in the House by Mr. Bourassa, shows how little weight such baseless charges carry with the representatives of both great parties in Canada. Only one man, beside the mover



and seconder was found to vote for his resolution. The able addresses by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Mr. Charlton, and Mr. Borden, the leader of the Opposition, were a triumphant vindication of the righteousness and justice and clemency of Britain's administration.

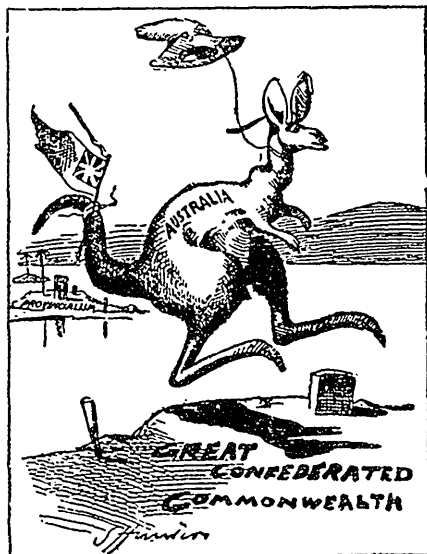
But that justice is being vindicated not merely by the mouth of friends and subjects of Great Britain, but by the mouth of its enemies. A thorough-going Afrikander declares in a letter to the *Times* that the purpose of the Dutch was to outlaw every British subject who did not surrender, to confiscate his property, to exile from Africa under penalty of death for returning every one guilty of aiding the British, to suppress the British language and papers. But now he says "the Dutch are degenerating into murdering bandits, ruining our country, regardless of the fate of our women and children who are dependent upon the generosity of the British, for their food and clothing and for their very lives. This state of things," he adds, "must not continue unless we wish to prove to the world that we Dutch are worse than heathen savages." He urges submission, and predicts that "with honest administration South Africa will very speedily recover from the effect of this war, and a more prosperous and

happier future will come quickly for both Dutch and English than if the war had not taken place and the colonies had remained separated."

The American papers are receiving with equanimity the rejection of the amendments to the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. Few of them seem to have expected that Britain would accept of it. We hope it will show Mr. Morgan and the tail-twisting Senators that a nation to be respected may not violate its pledges with impunity. The Clayton-Bulwer treaty is still intact. Great Britain has maintained her dignity and prestige and honour unimpaired in the whole transaction. The same is true of the American Executive, but that cannot be said of the American Senate.

THE NEW COMMONWEALTH.

The Postmaster-General, who has done so much to link the distant parts of the Empire together by the ocean penny postage, has gone to Australia to convey the greetings of Canada to our Australian cousins on the meeting of their first Parliament of the new commonwealth. We hope great good will result from his visit. Australia is the youngest of all the nations in the world—less than eighty years old. Only fifty years ago it was a small pastoral community whose flocks



THE BIGGEST JUMP OF THE CENTURY.

—Montreal Herald.

were scattered widely over the fringe of an unexplored country. To-day it is, for its size, the wealthiest nation in the world. The value of all its products last year was \$550,000,000, or \$137 per head, "a sum," says Mr. Lusk, "probably twice as great as the average earnings of any European nation, and at least half as great again as any in the United States." Our cartoon shows the leap of the Commonwealth out of obscure provincialism into nationhood. The Kangaroos and Beavers have been making history very fast during the last few months.

THE KING'S OATH.

Much has been said in the press on the subject of the strong language of the oath of King Edward VII. in assuming the Crown of Great Britain. The Roman Catholics protest against stigmatizing as "idolatrous" the sacrifice of the mass. The Canadian Parliament, as a component part of the Empire, asks for a revision of this ancient formula by the removal of offensive phrases. The reign of Queen Victoria has been marked by the growth of religious liberty and religious toleration. Not only Roman Catholics, but Jews, Moslems and Brahmins, men of many religions, are the loyal servants of the Crown. Nor has the cause of religion suffered. Indeed, to make acceptance of the Articles of Religion, or partaking of the communion, a condition for civil service or entrance to the universities, promoted hypocrisy or contempt. "Will you sign the Thirty-Nine Articles?" said the Proctor to Theodore Hook, as he presented himself at Oxford. "Oh, yes, forty if you like," was the irreverent reply.

