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METHODIST MAGAZINE AND REVIEW

EDITED BY
W. H. WITHROW, D. D.

VOL. XLIII.

APRIL, 1896.

No. 4.

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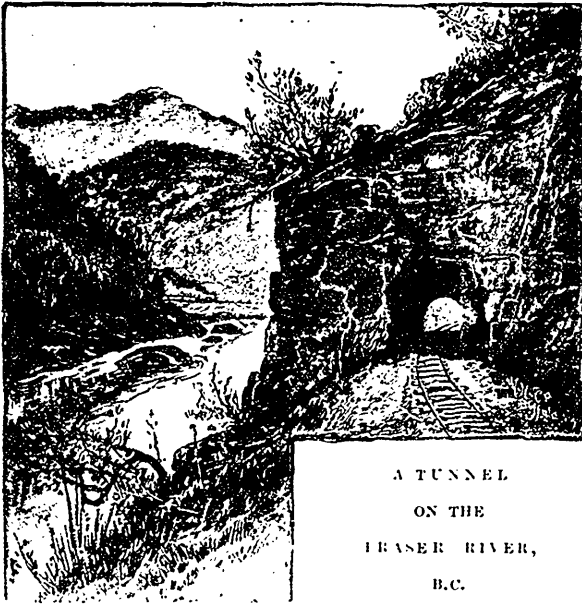
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Methodist Magazine and Review.

APRIL, 1896.

BRITISH COLUMBIA: ITS EXTENT AND RESOURCES.

BY THE REV. W. W. BAER.



A TUNNEL
ON THE
FRASER RIVER,
B.C.

that we might desire, nor always in pure philanthropy, but in such a way that in the end the interests of the many are best served.

It is this fact more than any other, that has given us a new heritage in the Far West, and which in the Canadian Province of the Setting Sun, has changed the wilderness of that borderland to a prosperous province. Happily British Columbia is not the "dernier resort" of multitudes who

As a brief introduction to this article, it may be remarked that this is the age of speculative investment. Notwithstanding the occasional strife between capitalist and labourer, these are the days in which accumulated wealth bursts its reservoirs, flows down from higher altitudes, moves the sluggish wheels of commerce, or cuts new channels through almost impossible regions and irrigates the desert land. It is the very genius of capital to spend itself. Perhaps not always in the manner

Failing in earth's other gardens
Are a failure anywhere."

Though a few of these are here, the average population has grown steadily by the accession of practical men from all the professions, who went west in order, as the westerners say, "To get in on the ground floor." Most of those who go remain. At first, the wild aspect of the country, the absence of comforts and conveniences abounding in the older provinces,

grate harshly on the finer sensibilities of the newcomer. But the splendid possibilities of the province soon fall into perspective, and the "spirit of the West" takes possession of him.

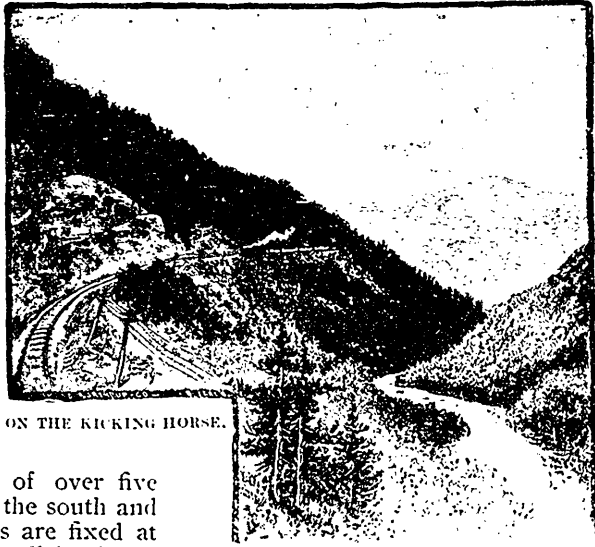
Want of roads to reach them and want of capital seem to have been the obstacles in the way of more generally working the gold mines in the past. These obstacles are, however, in the way of being overcome. Copper is found in abundance in British Columbia; and silver mines have been found in the Fraser Valley.

The province of British Columbia is divided into two parts—the Island of Vancouver and the main land, and comprises the entire seaboard lying to the west of the Dominion, and stretches from the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific

Ocean, a distance of over five hundred miles. On the south and north the boundaries are fixed at the 49th and 60th parallels of latitude, with 750 miles lying between. Thus the area is over 380,000 square miles, or one-half larger than the province of Ontario. The population of this vast territory, according to the last census, was little more than one-half that of the city of Toronto. Of this number quite two-fifths are in the four chief cities of the province.

"A sea of mountains," the expression used or perhaps coined by an eminent statesman, is one which would most naturally rise to the lips after the intoxication of a

first journey through the colonnade of rugged hills which frown over every mile of the iron pathway. But it is far from being comprehensive and exact. Undoubtedly the first, perhaps the chief, feature of the country, is the magnificence and variety of its scenic splendours. The endless succession of stupendous heights, the sylvan lakes, the streams tobogganning down the slanting precipices, till lost in the cauldrons and canons far beneath the eye, the



ON THE KICKING HORSE.

proud cedars and more stately pines peopling the dense forests, the many tunnels through the barricades of rock, stand first and last in the memory when all else fades away. On the coast, one is no less impressed with the expanse of sheltered waterway, the Gulf of Georgia, studded with a multitude of isles, the jagged contour of the rocky coast, the many bays and inlets, the fleets of steamers ploughing the main, the fog-banks lowering in the narrow channels, the murmur of the surf,—a strange confusion, yet making harmony withal.

Even in its "infancy of greatness," this is a busy land, and its young, healthy industries give promise of greater things.

A catalogue of the natural resources of the province would give prominence to lumber, fishes, seals, farm and dairy products, with fruits, coal, iron, copper, lead, silver, gold, with granite, slate and marble, and a respectable capture

began to fell the giants of the forest, and with increasing numbers, the work of denudation has gone on. But as yet only a "garden patch" here and there marks the scene of their depredations. The timber having the most commercial value is the Douglas fir, and a species of red cedar indigenous to the north-west coast, though of late there have been several extensive finds of a

yellow cypress of great value and in great demand because of its combined lightness and strength.

The chief market for the manufactured article, besides a not inconsiderable local demand, has been in the Southern States and the Republics of South America, but of late extensive shipments have been made to Europe and Africa.

While each of the cities,—Victoria, Nanaimo, Vancouver, and New Westminster, has its own peculiar commercial and industrial importance, Nanaimo, with the adjacent town of Wellington, owe

their existence to the immense deposits of coal underlying that section of Vancouver Island. The depth at which the "combustible rock" is found averages 500 feet at the two first named. At Union, further north, the deposits lie much nearer the surface, the lighter veins cropping out at many points along the valley.

The seams vary in thickness from four to fifteen feet, and there



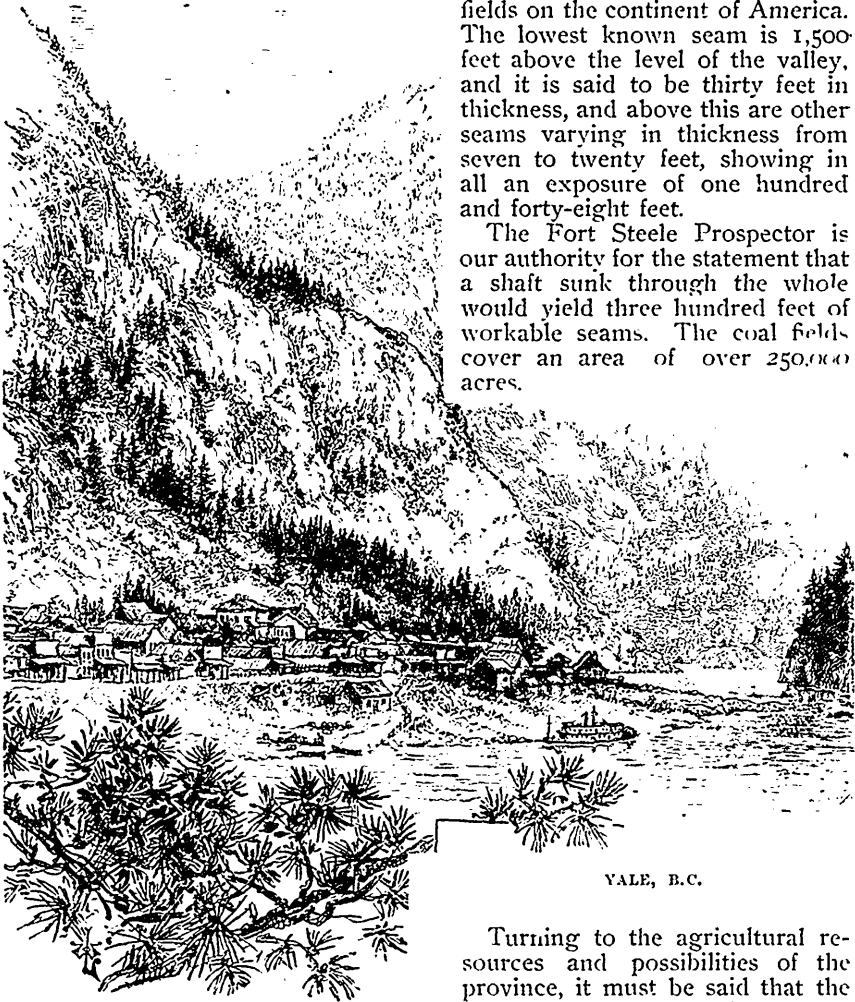
ON THE ILLICILLIWAET.

of game and furs. The lumbering and milling establishments deserve mention, not so much because of the value of present exports, as by reason of their seniority, as well as because of the exhaustless supplies in the forests of the Pacific Coast. Almost the first sound to break the solitudes and herald the conquests of civilization was the hum of the saw-mill. As early as half a century ago the lumbermen

are nearly thirty miles of tunnels forming the chief thoroughfares of these mining operations. These mines do a thriving trade with Victoria, Vancouver, and San

Juced and fuel for reduction lying side by side. This coal is of the soft or bituminous class, but semi-anthracite and anthracite formations have also been discovered, chiefly on Queen Charlotte Islands and in the Kootenay district. It is claimed that in this district there exist the most extensive coal fields on the continent of America. The lowest known seam is 1,500 feet above the level of the valley, and it is said to be thirty feet in thickness, and above this are other seams varying in thickness from seven to twenty feet, showing in all an exposure of one hundred and forty-eight feet.

The Fort Steele Prospector is our authority for the statement that a shaft sunk through the whole would yield three hundred feet of workable seams. The coal fields cover an area of over 250,000 acres.



YALE, B.C.

Francisco, and supply various railway and steamship lines. They have a great prospective value growing out of the adjacent mineral deposits; the ore to be re-

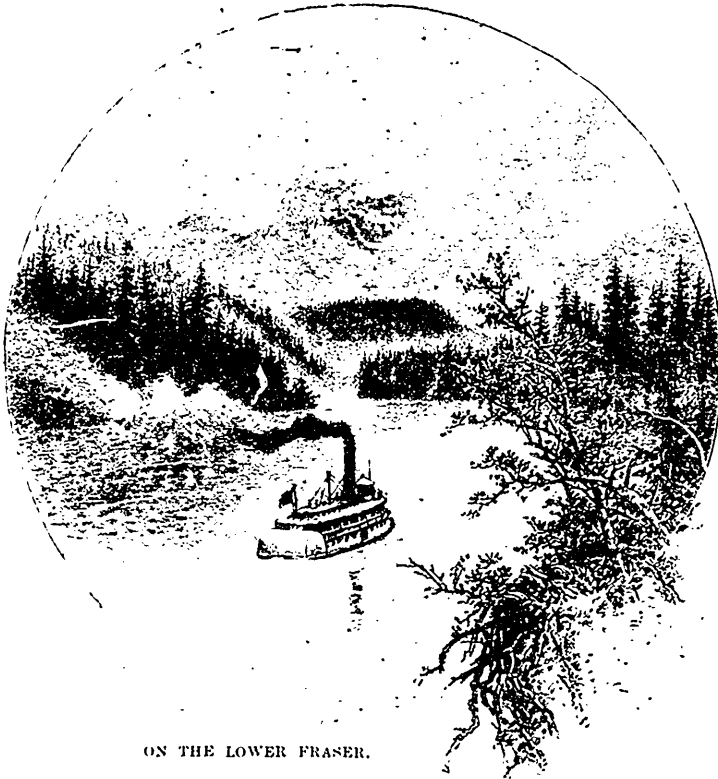
Turning to the agricultural resources and possibilities of the province, it must be said that the term "farming" as understood in the Eastern Provinces and in England does not apply. For the purpose of more accurately describing the occupation of those who till the soil, the term ranch-

ing has been coined. This consists not so much in the cultivation of cereals, as in dairying, and stock farming, and raising such grains as are necessary for forage. Wheat growing for milling purposes must for a long time be left to less humid climes.

There are, however, flourishing sections on Vancouver Island, also

peculiarly favourable to this enterprise, and almost all of the seeming arid wastes are adapted to the feeding and fattening of stock.

No description of British Columbia would be just did it not magnify the extensive and varied fisheries in operation. Its canned salmon has already given it a



ON THE LOWER FRASER.

in the Fraser Valley, and elsewhere the evidences of genuine home comfort abound on every hand.

In the central parts of the province there are extensive grazing fields where numerous herds feed on the juicy bunch grass that flourishes perennially. The mild climate prevailing from the Rockies westward to the Coast is

world-wide fame. The mountain streams and upland lakes abound in the sportive trout, while the sea is rich with perch, cod, halibut, lobsters, crabs, smelts, and oysters, while the natives of the coast "keep up their fat" with oily oolachans. Seals also play an important part in the commercial enterprises of British Columbia. Notwithstanding the increasing 1e-



THE OLYMPIAN RANGE, FROM ESQUIMALT HARBOUR.

strictions the catch of the Victoria and Vancouver fleet last year was 75,000 seals. During the last two years lucrative exports of halibut have been made to New York, Boston, and other Eastern cities. These fish are found in great schools, and average sixty pounds in weight.

The salmon canneries, however, are the chief fishing enterprises of the province. The development of this industry has been most remarkable. The chief location both for catching and curing is at the mouth of the Fraser River, nearly one-half the whole number of canneries being crowded together along its banks between the city of Westminster and the gulf, a distance of some ten miles. The "run" does not begin till early in July, though the exact time varies from year to year. Between this time and the close of the season, the estuaries of these rivers are a

scene of bustling activity. Literal hordes of Indians, Chinese, Japanese and the more civilized white fishermen are domiciled in tents and shacks along the shores. A stirring picture is presented by the fleet of sails crowding the river for miles, hauling in or casting out the nets. The fish vary from ten to twenty-five pounds, but often reach sixty or seventy-five pounds. In the early season from fifteen cents to twenty cents for each fish is paid, though, when the catch averages as high as two hundred a day, the price is reduced. The larger canneries can handle fifty thousand fish a day. The process of canning is not nearly so complicated as a "foreigner" might suppose, but an army of operators are necessary to man the factory.

The most extensive shipments have hitherto been to the English markets, and this industry promises to become one of the most

remunerative and stable in the province. The annual report of one of the companies operating six canneries on the Fraser River, shows that after setting aside £680 for depreciation, the company declared a net profit of £5,580 on the year's operations. The Government of the Dominion has established, near New Westminster, a "hatchery," from which are liberated annually millions of small fry.

It is to the far-famed Cariboo and the more recently famous Kootenay regions that we look for the fabulous wealth of British Columbia. Alluvial gold is also found at many points along the Fraser river. Mechanical dredges and suction pumps are being devised in the hope that the "nuggets" may be lifted out of the river bottom.

The journey into the interior traverses one of the most exciting



INDIAN VILLAGE AND TOTEM POLES.

In addition to these resources, there exist also deposits of gold and silver of great extent and richness. Gold-bearing quartz seems to exist everywhere. Not in paying quantities everywhere, but the craze for prospecting has amply demonstrated that even in the most unsuspected localities the precious metal exists. It is probable that the whole delta of the Fraser River is rich in alluvial gold.

passages in the entire length of our national highway, the Canadian Pacific Railway, — that through the canon of the Fraser River. The ascent begins at picturesque and historic Yale, where, released from the turbulence and rush of narrow gorges, the river widens out into silvery quietude. We journey eastward. On the right of the river are the ruins of the old Cariboo Stage Road, along

which the heavy coaches of the early 'sixties lumbered to and fro.

Our train, ever climbing, following the curves of its iron track, swings gracefully around the curves, or plunges through the blackened tunnels. Far below rolls the Fraser, while the crags and peaks rise till they pierce the clouds.



ON CARIBOO CREEK.

At Ashcroft, immediately on passing the Fraser canons, we leave the C.P.R., and journeying three hundred miles north and east we reach Barkerville in the centre of old Cariboo. In this locality as early as '59, the gold fever incubated, and since that time \$60,000,000 have been removed

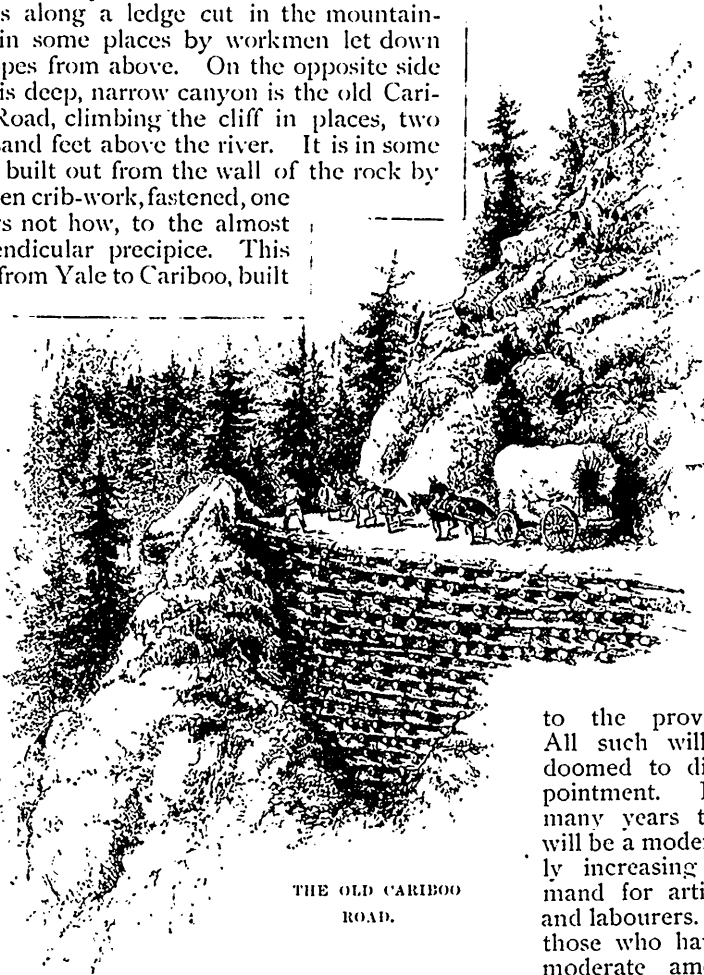
from Cariboo. Of late years, however, the returns were so uncertain that interest somewhat subsided, until two years ago, with the introduction of better methods of washing, an era of re-development was begun, which will certainly eclipse all former achievements.

This district, so rich in gold, extends from Revelstoke, on the C.P.R., to the international boundary, and throughout all the basin of the Arrow Lakes and Kootenay river, an area of nearly seven thousand square miles, the hills are literal ledges of ore. During the past year the output from this section was over \$600,000.

Much of this ore averages \$45 per ton in gold, and some quartz a much higher value. It is said that Johannesburg ore rarely exceeds \$12 in value, and the richest is but \$25 per ton, yet the gold output at Johannesburg, after ten years' labour, is \$3,000,000 per month. Is it too much to hope that British Columbia may in the near future more than rival Africa?

The ride down the Fraser Valley is the culminating point of interest on the Canadian Pacific Railway. Here the difficulties of construction are greater, the rock-cutting more tremendous, and the scenery more awe-inspiring than any other place. It makes one's flesh creep to look down on the swirling cur-

rent of the rapid Fraser, from the train which creeps along a ledge cut in the mountain-side, in some places by workmen let down by ropes from above. On the opposite side of this deep, narrow canyon is the old Cariboo Road, climbing the cliff in places, two thousand feet above the river. It is in some parts built out from the wall of the rock by wooden crib-work, fastened, one knows not how, to the almost perpendicular precipice. This road from Yale to Cariboo, built



THE OLD CARIBOO
ROAD.

by the isolated Province of British Columbia more than a score of years ago, seems a greater achievement than the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway by this great Dominion.

We have not referred to the operations in iron and copper and the baser metals. Sufficient work has been done to demonstrate their existence in abundance.

We want no mad rush of idle speculators, nor fortune hunters,

to the province. All such will be doomed to disappointment. For many years there will be a moderately increasing demand for artisans and labourers. For those who have a moderate amount

of capital, many paying ranches can be located.

What we do require is an influx of wisely invested capital. There need be no reserve in this respect, for the unquestionable possibilities of British Columbia present so many rational opportunities that irrational and impossible schemes need not be encouraged. And we would most respectfully encourage the investment of British capital in British Columbia.

Vancouver, B.C.

GOSPEL WORK IN GREENLAND.*

BY M. ARTHUR SLAYER.

Who will the heathen of the Arctic save?
Brave souls in answer willingly arose
To bear His cross of peace, and heal the woes
Of those who knew no hope beyond the grave.



HANS EGEDE.

At the enthusiastic country missionary meetings a few years ago, we can remember how we were thrilled by that then favourite hymn,

“From Greenland’s icy mountains,”
and especially this first line

“Amid Greenland Snows; or, the Early History of Arctic Missions.” By JESSE PAGE. London: S. W. Partridge & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

seemed to impress the mind and heart. That hymn was the awakening of interest in missions in many a heart.

The Arctic regions are more noted for exploration and discovery than for missionary enterprise, yet we will do well to remember that there has been in circumpolar regions as patient and as heroic endeavour in the cause of the cross as anywhere on earth.

The early history of missions in these polar regions concerns chiefly Greenland. Brave as Arctic explorers have been, they have not exceeded in valour and patience those who, for the sake of Christ and His kingdom, have suffered

of about 47,000 square miles. Scandinavian records of the far past tell us that Eric, the red-headed son of Harold Haarfagar, King of Norway, gave the name of Greenland to this country, representing it as an excellent place

for pasture, wood, and fish, in order to entice people to go there and settle. He was followed thither by twenty-five ships full of colonists, household goods and cattle. Afterward other colonies came from both Iceland and Norway. The Eskimo are attractive neither in appearance nor spirit. They are of diminutive size, clad in reindeer or seal skins, have high cheekbones, small noses, and tawny skins; are filthy and repulsive in their habits. Their houses are built on some elevated place to allow the snow-water to run off better, and preferably near the water, as they must live from the sea. Having neither door nor chimney, the atmosphere of these close hovels is unbearably offensive. We may judge of the self-denial devoted missionaries exercised

in tending the sick and dying during awful plagues. These people generally make but one meal a day, and then they eat like gluttons. Their intelligence is dull, at best it amounts to skill in catching seals.

The Greenlanders were gross



ESKIMO TYPE.

and toiled in the white fields of the far North.

A few facts about the country and people of Greenland will be interesting before we speak of its missions.

Greenland has an inhabited area

idolaters, worshipping the sun, and believing very firmly in the devil. There were traces among the people of a belief in the transmigration of the soul. They had traditions of the creation, the flood and the final judgment.

Christianity came first to Greenland in the year 999, when Leif, the son of Eric, having been baptized in Norway, came to preach to the Greenland colonists. The first bishop was Arnold, who in 1121 was appointed there by the Papal authorities. After fourteen bishops had in succession ruled this remote parish, a fearful calamity occurred in the fifteenth century, when the wild, lawless hordes of the Skraellings swept down upon the colony, and utterly destroyed it. Some of the ruins of its churches remain to this day. One who visited Eric's fiord in 1871 says: "A single inscription on a tombstone, carved in Runic characters, is all the record that is left, besides the crumbled walls. It reads:

VIGDIS, DAUGHTER OF M***, RESTS 'HERE.
MAY GOD REJOICE HER SOUL.

With the extinction of the colony a veil of darkness seems to settle over Greenland for centuries. Slender evidence was indeed given by ancient historians of the Christian settlements there, and of their extinction.

On one of the little group of islands off the Norwegian coast, there lived and toiled in a pastoral way one to whom came, in the year 1708, a divine call to go to Greenland. His name was Hans Egede, the name most associated with the beginning of Christian work among the Arctic folk. The conviction grew in him, as he looked across the waters, that someone should go to Greenland, and God revealed to himself and his most worthy wife the privilege

of carrying the Gospel thither. After many adverse threatenings and incidents, they finally were able to start on their voyage. In July, 1721, they made a landing at Balls River. On an island which they named "Hope Island," rough temporary houses were built. Thankful were they for such shelter after a perilous voyage through icy seas. Their hope needed divine strengthening, for many difficulties arose. By the loss of one of their ships in a storm they were left without fishing gear, so necessary for their use in obtaining a living. The bare and inhospitable character of the country, and the distrustful attitude of the natives, were matters of distress also, even to consecrated hearts. Faith-filled Egede, however, strove against all depression, set about acquiring the language and studying the needs of these Eskimo.

Practical difficulties were found in presenting the truths of the Christian religion. For instance, the verse which speaks of "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world," could not be understood by a people who had never seen a lamb, and whose only representative creature was a young seal. Egede would get his little son to draw pictures illustrating Christ healing the sick, blessing the children, or dying on the cross, and hold them up before the people while the Gospel was being explained. This led them to ask questions, and thus some progress, slow, but encouraging, would be made.

While Egede was making some progress with his mission work, there was a growing discontent among his own people at the failure of any trade with the natives. Most of his party had come out merely to further a commercial enterprise, and it was very disappointing to find such meagre pros-

pects of mercenary success, the more aggravating to these Danes as the Greenlanders willingly did business with the Dutch traders when they called. Not able to trade, not able to fish, beginning to feel the pinch of hunger, they clamoured to Hans Egede to return. When he exhorted them to patience they broke out in reproaches, like Israel of old against Moses, for leading them from a land of fleshpots into starvation and suffering. At this time the sore-tried Egede would have given way and returned home but for the noble courage of his wife. To him she said: "Wait a little, it may be God's providence is working some good plan for us." The mutinous men she persuaded to have patience. At last a ship arrived with ample stores and intelligence of fresh support for their mission work.

The colony took heart again. New territory was sought for as a favourable position for their settlement. Light seemed to be now breaking over the snow-clad Greenland hills, not the aurora light, beautiful yet cold, but the light and warmth of the Sun of Righteousness. Ships arrived from Norway, bringing not only supplies, but also a fresh helper in the person of Albert Top. Egede handed over some of his many duties to this colleague, and he himself, always yearning for new fields in which to toil for the Master, set out on a tour of exploration. On the way back from an unsuccessful journey to Frobisher's Straits, the sick were brought to him, begging to be cured from their diseases. One blind man implored him to touch his eyes. Egede spoke to him of the Great Physician, anointed his eyes and committed him to the care of Christ. Thirteen years afterwards, this same man visited the mission colony to thank Egede for his restored sight.

Egede and his colleague laboured on strenuously for the salvation of the heathen about them. With much labour the truths of the Bible were translated and taught them. Albert Top returned home on account of ill-health. Discouragements came thick again. Egede's men would desert him. All did so but ten, who stayed only because the ship was too small to carry them. The sky now was indeed dark, and the outlook disheartening; but the first streaks of the dawn glimmered on the horizon, for "weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

In the year 1733 three Moravian missionaries — Christian David, Matthew Stach, and his brother Christian Stach—came to the help of the work in Greenland. What the Methodists have been to Fiji, and the Presbyterians to Formosa, the Moravians have been to Greenland. It is interesting to read how they became interested in that country. Pious Count Zinzendorf attended, in the year 1731, the coronation of Christian VI. at Copenhagen, and while there witnessed the baptism of some Greenland boys who had been sent home by Egede, to be educated for the mission work. Thus Zinzendorf learned of the Greenland mission, and it was at once decided to send three missionaries thither. The appropriately-named ship *Caritas* (Charity), sailed from Copenhagen with these heroic men. They arrived safely, and were warmly welcomed by Hans Egede.

With the new help came new adversities. Small-pox spread among the whole people with dire results. Egede and his colleagues were untiring in their visitation among the sick, some of whom were hardened by their affliction, others being touched by the loving ministrations of the missionaries. Supplies

ran short, but God was mindful of the needs of His servants, for one day a stranger made his appearance, bringing them provisions in return for kindness shown him many months before. Also ships soon brought abundance of supplies.

Yet the work of the Gospel seemed to advance but little. These faithful men could not but ask themselves whether they were mistaken in their call in coming to such work. They shrank from no privation, were not disheartened by the scoffs and menaces of the hostile natives, but the souls of the people did not seem influenced by the divine truth. The state of the work drove the missionaries to self-examination and prayer, and fresh conviction that their call was of God and their duty to work on, resulted in fresh consecration.

At this time Hans Egede returned to Denmark. For fifteen years he had laboured among these people amid their snowy solitudes. He yearned for home. Not that he was hopeless of the work in Greenland, not that he weakened in his own consecration; but his faithful wife, the loving partner of his life, the inspirer in his work, had sickened and died in his arms, and Egede, infirm and sorrowful, prepared to take her precious remains to be buried in her native land. His farewell to the brethren was very affecting. He assured them again and again of his sincere love for them, and prayed that whatever of the blessing of the Lord he had experienced in the work might, like the prophet's mantle, rest upon them with power. With a sorrowful yet trusting spirit, he sailed away. Upon reaching Copenhagen he laid his wife to rest in the quiet churchyard of St. Nicholas. His remaining few days were spent in advocating the cause he had at heart. Finally he passed away in the 73rd

year of his age, as devoted a servant as ever laboured in missionary enterprise.

The Moravians were thus left alone in the work, but they faithfully laboured on. Woman's work in the mission field is an element of admitted value to-day, and it was highly successful and esteemed then. Up to this time the wife of Egede was the only Christian woman in Greenland. Now came as new auxiliaries the mother of Matthew Stach, and her two daughters, Rosina and Anna. Yet it was not all brightness. Indeed these noble Moravians were content to be encouraged by any least flickering of light. Their position and prospects are well described by lines, not extraordinary for any literary merit, but interesting because written on the spot by Frederic Boehuish, one of the workers:

“ Here is a little company,
Who through Thy grace have chosen Thee,
Who count the tedious hours and days,
Till thou diffuse Thy cheering rays;
And bid us let these heathens know
Thy grace, Thy choice, enfolds them too,
For Thou art He, the Scripture calls
The Saviour, promised unto souls.

“ On every side their hearts are hard,
With locks and bolts secured and barred;
If we accost the hoary head,
He gives no ear to what is said;
Or tell the children of the star
That brought the wise men from afar
To see the Child for heathens born,
They call the Wise Men fools in scorn.”

Their confidence of faith was not to be disappointed. Some conversions gratified their hearts. Most remarkable was that of Kajarnak, a Greenlander, by the preaching of good John Beck, an earnest, consecrated Christian and worker. Tempted and tried, he yet remained true. On one occasion when invited by some native comrades to join in a dance at the sun-feast, his reply was: “ I have now another kind of joy, because an-

other sun, namely Jesus, is arisen in my heart." His faithful witnessing was soon to end. As the brethren and natives were standing around his death-bed, he said : " Don't be grieved about me, you know that I am the first that was converted to the Saviour, and now it is His will that I should be the first to go to Him. We shall see one another again before the throne of the Lord," and he passed peacefully to rest. Four Greenland boys carried him to the new burying-place of the colony, and at the grave one of the company spoke from the text : " I am the resurrection and the life."

