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A CHRISTMAS CHORD.

BY MABEL EARLE.

I.—LOVE.

The angel said unto them, Fear not.

All heaven is hushed in silence strange and tender;
White on the soundless streets the light is lying.
Ten thousand thousand faces bow their splendour
To listen, for a new-born baby's crying.

Fear not! the days of fear are done,
Though God is great, and ye are lowly.
The Morn of Mercy is begun,
Though ye are vile, and God is holy.

Fear not, though ye have waited long;
His loving-kindness waiteth longer.
Fear not, though fierce your foe and strong;
The Saviour born to you is stronger.

Fear not; good news of bliss we bring;
All glory unto God be given!
For He is born to be your King
Who is the light of earth and heaven.

All earth is thrilling to the solemn story,
Hushed in its farthest haunts of dread and danger,
Bright through its darkest midnight from the glory
Above His baby brow in Bethlehem's manger.

II.—FAITH.

The shepherds said one to another, "Let us go."

The lambs are folded safe from fright,
The hills are hushed with snow;
Now they have gone who came in light—
O brothers, let us go!
Their song was news of bliss to-night;
O brothers, let us know!

"Fear not," he said; we were afraid,
And turning us to flee;
"Fear not, fear not:" we sank and prayed;
O brothers, can it be?
"The Christ is born to be your Aid."
O brothers, come and see!

Then, with the throng which gathered fast,
Bright on the steeps behind,
"Glory to God!" he sang and passed;
And down the echoing wind
"Peace upon earth!" we heard at last.
O brothers, come and find!

III.—HOPE.

We have seen His Star.

The dawn was pure across the paling sky
Whenso our hearts looked up and wondered, waking;
What voice of God beyond that glory high?
What answer in the silver light outbreaking?
(Morning, and noon, and night,
Across the desert white,
Our way lies out before us, bare and burning;
But since our eyes have seen His Star of light,
Our feet shall know nor faltering nor returning.)

The solemn sun moved onward to the west,
The flaming noon above the palm-trees dying.
Our toiling hands grew weary for their rest;
Our asking hearts grew faint for God's replying.
(Noonday, and night, and dawn,
Unresting have we gone
Across the desert mountains far unfolding
Unto that limit evermore withdrawn;
His star has shone, and we are come beholding.)

The night beyond the western hills grew deep;
"*Nor will it pass,*" *we said, "for all our pleading.*"
We laid us down in sorrow to our sleep—
When, lo! His Star was lighted for our leading.
(Midnight, or morn, or noon,
By sunlight or by moon,
Yet shall we see His face, and fall before Him;
Our hearts shall find His comfort, late or soon,
For we are coming, coming to adore Him.)

IV.—LOVE.

Light of the world, the world is dark about Thee;
Far out on Juda's hills the night is deep.
Not yet the day is come when men shall doubt Thee,
Not yet the hour when Thou must wake and weep;
O little one, O Lord of glory, sleep!

Love of all heaven, love's arms are folded round Thee,
Love's heart shall be the pillow for Thy cheek.
Not yet the hour is come when hate shall wound Thee,
Not yet for shelter vainly must Thou seek.
Rest, little one, so mighty and so weak.

Lie still and rest, Thou Rest of earth and heaven;
Rest, little hands—our hope of bliss ye keep;
Rest, little heart—one day shalt Thou be riven;
O new-born life, O Life eternal, sleep!
Far out on Juda's hills the night is deep.

PEACE ON EARTH.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

DECEMBER, 1902.

DR. JOHNSON ONCE MORE.

1709—1784.

BY PASTOR FELIX.

JOHNSON'S MONUMENT, LICHFIELD.

A RECENT number of The Outlook prints an address by the accomplished essayist, Augustine Birrell, delivered in the presence of the Johnson Club, at Lichfield, proposing the question—"Do we really know Dr. Johnson?" On the platform, with other members of the Club, was the venerable Dr. Birkbeck Hill, the peer of Johnsonian scholars.

The illustrations will engage the reader's attention. There is a rare engraving of Johnson, in his prime, showing his rugged, honest, powerful features, and his massive head in outline, without the traditional wig. There is the great moralist's birthplace, recently set apart as a museum of relics; and there is the cathedral at Lichfield, where the wondering child listened to the periods of Sacheverel, Queen Anne's offending clergyman, with as much intelligence," Macaulay thinks, "as any Staffordshire squire in the congregation."

Surely his plain bluntness not even Carlyle could have surpassed, since we are told that at a later time he assured one of his townsmen, who had complimented what he thought a good sermon, "That may be so, sir. but it is impossible for you to know it." Then, there sits Dr. Birkbeck Hill, in arboured content; and there goes Ursa Major, feeling his way along Fleet Street. Again he is beheld, the pensive philosopher, seated in recumbent calm on his pedestal at Lichfield, as if "revolving the sad vicissitude of things."

Mr. Birrell is a trifle quizzical on our knowledge of the real Johnson, and suggests how remote may lie a biographer's impressions from the truth. But if we do not know the real Johnson, as we think we do, it may be prudent to question our knowledge of any other character who ever appeared on earth. In this age everything goes under the microscope; we cannot get along, to know anything, without our microscope. But we have the Boswell mammoth microscope, and several smaller ones; so—to affect words the lexicographer would

have chosen—if no excrescence or protuberance is visible, we may conclude it is not existent. Finally, the essayist admits his conviction that we do know Johnson, or may know him, after we have read Boswell, and Seward, and Thrale, and

DR. JOHNSON IN FLEET ST.; TEMPLE BAR, WITH TRAITORS' HEADS IMPALED.

Macaulay, and Carlyle, as well as we may know anybody who was never actually before our eyes, and who has been unseen among men for one hundred and seventeen years.

After all this accumulated store, it is vain for a tyro to write about Johnson, and may savour of assurance if one's writing go much beyond an expression of personal interest and reverence. We think we know him; but we are sure that the more we study him the deeper grows our love and respect. Read him again; it is not too late out of this illuminated age to look back into his twilight. The "Ramblers" and the "Idlers," as a whole, may be left upon the shelf; but there are still "London," and "The Vanity of Human Wishes,"—poems that have moved and delighted great souls; and there is "Rasselas," and the "Lives of the Poets," that make you glow with pleasure and burn with indignation. He is our English Plutarch—or would have been, had he dealt with the kings and warriors.

Then there is Boswell. By all means read Boswell—the only biographer. We cannot think him as contemptible as Macaulay painted him; for, if he had been, Johnson never could have endured him. Keep this book of his by you, for it brings you into the best of company; and, if a greater biography was never written, it is also certain that a more impressive character has rarely been portrayed.

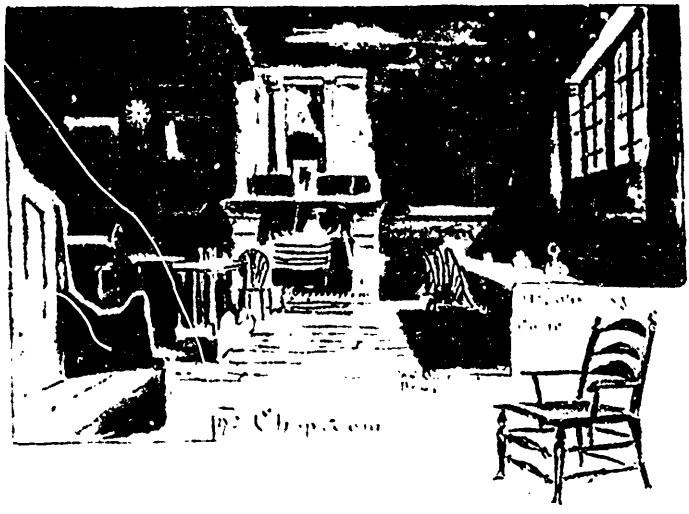
"It may be said, and truthfully said," declares Mr. Birrell, "that Boswell was a great artist. So indeed he was, a superb artist, and a self-conscious one." And for a brief survey and vivid literary por-

trait, it may be said that Macaulay's monograph is incomparable. The subject lives in such pathetic and picturesque paragraphs as these:

"His life, during thirty years, was one hard struggle with poverty. The misery of that struggle needed no aggravation, but was aggravated by the sufferings of an unsound body and an unsound mind. Before the young man left the university his hereditary malady had broken forth in a singularly cruel form. He had become an incurable hypochondriac. He said long after that he had been mad all his life, or at least not perfectly sane; and, in truth, eccentricities less strange than his have often been thought ground sufficient for absolving felons, and for setting aside wills. His grimaces and gestures, his mutterings, sometimes diverted and sometimes terrified people who did not know him. At a dinner table he would, in a fit of absence, stoop down and twitch off a lady's shoe. He would amaze a drawing-room by suddenly ejaculating a clause of the Lord's Prayer. He would conceive an unintelligible aversion to a particular alley, and perform a great circuit rather than see the hateful place. He would set his heart on touching every post in the streets through which he walked. If, by any chance, he missed a post, he would go back a hundred yards and repair the omission. Under the influence of his disease, his senses became morbidly torpid and his imagination morbidly active. At one time he would stand poring on the town clock without being able to tell the hour. At another he would distinctly hear his mother, who was many miles off, calling him by name. But this was not the worst. A deep melancholy took possession of him, and gave a dark tinge to all his views of human nature and of human destiny. Such wretchedness as he endured has driven many men to shoot themselves. But he was under no temptation to commit suicide. He was sick of life; but he was afraid of death; and he shuddered at every sight or sound which reminded him of the inevitable hour. In religion he found but little comfort during his long and frequent fits of dejection; for his religion partook of his own character. The light from heaven shone on him indeed, but not in a direct line, nor with its own pure splendour. The rays had to struggle through a disturbing medium; they reached him refracted, dulled, and discoloured by the thick gloom which had settled on his soul, and, though they might be sufficiently clear to guide him, were too dim to cheer him."

His life may pass before us in a succession of brief visions. We may see the boy of noble features, marred and distorted by disease, ransacking the shelves of his father's book-shop at Lichfield—that literary centre then to all the country round—and eagerly perusing the chosen volumes. When, searching after apples, he found a copy of Plutarch, he had the Hesperides and all the golden fruit. Better than anything except people he loved books; and from his youth he surprised the learned with his occult, unusual, and multifarious knowledge. "On the first day of his residence at Pembroke College, Oxford," says Macaulay, "he surprised his teachers by quoting Macrobius, and one of the most learned among them declared that he had never known a freshman of equal attainments."

We see the poor scholar (now one of the glories of his University, but then ragged, with clouted shoes, and manner and movement savouring more of the plough than the class-room) standing under the gate of Pembroke, where his effigy may now be seen, charming the college lads grouped around him, after the manner of "the inspired charity-



THE "CHESHIRE CHEESE," A LONDON INN.
ONE OF DR. JOHNSON'S HAUNTS.

boy" of a later time; making proud atonement for his anger at the sneers and scornful looks of the daughters of dons, who saw him cross their path "in tattered gown and dirty linen," and with slouching gait. The wit and eloquence, the force and courage, that made him supreme in a company that included Burke, and Reynolds, and Beauclerk, and Goldsmith, gave him in his tatters an undisputed ascendancy. His pride swelled in him to rude indignation, though less fiercely bitter than that of Swift. But the iron of poverty and scorn entered into all his life; the wound was never healed. There was nobility in that pride. Read his letter to Chesterfield. See him spurn the shoes from his door that some well-wishing donor had placed there!

Out of college, without a degree, dabbling in pedagogy and hack literary work, his father dead, and himself on the world well-nigh penniless, he marries. O fie! cries Mrs. Grundy; cannot a man find a woman to marry who is not old enough to be his grandmother? But, we respond, it is his own affair that she was forty-six, while he was but twenty-six. It is enough that his love was sincere, and his relation with her honourable and endearing. Macaulay, who had such power to enchant or disenchant his subject, has certainly wrought a spell of disenchantment upon the widow Porter. Better we like the dealing of Carlyle: "Their wedded life, as is the common lot, was made up of drizzle and dry weather; but innocence and worth dwelt in it; and, when death had ended it, a certain sacredness. Johnson's deathless affection for his Tetty was always venerable and noble." The day of her ceasing he confesses to have been the saddest that ever befel him. Their first home was at Edial, in the neighbourhood of Lichfield, where he endeavoured to conduct a boarding-school. We have read a copy of his advertisement in The Gentleman's Magazine, as it appeared June, 1736. Johnson did not then prove to be the magnet he afterwards became, but even the magnet requires steel particles. In eighteen months he obtained just three pupils, but one was a jewel—David Garrick.

The decisive movement of his

career was when, in the company of his afterwards to be distinguished pupil, he

> "Along the dusky highway near and nearer drawn,
> Saw in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary dawn,"

on his approach to that great metropolis. Did he go, like Tennyson's farmer boy, with high hope, or could his sober spirit forecast the thirty years' toil with poverty, and musty books, and interminable streets, in contrast with his companion's rapid rise to wealth and popularity? Could David beguile the way of weariness with his mimetic gaiety, or did his mentor even there snub him for his volatility and vanity? All the ruts and hard roads were for Johnson, and for Garrick "the primrose paths of dalliance." Which was the best? Was there envy in the sigh that Samuel breathed when David showed him his elegant villa, and in the suggestion that such complacent possession might make a death-bed terrible? This may have been a natural expression of Johnson's ever-present morbid feeling about death. At any rate, Garrick is said to have taken ample revenge for any Johnsonian thrusts and offences by his hilarious mimicry of the philosopher's domestic endearments. Peace to the manes of these strangely-contrasted yet ever friendly spirits!

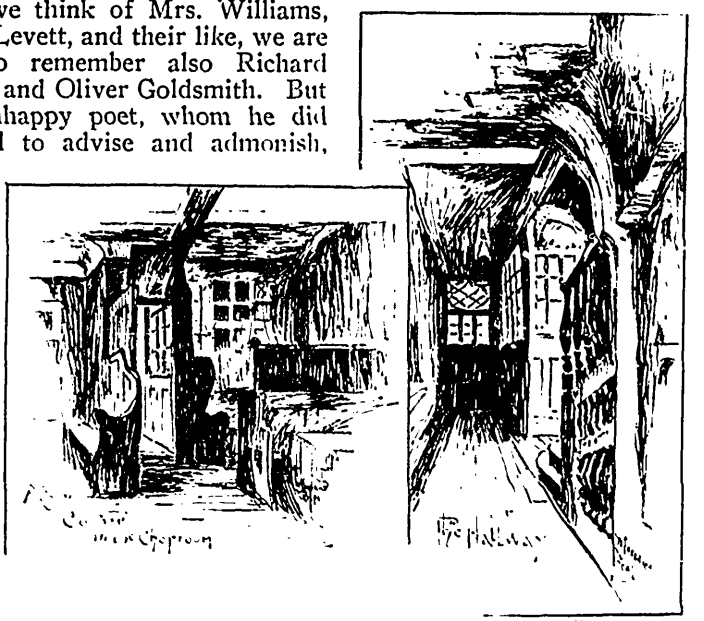
Much comment has been passed upon Johnson's association with the dissolute poet, Richard Savage; and it is suspected to have been injurious both to the moralist's character and reputation. Will not pitch defile the fairest finger? If we touch live coals must we not be burned? Possibly, for I have picked them up and cast them immune into the grate. Yet you run your risk. But in the last account, a few scars have been proven of some advantage. They were thrown into association by the most natural order of events. Poverty and misery had made them companions. They had paced the streets of London together without a lodging place. They were brought into real sympathy, having so many things in common; and when Savage left London for the west of England, they parted for the last time in tears. An unguarded association with the brilliantly vicious we would not advise; neither will we admire the Pharisee who discards them. Charity and pity might well plead for Savage, since from his infancy his life was blasted. The heart of childhood requires the shelter of home in which to repose and seclude itself; it must have the nutriment, the freedom, and the security of love; its element is confidence; it asks for moral sympathy and guidance. Savage knew none of these things. He was the unhappy bastard of base rank. He was flung by the act of his reputed mother (who was certainly no Cornelia), from the height of rank and affluence to a gulf of poverty and disgrace. He, like Noah's dove, "flitting between rough seas and stormy skies," found no permanency and little solace on the earth, and died at last in a prison, with no regarding eye but that of his pitying jailor. Johnson, on the other hand, was the child of love, and could look back upon a home that had in it something of happiness at least, and upon virtuous, affectionate, intelligent, and respected parents. He was sound in the moral base of his life, and Savage was very unsound. Like Prince Henry, in the company of Poins and Falstaff, he seemed as one misplaced, and therefore liable to be misinterpreted and misjudged; but he maintained a moral elevation above all such association, while he learned therefrom much of high value.

> "The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,

And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighboured by fruits of baser quality."

Had Savage been destitute of his undoubted merits, his misfortunes and injuries must have commended him to Johnson, who knew how to succour and to pity. When we think of the helpless and miserable of mankind whom he sheltered in his great heart, and whom he never made to feel their own inferiority—when we think of Mrs. Williams, of Dr. Levett, and their like, we are glad to remember also Richard Savage and Oliver Goldsmith. But that unhappy poet, whom he did not fail to advise and admonish, indeed, in the plaintive notes of the nightingale, but at others in the cheerful strains of the lark."

Johnson has, in his biography of the poet, said all that may properly be said in his defence; but that he has been true to the law of moral life may be argued from his closing sentence: "This relation will not be wholly without its use, if those who languish under any part of his sufferings shall be enabled to fortify their patience by reflecting that they feel only those afflictions from which the abilities of Savage did not exempt him; or those who, in confidence of superior capacities or attainments, disregard the common maxims of life, shall be reminded that nothing will supply the want of prudence; and that negligence and irregularity, long continued, will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible."



CHOP-ROOM AND HALLWAY OF THE "CHESHIRE CHEESE," LONDON.

had generous impulses and exalted conceptions. He had genuine poetical ability, and vied with Johnson in conversational gifts of a high order, which on every occasion he was ready to exercise. He could snatch an ignoble content out of the heart of misery, and seems to have had his most tranquil hours within prison walls, for he has written: "I am now more conversant with the Nine than ever, and if, instead of a Newgate bird, I may be allowed to be a bird of the Muses, I assure you, sir, I sing very freely in my cage; sometimes,

An episode in the life of Johnson, on which we love to dwell, is his association with the Thrales. He

had reached his fifty-third year, he had ceased to struggle for bread, and sat pensioned in laurelled repose, when this connection was formed. What the Unwins were to Cowper, in some measure, and for a time, the Thrales were to Johnson. In the wealthy brewer's villa at Streatham, where he was ever welcomed with smiles and entertained with gentle words, he had a room, fitted up for a library; and in their society, and that to which they introduced him, he passed his serenest, happiest hours. But the host's life was the golden band by the passing of which this spell of social enchantment was broken. How deep a sigh of regret breathes in the words recorded in his diary: "I looked for the last time upon the face that for fifteen years had never been turned upon me but with respect or benignity." Sad hours were to follow, when Mrs. Thrale—whose spirit and conduct had always been modified by her noble husband's influence—in the entanglement of her affections and the prospect of a mesalliance with the Italian music-master, Pozzi, turned coldly from her paternal guest.

Mr. Birrell thinks Johnson was in love with her, "because he wrote to her more than three hundred letters, there being no reason except mine for his writing her half a dozen." We incline not to this opinion, which must do discredit to Johnson; but if it be true, the desolation of his life is only made the deeper.

Pathetic, indeed, is the account given by Macaulay of this separation: "Conscious that her choice was one which Johnson could not approve, she became desirous to escape from his inspection. Her manner toward him changed. She was sometimes cold and sometimes petulant. She did not conceal her joy when he left Streatham; she never pressed him to return, and, if he came unbidden, she received him in a manner which convinced him he was no longer a welcome guest. He took the very intelligible hints she gave. He read for the last time a chapter of the Greek Testament in the library, which had been formed by himself. In a solemn and tender prayer he commended the house and its inmates to the divine protection, and, with emotions which choked his voice and convulsed his powerful frame, left for ever that beloved home for the gloomy and desolate house behind Fleet Street, where the few and evil days which still remained to him were to run out. . . He vehemently said that he would try to forget her existence. He never uttered her name. Every memorial of her which met his eye he flung into the fire. She meanwhile fled from the laughter and hisses of her countrymen and countrywomen to a land where she was unknown, hastening across Mount Cenis, and learned, while passing a merry Christmas of concerts and lemonade parties at Milan, that the great man with whose name hers is inseparably associated had ceased to exist."

Johnson was a contemporary of John Wesley, and enjoyed more than a single interview with that greatest of modern evangelists and ecclesiastical statesmen. We have record of his high appreciation of Wesley's spirit and powers. The objection he had to offer was that Wesley seemed to have no leisure, no freedom from routine, and that he would never long delay his feet from the pursuance of their sacred mission for that sort of conversation which was for conversation's sake. Mrs. Hall, the sister of Wesley, having procured Johnson an interview with her brother, he was much chagrined at the preacher's seemingly premature departure for the fulfilment of some appointed duty. Upon Johnson's expostula-

tion, Mrs. Hall said, in tone of surprise: "Why, Doctor, my brother has been with you two hours." "Two hours, madam!" exclaimed Johnson, "I could talk all day, and all night too, with your brother."

Boswell, too, records the Doctor's observation to him: "John Wesley's conversation is good, but he is never at leisure. He is always obliged to go at a certain hour. This is disagreeable to a man who loves to fold his legs and have his talk out, as I do." It would be interesting to know what the clean, careful, agreeable, yet saintly man, whose life was so finely and exactly ordered, secretly thought of him who could write of himself: "My indolence has sunk into grosser sluggishness. A kind of strange oblivion has overspread me, so that I know not what has become of the last year. . . My time has been unprofitably spent, and seems as a dream that has left nothing behind." Unquestionably the good man who would be about his Father's business must have contemplated his great contemporary with the sincerest charity, and with sentiments of sympathy and compassion.

Though his life-long attitude to death verged upon cowardice, in his latest hours all trepidation vanished, and the shadows of a lifetime faded away. The parting scene is impressive as that in the death-cell of Socrates, and his words are almost as memorable. His was not the triumphant and radiant death of the apostle, or the evangelist, but the calm and hopeful departure of the Christian philosopher—

> "Sustained and soothed
> By an unfaltering trust."

We seem to feel the latest pressure of the hand of Burke, as he holds the hand of his dying friend. We can see Fanny Burney stand weeping at the door, and Windham smoothing his pillow, and Langton administering the last spiritual consolation, and going far as one can do who walks with his companion on the boundary of the unseen. He died, in the peace of God and man, on the 13th of December, 1874. "He was laid, a week later," says Macaulay, "in Westminster Abbey, among the eminent men of whom he had been the historian—Cowley and Denham, Dryden and Congreve, Gay, Prior and Addison."

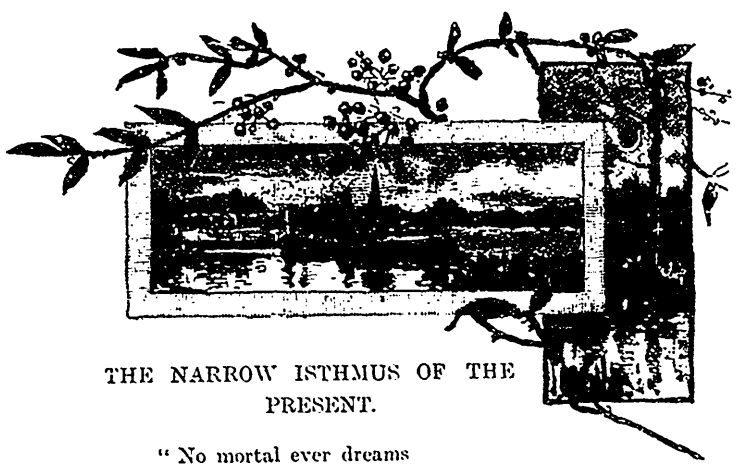
The world of letters has long outlived the style by which Johnson distinguished himself. It is too ponderous, too much overlaid with metaphor and antithesis, too sonorous and dogmatic. But, at its worst, and with all its alleged "viciousness," it is the sort of style which a great intellect alone could successfully have employed. The terms of his conversation are clearness and directness themselves, and are uttered with the precision, and often with the elegance, of studied sentences. He was a great and a true critic, and a real poet; and yet he was scarcely fit to produce, or to judge, the higher forms of poetry. We wonder, after some hours reading of his "Lives," how he would have dealt with Shelley, or even with Browning or Tennyson. The Promethean fire was indeed in him, but it shone in pale and fitful gleams—never in Olympian lightnings—and smouldered within a bulk of unillumined material.

He reasoned greatly, while he struggled with his strange antipathies, prepossessions, and prejudices; but, in any deep measure, the divining faculty was wanting. For this reason he has done notable injustice to Milton and to Gray, and even to Shakespeare, excellently as he has written about him. But all the great have their limitations, and the full-rounded human orb is hard to find. He was rich in "saving common sense," and opulent in his humanity. His knowledge of men and of books was alike extraor-

dinary. "His letters to Lord Chesterfield and to James Macpherson," says Dr. George Birkbeck, "are not surpassed by any in our language."

We must hasten to close our theme. Our visions pass more rapidly, but not less palpably, before us. We see him standing bareheaded in the rain at Uttoxeter market-place, to atone for his youthful disobedience. We see him in the London street at night, stooping under the weight of the unconscious magdalen, whom he is bearing to a place of safety. We see him inscribing his last filial message to his mother in her fatal illness, or comforting the querulousness of his singularly consorted household, or befriending the poet Goldsmith, when detained for debt; and, in every case, earning the joy of benevolent service—"the luxury of doing good." In all these situations he has convinced us of his membership in that great humane brotherhood who shall be beloved among men, and whose name shall be recorded in the book that is kept by angels. He has taught us that the real welfare of our life consists not in rank, or wealth, or the facility for pleasurable indulgence, but in virtue, in piety, in benevolence. For has he not written these truths, and does not his life give emphasis to the propriety of his sentiment?—

"Pour forth thy fervours for a healthy mind,
Obedient passions and a will resigned;
For Love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For Patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill;
For Faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind nature's signal of retreat:
These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain;
These goods He grants, who grants the power to gain;
With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find."



THE NARROW ISTHMUS OF THE PRESENT.

"No mortal ever dreams
That the scant isthmus he encamps upon
Between two oceans, one, the Stormy, passed,
And one, the Peaceful, yet to venture on,
Has been that future whereto prophets yearned
For the fulfilment of earth's cheated hope,
Shall be that past which nerveless poets moan
As the lost opportunity of song."

—*In Lowell's "Cathedral."*

VILLAGE LIFE IN FRANCE.

BY THE MARQUIS DE CHAMBRUN.

THESE title words recall to the lover of French rural life, scenes and images which his memory is likely to clothe in ideal colours. Yet even the traveller, we are told, who has chanced to cross hurriedly through the provinces of France, through Normandy, Brittany, or Champagne, or who, journeying toward the Mediterranean, has seen in passing the districts of Beaujolais and the banks of the Rhone, remembers always with pleasure the vast meadows of the north or the gay vineyards of the south. And here and there among these his memory does not fail to recall to him the little hamlets on the hillsides, with their stone steeples erect and standing out in the midst of the low stone huts grouped around them.

Nor does this image, which, of course, changes in colour and aspect according to the region one travels through, ever differ much in general outline. Whether the village be located in lower Normandy on a creek overhung with willows and bathed in the blue Norman haze, or on some dry and stony mountain peak of Auvergne, there still remains a similarity between them. The old church has its same gray walls, its same weathercock; the town hall its same creepers growing over the official placards, and the cure after his midday meal paces up and down the parsonage garden, reading his breviary, with his dark three-cornered hat shading his eyes. There, too, near by stands the chateau, oftentimes an old and historic dwelling-place, the home of the hamlet's benefactor, of the one whom the peasants generally look up to with respect, and to whom every one turns when advice is needed and assistance sought.

The village in France is an entity, so to speak, an independent autonomy, which has its mayor, its municipal council, its rector, and its schoolmaster. It has also its special customs, its feast days, and it preserves oftentimes fragments of its own church ritual. In many instances it has kept up its own fraternity for the burial of the dead. Quaint old institutions these are, which run far back into the past, and have preserved to this day something of the old costumes, half clerical, half martial, of the middle ages. Etiquette is strictly observed in the village; a person is valued there, as he is somewhat everywhere, according to the function he holds, his learning, or his wealth.

* Most of the engravings that illustrate this article are by that accomplished artist who has made Breton life especially his own. Few persons in Canada have the wealth which will enable them to become liberal patrons of the fine arts; and some who have the wealth have not the taste or disposition. But our own patriotic Lord Strathcona has both. His picture gallery at Montreal contains one of finest collections of paintings on this continent. Among them is a picture which commanded the highest price ever paid in this Dominion, if not in the whole of America, namely, Jules Breton's "First Communion," for which Lord Strathcona paid the sum of $45,000. It is a painting of exquisite pathos and beauty. We present herewith another picture by the same famous artist. It is a peasant woman of Brittany sitting at the door of the church, holding in her hand the wax taper which the Breton peasants bear in religious processions. The devout expression, the wistful earnestness of this simple peasant will touch every heart.—Ed.

ST. ROCH'S DAY—A FRENCH FAIR. —By E. B. Debat-Ponson.

As a rule, courtesy assigns to the cure a place of honour in all village solemnities ; the next place is held by right by the elective mayor, then comes the schoolmaster, who, because of his learning, often cumulates the threefold function of director of the church choir, keeper of the archives, and official agent.