Our Roman Catholic friends should themselves learn the art of tolerance. Cardinal Vaughan, who raises such a protest against this "No Popery" oath, gave a shock to the Protestant sensibilities of the Empire by declaring the impossibility of holding requiem services for the Queen "as for peace parted souls." At Toronto, when the Protestants assembled in their churches to celebrate the obsequies of the Queen, no service was held in any of the Roman Catholic churches. The intolerance in Rome when the Pope was king as well as priest was notorious. Protestants had to go without the walls and hold their service in any hole and corner they could get—the Presbyterians in a loft near the hay market—and even travellers' baggage

was ransacked for Bibles. The first person to enter Rome with Victor Emmanuel's forces was a Waldensian Bible colporteur. Now the Bible Society has its agency under the shadow of the Vatican, and among the handsomest buildings are the Methodist and Presbyterian churches. Bibles could only be smuggled into Spain by stealth, sometimes in tobacco boxes. Wherever the Red Cross flag, the symbol of liberty, waves, there is the amplest liberty for every man to worship according to the dictates of his conscience, none daring to molest or make him afraid.

Mr. Willis Cooper, the lay secretary of the Forward Movement of the United States, estimates that on the basis of present returns there will be during the first six months of the Forward Movement 292,240 conversions and 242,000 accessions to the Church. Should this ratio be kept up for the year during which the special services are to continue, the movement will result in the addition of fully 600,000 persons to the Methodist Church, the mightiest revival the Church has ever known.

MR. STEAD AGAIN.

Mr. Stead, in his efforts to edit the universe, tenders King Edward VII. a lot of advice as to the government of the Empire. We are sure His Majesty will be very much obliged. It is a pity Mr. Stead could not get into Parliament and become one of His Majesty's responsible ministers. His advice could then be backed up by at least the majority of the nation instead of representing, as it often does, a very small minority.

He has also been instructing the Commander-in-Chief of the British army, and publishes in the February *Review of Reviews* his correspondence with Lord Roberts. He quotes the anonymous letter of a British officer, whose name he refuses to give, as to the alleged atrocities of the war. These atrocities Lord Roberts denies, and when Mr. Stead refuses to accept his denial and returns to the charge, his Lordship refuses to continue the correspondence. The methods of Mr. Stead and his followers are seen in garbling Lieutenant Morrison's correspondence so as to make him say the very thing he did not say. The garbled version is published far and wide, the corrections are ignored. Thus a lie will run a league before the truth can get its boots on.

Religious Intelligence.

THE SIMULTANEOUS MISSION.

Just after the Queen's funeral the Simultaneous Forward Mission Movement was held throughout Great Britain. Many things conspired to the success of the meetings, the closing of the theatres, the solemnizing sense of the Unseen caused by the Queen's death, the general mourning attitude of the people. It began with a sermon by Dr. Parker in Guild Hall, London, before the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, the first religious service ever held in that old historic building. Then in churches, theatres and public halls in almost every town and village in the country these services were held. In London they were attended by no less than two hundred thousand people, many of whom seldom entered a place of worship. Great prominence was given to temperance in the addresses, and thousands of persons signed the temperance pledge. Mr. Nix reported 435 as so signing at a single service and 237 persons as religious inquirers. At the Metropolitan Temple Gipsy Smith held a most successful mission. Twelve hundred souls entered the inquiry room. "From other quarters," says the *Recorder*, "we hear of scores and even hundreds brought to Christ." The secular papers describe the movement as the beginning of an epoch in the religious life of the country.

A GRAND RESULT.

Dr. Potts already reports that the Twentieth Century Fund has reached the noble figure of \$1,200,000. It will probably go beyond a million and a quarter—a noble thank-offering of the Church to Almighty God for the blessings of the past and an augury of blessings more abundant in the future. There are still many who have not availed themselves of the privilege of helping this great movement. We hope that every household in our whole Church will be represented (and why not each member of every household?) in this act of consecration to the service of Almighty God.