The work still went on. In 1747 the little Christian community at New Herrnhut built their first church, the material of which was sent by loving hearts from Europe. To the natives it was a marvellous structure. The missionaries strove to utilize native workers. The work was established at Fisher's Bay, and near Cape Farewell. As the workers were promoted to the reward and rest of heaven, others came out to take their place.

The history of the mission in Greenland during recent years has

been uneventful. For a long time the Danish Missionary Society, and the Moravians have been working together with considerable success. Christianity is everywhere in evidence; the old barbarities of heathenism are abolished, and in their place the sweeter manners and happier spirit of the Kingdom of God are seen. Recent travellers attest to the reality of the change. The western coast is practically Christianized. A great safeguard to the morals of the people has been the treaty forbidding any except Danish traders to land in the harbours except by special permission. Through the enforcement of this treaty the natives have been largely shielded from the contaminating influences which usually come from the immorality and intoxicants introduced by traders. What a shame that nations nominally Christian should be guilty of these things? Let us Christianize ourselves fully in order that our light may shine purely and brightly in heathen darkness. Work is still going on in Greenland. Let us pray for it.

Souris, Manitoba.

HERE OR THERE.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

"For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."—Phil. i. 21.

It matters not whether I go or stay :
 Since He will be with me, either way :
 (My Friend, Whom, unseen, I yet love so well
 And Who loves me more dearly than words can tell.)
 He will give me glad foretastes of rest and joy,
 And His praise shall my feeble lips employ,
 Though I still dwell under earth's stormy skies.—
 And when to His heaven serene I rise,
 Calmer and fuller and sweeter shall be
 The rest which will last eternally ;
 While richly up, in my thankful heart,
 A perennial spring of joy shall start.
 And with tuneful voice, from all faltering free
 I will render Him praise that shall perfect be,
 When my King, in His wonderful beauty, I see.

Toronto.

EVERY-DAY LIFE IN BIBLE LANDS.

BY THE EDITOR.

COSTUMES AND CUSTOMS.



ARAB TENT.

M. Renan has well called the land of the Bible the fifth Gospel, so striking a commentary is it upon the life and times of Jesus of Nazareth. Nor is it less illustrative of the times of the patriarchs and judges, the kings and the prophets. Such is the immemorial use and wont of the people that the costumes and customs of the earliest times are in many respects still unchanged.

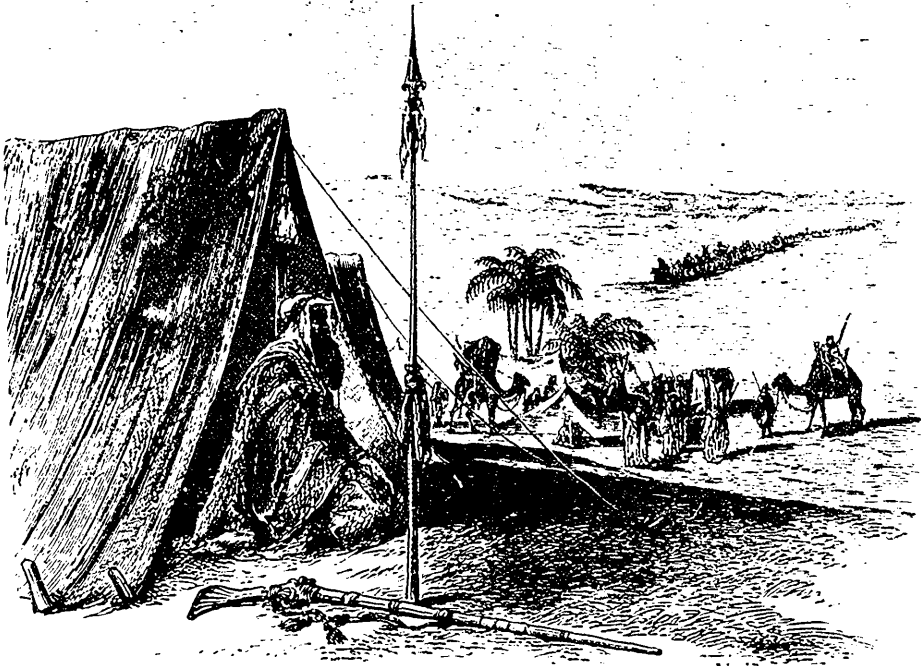
One's first journey through Palestine is like turning the pages of a great illustrated Bible. In the stately figure of the Arab sheikh, with his retinue of retainers, one may see Abraham with his household returning from the conquest of the kings of the plain. One may behold Isaac going forth to meditate at eventide; Rebekah at the well; and the pastoral Jacob with his flocks and herds. A ruddy shepherd lad playing on his pipes in the fields of Bethlehem, recalls the youthful David of three thousand years ago; and there, glean-
ing among the reapers in the bar-

ley fields, is the fair and faithful Ruth. Yonder caravan might well pass for the company of Midianite merchantmen going down into Egypt, to whom Joseph was sold. That family group of sturdy peasant leading his ass on which ride wife and child, reproduces the picture of immortal loveliness, Joseph and Mary and the Child Jesus. The stalwart fishers of the Sea of Galilee launching their boats and mending their nets recall the memories of James, the son of Zebedec, and John his brother, and Simon, whose surname was Peter.

Although under Turkish rule a blight has fallen upon the fairest scenes—the land once flowing with milk and honey—yet nature is eternal. The golden sunshine falls, the sapphire sea expands, the same environment of curving shore, and flower-enamelled mead, and feathery palms and purple mountain slopes, on which the Saviour gazed, greet the eye. And ever in the distance, like the great white throne of God in the heavens, rises the snowy summit of Mount Hermon.

It is the domestic costumes and customs of the people of Palestine that we shall chiefly in this chapter describe.

“Abraham and the Patriarchs,” says Dr. Van-Lennep, “led precisely the life of the Bedouin now inhabiting the same land.” The study of their life and habits, therefore, is of great importance to the Biblical scholar, for he will find in them a striking delineation of the nomads of the ancient time. The Arab tents are always of black or dark brown goat's hair, woven by the women of the household.



ARAB SHEIKH AT TENT DOOR.

They are supported on wooden poles and stretched by cords fastened to wooden stakes or nails "set in a sure place,"* by means of a wooden mallet or hammer. Hence the allusion in Isaiah liv. 2. "Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thine habitations: spare not, lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes." The curtains may be the partition between the men's and women's apartment.

The graphic picture (Gen. xviii. 1-15) of Abraham sitting at his

tent door in the heat of the day, is one which may still be often seen on the same plain, of Mamre, as is depicted in the above cut.

The making of such tents is still quite a trade in the East. They are used not only by the Bedouin, but by merchants, military parties and travellers. Thus Paul, the tent maker, could readily find employment in the construction of tents for the Roman soldiers. The tents in which for a month we lived, had very elegant embroidery in arabesque appliquee work of blue, green, and red, on a white ground, stitched by the deft fingers of the fair maidens of Damascus.

The wandering Bedouin are tall, muscular men, with complexions

* Eccles. xii. 11; Isa. xxii. 23. The "Master of assemblies" is the sheikh, who orders the gathering together of the tent dwellers, and the pitching the encampment.

bronzed by long exposure to the sun. Their dress is simple, but the whole effect is dignified and graceful. It consists of a blue cotton tunic or shirt, reaching to the ankles, confined by a leathern girdle, like that of John the Baptist, or a sash of woven fabric. In its capacious folds, or "bosom," may be carried the lambs of the flock, or the "good measure pressed down, shaken together, and running over." (Luke vi. 38.)

A rough woollen cloak, generally of camel's hair, woven with



BEDOUIN ARAB, WITH KUFYEH.

broad stripes of white and brown, named the "abba," is worn over the shoulders, and is often the only covering at night. Hence, it is not to be "kept in pledge after the sun goeth down: for that is his covering only." (Exodus xxii. 26-27.)

The headgear is a gay coloured kerchief of silk or cotton, striped with red and yellow, and bordered with long braided fringe and tassels. This is the "kufiyeh." One corner hangs loose on the back, and two others fall on the shoulders, sheltering the neck like

a military havelock. This is retained on the head by a thick fillet or cord of camel's hair, and its folds may be wrapped about the face for protection or concealment.

In the girdle are thrust the dagger, sword, or pistol, and sometimes quite an arsenal of weapons, the inkhorn of the scribe, or purse of the merchant.

The feet are generally shod with sandals bound with thongs. Doubtless these were those worn by our Lord, the latchet of which the Baptist declares himself not worthy to unloose. (Mark i. 7.)

One of the most preposterous sights on the Nile is to see an Arab or Nubian sailor with his long flowing robes and his head muffled up like that of an old woman with the toothache, shinning up the shrouds by means of his prehensile toes and creeping far out on the boom of the great lateen sail.

The garb of the Arab women consists of the long tunic with, in the presence of strangers, a veil, which may be quickly drawn across the face. We have seen a girl ploughing in the field with such a veil, with which, as soon as we approached, she completely concealed her features.

From time immemorial the wealthy dwellers in towns and cities have been much more elegant in their attire than the dwellers in tents. It is they who have been clothed in purple and fine linen, and who have fared sumptuously every day. The brilliance of colour beloved by the orientals impresses the Western mind as rather bizarre. To see a man dressed in all the colours of the rainbow, with red or yellow slippers, crimson sash or girdle, purple vest, baggy blue or green trousers, yellow silk striped gown, and white or green turban or red fez, strikes one as somewhat meteoric. Our own sombre clerical garb or grey tourist suit was

simply nowhere when compared with the gorgeoussness of our richly bedizened dragoman.

The underwear of the wealthier classes of both sexes is of very fine linen. Among the poor it is of white or blue cotton. Over this is worn a vest of striped cotton or silk without sleeves, and buttoning up to the throat. The loose flowing kaftan, or robe, reaches nearly to the ground. The sleeves are full and large, and long enough to hang down and cover the hands. This tunic has a narrow collar fastened at the throat with buttons. (See Job xxx. 18.) This garment is often of striped and figured cotton or silk. "One material high in favour," says Dr. Van-Lennep, "is called 'the cloth of seven colours,' the stripes being alternate of as many bright hues, which may suggest the seven colours of the rainbow. The coat of many colours given by Jacob to Joseph was probably of similar fabric.

The kaftan is often lined with some bright material, and is the robe of honour bestowed as a special mark of their favour by monarchs or men in power. Thus Mordecai was clothed by Ahasuerus in royal apparel of blue and white, and with a garment of fine linen and purple (Esther viii. 15), and Daniel was clothed by Belshazzar with scarlet as a mark of favour.*

The only modern analogue to this brilliance of attire is the academic dress of our college professors, who alone of mankind can vie with the Oriental splendour of "Solomon in all his glory."

Often in cold weather an additional cloak of some dark colour is worn. I noticed that of our Arab escort on the way to Jericho had turned in the sun to a rich butter-nut brown.



ARAB TYPE.

Furs or fur-lined cloaks are often worn by the wealthy, and cheaper furs or sheep skins by the poor. The cloak is often woven in a single piece. Such is supposed to have been the seamless robe of our Lord, for which the soldiers cast lots.

The Turkish trousers are large

* Reference to this garment will be seen in the following passages: It is called a robe in 1 Sam. xviii. 4, xxiv. 4; Job i. 20, xxix. 14; Isa. xxii. 21, lxi. 10; Jonah iii. 6; Mic. ii. 8; Matt. xxvii. 28, v. 40; Mark vi.

9; Luke iii. 11, vi. 29, xx. 46; John xix. 2, 23. It is also translated "garment," as in Josh. vii. 21; Ezra ix. 3; Matt. xxii. 11; and is also translated "apparel," Esther viii. 15.

and baggy, more like a lady cyclist's divided skirt than anything else. Richly embroidered gaiters, or leggings, with red morocco shoes or slippers, are often worn.

The girdle among the wealthy is a long strip of muslin, or a very fine shawl, often eight yards in length and one in width, and sometimes very much longer. Before engaging in any active exercise, as in a race or fight, the girdle was tightened, and the kaftan or tunic



STRIPED ABBA OR CLOAK.

was raised from the ground and securely tucked into the girdle to prevent its folds from impeding the action. In the girdle are thrust the yatagan, or sword, or the dagger, often with a handsome jewelled hilt, the handkerchief, tobacco pouch, and purse, or watch. It is a convenient carry-all.*

The immemorial head-dress of the East is the turban. This is

* Reference to the "girdle" will be found in Exod. xxviii. 4; Lev. viii. 7; 1 Sam. xviii. 4; Ezek. xxiii. 15. It was often of costly material. 2 Sam. xviii. 11; Prov. xxxi. 24; Rev. i. 13, xv. 6; 2 Kings iii. 21. Margin rendering, "that could gird themselves with a girdle." See also Job xii. 18, 21, xxxviii. 3; Psa. xviii. 32; Isa. v. 27, viii. 9, xxii. 21, xxiii. 10; John xxi. 18; Deut. i. 41; Judges xviii. 11.

generally a long scarf or shawl of muslin or silk, wound around the head in many folds. It is at once a protection from the heat and, in battle, a protection from wounds and sword cuts. Sometimes as much as seventy-five yards of muslin are so twined around the head. The Kurdish soldiers often wear gigantic turbans as much as four feet in diameter, in which are twisted and tied many gorgeous silk handkerchiefs.

The dragomen of the great consulates in the East are particularly gorgeous in their apparel, being gotten up regardless of expense. The dragoman of the Russian consulate at Damascus had the great double-headed eagle with wings displayed embroidered in black and gold on his back, and presented a very extraordinary appearance, as if about to fly away.

The dress of women in the East differs much less from that of men than in the West. One of the advantages of this is, that they can wear their husbands' clothes. It is sometimes difficult at a distance to distinguish the sex of the wearer. Among the wealthy, the underwear is finer than the men's, and frequently trimmed with silk lace. The vest is often very costly and richly embroidered. The "Shintian," or trousers—for that is what they are—are very full, the ample folds falling gracefully at the feet. The "entary," or tunic, corresponding to the kaftan of the man, is very full, with sleeves which reach to the ground, frequently of bright scarlet. These garments are often of expensive material, gorgeously embroidered, with coloured silk, gold thread, pearls, and precious stones. A woman's girdle is finer and lighter than a man's and in it she carries her handkerchief, scent bottle, and small dagger with a jewelled handle—an awkward toy in the hand of an irate Eastern beauty.

Children are often dressed like their elders, but with even more gorgeous decoration. Our cut on page 319 shows two missionary children dressed in the costume of the country. We purchased a similar costume in a bazaar at Damascus. We offered the vendor just half his demand. "Take

enough in Damascus to buy this boy," was the spirited reply; and we thought ever so much more of the old extortionist for his answer.

The hair of the women is sometimes worn in long braided tresses hanging down the back, or, more frequently, in numerous fine braids, into which are twined silken cords



ARAB, WEARING ABBA.

it," he said, with effusion, and we discovered afterwards that we gave him considerably more than its value. Another seller of arms and curios was so exorbitant in his demand that we asked if the beautiful boy, whom he was caressing in his lap, was thrown into the bargain. "There is not money

to which numerous gold coins are attached. These flash and glitter with every movement of the wearer.

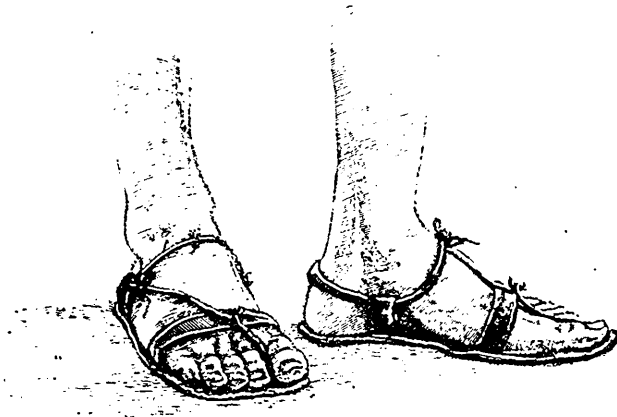
The women indoors wear a small red cap with a blue tassel very coquettishly perched on their heads, with, of course, a veil when they go out of doors. This veil is

sometimes of figured muslin, so closely woven as to quite conceal the features. But often it is of such filmy texture as to enhance rather than conceal their beauty. Even the wives of missionaries find it wise to conform to the custom of the country in thus veiling their faces when they go abroad.

The outer garment, or ferijeh, like a great white sheet, is worn over all in going abroad, nervously clasped around the face, leaving only a small opening through which one bright black eye eagerly peers. Sometimes in walking in

On the railway carriages and steamboats there is an apartment specially reserved for women, at which the conductor or purser must respectfully knock and wait before entering. On reaching a station or river landing, the women scuttle furtively away like a flock of frightened pigeons.

It was amusing to see the natives studying with open-mouthed curiosity the unveiled lady of our tourist party in the bazaars of Damascus. Having stared to their satisfaction from one point of view, they would move around to an-



ARAB SANDALS.

the wind, or especially riding on a donkey, this becomes inflated like a balloon, and gives its wearer a remarkable rotund appearance.

Among the Moslem women this is often of some bright shade, as "apple green, pink, and bright yellow." The Jewish or Christian women wear one of pure white. We saw a lady on the steamer at Smyrna who, with her servant, wore a ferijeh of bright cinnamon-coloured silk, and carried similarly coloured parasols. One gentleman declared their dress was so "loud" that he couldn't hear the steam whistle of our ship.

other, and resume the study. This was decidedly embarrassing till Madame got used to it.

In many places an indispensable ornament is a row of gold or silver coins worn across the forehead, on which sometimes the entire wealth of the wearer is displayed. If her face is not her fortune, at least her headgear is. The "Daughters of Zion," in the time of Isaiah were not less addicted to personal adornment than the fashionable fribbles of their sex to-day. "In that day," says the prophet, "the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about

their feet, and their cauls, and their round tires like the moon, the chains and the bracelets, and the mufflers, the bonnets, and the ornaments of the legs, and the headbands, and the tablets, and the earrings, the rings, and the nose jewels, the changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles and the wimples, and the crisping pins, the glasses, and the fine linen, and the hoods, and the veils." (Isa. iii. 18-23.)

We have frequently received among current coins, thin discs, bent convex, and perforated near the margin, that they might be thus strung around the forehead. At festivals wealthy women wear chains of coins hanging from the shoulders to the waist, and a perforated golden box filled with musk or ambergris, or other strong perfume. In their passion for jewellery, the ears and even nose are pierced, and even the



TURBANED AND VEILED FIGURES IN SMYRNA.

Often armlets and anklets with tinkling bells were worn, to which reference is made in the above passage. We have in our private collection one of these tinkling anklets.

The most preposterous headgear of the East is the great horn worn by the Druse women, which is a trumpet-shaped tube, over a foot high, adorned with precious stones, fastened to the forehead, over which is hung a veil.

poorest wear ponderous gilt or brass jewels and bracelets, and even coloured glass set in copper.

Sometimes half the entire possession of a household is invested in gold and jewellery. This is perhaps, due as much to the insecurity of real estate as to the vanity of the wearers. This extravagance gives point to the exhortation of the Apostle "that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and



OPAQUE VEIL.

sobriety, not with broided (margin, plaited) hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array."

The women of ancient Egypt used to try to improve on nature by wearing enormous wigs, some of which may be seen in the museum of Gizeh at Cairo. A conspicuous example is that worn by the sister of that Egyptian Princess who was married to Solomon. Her mummy is still pointed out in the museum.

The women of Damascus and elsewhere walk on tall wooden pattens inlaid with mother-of-pearl, as much as eight or nine inches high. On these they go tottering around, whether to make them

taller or to lift their feet from the filth and garbage of the street we cannot say.

The nails of the hands and feet are often stained a pinkish tint with henna, and the eyebrows and eyelids blackened with kohl, a preparation of antimony. This gives a languishing look to the large dark eyes. "Kohl," says Dr. Van-Lennep, "must have been in high repute as early as the time of Job, for he named his youngest daughter Keren-Happuch, which signifies a horn (bottle) for (eye) paint (i.e., kohl or antimony.)"

In Egypt the women wear as a veil, a black crape sort of nose bag hanging to the waist or longer, and between the eyes a brass tube two or three inches long, with transverse ridges, the most preposterous and ugly device conceivable.



EGYPTIAN WOMAN WITH VEIL.

In the early Christian centuries the strong instinct of the female mind to personal adornment was



A MISSIONARY'S CHILDREN, DRESSED IN NATIONAL COSTUME, TURKEY.

suppressed by religious convictions and ecclesiastical discipline ; and Christian women cultivated rather the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit than the meretricious attractions of the heathen. "Let your comeliness be the goodly garment of the soul," says Tertullian. "Clothe yourself with the silk of uprightness, the fine linen of holiness, the purple of modesty,

and you shall have God himself for your lover and spouse."

"Let women breathe the odour of the true royal ointment, that of Christ, and not of unguents and scented powders," writes Clement of Alexandria, warning the faithful against another heathen practice. "Let her be anointed with the ambrosial chrism of industry, and find delight in the holy unguent of

the Spirit, and offer spiritual fragrance. She may not crown the living image of God as the heathen do dead idols. Her fair crown is one of amaranth, which groweth not on earth, but in the skies."

With the corruption of the Church and decay of piety under the post-Constantinian emperors came the development of luxury and an increased sumptuousness of apparel. The primitive simplicity gave place to the many-coloured and embroidered robes. The hair, often false, was tortured into unnatural forms, and raised in



WOMAN'S COSTUME, WITH COINS IN HEADRESS AND NECKLACE.

a towering mass on the head, not unlike certain modern fashionable modes, and was frequently artificially dyed. The person was bedizened with jewellery—pendants in the ears, pearls on the neck, bracelets, and a profusion of rings on the arms and fingers.

St. Jerome inveighs with peculiar vehemence against the attempt to beautify the complexion with pigments. "What business have rouge and paint on a Christian's check?" he asks. "Who can weep for her sins when her tears wash

bare furrows on her skin? With what trust can faces be lifted to heaven which the Maker cannot recognize as His workmanship?" Cyprian suggests that the Almighty might not recognize them at the resurrection. They should not dye their hair or clothes, as violating the saying that "thou canst not make one hair white or black;" and God had not made sheep scarlet or purple. "Nevertheless," says Clement, "they cannot with their bought and painted beauty avoid wrinkles or evade death." Tertullian denounces their flame-coloured heads, "built up with pads and rolls, the slough perhaps of some guilty wretch now in hell." Clement of Alexandria denounces with indignation the extravagance and vice of the so-called Christian community of that city. The wealth that should have been devoted to the poor was expended in gilded litters and chariots, splendid banquets and baths, in costly jewellery and dresses. Wealthy ladies, instead of maintaining widows and orphans, wasted their sympathies on monkeys, peacocks, and Maltèse dogs. "Riches," he adds, "is like a serpent which will bite unless we know how to take it by the tail." He compared the Alexandrian women to "an Egyptian temple, gorgeous without, but enshrining only a cat or crocodile; so beneath their meretricious adorning were concealed vile and loathsome passions."

In their apparel and households the primitive believers, however, were patterns of sobriety and godliness. The pomps and vanities of the world were renounced at their baptism. They eschewed all sumptuous and gaudy clothing as unbecoming the gravity and simplicity of the Christian character. Although many by social rank were entitled to wear the flowing Roman toga, yet by most it was

regarded as too ostentatious in appearance; and, disdaining all assumption of worldly honour, they wore instead the common pallium or cloak. They rejected also, as the Epicurean enticements of a world the fashion whereof was passing away, the luxurious draperies, the costly cabinets and couches, the golden vessels and marble statuary that adorned the abodes of the wealthy heathen.

The beauty and dignity of Christian wedlock are nobly expressed by Tertullian in the following passage, addressed to his own wife: "How can I paint the happiness," he exclaims, "of a marriage which the Church ratifies, the sacrament confirms, the benediction seals, angels announce, and our heavenly Father declares valid! They are brother and sister, two fellow-servants, one spirit and one flesh.

What a union of two believers—one hope, one vow, one discipline, one worship! They pray together, fast together, exhort and support one another. They go together to the house of God, and to the table of the Lord. They share each other's trials, persecutions, and joys. Neither avoids nor hides anything from the other. They delight to visit the sick, succour the needy, and daily lay their offerings before the altar without scruple or restraint. They do not need to keep the sign of the cross hidden, nor to express secretly their Christian joy, nor receive by stealth the eucharist. They joy in psalms and hymns, and strive who best can praise God. Christ rejoices at the sight, and sends His peace unto them. Where two are in His name, He also is; and where He is, there evil cannot come."

DENIAL.

Not only Peter in the judgment hall,
 Not only in the centuries gone by,
 Did coward hearts deny Thee, Lord of all,
 But even in our time, and constantly;
 But feeble wills, and the mean fear of men,
 And selfish dread, are with us now as then.

To-day we vow allegiance to Thy name;
 To-day our souls, ourselves, we pledge to Thee,
 Yet if a storm-wind of reproach or blame
 Rises and beats upon us suddenly,
 Faltering and fearful, we deny our Lord,
 By traitorous silence or by uttered word.

We close our lips when speech would wake a sneer;
 We turn aside and shirk the rougher path;
 We gloss and blink as if we did not hear
 The scoffing word which calls for righteous wrath.
 All unrebuked we let the scoffer go,
 And we deny our Lord and Master so.

Come Thou, as once of old Thou camest in
 And "looked on Peter" in the judgment hall;
 Let that deep, grievèd gaze rebuke our sin,
 Questioning, recalling, wakening, pardoning all,
 Till we go out and weep the whole night long,
 Made strong by sorrow as he was made strong.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

BY THE REV. JENKIN LLOYD JONES.



FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

Frederick Douglass! The name carries us back of the gracious diplomat, the courteous and cultivated gentleman, the man of travel and of political honours; back of the splendid orator and reformer; back to a corner of Maryland, where we see a little child, the date of whose birth was not worth the recording, whose paternity is shrouded in studied obscurity, with a strong presumption on the part of the son as well as others that the father was also the owner. We first come upon this fragment of—shall I say property or humanity?—in the hut of an old fisher woman, a grandmother, who used to haul the seine in water, waist deep, for hours, a gnarled old mammy, skilled in making nets, and whose hand was sought when the sweet potatoes were to be planted because she carried the good luck that insured plenteous harvest. We see this oracular figure starting out with her seven or eight-year-old grandchild, with her smoothly ironed bandanna turban around her head, to deliver him to the master, for he must be brought up with the other chattels. It was a

twelve-mile journey. The little legs tottered often and then she "toted" the scared baby.

We read now the almost incredible record of this pickaninny, who lives under cruel control, often half starved, sleeping where he would, generally by tucking himself into a bag to keep warm, and rolling himself up into a ball in a kitchen closet. We see the mother stealing glances of her child by walking twelve miles after work in the evening, retracing the same twelve miles before work in the morning, breaking her fasts with bits of gingerbread, bringing the assurance to the lonely fragment that "he was not only a child but somebody's child." He would sit for a few minutes upon a mother's knee, "grander than a king upon his throne." Then he would drop off to sleep and awake in the morning to find the mother gone. This mother whom the man remembered as "tall and finely proportioned, of dark, glossy complexion, with regular features and amongst the slaves was remarkably sedate and dignified." This nightly visit of the mother ended when the lad was about twelve years old. Later he learned that this mother was the only coloured person of Tuckahoe who could read. To a field hand in a slave State, an achievement extraordinary. This fact is significant. Frederick Douglass' love of books and aptitude to culture came not through the degenerating blood of a white man, but the regenerating blood of a black woman.

This boy early learned the lesson we all must learn sooner or later, the power of endurance. He grew up in an atmosphere where, he tells us, "everybody had a passion

for whipping somebody else." Even the old medicine man of the plantation, Uncle Isaac, who taught him the Lord's Prayer, used to sit, a cripple, upon his three-legged stool, with his long hickory switch, to enforce the holy words. There seemed nothing at the time incongruous in this blending of prayer and hickory. He early fell to singing the field songs in response to the driver's call, "Make a noise, there! Make a noise! and hear a hand!" But his soul detected then, as all of us detect now, the burdened wail of the enslaved even in these plantation jingles, and sometimes the song reached some coherency, as in this, given us in his autobiography :

We raise de wheat,
 Dey gib us de corn ;
 We bake de bread,
 Dey gib us de crust ;
 We sif de meal,
 Dey gib us de huss ;
 We peel de meat,
 Dey gib us de skin ;
 And dat's de way dey take us in :
 We skim de pot,
 Dey gib us de liquor,
 And say dat's good enough for
 nigger.

This boy, like Moses, another child of a slave woman, found favour in the eyes of those who lived in the great house. Mars Dan'l, the boy, made him his playmate and corrected, unconsciously, his speech. And Miss Lucretia, the kind-hearted daughter, bound up his wounds, and helped out his meagre diet with an occasional piece of bread, when his singing under her window told that her favourite pickaninny was hungry. Finally the time came when this humbler Luther, like the boy Martin, singing his way into favours and confidences, was told that he was going to live in Baltimore in the family of a relative of his owner, and to be the playmate of a white boy, and he must wash himself clean. Once in Baltimore taking care of little Tommy, he

again found himself the recipient of forbidden mercies, having the proscribed tuition of Tommy's gentle mother, Mrs. Hugh Auld, "in whom there was no pride to scorn him or coldness to repel him." Now he had a good straw bed, clean clothes and plenty to eat. And, blessed boon, great heaven opener to the soul of man, universal endowment of the free, she taught him his letters. She delighted in his progress. But when in the pride of her young mother heart she showed how little Fred could spell out his Bible text, to her wiser husband, he frowned and forbade. The little boy listened then and there to his first anti-slavery lecture : "Give a nigger an inch and he'll take an ell. Learning will spoil the best nigger in the world. If he learns to read the Bible it will unfit him to be a slave. He should know nothing but the will of his master, and learn to obey it. Learning will do him no good, but a great deal of harm. It will make him disconsolate and unhappy. Teach him how to read, he will want to know how to write, and this accomplished he will be running away with himself."

The thirteen-year-old child understood more than was meant. The iron sentences sank into the heart, and, to use his own words, "stirred up within a rebellion not to be allayed. I instinctively consented to the proposition. From that moment I understood the direct pathway from slavery to freedom. It took seven years for the seed, which Hugh Auld meant for his wife's heart only, to bear fruit in the slave-boy's soul, but fruit it did bear. We see the boy copying script letters from the timbers in the ship-yard and the bill-posters along the street : stumping the white boys on the street to beat him in writing the four letters that he did know, and thus coaxing, unwittingly, from

them the shapes of other letters which he did not know. We see him interlining with his own hands Master Tommy's old copybooks. We see him buying with pennies stealthily earned by blacking boots the "Columbian Orator" with fragments from Sheridan, Chatham, Pitt, and Fox, all ablaze with the spirit of liberty. We see him no longer the light-hearted darkey boy, but a sombre spirit, brooding upon great problems. He is led by the gentle hand of an old coloured Methodist preacher into the realities of religion, who inspired him with a sense of a gospel mission.

We see the growing boy farmed out now to ship builders and again sent out to the country for a year to a famous "slave-breaker," who beat him every week for the first six months. Once he carries his bleeding and battered flesh to his master, hoping for sympathy, but he must return with a sharp rebuke and warning. Then in a tussle the slave-breaker is broken by the slave. Now there is nothing but to run away, and after the failure of many schemes, one or two almost fatal discoveries, this slave-boy, about twenty years old, in the garb of a sailor, with a sailor's passport, loaned him by a free coloured man of Baltimore, with outward calm but inward storm, steps aboard the train at Baltimore, passes one danger after another, reaches Philadelphia, touches New York, and is passed along to New Bedford, Mass., where he begins to assume the proportions of a free man.