Revolutions have, of course, dethroned aristocracy, and deprived it of all its feudal rights ; yet in many instances, not to say generally, either the liberality and wealth of the owner of the chateau, or the benevolence of his lady, have restored to it that place which is no longer an appanage of birth. One can justly say, therefore, that the master of the chateau now holds in the village that rank which his kindness may deserve or his talents command. He is, for example, often chosen to hold the place of mayor and constantly re-elected. But if he makes himself disliked, either because his manner is haughty, or through some neglect on his part to meet those exigencies which suffice to make a man popular in his district, he at once becomes a target for all the petty vengeance and practical jokes of the vicinity. Poachers take pleasure in killing his game, or in fishing at night in his ponds. In like manner the fruits of his orchards and the flowers of his gardens are no longer in safety. Thus it is that the best policy, and indeed the only way to maintain any influence over the peasantry, is by remaining with it on terms of kindly friendship and esteem.

The church with its churchyard forms the centre of the French village. Most churches of this sort are very old, and often bear traces of religious wars. In the sixteenth century, when Catholics and Huguenots were battling with each other throughout the provinces of France, strategy ordinarily suggested to the party attacked to seize upon the church and turn it into a place of defence. This is why so

many village churches are provided with wells, and still display on their old walls evidences of strife and sieges long sustained. In them are oftentimes to be found curious tombstones, precious archives, old mediæval pictures and carvings.

The Sabbath services have also preserved to the present day quaint signs of times gone by. Five choir singers, grouped around a large choristers' desk, at the foot of the chancel, conduct the singing. These are generally farmers of the hamlet, who fill this liturgical office on Sunday. On such occasions they put on over their blue linen blouses a white surplice and a pluvial, generally of faded golden silk, and thus arrayed they sing out in badly scanned Latin the different hymns and psalms of the Roman missal. Yet upon seeing them one cannot help a certain feeling of deep respect. On their rough faces you always find the mark of deep-rooted conviction and faith.

Village weddings are one of the principal events of village life, not to be omitted. These, in the French provinces, bear a three-fold character, into which enter the State, the Church, and rural society. Though somewhat abridged, country nuptials of the present day still last a long while, commencing as they do in the early morning and lasting until after dark.

The civil marriage is first performed, and is, so to speak, the first step in the programme of the day. This is celebrated at the mayor's office or schoolroom, as the case may be, as often both are part of the same building. The mayor, wearing around his waist a tricolor scarf, proceeds to read aloud the articles of the code relating to marriage contracts and the reciprocal obligations assumed by the contracting parties. He then ascertains the willingness of the parties to enter into wedlock according to the terms of the contract explained to them; and this being done he declares the marriage performed in the name of the law.

WEEDERS. —By Jules Breton.

From the mayor's office, the couple, followed by their relatives and friends walking arm in arm, forthwith proceed to move on toward the church in slow procession. The women have on their best lace caps, ribbons, and shawls, while the blue blouses of the men are stitched in white round neck and sleeves. This moment generally coincides with the hour for early mass, and the bells toll merrily as the procession enters the church. Before ascending the altar, the priest performs the religious marriage, after which the couple and attendants assist at the service. When this is over the fiddlers, one or two in number, take up their instruments, and

the wedding party files out, keeping step to the cheerful notes of some country dance. Then arm in arm they follow the fiddlers on to the esplanade and to the principal walk of the village. The stroll serves two purposes. It is an exhibition of the bride, and lasts until the last preparations of the dinner are being achieved.

The dinner is always a grand affair. It is a meal which every guest present is to remember and speak about henceforth and for ever; and in view of impressing its merits upon the memory, it must, in addition to the many things consumed, consume as long a time as possible.

REAPERS. —By Jules Breton.

Between the courses, the bridal party and guests often stroll about the town. Games of tenpins are played in the churchyard, or on the esplanade. But the last course of the meal is given up to toasting the bride and groom. At that moment the aspect of the large barn in which festivities of this kind are generally held is quaint and interesting. Amid the decorations of evergreens and shrubs, seated at the long tables, the merry party is listening attentively, while, glass in hand, some sturdy peasant, clad in his blue blouse, and keeping on his face his stern, weatherbeaten expression, sings before the assembled company an old-time song, such as the one which the Marchioness de Sevigne notes in one of her best known letters :

"Vous voilà donc liée
Madame la Mariée ;
Avec un lien d'or,
Qui ne délie qu'à la mort !" *

At night time the party disperses ; those of the neighbouring villages then harness their horses, and whip loudly as their jaunting carts depart in different directions.

Throughout France, farm-houses are generally old and built of stone. They usually stand in a small meadow facing the sun. The outhouses and barns, often thatch-covered, as a rule join the dwelling-house. This dwelling-house comprises but one large room and a vast garret. This room has an immense fireplace where a spit, a chaldron, and colossal hand-irons are to be seen. Few pictures or ornaments adorn the walls ; brass pans and kettles hang over the mantel, and sometimes old pieces of china. The floor is tiled or made of earthen cement, and as a rule it is neatly kept. An old clock and a large wardrobe, together with the bed and dining-table, are about the only pieces of massive furniture which the room contains. The door opens into the court-yard. Outside, hedges and vines grow around the dwelling, and near by the kitchen-

* A free translation would read, Behold now Madam the Bride, bound with a golden band which only death can sever.

gardens, luxuriantly planted and kept up, together with the orchard and dairy, are the pride of every French farm. Few countries in the world can display such knowledge and skill in horticulture as does France, taken as a whole.

of Paris, is a manufacturing district. The mining districts are in the mountainous regions of the south and south-east.

HARVEST TIME. —By Jules Breton.

Around the farms are the lands appertaining to them. These, of course, vary in products according to regions or districts. Normandy is largely given up to meadows, plow lands, and cattle raising. In the Perche, horses are raised for exportation. In the south and south-west the fields are mostly given up to the growing of grapes, and the wealth of the land lies in the yearly vintage. The centre of France, and especially the neighbourhood

Although French village life for centuries has little changed in general character, yet its present state, so far as the tenure of land and the right to purchase extend, dates back to the great revolution of 1789. The peasants then ceased to be feudal tenants. Their tenure became suddenly allodial and unincumbered. Tithes and other feudal burdens were abolished, and subsequently the game laws became what they are to-day. These are exceed-

END OF LABOUR. —By Jules Breton.

ingly liberal and democratic ; so liberal, in fact, that game is rapidly disappearing, from actual extinction. So long as the gunning period lasts, to all persons of age and who apply for it, a shooting permit is delivered upon payment of a certain tax, and this enables any one to wander on all lands not expressly reserved by the owners for their own gunning, and there kill game.

All told, the French peasant's life resembles in many respects the life of the Canadian farmer ; the day with him begins at dawn ; and he attends with his own hands to the plowing and sowing of the fields, and to all the work and duties necessarily incumbent upon the agricultural labourer. Yet he is quite another sort of a man in appearance and education. His ancestors were, so to speak, attached to the soil which he owns to-day, and this inheritance of labour has left on him its rough imprint. He, moreover, receives little education, and though he respects learning in others, he cares little for it so far as he is himself concerned.

Among the curious rural ceremonies figures the " blessing of the fields " on rogation day. This consisted in public prayers and processions through the fields, during which the village rector, clad in his priestly garments, would bless the earth newly sown. These public prayers were formerly an occasion for gatherings among the peasants, and often presented attractive spectacles ; but to-day, save in some districts of Brittany, the processions through the fields have been abolished, and the old rogation feast is gradually becoming a thing of the past.

Physically the northern French peasant is rather tall, and exceedingly muscular. In Brittany and the south he is thickset and short ; but active and energetic. The different races are still very marked throughout the whole of France, but especially so in the south, where it is often the case that the men of the mountains have a different origin from those of the plains below. Arles, for instance, claims to have preserved the ancient Greek type, being a Greek colony, while the Gallo-Roman origin is conceded to the majority in the southern section of the country. Thus it is difficult to find any unity in the population of France so far as the races of men go.

The many patois* of the south and west, the Basque, which is a language of his own, and the Breton, seem to indicate the existence in the past of so many distinct families of men, whose origin may have been common, but whose unity has ceased for centuries. The upper classes, and what French people are pleased to call the " debris " of the nobility, are of course of Frank or German origin ; but this race was never attached to the soil. It came with the invasions, mastered the Gallo-Roman provinces, and ruled over them well-nigh until the end of the last century. Then it was, that after so long a duration of power, this race weakened and fell under the uprising of modern ideas of equality and freedom.

Yet the French peasant, unhampered as he is to-day by any feudal bonds, retains in a measure the inheritance of the past. He seems to have derived a love of the soil, so strong and so intense, that he is willing to spend his life nailed, as it were, to the very spot to which the old laws had tied down his forefathers. Conservative above all, it can be said. that he purposely retards progress whenever it is in his power to do so. Thus it is that he is often unwilling to make use of new discoveries in agricultural

*[Pä-twa] A French word. Dialects peculiar to illiterate classes.

methods and implements. He prefers his old ways of tilling and plowing, just as he is always shy of risking anything he has in pursuit of uncertain gain.

The peasant's wife attends to all the household duties of the farm; but her task does not confine itself to indoor life. In the sowing season, it is she who follows the plow and sows the seeds by handfuls on the newly traced furrows.

The village women have their day of meeting and gossip. This generally takes place on wash-days, when they assemble in the village wash-house. Wash-houses are usually built on a running stream, and hold a considerable number of women. There it is that, while the clothes-beater is swinging high on the well-soaped linen, village topics are fully discussed. There it is also that, on the Brittany coast, the wives and mothers talk together of their absent sons and husbands, off at sea, of the perils these loved ones incur, and of the hardships they undergo, for the villages on the coast furnish sailors for the state navy as well as for the merchant ships. In many of these, in fact, fishing is the only means of earning a living, and the coast is rocky and dangerous. With the sturdy lads of Brittany there is no plowing, no weeding, no harvesting; a life on the high seas seems the height of ambition.

Modern times have in large degree driven away from the villages of France the antique dress and quaint old costumes of the past. The Norman woman no longer wears her picturesque high cap, nor do the women of other provinces keep up their distinctive manner of dress. A similar transformation has taken place in the men's attire, which has also become altered and modernized.

Railroads and rapid transit of all sorts have had their effect even on the ways of the most conservative who would keep to ancient habits. Then, too, the military service which gathers together yearly all the young men of age in order to place them under the flag, often in a section of the country far off from their own homes, is constantly putting the younger generations in closer contact with different ways and modes of living.

In every farm where there are boys of twenty, the day comes when the summons is received calling to the ranks all the able-bodied men of France. Oftentimes it is the *gendarme* in person, who, with his high three-cornered hat and his well-furbished sword at his side, brings the paper. The farmyard is then all in a turmoil; the women flock with inquiring glances, while the older men relate for the occasion their own experiences in the army, or anecdotes of the sad invasion of 1870. The young man then receives the summons, and shortly after prepares to start, prepares to leave his work in the fields, his loved surroundings, for the country's service.

While the lad is absent, the mother toils harder than before; his fiancee grows pensive as she spins on winter nights, or when in the springtime she walks home alone from church on Sunday mornings, along the winding pathways or by the road hedges in bloom.

But when the soldier returns great are the rejoicings! I have often questioned young men of this class upon their return to their village homes, and I have always found them happy to take up their work again in the fields. The French peasant, who is at times so brilliant a soldier, and who has often proved himself to be as clearheaded a commander as an unflinching

fighter, in spite of all, really prefers the occupations to which he was trained to any other pursuit.

The villages keep up their small autonomies ; they do not seem to be dwindling away or passing out of existence under the sweeping winds of centralization and industrial progress. Modern means of carrying on agriculture are likely to operate

A WOMAN OF BRITTANY. —By Jules Breton.

great changes in small farms, and to favour work on a larger scale. But the times are yet to come when these changes take place. The towns where markets are held still present a glowing aspect when the peasants of the neighbouring villages assemble on market days, bringing in their carts and baskets the various products and exhibits of their humble farmyards. These days are lively indeed. Then is business carried on amid bustle and clamour on the stone pavement of the market place. Often the tall, gray steeples of some old Gothic cathedral are looking down on all this traffic and mingle their hourly chimes with the noise below in quaint and curious harmony. And when night sets in, and the bargains and sales are at an end, before returning home the peasants flock into the different cafes of the neighbourhood for refreshments. They then joke and talk in small groups over the business of the day, smoking their pipes and slowly sipping their cups of coffee and small glasses of cider brandy.

These are the principal events of the French peasant's life ; a life of

toil, to be sure, but it is also a life of healthy and meritorious exertion, in which work finds its yearly reward with the abundant harvests of autumn, when the glowing mid-day sun sees the men and women in the fields gathering up the fruit of their labour. It is therefore a life which numbers happy days among its privations and hardships.

When the bells toll in the village tower, announcing in mournful rhythm that one of these hard workers of the fields has departed this life; and as his coffin descends into that soil which his hands have so long made productive, is it not just to say that he has fulfilled nature's decree, since "the Lord hath given the earth to the children of men"?

THE MYSTIC'S CHRISTMAS.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

"All hail!" the bells at Christmas rang,
"All hail!" the monks at Christmas sang,
The merry monks who kept with cheer
The gladdest day of all their year.

But still apart, unmoved thereat,
A pious elder brother sat
Silent in his accustomed place,
With God's sweet peace upon his face.

"Why sitt'st thou thus?" his brethren cried,
"It is the blessed Christmas-tide;
The Christmas lights are all aglow,
The sacred lilies bud and blow;

"Above our heads the joy-bells ring,
Without the happy children sing,
And all God's creatures hail the morn
On which the holy Christ was born!

"Rejoice with us; no more rebuke
Our gladness with thy quiet look."
The gray monk answered: "Keep I pray,
Even as ye list, the Lord's birthday.

"Let heathen Yule-fires flicker red
Where thronged refectory feasts are spread;
With mystery-play and masque and mime
And wait-songs speed the holy time!

"The blindest faith may haply save;
The Lord accepts the things we have;
And reverence howsoe'er it stray,
May find at last the shining way.

"They needs must grope who cannot see,
The blade before the ear must be;
As ye are feeling I have felt,
And where ye dwell I too have dwelt.

"But now, beyond the things of sense,
Beyond occasions and events,
I know through God's exceeding grace,
Release from form and time and place.

"I listen, from no mortal tongue,
To hear the song the angels sung;
And wait within myself to know
The Christmas lilies bud and blow.

"The outward symbols disappear
From him whose inward sight is clear;
And small must be the choice of days
To him who fills them all with praise.

"Keep while you need it, brothers mine,
With honest zeal your Christmas sign,
But judge not him who every morn
Feels in his heart the Lord Christ born!"

THE CHURCH AND THE SALOON.*

BY CHANCELLOR DAY.

The Baccalaureate Sermon preached at Syracuse University from the text: 2 Cor. vi. 14. "For what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness?"

IT is as plain as light that that human practice which makes widows, orphans, fills penitentiaries and asylums, and digs a hundred thousand graves every year is sin. And that thing which carries forward that awful work as a traffic is a sinful traffic; that practice to which may be traced the woes of the living and of the damned is a monstrous practice. And a man who engages in a practice which he knows betrays thousands into ruin, sins in so far as his example or business goes in that direction. You voice Cain, not Christ, when you say, "Am I my brother's keeper?" One of the most sacred of all the commandments of the Gospel is that you love your neighbour as yourself. And if you harm that neighbour by a traffic that despoils him, in his moments of weakness and temptation, of his character, and blights and curses his home, you violate the all-inclusive new commandment left us by our Lord, and sin a horrible sin against your brother.

What should be the Christian attitude toward a traffic or practice that destroys men? Should it excuse, apologize, extenuate, or should it fight it in every form to the death, to the end of time if need be?

The answer to Dr. Rainsford's

* We have great pleasure in presenting Chancellor Day's eloquent arraignment of the drink trade. Dr. Day, like Dr. Crafts, was born and grew up to manhood in the State of Maine. They both declare that they never saw a saloon till they reached man's estate, and pay eloquent tribute to the power of the Maine law to suppress the drink trade beyond that of any other means yet discovered. The Rev. A. J. Lockhart, who kindly sends this document, accompanies it with the following note:

"Dr. Day's sermon is the ablest, clearest, strongest, most comprehensive, most vivid prohibition document which I think has ever met my eyes. It is Chancellor Day's last Baccalaureate, delivered at Syracuse University; and it is a tremendous, but not extravagant, indictment of the liquor traffic. I defy the ministers of alcohol to answer one of these awful arguments, or to give one respectable reason, or to offer one justifiable apology for the existence of this business. And yet the promoters of the traffic grow more and more insolent and defiant of all right public feeling and opinion. The Christian Church and ministry are alternately the special objects of their hatred and disdain. They hate us where we are resolved and strong to succeed; they disdain us, and they need to, where we are weak, irresolute, and shifty. A mark of their insolent aggressiveness may be found in the circulars, with price-list of various liquors, sent out to ministers of religion by certain wholesale liquor-dealers; and of these I have received several. This is a plain manifesto of their intention. Of course, their straight road is into the fire; but I have been tempted to address to them a homily, in a spirit of stern, indignant rebuke;—a piece of folly, no doubt, as it might be to lecture Satan himself, unless it was to declare one's position, or acquit one's self of responsibility. I would that this alarm of Chancellor Day could be cried from the housetops; for I believe, as he does, we are building our house on a moral and social volcano. By and by, where there seems now rock shall be rending and convulsion, and where there is bog shall be sinking and rottenness. It is time for our lawmakers to act. It is time for our people to consider. I see you are in the thick of the fight. It is a good fight. In it I wish you the honour of a victory."

fantastic temperance philosophy * is in placing it and Christ's Church side by side, that Gospel of which I have spoken and that horrible rum traffic. You can see whether there is any compatibility between that church of the earnest men and women who prayerfully are trying to give to the spirit ascendancy over the sensual, and that saloon which is pouring out day and night, Sunday and week day, into dishonoured homes, into prisons, into asylums, into graveyards, a ceaseless procession of ruined and cursed men of all ages and of all social estates and conditions. Put them side by side and watch the two congregations going in and watch them coming out, and follow them where they go and ask yourself if there is any part of that saloon, any smell of it, any light of its eye, any colour of its face, any measure of its footstep, any breath, any brain, any heart of the best there is in it or the best you could make out of it, that would fit into the gospel or assimilate with a grand spiritual Church of Christ.

To make rum-selling respectable is to give it the middle of the highway. To have the thing made respectable for our best people to go there undoubtedly the rum-sellers would give a hundred million dollars in the next thirty days. And it would be the best investment they ever made. But when the churches get to running saloons, the rum-seller will have the respectability without money and without price. They can take down their screen doors and put up their shades. They will be doing only what the churches are doing.

The one thing on the Lord's earth which we thought we did not want to do is to secure respectability to the rum traffic. We had supposed that the one thing that prevented the awful traffic from spreading over the whole land like a rotting mildew, and blighting every school district and farm community and village and town, was that the Church always had put the brand of infamy upon it and taught that it was a frightful evil, that it is a sin to put the cup to your neighbour's lips, and a burning disgrace for a man to get drunk anywhere. Make it now a church practice and who will withstand the horrible inundation of woe—how could any voice be lifted against it?

Would one saloon close? Forty would open where there is not one to-day. If they have twenty thousand saloons in New York City against the protest and preaching and prayers of the churches, what will they have when the churches go into the business themselves? You simply would furnish a ceaseless supply of wine-made drunkards, from your fairest young people, to the whiskey saloon for their final damnation. The proposition is about as rational as it would be to propose to furnish the orphan asylums with the harmless and playful kittens of the tigers' jungles. They grow up.

Upon looking the matter all over, I am convinced that Dr. Rainsford's plan is a good one except for one reason. There is only one objection to it, and all there is of that is that it is not within a thousand eternities of the Gospel of Christ. There isn't a thing about it that suggests the Gospel. But then, as that is no objection to some minds, no doubt you will find people who will think the scheme a good one. The rum-seller will. But there are some of us who believe that the Lord is a jealous God, that Christ has not gone into partnership with Belial to run His kingdom on a company plan; some of us believe that darkness is not to be fought

* That the saloon is a social necessity for the poor man, and as such should be provided for them by the Church.

with darkness, nor impurity with impurity, but that pure unadulterated light is the thing with which to overcome darkness.

A position almost if not quite as startling, in its legal aspect, is taken by Dr. Rainsford's Bishop, Dr. Potter. He brands those who would outlaw the liquor traffic and who make laws to prohibit it as hypocrites. Paul says: A bishop must be blameless, of good behaviour, not given to wine, patient, not a brawler, not a novice. It really is not nice of any eminent man in the pulpit to brand the people of a State, as Maine or Kansas, or of any community, as hypocrites because they differ from him upon methods of reform or the enforcement of ethical principles. There are thousands of Bishop Potter's own Church who are prohibitionists. There are hundreds of thousands of other churches, sincere, devout, spiritual Christians, who are prohibitionists. The Bishop cannot afford to make such a remark about his fellow Christians. No one is harmed by that ill-considered and uncharitable remark but the Bishop himself. By it he forfeited the respect of hundreds of thousands of sober, thoughtful, godly people all over the country. For it he was applauded by the rumsellers everywhere. When the Church mourns and the saloon rejoices, it is time for the Bishop to retreat with repentance and confession.

But Bishop Potter tells an audience of Harvard students that we have no more to do with prohibiting the drink habit than we have to make a law against stale bread, and that stale bread kills more people than does liquor. He ought to know that we make laws against stale bread and impure milk and tainted meats and decayed fruits. It is not many months since a whole cargo of vegetables was thrown into New York harbour by the health officers. We have inspectors who go about the farms guarding our health against diseased cattle. We have laws locating abattoirs and regulating them. And we fine men heavily or put them in States prison for violating these laws. If we have as much right to suppress the rum traffic as we have to suppress stale bread, we have every right. It is our right and our duty to suppress every human custom and practice that destroys men. And if it were not so, it is a most puerile reasoning to defend or apologize for one evil by comparing it with another.

But we are called hypocrites because we do not enforce better the liquor laws which we make. There are no laws on the planet, all things considered, that are enforced so well as are the liquor prohibition laws in the States where they are in the constitution or the statutes.

How successful do you suppose New York State would be in enforcing the laws against murder if every surrounding State sympathized with murder and harboured murderers, or encouraged them and sent over into this State men to help the murderers? What would happen to the laws against theft under such circumstances? The Maine law often is charged with inefficiency, with an air of relish, by men who oppose it. But every State until you reach Kansas is a free rum State practically. The provinces on the east of Maine are so. The ships that come into her harbours and the railways bring in liquor in disguised parcels. Summer tourists by thousands clamour for liquor. Outside of Maine every artifice known to wicked ingenuity is used to defeat the working of the law. And yet for fifty years Maine people—Bishop Potter's hypocrites—have held fast to that law and answered every de-

mand to modify it by making it stronger. For they know how infinitely it has wrought for their prosperity in spite of every effort of the rest of the country to break it down. Her young men grow up in every part of the State without ever seeing a brewery or distillery, and scarcely one of them sees a liquor sign. The so-called saloons of Maine are not like our saloons. They are outlawed and are rat-holes into which no self-respecting young man would enter. And they constantly are raided. A minister is the high sheriff of Cumberland county, in which Portland is located. Another minister is the most likely candidate for sheriff of one of the other largest counties. Not in a generation have the Maine people been so in earnest to uproot by law liquor-selling.

In Kansas last December there were over $87,000,000 in the banks of the State—five times as much as when prohibition went into effect. It amounted to $60 for every man, woman, and child of the State. And this does not include the money in homes or loaned out in other ways.

In 1889 the tax rate in prohibition Kansas was 40 cents on $1,000; in license Nebraska 66 cents. The increase in taxable property in Kansas for a period of ten years was two hundred and a quarter millions. In high-license Nebraska, ninety-two millions—a difference of eleven millions a year in favour of Kansas. From the years 1881 to 1889, the prison population of Kansas decreased five per cent., while Nebraska increased 167 per cent. In one year of this period Kansas consumed six thousand barrels of liquor and Nebraska drank one hundred and sixty-five thousand barrels. And all of this time every surrounding State was seeking to make Kansas drunk!

Under the circumstances, the prohibition laws in the States where they have been made State laws have been better enforced than any laws under the sun. But what folly to condemn a law because it is violated. The logic would take from the statute books all laws against crime, for there is not one of them that is not violated and the violators of which do not escape in large numbers. But the violation of law calls with an unmistakable voice for more law.

Sometimes the method is opposed on the ground that men cannot be legislated into good morals. But the apostle teaches us that the law is "a schoolmaster to bring us to Christ." No one expects statutes to regenerate men. But they are safeguards, they help to answer that prayer, "Lead us not into temptation." The two mountains, Sinai and Calvary, are the high peaks of the same range extending from the creation to the final judgment. The law came down from the top of the one, the cross was set up on the other. The cross was the vindication of the law.

It is an enormous crime to waste ourselves and our substance with befuddling intoxicating drinks. There is no measure to the infamy of that man who brings a clouded brain by his own act to the magnificent problems of the hour. What shall be said of a nation that encourages institutions that clog and fog the brains of its citizens? Do not talk of revenue. Sober men are the surest sources of revenue. Where now a dollar comes to the treasury from the rum traffic, a hundred would come from sober, saving industry, and thousands would be released from reformatories and prisons. But what are dollars? There is that which is of infinitely greater value.

There is no perpetuity of any interest that is worth preserving except in righteousness. And that

righteousness must mean temperance and charity, honesty and generosity, purity and helpfulness, the right use of sacred things, and the fear of God.

The world cannot give free rein to appetite. Its business is not sensual gratification and pleasure. Life is a stewardship. It has a tremendous accountability. Men have no right to withdraw their powers from the mighty strife, to blunt them, to deprave them. They stand for too much, they are related to interests the value of which all human wisdom cannot compute.

We all suffer when any part of the body politic is diseased. The hundred thousand drunkard graves hold the brothers and sons and fathers of the sober men of this country, and have withdrawn an army of producers and world builders before their time. The same is true of the letting down of any moral standard, of the inculcation of any irreverence, the licensing of any loose tendency in ethics. If the narrow, shallow thinking that would secularize the Sabbath, that would give commercial respectability to drunkard making, would herd by itself and gather its destructive work into its own zone, it would soon be exterminated by rapid processes of annihilation.

The saloon fits the motto: "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die." But God expects better things of you. And when you come with every power at its best, cool, clear, strong, capable, the Son of Man hands you your commission, and looking around upon His works and upon you, says: "Greater works than these shall ye do."

Think of the saloon as preparatory to these tremendous times, like a college or a Christian school! What agreement hath light with darkness? It is something we must get rid of at every cost. Every discovery, every invention, every new force, every extended horizon of thought, every revelation of destiny in every form of progress, all condemn us. The superintendent dare not put a drunken man on the engine of the Empire State Express. How dare we go into the new century with our leading business a drunkard-making industry, with millions of capital that intimidate politicians and hush to silence pulpits and subsidize the press and defy law?

The question is one that is assuming alarming proportions. It increases in wealth and extends its borders, it is damning society and borrowing the livery of the Church and enlisting ministers as its apologists. It is a volcano, quietly active; church bells ring on its peaceful slopes, villages cluster about its crater, children pick flowers among its quiet lava beds. A puff of smoke, a distant rumble, a flash of sulphurous fire, a thin shower of ashes. These alarm some. But they are nervous people. They are fanatics. Yes, but there was a crevasse that opened last year and a hundred thousand were swallowed up. The church bells tolled, requiems were heard and things went on as before, only there are orphans plenty and multitudes of widows and many widow graves, the symbol on the tombstone—a broken heart. But then the crevasse was on the other side of the mountain. One has opened every year for ten years, for twenty years —a million graves, two million—no man can number. But it is an inactive volcano. And the crevasse was on the other side. It was not under your home.

But it is a volcano. Our congress is built on it, our legislatures are in its valleys, our homes are all up its sides, our churches, our schools, our manufactories; our ships are harboured at its base.

We laugh, we ridicule the men who see the increasing activity of this mountain of perdition and warn us. We are getting used to it. We are insane. There can be but one end. It only defers. It will destroy. It cannot mix into civilization. It cannot thrive with it. It must destroy it or be destroyed by it. The source of the volcano's power and the source of the meadow's power are at the most opposite extremes. The best of the one devastates, blackens, ruins. The best of the other is beauty, fragrance, fruits, life. They cannot combine or co-ordinate. They have no agreement.

As sure as time goes on the unrestrained activity of the rum traffic will destroy the nation that is deceived by it. To-day it dictates to legislatures from the Atlantic to the Pacific on easy terms. It answers the men who oppose it, who lift up a warning voice, with a cloud of ashes. It abides its time.

Hundreds of thousands of graves are a mute but terrible warning. Hundreds of thousands of widows and more orphans piteously plead. It is the morning of a new century. We stand among the graves, graves as far as we can see. Did the yellow fever do it? Did smallpox make these graves—a million graves? No, had it been so, we would have driven them out by processes of sanitation long ago. No, some men whom we call citizens did it. They paid us to do it with revenue for taxes. They voted for our party. They were our neighbours. And we let them do it. We said we could not help it because it is not right to make laws against them, and if we did sometimes they would break them. They would fill fifty thousand graves instead of one hundred thousand. And so they go on. And last year they dug in among these graves a hundred thousand new ones.

And we have gotten ourselves into such a condition that a voice from the pulpit speaks for a part of the business. And a bishop slanders the earnest soul that strives to prevent the people from exposing themselves to a calamity that kills like a deadly fire-damp those whom it touches.