We are sorry to learn that through strain of overwork, Dr. Potts has been temporarily laid aside, and has had to seek recuperation in that "Saints' rest," Clifton Springs. We wish for him early and complete convalescence. In some of our

sister churches a special agent has been appointed for promoting, receiving and recording the thousands of contributions to such a fund and conducting its large correspondence; but Dr. Potts undertook all this work in addition to that devolving upon him as Secretary of Education. No wonder that even his stalwart strength has been severely tried by this toil. While the Church is to be congratulated on the brilliant success of the movement, in no small degree does this result from the indefatigable energy and zeal of Dr. Potts.

A METHODIST HYMN-BOOK FOR THE WORLD.

Rev. Dr. William I. Shaw, Emeritus Principal of Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal, has a strong letter in the *London Recorder*, urging many cogent reasons why a common hymn-book should be adopted for Methodism throughout the world. He recognizes the difficulty, as he recognizes also the opportunity, and urges that a representative body be organized at the next Ecumenical Conference to take counsel with the various branches of Methodism, and then on behalf of such of them as would approve, "proceed with much wisdom to agree on a collection of three or four hundred hymns universally acceptable, to which each denomination could add a supplement of its own if it wished." There are eighteen bodies of Methodism from all lands, whose delegates will meet in Ecumenical Conference in London next September, and few things would prove a bond of greater union among the Methodisms of the world than such a common hymn-book. He cites the advantage which the Presbyterians have from the use of the wide world over of the metrical version of the Psalms, and the bond of union which, more strikingly, the Anglicans have in the book of Common Prayer and even in Hymns Ancient and Modern.

An influential English layman made a similar suggestion to the present writer in London last summer. We brought the subject before the November meeting of the Book Committee, and were requested to bring it up again at the May meeting. We believe that if the brethren in the ministerial meetings, district meetings, and other gatherings would

take counsel together they would arrive at a consensus of opinion that would probably lead to some definite action on this important subject. Already the matter is being discussed. The grand old hymns of Charles and John Wesley will always form the central heart of any such collection. They will do more to preserve in its unity the theology of Methodism more than any adscription to creeds or formulae.

EPWORTH LEAGUE CONVENTION.

The approaching Epworth League Convention at San Francisco, July 18 to 21, is attracting much attention in the United States, and should awaken much interest in Canada. A very notable programme is being prepared and the foremost men of Methodism on this continent will take part.

The excursion rate to San Francisco has been made cheaper than ever before, only \$50.00 for the round trip from Chicago, and single fare to that point from places east. There was keen rivalry between Los Angeles and San Francisco as to which should have the Convention. Any persons going to San Francisco should certainly not fail to visit also southern California. The Santa Fe Railway offers facilities for doing this without any extra expense. Of the 26,000 persons who attended the Christian Endeavour Convention at San Francisco in 1896, 21,000 travelled over the Santa Fe route. This great road offers very low rates for side trips to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, up Pike's Peak, and to other scenic attractions. Return may be made by way of Salt Lake City and over Marshall Pass, the highest on the continent, nearly eleven thousand feet, or by way of the Canadian Pacific for slightly increased expense. See announcement in our advertising pages. Mr. J. N. Bastedo, an old Canadian, represents this road, and will furnish detailed information and beautifully illustrated pamphlets.

PROHIBITION IN MANITOBA.

The prohibition of the sale of liquor demanded by an immense majority of the electors of Manitoba, and enacted on their mandate by the Legislature, has been declared *ultra vires* by the highest court of the Province. An appeal will doubtless be made to the Privy Council. It is passing strange that legislation to prohibit the greatest curse of our land and age is hampered, restricted, denied

at every turn, while the ægis of the law is extended over the liquor traffic, and all the machinery of the courts and all the country employed for its defence. We used to read as a legal axiom, *salus populi suprema lex*, but it seems that neither the best interests nor the strongest demands of the people are of any weight compared with the selfishness and greed of the drunkard makers. No wonder that the people of Kansas rise against the tyranny of the saloon and that the jury refuses to condemn the crusade of Mrs. Nation.