He now ventures to send for the woman of his heart, a free woman of Baltimore, who hurries to his side at the first signal. They are married in New Bedford, with no money to fee the preacher. But the white caulkers at the ship-yard left the staging when Fred Douglass, a coloured caulker, was

offered a job, and so, instead of the two dollars a day for the skilled labour he could have rendered, he accepted the dollar a day for unskilled labour at the bellows. Here he nails the newspaper to the wall that he may read it while working the lever. Here he becomes a subscriber to the *Garrison Liberator*.

As if by accident, he was asked to speak a few words of his experience at an anti-slavery meeting. The result was thrilling to the hearers, surprising to himself. And so we see him unexpectedly swept into the great work of his life. The great veterans in the cause of freedom in the early '40's laid hold of him and he must go and testify. It was a suppressed story he dared to tell. He must not locate or particularize. It was an escaped slave from somewhere. Wendell Phillips feared for his recapture; others were more vigilant than he was himself, and often his person was guarded while he knew it not. He was presented from audience to audience as a graduate of slavery whose "diploma was written on his back." He told his story so well that people said he was a fraud. "No slave can talk like that. No such ability can come out of the Narareth of slavery," they said.

But in the face of danger he starts out upon the famous campaign of a hundred anti-slavery conventions. Ridicule, threats, violence, encountered these agitators everywhere, but the commanding figure of Frederick Douglass was the unanswerable argument, the irrepressible illustration, the one obstinate, irresistible fact that swept away all theories and annihilated all philosophies, for he was the thing changed to a man; a chattel transformed to a soul, a slave translated into a reformer. The man who wore upon his skin the ineradicable marks of

the driver's whip, was swaying multitudes, now into tears, now into great waves of merriment and again into terribly ominous upheavals of moral indignation and humanitarian sympathies. See him at Grafton, Mass., where neither hall nor church would open to him, and even the market-place was denied him by the authorities. He borrows the dinner bell of the hotel and walks up and down the principal streets ringing his bell and crying, "Notice! Notice! Frederick Douglass, recently a slave, will lecture on American slavery on Grafton Common this evening at seven o'clock. Those who would like to hear the workings of slavery by one of the slaves are respectfully invited to attend."

At Pendleton, Indiana, the meeting had to be taken to the woods because no building would be given to the cause. Then the mob attacked the speakers. Douglass was laid low with a blow, the bones of his right hand broken, and he was carried away unconscious. He went to his grave with the cunning of his right hand destroyed by that blow.

His field of usefulness widens. He carries his word to England. The Cunard Line would not allow a coloured man in the cabin, but he transferred the centre of attraction to the second cabin. There the Hutchinson family sang their sweetest songs, and the passengers were glad to be welcomed into the humble apartments of the proscribed negro. When some Americans threatened indignities to the coloured passenger, the stalwart English captain informed them that he was in command, and offered to put them in irons if they did not know how to behave. In England among the common and untitled people he found that splendid love of liberty which for two centuries has kept that land before the world as the home of

truth-seekers, and advocates of justice. It was in England that good Quaker friends raised £150 sterling, which purchased this orator, whose fame had thrilled two continents, from Hugh Auld, his master, in Maryland, who, when he came to die, a poor paralytic, in the eightieth year of his age, was known for the one fact that he was the man who once claimed to own Frederick Douglass, and who sold Douglass to himself for £150 sterling. At this very time the said Frederick Douglass was the guest of England's noblest, the welcome orator at her great seats of learning.

On his return he took up the work of an editor, starting the *North Star* in Rochester, only nine years after he had escaped from the lash. We see him becoming the confidential friend of John Brown, giving advice which the grim old Israelite did not accept. Once more it was better that Frederick Douglass should put the seas between him and the frightened slave-power of America. Thus we see this slave passing through Paris as a guest of honour, walking the streets of the Eternal City, brooding over the classic ruins of the Parthenon, and climbing to the highest peak of the greatest pyramid of Egypt, and looking down upon that valley of desolation, the grave of a forgotten nobility, the ruins of a slave-holding power, himself a prophecy, a living forerunner of that dynasty of man that is yet to come.

Frederick Douglass's story from this on is inseparably connected with the story of his nation. He is interwoven with the best in American history for the last thirty years. Whether you note him as the recruiting agent of the first coloured regiment, as a member of the commission under President Grant to San Domingo, as the honoured marshal of the District

of Columbia, the minister of the United States to Hayti, or the commissioner of that island to the World's Columbian Exposition; in all these places he is a statesman among statesmen, a peer in the untitled house of peers, made up not of those who have inherited titles, but those who have won their honours by their own nobility.

Look at him closeted with the sad Lincoln in those days when a nation's fate hung heavily upon the heart of the great President. Twice the secretary announced "Governor Buckingham, of Connecticut, is anxious to see you, Mr. President," to which Lincoln replied, "Tell Governor Buckingham to wait, for I want to have a long talk with my friend, Frederick Douglass." And Governor Buckingham, noble patriot that he was, waited and was well satisfied to bide such time.

Once in a demonstration at Philadelphia, he encountered the daughter of his old master, who had bound up his wounds. "What brought you here?" he said. "I heard you were to be here, and I came to see you walk in this procession," was the reply. She had brought her two children to see how free a man a slave might make. Later she received him as an honoured guest in her house; and the old master on his dying bed sent for the slave he had dispossessed of the first twenty years of his life, and with shaking palsied hand and tears flowing, he said: "Frederick, had I been in your place, I should have done as you did."

Under any conditions Frederick Douglass was noble in intellect, manly in soul, splendid in achievement, but nobility loses itself in sublimity when we look at his representative character, and regard him as a type of a ransomed race. He was no miracle and no exception. His life at its darkest was

bright compared with thousands of other lives. Devilish as was the institution of slavery in Maryland, it was but the outer circle of the Dantean inferno which reached down through eight other circles before it reached the depths of plantation life in Georgia and Louisiana. The crooning grandmammy on the bank of the Chesapeake, the yearning mother who made her twenty-four-mile pilgrimage in the dark to kiss the child of a hated oppressor, but the child of her loins, are no exceptions. They are typical. This glimpse of the story of one slave may help us to realize the condition of four million slaves, most of them worse circumstanced than he. What a great triumph for humanity was that when Abraham Lincoln wrote the words and signed the name that wiped out from the statute book that accursed institution, the inheritance of barbaric man, the survival of the brute in human governments! That was the doom of that form of brutality in all nations; and now the sun shines upon the flag of no nation that will throw its protecting folds around the whip of the slave-driver, or lift its arms to shield the auction block.

By whatever dire road the great result is reached, it led to greater benediction to the slave-holder than to the slave. Cheap and light was the enslavement of Frederick Douglass compared to the soul-fetters that bound the gentle woman that dared to teach him his letters. The clanking chains that manacled the limbs of Frederick's mother were not so cruel as the shackles which slavery had fastened around the soul of his unknown father. The white father was the greater sufferer, the saddest victim, before God his misery more deep-seated, and his fate a sadder one. We rejoice in the measure of freedom that has come

to the dark-skinned race; but, had we moral insight enough, we would rejoice still more in that greater measure of freedom which has come to their white fellow sufferers. They, too, were bound in a bondage they could not shake off; victims of a system they could not unmake. Tell the purchase-price of the great manumission to its fullest; count the million graves, tell the unnamed anxieties that pierced the homes from Maine to Florida; foot up the money columns; show the frayed edges of the torn social fabric not yet fully mended; and then, reasoning out this single experience of a Maryland slave to its legitimate, logical conclusion, we will see that it was a cheap purchase, a splendid investment, a glorious escape.

The awful story of years of war, the million graves, the burdened pension rolls, the sad dreariness still at the heart of life in so many homes, represent in their totality too slight an amends for the wrongs of slavery, too cheap a price to pay for real manumission. They began a payment which is still uncompleted. Frederick Douglass said, in his last written address: "No breeze comes to us from the late rebellious States that is not tainted and freighted with

negro blood. In all these States the mob has boldly taken the place of the sheriff, the police and the government. . . . Mob law laughs at courts and jurors, permits wrathful, red-handed vengeance to stalk abroad unchecked. (Gaol doors are battered down; alleged criminals awaiting trial ruthlessly dragged out by masked men, hanged, shot, stabbed, or burned to death." In view of this, I say I am justified in calling Frederick Douglass a type of a race not yet ransomed, and an exponent of a fell system not yet expunged.

The time is coming when inward worth, merit of soul, heart-life, thought-life, God-life, will be respected, coveted, welcomed, fellow-shipped, wherever found. To this end did the armed battalions meet on the deadly fields from '61 to '65. To this end we lay our flowers upon the graves of blue and gray, who both wrought for a Providence diviner than they understood, and contributed to the solution of a problem more fundamental than they realized. The work is not yet done. But we will not be discouraged, but bear on, work on, fight on, love on, and love ever.—The Treasury Magazine.

AN EASTER PRAYER.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

Oh, let me know
The power of Thy resurrection;
Oh, let me show
Thy risen life in calm and clear reflection;
Oh, let me soar
Where Thou, my Saviour, Christ, art gone
before;
In mind and heart,
Let me dwell always, only where thou art;
Oh, let me give
Out of the gifts Thou freely givest;
Oh, let me live
With life abundantly, because Thou livest;

Oh, let me shine
In darkest places, for Thy light is mine
Oh, let me be
A faithful witness for Thy Truth and The
Oh, let me show
The strong reality of Gospel story;
Oh, let me go
From strength to strength, from glory unto
glory;
Oh, let me sing
For very joy, because Thou art my King;
Oh, let me praise
Thy love and faithfulness, thro' all my days.

MATTHEW ARNOLD AND THE NEW CRITICISM.

BY MISS M. A. DANIELS, B.A.

It is over-early to attempt a just and full estimate of the work of Matthew Arnold. But eight years have passed since that work was ended. We have not the advantage of a clear perspective in considering its value, and this is peculiarly needful in the case of one who must be judged almost wholly upon the basis of his influence rather than by his achievement. Yet, even so, much may already be gained by careful study of him as a writer and as an intellectual force.

Matthew Arnold was born December 24, 1822, at Saleham, England. His father was Dr. Thomas Arnold, the Dr. Arnold of Rugby, held in lasting and grateful remembrance as the man "who changed the face of education all through the public schools of England;" the Dr. Arnold to whom Thomas Hughes pays such a beautiful and touching tribute in his "Tom Brown."

Matthew, the son, had all the advantages of cultured and Christian parentage, though in later years he strayed very far from the path in which his saintly father trod. He had likewise the benefits of a thorough education. He was early sent to Winchester, the school his father had attended when a boy, and afterward carried on his studies at Rugby, where Dr. Arnold was at the time headmaster. At the age of twenty-one, he won the Newdigate prize at Oxford for English verse, by a poem on "Cromwell." After graduation he was elected fellow of Oriol College. After his work as student and teacher at the University, he was for three or four years private secretary to Lord Lansdowne. Upon his marriage

in 1851, Lord Lansdowne secured his appointment as lay inspector of schools, a position which he occupied at least half of his life. In 1857 he was elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford. For ten years he held this chair, after which, and during the remainder of his life, he devoted himself to literature and the improvement of the English school system. He died April 15, 1888, at the age of sixty-six.

We must content ourselves with a general survey of his work, and its probable bearing upon literature and thought. Matthew Arnold, as we have seen, was born into a literary and scholarly atmosphere. Another determining influence on his ambition and career was his intimacy with the poet Wordsworth, to whose friendship he was admitted in his student days. Added to this was his own bent toward intellectual activity, particularly in the department of literature. Fortune favoured him beyond most young men, in that environment and natural endowments combined with his tastes and preferences in the selection of a congenial profession, and his industrious habits ensured his making the most of those advantages.

Matthew Arnold was by deliberate choice and profession a poet, though he was not this alone, nor this in the highest sense. His first published works were two volumes of verse, "A Strayed Reveller, and other Poems," published when he was twenty-six years old, and "Empedocles on Etna, and other Poems," issued four years later. The latter was withdrawn from circulation almost immediately after its publication. It is interesting to know that its re-issue was brought about by the

desire of Robert Browning. Both these volumes were published anonymously. In two successive years appeared two other volumes, these bearing Mr. Arnold's name, and containing, with a number of new pieces, such poems from the earlier volumes as he thought worthy to be preserved. He never has been and never will be a popular poet. "His first American edition of poems went mostly to market as waste paper."

To understand Matthew Arnold's poetical work we must keep in mind certain principles which underlie it all.

In early life he formed, and throughout maintained, a definite theory of art and poetry, namely, that it should be modelled after the Greek standards. This was not an affectation; the constitution of his own mind and imagination was in perfect harmony with these standards. The chaste, severe ideals of the Greeks, their perfect sense of proportion, their definite aim and expression, and their fine and patient elaboration of detail, were all consistent with his peculiarly organized nature, and with his training. So he accepted as his guide, and largely entered into, the classic spirit, which is everywhere discernible in his writings, even when his subjects are those of his own time.

The poetry of Arnold is the poetry of the intellect, not that of passion and imagination. It is reflective, not emotional, and he himself is the leading representative of what is called the modern "Meditative School" of poetry. In his thoughtfulness and calm restraint he often reminds the reader of Wordsworth, and indeed Wordsworth was in a sense, though not wholly, his master.

If we admit any exception to the old rule, "Poeta nascitur, non fit," Matthew Arnold is an exception. An acute critic has called him "an

illustrious example of the power of training and the human will." He chose to be a poet. He was by nature endowed with an intellectual instinct for what is beautiful and good; through diligent study of the best that others have written, and through persistent practice he acquired graces such as many a truer poet has not surpassed. His choice and exact diction, his restricted use of ornament and imagery, a subtle beauty of theme and expression, with the classic correctness and finish of his poems, and their calm elevation, justly claim our admiration. But taste, judgment and determination, rather than sentiment or emotion, or even illumination, seem to be the sources of his poetry. It rarely kindles an answering glow in the heart or imagination. Climax and emotional outbursts he avoids. Strong effects are offensive to his taste, and rapture and anguish are alike out of harmony with his natural reserve.

His poetry is almost exclusively objective, a fact due, no doubt, to his own temperament, which was not ardent nor quickly sympathetic. His metres are not many nor uncommon, but they are very perfect in rhythmic cadences, and his slow and stately measures are uniformly noble and musical. His range is limited, but within its limits he is a master-workman.

Of Matthew Arnold's shorter poems one cannot resist the temptation to refer to a few which possess especial charms, such as "Philomela," full of a rarely touching music; "Faded Leaves," "Calais Sands," "A Summer Night," "Dover Beach," and "The Buried Life," poems of exquisite tenderness and gentle emotion; "Resignation," and the sonnet, "Quiet Work," which are marked by all his own thoughtfulness, seriousness, and earnestness. In "Requiescat," and "The Voice,"

we have examples of charming verse music, and in the ballad-lyrics, "The Church of Bren," and "The Neckan," a picturesqueness and colour that will appeal to the untaught as well as to the cultivated taste.

The longer narrative works, "Sohrab and Rustum," and "Balder Dead," are powerfully conceived, nobly finished, and truly beautiful and majestic poems. The subjects of both are remote, as Mr. Arnold's subjects so often are, and the poems do not enter into the modern spirit, so that with all their beauty they fail to stir the pulse or give fresh impulse to the imagination. On the whole, the best of Matthew Arnold's poems are his elegies. His "Thyrsis," written in memory of his friend, Arthur Hugh Clough, and in which he reaches his highest pitch of imagination, melody, and spirit, is almost worthy to rank with the "Lycidas" of Milton, and the "Adonais," of Shelley. It is an idyl in a pure and elevated strain, full of beauty and chastened regret.

One of the prevailing notes,—the most persistent, indeed,—in his poetry, is its undertone of profound sadness. The unrest, the doubt, the conflicting tendencies of the age, entered into his soul—which was not the prophet's soul—and spoke through it. In all his verse, notwithstanding its calm and reserve, one reads the unsatisfied longing and depression from which he was never free. It is another illustration of the truth that without a quick spiritual sense and vital faith, poetry never reaches its highest perfection and power. The agnostic cannot be a true poet. Arnold bends and falters under the burdens of the nineteenth century, where Tennyson and Browning stand erect and cheer the world with inspiring trumpet notes. Contrast his

"Growing Old" with "Rabbi Ben Ezra," and "Crossing the Bar."

In turning from Matthew Arnold's poetry to his prose work, we come to that by which his fame will chiefly live. It is in the department of purely literary criticism that he has done most for his century. With a clear eye, Mr. Arnold has seen, and with a firm, courageous hand he has attempted to point out and correct, so far as in one man's power lay, the faults in our literature, and so apt and definite has been his work that we have come to call him, not inappropriately, the founder of the New Criticism. For with all the defects in his own practice, he has undoubtedly set on foot a most important work. He himself clearly defines the present conditions when he says: "Of the literature of France and Germany, as of the intellect of Europe in general, the main effort for now many years has been a critical effort: the endeavour in all branches of knowledge, theology, philosophy, history, art, science, to see the object as in itself it really is."

In his essay on "The Function of Criticism at the Present Time," he makes a just and searching survey of the ground, and lays down certain principles which should be the foundation of a fresh and healthy critical literature. He maintains and demonstrates the importance of this branch of letters, defending it against the disparaging sense in which its name is used in our language, and defines it as the "disinterested endeavour to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world." Thus he sets criticism upon an entirely new basis. Its best spiritual work he sets forth as the keeping man "from a self-satisfaction which is retarding and vulgarizing, and leading him towards perfection by making his mind dwell upon what is ex-

cellent in itself, and the absolute beauty and fitness of things."

The need of such criticism as this who can doubt? Its requisites Mr. Arnold enumerates as disinterestedness, sincerity, and breadth of knowledge. His elementary laws can in no way be so lucidly presented as by quoting his own words: "Criticism must maintain its independence of the practical spirit and its aims. It must not hurry on to the goal because of its practical importance. It must be patient, and know how to wait; and flexible, and know how to attach itself to things, and how to withdraw from them. It must be apt to study and praise elements that for the fulness of spiritual perfection are wanted, even though they belong to a power which in the practical sphere may be malificent. It must be apt to discern the spiritual shortcomings or illusions of powers that in the practical sphere may be beneficent. And this without any notion of favouring or injuring in the practical sphere one power or the other."

If these principles became authoritative, how much "paying literature" would be swept away.

As compared with such standards as Mr. Arnold raises, the mass of English and American criticism at the best is superficial, narrow, and perfunctory. It has been too much a mere expression of untested likings, prejudices and tastes. Such reflections as these, just and wholesome as they are, have not been palatable to the Anglo-Saxon mind, and as a result the name of Matthew Arnold has been coupled with jeers and gibes innumerable. But the facts remain, and candid thought and study will convince a fair mind that he more than any other critic has apprehended and defined our limitations.

The nineteenth century has been

a period of marvellous and vigorous creative activity. But an epoch is being completed and literary production is now at an ebb: There has arisen no poet to follow in the shining path trod by Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning; and nearly all of contemporary fiction is of doubtful permanence and value. Our need now, in the pause that always follows a great creative period, is genuine, profound, impartial criticism, that we may best profit by the wealth that has been lavished upon us; something to aid us in appropriating the best that is known and thought to our own wants. "There is so much inviting us," says Mr. Arnold; "what are we to take? What will nourish us in growth towards perfection? That is the question which, with the immense field of life and literature lying before him, the critic has to answer; for himself first, and afterwards for others."

So, then, the present demand, a demand which is being gradually met, is for sound critics,—men with the natural judicial faculty, the broad learning, the mental culture, the artistic sense of fitness and proportion, the intellectual hospitality, and the patience, which make the equipment of the true discerning critic. To this must be added the courage and fidelity demanded by these very standards, which will enable him to declare his convictions with all frankness. Most of these qualities Matthew Arnold himself possessed in great degree. He had learning, acumen, taste, and conscience; he was not afraid to enter upon single combat with the Philistinism, or self-satisfied narrowness and common-place of the English mind, nor to attempt to demonstrate to a New England audience, as the writer once heard him do, that Emerson was neither a great poet, a great philosopher; nor a great essayist. But he was

an intellectual aristocrat, and a certain superciliousness, which pervades so much of his writing, detracts from its perfection and lessens his influence. So, though the founder of the New Criticism, he is not its thorough and perfect exponent.

The field of criticism seems a less inviting one than that of original creation, but it has its compensations and promise. Quoting Mr. Arnold again: "To have the sense of creative activity is the great happiness and the great proof of being alive, and it is not denied to criticism to have it; but then criticism must be sincere, simple, flexible, ardent, ever widening its knowledge. Then it may have, in no contemptible measure, a joyful sense of creative activity: a sense which a man of insight and conscience will prefer to what he might derive from a poor, strained, fragmentary, inadequate creation."

It seems matter for regret that Matthew Arnold did not confine himself to purely literary criticism, in which he was so pre-eminently master. But in his eagerness to awaken and encourage independence of thought and a free play of mind in all departments of interest, he has undertaken to test and modify, not only intellectual, but also political and religious standards of belief. Having a certain promise of success in the one line, he has been a notable failure in the other two. In dealing with the problems of modern development, he has overestimated the classic spirit, underrating the peculiar genius of Christianity as elevating and civilizing the world. His own acceptance of ancient standards and Grecian models could not be forced upon society, and though his work in exposing the bigotry prevailing in politics and the social fabric has been on the whole salutary as far as it goes, it has certainly not been efficient

in removing the evils pointed out, or in substituting a better condition. A single burning page of a writer like Josiah Strong will avail more here than volumes of Matthew Arnold.

In "Culture and Anarchy," his most representative work, he sets forth his especial and peculiar tenets, advocating perfect emancipation and freedom of thought as the noblest activity and satisfaction of the human soul. Culture, by which he means an acquaintance with the best that is known and thought in the world, he asserts to be the remedy for all existing evils, religious, political, individual, and social. Its special missionary function he deems the spreading of sweetness and light. Ignorance and vulgarity are to him the deadly sins—two, not seven.

His theory of religion is merely that of the cultured agnostic. Failing to make practical application of the truth that spiritual things are spiritually discerned, he discards all elements of the supernatural and divine. In his volume, "Literature and Dogma," professedly "an essay toward the better apprehension of the Bible," he attempts to readjust the foundations of belief, on the basis of intellectual culture. While claiming to maintain the truth of the Bible, he denies its inspiration, and eliminates from it everything that is supernatural. Though he would disclaim the name of atheist, he denies the existence of a personal, intelligent, loving God. Religion, with him, is "morality touched with emotion." God is the "eternal, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness." Jesus is a wholly human practitioner of "moral therapeutics." Salvation "a harmonious perfection only to be won by cultivating many sides of us." The language of the Bible is "not scientific, rigid, and fixed,

but fluid, passing, and literary." To interpret its phraseology as exact and literal, is to be wanting in "intellectual seriousness."

But after all, the arguments which he advances are weak and inadequate, and have made comparatively little impression. Human nature requires something more substantial than he offers for its daily fare. He was not fitted by nature to become a religious disputant, being without the intense and sustained convictions, the impetuous zeal, and the ready comprehension of spiritual forces, which alone would make him a successful controversialist. He has acquired culture at the expense of strength, and, by reason of his cloistral and scholarly life, lacks the magnetic quality, the sympathy and force of character, which would enable him to impress himself vigorously upon the thought and progress of an age.

Matthew Arnold's contributions to our literature have been considerable, and some of them will long be held valuable and important. But the mass of his prose work is suggestive rather than cumulative. He had reminded the reading world—for only to those who read is even the name of Mr. Matthew Arnold known—that there is another way of contemplating life and institutions than the traditional method of custom. And so far, well. He has

done English literature excellent service in calling attention to the importance of genuine criticism, and in setting forth its principles as none else has done. And in this department he is, and should increasingly be, a large and definite power. His "Essays in Criticism," are not only the best exposition in our language of the subject, but are among the best examples of critical interpretation and analysis. As far as was possible to him he adhered to his own criteria. He conscientiously laboured to find the best, and to communicate it, not by any trickery and ingenuity of expression, though he was a master of style, but by appealing with all practicable clearness and candour to the understanding, making only the most legitimate use of language.

Before another great epoch of production shall dawn and flourish, criticism has a large work to do. If the laws defined by Matthew Arnold might become the canons by which all our literature should be tested and accepted or rejected, if the principles of the New Criticism were recognized as authoritative, would not the quality of English letters be thereby greatly refined and strengthened, and,—itself no small gain—the self-respect of writers, publishers, and the public increased in an equal degree?

Toronto.

EASTER-TIDE.

SAY, how shall we keep it,—the Easter-Tide,
When the glad Earth smiles, like a flower-
crowned bride,

And her lord, the sun, in his shining place,
As giant, rejoices to run his race;
When birds and bells in sweet carol and
chime

Are telling the joy of the blessed time,
And Nature is thrilling with ecstasy—
O what shall our song and our keeping be?

Shall we challenge the world with swelling
pride,

Shall we wear its pomp, that the Lord denied,
Shall we follow the things of Death, whom He

Hath vanquished in triumphant victory?
Shall our Easter die with the altar flow'rs
And praises that burst from these lips of
ours?

Aye, the Lord is risen in verity,—
Say, what shall our joy and our keeping be?

O friends of the Master! what can it be
But the feast of truth and sincerity,
Unleavened with malice or wickedness,
The heart to forgive and the hand to bless,
The eyes that shall pity our brother's thrall,
Since Jesus has died and risen for all,
In the Gospel spirit and love to bide.
Lo! this is the keeping of Easter-Tide!

A CHEQUERED LIFE.

BY THE REV. J. THOS. PATE, D.D.

The Methodist itinerant system is not free from objections. There are certain parts of the machinery that sometimes "run too rapidly" which results "in a hot box,"—while there are other parts that run too slowly, and produce considerable friction.

As a system to develop men, and to propagate the Gospel "in the regions beyond," it has no equal. Many of the preachers of Methodism, whose early opportunities for obtaining an education were meagre, reached the point where they were not behind the very chiefest apostles of sister Churches. As a system, it seems to have been born out of the command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." Nothing but an itinerant ministry can execute this command. So the apostles seemed to understand it, and though few in number, they well-nigh fulfilled the commission in their day. The history of the Church all along the ages has verified the general idea of the indispensableness of the itinerancy. The missionary operation of the day is a bold illustration of this great representative fact of the Christian system, and the signs of life and fruitfulness at home are but the reflex results of zeal expended abroad.

No Church can prosper that does not work outside her private inclosure. This itinerant system gives the scope for this work. The rapid strides of the Methodist Church during the past hundred years evidences its power. This power is not only seen in the advanced movements of the Church, but in the men it has developed. Many of them have been giants in zeal and ability. The large circuits,

the continual revolutions of the "Great Iron Wheel," which changes the itinerants from field to field, and the thorough course of study gives all that is needed to make a man of good common sense, fair educational training, and studious habits, more than a mediocre preacher.

Years of hammering on a limited number of sermons make them, at last, sermons of real power.

Some of Whitefield's, that stirred the hearts of thousands, he preached sixty-five times. Bishop Dogget, "the Cicero of Virginia," had only a few sermons, but they were sermons; not little tinselled sermonettes, but sermons of wonderful power. Wherever he preached, the memory of those sermons would linger like the fragrance of precious ointment. Years after the people could repeat whole passages from the sermons that they heard from his lips. This was the case with many of the early preachers of Methodism—they preached and preached their sermons—until they were perfect models of pulpit oratory.

The South Carolina Conference of 1805 met in the city of Charleston. Asbury, the man of toil and hardship, and Whatcoat, the man whose life exemplified the true idea of Christian perfection, alternately presided. Twelve men were admitted "on trial." The eighth man of the twelve was considered the weakest and poorest excuse for a preacher of the whole number. Five feet, ten inches high, compactly built, symmetrical in form, blundering in manners, coarsely dressed, he did not look like good material out of which to construct a pulpit orator. His educational attainments were poor.

He could not read well, knew scarcely anything of the rules of grammar, and his spelling was fearfully defective. His actions and conversation were boring. A keen observer would have noticed that sometimes a peculiar light flashed from his eyes; the light seemed to indicate great talent in some direction; it came from latent power concealed by a rough exterior. When the light would pass away the gray eyes would assume a dull appearance.

His life had been one hard struggle with adverse circumstances. From the cradle to manhood he had wrestled with poverty. He knew by actual experience the meaning of bitter want. There had been no "bitter sweet," but only bitter bitterness. In this time, this long, tiresome, heart-breaking time of trial, he received no words of encouragement. He was making every effort to be a man; a kind word would have been a balm to his weary spirit; but this kind word he never heard.

After being thoroughly converted, he heard the voice of God speaking, saying, "Go preach my Gospel." He was deeply conscious of his lack of qualification; it was hard to believe the voice. Gideon-like, he wanted proof. The proofs were given; he was convinced. He went to his pastor and opened his heart. From him he did not receive respectful attention. "Go to the plough; do you think God would disgrace His ministry by calling such a man as you to preach? No, man, you are not called. It is only the voice of presumption you hear."

These words cut like the Toledo blade. He went back to his work, but the voice, like Banquo's ghost, would not down. He came again to his pastor—who by this time had relented somewhat—and tacitly gave him license to exhort. Some success grew out of his la-

hours. Encouraged by these signs of promise, he came to the Quarterly Conference and asked for a license to preach, and "recommendation to the Annual Conference for admission on trial." Though composed in the main of men who dressed in jeans, wore brogan shoes, and took no stock "in book-larnin' an' edication," of men who were somewhat biased in his favour, still the application kindled a smile that resembled contempt—as the mist resembles the rain."

How was it possible to make a preacher out of a rough, knotty stick? Much discussion ensued. Loud talk and laughs were heard. At this juncture, "a James the Just," arose and espoused the young man's cause. His voice prevailed, the request was granted, and to the Conference his application went. Providence smiled upon his cause. He was "received on trial," and sent as junior preacher on a backwoods circuit in the mountains of Western North Carolina. This raw, uncouth, ungainly young man was James Russell, the most remarkable Methodist preacher that ever travelled within the bounds of the State of South Carolina, and the States that lie in close proximity. He determined to show the world that he was "no gum log," and to manifest to his friends, who were as scarce as angel visitors, that their confidence was not misplaced. He was in dead earnest. His face was set toward success; to this point he would go or die. There was a kind of grandeur that shone around his head, like a bright halo, the morning he started for his first circuit, though exceedingly plainly dressed and uncouth in his manners.

Reaching his circuit, he began to study and to work. His books were very few, but they were choice—a Bible, a hymn book, and

an American speller. Others had succeeded; when discouraged and cast down their success cheered his heart and urged him forward. Around the blazing chestnut fire of the mountain cabin, while the strong, healthy wife of his host was busy spinning thread, and the grim old farmer was enjoying his pipe, listening to the music of the wheel, Russell and the children were absorbed in the speller. The children taught him to read and spell well. His field broadened and lengthened. As he became acquainted with his charge, he would hear of a book here and one there. These books he soon saw, and it was not long before he knew their contents. Preaching twenty-two times a month, he put in practice all he learned.

As the year rounded to a close, he had wonderfully improved. In a few years his preaching revealed a logical eloquence of more than usual force. In Georgia he swept through his charges like a flame of fire: old and young, rich and poor, and high and low were brought to God. He studied, prayed, and preached. It was not long before he was recognized as the most attractive pulpit orator of the South. The father of the late Governor Gilmer heard him, and having heard all the famous men of his day, remarked, "Never man spoke like this man." Like John the Baptist he sometimes came, sweeping away the last foundation stone underneath the sinner, leaving him sinking rapidly into endless night; then he would come with all the tenderness of the apostle of love; throwing his arms around the sinner's neck, with hot tears coursing down his cheeks, he would point him to "the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world." Thousands were attracted to his ministry, and hundreds were turned into "the strait gate," and directed to "the sweet fields of Eden."