The misplaced confidence of the people is the opportunity of the volcano. He who instils false confidence in a time of peril is not a friend to the people. The Church and the saloon are as separate as the belching, sulphurous fire of a volcano and the gentle fructifying sunshine of the springtime. One is a messenger of death, the other of life. One leaves in its track a denuded, excoriated, and blasted earth, horrible and decaying corpses piteously slain. The other wakes the earth into joy and beauty and peace and health. The Church and the saloon are as widely separated as the shower of ashes from the burning mountain and the shower of rain from the kindly cloud that waters the new-mown grass.

Christ and Belial never have been within speaking distance of each other. They have nothing in common. Light and darkness never agree, when the one is present the other always is absent. The coming of one always means the destruction of the other.

There is no agreement between the rum traffic and civilization. There is nothing that it touches that it does not blight. Its victims damn it from every quarter of the globe and out of every part of the earth, in voices that moan up from shipwrecks of the sea, from the crash of railway wrecks, from conflagrations, from desolated homes, from murderers' cells, from imbecile asylums, from destroyed business, from delayed and imperilled civilization.

If the rum traffic would go out of business and set itself to work to repair the horrible damage it has done, it could not pay the debt it owes in a thousand centuries. It must reckon also with immortal issues and eternal cycles.

What a sublime figure that Paul in an age of darkness, when men were groping their way. No concord between Christ and Belial. One personification of truth. No agreement between light and darkness. There is one North Star, one magnetic meridian, and the line coincides in the top of the stars and on the earth where men sail their ships on varying seas. If men had held to that bold, uncompromising attitude until this time! If all called of God, opposing those who obtrude without sense or authority into the awful responsibility of teaching the people in religion and morals, had held firmly to this single standard, if all the people had walked by it, can any one doubt that we long since would have passed the millennial stone?

The time is at hand. The hour has struck. The issue is plainly drawn. The blind must not lead those who see. The drunken man must not lead the temperate. The apologist must not lead the servants of God. Gold must not purchase from us the commandments. Pleasure must not deceive lives all too short for their serious stewardship. There are mighty issues to live for. Their hereafter is beyond our present sight. "Therefore let us not sleep as do others, but let us watch and be sober."

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

It chanced upon the merry, merry Christmas Eve
I went sighing past the church, across the moorland dreary,
"Oh! never sin and want and woe this earth will leave,
And the bells but mock the wailing round, they sing so cheery.
How long, O Lord, how long before Thou come again?
Still in cellar, and in garret, and on moorland dreary
The orphans moan, the widows weep, and poor men toil in vain,
Till the earth is sick of hope deferred, though Christmas bells be cheery."

Then arose a joyous clamour from the wild fowl on the mere,
Beneath the stars, across the snow, like clear bells ringing.
And a voice within cried: "Listen!—Christmas carols even here!
Though thou be dumb, yet o'er their work the stars and snows are singing.
Blind! I live, I love, I reign; and all the nations through
With the thunder of my judgments even now are ringing:
Do thou fulfil thy work but as you wild fowl do,
Thou wilt heed no less the wailing, yet hear through it angels' singing."

MIGRATION TO THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST AND THE GREAT AMERICAN TREK.*

BY CY WARMAN.

WHY do they "trek"? This is a question which many of my fellow-countrymen in the United States are now asking with regard to the stream of emigrants from the Republic to the Dominion of Canada. But yesterday the stream flowed the other way, and the people of Canada trooped over to the United States, thousands of them, every year. They settled on our vacant lands, they entered our workshops, they competed with native-born citizens of the United States for positions of trust in store and warehouse, and they took places of eminence in the professions, notably law and medicine.

Now the trek is to the north; the "balance of trade" is with the Canadians. It is not through any antipathy to American institutions that these hardy sons of the soil,—for the emigrants are notably the best type of agriculturists,—go forth to take up new homes in the sparsely settled great land of the north. The outgoers are men and women who have nothing but the kindest regard for the Republic and republican institutions. Many, indeed, leave their old homes in the United States with regret. In that respect they do not resemble the vast body of our fellow-citizens who have come from the Old World. These foreigners rejoice to throw off the shackles of militarism and the cramping tyranny of autocratic rule so prevalent in European nations and welcome the institutions of the United States, which are devised to insure freedom and fair play to every citizen. The person who leaves the United States for Canada goes to a land equally free, if not more free, in all that affects the lives of ordinary individuals, the chief and almost only difference being the executive, which, in Canada, as in Great Britain, is a responsible cabinet with ministers having seats in Parliament, and amenable to the representatives of the people as a whole, and not simply to the chief magistrate.

The Undeveloped Riches of North-West Canada.

Within the past few years Canada has been discovered. She might have been discovered before, only the enterprising population to the south of the Dominion were too busy discovering the almost boundless resources of their own country, and bringing them into subjection, to permit of much time being devoted to their neighbours. It is conceded that undeveloped Canada at present offers the best opportunity for the enterprising capitalist and the poor man willing to work. A hundred years ago the development of Western Canada was begun. It was known to a select few that the territories lying between the Red River and the Rocky Mountains on the one hand, and the United States border and the Great Mackenzie River on the other, were

*From the American Review of Reviews. This is the article to which Mr. N. W. Rowell referred in his eloquent address on North-West Missions at the General Conference.

marvellously fertile. But the handful of men who were cognizant of this fact were officers of the Hudson's Bay and other great fur-trading companies, who had secured a monopoly of the land for the purposes of their industry, and who for generations had fostered the impression, which became world-wide, that this enormous territory was a wilderness, cold, inhospitable, and unfit for the settlement of man, and only of use as a stamping ground for the fur-bearing animals.

Even as late as 1879 there were many who regarded the late James W. Taylor, United States consul at Winnipeg, as an extravagant, oversanguine dreamer, because he foreshadowed a great future for the northern Dominion, and pointed out that three-fourths of the wheat-growing area of North America "is north of the boundary line between the United States and Canada. There," he added, "the future bread supply of America, and of the Old World, too, will be raised." But Mr. Taylor, now dead for a dozen years, is being vindicated. Canadians, slow to appreciate the great wealth that has been lying dormant within their borders, have now been aroused to the importance of the development of their country, and people of the United States, ever keen for the almighty dollar, are cheerfully joining in the development.

Vast Areas Open to Settlement.

The settlement of Canada's vast vacant lands is, nevertheless, barely begun. There are, it has been ascertained, in north-western Ontario, in the province of Manitoba, and in the territories of Alberta, Assiniboia and Saskatchewan, at least 200,000,000 acres of farm lands: over 250,000 square miles of habitable territory, of which probably seven-eighths are as yet unoccupied. The possibilities are great, the outlook captivating to an adventurous American. Take Manitoba as an object lesson. It has within its bounds 47,332,840 acres, of which 6,329,000 are lakes and 1,300,000 in timber reserves, leaving 25,000,000 acres of cultivable land. Though last year only 2,952,002 acres of this territory was under crop, so great was the yield of wheat, barley, oats, and other crops in the province and neighbouring territories that the railways were blocked for months, and every available means of transit by land and water are yet busily engaged in carrying the products of the phenomenal harvests to the world's markets.

The Canadian Pacific Railway, to head off similar conditions this season, has obtained power from Parliament to add $20,000,000 to its capital stock, of which one-half will be devoted to purchasing rolling stock and the other to providing new lines. These great crops and bright prospects have given an impetus to railway building in Canada, and whereas the Dominion was until recently contented with but one transcontinental line, the construction of another is now being rushed, to run several hundred miles north of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and a company has been chartered, and has already begun the building of a third overland line, which will open up the fertile lands of northern Quebec and Ontario, and pass to the Pacific Ocean through the rich plains of the Peace River region of the Canadian North-West.

Inducements to the American Farmers.

Now that land can no longer be had in the United States for the squatting on, and when even railroad lands bring big prices in the open market, the temptation which such a country as we have here described offers to the progressive American farmer is very great. If

he has money, he can buy a good improved farm in western Canada for very much less than his own holding will bring. If he has a wealth of grown boys, he can obtain free of cost to himself, and for every boy over eighteen years, a farm of 160 acres ready for the plough, and by united effort they can double their holdings by the yield of their labour in two or three years. This statement is not made at random. I have been over the territory, and have met with numerous instances of success in this regard. I knew a man who for a quarter of a century toiled on a stony, hard-to-work hundred acres in eastern Canada, and barely made enough to feed and educate his four sons and one daughter. He took the western fever, and settled west of Brandon, Manitoba, a few years ago. He sold his farm in Ontario, invested the money in adding 320 acres to his free grant of 160 acres; obtained 160 each for his three full-grown boys, and together they began to work this immense farm. The money borrowed at 10 per cent. to stock the place was all paid off in five years, and so well did the venture turn out that the daughter was sent to a ladies' college in Ontario to complete her education, and the boys, at the end of eight years, were able to take a trip to Europe. This is no exceptional picture of the successful prairie farming in Canada, and it accounts in some measure for the present rush to the North-West from all parts of the continent and from Europe. So the Yankee is treking.

Influx of American Capital.

Last year he crossed the border 20,000 strong. In the first four months of 1902 the number of emigrants from the United States was 11,480, and they brought with them to Canada over $1,000,000 worth of property. As I write they are still pouring in, and it is expected that this year the number of newcomers from the United States will be more than double that of 1901. Nor are the emigrants from over the border entirely restricted to the farming population.

In the awakening of the "Sleeping Empire of the North" the American sees his opportunity, for already great deals for the control of land grants given to railroad and other corporations have been arranged. Purchases have been made within the last few days of millions of acres of choice lands, and more are in negotiation, the speculators having in view in many instances the early settlement of the property by immigrants from the United States. These big holdings are relics of the old regime of speculation and railroad land bonuses, which are no longer in vogue. The Government that has held power in Canada for six years came into office with a pledge to hold the public lands for the settler, and not for the speculator. They have kept their promises, and land cannot now be obtained from the Government except by bona-fide settlers, who do not get a deed until they build a house, cultivate some of their land, and remain in possession several years.

What the Settlers Find.

Far-sighted Americans who desire to get hold of land for speculative purposes have therefore to deal with those who obtained big grants in the early days. Even that description of land has gone up in price. Within the last year the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, which has 16,000,000 acres of choice territory under its control, raised the price of much of it from $3 to $5 an acre, but this has not prevented the company from more than doubling its land sales in the last six months. At the present rate ten years will not

have elapsed before all of its vast land grant,—larger than the whole of cultivated Ontario,—has been disposed of, and probably well settled. The Yankees cross a boundary line which is largely imaginary, and find a vast country with abundance of the very best grain-growing, cattle-raising, butter-and-cheese-making land for the taking up, if government territory, and for a mere song if the property of others. They find a land with a bracing, health-promoting climate, —cold at seasons, it is true, but just as enjoyable as to climatic conditions as the tier of States along its southern border, and withal conducing to longevity.

With men, indeed, it is as with animals and cereals, the farther north they can be raised in comfort the better the quality, the more robust they are. Then, the fuel question has been solved, even for the Canadian prairie settlers. West of the Red River and east of the Rockies there is much wood, and where it is not easily obtainable there is plenty of coal. Over 65,000 square miles of coal lands, much of them under government control, are known to exist in the area named. New-comers from the United States find, too, that Canada is a country with institutions like our own, and with perfect security to life and property everywhere. Let me note that $40,000 was spent by the Canadian authorities in tracking and bringing to justice a murderer who waylaid and killed two citizens of the United States who were coming out of the Yukon territory. It was a large sum, but when some one in Parliament asked the Minister of Justice for an explanation of it he said it was well spent, and would be spent again under like circumstances, for the Canadian Government was determined that life and property should be protected.—*American Monthly Review of Reviews.*

PEACE, GOOD WILL.

The world rolled on, the sad old world,
The centuries came and went,
And men grew cruel and kings grew strong,
And used their greatness to favour wrong,
And the light of love was spent.

The world rolled on, the sinful world,
But a dawning of hope was near,
For a tender Father's infinite love
Gleamed on the darkness from above,
And His word was a word of cheer.

"O warring, striving, bitter world,
Glad tidings of joy I bring!
This day is born in David's city
A Saviour merciful, full of pity,
Redeemer, and yet a King."

So over the sorrowful, sin-sick world
A cloud of mercy rolled
That wrapped all peoples, high and low,
In the light of its gracious heavenly glow,
That Christmastide of old.

And we who dwell in its light to-day
Have learned of the Master great
That gentleness, pity, and tender love
Are stronger far when born from above
Than the might of wrong and hate.

—*Selected.*

A WINTER DAWN.

Above the marge of night a star still shines,
And on the frost-rimmed hills the sombre pines
Harbour a chilly wind that crooneth low
Over the glimmering wastes of virgin snow.

Thro' the dim arch of Orient the morn
Comes in a milk-white splendour, newly born;
A sword of crimson cuts in twain the gray
Banners of shadow hosts, and lo, the day!

—*L. M. Montgomery.*

EARTHQUAKES AND THEIR CAUSES.

IT is a well-established fact that the central part of our earth is in a state of intense heat, and one would say that from the intensity of the heat, all matter there would be in a molten or else liquid condition, or even vaporous, for at such a temperature the hardest substances become a cloud of vapour, only the tremendous pressure forbids our thinking of liquid, not to say clouds of vapour. Besides, Lord Kelvin has shown to demonstration that the earth all through is excessively rigid; so that what the condition of things is at the centre of this world of ours we must leave. One thing may be safely assumed—the gradual loss of heat occasions shrinkage in the earth's crust which leads to internal displacements, or "shifts" in the rocks, sending a quiver or trembling, if the "shift" be a serious one, through the entire globe. In these displacements or rearrangements of rocks, there will be gaps, breaks, or "faults," making what we know as earthquakes.

This "quake" or quiver propagates itself throughout the earth's whole mass, as only solid bodies tremble. This fact has been shown by Professor John Milne. He first prosecuted his researches in Japan, the most earthquake-shaken part of our earth; then he changed the seat of his inquiries to the quiet region of the Isle of Wight, where he can and does witness all the important earthquakes of the world by means of a sensitive instrument in his own house at Shide. This instrument is called a seismometer, which marks on a revolving paper drum the tremors, small and great, which, all but daily, agitate the earth. Why, in Japan itself a thousand earthquakes, little and big, occur annually.

When an earthquake shakes Japan the tremor or wave passes through the Isle of Wight,* where it is caught by Professor Milne's apparatus and registered on the drum, and by the degree of agitation in the marking he knows whether it is a serious one or not, though Shide is 10,000 miles from Japan. Perhaps in the afternoon of the same day there is one from the Caribbean Seas. From long practice Professor Milne is able to say—"Here is a little earthquake from Japan"; in a few hours he may say—"Here's a big one from Trinidad." This on the blush of it looks like the romance of science; but it is a simple matter of fact that in a quarter of an hour from the shock of an earthquake in Tokio the pencil of the seismometer makes its up-and-down marking on the slowly revolving drum; in three-quarters of an hour the same markings are repeated, though on a larger scale; in another quarter of an hour the markings are made for the third time, fainter than the second, but stronger than the first; all plainly versions of the same event, but coming by different routes. How do they come? Japan is on one side of the globe, the Isle of Wight on the other. These vibrations travel by three ways—first, through the solid earth by a straight line; second, on the arc of the earth's upper crust via Asia and Europe, from east to west, the shorter course; third, in

* The same phenomena are observed at the University Observatory, Toronto.

the opposite direction by the longer route across the Pacific, America, and the Atlantic. Thus we see that an earthquake shakes the whole earth. "There is not a single particle of our earth, from centre to surface, which is not made to vibrate in some degree in consequence of the earthquake." How swiftly the wave travels is seen in the fact that it must go at the rate of ten miles per second. It would appear as if there were shallow places in the earth's crust where earthquakes and volcanic outbursts occur.

By the most terrible volcanic disaster in the Caribbean Sea, the town of St. Pierre, in the island of Martinique, has been overwhelmed by an explosion of Mount Pelee (an old extinct volcano), and not many of its 30,000 inhabitants have escaped. Prof. Milne says that no message of the catastrophe came to him through any of his seismographs, so that it must have been a surface explosion and not an earthquake shock. "What happened was probably this,—Mount Pelee has blown its head off, just as the head of a cylinder blows out when the pressure of steam becomes too great. A violent volcanic eruption of this kind is due to the infiltration of water through the rocks in some way until it reaches the molten material beneath the earth's crust. Aqueous vapour is formed which, under the tremendous expansive power wrought by heat, exercises such prodigious pressure that something must give way, and an explosion follows."

This is probably what occurred in the explosion of Vesuvius, which destroyed the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii in 79 A.D. What vomiting forth from the "burning mountain" of clouds of smoke and flame, of boiling mud and floods of lava, of stones and masses of rock hurled for miles, overwhelming cities and towns and scorching, burning, destroying thousands of lives! It is doubtful if any record of volcanic vehemence and destruction can compare with that of Krakatoa, not twenty years ago, a little island in the Eastern Seas, 10,000 miles from our shores, "a gem of glorious vegetation set in the tropical seas." Deep rumblings were heard for months; nor did the first explosion threaten to be serious; but soon masses of mingled smoke, flame, and steam were poured forth with indescribable violence and deafening noises from a hole thirty yards wide, which went on for weeks, turning day into night. It was not till August that the crisis of the awful tragedy occurred, when the whole island seemed to be lifted, sending an immense wave of the sea forward by a mighty impulse, carrying destruction to every shore for many hundreds of miles; how many thousands of people in Sumatra and Java perished will never be known.

On August 26th and 27th the noise of the explosions sounded in Batavia, a hundred miles away, like the salvoes of many parks of artillery—"the mightiest noise ever heard on earth"—and heard for hundreds of miles; indeed, there is good evidence that it was heard and noted at Rodriquez, 3,000 miles off, the sound taking ten hours to travel. Sir R. Ball says that "every part of our atmosphere had been set into tingle by the eruption." After several convulsive explosions there came the last "frightful" explosion, which tore away a large part of the island of Krakatoa, and scattered it to the winds of heaven. "In this final effort, all records of previous explosion on this earth were completely broken."

But the disappearance of Krakatoa did not end the results of the

dire explosion. The fearful energy of the explosions shot up an immense cloud of dust into the higher strata of the atmosphere (some twenty miles up, or more than four times higher than our loftiest mountain), where there is ever blowing and raging a hurricane, circling the earth in about thirteen days. The progress of this great dust cloud was traced out by the extraordinary sky effects it produced, and from its progress we inferred the movements of the invisible air-current which carried it along; and as this dust-cloud was swept along by this incomparable hurricane, it showed its presence in the most glorious manner by decking the sun and the moon in hues of unaccustomed splendour and beauty. These sights of wonder and beauty the present writer will never forget.—Aldersgate Magazine.

THE END OF DAY.

A HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Long centuries ago,
When Christ came down to earth,
A glory lit the midnight gloom
To celebrate His birth;
And rapturous rang a song,
From seraph voices clear,
Proclaiming loud the wondrous news,
The world's Redeemer near!

That song's sweet echoes thrill
Though human souls to-day—
And while eternal years revolve
Shall never die away!
The glorious gleam sent forth,
That long-since Christmas night,
Is circling now the gladdened earth
In waves of deathless light!

Then, as again returns
The time of sacred joy
When fragments of the angels' hymn
Shall mortal lips employ,—
Be hearts with voices tuned
To praise the King of love,
Who, for our sinful sakes, forsook
His shining throne above.

Homeless on earth He lived,
For us a home to win;
He stood without the gates of heaven
That we might enter in.
Prepares He now our place,
'Mid joys no tongue can tell,
Where ransomed spirits evermore,
In His dear presence dwell.

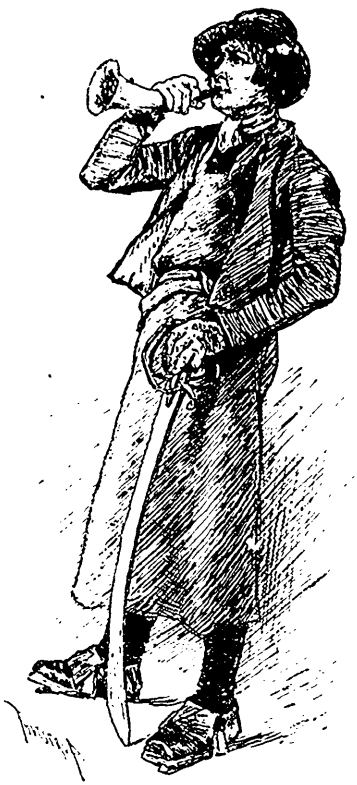
Praise, praise the Saviour-King,
Sovereign of earth and heaven;
To Jesus, our Immanuel,
Adoring laud be given!
Extol His Holy Name,
This happy Christmas Day;
And bring our souls' most fervent love
Down at His feet to lay!

Toronto.

IN DALECARLIA.

II.

FREE from the oppressive dictation of a guide-book, we wandered far into Dalecarlia, wherever picturesqueness of people or landscape led us, regardless of the conventionalities of travel. The long days of midsummer, with no darkness and little twilight, followed one another like a succession of day-dreams, for no arbitrary nature drove us to bed or summoned us to rise. At midnight we were sometimes working on sunset-colour studies or sitting at the window reading. We started for our day's walk an hour after supper, sleeping when we were sleepy, and eating when we were hungry. How long a man accustomed to a lower latitude could endure the dissipation of this irregular life we did not discover, for our experiment was not long enough to fix the limit of our endurance. For a while at least it was an agreeable change, and we looked forward to dark nights with no pleasant anticipation.



NIGHT-WATCHMAN.

The Dalecarlian farmer doubtless finds his working hours as many as human nature can endure, for he is obliged in this short season to make up for the long and dark winter, when candles are lighted in the middle of the afternoon, and the cattle do not leave the barns for months. The farm-boy hitches up the horses to harrow at ten o'clock in the evening; toward midnight the carts laden with hay rumble along the village streets, and there are sounds of life all night long. Even the birds scarcely know when to cease singing, and their twitter may be heard far into the evening. Rise when you like in the morning, and you will always find the farmer already at work. In the heat of high noon he may be asleep in his wooden bunk in the living-room, but most of the day the house is deserted, and the key hangs on the door jamb or is stuck in the shingles of the low porch.

The labourers come in for their dinner after hours of dusty work in the fields. The meal is a simple one—porridge, milk, unleavened bread, and perhaps some dry or pickled fish. Weak fermented drink

is handed round in a clumsy wooden firkin, with side and cover painted or carved two generations ago. At the close of the meal they sit around the room and sing a hymn together before they return to the fields.

Everything in the house is of the most primitive order. In the single large room on the ground-floor are chairs made of hollow tree trunks, tables of rough-hewn planks turn up on folding legs against the side of the room, and there are bunks in the wall with curiously carved and painted trimmings. Beside the rude stone fire platform, where the smoke curls up under an overhanging hood, stands the well-worn chopping-block, where during the long evenings of the winter months the farmer sits by the hour splitting kindling-wood and whittling. From the smoky beams overhead hang tools, baskets, and poles draped with great bunches of folded rye bread, about the appearance and texture of coarse brown paper.

To lighten up the dull-toned interior the farmer's wife has hung her embroidered towels and brilliant coverlets along the front of the straw-filled bunks, and spread a richly coloured piece of soft home-woven wool over the painted chest where the Bibles and hymn-books are carefully stored. On the floor she has sprinkled fresh birch leaves or stretched a piece of home-made rag carpet. Geraniums and roses bloom in the long, low window, where the green-toned glass set in lead lets in a mellow light. The rakes which hang by the door are whittled out of tough wood. The beer mug, the old hand-mangles, and the saddle-bows are carved in grotesque forms or covered with intricate ornamentation. The only literature in sight is a bundle of Swedish newspapers from far-off Minnesota, carefully preserved, and read again and again.

The treasure of the farm is kept out of sight in the attic rooms, scrupulously guarded from the attacks of insects and the hands of mischievous children. This treasure is the wardrobe. No farmer so poor but has his Kladekammare, in which is gathered all the store of linen and woollen cloth, the product of feminine industry, the holiday garments of summer and winter, the wheels and reels and implements for domestic manufacture of textiles. This room is as sacred as a sanctuary. There is the odour of fresh linen and the fragrance of dried leaves as the door is opened.

The floor is as clean as scrubbing can make it; no trace of fly or spider is seen on the low window which dimly lights the room. Along the rafters are nailed cords or slender birch poles, and on these rows of snow-white chemises are arranged methodically along, graduated in size. Below these bodices show in ranks of blazing red, and the heavy black petticoats hang against the wall. Clusters of beautifully starched caps fill the corners, and regiments of shoes stand all along the floor under the eaves. On the other side are the men's clothes, and the wonderful sheep-skin garments for winter use, the wool as white as swan's-down, and the hide as soft as chamois. The clumsy great-coats of the men, the sheep-skin petticoats of the women, and the numerous fleecy dresses of the children are carefully hung in rows, with all wrinkles rubbed out, and no spot or stain to mar the creamy surface of the dressed hide.

It is with no small degree of pride that the farmer's wife displays these treasures, the accumulation of many years, and the result of many a long winter's patient work at spinning-wheel and loom. When Sunday comes the toil-stained garments are laid aside, and the sweet, fresh holiday costume is put on for the day.

INTERIOR OF A FARM-HOUSE.

But the farmer's wife, who on Sunday stands as prim and stiff in her starched linen as the figures in old portraits, wears at her every-day work the simple costume of rough homespun, or the dress which years before her mother used to wear to church. Her husband finds at his work in the fields the modern costume cheaper and more comfortable than the complicated and formal dress which the parish fashion requires, and perhaps during the week he dresses but little different from any other working-man.

Before the extensive use of steamboats on the waterways around Stockholm the Dalecarlian girls were accustomed to come to the capital in great numbers each season to row the passenger boats from point to point in the neighbourhood of the city. This custom still exists to some extent, and the visitor may be rowed by a buxom peasant girl to an island restaurant, or across an arm of the lake. The girls have lost none of the moral independence and the remarkable physical strength which have since the beginning of Swedish history distinguished their ancestors. In the large cities they are found to-day mixing mortar, carrying burdens, and rowing boats quite as easily as the men, and quite as acceptably to the employers.

On Sunday morning we watched the people as they landed from the church boats, and drew them up on the shore like the Vikings of old. During the long church service we hid ourselves away in a high-backed pew. The drone of the sermon and the heat of the day had their natural consequences, and if the contribution collectors had not poked a bag on the end of a long pole under

the noses of the sleepers occasionally, the hard breathing might have rivalled the cries of the babies.

The village of Vikarby was distant across the lake perhaps two miles and a half, and quite four times as far away by the dusty, hilly road. The church boats had come overloaded to the water's edge, and no small boats were to be had. We had just made up our minds to walk when the people began to fill the second one. It was quite as elastic as an American horse-car. The third and last boat was rapidly filled up, and we boldly went down and asked to be taken to Vikarby. A place was rapidly made for us in the bow—a small place, but still as much as anybody had—and off we went.

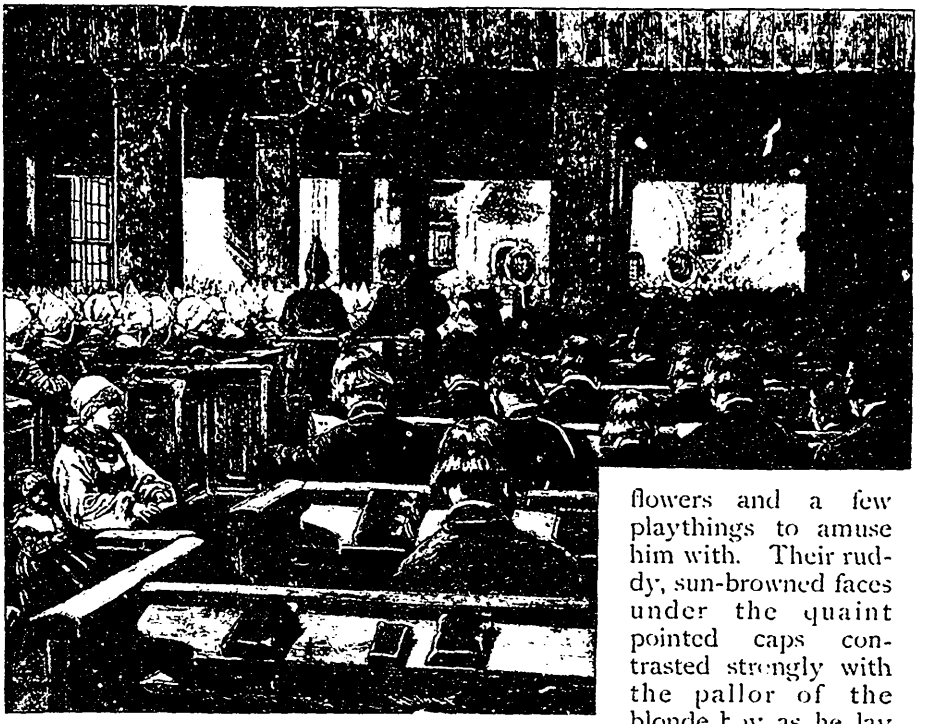
The moment we were clear of the shore the forty oars struck the water together, and began the stroke in perfect rhythm. With the first strong strokes she felt alive and leaped forward, swelling her sides like some heavy-breathing monster. How the lithe oars bent, and how the gunwale creaked and shivered! The old helmsman kept his eye on the leading craft, and steered with a firm hand, now and then noting the progress by a word or gesture of encouragement. Every space on the gunwale between the oars was occupied by a woman, the stern held a mass of children and adults packed closely, and even to the high stem the bow was wedged in solidly with men and women. Altogether we counted very nearly a hundred souls.