Many friends of Messrs. Turk and Kirby will be much interested in the announcement that they feel called of God to give up the joys and comfort of the settled pastorate for evangelistic labour. They have special qualifications for that work, the religious consecration, the personal magnetism, the gift of song, and the mutual adaptation to each other. We pray that these brethren may be abundantly blessed in their work, that, like Paul and Silas, they may labour together in the service of God's Church with great efficiency and success.

RECENT DEATHS.

The death of Dr. George Dawson, C.M.G., LL.D., F.R.S., Director of the Geological Survey of Canada, is a distinct loss to this country. He was a son of the late Sir William Dawson, and was born in Pictou, Nova Scotia, in 1849. He followed his father in the study of geology and became one of the most distinguished living authorities on that subject. For a quarter of a century he has been in the service of the Dominion Geological Survey. He made a canoe trip of thirteen hundred miles from the basin of the Lizard River to that of the Yukon. He has received many honours from British and American scientific societies. He was, like his father, a member of the Presbyterian Church.

On February 13th, Rev. E. A. Griffith passed away from his residence, St. Thomas, to his well-earned rest. He was the first pastor of the Central Church, St. Thomas, and took an active part in the establishment of Alma College in that city. The last thirteen years of his life were spent in connection with the Central Church as a superannuated minister, and he laboured as strength would allow till a stroke of paralysis incapacitated him for service. His memory is cherished with much affection on his various fields of labour.

Several of our ministerial brethren have suffered bereavement. The father of the Rev. Dr. Courtice, editor of the *Guardian*, early in the month was called home. He was for many years a prominent member of the Bible Christian Church and a strong friend of the Union Movement. He was a fine type of the lay workers who have contributed so much to the strength of Methodism. He was for many years a useful local preacher, Sunday-school superintendent and class-leader.

The venerable father of the Rev. Dr. Chambers, of this city, has also passed away. He had attained the ripe age of eighty-eight years, and for some years resided with his son, whose privilege it was to minister to his infirmities in his declining years. He came to this country when a youth, and in the old Richmond Street Church was converted to God over fifty years ago. He was a man with strong convictions, believing in God's plan through the individual in extending His kingdom in the world, was of kindly disposition and high honour. He helped to plant Methodism in Northern Ontario, especially at Wilfrid, where he acted as class-leader and steward. He was buried in the family plot at Wilfrid on March 9th.

Rev. George Webber was also called to lose a promising son and the Rev. George G. Webber to lose a brother in the very dawn of his young manhood. A diligent student, a dutiful son, and one who sought to walk in the footsteps of his father, it was a severe pang to see him so early called away. These dispensations of God's providence make us realize more and more that we should work while it is called to-day.

D. B. Madden. The fathers, where are they? The pioneer pathfinders and early makers of Methodism in this land are fast passing away. One of the last survivors of the "thundering legion" was David Breakenridge Madden, who went from toil to triumph from his home at Prince Albert on March 8th. It was a rare treat to hear Brother Madden recount the triumphs of the Gospel in the early days of his ministry sixty years ago. To hear him preach and pray and exhort in an Indian camp-meeting was to recall the heroic days of Case and his contemporaries. Much of his life was spent in connection with Indian work at Rice Lake and Alnwick. Stalwart as he appeared and stentorian as was his voice,

yet nearly sixty years ago he was for a time laid aside through ill-health and for some years has been superannuated. Yet was he abundant in labours till growing infirmities prevented active service. He died at the venerable age of eighty-seven. Two of his sons are in the Methodist ministry.

Dr. Michael Lavell was one of the oldest Methodist officials of the country. He was a brother of the late Charles Lavell, M.A., one of the best-known ministers of our Connexion for nearly fifty years. They were both born in Quebec, their father being an officer in the British army. While a clerk in the Methodist Book Room at Toronto, young Michael Lavell was converted under the ministry of the Rev. James Caughey. He has been a member of each General Conference of our Church, and trustee of Sydenham church, Kingston, for forty years. He long served on the medical faculty of Queen's University, and was one of the Board of Regents of our own Victoria. He was for several years a Warden of the Provincial Penitentiary. The duties of this office he sought to administer in the highest interests of the convicts committed to his care. Having served his generation long and well he fell on sleep. His son is the Rev. A. E. Lavell, who, from his acquaintance with prison life, is specially devoted to prison reform.