It is an old maxim that "The world and the Church never forgive a man for doing well." There is something in success that demands more pressure, and they press hard. Hundreds of instances could be adduced to support the maxim. At that time Methodism was a failure in Savannah, Georgia. It was looked upon with contempt. Its adherents were despised. "Only the lowest and most debased would join such a society," the world said and thought. To Savannah he was sent. The appointment was a sad mistake, and turned into a terrible affliction. A few whites—poor, very poor—and several negroes composed the membership. They were not able to give him a support, and his salary was to receive from the Board of Missions a slight supplement—and it was very slight. Here he was not eloquent. How could he be when preaching to bare walls and empty benches, with starvation staring in the face of a devoted wife, and his hungry and very ragged children? He was reduced to the greatest straits. It was all that he could do to live. Hunger and rags almost frenzied his mind. To obtain bread he cut the marsh grass from the river bank, and carried it around on his shoulders through the streets, and sold it for a mere pittance. When it failed to bring money, he exchanged it at the hotels for stale crusts of bread, bits of meat, and cold vegetables. He grew more and more desperate. He was almost insane. He was in the borderland—where the nights are filled with ghosts, and the days with satyrs.

At this hour, when it seemed that man's extremity had been reached, the quartermasters in the city were moved with pity toward him. They began to give him small contracts for work. These contracts were carried out fully, and the work was well done. His

success opened the way for larger and more lucrative contracts, which were gladly given. These were managed successfully. He had now a little money, and with it he began to speculate; money was made rapidly; like the fabled King Midas, all he touched turned to gold. Friends in the various "charges" he had served, heard of his success in finance, and proffered to loan money for larger speculation. Their offers were readily accepted. Their money was invested, and success came from every investment. Men looked at him with astonishment. His rapid advance from the extreme point of poverty to that of a rich speculator threw around him a kind of strange glamour.

Unfortunate man! Far better would it have been for him if when he went to sleep the night he received his appointment to Savannah, he had never awakened, but he awoke, and sadness and gloom followed the waking. He seemed perfectly crazed by the times. A terrible grasping spirit drove him forward. More money was made, larger sums were borrowed, plans and schemes grew on his hands. A fairy city with sunlit towers, elegant mansions, broad streets, and rare gardens of exotic plants arose before his eyes; at it he eagerly and madly clutched, but charming Verona eluded his grasp, dissolved in air, and disappeared from his sight forever. A panic came in business circles; all the stock in which his money was invested was fearfully depreciated; he was compelled to sell; large sums of money were lost. More money was borrowed, and it brought only misfortune. Prosperity turned her face from him, and walked silently away, and the result was that he was financially ruined.

Before this point was reached, he had severed his connection with his Conference, and ceased to

travel as an itinerant preacher. The world now saw him in the shadows of ruin; friends doubted his honesty, treated him coldly; out of the gloom his voice could be heard bitterly wailing, "Oh, wretched man that I am!" Money was scarce, his credit was gone, times were hard and he was in despair. He knew not what to do. His faith in God stayed his hand when he thought of suicide. More than once he was strongly moved to touch the trigger of a bulldog pistol and end the whole trouble. He moved from place to place; often he and his wife and children would make long moves afoot. They went to a beautiful Southern city. To get bread he wheeled a small cart through the streets, carrying goods from the retail merchants to their various customers. Oftentimes he served as errand boy, running on errands for the young men; sometimes he did other service that was more menial. It was anything that was honest, for a few cents—that he might "keep the wolf from the door."

It was a common thing to see this man, who had held men of the finest culture spellbound, who had charmed countless thousands by the witchery of his oratory, in his shirt-sleeves going from store to store seeking a job that would pay him a few cents. The mighty had fallen. His religion he did not lose in the wreck of earthly things. This "pearl of great price" he safely kept. In obscurity he lived for a number of years, preaching here and there when invited. The lost powers of oratory were never regained. Only once, and that six weeks before his death, they seemed to come back in all their fulness. He was preaching at a quarterly meeting—the house was crowded with attentive hearers, suddenly his face assumed a peculiarly happy appearance, his eyes

became exceedingly bright, and his voice grew very tender; his words came with seraphic sweetness; men and women wept, trembled, rose to their feet, clutched the benches and posts, and stared fixedly forward. He preached on; the spell became greater and greater; audience and preacher seemed lost in the contemplation of "the rest that remaineth for the people of God." The Rest came very near; at last the discourse was ended with these words, "In six weeks I shall enter upon that rest."

His words were prophetic, in six

weeks from that day, in a friendly home in Newberry County, South Carolina, he died, leaving behind him a history that is stranger than fiction. His was a wonderful life—a life that began in deep shadow—that brightened and broadened into noonday splendour, then the awful storms came, and when it sank away in the evening skies of the west, it sank behind a heavy cloud. To this cloud there was a silver lining, for by faith he saw the Christ, who promised to him Eternal Rest.

Camden, S.C.

CHRIST IS RISEN!

BY AMANDA E. DENNIS.

Christ is risen! Shout the anthem, the anthem everlasting;
That burst from the shadows of centuries gone;
And still through the arches of ages upon ages
Will sweep in glad triumph exultingly on!

O, the anthem exultant, Christ is risen—Christ is risen!
And the shadows of Calvary grow dim in the sun!
Christ is risen!—Hallelujah! Christ is risen!—Hallelujah!
Christ is risen! and Death and the Grave are undone!

Christ is risen! All your doubtings, your sorrows and heart-breakings
Leave here at the feet of the Crucified One!
Christ is risen? His Atonement on Calvary accepted
For you and for me, and the victory won!

O, the anthem exultant, Christ is risen—Christ is risen!
And the shadows of Calvary grow dim in the sun!
Christ is risen!—Hallelujah! Christ is risen!—Hallelujah!
Christ is risen! and Death and the Grave are undone!

Christ is risen! Bring your lilies of love and devotion
To mingle with odours of Easter-blooms pale;
While the anthem everlasting exultantly trembles
And swells through the echoes of mountain and vale.

O, the anthem exultant, Christ is risen—Christ is risen!
And the shadows of Calvary grow dim in the sun!
Christ is risen!—Hallelujah! Christ is risen!—Hallelujah!
Christ is risen! and Death and the Grave are undone!

Christ is risen! Bring your treasures, your spices and incense;
Of hopes undefiled and desires pure and sweet;
And to Bethany's Guest, give the serving of Martha,
With the loving of Mary that sat at His feet!

O, the anthem exultant, Christ is risen—Christ is risen!
And the shadows of Calvary grow dim in the sun!
Christ is risen!—Hallelujah! Christ is risen!—Hallelujah!
Christ is risen! and Death and the Grave are undone!

CLEG KELLY AND HIS FATHER.*

(Copyright, William Briggs.)

BY THE REV. S. R. CROCKETT.

Author of "The Stickit Minister."

Cleg Kelly had a father. He was a deeply pock-marked man who hated his son; but not so bitterly as his son hated him. Once on a time Cleg Kelly had also a mother, and it is the story of his mother which remains to tell. The story of most men is the story of their mother. So it was with Cleg Kelly. So let the story of Isbel Kelly be told. How a woman may be murdered in this land and none swing for it! How a woman may be put to the torture every day and every night for years, and the voice of her crying mount (we must believe it) into the ears of the God of Sabaoth, yet no murmur reach her nearest neighbour upon the earth! Gladlier would I tell a merrier tale, save that it is ever best to get the worst over first, as medicine goes before barley-sugar.

Isbel Kelly had not always been Isbel Kelly. That is to say, she had not always been unhappy. There was a time when Timothy Kelly had not come into her life.

Isbel Beattie was once a country girl. She had sung in the morn as she went afield to call the dappled kine, as glad a milkmaid as any in song or story. Her foot was the lightest at the "kirn," her hand the deftest at the spinning-wheel, her cheerful presence the most desired when the butter would not come. For the butter ever comes fastest for a good-tempered woman. A vixenish disposition only curdles the milk. And no sweeter maiden than Isbel Beattie ever wore print gowns and lilted " () whistle and I'll come to ye, my lad," in all the parish of Ormiland—that is, till Timothy Kelly came, and Isbel sang no more.

Now Timothy Kelly, the weasel-faced Irish harvestman, wormed himself into the girl's affections by ways of his own, as before and after he had undone many a trebly fastened door with his steel pick-lock.

From that day until the hour of

* "Cleg Kelly: Arab of the City." His Progress and Adventures. By the Rev. S. R. CROCKETT. Copyright edition. Methodist Book-Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Cloth, price, \$1.25.

Mr. Crockett's "Stickit Minister," Wm. Briggs, Publisher of Canadian copyright edition, was the book of the season, and at once won the author name and fame. In that book we get our first glimpses of "Cleg Kelly," Mr. Crockett's remarkable study of boy life. So successful were these sketches that he has here chronicled in ample detail the life and adventures of Cleg Kelly, the Edinburgh street Arab, from his turbulent boyhood to his honourable manhood. To use his own phraseology Cleg was "a terrible tough 'un." But the mission, night-school, the gentle influence of his devoted teacher, Miss Celia Tennant, and the many forces which God employs to develop char-

acter, including a burly policeman and many hardships, did make a man of him at last.

The prevailing character of the book is its rich and racy humour, but it is not without its touches of pathos. It is one of the most tremendous indictments of the drink traffic that we ever read. By permission of the publisher we print herewith a chapter showing the harsh environments amid which Cleg Kelly began his struggle with the world. Mr. Crockett styles his chapters "Cleg Kelly's Adventures," and there are sixty of them, some of them of extraordinary character. The humour is as broad as that of Mark Twain's "Huckleberry Finn"; but that incorrigible scamp was a mere demon of mischief. Cleg Kelly had in him the making of a noble man, and this story is the history of a soul. All Sunday-school teachers, mission-workers, and all who have to do with the training of boys will find this book very suggestive and instructive.—ED.

her death Isbel Beattie saw no good day. A week after they were married, Timothy Kelly was drinking Isbel's last half-year's wages in a public-house, and Isbel was crying at home with a bruised cheek. She sang no more late or early ; but learned to endure hardness and to pray that the kind Lord of whom she had heard in the kirk, might send a swift and easy death as the best thing to pray for.

Timothy Kelly was not long in Ormiland ere he removed to Edinburgh in the interests of business. He needed the metropolis for the exercise of his talents. So Isbel packed what he had left her, and followed him, faithful and weary-foot, to the city lane, and Timothy Kelly cursed her over his shoulder all the way. But she did not hear him, and his words did not hurt her. God had stopped her ears. For the sound of a dearer voice was in them, and the promise of the Eden joy answered Isbel, as though the Lord Almighty walked with her through the streets of the city in the cool of the day.

A week after an infant lay on the breast of Isbel Kelly, in a garret up Meggat's Close, off the Pleasance. A kindly neighbour looked in now and then when Tim Kelly was out, and comforted the young mother. When Tim came in he cursed them all impartially. His foul words sent the neighbours forth again, full of pity and indignation ; and so he cast himself down to sleep off drink and temper on a couch of rags in the corner.

Towered, fair-faced Edinburgh and its seething under-world held no man like Timothy Kelly. A sieve-net might have been drawn through it and no worse rascal caught than he. Cruel only where he dared with impunity to be cruel, plausible and fawning where it was to his interest so to be, Timothy Kelly was a type of the criminal

who lives to profit by the strange infatuations of the weakest women. From silly servant girls at kitchen doors who thought him "a most civil-spoken young man," he obtained the professional information which enabled him to make unrecognized but accurate lists of the family silver upon some stormy midnight, when the policemen stood in doorways, or perambulated the city with their helmets down upon their brows.

Isbel Kelly wore thin and white, and the bruises on her face grew chronic, only occasionally changing the side. Yet, in the midst of all, Cleg Kelly gained in years and strength, his mother many a time shielding him from blows with her own frail body. There was a soft light on her face when she looked at him. When her husband was out Isbel watched Cleg all day long as he lay on the bed and kicked with sturdy limbs, or sprawled restlessly about the house. The dwelling was not extensive. It consisted of one room, and Tim Kelly's "hidie holes," where he kept the weapons of his craft—curious utensils, with iron crab fingers set at various angles upon the end of steel stalks.

Now, it is the strangest, yet one of the commonest, things in this world that Isbel Kelly loved her husband, and at the worst times said no word against him. But Cleg Kelly made no such mistake. From the time that he was a toddling little fellow till the parish buried his mother, Cleg Kelly looked at his father with level brows of hate and scorn. No one had taught him ; but the perception of youth gauged the matter unerringly.

There are but two things in the universe whom a really bad-hearted man cannot deceive : his Maker and a young child. Cleg Kelly never quailed before his father.

Neither words nor blows daunted him. Whenever his father went out, he said :

"Bad mannie gone away, minnie!"

"Na, Cleg," said his mother, "ye mauna speak that way o' yer faither."

"Bad mannie, minnie," Cleg repeated determinedly; "bad mannie gone away!"

And from this she could not move him.

Then as soon as his father began to beat the lad, and his mother was not able to protect him, Cleg developed a marvellous litheness and speed. He could climb roofs like a cat at five years of age, and watch his father from the ledge of an outlying wall or the side of a reeking chimney-can, where even the foot of the practiced burglar dared not venture.

Then came a year black and bitter. It was the year of the small-pox. That part of Edinburgh where the Kellys lived became a walled city. There was one death in every three or four attacked. And Tim Kelly went to the seaside for his health.

But Isbel and her boy battled it out alone. She had seven shillings a week for cleaning a day-school. But soon the schools were closed, and her pay ceased. Nevertheless, she earned money somehow, and the minister of the McGill-Gillespie church visited her. It would take a whole treatise on Church History, and a professor thereof, to tell why that church was called the McGill-Gillespie. But the unlearned may be assured that these excellent gentlemen were not canonized Scottish saints, nor were their effigies worshipped inside. But at this time the minister of the church came very near to being worshipped outside.

The children knew his step, and ran—to, not from, him. He was the only man, except the doctor,

at whom the urchins at Meggat's did not fling dirt. One of these had even been known to touch his hat to the minister of McGill-Gillespie. But this was a great risk, and of course he did not do it when anyone was looking.

One day Cleg Kelly sickened, and though at the time he was a great boy of six, his mother carried him about in her arms all day, soothing him. And the hot, dry spots burned ever brighter on his cheeks, and his eyes shone like flame. The minister brought the doctor, for they hunted in couples—these two. Some of the ministers had gone to the seaside with Timothy Kelly, and along with them a few great professional men from the West-End. But the Pleasance doctor, a little fair man, and the minister of McGill-Gillespie, a tall, dark man, remained with the small-pox. Also God was there—not very evidently, or obtrusively, perhaps; but the minister of McGill-Gillespie knew where to find Him when He was wanted.

And He was needed badly enough in the sick-room of Cleg Kelly. No doubt Cleg ought to have gone to the hospital. But, for one thing, the hospitals were overcrowded. And, for another, if they had taken Cleg, they might have taken his mother also. At all events Cleg was nursed in his home, while his father remained at the seaside for his health.

One night, when the trouble was at its height, Cleg ran deliriously on about "the bad mannie." His mother stilled and tended him. The doctor ordered a little warm wine to be given to Cleg occasionally, and the minister of McGill-Gillespie had brought it. But Cleg wavered between life and death in spite of the wine—and much nearer death than life. Isbel had seen the doctor earlier in the day, and she was to go for him

again if a certain anticipated change did not come within six hours. The change did not come, though the mother never took her eyes off her boy. Cleg lay back on his pallet bed, inert and flaccid, his eyes glassy and fixed in his head. His mother softly closed the door, took her shawl over her head, and fled through the midnight streets to the doctor's house.

A sudden summer storm had arisen off the sea. The wind swirled about the old many-gabled closes of Edinburgh. It roared over the broken fortress line of the Salisbury Crags. The streets were deserted. Isbel Kelly was at the doctor's door. He was not in. Would she leave a message? She would, and the message was that a little boy was sinking, and that unless the doctor came quickly a mother's only son would die. She cried out in agony as she said it, but the wind swirled the cry away.

So through the turmoil of the storm she came back, and ran up the evil-smelling dark stairs, where the banister was broken, and only the wind-blown flier of the gas-lamp outside, flickering through the glassless windows of the stairway, lighted her upwards. She had once been a milkmaid, but she had forgotten how the cowslips smelled. And only in her dreams did she recall the scent of beehives over the wall on a still summer night.

She opened the door with a great yearning, but with no presentiment of evil.

"Tim!" she said, her face whitening.

A man, weasel-faced and hateful to look upon, stood by the little cupboard. He had a purse in his hand, and a bottle stood on the mantelshef beside him.

"Oh, Tim!" she said, "for the Lord's sake, dinna tak' my last

shillin'—no frac me an' the boy. He's deein', Tim!"

She ran forward as if to beseech him to give the money back to her; but Tim Kelly, reckless with drink, snatched up the minister's wine-bottle, and it met his wife's temple with a dull thud. The woman fell in a heap. She lay loosely on the floor by the wall, and did not even moan. Tim Kelly set the bottle to his lips to drain the last dregs with an empty laugh. But from the bed something soft and white flew at his throat.

"Bad mannie, bad mannie, bad mannie!" a shrill voice cried. And before Tim Kelly could set down the bottle, the little figure in flying swathings had dashed itself again and again upon him, biting and gnashing on him like a wolf's cub. For the blood of Tim Kelly was in the lad, as well as the blood of the milkmaid who lay on the floor as one dead.

And this was what the doctor found, when he stumbled up the stair and opened the door. He had seen many strange things in his day, but none so terrible as this. He does not care to speak about it, though he told the minister that either Providence or the excitement had probably saved the child's life. Yet for all that he tended Timothy Kelly, when his turn came, as well as the best of paying patients. For Tim's was an interesting case, with many complications.

So this adventure tells the reason of three things very important to be known in this history—why, six months after, Isbel Kelly was glad to die, why Cleg Kelly hated his father, and why smooth-faced Tim, who had once deceived the servant girls, was ever after a deeply pock-marked man.

What it does not tell is, why God permitted it all.

SOCIAL REFORM IN CANADA.*

BY THE REV. C. W. WATCH.

We must know the conditions to rightly understand the work. Our land is one of vast areas stretching from ocean to ocean, and from the lakes to the Pole, in all about three and a half million square miles. A land not of perpetual snows, but rich with resources. We are not overcrowded with people, our population is about five millions. Montreal, our largest city, has nearly a quarter of a million. Besides this, we have about fifty cities and towns, with populations of from 5,000 to 200,000. We are somewhat mixed as to our nationality; over a million of our people are French-Canadian, speaking the French language. The Canadians are a steady going people, making progress slowly, yet surely. An opinion as to the moral sentiment of our people might be formed by the temperance votes recently taken. When asked to express themselves as to the prohibition of the liquor traffic, four Provinces out of seven, representing a population of nearly three million, said by a majority of nearly 133,000 at the polls that they favoured Prohibition, and another province of over 300,000 people, declared by the unanimous vote of their Legislature that they also were prepared for it. So that, doubtless, did the whole Dominion speak at the ballot-box, it would speak with a majority of 100,000 in favour of Prohibition. Thus, perhaps, we are morally no worse, and it may be we are a little better than some other nations, but we are certainly not as good as we ought to be.

Then again, there are conditions which the workers in other lands have to meet, from which happily we are spared. The "regulation" of vice is unknown to us, not but that some may desire it, and in a few cities districting may be winked at. Yet recently, when the Chief of Police in Montreal expressed himself in favour of supervision and districting, the better element of the city protested with emphasis, and nothing more has been heard of it. Though we have one garrison town—Halifax, the C. D. Acts would be impossible in Canada. To know of such a system would result in our people loathing it. We have no struggle over uncertain or lax Divorce laws. We have neither a Divorce Court nor Divorce law, excepting in the case of one of the smaller Provinces. To procure a divorce with us requires a special Act of Parliament in each case. The result is that for the past ten years there have been only forty-eight applications for divorce, forty of which have been granted, or about one divorce for every six or seven thousand marriages consummated. Even those who by establishing a residence in any other country may secure a separation, it is a question if our laws affecting bigamy are not sufficient to reach them should a marriage be consummated again within the Dominion.

As to our laws in regard to age of consent, we are certainly below the standard, sixteen being the age. An effort is being made to raise the age of consent,

* The substance of a paper read before the International Social Purity Congress, Baltimore, Md.

and to make it a criminal offence to seduce under promise of marriage, under the age of twenty-one. But the difficulty arises just here from the indifference of our representatives in Parliament to this class of legislation. Another advantage we have is the exclusion from our mails of indecent literature under heavy penalties. We refuse admission into our country, or sale among our people, of the "Police Gazette," or any such papers. In all matters of legislation we are much indebted to Mr. John Charlton, who is our leader in Parliament on Social Purity questions. Notwithstanding our many advantages, the social evil exists, disorderly houses in some places are winked at, and too often the periodic raiding and fine are looked upon or understood as a license. There is too great an apathy of sentiment on the part of a large portion of the general public, and a lack of high principles on the part of another considerable portion, and so we have with us in social life the unequal standard of morals for the sexes, and too often the same conditions as other people for making girlhood an easy prey for vile men.

Social Purity work is the outcome of Christian philanthropy. The Churches may be woefully ignorant of their responsibility touching the low age of consent, and of the wrong there is in an unequal standard for the sexes, yet it is ever the Christian sentiment of the country which is seeking to educate the public conscience, and to awaken a public interest, and which sustains those institutions and helpers who are lovingly engaged in the work of rescue and prevention. There is not a city, and scarcely a town of any size, but are found Homes and workers engaged in women and child saving. Among the Indians of our country

the gross immoralities of other days are impossible now, and it is the missionaries, male and female, of all the Churches, who by their life have brought about the change. On the Pacific Coast, the Methodist Missionary Society and the W. C. T. U. have Refuges for the saving of Chinese girls, brought into the country from seven to fourteen years of age, altogether for immoral purposes, and marvellous are the stories of rescue and conversion.

Speaking of the educational phase of our Purity work, that our press is fairly clean can be truthfully said of the major part of it, but just now a moral protest is being heard, and it requires yet that it be made even more emphatic against the details of vice and scandal and crime published to gratify the prurient mind. We take pride in our Public School system, and think that no country can boast of teachers purer in life and example than can we. Temperance and hygiene are taught in our schools.

We have but few White Cross Societies as such, but we have White Cross and Social Purity Committees working in other organizations. The W. C. T. U., by its literature, by its standards of living, and everywhere by the consistency of its members in living up to its standards, is an educational strength to us. No matter who frowns upon them, they seem determined to hold out until peace, purity, and Prohibition are secured for all. The Royal Templars, a body of advanced Prohibitionists, are under Provincial Superintendents, keeping the White Cross movement before its membership, and by a special department in its organ, having a circulation of 25,000, going to all parts of the Dominion, they are keeping the Social Purity movement before the people. The Y. M. C. A., and

other Young People's Christian Societies, are not one whit behind, in Purity work, their fellow workers in other lands.

We cannot speak of our work without identifying with it that undertaken in the interest of Prevention and Rescue. These Homes are in nearly all our cities, and are carried on after the same manner and with the same object as the Florence Crittenton and other Rescue Missions. To mention two or three missions will be sufficient to indicate what is being done by all. The W. C. T. U. have Homes for Shelter and Rescue in Halifax, a garrison town—with all those conditions existing which go to make the work both more difficult and urgent—and in Quebec, Montreal, Winnipeg, and in the cities of the Pacific Coast. Where we find these workers without Homes under their own immediate supervision, we still meet their members on all boards and committees for the helping of their unfortunate sisters. In Quebec Province, the population being largely Catholic, the Protestant missions can accomplish but little, yet here we find earnest educational work being done by many priests in that Church, while the various sisterhoods strive faithfully to save and reclaim the fallen of her women. In Montreal, "The Women's and Children's Protection Society" not only undertakes rescue work, but also that of inquiry and prosecution. Ill-treated and neglected wives and children come within their sphere of operation, and over three hundred cases passed through their hands last year.

In Toronto, among other agencies, we have "The Haven and Prison Gate Mission," dealing with as many as seven or eight hundred cases every year. Many of these are women addicted to

drink, and many other poor girls who here seek and receive shelter, as well as inspiration to a better life.

The last workers to enter this field are those of the Salvation Army. Their rescue work was inaugurated eight or nine years ago, and now they have eight Homes in as many cities, a Shelter for women, with a nursery attached, and also a Shelter for children. During the past year 514 girls have been received into these homes; of these only thirty-eight were known to have definitely gone back to vice, while a very large portion of the remainder were sent to situations, changed and in their right minds. Three hundred and thirty-six children passed through the Children's Shelter. The Women's Shelter supplied 4,945 beds, and 3,681 meals. One sad feature of all this rescue work is that no matter how many Homes are established, no matter how many are saved by their influence, still they are continually kept filled. The cause remains, the wrong is with us, and while rescue work is essential and Christly, we are convinced that education and legislation are even more essential.

In the city of Toronto, in connection with the police force, there is a work done in the interest of purity unique in police methods. Toronto is a city of nearly 200,000. It has only one hundred and fifty saloons, strictly closed on the Sabbath, and no street cars run on the Sabbath. While the police of this city will compare with any force on the continent, there is one of its departments of special interest to Purity Workers. It is known as the Morality Department, and is placed in charge of one of the most experienced officers, a Christian gentleman of influence in the city and country, Staff-Inspector Archibald. This department was in-

augurated in February, 1886. The duties given to this officer and his staff are "To enforce laws relating to the sale of liquors illicitly, and houses of improper resort; to suppress gambling, lotteries, and prize-fighting; to regulate baby farming establishments; to prosecute for exposure, cruelty to women, children, or animals, desecration of the Sabbath, immorality of all kinds, and generally to deal with all cases of a domestic nature requiring police intervention."

To-day, while there may be undiscovered places of improper resort, there is not a known house of ill-fame, that can keep its establishment open as such. But the best part of this officer's work is not heard in court, or seen in print. He is the friend of the girl who desires to reform; he is the counsellor of the ill-treated wife, the deserted child, and the troubled mother. Any or all of these in need may turn to his office. It is often more like the office of a City Mission than a police office. The Christian agencies in the city work in harmony with the Inspector.

He may be feared, perhaps hated, by the determinedly vile and vicious, but he is respected and trusted by those who, appreciating counsel, would without him suffer greater ruin and misery. In this respect we believe the police methods of Toronto have shown how at one and the same time the law can be made "a terror to evildoers, and a praise to those who do well."

What is our situation to-day? Our people are perhaps as moral as any other people, but we feel the indifference of our legislators, and also of a large part of our people, to the importance of a proper age of consent, and to the one standard of morals.

Our work for the present must be largely educational. The public conscience has to be reached. The youth have to be taught. "The White Life for Two" has to be insisted upon. We may perhaps lead others in the matter of Prohibition. We must be ready to learn from others, in methods of work for Social Purity.

Brighton, Ont.

HE IS RISEN.

BY MAY RILEY SMITH.

O sad-faced mourners, who each day are wending
Through churchyard paths of cypress and of yew,
Leave for to-day the low graves you are tending,
And lift your eyes to God's eternal blue!

It is no time for bitterness or sadness;
Twine Easter lilies, not pale asphodels;
Let your soul thrill at the caress of gladness,
And answer the sweet chime of Easter bells.

If Christ were still within the grave's low prison—
A captive of the enemy we dread;
If from that mouldering cell he had not risen,
Who, then, could chide the gloomy tears you shed?

Poor hearts! The butterfly, with pinions golden,
Spurns the gray cell that erst its freedom barred;
And the freed soul, with wings no longer holden,
Smiles back on life as on a broken shard.

If Christ were dead there would be need to sorrow;
But He has risen, and vanquished death for aye;
Hush, then, your sighs, if only till the morrow—
At Easter give your grief a holiday.

THE HAND ON THE HELM.

A STORY OF IRISH METHODISM.

BY FREDERICK A. TROTTER.



“ROSIE, MY HEART'S CORE,
I'M CRUSHED TO THE
EARTH WID SORROW.”

CHAPTER VII.

PERILS AND PARTINGS.

The return voyage would have been a perilous one to Lieutenant Crosbie and his men without the skilful hand of Denis on the tiller, and the benefit of his knowledge when traversing the treacherous channel, for he had indignantly refused to put foot on the Seagull again.

“Come, come,” said Lieutenant Crosbie, “this is folly, Denis. Why do you take the like of this to heart, man? 'Tis only a trifle, and those fellows who are just gone off with the soldiers would have been taken anyway in a day or two, and somebody else have got the reward. I did you a good turn, indeed I did. 'Twill be the making of you, my boy! You'll get a commission from the king just for the asking, after rendering us such

a service; there won't be any difficulty at all about it. Jump in, my lad.”

“Never,” shouted Denis, “never! You've betrayed me once, I'll never touch your hand in friendship again. As for your commission from King George, I——”

But Denis did not wait to finish his indignant protest, for he disappeared with the speed of lightning. He had seen two of the crew mak-

ing towards him by almost imperceptible advances; and, suspecting their design, which was, indeed, to capture him and compel him, upon threat of instant death, to take the helm, he suddenly sought safety in a precipitate flight. The lieutenant had not long to wait for a pilot, after all. For, no sooner had Denis' form faded into the night, than a low whistle was heard, and Larry M'Loughlin appeared, disguised so completely that even the lieutenant did not know him.

“Who are you?” roared the lieutenant.

“Whist, sor, whist,” said Larry. “'Tis me. No use ov shoutin' out names in this place, sor, no knowin' whose hidin' around; but 'tis meself 'll bring your honour safe through the Eddies, and you'll not forget a decent boy, that was always ready to do your honour a good turn. By the same token

your honour 'll niver split on me, eh?"

"Get in, you rascal," was the reply of the disgusted officer. "Get in, and do your duty, and be thankful if your neck is kept out of the halter for awhile. That would be reward enough for you; but, at the same time, I suppose we'll have to give you what's fair. In with you!"

The boatswain, whether by awkwardness or of design, pushed the boat at the moment of Larry's stepping on board, agitating it so as to make honest Larry measure his full length in the bottom. On the instant a smothered giggle told how well the crew enjoyed the result of this manoeuvre.

Denis travelled all that weary night over mountain passes and lonely, pathless bogs, overwhelmed with grief and despair. The newly-risen crescent of the moon, with the ghost of her dead mother in her arms, was never beheld by him, in after life, without a shuddering recollection of that awful time, when his cup of misery overflowing, a wretched fugitive, not knowing whither he went, he saw her rise thus from behind the hills.

True, however, as needle to the magnet, he found himself, at dawn, in the neighbourhood of Bawna-coosheen. He could not well tell how it came to pass, but, instinctively, it would seem, his errant feet had carried him to the door of his beloved. He must see her once more, though not now. Even in his present state of agitation and mental anguish, his first thought was of her welfare.

"Not now. She'll hear it soon enough," he murmured, bitterly. He could not add to her distress by appearing before her in his present condition of distress and disorder. "But 'tis better she should hear it first from me, though," he said to himself.

Back, then, to his own home he

hasted; and, having plunged his fevered head into a basin of cool water and effaced as much as possible every trace of his recent agitation, he wended his way, about noon, to the homestead of Mr. O'Meara.

Though conscious of innocence, nevertheless, poor Denis could not avoid the feeling of guilt. He skulked in the hedgeways, and sneaked rather than openly walked, as an honest man should, up the familiar way towards the house. For the life of him, he could scarce bring himself to look the servants in the face. But when he had sent a message by one of them for Rosie, he betook himself to the trysting place, where, so often, he had sped the happy hours in her company.