The day was very warm, and a bright sun threw up a painful reflection from the water. The girls took off their kerchiefs and pulled the harder; the men paused one by one to doff their jackets, and then worked with the more vigour, the perspiration running from their faces. On the thwart near us sat a young couple who took the opportunity at every recovery of the stroke to speak to one another or to glance into each other's eyes. When she smiled he threw himself with redoubled energy on the oar. She on her part sometimes hid her heated, blushing face in the full sleeves of her outstretched arms. This was not the only little pastoral drama on the boat, for other plump damsels and muscular youths were becoming intimate as they tugged at the same oar. Truly age and experience had the helm, but young love propelled the boat.

On the thwart in front of us sat a man of middle age, with his wife beside him. As he let go the oar to take off his jacket he turned and said, in the best of American: "It's an awfully hot day! Don't you think so?" He had spent half his life on a Western farm, and had come home to live in comparative ease.

Thrilled by the excitement of the race we watched the distance between the boats grow smaller and smaller, and as we were stem and stern with them we ran upon a shingly beach. Out tumbled crew and passengers with the same impulse, and the boat was instantly housed under the long shed.

We strolled up through the grain to the village, where we were to await the expected festival, and sought along the rows of log-houses for the home of a Dalecarlian girl connected with the Stockholm Society of the Friends of Manual Arts, which we learned in the boat was in the village. We were directed to a house where brilliant red paint had been plentifully applied on all sides. Knocking at the door we heard at first no response, but later a faint "Stig in!" Entering the living-room we saw in a wooden box bed under the window the figure of a boy of perhaps sixteen years lying in the sun-

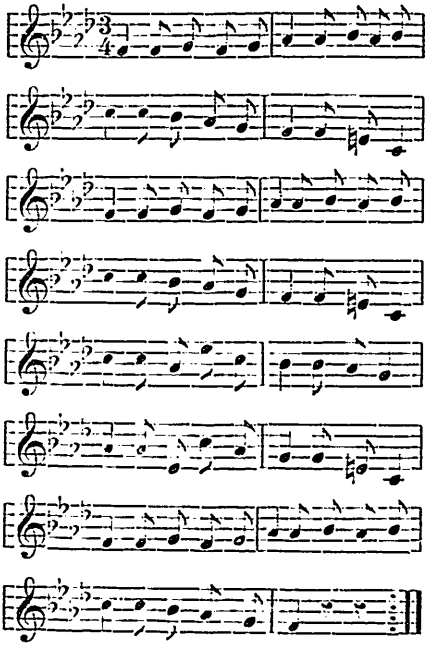


IN RATTVIK CHURCH.

light, with the shadows from the house plants flickering on the linen. He explained that he had charge of the house, but that his mother would soon return. We asked if Greta lived here. His pale face brightened as he answered: "She did live here, but she has gone to Stockholm now, and won't come back until winter. I shall be well then." And he showed us, as he spoke, a scarred and emaciated leg, explaining that he had been in bed for eighteen months; that the doctor lived nearly twenty miles away, and had only seen him once or twice since the accident had happened which shattered his leg. "But," he cheerfully assured us, "I am better now, and shall soon be out." Soon two little girls scarcely as old as the invalid came in and out by the bedside bringing flowers and a few playthings to amuse him with. Their ruddy, sun-browned faces under the quaint pointed caps contrasted strongly with the pallor of the blonde boy as he lay in the sunlight. It was a touching little genre picture.

The long afternoon was ended, the cows were milked, and the village gossips were all busy in the shadows of the houses. We haunted the cross-roads where the May-pole stood, until the lake grew cool and purple in the quiet light, and then went to the lakeside landing, hoping, but scarcely expecting, to find some one willing to ferry us over to the inn three miles or more across the lake. Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, the little row-boats, full of girls and children, plied along the water's edge. Two pretty boat-girls of perhaps seventeen years, with hair as pale yellow as the flax they spin in the winter, and deep ruddy cheeks, volunteered to carry us to Karlsvik, and we took our places in the stern of the rude craft, feeling a little ungallant at not insisting upon taking the

oars ourselves. But the picture of these two lithe, healthy creatures easily sending the heavy boat through the water was too agreeable to be destroyed, and we let them pull on, singing, as they stopped to rest, the following melody:



A strict prohibitory law is in force in the parish. We seemed very near home when the landlord approached us on our arrival, and after preliminary greetings led us with an impressive show of mystery up to a closet door which bore unmistakable signs of frequent and not too delicate handling. Opening the door he indicated that a collection of a dozen fly-soiled bottles and a score of sticky glasses standing on a newspaper-covered shelf were at our disposal. We saw him after this go down to the piazza, tip his chair back against the wall, and take a chew of tobacco in the most American fashion.

Very stringent liquor laws have been in force in Sweden as well as Norway for many years. With a few exceptions, the provisions of the law correspond exactly to those in force in some of the New England States. Parishes may prohibit the sale of spirits entirely, or according to the vote of the people limit its sale to one of two establishments, which are required to pay either a high fixed license, or to turn in to the public treasury all profits over five per cent. This last is the system which prevails in many of the Swedish towns, and particularly in the large cities, under the name of the Goteborg, or Gothenburg system, so called from having been first tried in the town of that name.

The plan consists essentially in the letting out of the liquor stores by the local authorities, usually to a company, which undertakes to pay over all proceeds to the authorities, after deducting the five per cent. interest for itself. The special purpose of the Gothenburg system is to take away from the retail liquor seller all temptation to "make custom" by encouraging drunkenness; but there seems to be some question whether the plan works as well as it is expected to, even when combined with such further restrictive regulations as the requirement that in certain cases the customer should eat before he drinks, or a limitation in the amount of liquor to be sold to one person. But wine, beer, and porter are usually not included in these restrictions; and though private stills are prohibited, private drinking is not controlled. The Gothenburg system does not, therefore, prevent or abolish the evil; but it is nevertheless a wholesome check upon intemperance.

As may have been gathered from preceding pages, the chief recreation and entertainment of the Dalecarlians is church-going. Open-air meetings and parish excursions are

MORA BELL-TOWER.

quite as popular as in any other Protestant country, and while we were at Mora nearly every day brought forth either a missionary meeting, a picnic prayer-meeting, or a conference of ministers. Steamer loads of black-coated pastors, accompanied by hundreds of peasant women in bright-coloured costumes, landed at the wharf, and turned the day into a religious festival. It would astonish the congregation in a New England village to see the pastor, fat and dignified, wrestling with the cork of a beer bottle in a crowded dining-room, while his upper lip gave unmistakable evidence of devotion to snuff.

In Mora the summer visitor has not only to court sleep in the bright sunlight, but an unearthly blast from the horn of the night-watchman disturbs the stranger at every half-hour from ten o'clock until six. Four of us in the hotel arranged a scheme to forcibly corral the disturber of the peace, and either spoil his horn or persuade him to substitute for it cats or some other mild or nocturnal noise. So we

sallied out at midnight and watched for him. We had not the assistance and cover of darkness, so we decided to ambush the enemy, and consequently took our posts behind the little shanties which serve for booths in fair-time. As he drew near, tooting the instrument of torture, we saw as fine a specimen of a man as could be imagined, tall, broad-shouldered, muscular, and straight as a grenadier. He wore a white woollen, full-skirted coat, and small-clothes like the peasants of the time of Louis XIV. In his right hand he carried the torture bugle, and in his left he had a huge naked sword at least four feet long. We had planned to move out at his approach, and imagined an easy victory over such a specimen of watchman as we had hitherto seen. I scarcely need add that we suffered him to distend his lungs and give his ear-splitting blasts quite uninterruptedly.

Dalecarlia was formerly famous for its manufactures; and clocks, bells, furniture, and various other articles were made by the peasants in their own houses. The old people sadly date their poverty to the introduction of German machine-made wares, and the consequent cessation of the demand for articles of hand-workmanship. Birch bark furnishes material for many articles which are a specialty of Dalecarlian production. Spinning, weaving, embroidery, and lace-making are still carried on in every house, and the linen and woollen cloths produced have no rivals in Sweden.

The great charm of the country consists mainly in the agreeable manners of the people and in the utter simplicity of their pastoral existence. Wherever we went we found nothing but unostentatious and sincere hospitality. We often surprised the inmates of some remote farm-house by appearing at the door with our sketching paraphernalia, armed with no better introduction than a request to be permitted to study the interior. A little girl with a curious labour-saving wheeled pole was sent to bring a bucket of fresh water from the spring, and a wooden beer firkin full of milk or of svagdricka was placed near us. The people were generally ready to pose for us at our will. Notwithstanding their poverty there is very little misery among the people. A tramp is never met with, and rags are as rare as whole garments on Spanish beggars. Along the roadside near the churches is usually found an iron box strapped to a timber by an iron band, and locked with a curious padlock. In this are put the contributions for the support of orphans and the infirm, and the charitable institutions thus largely supported are eminently suited to the purpose.

An indication of the quality of the popular disposition is found in their love for flowers. No house so wretched but has its windows filled with carefully trained house plants, and every empty jug has its bouquet of wild flowers, gathered by the children. A more honest, kindly disposed people does not live.

Compulsory education has given an untold impulse to the development of the country. The peasant who cannot read or write is almost a curiosity. Their knowledge of the outside world is sometimes surprising. Few families but have near relatives or friends who have emigrated, and through the means of constant correspondence they get an acquaintance with the manners and customs of other countries. We met more than one peasant who, although they had never seen a locomotive or worn a coat of newer cut than a hundred years ago, were better posted on the tonnage and speed of the Atlantic steamers than

we were ourselves, and had no little knowledge of the politics of the world. Emigration seems to be chiefly caused by the high rate of taxes—in some parishes ten per cent. on the net income—and by the low wages for labour—one crown and a half—about forty cents a day.

The farmers' sons, when they marry, receive a definite portion of the farm as their inheritance. This custom has naturally tended to a great subdivision of the land, and furthermore has brought about, after several generations, an inextricable confusion of titles. The farms of any great extent are now made up of many small parcels of land scattered all over the country. Some farmers have pasture lands adjacent; others must drive their cows a day's journey, and keep them there all summer at great inconvenience.

After a short season among the villages and in the evergreen forests, we felt as if we had been living in the past centuries. When we left the inn on our previous visit the landlord insisted on letting the bill stand unpaid—whether a long-headed scheme on his part to secure our return, or a freak of confidence, we could not tell. But he knew far better than we how all roads out of Dalecarlia led through Leksand, and how potent are the attractions of country and people. He thought, too, perhaps, that we could not long resist the gastronomical temptations of a bill of fare which reversed all known orders of courses and combinations.

One week-day it was announced by the town-crier that an auction of household goods would be held at a certain place. At the time named there was a great collection of peasants in holiday dress around the portico of a large log building in the market-place. When we approached all was quiet, and we supposed it was the hush preceding the announcement of "third and last call—sold." But as we reached the door we noticed the men standing with uncovered heads in the attitude of prayer. From the open windows of the house came the droning sound of the pastor's voice. We retreated as quietly as we could, convinced that they were taking advantage of the crowd to get up a funeral and enjoy some emotional excitement. We hurried away to the music of a mournful hymn. The landlady, who took a motherly interest in our study of the people, and had pointed out to us every character of note in the parish,

CARRYING WATER.

from the peasant with an income of fifteen thousand dollars a year to the heroic father of twenty-three children, intercepted our flight, and assured us that it was really an auction, and not another funeral, declaring that parish auctions always opened with prayer and a hymn. We therefore returned to the house, and entered.

On one side of the large, low room sat on rude benches a multitude of women and children, and facing them in solemn ranks sat the men. At the end of the room was a large table piled up with towels, caps, and other articles of domestic manufacture. The auctioneer, a mournful man, spare of habit and feeble of voice, stood near by, holding a towel in his hand. As he stood there, slowly turning from side to side, he plaintively complained, "En krona! en krona! en krona!" (one crown), and as far as we could make out kept up his wail until some one advanced and took the article, laying down the money.

A parting entertainment was given us in the village, at which we drank with well-concealed repugnance the sweet punch and the native spirits and water, eating inordinately, as one must do to satisfy Swedish hospitality. The gentle manners of the people and the perfect peace of their pastoral lives had made the anticipation of return to the turmoil of civilization far from agreeable, and we prepared for departure with sincere regret.

CHRISTMAS.

(Isaiah xxxiv.)

Christ comes! the solitary place is glad,
The wilderness and desert shall rejoice!
O! ev'ry heart that is bow'd down and sad,
Rise up and welcome Him with happy voice.

O toiler, knowing not the touch of flow'rs,
The stoniest place shall blossom as the rose!
He bringeth rest for all thy weary hours,
And happiness for all thy past of woes.

For Jesus comes! sweet peace and joy to bring
To those who watch for Him with wistful gaze,
And He shall teach thy lips a psalm to sing,
A gladsome strain of earnest, heartfelt praise.

And to the feeble-hearted He doth say
"Be strong and fear not; I am come to save;
Thy night of waiting I will turn to day,
My hands are filled with gifts that thou dost crave."

'Tis come again, the merry Christmas time!
Let ev'ry heart with welcome quickly beat,
We hear the sweet-voiced bells' melodious chime,
The Lord's birthday with joyful peals they greet.

This wintry day is best loved of the year,
It bringeth many blessings with its snows;
Peace and good will, love, joy and hearty cheer,
And Bethlehem's star its guiding ray still throws.

PATHFINDERS OF EMPIRE.

BY THE EDITOR.

JACQUES CARTIER.

THE discovery of America by Christopher Columbus was the beginning of a new era in the world. The western nations of Europe were eager to take possession of the new-found continent. Numerous voyages of exploration were projected by adventurous spirits under the patronage of their respective sovereigns. England was even then laying the foundations of her subsequent maritime supremacy. Merchants of foreign countries were welcome to her shores and found both protection and patronage.

Among these were John Cabot and his sons, a Venetian family doing business in the ancient seaport town of Bristol. Henry VII., eager to share the advantage of the wonderful discoveries that were startling the world, in 1496 gave a commission of exploration to John Cabot. The following year, with his son Sebastian, afterwards a famous mariner, he sailed from the port of Bristol for the

purpose of reaching, by a western voyage, the kingdom of Cathay, or China. Having sailed seven hundred leagues, he sighted the coast which he concluded to be part of the dominions of the Grand Cham. He landed, planted in the soil of the New World the banner of England, and named the country Prima Vista. He was thus the first discoverer of the continent of America, fourteen months before Columbus, in his third voyage, beheld the mainland.

Two days afterward, he reached a large island, probably Newfoundland, which, in honour of the day, he called St. John's Island. His discovery awakened great interest. He was awarded a liberal pension, and the king gave him authority to impress six English ships and to enlist volunteers, "and theym convey and lede to the londe and iles of late founde by the seid John." For some unknown reason this expedition did not take place, and John Cabot disappears from the records of the times. "He gave England a continent, and no one knows his burial-place." *

It was in virtue of these discoveries that Great Britain laid claim to the possession of the greater part of North America. In a subsequent voyage in 1517, under the patronage of Henry VIII., Sebastian Cabot penetrated the bay to which, a hundred years later, Hudson gave his name.

The rich fisheries of the Banks of Newfoundland were soon visited by the hardy Breton, Basque, and Norman fishermen. The name of Cape Breton, found on the oldest maps, is a memorial of those early voyages. After the discovery of the rich harvest of the sea that might be gathered on the Banks of Newfoundland, those valuable fisheries were never abandoned. As early as 1517, no less than fifty French, Spanish, and Portuguese vessels were engaged in this industry. The spoils of ocean from the fisheries of the New World formed an agreeable addition to the scanty Lenten fare of the Roman Catholic countries of Europe.

France had as yet done little in exploring or occupying any portion of the boundless continent, whose wealth was enriching its European rivals. Francis I. resolved to claim a portion of the prize. "Shall the kings of Spain and Portugal," he exclaimed, "divide all America between them, without allowing me any share? I would like to see the clause in Father Adam's will that bequeaths that vast inheritance to them." He, therefore, in the year 1523, dispatched Verrazzani, a Florentine navigator, on a voyage of discovery. Skirting the American seaboard northward from the Chesapeake, he laid claim to the entire region previously explored by the Cabots, for Francis I., under the designation of New France. The rival claims arising from these explorations were the grounds of long and bloody conflict between Great Britain and France for the possession of a broad continent.*

The real discoverer of Canada was Jacques Cartier, a native of the ancient seaport of St. Malo, for centuries the nursery of a hardy race of mariners. On the 20th April, 1534, Cartier sailed from St. Malo with two small vessels of about sixty tons each, and a company, in all, of one hundred and twenty-two men. In twenty days he reached the coast of Newfound-

* This account of John Cabot, which differs from that generally given, is based upon the latest and best authorities.—Ed.

* The name Norembega was given to the River Penobscot and the regions adjacent. It was fabled that a stately city of the same name was situated some twenty leagues up the river. Champlain, seventy years after, eagerly sought it, but found nothing but an old and moss-grown cross in the depths of the wilderness. Whittier has a noble poem on this theme.

land, where he was detained ten days by the ice. Sailing through the Straits of Belle Isle, on a resplendent day in July, he entered the large bay to which, on account of the intense heat, he gave the names Des Chaleurs. Landing at the rocky headland of Gaspe, he erected a large cross bearing the shield of France, and took possession of the country in the name of his sovereign, Francis I. Learning from the natives the existence of a great river leading into the interior, he sailed up the gulf till he could see the land on either side. The season being advanced, he resolved to return, postponing further exploration till the following summer.

The little squadron, dispersed by adverse winds, did not reach the mouth of the St. Lawrence till the middle of July, 1535. On the 10th of August, the festival of St. Lawrence, Cartier entered a small bay, to which he gave the name of the saint, since extended to the entire gulf and river. Having resolved to winter in the country, the little squadron dropped anchor at the mouth of the St. Charles, where stood the Indian town of Stadacona, beneath the bold cliff now crowned with the ramparts of Quebec.

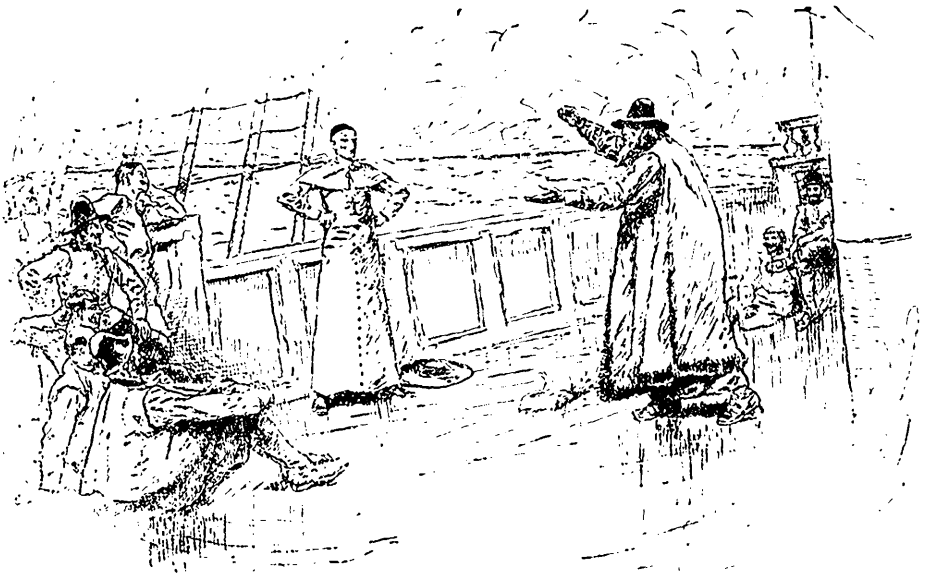
Eager to explore the noble river, Cartier advanced with fifty men in his smallest vessel, watching with delight the ever-shifting landscape of primeval forest, now gorgeous with autumnal foliage, and the stately banks of the broad, swift stream. On the 2nd of October he reached the populous Indian town of Hochelaga, nestling beneath the wood-crowned height to which he gave the name of Mont Royal, now Montreal. The friendly natives thronged the shore by hundreds, and received the pale-faced strangers with manifestations of the utmost delight. With lavish hospitality they heaped their boats

SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN.

with presents of fish and maize. They swarmed around the newcomers, gazing with wonder at their bearded faces, glittering armour, and strange attire.

Soon an ample feast was provided for the white guests. After this an aged and crippled chief, and a crowd of blind and maimed and sick persons were brought to the perplexed commander, "as if," he says, "a God had come down to save them." Moved with pity Cartier read from the Gospel the story of the passion of the Saviour, made the sign of the cross, and offered a prayer for the souls as well as the bodies of the savages. With a flourish of trumpets and a liberal gift of knives, beads, and trinkets, the strange scene came to a close.

Having ascended the neighbouring mountain, Cartier and his companions surveyed the magnificent panorama of forest and river stretching to the far horizon; a scene now studded with towns and spires, farms and villages, and busy with the thousand activities of civilized life. From the natives he learned the existence, far to the



"CATHOLIC PRIESTS AND HUGUENOT MINISTERS DISPUTED HEARTILY ON THE WAY."

west and south, of inland seas, broad lands, and mighty rivers—an almost unbroken solitude, destined to become the abode of great nations.

After a few days' agreeable intercourse with the friendly redmen, Cartier returned to Stadacona. Having protected their vessels by a stockaded enclosure mounted with cannon, the French prepared, as best they could, to pass the winter, which proved of unusual severity. Scurvy of a malignant type appeared. Religious processions, vows, and litanies were unavailing to stay the plague. By the month of April, twenty-six of the little company had died and were buried in the snow. The neighbouring Indians prescribed for the recovery of the sick an infusion of spruce boughs, to whose efficacy Cartier attributed their restoration to health. When the returning spring released the imprisoned ships, the energetic commander returned to France.

The religious wars with Charles V. now for some years absorbed the attention and exhausted the treasury of Francis I. At length, in 1540, the Sieur De Roberval, a wealthy noble of Picardy, obtained the appointment of Viceroy of New France, and organized a colonizing expedition. Cartier, as his lieutenant, sailed with five ships the following spring and reached Stadacona in the month of August. He explored the country for gold and precious stones, but found only some glistening scales of mica, and some quartz crystals on the cliff still known as Cape Diamond. After a gloomy winter, having heard nothing from Roberval, and the Indians proving unfriendly, he sailed for France. At St. John's, Newfoundland, he met Roberval, with three ships and two hundred colonists of both sexes. Cartier and his company were commanded to return, but, disheartened by their disasters and sufferings, they refused to do so, and, escaping under cover of night, continued their homeward voyage.

Roberval proceeded on his course and landed his little colony at Cape

Rouge. The following winter was a time of suffering and disaster. Over sixty men perished by cold, by famine, or by scurvy. The Indians, too, were unfriendly; and the colonists, most of whom were convicts, proved so insubordinate that the Governor had to hang some, and scourge or imprison others. In the spring, with seventy men, Roberval attempted to explore the interior, but with ill success, and with the loss of eight men by drowning. In the fall of this year, Cartier was again sent to Canada, to order Roberval's return. He wintered for the third time in the country, and finally left it in May, 1544, conveying with him the remains of the ill-fated colony, and his name henceforth disappears from history. Five years later, on the return of peace, Roberval and his brother organized another colonizing expedition to Canada, but the fleet was never heard of after it sailed, and probably foundered by encounter with icebergs. Thus ended in disastrous failure all the early expeditions to New France.

Fifty years later appears upon the scene one of the most remarkable of the many able men who have aided in moulding the fortunes and destiny of Canada. Samuel de Champlain was born in 1567, at Brouage, a small seaport in the Bay of Biscay. From youth he was familiar with the sea, and had reached the position of captain of the royal marine. He had also served as a soldier, and fought during the wars of the League, under Henry of Navarre. He was a hero of the mediaeval type, of chivalric courage, fond of romantic enterprise, and inspired by religious enthusiasm. "The zeal of the missionary tempered the fire of the soldier." He observed acutely and described vividly the wonders of the new countries that he visited.* In 1603, with two small barks, of twelve and fifteen tons burden, he sailed up the vast and solitary St. Lawrence, past the deserted post of Tadousac; past the tenantless rock of Quebec, and the ruined fort of Cape Rouge, and reached the Island of Montreal and the rapids of St. Louis. But not a vestige of the Indian towns of Stadacona or Hochelaga, nor of their friendly population, described by Cartier sixty-eight years before, remained.

A successor in the work of colonization was soon found in Pierre du Gast, Sieur de Monts, a Calvinist nobleman. The new colony was composed of strangely incongruous materials. In the crowded ships were assembled some of the best blood, and some of the worst criminals of France,—the de Monts, Champlain, soldiers, Baron de Poutrincourt, the Sieur artisans, and convicts. Catholic priest and Calvinist minister carried their polemics, says Champlain, from words to blows.

Sailing up the Bay of Fundy, the voyagers entered a narrow inlet which expanded into a noble landlocked basin. The first winter was spent on a barren island in the St. Croix, the boundary between New Brunswick and Maine. From the Spanish settlement of St. Augustine to the Arctic waste, from the surging tides of the Atlantic to the waters of the Pacific, the only habitation of civilized man, was this outpost of Christendom on the edge of the boundless and savage wilderness. The winter set in early, and the cold was intense. Even the wine froze in the casks. As the hapless Frenchmen shivered over their scanty fires, they fell into deepest dejection, and became the easy prey of disease. Of the seventy-nine exiles, thirty-five before the spring fell victims to the scurvy, and many others were

* His journal, with rude drawings of the strange animals and scenes that he beheld, is still extant in manuscript.

brought to the very door of death. Amid such sufferings were laid the foundations of New France. One heart, however, struggled against despair. By his indomitable spirit, Champlain sustained the courage of the wretched colonists.

In the spring of 1605 Pontgrave arrived with succour from France, and removed the survivors to Port Royal, now Annapolis, N.S. The following year arrived a man of considerable note, as the future historian of New France—a "briefless barrister" and poet of no mean skill, Marc Lescarbot. The dreary winter was enlivened by the establishment of the "Order of the Good Time," the duties of which were, with the aid of Indian allies, to prepare good cheer for the daily banquet. In the spring, 1607, came a vessel from France, bearing the tidings of the revocation of the charter, and orders to abandon the settlement. With heavy hearts these pioneers of empire in the New World, forsook the little fort and clearing, the pleasant bay and engirdling hills of Port Royal.

Three years later this lone outpost of civilization was reoccupied. Dissensions soon broke out between its temporal and spiritual powers. The religious strifes of the Old World were renewed in the Acadian wilderness. Famine and anarchy succeeded to the thrift and concord of the settlement of Champlain and Lescarbot.

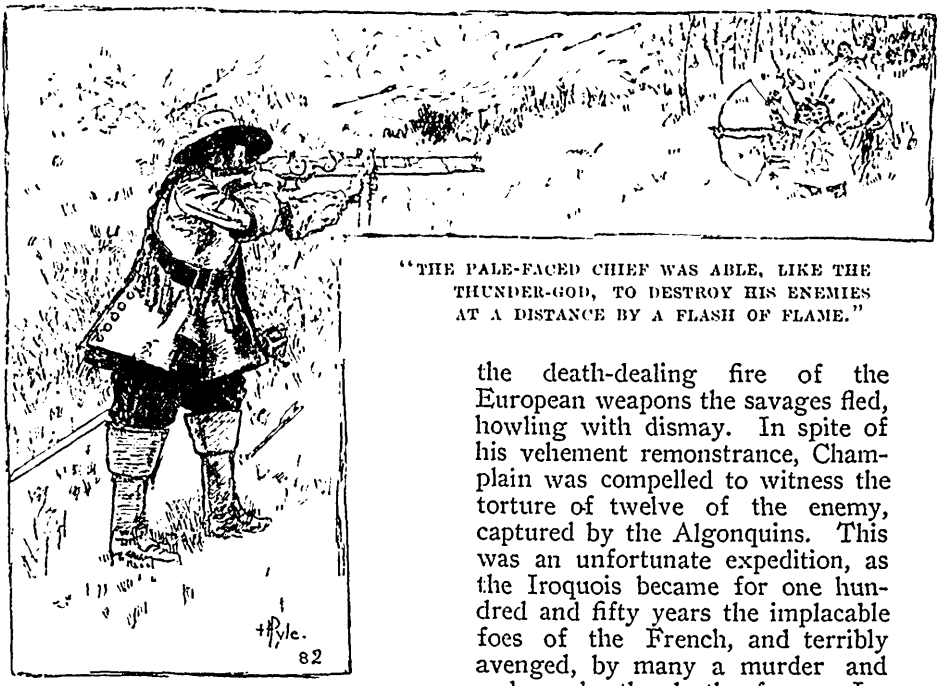
At length the Jesuits abandoned Port Royal, and, under authority of roval patent, with a number of colonists, attempted to plant a settlement on the island of Mount Desert. Argall, the piratical English adventurer from the new colony of Virginia, landed and pillaged the French settlement. This was the first outbreak of the long strife of one hundred and fifty years, between the English and the French, for the possession of the broad continent. Each country, though occupying only a few acres of an almost boundless domain, was insanely jealous of the possession of a single foot of it by the other.

Baffled in his efforts to plant a colony in Acadia, De Monts resolved to attempt a settlement on the St. Lawrence. By tracing its mighty stream, it was thought that a nearer way to China might be discovered; and that a single well-placed fort would command the fur trade of the vast interior, while faithful missionaries might preach the gospel to countless savage tribes. Obtaining, for a year, a renewal of his monopoly, De Monts despatched Champlain to the St. Lawrence, bearing the fortunes of Canada in his frail vessels.

On the 3rd of July, 1608, he reached the narrows of the river, where frown the craggy heights of Quebec. Here, beneath the tall cliff of Cape Diamond, he laid the foundations of one of the most famous cities of the New World.* A wooden fort was erected, on the site of the present market-place of the lower town. The colonists were soon comfortably housed, and land was cleared for tillage. The firm discipline maintained by Champlain provoked a conspiracy for his murder. It was discovered, the ringleader was hanged, and his fellow-conspirators shipped in chains to France. Champlain was left with twenty-eight men to hold a continent. His nearest civilized neighbours were the few English colonists at Jamestown, Virginia.