The death of ex-President Harrison removes a conspicuous figure from public life. In 1888 he was elected President over his opponent, Mr. Cleveland, but in 1892 was defeated by that gentleman. Since his retirement to private life he has lived at Indianapolis, but has been still prominent in the councils of his country. He was a grandson of the first President Harrison, and trained in the best traditions of the Republican Party. He had just been appointed to the high dignity of member of the Hague Court of Arbitration. He was a fine example of the modesty with which a man who had been a ruler of a great nation, with more authority than almost any European sovereign, could step from his office to the retirement of private life.

"Friend after friend departs,
Who hath not lost a friend?"

Montgomery's words find their striking confirmation with every passing day. We can, of course, note in these pages only a few of those who are more or less representative persons.

Book Notices.

The Last Years of the Nineteenth Century.

By ELIZABETH WORMELEY LATIMER.
With twenty-five full-page portraits.
Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Toronto:
William Briggs. Pp. 545. Price,
\$2.50.

We have had the pleasure of reviewing in these pages the entire series of Mrs. Latimer's previous volumes of the principal countries of Europe in the nineteenth century. In this book she gathers up the threads of that narrative during its last decade. It is more difficult to obtain a record of that decade than of any other in the century. Its history is still scattered throughout the year-books, magazines, newspapers and contemporary volumes.

This volume we think indispensable for ready reference to the stirring events of recent years. Mrs. Latimer exhibits remarkable literary skill, her books are not merely a dry record of fact, but abound in those anecdotes, incidents and gossip which give personal interest to contemporary history. She traces the somewhat turbulent record of France; the remarkable progress of Russia, the Peace Congress, the Armenian and Crete and Balkan conflicts and tragedies; the Diamond Jubilee and expansion of England in India, in the Soudan, in South Africa; and traces the recent record of Italy, Austria, Hungary and Spain.

This is one of the few books in which American readers will find the truth about the Boer war. Mrs. Latimer gives the best *résumé* we have seen of this war. She asks if Mr. Kruger, with all his Bible reading, ever read the verse "He swear-eth to his neighbour and disappointeth him not, even though it were to his own hindrance." England took over the Transvaal when it owed a quarter of a million pounds and had only 12s. 6d. in its treasury, and spent six million pounds in subduing the Kaffirs and Zulus. Mr. Kruger invited the English to settle in the Transvaal and promised them equal rights with the Dutch. He was fraudulently elected when opposed by Joubert. In 1892 he told the Uitlanders, "Tell your people that I shall never give them anything. I shall never change my policy. And now let the storm burst." In 1894 the Volksraad received a petition for the redress of grievances signed by thirty-two thousand

Uitlanders. It replied that "if the signers wanted the franchise they must fight for it." Though individual Boers have been kindly, "the Boer Government has paid no respect to promises, and its high officials who held office under Mr. Kruger are not only treacherous, but cruel." He broke faith with the surrendered Jameson Raiders. "I have sometimes to punish my dogs," he said, "some of them are good and lick my boots, others get away and snarl at me." Mr. Edgar, an Uitlander, was shot down by a Boer policeman in his own house, and the murderer received but slight punishment. Kruger imported rifles enough to arm every Dutchman in Africa; the Uitlanders were forbidden to import. The ignorance and conceit of the people was colossal. A rural community forwarded a resolution to the Government before the war broke out, urging an immediate invasion of England. There were seventeen different trusts or monopolies on the necessities of life. Many leading Boers sent their families to Cape Town that they might be in safety during the war.

The "slimness" of the Boers was notorious. Professing to surrender their arms they hid them in wells, in the thatch, in the ground, and recklessly broke their parole. They fed the people on lies. The "Pretoria Volkstein" announced that Lord Kitchener and Methuen were wounded, Lord Roberts a prisoner, and "the rest of the English army have committed suicide." Kruger was the richest man in the Transvaal and the most corrupt. This writer blames not the duped and ignorant Boers, but their truculent and treacherous leaders. She confidently anticipates that the result of the war will be "in the interest of liberty, justice and civilization throughout South Africa, including the Transvaal itself."