To the arbour, or summer-house in the garden, she tripped gaily, singing as she went. In an instant, upon sight of him, she stopped suddenly on the threshold of the rustic cot, and realizing, by his looks, that something most serious had happened, she cried:

"Why, Denis, what is it, my love? Are you sick? Let me fetch father."

"No," said Denis, rising to his feet. "No, Rosie, sit down a moment. I'll explain it all in a few seconds."

He then, in a few broken sentences, made her acquainted with his melancholy adventure of the night before. She did not need to be told more to see at once the terrible nature of the predicament in which he found himself, nor the indelible nature of the stigma that must now attach to him. Her face blanched as he went on; and her very heart seemed to stand still as she realized more and more what it must mean for both of them.

"Oh, darlint, I've come for just wan last look. I must bid you for-iver farewell. You can niver be the bride of a man denounced.

I'm doomed. Oh! to think that I, an O'Sullivan, should be called a traitor, and cursed as I have been last night. An informer, informer;" and he groaned.

"Denis, asthore, what is it? You an informer? No, ten thousand times, no! You are my own true, honest, brave, and noble Denis, that would niver injure the weakest or fear the strongest. Who dare say it? He is no informer."

"'Tis sweet, indeed, my darlint, and most blessed comfort to my sore, sad, broken heart, this day, only to hear your sweet lips say that same. And will you always believe me true, my own? And will you love me, no matter what they will say about me? Could I do a deed of treachery and black-hearted villainy?"

"No, Denis, no. You could not. I swear I will believe you true to your God, your country, and myself, no matter what they say. I give you this in pledge;" and she handed him a peculiar ring, long an heirloom in the family, engraved with the peculiarly involved pattern characteristic of ancient Irish art. He kissed it, and placed it on his finger.

"Listen, now," he said; "and after you have heard all, tell me, can you trust me?"

He then related to her, in detail, how that, after flattering him on the score of his fine skill as a steersman, the lieutenant had asked him to act as guide and pilot to an expedition in search of O'Hannigan, the madman, who, it was reported, had gone off in a crazy punt in the direction of the Shanvagh caves. How cruelly he had been deceived. How fiercely cursed by Spillane. How utterly and hopelessly he was compromised by the circumstances in which he was found, actually fighting against the smugglers; and how surely he must ultimately fall

a victim to the vengeance of the secret society.

It was not this, however, that so filled his soul with bitterness,—a bitterness worse than death itself. The disgrace, inexplicable to an Englishman, but real and indelible in the eyes of an Irishman, which attaches to the name of informer, synonymous with traitor, it was that which filled his cup of misery to the brim. For, as it appeared to him, his honour was lost, as well as the confidence of every true man. Alas! his love was lost too. For, even were she willing, how dare he think now of taking Rosie to his heart, to share a name of disgrace; to live a few brief days, or months, at most, of wedded life, to be suddenly followed by swift, untimely, dishonoured widowhood.

"What are your plans, Denis?" said Rose.

"Plans, dearest? I don't understand! I have no plans. I can but wait my fate; and aithur, of course, tellin' the truth, which, as you know, will avail nothin', for nobody will believe it—but you" he added, with a smile, and a look of gratitude.

At a glance Rose saw that this view of the case was, as likely as not, to be the correct one. Well she knew how many would rejoice in Denis' downfall. He had been too popular not to be envied. Those who had been jealous of his successes would now secretly rejoice at his disgrace.

"Denis," she said, "you must go."

"What, leave Ballydoheny?" he replied, in astonishment.

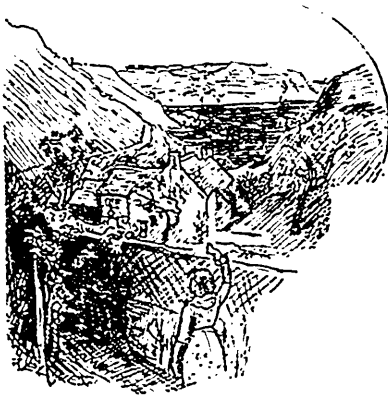
"Yes."

"That the best thing for a thur man to do? If I was guilty 'tis surely the first thing I'd do, but now it would be as much as sayin', 'I done it.'"

"Well, but, Denis, didn't you say that, whether or no, the people will believe you guilty. I believe

you innocent, though things look never so black against ye; I do, indeed, wid all my heart, and take no credit for believin' it either, for 'tis the truth, and ye can't help believin' the truth. Afthur you're dead, if you stay here, the truth will come to light before the face of all men; but, Denis, asthore, it'll be too late to be any good to you or me. God and the saints will not always lave the innocent under a cloud. As shure as you're sittin' there, Denis, ye'll be cleared yet; and, darlin', all ye have to do is to lie bye awhile in some other part of the country, and ye'll have one here believin' in ye, and workin' to clear ye, too, Denis."

We will not linger on the parting interview. The grief of true lovers, divided by cruel fate, has often enough been pictured by more sentimental pens than ours. A long, clinging embrace, a gush of tears on Rosie's part through which she tries to smile on her dear Denis,—a cheery word that belies the heavy heart he feels on his,—and all is over.



WAVES A LONG ADIEU.

A great blank falls upon each of these loving hearts, as Denis, trudging forth to seek his fortune in the cold world, looks his last upon Ballydoheny, and waves his

true love a long adieu from the hill of Binnough, the last point on his weary road from which he can see his native place.

CHAPTER VIII.

CROSS CURRENTS.

Dark were the days for poor Rosie now. The light was gone out of her life. The sunshine beamed bright as of yore; but to her it seemed that there was ever a shadow on her heart, and that the glory was gone from land and sea. She frequently took her work down to the little summer-house, where she had often sped the glad hours in Denis' company. It was the only solace she had now, poor, sad, broken heart, except her father's love. To him she clung with a deeper fondness than ever.

Thus weary months had passed, and Rose, like a flower, untimely blighted, began to droop. The lustre of her eyes was dimmer, the elasticity of her step was gone. Her smile was now wan which had once been so bright, and her whole bearing betokened a listlessness altogether foreign to the natural vivacity of her sprightly disposition.

One day, as she sat disconsolate in her bower, her father came behind her, and laying his hand caressingly on her head, said: "Rosie, my heart's core, I'm crushed to the earth wid sorrow, to see your bright eyes so dim wid tears. 'Tis long enough for you now, alannah, to have forgotten Denis. Not that I'd have said an ill word of one I loved so dear as that same poor lad, while the grief was fresh wid ye; but now, child, ye must learn to forgit him."

"Forget him, father! Is it from you I hear sich words? Oh! my father. Forgit Denis? Never! I could not, father, iver forget Denis."

"You could now, Rosa, honey, if ye tried."

"How could I, father?"

"By beginning to love another, more worthy ov ye."

"Oh! don't, don't," said poor Rose, stretching out her arms, and lifting them overhead, as if to defend herself from an actual physical blow.

"I repate it," said her father, "by beginning to love one more worthy ov you, child. Was he worthy ov you, Rose?"

"Aye, that he was, and of somebody a million times better than a poor, weak, worthless girl like me. Father, you mus'n't have known Denis after all, long as ye were acquainted, or you'd niver have spoken such words ov him."

"True for you, girl, I didn't know him; but I know him now, for what he is. He has nearly cured me ov iver trustin' in another mortal. i' iver there was true man, I thought Denis was that man. But ye see, he was only an informer afthur ail."

"Oh! father, how can ye utter sich a word in connection wid Denis' name? He an informer? You don't surely mean it. He was no informer, but thrue an' loyal as steel."

"What did he run away fur, thin, if he didn't do the deed? Why was he afared to stand his ground like a man? Tell me that, Rose."

"Alas! oh, father, it was all my doin'. He was indeed fur standin' his ground, and facin' thim all, and brazinin' it out; but I advised him to fly. I did indeed, father. It was fur my sake he went away. It was the only chance to save his life."

"You gave him good advice," replied the old man, sullenly, in such a tone as convinced the girl that he still held to his original opinion of Denis' guilt, and, indeed, small blame to him, for ap-

pearances were certainly black against Denis.

"But listen to me now, Rose, for I'm talkin' seriously, and want ye to mark my words. No daughter ov mine will iver marry an informer. So it's all over between you an' Denis, at any rate. That bein' settled, you must think no more about him at all, at all. But, girl, alannah," and here his voice softened, "'tis sorry I am for ye sad case; but yerself can see, plain enough, I've no remedy. An' poor Denis, what he is, how could ye iver face the world wid him? His life wouldn't be worth five minutes' purchase here, or anywhere else, for thim Red Branches reach very far, and 'tis ten to one they've done fur him already. What thin, shure it's now nearin' evenin' wid me. I'll be lyin' beside your mothur in St. Selskar's owld churchyard, some ov them days, soon, an' what'll become ov my only child thin? Rose, darlint, listen to reason. I want ye to marry our friend an' neighbour, Swanby. He's not exactly the man I'd a chose fur you, if things had been goin' right; but shure, he's a warm man, an' fairly good looking, an' his place is as good as the one ye were brought up in, so I'll have the comfort ov knowing you're well provided fur when I am gone."

"No, no, don't ask me, father."

"I must, Rose, fur your own good. I'm your father, child. I've the right to command ye, here. Ask Father Donovan if that's not the law ov God and the Church."

"Oh! give me time, father, don't press me now."

"I'm in no hurry, child, only let Swanby come an' go. Receive him, an' give him a chance. You'll have my blessin', a father's blessin', Rose, if you'll fall in wid my plans in this."

That evening, O'Meara visited O'Shea, the postmaster. The post

office was a place of public gossip, where the infrequent newspaper was unfolded, and read aloud, for the benefit of the assembled villagers. O'Meara found himself the only visitor, as yet, in the little shop. Seating himself upon an upturned flour barrel, he inquired if there were any letters for him. "Not," says he, "that I'd be gettin' more letters than my neighbours, only fur Matt, over in St. Omer's. I suppose I'm the only person gits a letter more than once in the six months? You shop-keepers 'll be havin' bills and things oftener comin' to you by post?"

"Thru enough, Mr. O'Meara; but 'tis sildomer still that the colleens trouble the post office. They've other ways o' correspondin', cheaper an' nater, too. But here's a letter for your own Miss Rose."

"You don't say so?"

"Surely, there's her name wrote fair and plain. By the same token, I know the hand-writin', Mr. O'Meara."

"You do? and whose is it now?"

"Why, whose but Denis'? an' bearin' the Dunboyne post-mark, too."

"Give it to me, I'll take it to her. But stay, Mr. O'Shea,—you an' me are owld friends. We wur school-fellows. Many's the time we've hunted the partridge on the hill."

"Aye, that we did, naybor, an' there's no love lost yit. Give me yer hand, owld chum."

"You knew Denis' father, too, an' if I'm not mistaken, you were fond ov him as well."

"Surely I was, naybor."

"You'd be sorry to see his son comin' to harm."

"He's an informer."

"Informer or no informer, fur the sake ov thim that's gone, you wouldn't see him harmed."

"I'd be no party to his comin' to grief, Mr. O'Meara."

"Thin give me all letters that come fur Rose. Nobody must see that post-mark. Whin the boy iver comes down from our place askin' fur letters, fur your life don't give him Denis'. Let me git them all. Keep thim fur me."

After this conversation, slowly the old man paced the rugged path that led to his home. His mind was occupied with thoughts of his daughter, musing of her future, and wondering how best he could secure for her, at least, an honourable settlement in life, before his death. For the worthy farmer was fast breaking up. He felt within himself the sure premonitory symptoms of hastening decay. He muttered to himself, "The ind justifies the manes. 'Tis right to decave the poor girl for her own good, to be shure. She'll niver know he sent a letter at all at all."

Just then he was conscious of a hand placed upon his elbow, and looking suddenly round, with a startled air, he beheld the grinning face of Larry, looking up at his.

"Mr. O'Meara, sor, you've dropt a lethur, sur," said Larry, holding up a letter in his hand.

"You can't read, I believe, Larry," replied O'Meara.

"Is it me, sor? Where wud the loikes o' me pick up book larnin'?" said the other, as he turned off, after a respectful salutation, toward the cross roads, leading to the farm on which he was employed.

CHAPTER IX.

PLOTTINGS.

Months have rolled by, and poor O'Meara is gathered to his fathers in the old burying-ground of St. Selskar's, while Rosie is sadder and lonelier than ever. Many be-

lieve that the vengeance of the secret tribunal has long ago overtaken Denis, and that he now lies in an unknown grave in some remote part of his native land. Others are inclined to the opinion that he still lives, but roams an exile in foreign lands.

For awhile Rose received an occasional letter, full of expressions of unchanging affection; but bearing no date nor address, lest a clue should be given of his whereabouts. But these missives suddenly ceased, and for a long time she has heard nothing of her absent lover.



"HE'S FOUND, SIR; WE HAVE HIM AT LAST."

A glance at Rose's fair face suffices to show that though still youthful, being, indeed, not more than five-and-twenty, she bears the marks of the suffering through which she has passed. Her vivacity has toned down. There is an expression suggestive of intelligent piety and gentle submission to the will of God on that meek countenance. It is quite evident that her character has developed and matured in the school of affliction, and that much light has been poured into the young and recep-

tive soul ever since we first saw poor Rose, some four or five years ago.

Nellie O'Hannigan has been the humble instrument, in the hands of Providence, in bringing about great changes, but more anon of this.

* * * * *

One evening, as Swanby was "putting on his 'nightcap,'" or, in other words, preparing himself for passing the night in a state of stupefied slumber, by guzzling a few tumblers of whiskey-punch before turning in, he was seriously alarmed and upset by a man rushing eagerly into the apartment, shouting: "He's found, sor; we have him at last." It was Larry; his ugly face lit up with the joy of anticipated triumph over his enemy.

"Who's found, you fool? and what do you mean by rushing into any gentleman's room that way?"

"A thousand pardons, sir, but sure it's Denis I'm spakin' of."

"Denis found! where is he?" shouted the other in alarm. Jumping up he faced his informant with quite a defiant air, adding, in a lower voice: "He's not in the town?"

"No, sor, no. In troth he's not in the town; nor iver likely to be in the town, ayther. He's a marked man, as you well know, sor; and now the Red Branches have found him, an' he's to be done for. He's got the big sentence, that's as sure as your honour's listenin' to me. 'Tis myself was in the meetin' whin it was pronounced."

"No, no, Larry, they'll niver do it at all, at all."

"What, sor? Shure 'tis your-

self we all thought wud be the last to object to any leygitimate thrick that wud git your rival out ov yer path."

"That's throe enough, Larry; but 'tis meself would loike he'd taste my vengeance first," and the fellow's face grew black with an ugly scowl. "Look here," he continued, "I'm to be married to his sweetheart. Throe," he muttered under his breath, "she's stubborn yit; but, then, it was her father's wish, and she must obey. He must know she's mine before he dies. You have influence with the Red Branch, and so have I, fur that matter; we must manage to

git this thing delayed. It will add a few drops o' bitterness to his cup. You're but a clumsy villain at this work. Mere brutal murder is the best, or worst, you and them Red Branches can do. I'm fur somethin' more refined. Afthur he's seen my triumph, or heard ov it with certainty, an' properly proved to him—for I don't want him to see her more at any rate—thin ye's may do your pleasure on him."

He had hoped to make his revenge the sweeter by the delay. In the course of events we shall see how the time secured by this reprieve was big with destiny for Denis.

THE ELDER'S SIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PREACHER'S DAUGHTER."

CHAPTER X.

In the latter days
The Lord thy "Provider" shall give
When thou knowest His gift.
Look back! thou wert blinded and
wandering
To the light thou art brought!
Consider! shall Allah forego thee
Since thus He hath wrought.
—Koran.

"Return unto thy rest, O my soul! for
the Lord shall deal bountifully with thee."
—Psalms.

Andrew came very slowly back to life, but he was surrounded and supported during his long convalescence by ever-present, never-ceasing manifestations of that divine and human love, for the lack of which he had nearly perished. No one had before suspected the over-mastering need in this man's nature for affection; it was really the first necessity of his apparently rugged temper, and when he was deprived of it, he withered and pined like a plant in a hot, unwatered place. His better part fell into decay, and he

suffered agonies, from what may be accurately defined as hunger of the heart and soul.

It is generally the case that in physical hunger the sufferer has nearly to perish before attention is called, and sympathy and help extended; so also in this more pitiful necessity of the soul; the man had to go down to the grave's mouth before his complaint was understood and answered.

But no sooner was Andrew Carrick said to be dying, than he filled again the place which his honour and integrity had long before taken for him. All his faults were excused; and people began to accuse themselves, privately, of an unkind disregard of his feelings, and of grave injustice to his deserts. The good he had done was remembered; his faults allowed for; his very attitude of proud, uncomplaining retirement awoke again toward him a public expression of sympathy. Prayers were offered specially in the kirk

for his recovery, and the minister and elders in their turns visited regularly the Lone House ; while even David Grahame was pointedly reproved by his own minister for expressing himself in what he considered an improper manner concerning Andrew's eternal prospects. As for the fishers at "Carrick's," they were Ann's strength and stay throughout all the days of Andrew's affliction ; for when Peter Lochrigg carried home the insensible form of his old friend, and laid it gently down on the bed, he laid down also all his animosity ; and the tears he let fall on Andrew's face were for his own unkindness, as well as for Andrew's condition. Although it was the busiest season of the year, some one of the little colony always stayed at the Lone House, and the rest did his work in the boats. For without the aid of their strong arms to lift and turn the suffering form, Andrew must have lacked many a moment's relief and soothing change.

Other help quite as important had been freely rendered by the women of the cottages in the household labours ; not for one or two, but for many weeks ; and better still, Cosmo Carrick, on the first news of his cousin's affliction, had come to him. Then, finding how serious the case was, he made arrangements for the supply of his pulpit, and devoted himself absolutely to the apparently dying man. He also brought from Edinburgh the best medical counsel to be procured ; and all these things were aided and guided by Ann's never-failing care and never-ceasing love.

Thus it happened that it was Cosmo's voice which dropped into the shocked and wounded heart of the blind convalescent the first noble words of comfort and assurance.

But it was not apparent to Andrew at first how much he needed these words. He was so weak that silence and darkness were grateful. He wanted nothing of earth but a few spoonfuls of food and a few tender words. It was now that Andrew received back the bread cast upon the waters so many years before. For in the darkness that enveloped the prostrate man, it was Cosmo's voice that filled the empty void with words of such infinite pity as He gives to His beloved when he makes all their bed in their sickness.

In these days Andrew grew so fond of the young man, that he could not bear to feel him absent ; and he always fell into those deep, life-giving sleeps—every one of which were so precious—holding Cosmo's hand in his own. For Cosmo did not leave Andrew until he was able to sit a while in his chair. Indeed, he never needed him more than on that first pitiful day when the smitten man tried once more to walk, and found that he had no light to help his trembling steps. It was with Cosmo's arm around him that he reached his place, and felt the glow of the bright hearth-fire, though he could no more see the flame.

Convalescence is hard. Active sympathy has become a little weary ; the dear one is saved and safe ; the duties forgotten or neglected have to be overtaken and attended to. There appears, therefore, to be a marked subsidence of affection and interest ; and the invalid, weak, sensitive, and yet eager for life and his own share in it, feels set aside without vocation of any kind, perhaps even a little as if in the way.

Cosmo understood this position ; and before returning to Edinburgh he pointed out its danger to Ann, and made her perceive that these

days were really the ones which would likely colour and determine all Andrew's future life.

So that Ann felt the charge of her father to be a very grave one. But this time she did not lose help and comfort for want of seeking it. She told Peter frankly on what side danger lay with her father; and Peter entered warmly into her plans for keeping him hopeful and cheerful. He made a point of spending Saturday and Sunday evenings with Andrew. He told him all the news of the sea, and generally ended his gossip about the boats with some knotty problem of St. Paul's or some point in the last sermon which he "couldna agree wi'."

Indeed, there were few days in which some acquaintance from the cottages, or from Port Braddon, did not "make it in his way" to call and have a chat with Andrew as he passed. And Andrew grew neighbourly in his old age, with so much neighbourliness. He heard all that was going on, and he saw through the eyes of others the changes constantly occurring in the places familiar to him. Cosmo also came frequently to see him, and these were times of rejoicing indeed. What Cousin Cosmo said supplied him with matter and conversation enough between one visit and another.

It did not strike Andrew that these visits might have some other object besides his own comfort and gratification. Before Jeannie so sorely disappointed him, he had thought of a marriage between Jeannie and Cosmo. But Ann marrying had always seemed to be a thing very far off to him. The Lone House would be at a standstill without Ann. No one else knew anything about its resources and their management. And, as far as he was concerned, that Ann should marry was not to be

thought of. Who else was there to look after his creature comforts?—to see that the last ounce of butter was taken from the milk, and that no wastrie was made with the plenishing and the victuals? Ann was the soul of the Lone House, and Andrew could not conceive of the place without her.

But Jeannie he had destined for the high office of the minister's wife. After that eventful visit to Edinburgh, in which he first made his cousin's acquaintance, he had dreamed many fine dreams for Jeannie and himself. Whenever he wanted a delicious smoke, he smoked to the thought of Jeannie as the mistress of Cosmo's handsome manse. He thought of the pleasant visits he should then make to Edinburgh; of sitting in the minister's pew to hear his son-in-law preach; yes, he even imagined the bonnie lads and lassies which would call him "grandfather," and especially one, who would be named "Andrew," and who would be his own particular pride and joy.

Well, Jeannie had flung these splendidly happy prospects away; and it never occurred to him that Cosmo would be inclined to dream of Ann Carrick as he had dreamt of Jeannie. But such was nevertheless the case. It was, indeed, the most likely of all events; for it would have been a very poor, selfish man who could have prevented himself from admiring Ann Carrick in her beautiful daily life of heroism and self-denial.

It is true Ann had lost her first girlish beauty,—its fresh bloom and its easy grace. But in other respects she was a far handsomer woman. For flesh and blood had been informed by spirit, and mere physical loveliness refined by suffering. Her colour was less brilliant and her figure less slim; but

oh, what consideration she had for her helpless father ! what wonderful patience ! what constant helpfulness ! Then what neatness, order, and economy she showed in all her domestic duties ; and how unfailingly cheerful she was in all the perplexities of her daily life ! Cosmo was not insensible to her fair face and graceful form, but these moral beauties were infinitely more charming in his sight.

However, he said nothing definite at this time. Perhaps, indeed, Ann in some womanly way prevented it ; for she was well aware how cruel a question it would be now to her father. She was all he had. It would be impossible to leave him. His personal necessities, greater than ever, were now constant necessities ; and he looked to his daughter not only for the material comforts and pleasures he could enjoy, but also for that sympathy in his affliction, which was an ever present craving.

After Cosmo's return to Edinburgh, the Lone House soon fell into a generally regular way of life. Ann rose much earlier than she had ever done before, and hastened all her household work, so that she could be at her father's side. If it were fine weather, she walked with him a little ; but, fine or wet, she read many hours every day to him. Not alone in the Bible, for Cosmo brought and sent a variety of books, scientific magazines, missionary reports, wonderful papers on astronomy, voyages of discovery, travels to strange places. So that Andrew in his physical darkness had his mental vision opened.

He became gradually acquainted with peoples and nations very far off. This world, which had been bounded by Glasgow and Edinburgh, spread itself out from east to west, from Greenland to the outermost shores of China. His

darkness was peopled with all sorts and conditions of men, and he grew more catholic every day in all his views and feelings. Imagination—the creative faculty—became busy in his narrow brain, and made pictures of strange cities in his mind.

Hitherto humanity had been to Andrew only Scotch humanity, a species a little superior to "thae English o'er the Border," and immeasurably in advance of "thae meeserable, ignorant, popish Irish across the watter." But he was now daily more and more amazed at the variety of humanity. He held, indeed, confidently to his Scotch ideal as "the maist speeritual and wise-like development ;" but he listened with a pathetic interest to Ann's descriptions of figures, faces, and costumes of less fortunate nations.

And Ann grew to thoroughly enjoy these hours of reading and conversation. At first they had been consecrated to a labour of love only ; but very soon she had a joy in them quite equal to that of her father. When they had such a book to read as Moffat's *Africa*, or Huc's *Travels in Central Asia*, or the doings of Hastings or Clive in the East Indies, or some wonderful astronomical sermon by Dr. Chalmers, both alike longed for the hour when, the daily work being done, they could sit down on their own hearth, and lose themselves in the glorious or self-denying deeds of the great souls who, through all after time, shall be called "heroes" among men. And then when Cosmo next visited them, what delightful discussions and conversations grew out of these mental experiences.

So the winter passed quietly and very happily away, and all the time Andrew was slowly but surely recovering his old strength of body. This was not an unmitigated good. The might gathering in

his muscles made his helplessness more significant and fretting to him. For no one will suppose that the many bright hours were not shadowed by dark and gloomy conditions. In all her fruitful lands, earth has her deserts. The work of God is barren in some parts. A rose is not all flower; it hath much of lower beauty. So even that life which is hidden with Christ in God is not entirely joy. It has its doubts and despairs, as well as its confidences and its aspirations.

Andrew had many sad hours as his full strength came back to him,—hours in which he longed for the bench and the work which he had so passionately flung aside; hours when he longed with a great longing for the sea and the boats and the wet blowing sands; some hours, even, when he longed for the bustle of the little town, and for all his share in the toil, which is the joy as well as the weariness of a man's heart.

Above all things he longed for the kirk, for the sound of the holy song and the voice of the preacher. The memory of the riant, self-satisfied voice had ceased to fret him, either to think or to do evil.

"The Word is the Lord's Word, Ann," he said one day, as they were speaking of the young man. "The Word is the Lord's Word, and great is the company o' preachers; and it isna possible they should a' be perfection. Here and there will be ane better or worse than the rest; and the like o' Dr. Chalmers or Dr. Guthrie isna to be expectit mair than ance in a generation."

As the spring weather came on he began to talk of the kirk continually. He was sure now that he could "walk to Port Braddon weel enou'"; and he said mournfully, "I hae been lang awa' frae my Fayther's house, dear bairn."

"You shall not bide much longer

away, father. The first fine Sabbath day I will walk to the kirk wi' you. It will be a glad day to us baith."

"It is the Spring Communion the vera next holy day, Ann," he said a little later. "It has just come into my heart. I wad like weel to go, my dear."

"Then you shall go, father. Even if it be wet, we will risk the rain if you say so."

"I'm no fearing the rain, Ann."

"Then, wet or fine, we will go together, father."

Sabbath morn was, however, a most exquisite morning. They rose early, and Ann put by the breakfast dishes, and left the house as fair and sweet as a flower ere they began their walk to Port Braddon. How the sea dimpled and shone! How delightful was the fresh, cool wind! How full of holy joy and worship was the sound of the kirk bells as they neared the little town. Ann had seldom seen her father so calmly happy. He walked onward by her side, saying little, but his face shone with an inward peace and gratitude.

They reached the kirk just before the service began. The pews were full, the elders sitting in their seats; the minister, with his hands before his face, was waiting in the pulpit. Andrew's pew was near it. Holding his daughter's hand, he slowly made his way up the aisle to it. His rapt, sightless face was lifted heavenward; he had forgotten in that moment that he was blind and mortal.

The minister stood up and watched his steps with a countenance bright with sympathy. In the congregation there was scarcely a dry eye. The children gazed at him with wondering pity. And with what humility and gratitude Andrew Carrick ate again the sacramental bread, no mortal but Cosmo Carrick knew. For to him

only had Andrew confided the murderous intention so justly, so mercifully, thwarted.

After this full reconciliation with the household of faith, the summer came and went very peacefully. The cottages were now all empty and deserted, and Ann. was almost glad that her father could not see how rapidly they were becoming desolate. He never mentioned them to her; and though Peter came regularly to spend an hour at the Lone House, he never spoke of them to Andrew.

Gradually he learned to find his way with his staff about the house and garden, and even up the hill to the Martyrs' Stone. And when Ann was very busy, and the day was fine, he often went there to meditate. Ann could see him beneath its shadow; and very frequently now she heard him singing those blessed Psalms which fit every human heart, in every mood that human hearts can know. Indeed, this singing and making melody, and setting all his happy hours to music, was one of the pleasantest changes in his condition. Before Jeannie ran away from his home and love, it was one of his most usual moods; but since that event, Ann had never heard him sing until this summer.

Just before the New Year, Cosmo came to spend the holiday with them. His very presence in the house made it holiday to Andrew and Ann. To Andrew, Cosmo intensified life. He could talk to Cosmo of things he did not think of talking to Ann about.—Kirk government, and parliamentary doings, and the working of the great reform bill. And Ann was happy enough to sit by Cosmo's side, and catch his looks of love, and dream of some future in which they could be happy together.

One morning during this visit Ann was up very early. Strain-

ing the milk in the dairy, she looked up and saw Cosmo standing at the top of the small flight of stone steps watching her. The words he wanted to speak were in his face; but he stepped down into the sweet, cool place, and, taking her hand, said,—

"Ann, my dear girl! You know well that I love you, and would fain make you my wife. I hope, also, that you do love me. Can you say the words that will make me very happy?"

Ann acknowledged her love, but as for marriage, "that," she said, "could not be thought of." She pointed out to him her father's absolute dependence upon her love and care.

"He might come and live with us. You know that I am as his own son to him. And I love him as if he were indeed my father."

"For all that, Cosmo," Ann answered, "my father wouldna be happy out of his ain house. He was born here, and he has aye lived here. Blind he may be, but he is still at his ain fireside, and head o' his ain house. That means a great deal to father. And I do believe it would make him very miserable to leave this place. Nor would he like to live under any roof-tree but his ain. I wouldna dare to ask him to do so. It isna the time, Cosmo, yet to talk o' marriage. Father is scarce o'er the sting o' his troubles, and I would be a bad daughter indeed to wound him o'er again."

"But, Nannie dear, I think he would wish us to marry."

"I know my father better than you do, Cosmo. To say aught to him now, is just to say, 'Nannie is going to be my wife, and go wi' me to Edinburgh; so you must give up your daughter, or else your home. Please yourself.'"

"Would not my house, in his helpless condition, be better for him than this lonely place? He

would see and hear tell of all that is going on, and the kirk is next door to the house; and"—

"Cosmo, father wouldna bide in any other man's house; not even yours. He would break his heart in a strange house; and what pleasure could I have in my house, thinking o' my poor father feeling his way, like a forsaken bairn, through this house? Not yet, Cosmo. I canna leave my duty to serve my pleasure, forbye this duty is pleasure as well as duty."

Cosmo kissed her tenderly for answer. Waiting, which would have been intolerable to undisciplined hearts, was not difficult to these two. They knew how to possess a true passion, instead of being taken "possession of" by it.

"If our marriage is the will of God, he will bring it to pass in his ain way and time," continued Ann; and his way will be one of peace and pleasantness." And Cosmo cheerfully accepted her decision.

As he stood by her side in the dairy, he heard Andrew singing. The blind man had found his way to his chair on the hearth and was singing "St. Marnock's." The voice, so rich and powerful, flashed a thought through Cosmo's mind—a thought so sweet and hopeful, that he wondered he had never entertained it before.

He said nothing of it to Ann, however, but as soon as he returned to Edinburgh he gave it force and being: he bought a parlour organ of large compass and fine tone, and sent it to Andrew. And no words can describe Andrew's joy. For he had a good natural taste for music, and with a little help from Cosmo he was soon on familiar terms with his instrument.