The long and cruel winter was a season of tragical disaster and suffering. Before spring, of that little company, only eight remained

* The name *Quebec*, Champlain positively asserts, was the Indian designation of the narrows of the St. Lawrence at this point, the word signifying "strait." *Canada* is the Indian word for "a collection of huts," and enters into the composition of several native names.



"THE PALE-FACED CHIEF WAS ABLE, LIKE THE THUNDER-GOD, TO DESTROY HIS ENEMIES AT A DISTANCE BY A FLASH OF FLAME."

alive. The rest had all miserably perished by scurvy. The timely arrival of succour from France saved the little colony from extinction.

The neighbouring Algonquins were anxious to secure as an ally the pale-faced chief, who was able, like the thunder-god, to destroy his enemy at a distance, by a flash of flame. Eager to explore the interior, Champlain yielded to their solicitations to join a war-party in an attack upon their hereditary foes, the Iroquois, who occupied the lake region of central New York. With his savage allies he advanced up the River Richelieu, and with a tiny fleet of twenty-four canoes, bearing sixty Indian warriors and three white men, glided forth on the beautiful lake which bears his name.

Amid the summer loveliness of Lake St. Sacrament, long afterwards memorable as Lake George, they came upon the foe. Before the death-dealing fire of the European weapons the savages fled, howling with dismay. In spite of his vehement remonstrance, Champlain was compelled to witness the torture of twelve of the enemy, captured by the Algonquins. This was an unfortunate expedition, as the Iroquois became for one hundred and fifty years the implacable foes of the French, and terribly avenged, by many a murder and ambuscade, the death of every Indian slain in this battle.

With the foresight of a founder of empire, Champlain selected the island of Montreal as the site of a fort protecting the fur trade and commanding the two great waterways of the country, the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa. The commercial prosperity of the great commercial metropolis of Canada is an ample vindication of his choice.

After many adventures Champlain devoted himself to fostering the growth of the infant colony. Quebec was as yet only surrounded by wooden walls. To strengthen its defences, the energetic Governor built a stone fort in the lower town, and on the heights overlooking the St. Lawrence, one of the noblest sites in the world, he began the erection of the Castle of St. Louis, the residence of successive Governors of Canada down to 1834, when it was destroyed by fire.

The same year, 1620, Champlain

brought out his youthful wife, who was received by the Indians with reverential homage, as a being of superior race.* Amid the rude surroundings of her exile, during the four years she remained, she devoted herself with enthusiasm to the religious instruction of the Indian children, and won all hearts by her beauty, her kindness, and her piety. The impolicy of Champlain's Indian wars was soon manifested by the first of those Iroquois invasions which so often afterwards harassed the colony. For the present, however, the terror of the French cannon and musketry frustrated the threatened attack. But amid the religious and commercial rivalries by which it was distracted, the infant colony languished.

In 1628, David Kirk, a Huguenot refugee, received a royal commission from Charles I. to seize the French forts in Acadia and on the St. Lawrence. He organized an expedition of a dozen ships, and, overcoming the small French force at Port Royal, entered the St. Lawrence, burned Tadousac, and sent a summons to Champlain, at Quebec, to surrender that post. The commandant ostentatiously feasted the messengers—although the town was on an allowance of only seven ounces of bread per day, and the magazine contained but fifty rounds of powder—and returned a gallant defiance to Kirk. The latter adopting the policy of delay, cruised in the Gulf, and captured the transports of the new company, laden with the winter's provisions for the colony. In consequence of this disaster the sufferings of the French were intense. The crops of their few arable acres were unusually scanty. With the early spring the famishing population burrowed in the forests for edible roots. But the heroic spirit of Champlain sustained their courage. Still the expected provision ships from France came not. At length, towards the end of July, hungry eyes discovered from the Castle of St. Louis three vessels rounding the headland of Point Levi. They brought not, however, the much needed succour; they were English ships of war, commanded by two brothers of Admiral Kirk. The little garrison of sixteen famine-wasted men surrendered with the honours of war, and Louis Kirk, installed as Governor, saved from starvation the conquered inhabitants, less than one hundred in all.

As peace had been concluded before the surrender of Quebec, by the treaty of St. Germain-en-Laye, 1632, the whole of Canada, Cape Breton, and Acadia was restored to the French, and the red-cross of England, after waving for three years from the Castle of St. Louis, gave place to the lilies of France.

The labours of Champlain's busy life were now drawing to a close. In October, 1635, being then in the sixty-eighth year of his age, he was smitten with his mortal illness. For ten weeks he lay in the Castle of St. Louis, unable even to sign his name, but awaiting with resignation the Divine will. On Christmas Day the brave soul passed away. The body of the honoured founder of Quebec was buried beneath the lofty cliff which overlooks the scene of his patriotic toil.

The character of Champlain was more like that of the knight-errant of mediæval romance than that of a soldier of the practical seventeenth century in which he lived. He had greater virtues and fewer faults than most men of his age. In a time of universal license his life was pure. With singular magnanimity, he devoted himself to the interests of his patrons. Although traffic with the natives was very

* It was after her that St. Helen's Island, opposite Montreal, was named.

lucrative, he carefully refrained from engaging in it. His sense of justice was stern, yet his conduct was tempered with mercy. He won the unfaltering confidence of the Indian tribes suspicious of others, in him they had boundless trust. His zeal for the spread of Christianity was intense. The salvation of one soul, he was wont to declare, was of more importance than the founding of an empire. His epitaph is written in the record of his busy life.

For well-nigh thirty years, he laboured without stint and against almost insuperable difficulties, for the struggling colony. A score of times he crossed the Atlantic in the tardy, incommodious, and often scurvy-smitten vessels of the period, in order to advance its interests. His name is embalmed in the history of his adopted country, and still lives in the memory of a grateful people, and in the designation of the beautiful lake on which he, first of white men, sailed. His widow, originally a Huguenot, espoused her husband's faith, and died a nun at Meaux in 1654. His account of his voyage to Mexico, and his history of New France, bear witness to his literary skill and powers of observation; and his summary of Christian doctrine, written for the native tribes, is a touching monument of his piety.

"Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King."

DE NATIVITATE DOMINI.

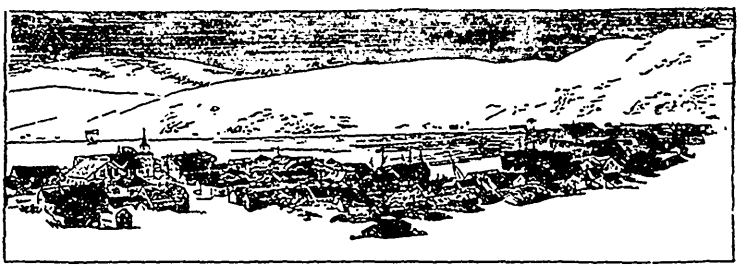
In a stable dost Thou lie
  Lord of all creation?
In a cradle dost Thou cry,
  Source of our salvation?
Thou a King? Where is Thy throne?
And Thy court Thy rank to own?
  Where Thy regal splendour?
Here Thy lot is low and mean,
And no princely pomp is seen.
  Why this strange surrender?

Love, my love for humankind
  Down from glory sped me.
Man, seduced, and lost and blind,
  Feared my face and fled me.
By the want that I endure,
Wealth for him I can secure;
  Gladly do I serve him.
Here am I in infant frame,
Stripped of royal state and fame,
  All because I love him.

Songs of joy to Thee I sing,
  Laudo, laudo, laudo!
For Thy love, O wondrous King,
  Plaudo, plaudo, plaudo!
Thee with honour will I crown,
Thou who didst for me come down
  From Thy lofty station.
Louder than the sons of earth,
Chant, ye seraphs, chant His worth,
  Bow in adoration.

METHODISM FARTHEST NORTH.

BY J. SOUTHERN NIGHTINGALE.



HAMMERFEST, NORWAY.

THE tourist in Norway, after sailing up the West Fiords, with all their charming scenery and pure, bracing air, will, in due course, arrive at Hammerfest, the most northern town in Europe. Situated on the western side of the island of Kvalo (Whale Island), which lies off the north-west coast of Norway, this quaint little town of over 2,000 inhabitants, nestling at the foot of high circling hills, with its houses of wood, some of them with grass growing on their thatched roofs, is indeed an object of interest. Here, from time to time in the summer, gather tourists from almost all parts of the globe, who have come to gaze upon nature's greatest splendour, the midnight sun, which from May 13th to July 29th, makes the assertion true, respecting that part of the world, that there is "no night there."

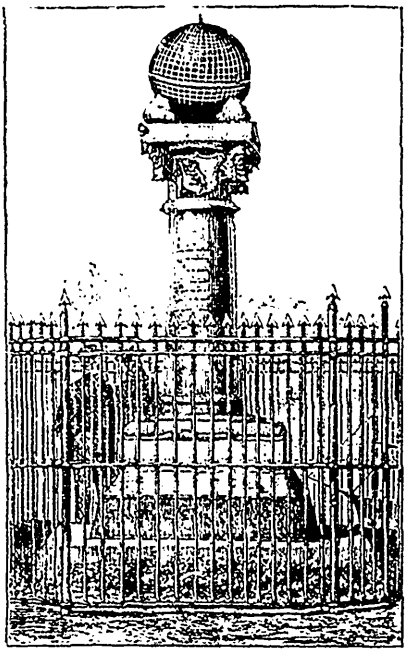
Not the least interesting to the writer was the discovery that in this region, so well within the Arctic circle, Methodism was represented in the form of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Hammerfest may claim to possess the most northerly Methodist Church in Europe, if not in the world. The cause has been in existence in the town since 1889, the first church being built in 1893. The pastor, the Rev. Soren Sorensen, a native of Denmark, and a fine Christian gentleman, received me in a most brotherly fashion, and seemed overjoyed to meet another Methodist minister in that remote part of Norway. Hanging on the wall of his study was a text, bearing the words, "Herren er min hyrde. Mig skall intet fattes." The interpretation was the beautiful thought, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." It seemed to be an especially appropriate motto for that corner of the world, where the people have to toil so laboriously for a livelihood, and where they are so largely dependent upon the harvests of the sea for the means of subsistence.

One had only to look out into the picturesque harbour to observe what perils some of the people had to face. There might be seen vessels preparing for the fisheries of distant Spitzbergen, while others were to go forth in the adventurous work of whaling in the Arctic seas, and as you saw the latter, with a barrel at the foremast of each vessel, which was to serve as a "look-out" for the pursuit of the sea monster, it was not difficult to

imagine the risks and dangers of such a calling.

In giving an account of the form of government in the Methodist Episcopal Church, my newly-made friend pointed out that no member was allowed to use intoxicants, while its ministers, in addition, were not permitted to smoke tobacco. He seemed surprised that in British Methodism the same rules did not apply. Speaking of the difficulties of his work, he mentioned that the Methodists were regarded by very many in the town as intruders. Further, the people were of a stolid disposition, and slow to respond to the appeals of truth. Yet, once really converted, the Norwegian became a zealous and devoted disciple of Jesus Christ. In some measure the indifference and seeming dullness, erected as walls against the message of the Gospel, could be understood in a town like Hammerfest, where, from November 21st to January 22nd, there is perpetual night, the people sleeping much of the time, and even walking the streets as if scarcely awake.

He also referred to the drinking customs of the people, but pointed out that very seldom was a native seen under the influence of intoxicants, such examples coming from strangers who visited the town periodically. This statement was borne out during the writer's sojourn, by the presence of Laplanders who had come down from the mountains in large numbers to celebrate the anniversary of the first Sunday after Midsummer Day. Their object was also to present themselves in the Lutheran Church for confirmation, and to baptize their children, while some of their young men and maidens were joined in matrimony. Unfortunately, many of them had yielded to the temptation of drink, and were sadly under its influence, and the testimony of my friend was further verified in the intoxicated condition

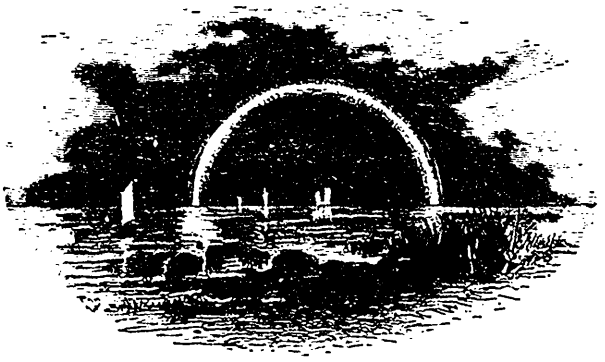


MONUMENT AT NORTH CAPE.

of Russian seamen belonging to between forty and fifty vessels, which, within six weeks of the opening of the ice-bound White Sea, had found their way to Hammerfest for trading purposes. One feature favourable to Christian effort in the town was that the Samlags, or licensed houses, were closed from the Friday evening until the Tuesday. What might be accomplished in England, in the line of religious effort, with the temptations to intemperance out of the way at such a time, it would be difficult to estimate.

In connection with the farthest north Methodist Church, was a branch of the Epworth League of Young People, to whom I was invited to give an address. The service took much the same form as the Christian Endeavour meeting in England, and it was a great joy to observe how devout and earnest these young Norwegian Christians

were, and how eagerly they listened as their pastor interpreted sentence after sentence of my message. Their singing was worth hearing, and several tunes familiar in our Methodist services in England were sung. After rendering as a solo the well-known hymn, "God be with you till we meet again," their minister interpreting the verses as I gave them, the whole of the audience rose to their feet and bowed their expression of gratitude for the words spoken and sung, for whatever be the faults of the Norwegians, lack of courtesy is not one of them, and they well deserve the title given by one writer, viz., "a nation of gentlemen." The service which had commenced at nine o'clock in the evening, finished at eleven, no one thinking of retiring to rest until a much later hour in Hammerfest, where it was as light as day, and only to be enjoyed for a very short period. And as the service concluded, and we separated from these godly people, one could not but rejoice in the fact that our worship of God is not determined by language, but rather it is the spirit of the worshipper that ever determines the quality of the worship, for the All-Father seeketh such to worship Him. With the minister of this Methodist Church we parted with unfeigned regret, but feel proud to have held fellowship with such a kingly character, who, distant from ministerial brethren some hundreds of miles, and unknown to the greater world outside, yet, with true courage and a heart inspired by love, is seeking to keep flying the banner of evangelical truth where, it is to be feared, too often religion is crusted over by formality, and an earnest Methodism is a pressing need.—Primitive Methodist Magazine.



THE NATIVITY.

I see a dim cave, and a manger
Where slumbers a wonderful stranger
A young mother utters a prayer
As she bends o'er the babe sleeping there;
While the light of one radiant star
Hath guided wise men from afar,
Who bow down in rapt adoration
To Jesus, the Lord of salvation.

Down in the vale, shepherds watching
Their flocks see a golden light flashing;
As down through the limitless space
Fly heavenly heralds apace;
And a jubilant anthem celestial
Rings out o'er creation terrestrial,
In rapture proclaiming the birth
Of the Babe who brings peace to our earth.

—*Helen L. Pierce.*

TENNYSON THE NATURE POET.

BY HOPE DARING.

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON.

HENRY VAN DYKE has written ably of "The Bible in Tennyson." Doctor Quales, the well-known author and Methodist divine, has dwelt upon another phase of the poet's work in an admirable essay, "Tennyson the Dreamer." Yet it is as the poet of nature that he is most widely known and best loved.

He has many attractions for the student. His lofty conceptions of the chivalrous and the noble thrill the heart. One pauses to note the breadth of his sympathy and of his knowledge, the melodious smoothness of his diction, and the perfect finish of his verse testify to his careful, painstaking workmanship. His high moral standard and his sincerely religious spirit are inspiring. But it is in his treatment of nature that Tennyson appeals to all men and to all moods. He possesses the seeing eye as well as the power to describe what he sees. Hutron said of him, "He was an artist before he was a poet." Unconsciously he absorbed colour, form, and harmony. Then he put this mystically-acquired knowledge into words so that all who would might share his delight.

Tennyson's descriptions of the out-door world are natural and truthful. His music is always harmonious. It is the music of the summer breeze in the tree-tops, of the meadow brook dancing over its pebbly bed, of the lark winging its way heavenward, or in the more sombre moods that were so often his, of the gray sea breaking upon a rocky coast. In it all there is no false note. The reader, seeing the beauty the poet describes, wonders why he never discovered it for himself.

There is a story of Alfred Tennyson's boyhood which tells us that his first poetical attempt was a description of the garden flowers. He was but a small boy when, one summer Sabbath, he was left in charge of a maid while the older members of the family attended church. In order that Alfred might not be lonely, his brother Charles suggested that he write a poem, and gave him as a subject the garden flowers. When the party returned from church the lad brought his slate to Charles, and thereon was written, in a kind of blank verse, Alfred Tennyson's first poem. Ann Thackeray Ritchie, who in telling this story claims she heard it from the poet himself, goes on to say that Charles read the production, and handed the slate back to his brother with the assurance, "Yes, you can write."

Doubtless there is some truth in the charge concerning the want of naturalness and historical accuracy in Tennyson's conception of the characters of his dramas. But when he speaks of nature his voice has no uncertain sound. His knowledge of her was not obtained from books and men. As in the case of all true poets, solitude was essential to him. Alone with the sky, the wind, the sea, the brook, the meadow, the "wold," and the "low dunes of the Lincolnshire coast," he learned of each and every one.

He loved nature in all her moods. The reader who declared that "Tennyson needs a background of blue sky and green fields," had not stood with him where

> "Morning arises stormy and pale,
> No sun, but a wanish glare
> In fold upon fold of hueless cloud."

He had not gone with the poet down to the shore and listened to

> "Break, break, break,
> On thy cold gray stones, O sea!"

Nor had he stood with Tennyson upon

> "A peak to gaze
> O'er land and main, and see a great black cloud
> Drag inward from the deeps, a wall of night."

The observing reader will note the delicacy and beauty with which this word-painter treats his individual studies. At the same time the wide range of his subjects must not pass unnoticed. He was at home everywhere, so long as the untrammelled wind of heaven swept his face. Of the sky he says:

> "The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the shape
> With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape."

In the hour preceding the sunrise, when "the gray dawn stole o'er the dewy world," Tennyson walked abroad and saw:

> "Morn in the white wake of the morning star
> Come, furrowing all the orient into gold."

The day went by, all nature rejoicing in "the blue unclouded weather." Night came, and he saw:

> "A line of heights and higher
> All barr'd with long white cloud the scornful crags,
> And highest, snow and fire."

Of the sunset hour he speaks as:

> "The wide-ring'd sunset of the misty marsh."

And again of the time when,

> "The charmed sunset lingered low adown
> In the red west."

Our poet loved the water, whether it was the wide expanse of the ocean or a tiny mountain stream fretting its way between rocky banks. In "The Lady of Shalott" he paints a picture.

> "Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
> Little breezes dusk and shiver
> Thro' the wave that runs for ever
> By the island in the river."

In many terse, graphic sentences he gives us a glimpse of water. From these we select:

> "A full-fed river winding slow."
> "The hollow ocean ridges roaring into cataracts."
> "Some slow-arching wave."
> "Still salt pool locked in with bars of sand."
> "In curves the yellowing river ran."
> "A wild wave in the wide North Sea,
> Green-glimmering toward the summit."
> "A clouded moon in a still water."
> "Crisp foam-flakes scud along the level sand,
> Torn from the fringe of spray."

In that song of "a land of streams," "The Lotus-Eaters," are many charming waterscapes.

> "Like a downward smoke, the slender stream
> Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem."

> "The crisping ripples on the beach,
> The tender curving lines of creamy spray."

"The long bright river drawing slowly
His waters from the purple hills.

"Some (streams) thro' wavering lights and shadows broke
Rolling a slumberous sheet of foam below."

In "The Holy Grail" he tells us of

"A brook
With one sharp rapid, where the curving white
Play'd ever back upon the sloping wave."

In the broad but finely-finished word-painting that serves as the introduction to "Enoch Arden," the first lines are:

"Long lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm,
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands."

Tennyson not only sees; he hears. The voices of the wind tell him many tales.

"The weary wind went on
And took the reed-tops as it went."

Again, an autumnal scene:

"In the stormy east wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning."

The breeze strengthened, and

"The winds began to sweep
A music out of sheet and shroud."

One shivers with cold, as, turning the page, he reads:

"The sharp wind that ruffles all day long
A little bitter pool about a stone
On the bare coast."

The next is more quiet, but there is in it one of the minor chords which leads Doctor Quales to say, "Tennyson's cheeks are wet."

"Night slid down one long stream of sighing wind,
And in her bosom bore the baby, Sleep."

But the songs of the breeze are not all sad ones, for there came a time when the poet walked

"In a poplar grove where a light wind wakens
A lisping of the innumerous leaf."

Again he sings,

"Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!"

As a close to this melodious rendering of nature's songs, could the wind appeal to the eye and the ear better than in this?

"A light wind blew from the gate of the sun,
And waves of shadow went over the wheat."

Our poet loved the beautiful lanes, meadows, and forests stretching round his English home. He leads us through the "green gloom of the woods" into "a meadow, gemlike, chased in the brown wild," and "the fields between are dewy-fresh." He sings of a day when

"Far in forest-deeps unseen,
The topmost elm-tree gather'd green
From draughts of balmy air."

Here is a picture from "The Princess," to which no artist could add.

"The happy valley, half in light, and half
Far-shadowing from the west, a land of peace;
Gray halls alone among the massive groves;
Trim hamlets; here and there a rustic tower
Half-lost in belts of hop and breadth of wheat;
The shimmering glimpses of a stream; the sea;
A red sail or a white."

Yet it is not so much in these broad and carefully-developed studies that the reader feels Tennyson's nearness to the heart of nature as in the lighter touches. These are fairy-like in grace and as accurate as a scientific report. He knew the tree we call the European linden as the lime, and described its habit of growth and told that it was a favourite haunt of wild birds in these two exquisite lines:

"The larger lime feathers low,
The lime, a summer home of murmurous wings."

His love for trees and flowers can be traced in countless passages, from which we select:

"And drooping chestnut-buds began
To spread into the perfect fan."

"Like an Alpine harebell hung with tears
By some cold morning glacier."

"A million emeralds break from the ruby-budded lime."

"Even the dull-blooded poppy-stem whose flowers
Hued with the scarlet of a fierce sunrise."

"The pillar'd dusk of sounding sycamores."

"And in the meadows tremulous aspen-trees
And poplars made a sound of falling showers."

"More black than ashbuds in the front of March."

"Whenever a March wind sighs
He sets the jewel-print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes."

Alfred Tennyson was at harmony not only with the trees and flowers, but also with the animate creatures that go to make up a perfect summer landscape. Of the nightingale he sang:

"When first the liquid note, beloved of men,
Comes flying over many a windy wave
To Britain, and, in April suddenly
Breaks from a coppice gemmed with green and red."

In "The Princess" he speaks of

"The moan of doves in immemorial elms
And murmuring of innumerable bees."

A sound is

"Like a clamour of the rooks
At distance, before they settle for the night."

And we all recall how, in spring-tide, "a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast" and "a lovelier iris changes on the burnished dove."

These are but a few from Tennyson's many references to nature. His days were given to the study of nature and of men. From this study came a pure and helpful life. It ended most fittingly in the trusting cry:

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea."

PEACE ON EARTH.

"What means this glory round our feet,"
The Magi mused, "more bright than morn?"
And voices chanted, clear and sweet,
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born!"

"What means this star," the shepherds said,
"That brightens through the rocky glen?"
And angels, answering, overhead,
Sang, "Peace on earth, good will to men!"

'Tis eighteen hundred years and more
Since those sweet oracles were dumb;
We wait for Him, like them of yore;
Alas! He seems so slow to come!

But it was said, in words of gold
No time or sorrow e'er shall dim,
That little children might be bold
In perfect trust to come to Him;

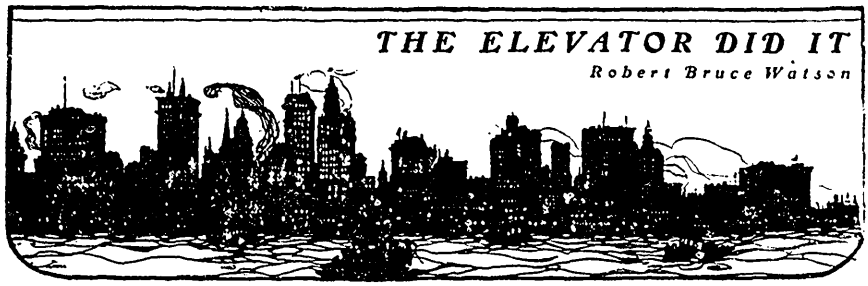
All round our feet shall ever shine
A light like that the wise men saw,
If we our loving wills incline
To that sweet Life which is the law.

So shall we learn to understand
The simple faith of shepherds then,
And kindly clasping hand in hand,
Sing, "Peace on earth, good will to men!"

—*James Russell Lowell.*

THE ELEVATOR DID IT

Robert Bruce Watson



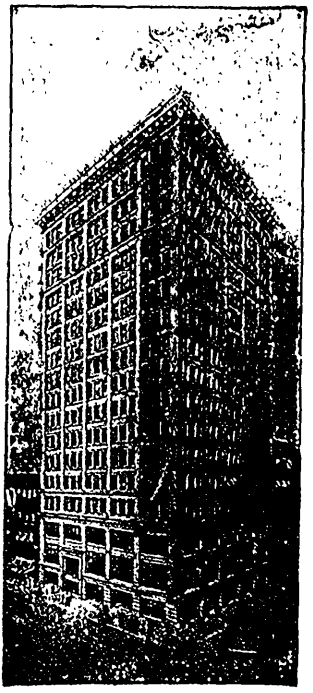
SKY-SCRAPERS IN NEW YORK.

THE transformation, in a few years, of the flat, low-lying city that New York used to be into the castellated town shown in the accompanying illustration is considered a remarkable evolution. The Scientific American calls the view "one of the most marvellous spectacles in the world." Chicago began the building of "skyscrapers," but New York has far outstripped the Western metropolis, and now leads the cities of the world in the number and height of its tall buildings, although some of them are more notable for height than for beauty.

The elevator made the great building commonly known as the "skyscraper" possible for modern business uses. Two things had to be provided for in creating the business section of a great city like New York or Chicago,—concentration and plenty of room. This joining together of two things apparently opposite could only be accomplished by limiting the business section, and extending the buildings into the air. The elevator was the only instrument by which this end could be gained. Its development is one of the best illustrations of the adage, "Necessity is the mother of invention." It has revolutionized the architecture of our large cities. Without it, the New York City of to-day, built upon a long, narrow peninsula, with no possibility of extension, except in one direction, would be practically impossible.

Human ingenuity never grappled with a greater problem, or solved it more thoroughly. It was necessary to have an elevator, just as it was inevitable that great cities would extend into the air; and the system of elevators in a twenty-story business building, which has the same effect on a city's welfare as the trains and trolleys that carry the people from their homes into the realm of the office buildings, is the solution. If the elevators are disabled, seventy-five per cent. of the occupants of the building are obliged to quit work, and outsiders will not fail to halt at a staircase that reaches hundreds of feet into the air; but these accidents are now rare. Nearly every high business building is a village in itself, and its elevators form its transit system.

When the possibilities of the elevator demonstrated the practicability of the skyscraper, architecture in America became a new industry, and iron and steel found new uses. To-day, our country can show the world how to erect a business city. Her massive buildings, the monuments of her architectural and commercial supremacy, have reached a stage of perfection that augurs well for their universal adaptation to

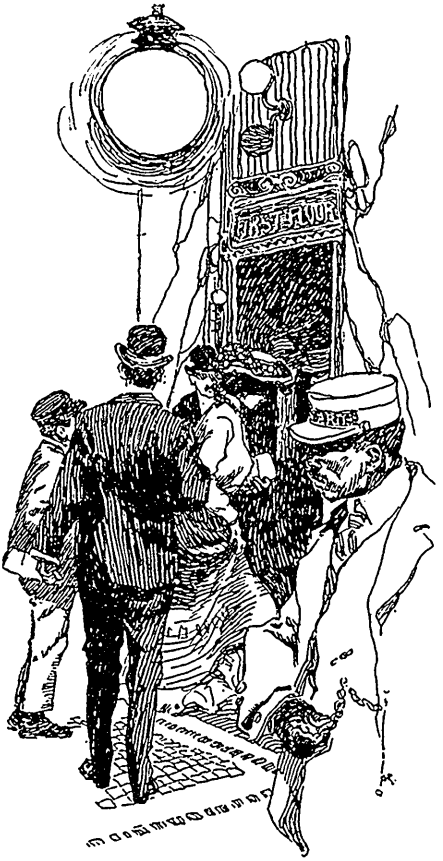


TRUST BUILDING, NEW YORK.

business purposes, with proper safeguards for human life.

In bygone years, architects reared their structures on an ancient plan, with heavy walls of solid masonry supporting the superstructure. With each superadded story, the wall had to be increased, and what was gained in space above was lost below. A large building put up in those ancient days, it has been estimated, contained sufficient masonry to supply half a dozen modern skyscrapers of the same ground area. Then came the introduction of metal, in the form of steel floor beams and cast-iron pillars. The pillars, while just as strong, were so much lighter than the solid supporting walls that it soon came to be recognized that in steel construction and the improved elevator lay the true solution of the tall building problem. Then the engineer was called upon to aid the architect. The functions of both have been utilized by happy combination. In many cases the architect studied engineering and the engineer studied architecture, and firms have been formed of which one member is an architect and the other an engineer.