The Private Memoirs of Madame Roland. Edited, with an Introduction, by EDWARD GILPIN JOHNSON. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co., Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 381. Price, \$1.50.

A tragic pathos is given to these leaves from the life of the French martyr to liberty from the fact that they were written within five months of her death by the guillotine. She is still the

heroine of the Revolution. She was "a type and symbol of the earlier and finer characteristics of that movement — its quasi-religious enthusiasm, its broad philanthropy, its passion for liberty and social justice, its faith in the original goodness and ultimate high destiny of man." "In these tear-stained pages," continues the editor, "the sympathetic reader will perhaps find more pathos than vanity in the 'self-admiration' of a defamed and desolate woman, who, from the foot of the scaffold, looks back fondly upon her earlier and happier self as upon one she had known and communed with in the past."

Surrounded by an Inferno of guilt and crime she nourished her soul with the dreams of her youth. She had been brought up on "Plutarch's Lives" and Augustine's "Confessions." Her mind was formed in an heroic mould. She shared the moral revolt against the tyranny of the old régime. Of bourgeoisie blood herself, she sought the emancipation of the people, the overthrow of privilege. It was she who wrote the letter to Louis XVI., warning him that the tenure of his throne depended upon his compliance with the popular will. The Revolutionary Assembly ordered it to be printed and distributed in all the eighty-three departments. The storm was soon raised that overthrew both throne and altar in the dust.

The Revolution devoured its own children, and the beautiful genius, Madame Roland, soon followed the beautiful, high-born Marie Antoinette to the guillotine. The story of Plutarch was re-enacted in her life and death. "With Socrates she was to drink the hemlock, with Ægis she was to bend the neck in virtuous resignation to the axe." Worn with illness and imprisonment she refused to plead at the Revolutionary tribunal and went to the scaffold with a smile on her face, a *bon mot* on her lip. As she passed the colossal statue of Liberty she exclaimed: "*O liberté, comme on t'a jouée!*" This book is her appeal to posterity. She describes her happy youth beside the Seine, her religious training in a convent, her intellectual development, and her passion for the popular freedom which she witnessed in England. The book ends abruptly, like her life. It has been a classic of the Revolution for a hundred years, and is issued with nineteen portraits and etchings in the best style of the leading publishers of the New West.

George H. C. Macgregor, M.A. A Biography. By the REV. DUNCAN CAMPBELL

MACGREGOR, M.A. New York, Chicago, and Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Pp. xi-298. With portrait. Price, \$1.50.

Many persons in Canada will remember the visit to this country in 1893 of the "Keswick Brothers," Messrs. Brooke, Inwood and Macgregor. Their purpose was to set forth the teaching of the higher Christian life, once considered the special doctrine of Methodism, now held in all the churches. Curiously enough these brethren represented the three kingdoms, England, Ireland and Scotland, the three churches, Episcopal, Presbyterian and Methodist, and divided between them the duties described by a coloured preacher: "First, breddren, I'se give de expounderin'; next, we'se have de argu-fication; and lastly, we'se come to de arousement!"

In Toronto they met at the outset not fewer than two hundred ministers, and their visit was a benediction to the churches. We shall never forget Mr. Macgregor's exposition of the Shepherd's Psalm. His life-story as here told is of fascinating interest. He was a son of the manse, a brilliant graduate of Edinburgh University and the Free Kirk College. He spent a summer in charge of a church at Bridgetown, N.S., and volunteered to succeed the Hon. Ian Keith-Falconer as missionary to the Moslems at Aden, but was rejected by the physicians as too frail. His ministry in Edinburgh and London was wonderfully successful, but his bright young life was ended all too soon last May. Since then this inspiring biography has reached its fourth thousand.

The New Epoch for Faith. By GEORGE A. GORDON. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xvii-412. Price, \$1.50.

Dr. Gordon is the able and eloquent minister of the Old South Church, Boston, the successor of that historic building which dates from early colonial times. From the modern pulpit is preached a doctrine far other than that of the old Puritan Fathers. The preacher has received that deeper, wider, fuller revelation of the contents of the Scripture which Elder John Robinson prayed the sons of the pilgrims might find. The purpose of the volume is to "discover and announce the chief significance for faith of the nineteenth century." The author believes that the great witness of that century is the witness to man.