Henceforth it was the companion and familiar of all his moods. While Ann went up and down her house, the noble strains followed her. And she could soon tell from

his choice of melodies, whether he was up on the Delectable Mountains, or mourning in the dungeon of Giant Despair, forgetful for the time that he had Hopeful's key in his breast. As the years went by, he acquired a wonderful command over his organ. Not that he ever played artistically; but he did play so that even artists listened to him with pleasure and astonishment.

These events indicate the main currents of Andrew's renewed life. In some respects it was a much richer life than before the loss of his sight; but yet there were hours when even the sweet spirit of his organ could not charm away the mournful phantoms that peopled his darkness—hours also, when it failed to heal the great longing which he had to find again his lost Jeannie.

Yet he never spoke of her, and Ann had nothing pleasant to tell him. During the very height of his illness, a letter from Jeannie came to Ann. It was dated from an interior station three hundred miles north of Sydney, and was full of complaining, of sorrow, and of fear. She said that her baby was dead, and that she was glad it was dead and gone away from such a miserable life. And the dead baby was not the worst news. She said Walter had grown discouraged, and everything had gone against him. He had fallen among bad companions. He drank constantly, and alas! poor Jeannie said, "he was ill to her! She was sick. She was homesick. She thought she would die."

This was Jeannie's complaint: her petition was still more pitiful—"would Ann please ask her father to send them just enough siller to win back to dear old Scotland once more? Walter's father would not give them a shilling unless he left her; and though Walter was ill to her, he was not bad enough to do a thing like that."

These and other complaints growing out of them—want of all comforts, want of clothing, loneliness, etc.—Jeannie made with a pitiful earnestness which almost broke Ann's heart. She wished that she could avoid answering the letter at all; but Jeannie had begged her "for any sake, to send her some reply, though it was only to deny her a' things: the silence, the waiting for letters that never came," she said, "making her that fretful and wretched that she wasna able to bear any other trouble."

So Ann wrote her a letter full of love and sorrow. Something of all the tragic events which had driven her father to the grave's mouth, she had to tell; but she laid no blame on Jeannie. Yet the poor creature evidently blamed herself. She wrote no more; and a second letter which Ann sent her after Andrew's recovery, came back to her. Jeannie and her husband had gone away and left no trace behind them. Since then there had been only unbroken silence, and Ann thought it best not to mention a subject so sorrowful and so apparently hopeless.

But if Andrew did not speak of Jeannie, he did not cease to think of her. Soon after his own salvation from death, he began to make excuses for Jeannie. Indeed, this mood was the delayed but certain necessity which was a part of the creed inborn and interwoven in his very being. Stormy wind and ocean, love's ingratitude and wrong, the lightning's cruel flash, all were alike His ministers, fulfilling His will. It was the keystone of his own submission, the sentiment of his most triumphant song.

He certainly confessed to Cosmo Carrick that he had "been permitted to wander sae far, far awa' from his Fayther's house, that naething but a fiery message from

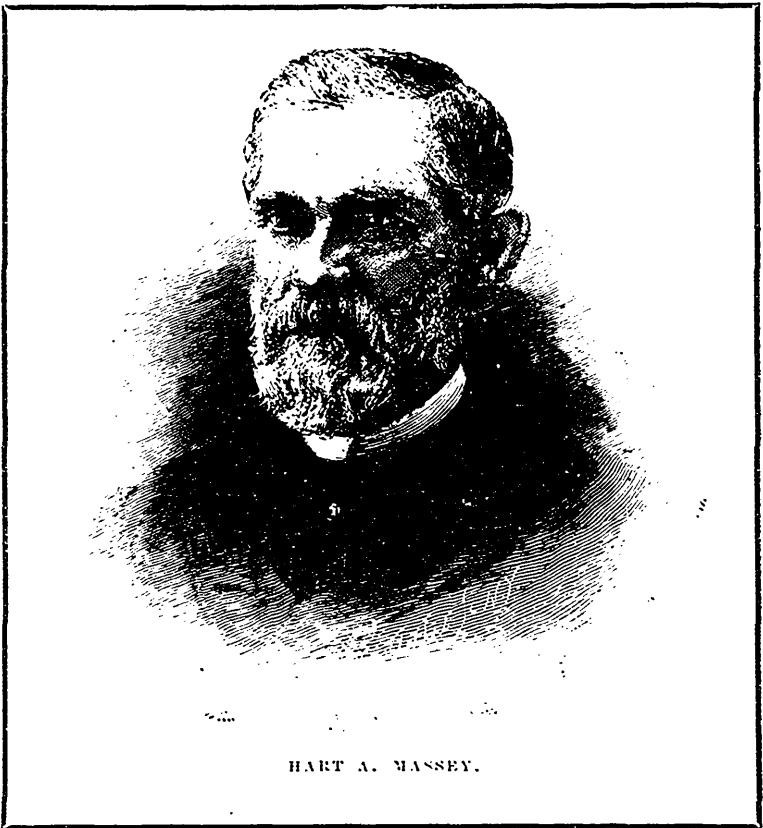
heaven itself' could bring him back; but then," he would add triumphantly, "I was aye his child! I was ne'er forgotten! I was ne'er made little of! and that is the glory o' his covenant wi' the seed o' the righteous."

So, by the same reasoning, he was just enough to give Jeannie also the benefit of such a condition, and, by a benign interpretation of the great parable, assign the prodigal son's position to his wandering daughter. And the oftener he reasoned Jeannie into this position, the more lovingly he longed for her return to his love. While she was yet a great way off, his heart was seeking her.

But year after year passed, and no further word came from Jeannie. Even Ann gave up hoping. All her letters remained unanswered, and after five years' neglect any love but a parent's love ceases to remember. For silence and absence do not make the heart grow fonder. We should not forget the dead if we ever heard from them. It is the speechless blank from which comes neither voice nor messenger that appals love and slays memory.

Ann was now twenty-eight years old. When Jeannie went away she was barely twenty-one. But she was still a beautiful woman; for the culture of varied reading, the association with her cousin Cosmo, and the elevating tendencies of sorrow bravely borne, had given to her far more charm than time had taken from her. She was a pearl of womanhood; reverent, domestic, peaceful, affectionate. She loved God with all her heart, and went about her daily duties unchallenged by any of those desolating problems which make the knees to tremble, and the heart turn sick with fear.

And to Cosmo Carrick she was the one woman in the whole world!



HART A. MASSEY.

IN MEMORIAM — HART A. MASSEY.

The death of Mr. H. A. Massey removes from the scene of his busy toil the leading figure in commercial and manufacturing industries of the Dominion of Canada. In his character was a remarkable combination of strength and tenderness. The wise training of his youth developed a sturdy self-reliance and industry and application which were the key to his future success.

The strongest element in that success was his sterling Christian character. As a boy of tender years he learned to fear God and love righteousness. This was the anchor that moored his soul amid the manifold stress and strain of a long and active business career. While diligent in business, he was fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. For fifty-eight years he maintained an active membership in

the Methodist Church which he so greatly loved. Of this love he gave many practical manifestations during his life and exhibited striking evidence in his death.

Among the many beautiful and costly treasures of his home there was one modest souvenir which he prized more highly than all others. It was the Bible presented him on retiring from the superintendency of the Sabbath-school, which position he had held for seventeen years.

One aspect of the character of Mr. Massey which the great busy world could not fully know, was the tenderness and beauty of his domestic relations. When the cares of business were laid aside, a vivacity, a tenderness and even playful humour were exhibited which only those privileged with the intimacy of that home knew. But upon these sacred scenes

and the religious life of the happy home circle the veil of privacy must rest.

Mr. Massey was a man of remarkably unostentatious character. Though possessed of great wealth his tastes were simple and modest. He made no display of style or equipage. Dignified simplicity characterized his personal and domestic expenditure. Mr. Massey was fond of travel and was a delightful travelling companion. His large experience, his intimate acquaintance with many men of light and leading, and his shrewd observation, made his conversation at once entertaining and instructive.

The business ability that could build up a great manufacturing enterprise conferred much benefit upon his native country; many hundreds of persons were employed directly in the offices and factories, and many more in the preparation of the materials required in the manufacture, and in the agency of their distribution. About 11,000 or 12,000 people, it is estimated, were thus indirectly or directly sustained by the manifold operations of this great manufacturing industry.

It is a matter for patriotic pride that this Canadian company has carried off the highest prizes in the severest test of international field trials and exhibitions in various parts of the world. The company has the largest foreign trade of any existing agricultural implement manufacturers. It exports its implements largely to Great Britain and Ireland, Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, Austria, France, Russia, Germany, Hungary, Holland, Belgium, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Greece, Switzerland, Turkey, Roumania, Bulgaria, Algeria, Tunis, and several of the countries of South America and South Africa.

But of much more importance than what a man does is the question what he is. His relations to God and goodness are more important than the amassing of a fortune and the employment of an army. The following is the testimony of Mr. Massey's pastor, the Rev. James Allen, to his religious experience in the closing hours of his life:

When I saw him for the last time, the cool, undemonstrative, self-contained man was filled with the joy of the Lord. The word "rapture" best describes his state of mind. He was suffering much from weakness, and from what I believe the physicians call air hunger; yet he was lifted above bodily weakness and pain; his face glowed as he spoke of the presence and the power of God; he said again and again, "Oh, how good God is! how good God is!

how good God is!" I referred to his laboured breathing, and the word "labour" seemed to suggest something to his mind. He said, "Yes, I have suffered much, and am suffering now, but 'labour is rest and pain is sweet, if Thou, my God, art here,'" and he went on, "And God is here; God is here. Oh," said he, "God is good; I have so much to thank Him for. Thanks be unto God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." The enemy was conquered; death was to him the servant sent to unlock the gates to endless life.

And so, full of years and full of honours, surrounded by "love, obedience, troops of friends," he passed away.

The funeral services in the Metropolitan church were of a very impressive character. The floral tributes of many friends, also from the home and branch offices of the company, and of the employees of the works, were exceedingly beautiful and expressive of their tender love and profound esteem. The venerable patriarch's true symbol was not like that of his sons who had gone before, a column broken in twain, he was rather a ripe sheaf garnered home in the fulness of time.

Mr. Massey, in great part, became his own executor in the administration of his large estate. His benefactions were on a liberal and comprehensive scale. They were designed to accomplish the greatest good for the greatest number. Mr. Massey not only gave money, he gave what was far more valuable, he gave himself, his thought, his experience, his business ability to these charities.

The Massey Music Hall, Toronto, for instance, was a wise and philanthropic endeavour to furnish for the people opportunities for religious services and high-class intellectual, musical, and literary entertainments. The result is that Toronto has a great auditorium whose capacity, whose internal beauty, whose acoustic properties, ventilation, and sanitary arrangements are equalled by very few similar buildings on the continent or in the world. Mr. Massey was intensely interested in the great religious gatherings held in this hall, especially in the Moody evangelistic services by which it was crowded twice a day for week after week. As the conversion of souls resulting from these services was reported to him he said to the present writer that it was ample compensation for all expenditure connected with this People's Institute.

The Fred Victor Mission is a beautiful memorial of his son, a noble Christian

youth, called away on the very threshold of manhood from the prospect of a life of brilliant usefulness and success. In the opinion of experts it is the best equipped building for its purpose in America, and, doubtless, in the world. This has already become a centre of moral reform, with its manifold Christian and soul-saving agencies. It has also become a training-school of Christian philanthropy of Toronto Methodism.

But Mr. Massey's deepest and strongest sympathies were with the cause of education. He exhibited his love for this when, as a very young man, he sought the halls of Victoria College and paid his own way with the toil of his own hands.

No man in Canada has previously taken such a comprehensive view of the needs of the people and bestowed such ample bequests for various classes of educational institutions. Towards Old Victoria he cherished the warmest sympathy, and to her left his most princely bequest. Besides this large amount he left a special endowment for the Chair of Biblical Study and for the Prize Fund for its encouragement.

Nor were his benefactions confined to his native province. The sister university of Sackville, N.B., of Winnipeg, Manitoba, the Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal, were also generously remembered.

Mr. Massey had advanced views on the subject of the education of women. Our ladies' colleges at Whitby, St. Thomas, Stanstead and Albert College for both sexes, have been generously aided, and a bequest of \$50,000 was given for a woman's building at Victoria University.

Even beyond his own country his benefactions extended, in the bequest of \$50,000 to the American University at Washington, and of \$10,000 to Mr.

Moody's Bible Training School at Northfield, Connecticut. The Missionary Society, the Superannuated Fund, and the Deaconess' Home were also generously remembered.

Mr. Massey's sympathies were not limited to his own Church or nation. The Salvation Army, the Bible and Tract Societies, the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, the Boys' and Girls' Industrial Schools, the Industrial Refuge, the Hospital for Sick Children, the Orphans' Home, Prison Gate Mission, and other Christian philanthropies had his thoughtful, loving care and generous bequests. Including the anticipated bequests from the residual estate, the aggregate of Mr. Massey's benefactions will reach the very large sum of \$2,000,000.

The far-reaching benefits of these bequests only the Great Day shall reveal. As successive generations of preachers and teachers, the future builders of noble, Christian manhood and womanhood in Canada, go forth from their halls, they may well invoke a blessing on the memory of Hart A. Massey, and thus fulfil his large desires by giving a Christian impress to the civilization of this land he loved so well.

In the homes and hospitals where weary sufferers on the couch of pain struggle to convalescence, or have their pathway to the tomb smoothed by his bounty; and in the orphanages, refuges, and mission hall, where souls are trained for Christian manhood or strive to rebuild a shattered life; the blessing of those who were ready to perish will surely give added joy to the joys of Paradise. But best of all will be the benediction of the Lord he loved, "Inasmuch as thou hast done it unto the least of these my brethren, thou hast done it unto me."

NATURE'S SEPULCHRE IS BREAKING.

BY PHOEBE CARY.

Oh, mine eyes, be not so tearful!
Drooping spirit, rise, be cheerful!
Heavy soul, why art thou fearful?

Nature's sepulchre is breaking,
And the earth her gloom forsaking,
Into life and light is waking.

Yea, the weakness and the madness
Of a heart that holdeth sadness,
When all else is life and gladness?

Though thy treasure death has taken,
They that sleep are not forsaken:
They shall hear the trump and waken.

Shall not He, who life supplieth
To the dead seed where it lieth,
Quicken also man who dieth?

Yea, the power of death was ended
When he who to hell descended
Rose, and up to heaven ascended.

Rise, my soul, then, from dejection;
See in nature the reflection
Of the dear Lord's resurrection.

Let this promise leave thee never:
If the might of death I sever,
Ye shall also live forever.

THE POET LAUREATE.*

It has been the fashion of wittings and carping critics to gibe and jeer at every poet-laureate, we believe, since the office was created. Even the greatest of them all, Tennyson and Wordsworth, did not escape this ordeal. It seems to grieve some little minds to see the laurel placed on any brow; so, of course, Alfred Austin has not escaped. The rule seems to have been that the less the critics knew about him the more severe was their criticism. The more the poetry of Alfred Austin is examined the worthier is he found to succeed those great poets who "built the lofty rhyme."

The English people do not wish to see the laurel stainless from the brow of Tennyson placed upon that of the erotic poet who sings of "the lilies and languors of virtue, the roses and raptures of vice;" nor on that of the moral decadents and pessimists of this *fin de siècle* time. The accomplished critic of the *Independent* writes thus:

"In selecting Mr. Alfred Austin for Laureate the British Government has acted wisely. He is at once a true poet and a true Englishman. He is not great; but he is sound, safe, and of high character as man and artist. Nothing that he has written or that he is expected to write will ever tend to debase the moral tone or intellectual taste of English-reading people. It is, perhaps, better for both morals and art, in the long run, that a true poet, not great, should have the national place of honour, rather than that a great poet, morally bad, should have it. A Government must in all things take care of its people."

Alfred Austin is a poet of the hearth and home, of wedded joys and family life. When the critics find time to read his verse they may find in it not so much to carp and jeer at. His latest book is on a noble theme, that of Alfred the Truth Teller, who for a thousand years has been beloved in cottage and hall of the English-speaking race. It is not Shakespearian, but is not unworthy of being placed beside Tennyson's "Queen Mary" and "Thomas a-Becket." It depicts the conflict with the Danes of the English Alfred, a more flesh-and-blood being than the mythical Arthur in the

long struggle "to break the heathen and uphold the Christ."

The purpose of the monarch is:

"To win the isle for Government and God. . . ."

That in this island there must be one
Lord,
One law, one speech, one bond of blood
between
Saxon and Briton,"

The following is the characteristic utterance of Alfred the Truth Teller to his son:

"Truth is the free man's weapon, and a lie
Makes him unfree and sinks him to the
serf.

For truth is justice, fairness, fearlessness,
And is to man as honesty to woman;
And I would liefer see you hewn to death
By pagan battle-axe than soil your lips
With craven paltering."

King Alfred greatly honours books and learning.

"For to his people an unlettered king
Is as a lantern lacking of its light.
And every English boy must read and own
The chronicle of this his cradle-land.
All men must learn its minstrelsy, and
lift

Their hearts above the ground on wings
of song.

For song it is that spans the mighty
world,

Brings the far near, lends light where
all is dark,

Gives sorrow sweetness, and helps man
to live

And die nobly."

Disguised as a bard, Alfred sings in the Danish camp:

"In the beginning when, out of darkness,

The earth, the heaven,
The stars, the seasons,
The mighty mainland,
The whale-ploughed water,
By God the Maker
Were formed and fashioned,
Then God made England.

"But onward and forward,

In far days fairer,
I see this England
Made one and mighty:
Mighty and master
Of all within it.
Mighty and master
Of men high-seated,
Of free-necked labour,

* "England's Darling." By ALFRED AUSTIN, Poet-Laureate. New York & London: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.25.

And ploughland peaceful,
Of happy homesteads.
This is the England.
In fair days forward,
I see and sing of."

"And who shall have this England?"
ask the Jarl. Alfred, the disguised king,
cries out:

"Alfred shall have this England!
Lord Christ shall have this England!"

His troops burst upon the camp, con-
quer the heathen, and his warriors chant:

"Long live Alfred,
Long rule Alfred,
England's shepherd,
England's oarsman,
England's darling."

No finer tribute has been paid the
genius of Alfred Austin than that of
William Watson, his supposed rival for
the laurel. In this volume is Austin's
tribute to his great master, Tennyson,
the noble poem, "The Passing of Merlin,"
so strikingly fulfilled in his own appoint-
ment as his successor.

"For never hath England lacked a voice to
sing
Her fairness and her fame, nor will she
now.

Silence awhile may brood upon the bough,
But shortly once again the isle will ring
With wakening winds of March and rhap-
sodies of spring."

A UNITED EMPIRE LOYALIST.*

No adequate tribute has yet been
paid to the U. E. Loyalist fathers and
founders of Upper Canada. It is said
that the wheat of the earth was
sifted for the planting of the New Eng-
land colonies. It was twice sifted for the
planting of our Canadian commonwealth.
Of the American Loyalists says Lecky:
"They comprised some of the best and
ablest men America has ever produced,
and they were contending for an idea
which was at least as worthy as that for
which Washington fought. The main-
tenance of one free, industrial, and
pacific empire, comprising the whole
English-speaking race, may have been a
dream, but it was at least a noble one."

"The number of those," says the
author of this volume, "who took the
Tory side in the American Revolution
and were driven into exile, it has been
claimed, was relatively to the full as
large as the number of Huguenots expat-
riated from France by the revocation of
the Edict of Nantes. There were no
better people in the country for intel-
ligence and general worth—none who,
up to the time of their mistaken and
unfortunate choice of sides in that last
crisis, had served their country better."
The choice may have been unfortunate

as it affected their ease and comfort;
but it is never a mistake to do right or to
follow the guidance of one's conscience.

This book is a generous tribute by a
patriotic American to the memory of a
staunch British patriot of the last cen-
tury. "The writer believes," says Mr.
Hosmer, "that there should be a cordial
fraternization of the whole great English-
speaking world, to-day 130,000,000 strong,
and really in all substantial respects one
and the same as regards tongue, liter-
ature, institutions, and social usages,
whether settled in South Africa, in
Australasia, in the primitive home, or in
the United States. Old prejudices should
be cast aside; the English-speaking
States, recognizing their kinship, should
knit bonds together around the world,
forming a kingly brotherhood inspired
for beneficence, to which supreme domi-
nion in the earth would be sure to fall.
According to Gladstone's couplet:

'When love unites wide space divides in
vain,
And hands may clasp across the flowing
main.'

If love would but once unite, the seas
could not sever. Earth has never beheld
a commingling of men so impressive, so
likely to be fraught with noble advantages
through ages to come, as would be the
coming together of English-speaking men
into one cordial bond."

Mr. Hosmer quotes the contemporary
opinion of John Adams as to the char-
acter of Governor Hutchinson: "Have
not his countrymen loved, admired, re-
vered, rewarded, nay, almost adored him?"

*"The Life of Thomas Hutchinson,
Royal Governor of the Province of Massa-
chusetts Bay." By JAMES K. HOSMER,
author of "History of Anglo-Saxon Free-
dom." Boston and New York: Houghton,
Mifflin & Company. Toronto: William
Biggs. Octavo. Pp. xxviii. -420. Price,
\$4.00.

Have not ninety-nine in a hundred of them really thought him the greatest and best man in America? Has not the perpetual language of many members of both houses, and of a majority of his brother-counsellors been, that Mr. Hutchinson is a great man, a pious, a wise, a learned, a good man, an eminent saint, a philosopher?"

Governor Hutchinson was the first child born in the old family mansion at the now decadent north end of Boston, the finest house in the town. He matriculated at Harvard, after the precocious Boston manner, at twelve. At the outburst of the Stamp Act tumults he was Chief Justice of Massachusetts and shortly after Governor of the Province, although a Dissenter from the Church of England. In 1865 his house was sacked and destroyed, his papers burned, his money stolen, and his life imperilled by a mob, at a loss to him of £3,000.

His loyalty to his king in the troublous times of the Boston Massacre and the Boston Tea Party made him obnoxious to the people. "Tea," says our author, "seems to have been a comfort more esteemed in those days than in ours. One pities and smiles as he reads of dames and maids pledging themselves to abstain, and contenting themselves with steeped catnip and raspberry leaves." Yet the doughty town threw \$100,000 worth of the fragrant herb into Boston Bay. Yet our American author admits that on that patriotic occasion "there was a mob in revolutionary Boston scarcely less foul-mouthed, pitiless, unscrupulous, than that which roared for the blood of the Bourbons in revolutionary Paris, or was on the verge of destroying London in the Gordon riots."

The country became too hot for the faithful Loyalists. At the evacuation from Boston 1,100 were exiled to Nova Scotia, of whom 102 were men in official station, eighteen were clergymen, 213 merchants and traders. The Loyalists were, for the most part, men of good position in the colonies. "Hence," says

our author, "when the country rose, many a high-bred, honourable gentleman turned the key in his door, drove down his avenue of trees with his refined dame and carefully guarded children at his side, turned his back on his handsome estate, and put himself under the shelter of the proud banner of St. George. . . . But the return was never to be. The day went against them; they crowded into ships with the gates of their country barred forever behind them. They found themselves penniless upon shores often bleak and barren, always showing scant hospitality to outcasts who came empty-handed, and there they were forced to begin life anew. . . . Their confiscated estates went to supply the public needs; the land they left belonged to the new order of things; and good men and women though they were in a thousand private relations, there was nothing for them, and necessarily nothing for them, but to bear their expatriation and poverty with such fortitude as they could muster."

The honourable note Governor Hutchinson had reached through forty years of self-denying, wisely directed public service was blotted out: for generations he was a mark for obloquy. His possessions, even to the tomb where lay his wife and his ancestors, were snatched from him and his children. He was received kindly by the king, yet he was ill at ease in the land of the exile. "New England is wrote upon my heart," he said, "in as strong characters as 'Calais' was upon Queen Mary's."

He longed to lay his dust with that of his wife and family in its soil, but it was not to be. In his seventieth year the courtly old Loyalist, feeling his end approaching, bade his servant bring him a fresh shirt, saying that he "must die clean," and shortly after his heroic soul passed away.

It is well to chant, not merely the paean for the victor, but also the threnody for the vanquished. This American author has discharged his task with sympathy and fidelity. Valuable appendices give much documentary history of the case.

EASTER.

I wonder if in heaven on Easter Day,
The angels add new sweetness to their songs.
I wonder if among seraphic throngs
They deck themselves in lovelier array.
I wonder if their words new homage pay
To Him to whom the perfect grace belongs
Of leading us from all our earthly wrongs,
And opening out of sin life's holy way.

I wonder—nay, I will not wonder so:
It may be on this day the angels come
With footsteps falling lighter than the
snow,
To bring God's peace to every earthly
home:
And if we seek in quiet ways of prayer
We may behold the Saviour standing there.

EDUCATION IN UPPER CANADA.*

BY N. BURWASH, S.T.D.

Chancellor of Victoria University.

We have already had occasion to review the exceedingly valuable work which Dr. Hodgins is faithfully performing for his country after a long life of departmental service. The volume now before us covers a most interesting and delicate period of our history. There were many and diverse interests involved in the struggle which centred around 1837, and among these education was not the least important. The freedom of the State from the domination of a State Church and of an aristocratic party, in numbers a small minority, was bound up with the freedom of education from the same domination.

The matter of the present volume may be considered under two general sections; (1) The slow but yet onward movement of the elementary schools of the province, which were now in the hands of the people, though still under an imperfect system. (2) The University, Upper Canada College, and the grammar schools.

Under our first head we may include the educational proceedings of the Upper Canada Legislature, 1836 to 1840, the Report of the Commission on the State of Education in 1839, and not least important, an account of the proceedings of the first Board of Education for Upper Canada during its entire period of existence, from 1823 to 1833. These minutes reveal the fact that even the elementary schools barely escaped the domination against which the whole province was at this time struggling. When, after Lord Durham's report, a commission was appointed to investigate the various departments of the Provincial Government, the Education Department received a full share of attention. The summary by these commissioners, in 1839, of the educational work of the province is, thirteen district grammar schools with about 300 pupils, and 800 common schools with about 24,000 pupils. Judging from the population, not more than one-fourth the children who should have been at school were then receiving instruction.

The outcome of this period was chiefly a demonstration of the need of a more effective system of education, a need which, under the new, liberal and en-

lightened constitution of the province, was not long to continue without remedy.

It was the business of the Commission to investigate the affairs of the University as well as those of elementary and grammar schools, and hence the report of the Commission forms also a part of our second division of the materials of the volume. To this we may add the most interesting extracts from the proceedings of the Council of King's College, and the various amendments and struggles for amendment of the King's College charter. The conflict seems to have centred around two points, the opposition of the Legislative Assembly to the sectarian character of the University charter, and a difficulty over the University Chair of Divinity, which it was proposed to divide, appointing both an Anglican and a Presbyterian professor. These conflicts delayed the opening of the University until a Methodist and a Presbyterian college had both been established by voluntary effort and endowed with University powers, so that the province started its new educational movement of the next decade with three universities instead of one. But we must not anticipate the contents of Dr. Hodgins' next volume.

We cannot close our reference to Dr. Hodgins' invaluable work without again acknowledging the ample justice which he does to our Methodist educational work in his references to Upper Canada Academy. In this volume we have a full record of the struggle of Dr. Ryerson to obtain payment of the Imperial grant to Upper Canada Academy, and also a most interesting monument of the educational work the academy was doing in a copy of the course of study for 1837 as laid before the House of Assembly in connection with the petition for aid. The curriculum in Latin, mathematics and philosophy was scarcely less extensive than that for the degree of B.A. to-day.

We would like to make an appeal on behalf of Dr. Hodgins. Would all our friends help forward his work by sending him any old reports, pamphlets, letters, minutes of school boards, or any information touching education in these early days which may be in their possession? By so doing they will greatly help a noble man in an extremely difficult and laborious work for which our children will in years to come be grateful.

* "Documentary History of Education in Upper Canada." Vol. III. 1836-1840. By J. GEORGE HODGINS, M.A., LL.D., Toronto Education Department, Ontario.

A STUDY OF ETHICS.*

BY REV. PROF. BADGLEY, LL.D.,

Victoria University.

This is a book to be studied rather than to be read. We think this is a commendation instead of a fault. The silly craze for light and easy reading, to the sacrifice of thought and earnest study, is one of the most deplorable features of the present hour. In ethics, the moral essay period and the "goody-good" literature have had their say and disappeared. The present era is one that deals with facts, from which it seeks to construct a theory that will explain them; and which, in the most practical and helpful way, will show us how we may best use the facts under the guidance of the theory for the benefit of all concerned.

This practical tendency, however, carries with it the danger that the utilitarian interests may overshadow the demand for a constructive theory, and that we may launch *in melius res* with only the sails filled with the breeze, but without compass or rudder.

To all who may be so disposed, and to those who seek to understand the meaning and the end of ethical struggle, the present volume will prove invaluable. It is easily understood even when dealing with the deepest problems. It is spiritual in its conceptions, even when it finds something to commend either in utilitarianism or the ethics of evolution. It is written in the vein of Green's immortal "Prolegomena," and, while in many respects it is an independent and original production, it is also a masterly outline and epitome of much that is found in that epoch-making volume. To the student of Green it will be found an invaluable help. It is, however, a book that may be studied apart from Green, and to the less professional student it may even be more fruitful of thought, because less difficult to understand.

We are not acquainted with any other treatise on ethics that contains in so

*"A Short Study of Ethics." By CHARLES F. D'ARCY, B.D. New York: Macmillan & Co. Price, \$1.60.

brief a compass so full and satisfactory a statement, exposition, and defence of the fundamental principles of a correct theory of thought and conduct as we have here.

The author emphasizes the spiritual conception of man. The problem of his development, and the realization of what is best are entrusted to himself. "In volition man is an end to himself and must be." He quotes approvingly Green's statement: "Self-satisfaction is the form of every object willed." But in this activity born of desire, there is needed "a principle for the ordering of the desires; so that, guided by the principle, the man may in each case identify himself with that object which shall afford a real satisfaction. The true satisfaction of self demands two things:

1. The satisfaction of some desire or interest.

2. This satisfaction taking place according to some principle of selection.

The problem of ethics is to find this principle.

As "satisfaction seems to correspond more especially to desire than to will"; and as "will is self-determination, and its end may be more fittingly described by a term which suggests rather the actualizing of a possibility than the filling of a want"; it seems better to substitute self-realization for self-satisfaction.

"The question of his life," then, "must be 'How to choose so as to realize his capabilities in the best manner?' For the best realization of his capabilities is simply the full realization of what he has in him to be."

What the end of his activity may be man cannot fully know, but: "from the very fact that he is a self or person he must believe in a best which he has in him to be. He cannot but stamp the unity of his own nature upon the possibilities of his life, and react out towards a supreme end as the goal of his activities. Conscious will must believe in the good and seek it."

O welcome, pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering angel, girt with golden wings!

—Milton.

MOSES VINDICATED.*

Canada is particularly fortunate in having had for many years at the head of one of its leading universities such an accomplished scientist and devout scholar as Sir J. William Dawson. His great attainments and original investigations in geology command the respect of the scientific world. By his biblical scholarship and Christian faith he is able to interpret the teachings of science in harmony with Scripture. There is need for such an interpreter and mediator. "The advanced evolutionists and the advanced critics," he says, "have long since united their forces, and true Christianity and true science are now face to face with both. . . . The observation and study of fifty years," he adds, "have shown me the rise and fall of several systems of philosophy and criticism, and the Word of God still abides and becomes wider in its influence."

In this volume Sir William Dawson discusses some of the vexed questions of the Higher Criticism. He gives good reasons for accepting the Mosaic authorship of the Book of Genesis. He shows that the period of the Hebrew law-giver is that of the culmination of Egyptian art and literature, and is marked by a similar degree of enlightenment in Babylonia, Phœnicia, and Southern Arabia. "Astronomy," he says, "was a very old science at the time of Moses, and is quite able to account for the astronomical references both in Genesis and Job."