A few years in experimenting showed that the ironwork could support the walls as well as the floors. This furnished a problem of mechanical engineering with such intricate side questions as the mathematical calculation of wind pressure at high altitudes, and the behaviour of steel under varying climatic conditions. An outside steel frame was tried in a tentative



"Restaurant: twenty-first floor, please."
"This is the Express, no stops."

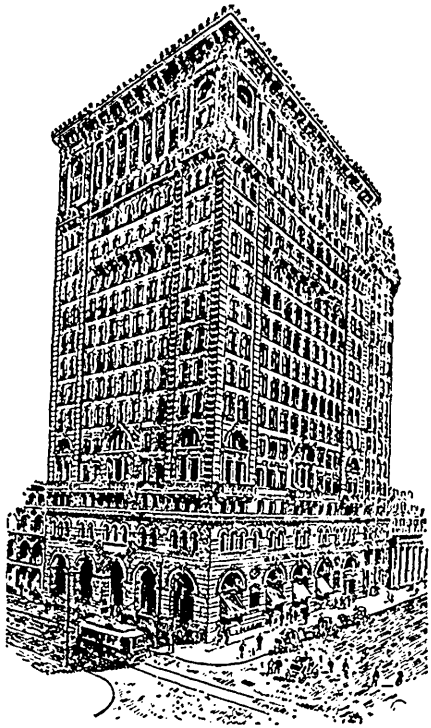
STEEL STRUCTURE, MASONIC BUILDING, CHICAGO.

manner, in New York City, in 1881, and, in Chicago, a year later, in an entire building. Within a few years the steel cage was adopted everywhere as the only profitable method of high construction on a narrow foundation. Steel took the place of iron, and hot rivets closed the connection and secured perfect rigidity. The walls became mere veneer panels, to protect the interior from rain and fire. Each wall supported nothing but its own weight, so that it became possible to put up the walls from the top down, as in compartmented ships. After this, methods of construction became easy, and were cheapened in proportion. The cost of construction went down from five dollars to thirty-five cents a cubic foot. The speed of building was materially increased. By night work, buildings now spring up in an incredibly short space of time. First comes to view a chaotic shell of iron and terra-cotta, open to the winds of heaven like a gaunt and gigantic skeleton; then the skyscraper grows, like a child's house of cards,

slowly, but with stately completeness.

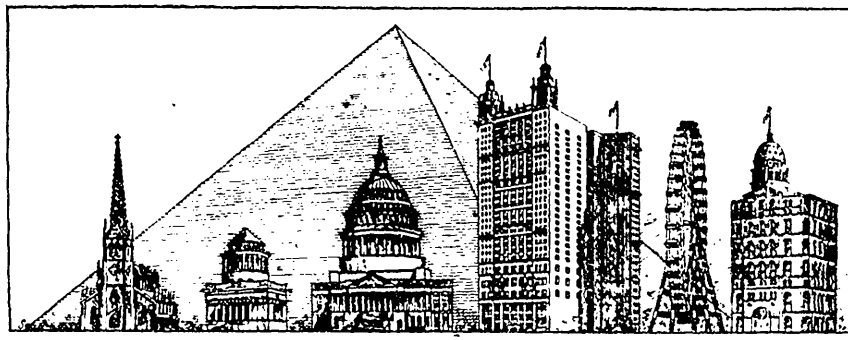
The skyscraper, aside from its massiveness, may not be a dream of architectural beauty, but it is the best development of successful utilitarianism that the world has ever recorded. The architectural beauty will come with time. Safety and convenience were the first things considered. They are comfortable, however, well lighted, well warmed, well aired, and are supplied with all modern conveniences,—running water, electric lights, serviceable telephones, mail chutes and messenger service, while many of them are further equipped with barber shops, news stands, and restaurants.

While other countries have such towering edifices as the cathedrals of St. Paul and St. Peter, the Eiffel Tower, and the temples of the priests in India, it must be remembered that all these erections are for beauty alone,—and that not one of them contains an elevator. In fact, in many countries, this useful car has been looked on with a great deal of scepticism, and, in many places, it is as rare as the most modern uses of electricity. It remained for the United States to let the elevator solve the problem of its own usefulness. Instead of remaining as a slow-going "lift," to convey a few tired travellers up a few stories in an unprogressive hotel, it became the means by which an office building could be built to an enormous height, to centralize business, and accommodate thousands of people. Consider, for example, the elevator system of the Park Row Building, in New York City. It comprises a dozen or more cars which are on schedule time, exactly like a railway system. The elevators are divided into two classes, the "regular," and the "express" cars. Those of the first kind stop at every floor, but the others mount clear to the eleventh



PHILADELPHIA REAL ESTATE TRUST COMPANY BUILDING.

WASHINGTON LIFE INSURANCE BUILDING, NEW YORK.



Cathedral of Milan. Grant's Tomb. Capitol. Park Row Building. Ferris Wheel. World Building.

The Great Pyramid.

THE WORLD'S GREAT STRUCTURES.

floor, and stop at every landing after that, up to the twenty-sixth. This system is necessary. The great business buildings are full of busy humanity. Some of them harbour, by day, five thousand or more souls.

It is to the credit of American architects and engineers that accidents in modern steel buildings are rarities. This has assured their success.

One great building in New York City contains three thousand rooms, and accommodates ten thousand people every business day. From early morning until late at night a bustling stream of humanity pours in at one door and out at another. Liveried attendants show strangers where to go; the elevators start up and come down their long, narrow chutes with speed, ease, and regularity.

The skyscraper has had a remarkable influence on land values. In the business districts of New York and Chicago, the rent of land per foot is higher than anywhere else on the face of the globe. The skyscraper is in every sense a benefit to the community; to the landlords, in that it raises the value of the land enormously; to the public, in that it enables men of moderate means to obtain good office accommodations at moderate prices.

It was in 1884 that the running cable first came before the building public, and since that time the most substantial development in elevator perfection has taken place.

To-day, in towering office buildings, elevators shoot up and down at a speed of five hundred feet a minute. The speediest elevators in Chicago are to be found in the Masonic Temple and the "Great Northern" office building. In New York, the fastest are in the Empire Building and the American Tract Society Building. Notwithstanding the great height of these structures, elevators pass from the main floor to the top in less than half a minute.

With higher speed came additional precaution against accident. The model car of to-day is controlled by speed governors, which operate much the same as the governors on a steam engine. The elevator governor may be set for any speed. In case of accident to the cable, these governors become operative, and set at work a system of locking devices, which anchor the car and render a drop to the bottom of the shaft impossible. Compressed air, also, has figured in the evolution of the elevator, and is used for opening and closing doors, a foot lever controlling it.—Saturday Evening Post.

CHRISTMAS LIGHTS ARE SHINING.

BY MAUDE PETITT, B.A.

MEN have sometimes caricatured religion as "long-faced." But if there is one thing Christmas-tide specially reveals it is round-faced religion. Faces of old and young are round with smiles of good wishes and secret plans of pleasures for others. By all means give us round-faced religion.

In some cases unfortunately Christmas celebrations have descended to mere sensuous pleasure and self-indulgence without thought of the Great Giver of all. Strange that men should spread a feast and celebrate by overfeeding and drinking, the birth of Him whom they never learned to praise. But they are nevertheless as a great host who lift their eyes on this day toward the Star of Bethlehem. It is a significant fact that the birth of our Lord is marked not alone by merry-making, not alone by worship, but by both united. May we not take it as a symbol of the life He came to bring, a full, joyous, overflowing life—eyes lifted skyward while hands drop blessings earthward. There is no other season when we see so much of practical Christianity.

Above all and before all, Christmas is the children's day. The All-Father looking through all the glories of worlds that hurried on their way—yea, looking through all the inconceivable splendours of heaven itself, found no greater gift to men than a little child. Would it not be a travesty on our religion that we should leave any child heart ungladdened on this day? They do not know the meaning of Christmas who know not the pleasure of bringing joy to some little child. How much that is sweet would be blotted out of our memories of childhood had we had no Christmas Days! Yet there are millions of children in lands of darkness who do not yet know its meaning.

And what of the gifts we offer this Christmas season? Ever since the days of Cain and Abel men have been coming up side by side with their offerings, and the one has been accepted, the other left on the sod where it lay. Gifts at this season are bestowed from various motives. Some spend time and toil in the mere interchange of presents among their personal friends because custom demands it. Others remember with needless luxuries those of their own household, and with a few little left-over scraps the poor and neglected. And some there are who remember Christmas in their Master's name, and their gifts, great or small, are for His sake.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

These are they who preserve the real spirit of the holy Christmas-tide.

There is probably no other season when people obey so well the injunction, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." This is the real beauty of the Christmas spirit—this spirit of giving for love's sake, and not because of the world's opinion. It is the sack of flour, the pair of blankets, the warm coat that you gave in some humble cottage, and that people never knew about—it is these gifts that are the richest. Where is there a pleasure that equals that of the gift by stealth—the parcel you left on the doorstep, then knocked, and hurried away? There was genuine schoolboy enjoyment in that. Try it if you feel a little blue. It places the recipient under no obligation to you; it preaches ofttimes a sweeter Gospel than the Christmas sermon. We need a little more of this "Santa Clausism," if we may coin the word. Men criticise the telling of the old myth to children, but there is nevertheless a great truth underlying it, the true spirit of giving. It might be well for us to ask ourselves just now how much we would be willing to give if no one ever knew about it. The Recording Angel might appal us with her answer. For she keeps the record.

But Christmas gifts are not necessarily material things. They who have nothing, often, like Peter at the Gate Beautiful, bestow the greatest gift of all. A word of sympathy is often more than a silver bauble. There are those who have no need of our flannel and our flour; they tread tapestried halls; yet, amid the sheen of the holly and the mistletoe, amid the chime of bells and the ripple of music, while they smile and strive to make others glad, perchance a loved one from the spirit-world walks beside them for a moment; or while we jingle our bells in their ears and flash our coloured lights before their eyes, perchance their hearts cry out for some long past Christmas-tide—for something lost out of life. What have we for these? Have we been near enough to God that our hands be made tender enough to touch theirs in loving sympathy? No dainty gift of gold or silver can be as sweet as the time we give to sympathize with others.

Above all, when we are remembering those we love on Christmas morn, let us ask ourselves what can we bring as an offering to our Redeemer? He gave Himself for us—Himself. Would any smaller offering on our part be worthy of Him? Is there anything else He would value so much as the offering of ourselves in full consecration to His service to-day and for ever, at home or in a distant land?

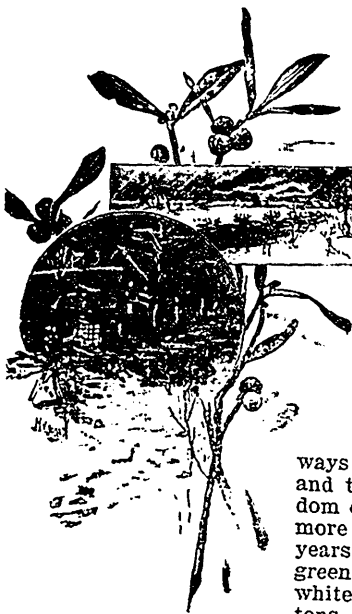
"I gave, I gave my life for thee,
What hast thou given for me?"

CHRISTMAS EVE.

A SUIT THAT WAS NEVER WORN.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY THE REV. W. M. KELLEY.



IT lay in the bureau in the front bedroom, in a drawer that was always kept locked and that was seldom opened. For more than twenty years that suit of green plush with white ivory buttons, had rested thus. It was still folded in its original creases and had that spick and span appearance that is the peculiar glory of clothes that have never been worn. It was still wrapped in the very paper that had enclosed it when the shopkeeper had handed tne parcel across the counter. But the paper was now faded, and the creases were almost worn through.

If you had held the parcel up in the sunlight you would have noticed that the paper was stained with many round spots. At the first you might have thought that these were spots of grease, but if you read this story you will know that they had all been caused by the hot scalding tears which had fallen from the eyes of a broken-hearted woman.

The Rev. Arthur Hughes and his wife had been married five years before their first and last child stepped across the threshold of their home and brought new music into the family circle. This was the only possession that was needed to consummate their home life and to crown it with glory. People who are blest with a large family, and those unfortunate beings who have no room in their hearts for little children, cannot understand what the birth of this son meant to these two.

They were both passionately fond of children, and though their marriage had realized all the highest hopes they had secretly cherished, it must be confessed there was a love-hunger that was only satisfied when the bamboo cradle was occupied, and the father was invited to make less noise as he walked across the room.

It was on Christmas morning when this much-desired child first opened his eyes to the light of day. Henceforth Christmas became more than ever the standard of comparison for all other joys the year might contain. In addition to the ordinary festivities that are associated with this season, the fact that it was Harry's birthday was enough to fill the household with music and joy.

It is the most comforting thought associated with the life of our Lord Jesus Christ that He came amongst us through this human channel; that He occupied a cradle, and filled the most sacred corner of a mother's heart. Amid all the darkness that hedged His mature life—a darkness that cast its shadow across even His early years, it is an inspiration to remember He was once a babe, receiving and exerting those subtle ministries of love that all little children feel. Before His feet were turned into the path of conscious duty, they ran in and out of Mary's home with all the gladness and music that children create.

For five brief happy years this fountain of joy was open in the household of Arthur Hughes. Of course the child had his faults and his ailments. There were times when the father's heart was grieved by the display of a passionate temper, that aroused old and powerful memories in his mind. There were times, too, when both parents were filled with anxiety over some childish ailment. But these seasons were the exception; speaking in general terms the five years that followed Harry's birth were years of joy, years of hope.

And then the cloud gathered and broke over this household. An ordinary cold, in the early part of De-

cember, developed complications, and on the 25th of the month, Harry's birthday, his lifeless form lay upon his cot.

It was a full month before this that the velvet suit had been bought. It had been his grandma's fancy and gift. As she had walked with her little grandson down the market street, this suit had shone with all its glory as the central object in the window of a large shop. It was adorning the limbs of a waxen figure and nothing would satisfy the old lady but that this very suit should be Harry's first, and should mark the transition from babyhood to boyhood.

As his mother tried on the clothes that night in their sitting-room, he certainly made a handsome picture. His long flaxen curls still fell over his shoulders. His face was flushed with excitement, and as he strutted up and down the room in all the glory of his first suit, he said, "Mother, I shall never wear any other suit but this."

"Nay, my child," she answered, "you will grow too big. Some day you will be putting your legs too far through and we shall have to buy you some longer trousers."

"But I like this best," he exclaimed in his childish way, "and I shall never wear any other suit."

And so it proved. Once more out of the mouth of babes and sucklings a prophetic word was spoken. The suit was laid aside to be worn when the fifth birthday should arrive; but when that day dawned Harry needed none of the garments of earth; the Great Father had called him to wear a robe in heaven.

During the twenty years that had rolled past no other child had been born in the minister's household. Of course time had touched the wound with his healing fingers. The sense of loss was not so keen nor so vivid as at the first. But for both the minister and his wife Christmas was a season full of sad memories. Amid all the round of festivities in which they were called to share there was always an undercurrent of sadness—a remembrance of joys that might have been.

It was upon this day—the anniversary of the birth and death of their child—that the mother always stole quietly away into the front room, and locking the door behind her, she knelt down by that bottom drawer and lifted out, slowly, its sacred contents. It was known as "Harry's drawer," and nothing was allowed to rest there excepting the relics of the lost child.

One by one the mother fingered the well-known articles. Each had its own memories—the last pair of shoes he had worn. She recalls how he had stamped through the hall with them upon his feet, proud of the noise they made.

"I can walk like father now," had been his remark.

That wooden horse that he had used to fasten with string to the couch and pretend he was driving a tram-car. Yes! the whip is still by its side. How fond he was of horses! His money-box was being filled for the day when he could buy a "real horse and cart." "I shall always give little boys and girls a ride in my cart when I'm a man." The money-box was still in that bottom drawer. Though its paint was dim and faded, its contents had never been disturbed. The very coins dropped in by those baby fingers were still there, not even the mother knew the amount.

But the object that recalled most vividly her loss was that velvet suit. As she lifted the parcel from its resting-place her heart throbbed and the tears could not be held back. "Why should she do this?" do you ask? Who can sound the depths of a mother's heart? Who can know the mystery of a mother's love? Why do you keep those letters though the ink has faded on the page and the hand that penned them will never write again? Why do you hurry from the room when a certain hymn is being sung, and yet linger at the door unable to tear yourself away? Some memories are an indescribable blend of joy and sorrow, of gladness and pain. We cannot recall some of them without emotion, and yet we would not forget them for all we are worth.

And so this Christmas duty had gradually taken on a sacred meaning. It was never performed lightly or mechanically, but always with mingled smiles and tears. After the contents of the drawer had been lifted out and carefully replaced, the drawer was locked, not to be opened for another twelve months. Only on one occasion were those priceless relics fingered twice in one day, and then it was for the last time. And that brings me to my story.

It was a typical Christmas Day, what the well-clothed and well-fed called "seasonable weather," but what the poor termed "bitter cold." King

Frost had held sway for several weeks, and his carnival was in full swing. As the carol-singers had commenced their pilgrimage on the Christmas Eve the snow had begun to fall, and when morning had dawned it revealed a white mantle that covered the entire landscape, and that had brought the children into the streets with shouts of mirth and battle.

The day was spent in the home of Arthur Hughes in a quiet manner. For a great wonder the minister and his wife were without visitors and without engagement. Not that they were either forgotten or forgetful. The post had brought them many indications of friendly regard, and had carried, for them, similar tokens into the four corners of the land. But it so happened that the arrangements of themselves and their friends had left them in undisturbed possession of their own fireside on Christmas Day.

The shadows were beginning to fall in the streets, though the sitting-room was bright and warm as the minister and his wife sat within the circle of the fire. They had delayed drawing the blind, for the snow outside had reflected some of its whiteness within. The table was laid for tea, but they had lingered in the twilight, lost in the memories of the day, and careless of the fact that five o'clock had long ago struck by the marble clock.

Just as Mrs. Hughes rose and had drawn the curtains and had lighted the gas a knock came to the front door. As she opened it a little figure stumbled upon the step and would have fallen but that she caught him in her arms.

Calling her husband, who ran to her help, they lifted the child into the room, and found him to be a little boy with pinched face and frozen hands, that were still holding a few boxes of matches.

It was but the work of a few moments to prepare a cupful of warm milk and to hold it to his lips. Its effect was immediate, the boy's eyes opened; as they took in his surroundings they opened still wider. It was easy to see that cold and hunger had taken the poor child into their deadly grip, and that he had fallen exhausted.

As the child revived the minister said to him kindly:

"What did you knock at the door for?"

"To sell my matches."

"But why are you not at home a night like this?"

"'Cause I've got none."

"Why does your mother let you come out without shoes this snowy weather?"

"Got no mother. She's in the cemetery," said the lad.

"And have you any father?" asked the minister.

"Never had any," said the boy, "and never had nothing since mother died."

The minister looked at his wife, and she returned the glance. Neither of them spoke, and yet each read the other's thoughts.

The child was no bigger than the one they had lost twenty years ago. He might be a few months older, but the conditions amid which he had lived had stunted growth and development.

As Mrs. Hughes dropped her eyes to the floor, and then raised them again, she found her husband still looking at her.

"Can we do it?" he asked.

She put her hand to her heart, and her breath came in short nervous measure.

The boy was unkempt, ragged, and dirty. There was little of personal attraction about him.

The minister's wife was trying to picture to herself what her boy would have been like without a mother's care. Under similar circumstances he would have been stripped of much of his attractiveness.

She rose quickly, for her decision was made. Taking the child kindly by the hand, she said:

"Let me give you a good wash, and then you shall have some tea."

"I don't like to be washed, but if you'll give me a piece of that cake I'll do what you like," said the boy.

It was with an infinite struggle that Mrs. Hughes unlocked the bottom drawer for the second time that day. Her movements were sharp and hurried, for now that her decision was made she dare not allow herself to debate the question again.

As she led their visitor into the sitting-room ten minutes later, Arthur Hughes was uncertain whether he laughed or cried. His wife always declared afterwards that he did both at once, and he never attempted to deny it.

If the boy had been measured for the clothes the velvet suit could not have fitted better. It was as though the hands of the clock had been pushed back twenty years and their own Harry was with them again.

It was a strange meal. The lad ate

until the plates were emptied, and he grew visibly stouter under the process. Indeed, the minister had to suggest that he would be ill if he ate any more, but that was a risk he willingly undertook.

He was full of quaint speeches that made the eye moist while they amused his listeners. As Mrs. Hughes handed him a piece of cake of her own making, he exclaimed, 'My eye! what currants! They are as big as the holes in my old clothes."

As he finished the meal the warmth of the room and the comfort of the food proved too much for him, his eyes closed, his head nodded until it sank upon the table and he was fast asleep. After the minister's wife had made him comfortable upon the sofa and had cleared away the tea-things, she and her husband had a long discussion as to what should be done with the boy. To turn him out again into streets that night was out of the question. That needed no consideration. But what about the future?

They discussed all the pros and cons. It was a many-sided question. But both inclination and conviction pointed in the same direction. They must keep him. They had already opened the door of their home, they must open the door of their hearts. They had already made a great sacrifice in clothing him in the garments of their lost child; they must make the further sacrifice that would be demanded in clothing his life with all the tokens of love and care.

An hour later, after the cot had been prepared for the reception of their unexpected guest, and while he still slept upon the sofa, the minister opened the Bible for his evening's reading. Was it chance, or coincidence? or is it true that "there is a divinity that shapes our ends"? Whatever may be the correct explanation, one thing is certain, their ordinary course of Bible reading led the minister and his wife to the 25th chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, and the 40th verse stood out in letters of fire, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." As the two knelt down by the side of the sleeping boy the minister prayed that his coming into their home might help him to realize all the golden possibilities of his life, and that all the hopes they were already cherishing might be abundantly fulfilled.

And so, after many years of loneliness, the 25th of December became once more the red-letter day of the year for Arthur Hughes and his wife.

THE APOSTLES OF THE SOUTH-EAST.*

BY FRANK T. BULLEN.

Author of "With Christ at Sea," etc.

CHAPTER V.

THE PLEASURE OF SERVICE.

SATURDAY evening in all the poor quarters of London is a time of tribulation, of hard work, of much anxiety for the great majority of housewives. For they are few indeed who do not leave their special shopping until Saturday afternoon and evening, even if they have had the gumption to keep their other work up to date. And many of them even go to the length of waiting until the wearied shopkeeper or costermonger, unable to hold his or her poor body erect any longer, makes a move to cease business for the night, or rather morning, as it is usually well after midnight. Then do these witlessly cruel ones descend upon the overborne tradesman in the hope of thereby securing a bargain, and keep him wearily serving pennyworths of this, that, and the other until one o'clock a.m.

I know full well that it will be said that the poor women doing their shopping at these times are not to blame; that it is the fault of the husbands, who, as soon as Saturday morning's work is over, line the public-house bars, and do not deliver up the wretched remnant of their week's wages to their waiting wives until legally ejected from the drinking bars at midnight.

The members of such little conventicles as I am endeavouring to describe do try most heartily to discountenance the practice, knowing how hardly it bears upon large numbers of their fellow-citizens. "How," they ask, "is a poor tradesman who is on his feet from as early as 4 a.m. till the following morning at 1 a.m., to summon sufficient energy to come to meeting at 11 a.m.? How can any man or woman, compelled to crowd the bulk of a week's work into one long, long day be fit for anything else on Sunday but to lie in bed and rest?"

At the close of that ordinary Saturday Jemmy might have been seen sitting in state at his own table, his big Bible open before him, awaiting the coming of the brethren and sisters and hunting up a "portion" while so doing. Thoroughly tired, Mrs. Maskery, in the next room, was languidly giving the final touches to the poor toilet of her youngest children fresh from their Saturday night bath. Her Sunday purchases lay upon the table by her side—six pounds of flank of beef at 3½d. per pound; two huge cabbages at three halfpence each; ten pounds of potatoes at three pound a penny; sundry small parcels of cheap groceries; and a bagful of oranges, eighteen for fourpence. She did not feel disposed to join in the exercises presently to be engaged in by her husband and his guests in the parlour, although she had a distinct feeling of pride in being their hostess. Had she been able to express herself she would, no doubt, have said that "to labour was to pray," or something of that kind, and that having made ready the place of meeting she had done her part—all that could reasonably be expected of her.

First to arrive, punctually on the stroke of the hour appointed, were the painter and his wife from No. 9. For over thirty years had Mr. and Mrs. Salmon trodden the rugged ways of London life together, never with more than sufficient for their immediate needs—that is to say, always upon intimate terms with real poverty. Five more members followed: The tugboat skipper, a broad, red-faced man, bringing in with him a breezy flavour of brine; his meek little wife, with a wistful look in her eyes and her head always just a little inclined to one side, as if she were listening for her husband's steam-whistle on his return; Saul Andrews; Joseph Jimson, the stevedore; and Peter Burn, the rigger. To each of them Jemmy gave a hearty handshake of fellowship and a beaming smile as he motioned them to a seat.

* This story is reprinted in somewhat condensed form from Frank Bullen's latest volume of same title, of which William Briggs, Toronto, is the Canadian publisher.

When it appeared as if the full extent of that evening's congregation had been reached, Jemmy rose and said: "We will commence by singin' that beautiful hymn, 'O Jesus, O Jesus, how Vast thy Love to Me.' I don't know the number, but some brother or sister please give it out if they know it." Then Saul, who was "chanty-man" of his ship, being possessed of a tuneful voice and a good ear for music, at once raised the tune.

A musical critic would have pronounced the resultant strains excruciating—Jemmy with his high falsetto, Brother Salmon with his devious straying into byways of discord, and Skipper Stevens with his peculiar ideas of bass, conspiring to produce the strangest possible combination of sounds. But to these simple, fervent souls it was a season of delight, with the exception, perhaps, of Saul, who suffered considerably in his ears, but felt his heart all aglow. The praise ended, Jemmy, with his hand upon the open Bible, lifted his face with closed eyes and said:

"Ho hour Father, give us some bread from thy dear Word. We're very 'ungry to-night, although we've ben a-feedin' on thy love all the week, an' like a nest o' young birds we've all got our mouths wide open waitin' for ye to drop suthin' in. We wants to be refreshed after our week's warfare with the world, the flesh, an' the devil. We wants t' be prepared for our meetin' aroun' thy table to-morrer. We wants our faith stren'thened, our hearts soffened, our eyes opened wider, our ears touched that we may hear thy voice. An' we know we can't get these things done for us only in thy way. May thy Holy Spirit then take the Word an' break it up accordin' to each of our needs an' we shall be fed indeed; for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

Then, without further preliminary, the speaker plunged into the sublimity of the twelfth chapter of Hebrews. His reading was, to put it mildly, simply abominable. Nevertheless, as his hearers were not critics, as they were all carefully following the words from their own Bibles, and above all as they were each convinced of the absolute sincerity and love of the reader, his queer rendering of the Divine Word gave them no pain. And when he had finished, Skipper Stevens led in prayer. His deep, hoarse tones, reminding one of the muttering of a distant storm, his very conventional phraseology and many repetitions, from his poverty of words wherein to express what he felt, would doubtless have caused a sarcastic smile to curl the lip of many a cultured religionist had such a one so far forgotten himself as to be present at such a humble meeting. But to those poor folks it was as sweet incense ascending to the throne of the Most High God, and by its means they became uplifted, energized, made glad.

For an hour the meeting continued, every one present joining in the service of prayer and praise, until Sister Salmon, who had hitherto held her peace, supplied the closing petition.

"Dear Father," she said, "we've come again out of the noise of the world and the struggle for daily bread to you for that which we can't get anywhere else—your smile, your encouragement to go on, your words of joy and peace and love. If it wasn't for you, dear Saviour, there wouldn't be any sunshine in our lives at all, for the sorrow of the world around us is very great. Bless, O Father, our efforts in your service to-morrow. Give us each something to do for you with grace sufficient for the doing of it, and assurance that in all our work, honestly done for you, we shall be guided and sanctified by your Holy Spirit. Give rest to the weary ones around us, cleansing to the dirty, soberness to the drunken, honesty to the thieves, gentleness to the cruel, food to the hungry, and unity among ourselves; for Jesus' sake. Amen."

As the thin, quavering voice ceased there was a sacred hush over the little company—a hush like that of the Holy of Holies—and it was with a sigh as of pain that they rose stiffly from their knees, the pain of return to the world around them symbolized by the strident yelling of a ribald song by a band of male and female roisterers that had just swung round the corner into Lupin Street.

When the discordant echoes had died away, Jemmy rose from his knees and said: "Brethering an' sisters, th' Lawd 'as done great things fer us about our 'all. I want ye t'sport me now in goin' forward an' securin' th' place afore somebody else snaps it up. I ain't much of a business man, as ye know, but I knows enough to feel shore 'at a place like that there in this neighbourwood ain't a-goin' beggin' long. I've a-got the fust 'arf year's rent 'ere" (producing it), "an' I ain't even 'ad t' ask for it.

An' I'm shore 'at th' Lawd's a-goin' t' do more 'n ever we expect about it. We sh'll 'ave t' wuk, of course; our Father don't want any lazy children, an' 'e ain't got 'em, bless 'is 'Oly Name, in this mission. Now, wot I arsks is this: you let me, in the name o' the' church, go an' take th' place, and then promise, each one of ye, t' be a shillin' a week to'rds the rent, 'sides wot you've alwus ben willin' t' give as y' could afford it. As fur wot it'll want doin' to—well, we're none of us afraid of 'ard work, an' I perpose 'at we do wot's wanted with our own 'ands, only spendin' wot's necessary t' buy materials. Brother Jenkins and Brother Soames ain't 'ere, but I feels shore we can count on 'em fur all they can possible do in a matter of this kind. Wot d'ye say?"