This august theme is expounded with a deep spiritual insight and an intense moral earnestness. The new appreciation of Christianity, the discipline of doubt, the return of faith, the new help from history, the broadening influence of humanity, are set forth in a series of eloquent chapters.

Canon Liddon is quoted as authority for the story of a Presbyterian minister, who, in behalf of Queen Victoria and in her presence, offered this prayer: "Grant that as she grows to be an old woman she may be made a new man; and that in all righteous causes she may go forth before her people, like a he-goat on the mountains." But the good Queen listened without a smile, and the good preacher was conscious of nothing incongruous.

The Life and Literature of the Ancient Hebrews. By LYMAN ABBOTT. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xiii-408. Price, \$2.00

Dr. Lyman Abbott's purpose in this book is to trace the development of the religious, political and literary history of the Hebrew people as revealed in the Scriptures. He accepts very many of the teachings, perhaps most of them, of the "new criticism," as he calls it, and he seeks to show that these do not imperil spiritual faith, that, on the contrary, they enhance the value of the Bible as an instrument for the cultivation of the spiritual faith. He claims that they have given it a new and deeper spiritual significance. Would that all the new critics were as reverent, as sane, as devout as Dr. Abbott. We may dissent from many of his conclusions but be profited much by his spiritual insight. Let the battle rage fiercely as it may around these sacred books, still the great essentials of salvation—the things that cannot be shaken—shall remain. Though the fires of criticism blaze about it yet like the sacred bush in Horeb, *nec tamen consumebatur*.

The Church of Pentecost. By BISHOP J. M. THOBURN. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 392. Price, 50 cents. By post, 62 cents.

This book is worthy to be placed beside William Arthur's "Tongue of Fire." It is on the same august theme and inspired by the same fervid zeal. It was the outcome of Bishop Thoburn's missionary experiences in India, and was written on steamship voyages in the Eastern seas. It is a message specially needed to the

churches on the threshold of this new century. Its theology is expressed in the story told of Dr. Daniel Curry, editor of the *New York Christian Advocate* and of the *Methodist Review*. On his death-bed Dr. Curry dreamed that he approached the gate of heaven. The keeper asked:

"Are you a Christian?"

"Yes," he answered, "I trust that I am."

"Have you been faithful to God ever since you professed to be a Christian?"

"No, I cannot say that I have; I have too often been unfaithful." Other searching questions followed, all bringing out more clearly the failure of the applicant, until, overwhelmed with utter shame he hung his face with a deep feeling of sorrow and remorse. At this moment the glorified Saviour of sinners appeared and said, "I have undertaken for Daniel Curry," and the gate opened and heaven was his to enter and enjoy.

Similar was the experience of our own Dr. Egerton Ryerson. As he lay upon his death-bed the present writer said to him: "It must be a great comfort for you to feel that you have been able so faithfully to serve the land of your birth and the church of your choice."

"No," replied that saint of God, "I find no comfort in that. All my comfort is this: 'I the chief of sinners am, but Jesus died for me.'"

These words of Wesley and St. Paul are the only comfort for us all in the supreme hour.

"The counsel of Elder John Robinson," says Bishop Thoburn, "to the Puritan emigrants who were to sail for the unknown wilds of America in the *Mayflower*, to look for new light to be revealed from the sacred page, was one of the most remarkable utterances which has been heard during the Protestant era. The Bible is a mine of exhaustless truth, and the Holy Spirit in every age assists the devout student who searches its pages for the truth of God as for hidden treasure." Thus the seventy-second Psalm refers primarily to Solomon and his glory, but, "despite all critics and all criticism, the best spiritual instincts of Christendom will continue to make the seventy-second Psalm testify of Christ and of the triumph of His kingdom. Why? Simply because the Holy Spirit has long since put His seal upon the song, and given it a deeper and broader and higher meaning than the Hebrews of Solomon's era could have comprehended."

This book is a marvel of cheapness at fifty cents, and should become a fountain of inspiration to many thousands.