Recent discoveries have shown that at the court of Pharaoh correspondence was carried on with all parts of the civilized world, in many languages, and in various forms of writing. The discoveries in the Babylonian Plain have also shown that there existed before the time of Abraham a civilization equally high with that of

the early Egyptian dynasties. "No Hebrew writer," Sir William affirms, "down to the time of Solomon, could have had so ample means of writing the early history of the world as those possessed by Moses. Fortunately for the credit of Moses, we now know that the story of creation and the week of seven days, and the pre-eminence of the seventh day, existed long before his time. It is not Egypt, but Chaldea, the native country of Abraham, that has furnished the evidence in the now well-known Creation tablets disinterred from the ruins of the royal library of Assurbanipal, king of Assyria."

The learned author proceeds to point out the remarkable harmony existing between the narrative of Genesis and the most recent discoveries of science, and its opposition to the caste system of Egypt and of later Jewish habits of thought. The assertion in the oldest historic document of the race of the unity and equality of man stamps the Scriptures as a Divine revelation.

The author proceeds to discuss the situation of early man and Eden, the antediluvians, the deluge, and the dispersion after that event, as strangely corroborated by the discoveries of archaeology and conclusions of science. He identifies the Pharaoh of the Exodus with Siptah Menepthah, who perished in the waters of the Red Sea. The empty and usurped tomb of this Pharaoh in the Valley of the Kings, corroborates the Scripture story.

He directly confronts and, we think, confutes the denial of an agnostic evolutionism as to the fall of man. He points out the evidences of deterioration in the cave men of the Stone Age, and declares that we may be sure from the deductions of geological and archaeological science that there has been a fall of man. From the ruins of the fall he looks for a nobler reconstruction of the individuals and the race, the re-organization of society and *the final restitution of all things*. This is a book at once to satisfy the reason of the scientist, and confirm the faith of the believer.

* "Eden Lost and Won. Studies of the Early and Final Destiny of Man as Taught in Nature and Revelation." By SIR J. WILLIAM DAWSON, LL.D., F.R.S., etc. New York, Chicago, and Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company, and Methodist Book-Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax, Price, \$1.25.

There's no dearth of kindness
In this world of ours;
Only in our blindness
We gather thorns for flowers.

—*Massy*.

HISTORY OF DOGMA.*

BY N. BURWASH, S.T.D.,

Chancellor of Victoria University.

This work brings within reach of the English reader the most valuable recent contribution to the History of Christian Doctrine. The work which Mr. Buchanan has translated is, in point of fact, entirely different in conception and execution from the ordinary history of doctrine. The old manuals give us an almost confusing array of facts, *i.e.*, of dogmatic opinions or teachings drawn from Christian literature and arranged in the order of time and development leading up to the culmination of the great Christian dogmas. Dr. Harnack, on the other hand, has set before himself the task of the exposition, not of the individual opinions which mark the progress of the Church's dogmatic movement, but of the great religious, intellectual and other forces which caused the movement. The work is thus a philosophy rather than a narration of the history of dogma, and works out comprehensively what Hatch in his Hibbert Lecture has done for one of these forces in a single period.

A work of this high character requires much more careful and critical study than that which aims at the simple narration of facts. In the latter case we depend upon our author for veracity and for ample and accurate scholarship, or rather information. But in the more advanced work we require assurance of his scientific spirit and ability as well. In fact, as the work of Prof. Hatch has already demonstrated, we are in a field which may be the arena of the attack and defence of Christian truth, or at least of Christian doctrine. No more subtle attack upon Christian faith can be made than that which presents it as the product of forces which have no religious authority.

The importance of the work undertaken by Harnack may be seen at a glance from his own summary of the forces which combined to produce the first great dogmatic result of Christianity -- the Nicene Creed.

"History of Dogma." By DR. ADOLPH HARNACK, Ordinary Professor of Church History in the University of Berlin, translated from the third German edition, by NEIL BUCHANAN. Vol. I. Boston: Roberts Bros., 1895.

1. "The Gospel of Jesus Christ according to his own testimony concerning Himself."

2. "The common preaching concerning Jesus Christ in the first generation of believers."

3. "The current exposition of the Old Testament, the Jewish speculations and hopes of the future, in their significance for the earliest types of Christian preaching."

4. "The religious conceptions and the religious philosophy of the Hellenistic Jews in their significance for the later statement of the Gospel."

5. "The religious dispositions of the Greeks and Romans of the first two centuries and the current Græco-Roman philosophy of religion."

To our mind this enumeration of the primitive forces appears in one respect to be incomplete, in that it omits the operation of the Holy Spirit in the Apostolic Church. If it is objected that this is entirely subjective and not historical, and is included under No. 2, the reply is that it was something operative alike in hearer and preacher, and that it not only gave form to the preaching, but also entered along with other forces, such as Old Testament preconceptions, Græco-Roman influences in shaping, and very powerfully shaping, the final judgment of the Church on the very point in hand, the nature of Him who sent this strange power upon them. In fact, this supernatural influence, when taken in its entire operation, on the preachers on the one side and on the hearers on the other, appears to us as the most powerful of all factors in creating that conception of Jesus Christ which was finally embodied in the Nicene Creed.

The necessary limits of our review will not permit us to follow Dr. Harnack's course, even through the portion of the work already before us; and far more perfect justice can be done to that part of his work relating to the Nicene Period, when we have its completion in the second volume. We can at present only call the attention of students of the work to the importance of a careful, critical exercise of their judgment. Our most serious danger lies in the relative estimate which we form of the great formative forces.

Doubtless, each one of these five had its influence, but by no means equal influence. If the first two are separated, and in No. 2 is included the work of the Spirit in the Apostolic Age, and the other three are taken together as representing what we may venture to call the human forces, did these latter so affect the result as to introduce material error into the decision of the Nicene Council? Or did they so influence the result in its form of statement as to make it unsuitable or misleading to the intellectual life of our day?

We conceive the danger of Professor Hatch's book, so able, original, and

scholarly, to be a concentration of attention on one of many forces, and thus an undue magnifying of its relative importance. But we must not seem to prejudge Dr. Harnack's great work as if it is to be charged with the same fault. The work before us is the first instalment of one of the greatest works of our age, and when the remaining volumes are at hand we shall gladly review with our readers, what we are certain they will all desire to review for themselves, the author's final conclusions on the great dogmas of our Christian faith as seen in the historical forces of their origin.

The World's Progress.

THE ITALIAN CRISIS.

It is somewhat ominous that the year of 1896 opens with such prevailing wars and rumours of war. The worst of such war scares is, that one knows not whereto they may grow. All Europe is a powder magazine which some careless brand may explode. The aggressive policy of Italy in Abyssinia has met with crushing defeats. It is alleged that the hand of Russia is seen in supporting King Menelek II. against the ally of England. The Crispi ministry has fallen beneath the savage excitement of the people, roused to indignation by the slaughter of their sons or brothers by the Abyssinians. The turbulent scenes in Rome and other Italian cities recall the stormy days of Rienzi and the Colonnas. On the one hand, it will greatly damage the prestige of Italy to retire from the conflict under a shadow of defeat. On the other, it may lead to serious Socialist revolt if more men are drafted for slaughter in the Abyssinian mountains and passes.

CUBAN BELLIGERENCY.

The Jingoism of the United States Senate has broken out in a new place. With a minority of only six it has declared that the Government should interfere, by force if necessary, for the protection of American interests in Cuba, and that the belligerency of the Cuban insurgents should be recognized. Fiery addresses strongly denunciatory of Spain and its policy were pronounced.

There is small wonder that the hot-blooded Castilians of Barcelona resented this interference, stoned the American consulate and dragged through the dirt and trampled upon the Stars and Stripes. If Spain succeeds in forming a French alliance of resistance to this new outburst of Monroe Doctrine the American nation may find that the Latin races of Europe will not be as cool-tempered and unresentful as Great Britain under extreme provocation. It would be well if the impetuous and impulsive Republic would learn that the Mother Country is after all, her best and warmest and strongest friend.

PERILS OF JINGOISM.

The worst feature about the growing Jingoism of the United States is its pernicious moral influence on the people of that country. The *New York Post*, one of its most judicious and peace-loving papers, has the following utterance on this subject:

"We dread the reflex influence of militarism upon the national character, the transformation of a peace-loving people into a nation of swaggerers ever ready to take offence, prone to create difficulties, eager to shed blood, and taking all sorts of occasions to bring the Christian religion to shame under pretence of vindicating the rights of humanity in some other country. Depend upon it this means putting the United States on a new pathway, and altering the national character for the worse. Three months ago nobody could have im-

agined such an outlook, and if anybody had predicted it, he would have been considered mad."

The American Union, cut off by the Atlantic from the entanglements of the feudal and military systems of Europe, has had the grandest field for material and moral development. But if she keeps on her present pace she will soon be as heavily handicapped as the army-ridden nations of Europe. Already the rash and reckless war message of President Cleveland has caused the vote of \$100,000,000 for coast defences and army extensions in the United States, of \$100,000,000 for naval increase in Great Britain, and of \$3,000,000 expenditure by the peace-loving Canadians.

INTERNATIONAL PEACE.

On both sides of the sea great meetings have been held in the interests of international peace. In New York the Cooper Institute was crowded by labour leaders who protested against the appropriation of one cent more for the erection of a fort or the building of a warship. The naval expenditures of the United States now exceed those of any European nation except England and France, and are double those of the German Empire. The *Outlook* remarks :

"Imagine that one-third of your income was pledged to pay interest on money you had borrowed and sunk in fighting your neighbours on either side of you, and one-third more in keeping your home and factory armed against anticipated attacks from them—how would life prosper with you? That is the condition of Europe to-day. That is the condition into which the military spirit is unconsciously seeking to plunge the United States."

THE UNITY OF THE EMPIRE.

No sign of the times is more marked than the thrill of sympathy which ran throughout the widespread British Empire when the peace of the Motherland was threatened. It was a demonstration of the solidarity of British sentiment throughout the world. The recognition of this feeling in the British Parliament has served to knit more closely the scattered portions of this great World Empire. It finds expression, too, in the following stirring words of Mr. Stead :

"Surely those having eyes must see not, and ears must hear not, if they do not recognize in the glad rally of

our ocean-sundered brethren round the Motherland when it seemed as if she stood alone and deserted among nations—something not unlike that described by Isaiah when he addressed the chosen people of old :

"Lift up thine eyes round about and see; all they gather themselves together, they come to thee; thy sons shall come from far, and thy daughters shall be nursed at thy side. Then thou shalt see, and flow together, and thine heart shall fear and be enlarged; because the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee, the forces of the Gentiles shall come unto thee. . . . A little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation: I, the Lord, will hasten it in his time."

"As the result of all the blunders and passion, and the thunder-storm which has hurtled around, we can say that the English-speaking man looms larger, greater and nobler than he ever did before; and with a more calm and assured confidence in his world mission than has heretofore been hoped for even by the most sanguine amongst us. . . . Britain for a moment seemed to stand, as the Canadian statesman said, 'splendidly isolated among the nations.' But faltering there was none, and as little of the braggart's boast. There was no flinching, no shrinking, no paltering with our trust. If we were attacked, we would defend ourselves, please God! and do what in us lay to defend the right."

"Not until empires and men find themselves in a tight place is it possible to ascertain the stuff of which they are made. In the stern accents of our high resolve, the world heard a people's voice. 'We are a people yet, though all men their nobler dreams forget.' The sound of the voice that so long had been still rang like a clarion through the ocean-sundered commonwealths in which our kindred dwell; and even in the great Republic which a hundred years ago was thrust by mad monarch from the household board, our children recognized the voice of their Motherland."

IS BRITAIN TO BLAME.

American critics, and some English ones too, notably William Watson, the brilliant poet, are berating Great Britain because she does not single-handed, with all Europe against her, interfere by force for the protection of the Armenians. We quoted last month the defence of England by Dr. Washburn, Principal of

Robert College, Constantinople, than whom no one in Europe is better qualified to express a judgment. In a recent number of the *Independent* he makes a further statement from which we glean the following :

England was first in the field and demanded such reforms as should ensure the safety and well-being of the Armenians. She invited Russia and France to co-operate on their behalf. On the Sultan's evasion of the issue England was in favour of coercion, but Russia and France opposed it and gave assurance of their opposition to the Sultan. The English fleet approached the Dardanelles and the Sultan accepted the scheme of reforms. Russia and France, seemingly jealous of England, began to counterwork English influence. "If Lord Salisbury," says Dr. Washburn, "had the courage to order the fleet to force the Dardanelles, he might have won the day."

On this subject the *Methodist Recorder* says: "England might force the Dardanelles, and bombard Constantinople, and kindle all Europe into flames and ensure the slaughter of half a million lives, to say nothing of a general massacre of every Englishman and every American in the Empire of Turkey, and the completion of Armenian extermination. Is there any sober-minded Englishman living—or Englishwoman either—who would recommend Lord Salisbury to bombard Constantinople?"

The following are Lord Salisbury's own words: "When you are dealing with a rising of a whole fanatical population against another population for whom they have had a bitter enmity for ages; when you are dealing with a population situated in the mountains, far from the seashore, you are deceiving yourself if you imagine that the navy of England, strong as it is, could have done anything to mitigate these horrors. Nothing but a military occupation could have done it, and England does not possess the power of a military occupation to that extent."

Especially is this true if opposed, as she would be, by the hordes of Russia. Much as we desire the succour of the Armenians it would be a fearful responsibility to incur tenfold dangers, disasters, and massacre in the probably fruitless attempt to protect them from the curse of Turkish misrule. Let the American critics, and English critics too, turn their wrath upon the virtual allies of Turkey—Russia, France, Germany—and spare the only nation which has made any effort to prevent these out-

rages. Let England and the United States join in sending succour to the suffering, and, if they can without doing more harm than good, in stronger measures.

Dr. Washburn gives the opinion of two classes of Turks: one the representatives of revolutionary Turkey, who express sympathy for the Armenians and invite them to join in dethroning the Sultan. Most of these are in exile. The other is the average Turk, who declares that the Armenians have been induced by the English, who have stirred up discontented people to demand a kingdom of their own like Bulgaria. Between the two the Armenians are in an evil case.

Dr. Leonard Wolesey Bacon says, "There is one great Christian Power—the United States—whose responsibility in this matter has been strangely overlooked. And what is that nation doing? Well, swaggering a good deal; bullying and threatening somewhat; but principally clamouring to the rest of the nations. 'Why don't you do something? Go in and fight and protect our citizens and their interests, and we promise you our moral support!'"

LAW OR WAR.

Of the English effort to permanently establish a court of international peace, Lord Rosebery writes: "I heartily hope that it may be found practicable to devise a court, or rather machinery, for arbitration." Mr. Bryce, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. John Morley, Archbishop of Canterbury, and others express similar sentiments, and a memorial in favour of arbitration was carried by acclamation.

Similar sentiments prevail in the United States. Captain Bourke, of the United States army, says: "It is the hoodlum politician who is most afraid that our national honour needs blood to brighten it. For thirty-three years I have been a soldier, but my voice is, and always will be, for peace."

The *Outlook* says: "Both the spirit of peace and of prudence admonish us that the best defence of national honour is to devote to the beam in our own eye the attention which Congress is now devoting to the mote in our neighbour's eye, and to guard our interests by the creation of a tribunal as quick to guard the rights of our neighbours as our own." Referring to the recent "bunkum" resolutions in Congress concerning Cuba it says: "A listener might have supposed himself to

be in a boys' school, such was the rant, the violence, and the truculence of a great deal of the speech-making. That proud and sensitive country (Spain) was insulted by every epithet which an invention weak in history but strong in language could devise." It adds, "No brave and statesmanlike voice made itself heard above the tumult. When gentlemen of honour and force differ, they do not assail each other like pick-pockets, nor do they indulge in the language of blackguardism. Between nations the same proprieties ought to be observed. For the sake of our own honour and dignity, our public men ought to be able to express national disapproval without either vulgarity or violence."

We cannot but be proud of the superior dignity and common sense shown by British statesmen of the British Parliament to the rash and reckless tail-twisting bunkum speeches of the American Congress.

NANSEN AT THE NORTH POLE.

The American humourist complains that John Bull has put his tag on the North Pole and every other piece of property that is lying around loose. And good reason he has in this case,

because it is right in his back yard. We expect he will hold on to it, too, if any-



one tries to take it from him. He is like the proverbial Scotchman who not only keeps the "Sawbath" but everything else he can lay his hands on.

SOCIALISM AND CHRISTIANITY.*

BY LYMAN ABBOTT.

Socialism and Christianity agree in two fundamental respects. They both desire a reorganization of society. They both aim at a reorganization of society which shall give a greater diffusion of intelligence and a greater diffusion of wealth throughout the community. In these two respects they are allied; they both seek a reconstruction of society, and they seek a reconstruction of society which shall give a wider diffusion of wealth, virtue, and intelligence. But they differ, also, in very important respects, and to these differences I wish to call your attention.

In the first place, then, Socialism puts social condition first, and the individual condition second. Socialism maintains that happiness depends upon the circumstances, Christianity that it depends upon

the character, of the individual. Socialism, therefore, makes its first effort to give cleaner streets, better homes, better food. Christianity attempts as its first effort to make better men.

In the second place, Socialism considers that man's moral character depends, primarily, on his condition. It seeks to change his condition, not merely to make him happier, but also to make him a better man. In its extreme forms, it avers that all the evils of mankind are due to social habit, evil organization. Said an objector to an enthusiastic Socialist, "Your scheme would work well if men were all angels;" to whom the enthusiastic Socialist replied, "All men would be angels if you would only take away the evils of their social condition." Christianity goes on a very different assumption. It assumes that evil is primarily in the individual, and it makes its

* Abridged from *The Outlook*.

first aim to correct the evil in the individual. Christ came into the world when slavery abounded. He said no word against slavery. He came into the world when wages were low. He said nothing about better wages. He came into the world when despotism was rampant. He said nothing about evil government. But He put such hope, such love, such spirit into men that they broke the chains of slavery, they broke from the bondage of despotism, established the free school, diffused wealth.

I could give you page after page of quotations showing how, by its influence on the masters on the one hand, and its influence on the slaves on the other, slavery became impossible and manumission came, not by imperial decree, but by the act of individual Christian masters moved to liberty by the spirit of humanity which had been wrought in them. Christianity begins with the individual, and it works toward a social regeneration by the individual. Men tell us sometimes that the Church is a capitalistic institution. There is some truth in the accusation. We cannot help ourselves. We go into a region of people who are not capitalists, who are almost begging their daily bread, who are living in poverty and in rags, and by our Christian teaching we put such spirit of virtue, of honesty, of industry, of integrity into them that in a very little while they begin to want the savings-bank, and either they must move away from the neighbourhood or we must move away from the neighbourhood, or the church becomes a body of small capitalists. The egg lies in the nest. There is a bird inside of it. The conservative wants to leave the egg always as it is. "Do not let the shell be broken," he says. He will get an addled egg. The radical wants to break the shell by a blow from the outside. He will get a dead bird. Christianity broods the egg until the bird breaks its own shell. Then it is time the shell was broken.

In the third place, Socialism appeals, primarily, to man in his lower nature, and climbs gradually toward his higher. That is its tendency. Christianity appeals, primarily, to the higher nature and works down to the lower. So Socialism says, first: "Give this ragged man clean clothes and a bath and feed him—provide for his body; then put his children to school—educate them; then give him better wages; as to God and immortality, we will talk about that when we get there." Christianity says to men: "You are sons of God; you are immortal beings.

You are not to walk with your arms bound; you are not to walk with your feet in chains; you are a bird, fly! You are a child of God: stand upon your feet!" The message of Christianity to every man grovelling in the dust is the message of Almighty God to Ezekiel. This is the word: "Son of man, stand upon thy feet." It begins with its message of immortality and the divine presence, and out of the acceptance of this message it is sure all else will come—higher wages, better clothing, nobler homes, larger education.

Socialism may be without religion. One may be a Socialist and be irreligious, making the line of this life his life horizon. But a Christian cannot be. The power of his message is his faith in the divinity of manhood. The message to the poor and the outcast is, "You are sons of God." The Christian's first aim is to bring men into fellowship with the divine, sure that when they are brought into fellowship with the divine they will be brought into fellowship with one another. It is not the part of Christianity to pick out a man here and there from a wreck and save him for a future heaven. I do not wonder at the scorn which has been sometimes heaped on churches and preachers. Sometimes we have deserved it. The function of Christianity is to make men into men, and out of that manhood to develop a nobler society; it is to make a new and regenerated kingdom; but a kingdom of God on the earth, a kingdom that grows out of the consciousness of God in the soul of man.

There is an old Norse legend that the god of summer was killed and carried off in captivity to the prison-house of the dead, and the whole world went into mourning. The flowers folded their petals, the trees dropped their leaves, the brooks ceased their murmuring song and pulled an icy coverlet over themselves, and the whole earth covered its dead self with a white shroud. Then one of the gods said: "I will go to the abode of the dead, cost what it may, and see if I cannot ransom and bring back the god of summer." And he went, riding through the dark and dangerous valley until he came to the prison-house, and pleaded there for liberation, and at last ransomed the god of summer so far as this, that the keeper of the prison-house said: "Your god may return to you in the spring, but in the fall must come back again." So, every spring, according to this old legend, the god of the summer comes back to earth, and then

the whole earth rejoices ; and every fall he goes away, and the whole earth mourns.

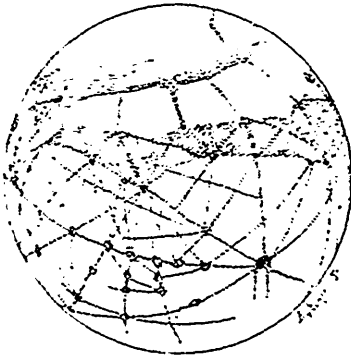
We who believe in the teachings of our Lord Jesus Christ are trying to bring the god of summer into the hearts of the children of men ; for we are certain that so long as human hearts banish Him

from their presence, and the kingdom is the kingdom of selfishness, so long it will be the kingdom of poverty and wretchedness ; but that when He comes, and we receive Him, all the flowers will be fragrant, and all the trees full of green leaf, and all the birds full of song, for He brings life with Him.

Recent Science.

NEW THEORY OF THE PLANET MARS.

There is water upon this neighbouring globe. The most evident proof of this is in the snow that extends all around the poles as far as to a latitude that corresponds to that of St. Petersburg, and sometimes even to that of Paris, and which, under the rays of the summer sun, melt almost completely. This melting of the circumpolar snow is much more complete upon Mars than upon the earth ; doubtless because the seasons, which are analogous to ours, are twice as long. None of it remains except at one point—not at the geographical pole, but at the pole of cold, at 210 miles from the former. Whence is this water derived, and what becomes of it ?



TELESCOPIC ASPECT OF MARS.

We know what becomes of it. It fills the canals and is distributed over the entire surface of the continents for the irrigation of the dry land. It never, or scarcely ever, rains upon Mars. Fine weather is perpetual there. There are no clouds, no rains, no springs, no brooks and no rivers. The circulation of the water takes place in an entirely different manner from that in which it does here.

According to these recent observations, the water derived from the melting of the snow in summer gives rise in the first place to the dark spots that we take for seas, in distributing streamlets of water thereupon that supply the fields and meadows, and perhaps the woods, the tone of which varies with the seasons. Then it is sent by the geometrical network of rectilinear canals to the most desert steppes.

The series of disks arranged in echelons at the intersections of the canals represent purposely created oases fed by these waters.

We know that upon this neighbouring world a man weighing here 165 pounds would weigh but fifty-two, that the density of substances is much less there than here, that the atmosphere is very light there, and that the conditions of life there all differ very sensibly from our own. It is probable that the human kind, whatever it may be as regards form, is more advanced than our own (Mars being much older than the earth) and much superior in intelligence. Such fraternal unity of organization would seem, moreover, conformable to our theoretical ideas as to our neighbours of the sky. — *Camille Flammarion, in L'Illustration.*

REFINEMENTS OF MEASUREMENTS.

Refinements of measurements have gone to almost incredible limits. On lenses curvatures of 1-150,000 inch can be measured. In spectroscopic analysis of mere traces of different elements, fractional wave lengths are read to 1-2,500 millionth of an inch. Professor Dewar in his searches on liquid air, attained a vacuum of 1-2,500 millionth of an atmosphere by filling a vessel with mercurial vapour and exposing it to a very low temperature, and Professor Boys, with the simplest possible arrangement of

quartz fibre, torsional balance, and mirror, claims to have been able to just detect an attractive force of the 1-20,000 millionth of a grain. So much for minute weights and measures, and as regards angles the Darwin pendulum will indicate a movement of 1-300 of a second, which would be about the angular measurement of a penny piece at the distance of 1,000 miles. It is difficult to realize the minuteness of measurements like the preceding. The smallest gold coin of Great Britain, if drawn out into a wire 1-2,500 millionth of an inch diameter, would be long enough to stretch to the sun and back again ten thousand times, and yet the fundamental mystery of the constitution of atoms and molecules would be locked up in every infinitesimal portion of the length of that minute wire.

THE ROENTGEN RAYS.

Fresh discoveries are daily announced in the field first opened by Prof. Roentgen. That there is a possibility of enabling the human eye to see with ease concealed objects, was demonstrated on Thursday, at King's College, London. One of the experimenters there says:—"Without the aid of photography, by the means of a simple fluorescent screen and a suitable lens, I could easily see all the bones in my hand and wrist clearly and sharply defined, and the action of the joints. Metallic objects were readily seen through a solid block of wood two and a half inches thick, such as used in paving streets. A sixpence, shut up between the pages of Bradshaw, was clearly visible. These results were produced by the aid of a new vacuum tube, designed and made in the college.

THE EOPHONE.

This device, invented by Frank De La Torre, of Baltimore, Md., aims to enable one not only to hear sounds from a greater distance than with the naked ear, but to locate them more quickly and exactly. The sound is gathered in a funnel about eighteen inches in diameter at its mouth, which is directed toward any point in the arc of probable sound. With the funnel are connected two rubber tubes terminating in ear pieces. As the funnel is moved about, the sound grows strong or weak, being strongest when the funnel points directly toward the distant

sounding object, whose location is thus determined. This is very valuable for ship pilots in a fog.

THE TELEPHOTOGRAPH.

This Swedish invention will reproduce to the eye pictures transmitted from a distance, doing for the organ of sight what the telephone does for the ear. It is based upon the peculiarity of selenium, that its resistance to the transmission of electricity to a great extent depends upon the strength of the light to which it is exposed. The picture can be made visible in various manners, either through photography or by being directly looked at through some magnifier, or in a similar manner to the one used in a magic lantern.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Attempts at aerial navigation continue to be announced from time to time. Percy S. Pilcher, lecturer on marine engineering at Glasgow University, has constructed two flying machines based on that of Herr Lilienthal. They are light structures of wood and steel, supporting a spread of 150 square feet of wing area, and braced with piano wire. Each has a vertical and a horizontal rudder, the one cutting the other at right angles. The former, which is rigid, is to keep the machine's head to the wind; the latter arrests the inclination to pitch sideways. Mr. Pilcher has at times risen to a height of twenty feet.

An apparatus named the "thermophone" has been devised, in which sounds are produced by the changes in the circuit due to variations of temperature. Its use is to measure temperature, particularly in distant or inaccessible places, as at sea depths, bottom of lakes, etc.

A novel invention called the "phantoscope" is said to have been devised by two young men of Washington, D.C. The principles of the kinetoscope and the stereopticon are combined. Life-size pictures are thrown on a screen, and the motions of life imparted to them.

A forward step has been taken in the art of photography in colours. By means of an instrument to which has been given the name "photochromoscope," a stereoscopic effect is produced, in which the original tints stand out faithfully.

Current Thought.

THE BIBLE IN THE SCHOOLS.

It is of immense importance that the young people of Canada should be taught the broad principles of morals set forth in the great text-book of all the ages and of all the world—the Word of God. On account of the wide division of opinion as to religious teaching in the public school, many Protestants are willing to have the Bible banished and to make the schools entirely secular. This, we think, would be a grave mistake. The Bible is the common rule of faith of Catholic and Protestant alike. Only a very few agnostics and infidels in the Dominion object to the Bible and its teachings, and their tender feeling can be protected by a conscience clause exempting their children from reading it.

Reading the Word of God without note or comment is not sectarian teaching. There is so little difference between the Catholic and Protestant versions that we would have the school authorities furnish the Douai Bible to Catholic scholars. Pope Leo XIII. has urged upon the Roman Catholics the devout study of the Word of God. We do not think the perfunctory reading of a few verses by the teacher sufficient. We think each scholar should have his own Bible—they can be purchased for twenty-five cents or less—and that the school and teacher should read responsively.

As a mere lesson in reading the best and purest English in the world this would be an incomparable exercise. The ignorance of many people of this noblest classic of any literature is deplorable. His education is wretchedly defective who is not familiar with the Word of God. He cannot without such knowledge comprehend the countless allusions to the Scriptures in Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Longfellow, all the great poets and all the great prose writers in the English tongue. If the parents of the Roman Catholic scholars of the public schools objected to such exercise they could easily be excused therefrom and receive from their own clergy at an appointed hour the religious instruction which their parents or their Church may require.

Furthermore, it would not be a difficult task to prepare a small manual on ethics or morals which would be acceptable to Catholics and Protestants alike. Such a book was prepared by the

large-hearted, broad-minded founder of our Canadian school system, the late Dr. Ryerson. It received the approval, we believe, of all the Churches of this land but one. We have been given to understand that our Baptist brethren, either from fidelity to their great historic principle of the non-intervention of the Church with the State, or for some other reason, objected to the use of this manual, although the Roman Catholic prelates of this Province had accepted it. We think that their position was a mistaken one. Teaching the broad principles of morality which lie at the very foundations of character and true manhood and womanhood is not sectarian teaching. It would have been commended by Roger Williams himself. The utter godlessness of the secular school is even in the direction of Paul Bert, a minister of Public Instruction of France, that the very name of God should be stricken out of French translations of Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe." We think it is no far-fetched conclusion that the banishment of the Bible from many American schools has much to do with the vague ethical views of large sections of the American public, as shown by their lax views of divorce, of Sabbath observance, of commercial integrity, of international obligations, and their recent exhibition of vulgar jingoism.

THE SALVATION ARMY TROUBLES.

It is always painful to hear of internal troubles in any Church or religious organization. Such a state of affairs at once interrupts the progress of the work of God and gives unfriendly critics an occasion to carp and sneer. The history of Methodism has, unfortunately, had too many examples of such internal dissensions.

It is a testimony to the integrity of William Booth that with millions of dollars passing through his hands he has been triumphantly vindicated from the malversation of a single penny. Moreover, although he has distributed the command of the Salvation Army throughout the world, to his own sons and daughters, no charge of nepotism or favouritism has been sustained against him. Indeed, the trouble in New York is that he has not favoured his son, Ballington Booth, that he has enforced the rule of the Army requiring a change of officers, notwith-

standing the urgent request of powerful and wealthy friends in New York for his son's continuance in office.

We are not now discussing the wisdom, or otherwise, of this law. But no man, however great, is too great to obey the law of the organization under which he enlisted. We think Ballington Booth should have accepted his transfer to other fields and not have broken the traditions of the Army nor marred the fellowship of the "table round" of this new chivalry, nobler than that of Britain's blameless king, "*flos regum Arthurus.*"

THE METHODIST ITINERANCY.