He paused and looked round upon the care-lined faces somewhat anxiously, his whole heart shining in his eyes. In reply, Saul Andrews spoke first. He said: "Brothers an' sisters, I'm only a child among ye, but I feels very grateful fur wot the Lord 'as let ye do for me. I got a big ship t'day fur a colonial voy'ge as bo'sun, an' th' wages is £4 10 a month. As most of ye know, I ain't got a soul in th' world but myself to pervide for, an' I'll leave my 'arf-pay, £2 5 a month, fur this voy'ge anyhow. I'm shore it'll be the 'appiest voy'ge I ever made. Use the £2 a month fur necessary expenses and the 5s. fur my conterbution to the rent. Gawd bless th' Wren Lane Mission 'All."

With such a lead as that, what could the others do, even had they been lukewarm instead of full of love to God and man. Their promises were soon all made. Jemmy was fully authorized to proceed. And with a sense of joy in service that an archbishop might vainly endeavour to attain unto, Jemmy rose again to offer a final word of praise.

"Ho Farther Gord," he sobbed, "this is almost more'n we c'n bear. We're all a-runnin' over with gladness of 'eart. Give us wisdom to walk worthy of your kindness, give us grace t' remember wot you've been, and done, to us. Accept hour praise for all thy wondrous love an' mercy in th' name of Jesus. Amen." And then he burst into the Doxology of the Brethren:

"Glory, honour, praise, and power
Be unto the Lamb for ever.
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer.
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah!
Praise ye the Lord."

CHAPTER VI.

A SUNDAY MORNING.

Amid the enormous number of critical, cynical, and earnest remarks that have been passed about the British Sunday in general, and the London Sunday in particular, I do not remember reading one that looked as if made with intimate knowledge of the lives of the people about whom it was written. And this is especially true of the great mass of God-fearing people in London who, being just below the class denominated "respectable"—i.e., well-dressed—find an infinite delight in offering up their lives on that day in personal service to a loving Father. Herein it is my inestimable privilege to offer a few personal details in confirmation of the remarks I am making.

For fifteen years I lived in London one of the most strenuous lives possible with pecuniary results the most trivial. Employed from nine till five in a quasi-government office at a meagre salary, I tried to eke out, in the hours that should have been devoted to recreation and reading, that salary by working at the trade of a picture-framer, a trade I had taught myself. When business was brisk this often necessitated my being in my workshop at 2 a.m. in order to fulfil the contracts I had made to deliver frames at a certain time. It also meant my working up till sometimes as late as 11 p.m. So that when Sunday came, with its placid, restful morning, I always felt profoundly grateful, not only for the bodily rest, but for the way in which I was able to throw off the mental worries of the week and let the sunshine of the Father's love illuminate the desert places of my heart.

But I never felt the slightest desire to spend those precious hours in bed. Feeling renewed in vigorous strength, I was up at about seven helping to prepare the dinner and doing such odd household jobs as would relieve my wife, and at 10.30 away to the meeting for the breaking of bread. Returning at 1.30, I spent the afternoon at home usually, unlike many of my brethren who had their Sunday-schools to attend. After tea, or say at 6 p.m., I set off with the most eager, joyous anticipation to the open-air meeting, and returned—sometimes almost dropping with bodily fatigue, but with a peace that was flowing like a mighty river—at about 10.30 p.m. The idea of self-sacrifice never occurred to me. Nor did it, I am persuaded, to any of my colleagues, many

of them men and women in far humbler positions than myself. Had any one suggested to us that we were very good, very holy, because we did these things, we should have felt utterly amazed and as utterly ashamed, because we knew full well that the joy of the service was beyond and above any other delight to be procured by the sons of men upon any terms soever.

Therefore, although we were often far more weary in body than we were on a week-day, we had an exaltation of spirit which was like being drunken with the new wine of the kingdom, heartening us and uplifting us to meet the hardness of the new week. None of us felt any desire for a Continental Sunday, neither, as far as I am aware, did the masses of people among whom we laboured. The vast majority of them did not go to any church or chapel at all. But for all that, there were none of them, I am sure, who would not have fought with all their might against such an abolition of one day's rest in seven as may be seen on the Continent.

Sunday morning, then, found Jemmy up at 7 a.m., helping to prepare his numerous progeny for Sunday-school amid a running fire of sarcasm from his sharp-voiced helpmate. And as the boys, who went to work, and were, as before noted, the main support of the household, could not be expected to sacrifice their one day a week, Jemmy might have been seen busy peeling potatoes, cutting cabbages, boning and rolling the flank of beef so that it should look like ribs, etc. What, some of my readers will say, this righteous man cooking on Sunday! Oh, yes; please remember that to the majority of poor Londoners Sunday's dinner-table is a sort of family altar. Around it gathers once a week a united family, who look forward to it with pathetic interest as a relief from scrambling meals at cookshops or in darksome corners off fragments they are ashamed to let their fellows see. It has often been said that the cockney starves all the week so that he may gorge on a Sunday. I don't admit its truth, but I do know that the Sunday dinner-table is a potent influence in keeping unrelaxed the family bond, and I am a determined opponent of any one who would destroy the institution.

But as the hands of the clock approached 10.30 Jemmy became noticeably perturbed. At last Mrs. Maskery's voice rang out, sharply: "Now, then, stoopid, that ain't the dish-cloth you're a-wipin' that saucepan out with. I see wot's the matter with ye. It's time you was off. Well, get along 'r else you'll be late. You'll fine a clean shirt an' collar an' 'ankercher on th' bed, an' yer close is all ready brushed.—Billy, did ye clean farther's best boots?" "Yes, muvver," piped up Billy (aged eight), "an' farver gimme a penny." "Did he?" said the prudent mother; "then let me put it in yer money-box an' I'll give ye a beautiful orange, better'n old Walker'd give ye for it."

Off darted Jemmy, and in a very short time reappeared clad in his well-known canonicals, a full suit of black, given to him years ago by a Christian friend who loved him for his simple exposition of the Word, and his sweet, happy disposition. Entering his parlour with a reverent air, he went to the couch, whereon lay a brown-paper parcel containing a carefully got-up table-cloth. This he spread over the table with careful hands, and upon it, exactly in the centre, he placed a bottle containing wine (British port at a shilling a bottle), a fat, dropsical-looking tumbler, and a penny loaf on a blue dinner-plate. Then, around the margin of the table, at regular intervals, he placed copies of the Hymns and Spiritual Songs with Appendix, without which no meeting of the "Brethren" for worship could be considered complete. And this holds good, no matter how many slightly varying congregations that decidedly fissiparous body becomes divided into.

The chairs placed in position, all preparations were complete, and Jemmy, big Bible in hand, and collection-box at his side, seated himself to await the coming of the Church. The members dropped in one by one until the little apartment was full, and when it appeared that all were present who would be that morning, Jemmy opened the meeting with prayer. And now might be seen the secret of power possessed by these humble, primitive followers of the humblest of men. Jemmy's face was transfigured. Big tears rolled down his cheeks and glistened in his russet beard like diamonds. His voice shook, his body trembled, and when he sat down, no one in the room had any doubt whatever that as in the days of the Master upon earth, so He was in very deed and truth present with them, head of this table spread in the wilderness.

A song followed the prayer:

"Praise the Saviour, ye who know Him;

Think, oh, think how much we owe Him;
Gladly let us render to Him
All we are and have."

Then a reading by Brother Salmon of an appropriate portion. Then another prayer, another song, and so on, without calling upon individuals, but each one rising and doing his or her part spontaneously, until at last there was an expectant hush. For several minutes no one stirred; all sat with heads bowed, apparently in awe-stricken communion with the Unseen. Then Jemmy rose, and drawing the platter and loaf towards him, placed his hand upon the loaf, and lifting his face with eyes fast-closed, said:

"Dear Master an' Lord, agen we've met aroun' your table t' remember your broken body, your poured-out blood till you come. We're very poor, very ignorant, very 'umble, but we believe an' are shore 'at you are glad t' 'ave us come an' do just wot you've told us t' do. We ain't got no priest made by man, because you've told us that you yourself are our 'Igh Priest, abidin' continually. We can't see thee, but we know you're 'ere. An' though these pore 'ands o' mine takes this bread" (breaking it up) "and breaks it as you did in that upper room long ago, we know that it's all just as pleasant to you as it was w'en you 'ad all your disciples aroun' you. We know, an' are shore that all your beloved ones is one with you as this loaf is one now, an' we know that as we break this loaf" (breaking it into four) "according to thy kermarnment, so your blessed body, the 'uman body you wore fur our sakes, was broken fur us. An' now we're a-goin' t' 'and it round an' eat of it accordin' t' thy Word—'This do in rememberance of me till I come.'"

And having thus spoken, Jemmy passed to his next neighbour the plate with the broken loaf. Brother Salmon, for it was he, broke off a goodly portion and passed the plate to his neighbour. So it made the circuit of the table in solemn silence, and all ate—did not merely taste one crumb, but ate as if they were actually consuming the sweetest morsel they had ever tasted in their lives. When the plate had completed its round there was another period of solemn silence, during which each member either communed with God in the secret places of his own soul or sat dumbly, with his mind a blank, as many dear earnest ones do who find it impossible to concentrate their thoughts on their petitions or praises unless they utter them aloud.

Again Jemmy rose from his knees, and with trembling hands took up the bottle and glass. He poured out about a quarter of a glassful, and then, gently replacing the bottle on the middle of the table, held his hand over the glass and said: "Lord, knowin' that without sheddin' of blood there is no remission of sins, we remember with thankful 'earts 'at your precious blood was shed for us. Don't let us ever fergit fur one minute 'at it cost thee thy 'eart's-blood t' redeem us from our sins. We remember, dear Lord, 'at you was just a 'ard-workin' man on earth like we are, only we're a great deal better off than ever you was. An' please don't let us fergit, 'at although you did pour out your soul unto death, yet, glory be to thy 'Oly Name, the grave couldn't 'old you, you made a show of it; an' like Samson a-carryin' away the Gates of Gazer, you took captivity captive an' you're alive for evermore. An' more 'an that, dear Saviour, we want alwus to hold in our 'eart of 'earts 'at you're not a long way away from us, but 'at here an' now you're wiv us a-sayin' unto us, 'Lo, I am wiv you alwus, even unto the end of the world.'

"The cup of blessin' w'ich we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ? As often as ye shall drink this cup in obedience to Christ's word an' kermarnment ye do show forf the Lord's death till he come."

Every member present murmuringly repeated the solemn words, "Till he come," and the glass circulated until all had taken a sip. Then, with a perceptible change, a manifest lightening of the solemnity, Skipper Stevens gave out the much-loved hymn:

"Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known."

It was sung with most earnest enthusiasm, if without much melody, and at its close Brother Salmon rose, immediately after all had resumed their seats, opening his well-worn Bible at a place where several leaves had been turned down in readiness. I dare not attempt to give a precis of his little sermon. To do it faithfully would be to make people wonder how it came to be possible that a man so saturated with the love of God, fortified with so many years' reading in the best books, could give utterance to so utterly futile and rambling a series

of remarks. Broken-kneed allegories, maddening metaphors, hopelessly wrong conclusions, and jumbled-up sentences, made up an address of twenty minutes'. duration. Put him in an open-air meeting, give him five minutes in which to tell the story of the cross, and you would get a glorious result. But give him a chance to attempt oratory, to essay exegesis, and presently you would, if you were a stranger to such meetings, wonder which of you were mad—the speaker or the listener. Still, there is no doubt that such speeches do these simple souls little or no harm. Having been born again, their lives are fruitful, not of words, but of deeds, and they cannot be injured by any floundering interpreter of any difficult passages in God's Word.

A few prayers and hymns followed in quick succession until each member of the little gathering had spoken or read, and then came the benediction from Jemmy, the sweet old form of words hallowed by many centuries of use. The contribution-box passed from hand to hand, never without some addition to its store of coins, and when it had made the circuit, Jemmy emptied it on the table, counted it in sight of the members as they were putting on their hats and overcoats, and entered the amount in his life book. Then out into Lupin Street they drifted, not without much warm hand-shaking, to enjoy their well-earned Sunday dinner and look forward eagerly to the open-air service of the evening.

CHAPTER VII.

A SUNDAY EVENING.

It was one of the greatest sorrows of the little Lupin Street community that they had not what they considered an indispensable adjunct to their work, a Sunday-school. For they knew full well, as all mission workers in London know, that while parents may be utterly godless and careless about the health of their own souls, it is very seldom that they will not strain every nerve to assist their children into the way of right living if somebody else will do the teaching. They will let them, that is, go to any Sunday-school, whether the children be well or ill-taught, feeling, perhaps, that some vicarious credit will come to themselves for so doing.

But if these humble brethren had no Sunday-school of their own, they could and did find other Sunday-schools where their services were gladly accepted. Or they could and did visit work-house infirmaries, hospitals, lodging-houses, everywhere bearing with them their message of salvation through the blood of Christ, with heaven beyond, or rejection of His proffered love leading straight to the tortures never-ending of a terrific literal hell of fire immediately after death. Whatever it was they did with their Sunday afternoons, at any rate they did not waste them, but earnestly strove to glorify the God in whom they believed.

It was not, however, until after tea—that is to say, about 6 p.m.—that they rose to the full height of their enjoyment of God's service. Then they mustered in full force at Jemmy's door, bearing with them from Brother Salmon's house the most precious of all their worldly possessions—a small portable harmonium carried by two sticks passed through rings on its sides, as the Levites carried the ark. It represented to them the self-denial of many weeks before the £8 which it cost could be collected; and in their eyes it was a perfect instrument, specially made and dedicated to the service of soul-winning from the beginning of its career by the great Maker of all good things. Its advent never failed to interest the youth of Lupin Street and its vicinity, who, leaving their elfish play, disported themselves around the little procession, and made swift occasional rushes behind to touch the instrument, pleased beyond bearing if they succeeded in so doing. Thus escorted, the band of workers made their stately way toward the "Waste" whereon they held their evening service, taking no notice of passing remarks by saunterers, but doing nothing by voice or gesture to excite aggression from malevolently disposed passers-by.

Arriving at their pitch—which, thanks to a local guardian appointed by the authorities for the purpose of keeping order, was reserved to them—they found awaiting them a middle-aged, plainly dressed woman who always attended for the purpose of playing the instrument, a duty none of the others were able to perform.

The organ having been upreared, and a camp-stool set for the player, a little hand-shaking ensued between the members and a few unattached sympathizers whose habit it was to come to this particular open-air pitch every Sunday. Then a ring was

formed, and Jemmy offered up a short emphatic petition for guidance, for wisdom, for success. That ended, he looked round and said, "Brother Saul, will ye give out a 'ymn?" Immediately Saul stepped forward, and in a fine baritone voice, without the book, his whole face aglow, recited the first verse of "The Gospel Bells are Ringing," following it with an emphatic announcement of the number. One chord on the harmonium, and all the members struck at once into the song; the meeting was fairly under way. As each verse was sung Saul recited the next, so that if by any chance the singing should make the words indistinct, no one present might have any excuse for saying they did not know what they were singing about.

Then Saul, being again invited to give out a hymn because he would presently be gone from their midst for another long voyage, volunteered to sing alone. He chose that most touching and tender little song from Sankey's collection, "Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me," and sang it with all his heart in his voice. When he ceased there was no open space visible anywhere near. Fully a thousand people were standing spell-bound, listening not merely with their ears, but with their hearts. And Jemmy wisely nudged Saul, whispering: "Go on, brother, speak to 'em now w'ile you've got their 'tention—in the name of God."

So Saul, having apparently taken no notice of any interruption, followed up his song immediately by saying:

"Brothers and sisters, when Jesus was here on earth, a poor man among poor men, He went about among the people doin' good. He didn't worry them with much talk, but He was always ready to help any one in trouble, to heal any sick man or woman, and to feed the hungry, although to do this He had to put out all the power that was in Him as God. When it came to gettin' food or lodgin' for Himself, He was always dependent on other people. You'll find that nearly all His mighty works was done for the benefit of others, the poor sheep without a shepherd. An' that's why I'm here to-night. Jesus has saved me from my sins, has made me happy, though as poor as any one of you; has comforted me in my loneliness, and is always teachin' me some new an' beautiful way of happiness, an' how can I rest quiet in my boardin'-house or go out t' enjoy myself in the old miserable way knowin' as I do that there's thousan's of men an' women an' children in this great London of ours that's utterly cast down, hopeless and despairin' because they don't know anythin' about the love of God for them as shown in the sendin' of Jesus Christ His Son t' live an' die for us. I'm one of yourselves, a man that's been pretty well knocked about, not only here in my native town, but all over the world. I know what it is to be out of work an' hungry, to be lonely an' ready to fling myself into the river to get out of my misery. An' I know somethin' about the lot of the poor woman that has to toil early an' late to keep a lazy, drunken husband an' the children he's begotten as well. Besides all these, I know what the life of a forlorn an' friendless child itself is. But I don't know anythin' about these things like the Lord Himself does. I can't feel anythin' like the sympathy that He feels for the weary, the sick, an' the sorrowful. An' as to love, well, I feels sometimes as if my heart would break, but, bless the Lord, His tender heart did break before the Roman soldier searched it with his spear. His heart broke when He saw how the very sufferin' ones He came to save an' make happy turned away from Him; for, my dear ones, let me say it with all reverence for His Almightiness, there is one thing He can't do—He can't save you if you won't let Him. There's only one person stands between any poor wanderin' one here an' salvation, an' that's himself or herself. I'll go further than that, an' say with all my heart that there's only one way into the outer darkness of utter separation from God, an' that's over the body of the crucified Son of God.

"All Jesus wants is that you should be willin' to forsake your sins and come to Him. If you tell Him so an' ask Him to make the way clear to ye, He'll explain all things as nobody else can. There's no man or woman or child so ignerant or slow-witted that they can't understand how to come to Jesus when Jesus Himself tells them how to come. An' all that I or any other of God's people can do for you is 'o point this out to you—that He is the Way an' the Truth an' the Life, and that no man cometh unto the Father but by Him. May God bless all of ye, an' make ye wise unto salvation, fur Christ's sake. Amen."

Now, while Saul had been speaking, there had been a keenness of attention almost painful in its intensity. It must be borne in mind that this gathering was a typical street one. It was composed of that class of London's workers who are most persistent

in refusing a hearing to any representatives of the churches. Yet more perfect order, deeper and more real interest in what was being said, could nowhere have been found.

But, had it not been for Jemmy's tact, many of them would have edged away as soon as Saul's address was over. That experienced tactician however, had, while Saul was speaking, chosen a sacred song with a rousing chorus, and the moment the speaker ended there was an outburst of song which held many of those who were minded to depart, and attracted more from the steady stream of passers-by. As soon as the last chorus died away, Jemmy sprang to the front, casting his hat recklessly upon the ground at his feet, and cried: "Glory be to God for His precious promises, an' fur th' big way He fulfils of 'em. Don't go fur just a minute w'ile I tells ye somefink as'll interest ye. There's lots of ye' ere as knows me an' my farver. Knows wot devils let loose we uster be, specially when we was a bit on. Knows, too, wot manner o' men we ben sence Jesus saved our souls, an' 'ow we an't never ben tired o' comin' out 'ere t' tell ye on great fings th' Lord 'as done fer us. An' I'm shore there isn't many of ye wot thinks, after all these years, 'at we've ever made any money out of our labours among ye. Well, the reason w'y I say this is becos we're a'goin' t' 'ave a 'all, a place where, w'en it's a-rainin', or too cole t' expeck ye t' stan' out 'ere un lissen to us, we k'n invite ye in an' give y' a seat. But we're all like yerselves, pore workin' people, an' unless y' 'elp us it'll be almost too 'eavy a burden fer us t' bear. An' so I'm a-goin' t' do wot I never done before in all the years I been a-preachin' the Gospel in th' open air—I'm a-goin' t' arsk ye t' 'elp us wiv a little money. An' if any of you can't afford even a penny, w'y, come an' do a bit o' graft. We're all a-goin' t' help so as they sha'n't be any money spent for labour, on'y materials, an' we'll give ye a 'earty welkim an' God'll bless ye. Now, w'ile we're a-singin' that beautiful 'ymn, 'I Know in 'Oom I 'Ave Believed,' any of ye 'oose 'earts th' Lord 'as touched will please throw wot they c'n spare into the ring 'ere; an' we shall be grateful even fur fardens from them 'at can't afford more."

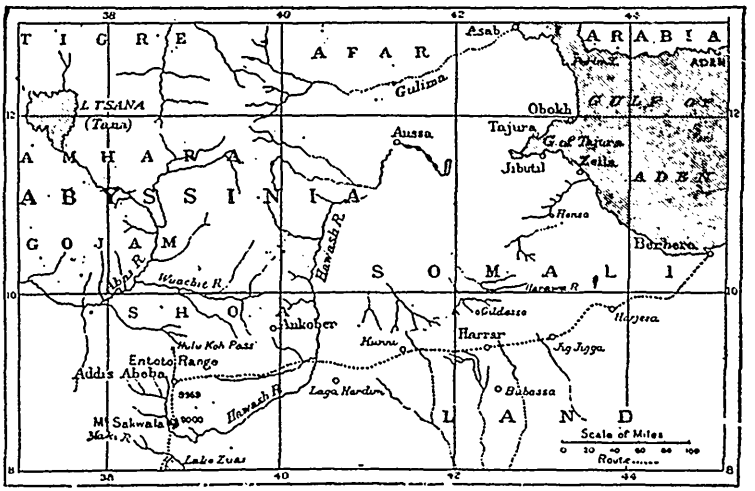
The speaker had hardly concluded before a bright half-crown came flying over the heads of those nearest, the precursor of a shower of coins whose jingle could be heard even above the strenuous singing. And when the hymn ceased and the spoil was counted, Jemmy, his face shining with joyful tears, announced to the crowd that the collection amounted to £3 15s. 4 3-4d. This statement made quite a sensation among the audience, and the rest of that meeting was a time to remember. And when, after nearly three hours of preaching, prayer, and singing, the almost exhausted little group invited all present to sing, "Praise God, from Whom all Blessings Flow," there was hardly one of all the great crowd assembled who did not attempt to add his or her voice to the swell of thanksgiving. But, better still, six new adherents signified in unmistakable terms their willingness to become members of the company of God's children, only asking humbly for such help and teaching as the preachers could give them. Their names and addresses were taken. Alas! there was no room in Jemmy's little front parlour to invite them there for further talk on the all-important subject, but that hindrance only stimulated the resolve of all the disciples to spare no effort in order to get the "Hall" ready soon for the reception of worshippers.

So the little band moved off the fast-darkening common, weary almost to dropping in body, but in soul so happy, so uplifted, that it may well be doubted whether among all London's seething millions there were any hearts lighter than theirs. When they reached Jemmy's door and shook hands before separating for the night, they were nearly speechless, almost unable to murmur the usual "Good-night and God bless ye." And long after they had departed little groups of their late hearers still remained eagerly discussing the wonderful things they had seen and heard.

Besides these things, there were in six poor homes adjacent that night to be found a man or woman to whom the doors of the kingdom had been opened, who for the first time in their lives had realized the transcendent fact of the Fatherhood of God. Those intimate with them looked upon them curiously, marvelling mightily what strange thing had come to pass. But to such inquiries as were made, inquiries which usually took the form of "Ain't you well?" they returned brief, quiet answers, speaking like people under the influence of a great awe. As, indeed, they might well do, seeing that they had but newly entered the timeless state, had opened their eyes upon the life that is everlasting.

(To be continued.)

Current Topics and Events.



MAP OF SOMALILAND AND VICINITY.

BRITAIN'S MISSION IN AFRICA.

John Bull is the big, burly policeman of the waste places of the earth. His special mission is to carry law and order and civilization to the regions lying in barbarism. In this mission he has to receive as well as give some hard knocks, but his work essentially is one of peace and beneficence. Of this his record in Egypt, in the Soudan, in the Zulu and Kaffir country, and in Somaliland are amplest demonstration. Somaliland is the vast and comparatively unknown region shown in our map, for the most part a wild, unbroken jungle. It has been for some years a huge British protectorate, the control of which is necessary to guard Britain's route to India, and to suppress the nefarious slave trade. A writer in Harper's Weekly summarizes recent events: To assert and define the limits of British control Colonel Swayne set forth some time ago, with one of those composite forces which so remarkably demonstrate the British genius for organization, unequalled since the Romans. He had built up an army of about four thousand natives, with only a score of British officers; Colonel Swayne represented the advance of civilization; he found himself confronted by "the Mad Mullah," one of those martial enthusiasts that Islam has produced so abundantly. This native general had some three thousand men armed with modern rifles, and trained by an Austrian adventurer, and, in addition, a much larger contingent of native horsemen and spearmen. This formidable host caught the British force in a thick forest, and compelled their retreat with loss of a couple of guns and a camel corps. Reinforcements already pouring into Berbera from Aden and Bombay.

Summing up the results of British rule in Africa, the New York Outlook says: During the railway journey of eighteen hundred miles from Alexandria at the Nile's mouth to Khartoum, the traveller will see many impressive evidences of what England has done for Egypt (chief of all the great storage dam at Assuan), but no evidence will be greater than the railway by which he makes the journey in a small part of the time once required by the swiftest steamers. The railway indeed has already proved itself such a missary of civilization to the ten million inhabitants of the Sudan that two other railways are in process of realization. They will not only induce a return to cultivation of the wide tracts depopulated under

DOUKHOBORS IN HOLIDAY ATTIRE.

Dervish oppression, and a . oration of the trade developed in oti. parts of Africa during the sixteen years in which, under the Mahdi, the Sudan was lost to civilization; they should introduce a new and higher civilization than any which Africa has yet known.

The natives of the Sudan have become convinced of the security which lies in British protection, and are returning from the uplands to their former settlements on the river. Nowhere is there a more signal instance of what intelligence and energy may do in redeeming a native population enjoying many natural privileges but without the understanding of their use.

THE DOUKHOBOR PILGRIMS.

There are mental and moral as well as physical epidemics. Not seldom have strong delusions affected vast numbers of persons. One of the most striking of these was the Children's Crusade, whereby seventy thousand young people in their teens set out to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the power of the Moslem. As they traversed the valleys of the Rhone and Rhine, they would ask of every town they reached, "Is this Jerusalem?" Many perished miserably in the Alps, and not one reached the Holy Land. Delusions of financial speculation are more common, as the famous South Sea Bubble, Tulip Mania, and others of more recent date. Religious delusions are the most common of all, as the pilgrimages which have sent hundreds of thousands to the shrines of Compostella, Einsiedeln, and Lourdes. A similar craze of violent outbreaks, and hysterical convulsions spread through many of the convents in France. The pilgrimage passion of the Doukhobors has, therefore, many precedents.

A simple-minded and ignorant people, of intense religious susceptibilities, can easily be wrought upon by a fanatical leader to enter upon impossible quests. The only cure for this is patience, kindness, and common-sense. The delusion can only be cured by the hard logic of facts. Harshness or persecution will but intensify the evil. The treatment of the pilgrims by the people of the North-West, and by the Provincial and Dominion authorities, is eminently wise. It has won the confidence and gratitude of the Doukhobors. The return of the women and children to their homes has saved incalculable suffering, and will doubtless soon win the pilgrims back. Of the nearly ten thousand Doukhobors only about ten per cent. left their homes. The great mass of them seem to be sane-minded, thrifty, deeply religious, and hard-working people, who will yet, we hope, become good Canadians.

MORAL CRUSADERS.

On the same night two distinguished visitors addressed great audiences in Toronto, Lady Somerset in the Metropolitan Church, and General

A WOMAN AS GOOD AS A MAN.

TYPICAL DOUKHOBOR DWELLING.

Booth in Massey Hall. Lady Somerset, by her sympathy with the suffering, her efforts for their succour, her intense moral earnestness, has shown that

"Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

General Booth, not long since sneered at and jeered at as a mountebank and a fanatic, has commanded the respect and admiration of the hard-headed political economist, as well as of the soft-hearted philanthropist. His "Darkest England and the Way Out," and his schemes of social betterment, have been epoch-marking events. Hand in hand with his efforts for the salvation of souls are his wise schemes for the redemption of men's bodies. The Army is the best ally of all the churches in the war against the drink trade and the many evils which it entails upon society. The world has seen few sublimer things than this grand old man, well up in the seventies, engirdling the world in a circumnavigation of Christian zeal and social betterment.

THE PRESENT CRISIS.

Before another issue of this magazine the verdict of Ontario on the prohibition of the drink trade shall be pronounced. God grant that that verdict may be for the protection of hearth and home from their devastation by Canada's worst enemy. No more resplendent Christmas gift could our Province receive than such a decree of home protection. The electorate of Ontario has before it the grandest opportunity that ever came to any people in the Old World or the New—the chance to smite a telling blow against that enemy of God and man, the licensed saloon.

"Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by for ever 'twixt that darkness and that light.

"Hast thou chosen, O my people, on whose party thou shalt stand,
Ere the Doom from its worn sandals shakes the dust against our land?
Though the cause of Evil prosper, yet 'tis Truth alone is strong
And, albeit she wander outcast now, I see around her throng
Troops of beautiful, tall angels, to enshield her from all wrong."

DOUKHOBORS PLOUGHING.

Links of Empire.