The Ballington Booth incident suggests the kindred topic of the advantage of the itinerancy. A good many people outside of the Methodist Church, and some inside of its ranks, are bewailing the disadvantages of the itinerant system and the tyranny of the Great Iron Wheel. They point out a few conspicuous examples like Dr. John Hall, Charles H. Spurgeon, and Dr. Storrs, as examples of the advantages of a long pastorate. No one denies those advantages, nor the disadvantages, especially to ministers and their families, of frequent change. But the success of the respective systems as a whole must be considered. It has been stated with, we believe, substantial accuracy, that one-third of the Congregational churches in New England are without pastors, that one-third of the pastors are without churches, and that there is no way of bringing these together, except a supply bureau in Boston. It is also similarly stated, we know not with what degree of accuracy, that the average duration of the pastorates in the Baptist, Presbyterian, and Congregational churches in New England is not greater than that in the Methodist itinerant system. When in any of these churches a change of pastor is wished it requires almost an explosion of dynamite, or the miserable "starving out" process to effect that change. Also the preachers in search of a charge must often go candidating for weary, heart-breaking months, if not years.

But every Methodist preacher in America who is able and willing to work finds a church or circuit, and every church or circuit finds a pastor. It is an extremely rare occurrence for objection to be made by pastor or congregation to these appointments. When one does occur it attracts almost as much attention as a star broken loose in the firmament, the

orderly procession of whose starry host attracts no attention.

Should friction arise on a circuit, as sometimes will happen even with the best Methodist ministers, both people and pastor learn to bear with the other's infirmities till Conference comes round when a change can be made with ease. If on the other hand, as it often happens, the preacher is so transcendently successful that his congregation are unwilling to part from him, why should they lay exclusive claim to a man of such apostolic gifts and graces? Let him move on to similarly bless other churches. If the man is a dead failure, as may sometimes happen, why inflict him permanently on one church? Let him move on till he learns to improve his methods or seek another field for his activities—or lethargies.

We heard the late Dr. Jeffers preach a Conference sermon on this subject. He claimed that the average man in ten pastorates of three years each could do more good than in one pastorate of thirty years. He would have ten chances to begin afresh, to correct his mistakes, to ignore previously existing church quarrels or estrangements, to do his best work for God and man. Then, the congregation having the ministries of ten men of various types of mind and methods of work would be reached and influenced in its manifold needs as would be impossible by one man.

The success of a system must be tested as a whole. The Churches with a settled pastorate have done a noble work in the world. They are the forces which have held the fort of truth, the bulwarks of strength and citadels of strong defence. But the flying artillery and light cavalry and advanced skirmishers of Methodism, a nobler chivalry than that of arms, have pushed the battle to the very frontiers of civilization, have stormed the fort of sin, have subdued wide territories to the sway of King Immanuel. Churches hoary with age and venerable with honours, rich with the accumulated wealth of pious generations and with the possession of ancient seats of learning under the prestige of mitred dignitaries and the "patronage" of the titled and aristocratic classes and of royalty itself, have been far outstripped in numbers and, we believe, in aggressive achievement and in world-wide influence by the Methodism which they once despised and whose strength and power they have only of late learned to appreciate, if they have indeed learned that yet.

Book Notices.

The Parchments of the Faith. By GEORGE E. MERRILL. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society; Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 288.

A great many otherwise well-informed persons have very vague ideas as to the way in which the Scriptures and other ancient writings have come down to us. Many think we possess the contemporary manuscripts of the sacred books and profane classics. This is entirely a mistake. "Of Homer," says Dr. Merrill, "there is no complete copy earlier than the thirteenth century. Fragments have come down from the sixth century, and in 1891 a fragment on papyrus was found dating from the first century. Of Herodotus there is no manuscript earlier than the ninth century, and of the fifteen known to exist, most are later than the fifteenth century. Only one Plato is dated before the ninth century. But for the New Testament," he adds, "we have two splendid manuscripts, one of them complete, of the fourth century, ten of the fifth, twenty-four of the sixth, and over 3,000 in all. It is evident, therefore, that we have far more evidence for the text of our New Testament than for any other writings of antiquity whatsoever."

The purpose of this volume is to describe the way in which the Bible has come down to us. It is a story of fascinating interest, as well as of vast importance. It describes the Hebrew manuscripts and Greek translations, the Targums and the Talmud, and other versions and literature. In the ancient Talmud we find the germs of some of our common nursery tales. For instance, the "House that Jack Built" finds its parallel in the following:

"Then came the dog and bit the cat
That ate the kid that my father bought
For two pieces of money;
A kid, a kid!"

The story is of allegorical force, the kid being Israel, the cat Babylon, the dog Persia, the staff that beat the dog, Greece; the fire that burnt the staff, Rome; the water that extinguished the fire, the Turks; the ox that drank the water, the European nations, who are to rescue the land of Palestine; the butcher who killed the ox, the angel of death, and so on. This, of course,

dates later than the Moslem conquest of Palestine.

Our author discusses fully the materials for the New Testament text, classes and characteristics of manuscripts, curious fragments and discoveries, the principles of scientific criticism and some curious later discoveries, including that of Mrs. Harris, at the Convent of St. Catharine, at Mount Sinai. The value of the volume is enhanced by the careful reproductions of ancient manuscripts, including palimpsests, that is, parchments containing writings of two different periods, so carefully made that they may be magnified with a lens. Four leaves of St. Mark's Gospel were found in twenty-seven pieces, which have been carefully placed together. The story of Tischendorf's rescue from the burning as fuel by the ignorant monks, of the famous "Codex Sinaiticus," one of the most precious manuscripts of the Scriptures, is told. This book should be of great interest to all Bible readers and students.

Nature as a Book of Symbols. By WM. MARSHALL. Cincinnati: Cranston & Curtis. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs. 12mo. Pp. 277. Price, 90 cent.

Blessed is the man who finds "sermons in stones, books in running brooks and good in everything." It is marvellous how many of us walk among the works and wonders of creation, without seeing much of anything in them that is not visible to the brute. It is only the faculty divine, and that, too, trained and perfected by habits of observation and reflection which can read the hidden meaning of Nature, and learn the lessons which she was designed to teach. Whether the various objects which are visible to us in the universe were intended to teach some specific lesson, or are to be regarded as the symbols of some of the unseen realities which are the objects of our faith—which is the view taken by Mr. Marshall—will no doubt be questioned by many thoughtful persons. They may think this too narrow a view, and hold that each of the objects and aspects of nature is capable of teaching us many and various lessons; that it has a distinct lesson, not only for each of us, varied according to the constitution of our several minds, but a different

lesson for each of our moods, for each of our moral and mental states.

Whichever of these two theories may be adopted, the truth remains that Nature was intended to be a witness of God. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech and night unto night showeth knowledge." And though, owing to the hardness of men's hearts and unsusceptibility of their minds, there be many who never hear their voice, it is nevertheless true that "there is no speech or language where their voice is not heard." Whatever has the effect of calling our attention to the fact, and of causing us to listen for the divine voice speaking to us through nature, deserves to be welcomed.

"Nature and the Bible are divine revelations," as Mr. Marshall observes. They emanate from the same source, and show forth the same nature, character and moral perfections of the Deity. The one throws light upon and receives aid from the other; and neither can be neglected without loss. This book, by directing the mind of the reader to this subject, as well as by the direct instruction of an interesting and wholesome character which it contains, will do good. W. S. B.

Moral Evolution. By GEORGE HARRIS. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$2.00.

The opening sentences of Prof. Harris' volume indicate its standpoint. "One dominant factor in thought, without doubt, is evolution, which thirty years ago was a theory advocated by a few biologists and opposed by others, but which is now adopted by all scientific authorities and accepted by the vast majority of educated men. A generation ago it was an hypothesis presented in scientific treatises and in technical terms. To-day it is taught in the colleges, illustrated in magazines, popularized on the platform, and recognized in the pulpit."

"The purpose of this book," continues the Professor, "as stated in the first chapter, is to establish the harmony of personal and social morality with the facts of evolution. The unity of the entire process of development, even in respect to tendencies which seem to conflict, is recognized. The author has not gone into technicalities of science nor into the abstractions of philosophy, but has attempted to set forth his conclusions and reasons with as much clear-

ness, directness and concreteness as possible."

Prof. Harris discusses the moral ideal of society—the Good, the Right; the Happiness Theory; Ethics and Evolution; the Christian Ideal—Personal and Social; and Social Regeneration in Economics and Institutions. The conclusion of the whole matter is this: "The historical Christ is the ideal Christ. He was the expression in time of that which is eternal, in the human of the absolute perfection, in man of God. To some the historical form is of more, to others of less, importance. But to all Christ is the Renewer of moral life, the Deliverer from sin, the Conqueror of death, the Revealer of God, the Brother of men, the Ruler of society, the Ideal of humanity. There is no contradiction between the processes of evolution from lower to higher moral life, and the principles, the character, and the society which are realized in Christ."

Barabbas, a Dream of the World's Tragedy. By MARIE CORELLI. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

In one sense this might be regarded as an historical novel, for we have Miss Corelli's word for it that the time and place are as stated. The reader is given a voluminous history of the Iscariot family. The amiable Judas, so long misunderstood by a severe world, and his spirituelle sister Judith, are at last presented to us in their true light. Also the paternal Iscariot. The general effect is quite Corellian.

The action of the story is as unreal as the sentiment is unwholesome. One begins betimes to smile at the *dramatis persona*. The glaring and intense colours of the world (unknown to history) through which they move, the spectacular performances through which they are mercilessly put, and the preposterous things they are forced by Miss Corelli to say, seem to have turned their heads.

Barabbas stares heavenward and postures like a martyr in a stained glass window. Like his associates he speaks a melodious and pre-Raphaelitic dialect. But Judith Iscariot, whom the lily-souled Barabbas loves, is by no means a fitting mate (in the first part of the book) for a man of tastes so sweet and pure. She swears in a deep alto, and does a great many unladylike and disagreeable things. Beside this affectionate pair many other choice spirits are brought together in the book.

Miss Corelli belongs to the hysterical school of writers, at all times present on

the outskirts of literature, who, without intellectual depth and soundness, or much knowledge of human life, or anything else, possess a certain pseudo talent for literary composition, and startle the public occasionally with their unhealthy lucubrations. To these above qualifications Miss Corelli adds great facility in writing, and the frequency with which her books appear is the most astonishing thing about them.

E. H. S.

Introduction to the Synoptic Gospels. By PATON J. GLOAG, D.D., author of introductions to the Pauline Epistles, the Catholic Epistles, the Johannine Writings, and a Commentary on the Acts of the Apostles. Cloth. Pp. 298. 9x6 in. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

This work completes a series of introductions to the books of the New Testament in the preparation of which the author has been engaged for twenty-five years. His aim is to examine the genuineness of the writings, their authorship, the readers to whom they were primarily addressed, their design, their sources, the language in which they were written, their peculiar style and diction, their characteristic features, the integrity of the text, the time when, and the place where written, and their contents. In fact, the purpose was to enable the reader of the New Testament to understand fully and to peruse intelligently its several books.

Controversial points are discussed thoroughly; the most important theories touching the "synoptic problem" are examined and the author's conclusions given as to the question whence the synoptists derived their information, and to the causes of the remarkable coincidences and equally remarkable differences which are found in their writings. He concludes that the original language of the Gospel of Matthew was Hebrew or Aramaic, of which present MSS. are translations, unless there were two originals, one Hebrew and the other Greek. He regards Mark xvi. 9-20 as genuine, and as forming an original portion of that Gospel. He accounts for the variations in our Lord's genealogies, as given in the Gospels of Matthew and Luke, on the supposition that Matthew gives his legal genealogy through Joseph, and Luke the natural descent through Mary by her father Heli, making Luke iii. 23 to read, "Being (the son, as was supposed, of Joseph) the son of Heli." (See page 170, *The Canadian Methodist Review*, vol.

vii., March-April number, 1895, where we expounded the same theory.)

There is the manifestation of great candour and impartiality in the examination of theories touching controverted questions, in which the author modifies his own preconceived opinions or traditional views as the evidence seems to justify. Notwithstanding this honesty to the author's convictions, many from a critical standpoint will regard this introduction too conservative. He has taken full advantage of the progress that has been made in recent years in the text and criticism of the New Testament, and of the most recent discoveries of biblical documents in solving disputed problems. From the published list of books referred to it would seem that our author has exhausted the literature of the synoptic question.

A. M. P.

The Soul-Winner; or, How to Lead Sinners to the Saviour. By REV. C. H. SPURGEON. Cloth. Pp. 318. 8x5 inches. Price, \$1.25. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co.

This volume is issued in accordance with a plan formed by Mr. Spurgeon; the greater part of the material he had already prepared for the press, and the rest of his manuscripts have been inserted with slight revision. The first six chapters contain the College Lectures on "that most royal employment," soul-winning. Then follow four addresses delivered at his Monday evening prayer-meeting, on "The Chief Business of the Christian Minister"; while the rest of the volume consists of sermons in which the work of winning souls is earnestly commended to the attention of every believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. The author puts his own great heart and purpose fully into this book, the reading of which will doubtless cause others to catch his spirit, which is, that "soul-winning should be the main pursuit of every true believer." These addresses are for preachers, lay-workers, Sunday-school teachers, and all who are friends of Christ's Kingdom, and will instruct, stimulate and help all who read them.

A. M. P.

Thomas Carlyle. By HECTOR C. MACPHERSON. Edinburgh and London: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs.

These enterprising Edinburgh publishers announce a Famous Scot series of the leading lights of Scottish literature.

And a very famous list it is. We know no city in the world save Florence and Athens which can present such a distinguished list of great men as "Auld Reekie," the Athens of the North. The most typical Scotchman of his times we think was Thomas Carlyle. He had the rugged strength, the touch of genius, the vein of humour, and vein, too, of intolerance, which is characteristic of his countrymen, and which strongly marked the greatest of them all—John Knox. The incidents of Carlyle's literary career are briefly outlined, with a brief criticism of his position in Scottish literature.

The English Bible. A Sketch of Its History. By REV. GEORGE MILLIGAN, B.D. Stiff covers. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 30c.

This is another of the "Guild Text-Books," edited by Prof. Charteris of Edinburgh, and McClymont of Aberdeen. The present one is intended to supplement the introductions to the Old and New Testaments already issued as a compendious narrative of the growth of the English version of the Scriptures, and of the work of perfecting the present translation. It is not exhaustive but stimulative, and while supplying needed light to all will lead some to further investigation. A. M. P.

Annotations upon Popular Hymns. By CHARLES SEYMOUR ROBINSON, D.D., Editor and compiler of "Songs for the Sanctuary," "Laudes Domini," etc. Cloth, 581 pages, 9 x 6 inches. Price, \$2.50. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Cincinnati: Cranston & Curtis. Toronto: William Briggs.

This volume is designed for use in praise-meetings, to enable the leader of the meeting to give an historical sketch both of the hymn and its author, which renders the service much more intelligent and interesting. The sketches of 1,215 hymns are given, which includes the best hymns of all authors, and the most familiar of all denominations. Although they are chosen mostly from "Laudes Domini" and "New Laudes Domini" they are not exclusive of Wesley's and other representative Methodist hymns. Voluminous indexes, by which hymns may be referred to by authors or first lines, adapts the "Annotations" for use in connection with any church hymn-book. Any who are conducting services of song will find this book a valuable aid.

A. M. P.

When All the Woods are Green. By S. WENR MITCHELL, M.D., LL.D., Harvard. New York: The Century Company; Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 419.

Dr. Mitchell's tales have won much favour from the critical readers of such high-class periodicals as the *Century* and *Atlantic Monthly*. Their sterling merit will ensure them enduring popularity. They are scholarly without being pedantic, vivacious without being frivolous, wholesome without being preachy. Most of his stories deal specially with American life. So indeed does his last volume, but it has special Canadian interest from its scene being laid in our own country. It describes the summer excursion of a party of Bostonese of the Brahmin caste to the trout and salmon streams of Canadian waters. There is a fresh, breezy, out-of-door atmosphere about the book, in which sparkles lots of ozone. It combines the advantage of letting us see ourselves as others see us, and seeing others as they see themselves.

That Dome in Air. Thoughts on Poetry and the Poets. By JOHN VANCE CHENEY. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Gilt top. Pp. 236. Price, \$1.25.

It is good advice to young persons to read the best thoughts of the world's best thinkers. This will lead them to study the poets and store their minds with their jewelled phrases. But often the poets need an interpreter. Few books are more educative than those which point out the beauties and discuss the merits and defects of these great writers. Such an interpreter is Mr. Cheney, and such a book is the volume before us. It discusses with genial sympathy and poetic insight Emerson, Lowell, Whittier, Longfellow, Bryant, Cowper and Wordsworth. With satirical scalpel the author dissects the queer prose-run-mad and "barbaric yawp" of Walt Whitman. Strange that Rossetti sincerely believed him to be of the great poets! A little-known writer is William Blake, the eccentric painter whose figures of angels surpass in power and beauty those of Fra Angelico or Luino.

A String of Chinese Peach Stones. By W. ARTHUR CORNABY. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Octavo. Pp. xv.-479. Full Gilt Gilt Top.

This is the handsomest book which we have seen issued from the Wesleyan

Conference office. In printing, binding, and graphic illustrations, of which there are many scores, it would do credit to any publishing house in the world. Many of these illustrations are reduced *fac-similes* of Chinese pictures. The coloured frontispiece is peculiarly Chinese. In its treatment of birds, trees, and animals, Chinese art is surpassingly realistic. A very few touches express a deal of character and often much humour. Some of the caricature is certainly the most extraordinary in the world.

The author has been for several years a resident of China and thoroughly understands the country and its people. This differs from most books on China in that it is a series of character-sketches in which the details are drawn from the life—picturing the normal village life of the country, describing some leading incidents in the early Taiping rebellion, and indicating how Chinese character may be modified under the changes which come even in the "changeless East." It abounds in Chinese folk-lore and stories heard from the people or gleaned from their popular tales.

China is not altogether the realm of Topsy-turvydom which it has been sometimes thought. There is a good deal of human nature and of correspondence with the great primal principles of humanity in every land and in every age. We get some glimpses of the famous General Gordon's "ever-victorious army" in the camp of the Taiping rebellion. The book gives us a strange inside view of the habits of thought and life of this strange people, who number one-fourth of the world's inhabitants.

MAGAZINE REVIEWS.

The Preacher's Magazine for March is full of material suitable for Easter.

"The Composition of Food and its Use in the Body," in *The Chautauquan*, is worthy of careful perusal, as, indeed, are all the articles in this interesting magazine. C. J.

Christian Literature for March contains "Augustine and the Pelagian Controversy," by Prof. Warfield; "Bishop Butler and His Censors," by W. E. Gladstone, and a reply by Leslie Stephen;

"Hindrances to the Acceptance of Christ," by Marcus Dods; and other excellent articles.

The Expository Times for March, in "Notes of Recent Exposition;" "The Theology of the Psalms;" "A Textual Study of Zechariah and Malachi;" "Archaeological Commentary on Genesis," and other equally good contributions, maintains the high standing of this periodical.

The Preacher's Assistant for February, opens with a timely discourse on "The Unspeakable Turk," by the Rev. David I. Burrell, D.D. On the same line is an article on "The Future of Missions in Turkey," in which is presented a sad picture of the recent destruction of property and life in connection with the work of the American Board in that country. C. J.

The Biblical World for March, in its editorial department, says some good things on Bible study. Prof. A. B. Bruce, in his "Four Types of Christian Thought," gives this time the fourth Gospel. President Harper continues "Outline Topics in the History of Old Testament Prophecy." Prof. Terry in "Aids to Bible Readers" gives the Revelation of John.

The New World, a quarterly review of religion, ethics and theology, begins its fifth volume with the March number. Among the leading articles we would mention "Miracles and Christian Faith," in which Prof. Russell examines the alleged evidential value of miracles for religious faith, the conclusion of which is that there is no necessary or inseparable connection. "The Religion of the Manchu Tartars" is an interesting contribution to comparative religion—"Tendencies in Penology" throws real light on sociological problems, "Paul's Doctrine of the Atonement" is a defence by Dean Everett, of Harvard, of his book, "The Gospel of Paul." "Leibnitz and Protestant Theology" is an able article by Prof. Watson of Queen's, Kingston. The Pre-prophetic Religion of Israel traces the social religious organization of the worship Yaheveh from the time of Moses to that of Elijah, by Prof. Toy, of Harvard. Sixty-seven pages are given to the review of books—home and foreign.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

WESLEYAN METHODIST CHURCH.

London Methodism has its special Chapel Building Fund, which has distributed no less than \$741,880 in grants and \$307,115 in loans. Twenty eligible sites have recently been secured for new buildings. Besides the fund for the Metropolis, there is one for the whole Connexion, and during the past year 371 grants were made. The entire cost of buildings aided amounted to \$1,333,430.

An eight days' mission was held in Craven Chapel, London, by the Rev. H. P. Hughes. Some extraordinary conversions took place.

The French Evangelistic Mission which was begun by the late Rev. W. Gibson, is still carried on much in the same manner as during his life. There are twenty-five French missions and nine English. Mrs. Gibson continues to give her valuable assistance to the mission work.

Nearly every issue of the *Methodist Recorder* and the *Methodist Times* contain accounts of ordination of missionaries for various parts of the foreign field. Recently two young men were ordained for the work in the Transvaal, South Africa.

In future, when ministers withdraw and go to other Churches they will be expected to pay an amount of money into the Educational Fund, in compensation for their attendance at college.

The publishers of the *Methodist Times* have given \$14,299, out of their profits to the Worn-out Ministers' Fund.

Rev. Hugh Price Hughes' "Social Christianity" has been translated into German.

Samuel Lewis, the coloured man whom Queen Victoria has honoured with knighthood, is a Wesleyan and an old pupil of Wesley College, Sheffield.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

In 1894 the Church members and probationers numbered 2,697,593. The contributions for Foreign and Home Missions were \$2,370,650. Of the money appropriated to missions fifty-five per cent. goes to Foreign, and forty-five to Home Missions.

The missionaries in five Protestant countries, viz: Germany, Switzerland, Sweden, Norway and Denmark receive

assistance to support native preachers only, and no missionaries are sent thither from America.

There are missions in the following Roman Catholic countries, viz: Italy, South America and Mexico.

There are missions in Greek Church countries, as Bulgaria and St. Petersburg, Russia.

The heathen countries which have been entered are Corea, China, Japan, India, Malaysia and Africa.

At home, missions are planted among the poor and destitute, chiefly in the south and west—among the coloured people of the South, and among all the foreign-speaking people from Europe and Asia.

Bishop Bowman has dedicated at least one church in each State and territory in the Union. He has dedicated more than 1,200 churches in the course of his ministry.

During the last twenty-five years twenty-four new churches have been built in Buffalo; the membership has increased from 1,197 to 5,000, and the church property from \$87,000 to \$665,000.

The Church Extension Society in Chicago has assisted in the erection of fifty churches, valued at \$500,000, has added nearly 12,000 persons to the Sunday-schools, and 6,000 members to the Church.

There are 531 deaconesses now at work, and last year they made 200,000 calls.

Bishop Fowler believes China to be the greatest missionary field in the world.

The Book Committee lately held its annual meeting. The total capital owned by the New York and Cincinnati houses is about \$3,510,000. The sales for the year were \$1,857,323, and the profits were \$194,472. The dividends to the Conferences amount to \$147,018. Seven depositories aid the two principal houses to distribute the issues. No Church in the world has such an extended business, and none has such a catalogue of books, or such a variety of weekly and other papers for its own use.

The elections to the General Conference reveal the following facts. Of the 310 ministerial delegates and reserves (194 delegates, 116 reserves, from 71 Conferences) consist of 152 presiding elders, 98 pastors, 26 heads of literary institu-

tions, 9 editors, 6 professors, 6 secretaries, 5 book-agents, 3 mission superintendents, 2 agents of universities, 1 press superintendent, 1 supernumerary, and 1 of undesignated position.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

Miss Laura Haygood, sister to the deceased Bishop, who has been on furlough for a year, has returned to her beloved mission in China, where she hopes to land March 11th.

Under the preaching of that remarkable man, Rev. Sam P. Jones, a large tabernacle has been erected at Nashville, costing about \$90,000, which seats more than 6,000 people.

PRIMITIVE METHODIST CHURCH.

A recent Sabbath was observed in the Nottingham District as a day of prayer. In several of the churches no sermons were preached, but the whole day's services were devoted to prayer.

The missionary income is already \$5,000 in advance of last year.

Lady O'Hagan, a Roman Catholic lady in England, presided over a missionary meeting of the United Methodist Free Churches at Barnsley recently, saying that she accepted the invitation to do so on the broad ground of their common Christianity, and as an opportunity of carrying out those duties of social intercourse and religious toleration of which so much was heard nowadays.

Mr. W. P. Hartley has set a good example to employers of labour. He has recently distributed \$11,500 amongst his employees. This is the eleventh time he has given a share of his profits to his men. He began business in a humble way as a grocer and is now reported to be a millionaire.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

The Rev. John Hunt, in a letter to *Zion's Herald*, states that there are 205 sons of Methodist ministers in Toronto. Among them he thus enumerates: "One judge, 1 bishop, 2 county crown attorneys, 1 public school inspector, 1 member of parliament, 3 queen's counsels, 4 graduates in dentistry, 12 in medicine, 40 in arts and law, three bankers, 5 insurance agents, 6 clergymen, 3 organists, 1 librarian, 1 government employee, and 60 students at the various educational institutions."

The Methodist Church evangelists have been busily employed during the winter months. Revs. Hunter and Crossley,

after a successful series of meetings in the Maritime Provinces, have gone to Bermuda, where a great and effectual door is being opened unto them. They expect to return and spend some time at Springhill, Woodstock, Sydney and Dartmouth. At the latter place the rink is being prepared for a great meeting. These brethren will remain in the east until June, 1897.

From various places in the Western Conferences good news is heard. At Port Hope 100 names were reported of persons who have joined the church in three weeks. At Maitland circuit 80 were received into full membership on one Sabbath. At one appointment, in Oxford Centre, 130 signified their intention to commence a new course of life. Sixty conversions are reported at Charles Street, Ingersoll. Rev. Arthur Browning reports 150 penitents at Fenelon Falls. In Toronto a large number of conversions are reported at Simpson Avenue church, under Rev. T. E. Bartley, and Parliament Street church, under Rev. V. H. Emory. At Berkeley Street church, the Rev. J. Odery, assisted by Mr. J. M. Whyte, are now in the midst of special services. Many conversions are reported.

The above is only a sample of the good work going on all over the Dominion.

Great enthusiasm has been manifested at various missionary anniversaries, some of which the writer attended.

A meeting of more than ordinary importance was recently held by the Executive of the Missionary Committee, when the Rev. James Henderson, D.D. was appointed to the office of Assistant Missionary Secretary. His duties will largely consist in visiting the most important places of the various conferences in the interest of the Society. Should Dr. Henderson accept he will enter upon the work in July.

Rev. John Scott, M.A., D.D., and Rev. A. C. Borden, M.A., B.D., were appointed to the college in Tokyo, Japan.

RECENT DEATHS.

Rev. Robert Boyle, D.D., died February 27th and was interred in Brampton cemetery March 1st. More than twenty ministers and several laymen from Toronto and elsewhere attended his funeral. Rev. J. A. Rankin presided. Rev. M. L. Pearson, President of Conference, Dr. Sims and W. Herridge, conducted the devotional exercises. Appropriate addresses were delivered by Rev. J. E. Lancelley, who read a tribute to the memory of the deceased from Rev. Dr.

J. Philp ; A. Langford, E. Barrass, D.D., J. Goodman. Rev. J. A. Rankin and Dr. Parker read the burial service at the grave.

Dr. Boyle was a native of Tipperary County, Ireland, where in early life he was converted under the late Rev. W. W. Cather, to whom he was ardently attached. Our beloved brother came to Canada when a young man, and in 1845 was called to the ministry of the Primitive Methodist Church, and laboured in that branch of Methodism until 1883, when the unification of all the branches of Methodism in Canada was effected. None rejoiced more in the consummation than our departed brother.

He early took a front rank among his brethren, and filled the chair of the Primitive Methodist Conference four times. In company with the writer he was sent as fraternal delegate to the parent Conference in England in 1858, and a few years ago the Senate of Victoria University honoured him with the degree of D.D.

As a proof of the esteem in which he was held by the people it may be stated, in the words of the editor of the *Brampton Times*, that "he seemed to have more influence with his people on this circuit than any other minister, previous to the union of the Methodist Churches. He has christened, married, and buried two or three generations of the same families, and he used to be written to for many miles around for that purpose. Some friends in Chicago sent grand flowers for his funeral. He was a sterling and winning preacher, very attractive, and had great influence over his congregations."

Brother Boyle was a man of plodding industry and studied hard to excel as a minister. He had a large library with which he was very familiar. He was accustomed to render valuable assistance to young ministers in the prosecution of their studies. As a minister he was very successful in turning men to righteousness. During one of his pastorates at Brampton the town was visited with the greatest revival which it ever enjoyed. Some of his spiritual children are preaching the Gospel in Canada and others in the United States.

Dr. Boyle was an upright, conscientious man. Those who knew him, though they made no profession of religion themselves, always esteemed him as one of the best of men. He was ardently attached to his brethren in the ministry and was the very soul of honour. The writer was intimate with him for more than forty-

three years, and he testifies that though they conversed on all questions, personal and relative, secular and religious, he does not remember a word spoken by his friend derogatory to the character of another. Our beloved friend loved Methodist doctrines and did not wish to see any others preached in Methodist pulpits. As was said at his funeral, "he had no use for what is sometimes called 'higher criticism,' the old theology was good enough for him!" He leaves a widow, four sons and two daughters.

The writer has written many sketches of departed friends, but he was never the subject of such peculiar emotions as while writing of his beloved brother Boyle, whose love to him has always been so true and faithful that it seems as though the remaining pathway of life will be dark and lonely without him. We adopt the words of another and say, "Friend of my life, brother of my heart, close companion for more than forty years, we say farewell till we meet in heaven."

Rev. Robert T. Rundle, died at Garstang, Lincolnshire, England, February 4th. He was a member of the first band of missionaries who went to Hudson's Bay Territory in 1840, which mission was given to the Canada Conference in 1854, and now forms a part of the Manitoba and North-West Conference.

Mr. Rundle laboured at Edmonton House nearly nine years, during which period he and his fellow-labourers endured many hardships. They travelled thousands of miles by land and by water, often over ice and snow, and frequently slept on the cold ground exposed to dangers unknown to those who often stigmatize the missionary heroes who give their lives to save their fellow-men. These men of God did good work among the Indians of the North-West of which the Church knows comparatively little. It is worthy of record that during the Riel rebellion not a member of the Indian tribes among whom the Methodist missionaries laboured was found among the malcontents.

On his return to England Mr. Rundle laboured in connection with the Wesleyan Conference, doing good work especially in rural districts until 1886, when he took a superannuated relation and calmly waited in retirement until he heard the voice, "come up higher." He was brother-in-law to the Rev. Thomas Woolsey, who preceded him a few years and, we doubt not, with others welcomed him to the eternal world.

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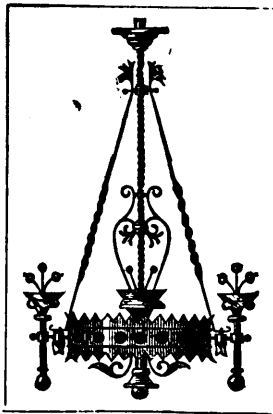
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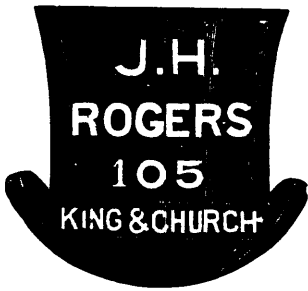
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