With the completion of the British Pacific cable, another link has been forged in the bond of brotherhood which binds the far-flung nations of the British Empire into an indissoluble whole. The cable is eight thousand miles long, and includes the longest stretch without a break in the world. All honour to our Canadian statesmen, Sir Sanford Fleming and Sir William Mulock, to whose energy and enterprise this achievement is so largely due. It is now possible in a few minutes to girdle the world with messages of love and loyalty through this all-British cable. Once more is Canada first in this great work of empire-building.

The American Elections.

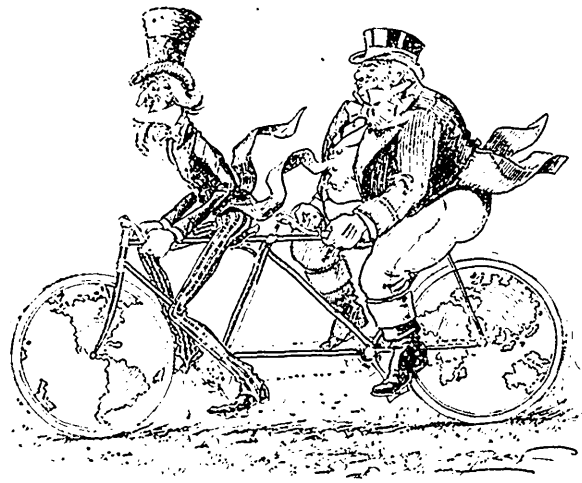
The hero of the hour in the American Republic is its chief magistrate, Theodore Roosevelt, the strenuous. The way in which he grappled with the coal strike, did battle with the trusts, and urged justice to Cuba, won the hearts of the people and the intense opposition of the sugar monopolists and others whose craft was in danger. In the recent elections the people spoke with an emphasis which insures Roosevelt's support in the new Congress, and his re-election as President. "Do right and fear not," is his motto, and the nation responds to his manly moral courage. It is gratifying to know that the relations between our kindred countries are greatly strengthened by the recent elections.

Our cut shows Mr. Racey's idea of the way in which the Anglo-Saxon powers of Christendom could guide the world in its path of progress if they were really allied in power and purpose. The only possible competitor in numbers and military strength would be united Russias. But the strife for political, economical, intellectual ascendency between the Slav and the Saxon could have only one result—the absolute predominance of the English-speaking races in the higher civilization of the world.

The Education War.

Truly we are learning that the blasts of trumpets and the roar of cannon are not necessary elements in warfare. The Coal War has been closed; but the Education War in England is, at the time of writing, still rife. A just mind cannot wonder at the revolt of the Nonconformists against being taxed to support schools whose religious training and management the Government proposes to leave so largely in the hands of the Established Church. Among the leaders of the opposing movement are such men as Dr. John Clifford, Dr. Joseph Parker, and Rev. Hugh Price Hughes. So determined is their resistance that it is said if the bill passes they will refuse to pay tax rates. Others counsel more moderate measures. On the other hand, if Premier Balfour fails to carry the bill through he will lose prestige to such an extent as to be unable to continue in office. It is a dangerous thing to play with the religious convictions of a nation. Efforts are being made toward a compromise, but at the time of writing the outlook is not hopeful.

Prof. W. N. Clarke believes the Established Church is losing her hold on the English people, and that she is striving to strengthen her position by



A GOOD TANDEM.

—Canadian Monthly.

controlling the religious training of the children. She is learning from Roman Catholicism that to win the children is to win the nation. The struggle marks a great crisis in the history of the religious liberty of England. But it has at least one good effect. It is drawing together the various Free Churches. They have always felt the tie of brotherhood, but the Established Church could have devised nothing better to strengthen this tie than the present conflict.

The Negro.

A writer has said, "Two great questions shadow the future of the American people, the conflict between labour and capital, and the conflict between the African and the Anglo-Saxon race." Growing out of this, the subject of Liberian colonization by American negroes is again being mooted. Liberia, it will be remembered, is settled by freed American slaves. It is announced that a ship will sail from Savannah, Ga., January 20th, bearing negro emigrants to Liberia. The head of each family will be allotted twenty-five acres of land, and each adult fifteen acres. Bishop Turner, of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, writes with the highest commendation of this movement. But the editor of the Savannah News reports many of the last shipload of emigrants to Liberia to have died on the voyage, and after their arrival, owing to suffering and privation. They had not a sufficiency of proper food nor the means of earning a living. This report shows a good deed spoiled in the doing.

Surely no better illustration was ever given of how a nation, like an individual, must suffer for its sins than is afforded by the racial conflict in the United States. Weighed in the scales of divine justice, America owed the negro more than freedom. He had a home; he had a country. The hands that tore him from these to give him serfdom, had a right to give him back that which was his forefathers'. The negro did not force himself upon America. He was forced here. To be sure, he has learned much from his contact with the Anglo-Saxon. But who so fit as he to transmit the light to his brethren?

Russia's Encroachments.

Perhaps many of us know too little of that fine, nobly-bred race of Finland in their far northern home. While the world has been absorbed in the thrilling episodes in the history of greater powers, Russia has been encroaching with steady hand and stealthy step upon the rights and privileges of this people. A system of government is now being formulated by Russia, by which Finland is to be under the exclusive control of a Russian governor-general. He and his subordinates, down to the policemen, are free from all responsibility before the law. This subjugation of the Finns is the more tragic, inasmuch as they are a race pre-eminently superior to the Russians.

In London Slums.

The idea of helping others to help themselves is fortunately becoming the leading thought in philanthropy. Andrew Carnegie is meditating another great donation along this line. He has not given a definite promise, but has said if the Workmen's National Housing Council of London will come forward with a plan of model dwellings for the poor of London slums, he will donate from $5,000,000 to $10,000,000 to that purpose. The Council has submitted a scheme for suburban dwellings ten miles out of the city, the rents to be within the means of even the poorest. No one with an income of over $6 a week will be allowed to become a tenant, though they may stay if their income rises above this after renting. Another excellent provision is that after living twenty years in a room or number of rooms the occupant may live there rent free the rest of his life. Every effort will be made by the trustees not to encourage the spirit of pauperism.

Queen Victoria's memorial to Prince Consort cost about half a million pounds. To this the Queen's personal contributions was £380,000.

Among the contents of The Methodist Magazine of special interest during the coming year will be a three-part paper, read before the Royal Society of Canada by the Editor, on "The Underground Railway." It recites many thrilling incidents of the escape of thirty thousand fugitives from American slavery, who sought the land of liberty beneath the North Star.

Religious Intelligence.

The Miner's Problem.

"Peace on earth, good will toward men." One feels that the chiming of bells throughout the land would have been an appropriate refrain for the close of the great coal war. In the stress and strain of the present age one feels more and more that there is but one answer to the problems that vex the minds of men. It was given the world nineteen hundred years ago in a stable at Bethlehem—the Gospel Incarnate. Nothing reveals the need of it more than the present conflict between labour and capital. Undoubtedly capital has its rights; the rights of property should not be ignored. We cannot condone the acts of violence on the part of the strikers, nor the intimidation that would force free men into any organization against their will; we do not attempt to condone these things. Neither do we believe capital is an inhuman tyrant.

But we do feel that as a Church we ought to look a little oftener and a little longer into the lot of the labouring men who make up the bulk of our nation. We feel more and more that we should hold up before our people the ideal of a just valuation of the lives whose services they engage. When an employer engrosses ten of a man's waking hours, he becomes master for the most part of his life. And the value of a life, even a labourer's, is not a little thing. Even after nineteen hundred years of Christianity, life does not always receive its just valuation. The system of hiring men and women at the lowest possible wage without regard to the deeper needs of their lives may conduce to the product of wealth, but it is not to the uplift of man.

The Life He Leads.

Ruskin, in speaking of the peasants of Savoy and their failure to comprehend the beauty of nature around them, says: "For them there is neither hope nor passion of spirit; for them neither advance nor exultation. Black bread, rude roof, dark night, laborious day, weary arm at sunset; and life ebbs away. No books, no thoughts, no attainments, no rest; except only sometimes a little sitting in the sun under the church wall as the bell tolls thin and far in the mountain air." Undoubtedly this picture of the Savoyard peasants as applied to our own labourers is in many cases overdrawn. But we have known well some labouring men of whose lives it is a fair description.

Take, for example, the miners lately on strike. Down in the stifling atmosphere of that underground world, what know they of our art, our literature, our music, of all the things that brighten life? They have neither money nor leisure for these things. They must pick coal for to-day's bread. And why to-day's bread? That they may have strength to pick coal again to-morrow. Such is life. But surely the man who toils all his years earns for himself and his children the right to something more than bread and a clay pipe. What is even the Gospel of Christ to them, preached often in thought and language beyond the reach of minds unaccustomed to anything but monotonous toil? What place have they in the glittering web of social life in our churches? It is not the story of the miner only. It is the story of the stone-breaker and the "mill-hand" and the legion of others. There are stories woven in our clothing, stories in the matches we strike, stories in the carpets on which we tread--stories of the war men wage for bread.

We rush to our bargain counters, and buy up ready-made garments. But what know we of the overworked, underpaid, ill-nourished woman who is sewing her life into those seams?

The value of a life should not decrease because there is a superabundance of lives. But valuing the workman before the wealth he produces, the setting a just price on human life—it is not going to be a mere evolution of industrial progress. It is coming from the manger of Bethlehem, or it is coming from nowhere.

His need of the Gospel.

But this is not all the workingman needs. A living wage, sanitary conditions, leisure for recreation, all are needed, but these things alone will not wholly allay discontent. Nothing but the Christ-message can do that. The workingman does not fill the place he should in our churches, especially in

the Church whose founder requested that his body be borne to its resting-place in the hands of workingmen. The roots of Methodism are deep as the mines of England. Let us not forget how important a part the labouring classes played in the origin of our Church. But where are they to-day? Gone whither? We shall not get them by sitting still. We shall not get them till we go after them, and make them feel their place is in our midst. There is less of a problem about the Church and the workingman than we think. He is religious by nature. When he realizes that we earnestly desire his presence, that we are not satisfied to go on without him, he will come to us. Perhaps we could make no fairer offering to our Master next Christmas Sabbath than by filling our pew with these sons of toil.

The First General Missionary Convention of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

It is with glowing heart one reads the reports of the great Missionary Convention, held at Cleveland, October 21-24. It was unique in the fact that it was the first general missionary convention ever held by the Methodist Episcopal Church. It had its call in the urgent need arising from missionary successes in the field. The enlarging of the work means a demand for more workers and increased support. The impetus received from the gathering of Student Volunteers in our own city last winter has led to the offering of many more young lives, and the Church must make ready to enter the open doors of opportunity.

It was a most interesting scene in Grays' Armoury, when 2,500 delegates, from every land and clime, seated themselves beneath the flags of the nations whence they came. The convention was conducted on much the same principles as that of the Student Volunteers. Among the delegates were such men as Bishops Thoburn, Hartzell, McCabe, Fowler, Foss, Andrews; Doctors Buckley and Gamewell, Robert Speer, John R. Mott, and many others of note.

The call was sounded for 248 more missionaries and $1,000,000 within the year to carry on the work. Bishop Thoburn appealed for the raising of a quarter of a million during the convention. But his expectations were overleaped. They raised over $300,000 in a night, and expect to make it half a million in the course of a few weeks. We quote a few of the many inspiring words uttered by the delegates:

"God had but one Son, and he was a foreign missionary."

"Christ's dream was of universal empire, and we dare dream of nothing less wide."

"The membership of the united societies of Christian Endeavour is larger than the combined standing armies of the civilized world."

"From the young people must come the volunteers for missionary candidates."

"On this platform to-day is the man who christened the first convert in India."

"It is an awful thing to come to the open doors of the present day and not enter."

"Never has there been a day when the world has done more than play with the command to take the Gospel into all the world."

We would that the Church of God might be fired from altar to vestibule with the zeal that animated this convention. We feel that we stand just in the quivering light of a newer day. We would that every pastor and every member would awaken to his place in the coming conquest of the world. Surely life is well worth living in a century that gives promise of such victories. What age of knight-errantry and adventure could equal this battle against darkness and sin?

"Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass,
Ye bars of iron, yield,
And let the King of glory pass;
The cross is in the field:
That banner brighter than the star
That leads the train of night,
Shines on their march, and guides from far
His servants to the fight."

From the Deaconess Field.

Boston is rearing a new Deaconess Hospital with provision for forty-two beds. It is said in the matter of convenience it will be unsurpassed by any hospital in New England. The cost of most of the wards has been assumed, and the wards will in many cases be inscribed as memorials to loved ones.

We were pleased to note the warm appreciation expressed by the Cleveland Missionary Convention of the work done by these sisters of the white ties. With the increased cost of

living in our city this winter, there will be many demands upon our own deaconesses from the needy in material as well as in spiritual things. It would be hard to find a more cheery picture on Christmas week than our Deaconess Home, with these devoted women busy amid the glittering medley of dolls, candies, whistles, carts, and steam-engines, to say nothing of the more substantial gifts of turkeys, potatoes, and flannels. The scene has a suggestion of Santa Claus' headquarters. It certainly dispels the mists of pessimism to see the interest our people take in this work of making others glad.

Methodist Union.

On this subject The Methodist Times says: "Methodist Union in Canada has now been followed by Methodist Union in Australasia. English Methodists will never finally consent to remain weakened by division in the face of Canadian and Australian Union. Supposing the English Methodist Churches were reduced to three or even two communions, there would still be useless waste of men, money, and energy, and that at a time when we need the utmost economy, concentration, and efficiency of administration in the presence of a united and aggressive Romanism. Then this is a missionary as well as an English question. On the last occasion we ever talked to the sainted David Hill he besought us to do all we could on behalf of Methodist Union, if it was only for the sake of the splendid and glorious results which would follow union in China. We must realize the duty of confronting a united, world-wide Romanism with a united, world-wide Methodism. One Methodist Church in every country, and all these Churches brought into touch and sympathy by Decennial Ecumenical Conferences—that is the ideal for the wide-awake, enthusiastic, and scripturally enlightened Methodists of the next two generations. At the Ecumenical Conference last year, actual figures were collected from every part of the world, and from these it appeared that the total number of Methodists in the world is thirty millions, ten millions more than the highest possible estimate of Anglicans."

A Great Preacher.

DR. GEO. A. GORDON.

The new Old South Church, at Boston, is the successor of the original Old South dating from the early years of the colony. George A. Gordon, D.D., its pastor for the last seventeen years, was not a son of the Pilgrims, but of Scotch Presbyterianism. He was born in 1853 at Pilodree, Aberdeenshire. He had a common-school education in his native country; came to America in 1871; for three years worked at various occupations, devoting his evenings, and often the greater part of the night, to study.

Dr. George A. Gordon, says The Christian Advocate, is recognized as one of the strongest thinkers in the New England pulpit to-day, and his utterances, both by voice and pen, command a wide hearing. His latest book, "A New Epoch for Faith," gives his best and ripest thought upon the intellectual situation of the age, having spent upon it three years of faithful preparation, with as wide and deep investigation as possible. His purpose has been to discover and announce the chief significance for faith of the nineteenth century, and he declares himself at the beginning to be optimistic in his outlook, to a degree that may by many be considered excessive. He believes that there is a

movement in history subduing the world's divisions into eternal unity, however unappreciable its movement may seem to us to be; that God is in his world down to its least detail, its cup of cold water, its widow's mite; and that, like Paul in the first century, the Christian of the twentieth century must needs be an unconquerable optimist.

We congratulate our friend, Dr. J. J. Maclaren on his appointment as Judge of the Dominion Court of Appeal. The honour was well deserved, the duties will me well performed. Dr. Maclaren, by his fidelity to the missionary and other interests of our Church, to the cause of prohibition, to which he has been a tower of strength, in promoting Sabbath observance, good citizenship, everything that makes for the betterment of mankind, has won the praise of all good men. We wish him many years of distinguished service to his country in the high station to which he is called.

Death of an Illustrious Canadian.

In the death of Sir John Bourinot, K.C.M.G., LL.D., D.C.L., Lit.D., Clerk of the House of Commons, Canada loses one of her most eminent men in both the political and the literary field. The deceased was of Huguenot descent, was the son of the late Hon. J. Bourinot, a native of the Channel Isles, and member of the Canadian Senate. Sir John was born in Sydney, C.B., in 1837. Fifteen years of his life after leaving college were spent in the field of journalism. During these years he founded and was for several years editor-in-chief of the Halifax Reporter. In 1868 he moved to Ottawa, where he became shorthand writer to the Senate. From this he steadily moved upward to the position he held at his death. Few Canadians have been more honoured by the receiving of degrees at the various seats of learning. As a writer he is particularly well-known along historical and constitutional lines. Some of his better known works are "Constitutional History of Canada," "The Intellectual Development of Canada," "Old French Forts of Acadia," etc.

Two Methodist Laymen.

The death of his Honour Judge Jones, in his eighty-first year, has removed a conspicuous figure from the history of Methodism. Judge Jones served on the bench for forty-four years, has been a member of every General Conference except the last, and was one of the staunchest and truest friends of Methodism for the whole of his adult life.

Mr. W. H. Gibbs was a member of a family which has rendered distinguished services to Canada. His brother was the late Hon. T. N. Gibbs, long prominent in political life. Mr. W. H. Gibbs represented North Ontario in the Dominion Legislature, and was also prominent in the public life of Toronto, being for some years a member of the City Council. He was as faithful in religious as in secular affairs. He had reached the ripe age of eighty years.

Death of Rev. Hugh Price Hughes.

The death of no other man in world-wide Methodism, we think, caused such a feeling of personal and public loss to millions of persons as that of the founder of the West London Mission. Few men have so profoundly impressed themselves upon their age. He was, in our judgment, the leading Nonconformist minister in Great Britain, if, indeed, such a limitation is permissible. It was not his learning or eloquence that made him great, but his intense moral earnestness. He had an open eye to the leadings of divine providence. He had strong convictions of duty, and to be convinced of a duty was, without faltering or fear or favour, to proceed to its accomplishment. He had more of the John the Baptist in his make-up than of John the Divine; he was more a son of thunder than a son of consolation. He had the seer-like vision, the sturdy strength of thought and will of a bard of his native Wales. He was a born leader of men; where he led men needs must follow. He was "ever a fighter." He fought like Bunyan's Greatheart against the world, the flesh, and the devil, against all sin and the Man of Sin. He fought not uncertainly, as one that beateth the air, but achieved grandest results. The West London Mission, the Twentieth Century Fund, the Forward Movement throughout England, these are some of the landmarks of his busy life. He seemed so vital to his finger-tips that it is hard to think of him as dead. No, not dead, but alive for evermore—more alive than ever he was. His work will live as long as England lasts. In our January number we shall present a character-study of this great man.

Book Notices.

"An Onlooker's Note-Book." By the author of "Collections and Recollections." New York: Harper & Bros. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo. Pp. ix-310. Price, $2.25 net.

This is one of the wisest and wittiest books we have read in a long time. It abounds in shrewd comment, apt anecdotes, brilliant epigram, and repartee. The clever author of "Collections and Recollections" has gleaned another sheaf from his memories of a busy life. He raises a warning note against the plutocratic tendencies of the age, the growth of luxury, and the passing of the old-time chivalrous courtesies of life. Nevertheless his glimpses of social custom of an earlier date make us feel that there was a good deal then with which we can well dispense. The bluff King William smacked his seafaring comrades on the back, and decorated his conversation with sailor oaths—but the Queen's accession abolished swearing. Superstition was rife. Some people would not live in a house numbered 13, calling it 12a.

Our author deplores the breaking down of the sanctity of the Sabbath by the social engagements of the leaders of fashion and their neglect of public worship. He excoriates the gambling tendencies of the times. The society gossip, the sporting tendency of the age, too, are satirized and denounced with vigour. The growth of luxury and worship of wealth are described as both cause and effect. We hope that few men, however, possess, like one he mentions, £40,000 worth of personal jewels.

The drink curse, which causes the moral ruin of the whole character, must, he says, be faced and fought. The racing and shooting woman inspires his abhorrence. Yet it is not all jeremiad. There are marks of improvement. There is, he says, a vein of manly self-devotion which will prove the salvation of England. The young men seeking holy orders may be fewer, but their quality is better. The British officer is chivalric and brave. University missions and settlements in the slums are manned by Oxford's brightest men. A Prime Minister's son hands round the hymn-books, a young M.P. conducts a Bible-class, a captain of Hussars teaches gutter boys. A suburban mission is maintained by the young men of a great draper's establishment. "God is drawing," said Dr. Benson, "the public schools of England to Himself." Boys are not ashamed of religion as they used to be. The college men are "the Uhlans of a great advance which has won whole provinces for the Christian cause." Many women of rank are devoted to the service of the poor, the miserable, the helpless. While moral turpitude may be widely spread, yet the forces of good were never so active, so zealous, so enterprising as now. "It was a noly thing," said Beaconsfield, "to see a nation saved by its youth." Just now it is her young men and women who are keeping alive the soul of England, and exercising those qualities which make a nation truly great. While this modern Balaam begins with banning he ends with blessing.

"New France and New England." By John Fiske. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xxiii-378. Price, $1.65 net.

This is the latest and last of Mr. Fiske's splendid series of books on the history of this continent. It will be read in Canada with more interest, we think, than any other of the series, because it traces the romantic story of our country during the one hundred and fifty years of conflict for a continent between Great Britain and France. This was a conflict, not merely between hostile peoples, but between democracy and feudalism, between Catholic superstition and Protestant liberty. The issue at stake was whether mediaeval institutions, the principles of military absolutism, and the teachings of Gallican clericalism should dominate, or whether the evolution of civil and religious liberty, of free thought, free speech, a free press, and the universal genius of free institutions, should find a field for their development as wide as the continent. The problem was whether, on the banks of the Hudson and the Mississippi, on the shores of the Great Lakes, and amid the vast prairies of the Far West, should grow up a number of free commonwealths,

or whether an intellectual atrophy and religious superstition, such as we behold to-day on either side of the lower St. Lawrence, should characterize also the whole, or greater part, of what is now the Canadian Dominion and the American Union.

The conquest of Canada by the British was the most fortunate event in its history. It supplanted the institutions of the middle ages by those of modern civilization. It gave local self-government for abject submission to a foreign power and a corrupt court. It gave the protection of the habeas corpus and trial by jury, instead of the oppressive tribunals of feudalism. For ignorance and repression it gave free schools and a free press. It removed the arbitrary shackles from trade, and abolished its unjust monopolies. It enfranchised the serfs of the soil, and restricted the excessive power of the seigneurs. It gave an immeasurably ampler liberty to the people, and a loftier impulse to progress. It banished the greedy cormorants who grew rich by the official plunder of the poor. The waste and ruin of a prolonged and cruel war were succeeded by the reign of peace and prosperity; and the pinchings of famine by the rejoicings of abundance.

Mr. Fiske treats also many incidents of the domestic history of New England. He examines the strange story of the Salem Witchcraft, and describes the great awakening under the preaching of Jonathan Edwards, and, later, of George Whitefield. The work is marked by all Dr. Fiske's historical illumination and grace of style, although it lacked the finishing touches of his pen. Like Parkman and Windsor, he has laid Canada and Canadians under deep obligation by his historical works.

"William Butler. The Founder of Two Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church." By his Daughter. With an introduction by Bishop C. C. McCabe. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 239. Price, $1 net.

It falls to the lot of very few men to found two such successful missions as those of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the great British dependency of India and in the Republic of Mexico. No story could be of more profound interest, or be a more practical continuation of the Acts of the Apostles. Dr. William Butler, though of English descent, was of Irish birth —one of the many gifts of the Green Island to the great Republic. His mission to India began in 1856, just before the Mutiny, which wrecked so many missions, and well-nigh overthrew British rule. We have heard Dr. Butler describe the awful scenes of those dread days. The story is vividly retold in these pages; and also the account of the Gospel triumphs, whereby spears were turned into pruning-hooks.

Of not less interest is the story of the planting of Methodism in Mexico. Its plain truths are stranger than fiction. God went before his Church in the pillar of cloud and fire. The very seat and centre of the long dominant Catholic Church, the Franciscan monastery, is now a Methodist church and school and press—the centre of evangelistic influence for the whole of Mexico. Here Dr. John Butler, son of the pioneer missionary, administers the affairs of an aggressive Methodism throughout the entire Republic. This is a book of such importance that we purpose making it the subject of a special article.

"Italian Life in Town and Country." By Luigi Villari. With eighteen illustrations. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. ix-327. Price, $1.20 net.

Italy, the "land of all men's past," has a strange fascination for the tourist. Its classic memories, its ancient architecture, its scenic splendour, its religious problems, its amiable and interesting people, exert a potent spell. Yet this long, narrow peninsula presents greater contrasts than any other part of Europe. This volume of the series is written by an Italian, otherwise many of its comments and criticisms would carry less weight than they do. He is frank as to the faults as well as generous to the virtues of his countrymen. He devotes illuminative chapters to the social and home life, political life, religious life, education, amusements, literature, and art of Italy. The climate favours out-of-door life, of which the people take full advantage. There is no word for home, and not much of that for which it stands. Even the palaces are cold and comfortless, the dwellings of the poor are squalid and miserable. While the Germans have five meals a day, the Italians live on two. Families are large, children swarm everywhere, especially among the poor. These are

indulged, petted, scolded, sometimes punished, but not properly trained. In Northern Italy women have rights and interests akin to those in England; in Southern Italy they are immured almost as in Mohammedan countries.

The religious life is a complex subject. "It is difficult for a man to be a good Catholic and a good patriot, owing to the uncompromising attitude of the Vatican, which enforces its political creed as a dogma of religion." While nominally Catholic, most of the educated classes are free-thinkers. The peasant population are ignorant and superstitious. The mass of the clergy are quite uneducated, and come from the lowest ranks of society. Some of them are immoral and vicious, a less number are devout and faithful to their religious lights and duties. The Protestants are highly commended as persons of sincere religious convictions and superior culture.

The splendour of the court, the pomp and pageantry of the churches, cannot conceal the poverty of the people. In Calabria and Naples these evils are most intense. The Mafia and brigandage flourish. Militarism has been the incubus of the nation. But there are better days in store for Italy. A new patriotism is throbbing in its veins. Since its unification and the overthrow of the Pope's temporal power, marvellous progress has been made. It has rich resources, and under intelligent and patriotic government will become again, as it was of yore, the seat and centre of art and civilization.

"French Life in Town and Country." By Hannah Lynch. With twelve half-tone illustrations. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. viii-311. Price, $1.20 net.

The series of volumes on the social, domestic, and public life of the various countries of Europe gives a more vivid impression of the many-sided aspects of those foreign people than any number of books of travel. The authors have lived for years in the countries which they describe. They understand the spirit of their institutions, the details of daily life, the virtues as well as the failings of the people as no chance tourist can possibly do. It is often said that there is no word from home in the French language, but our author declares "there is no race on the face of the earth whose home-life is so enviable as that of France. 'The atmosphere of a French home is the most delightful I know." She devotes a chapter to the demonstration of this theorem. She is not blind to the defects of the home-life. The parsimony of middle-class housekeeping, the lack of material comfort, and often pitiful economics practised grate on the feelings of him who, like Chaucer's franklin, boasts that "it snows within his house of meat and drink."

The more serious social defects are not ignored, but it is well to learn to recognize the family devotion and affection which is often so strikingly manifested among the French middle and lower classes—the great bulk of the nation. It is by no means true that Paris is France. It is a very small part of France, though the part with which tourists are most familiar. The important relations of the army and the nation, secular and religious education, the press and the people's colleges, the admirable systems of organized philanthropy and public assistance are all treated with intelligent sympathy. There is a good deal of humour in some of the character-sketches. The author thus sums up her praises of the people whom she knew better than most foreigners, "The British are admirable, the French are lovable."

"Flower Legends, and Other Poems." By Alma Frances McCollum. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 116. Price, $1.

This dainty volume contains the first sheaf of poems of a new Canadian writer, whose winsome face looks out from the title page. A number of graceful flower fancies begin the volume. A deeper note is struck in the "Good Shepherd," "Am I My Brother's Keeper?" and "The Angel of the Sombre Cowl." A blending of humour and pathos akin to that of Riley is seen in some of these poems. "The Horseless Carriage" is a little gem in its way. We augur for this writer still better work in the future. We quote one of her fine sonnets:

"When sight and sound by Pain's oppressive hand
Were dimmed, and low the shaded night-light burned,
A Presence came beside my bed, and yearned
To clasp and bear me to another land,
But whispered gently, 'It is not so planned.'

In sweet compassion was the soft glance turned
On mine, till senses quickened and I learned
The tenderness within the eyes that scanned.
'O Angel of the Sombre Cowl! close fold
My hand and lead me into peace,' I prayed;
But with a glowing glance of love untold,
Alone to the Unknown he passed. Now stayed
Is former dread; whatever life may hold,
I follow to the end, all unafraid.

"The Little White Bird; or, Adventures in Kensington Gardens. By J. M. Barrie. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd. Pp. iv-349.

The author of "The Little Minister" never wrote anything more dainty and delicate than this story of child life. It reveals the heart of a child, the depth of mother love, and the yearning of a childless man. The narrator of the story is a retired military officer, disappointed in love in his youth, who takes to his heart the child David, and lavishes upon him the wealth of his affection. The inimitable mixture of humour and pathos are in Barrie's finest vein. We don't envy the man or woman who can read this story without being moved to both smiles and tears.

"Jesus' Way." An Appreciation of the Teaching in the Synoptic Gospels. By William DeWitt Hyde. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xii-198. Price, $1 net.

This book is an appeal from dogma to life, from theory to personal experience. "Ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands have tried Jesus' way, and found it to satisfy their souls as nothing else can do." In a series of striking chapters, President Hyde describes this way of life, our Lord as its incarnation, his kingdom as its spirit, repentance the entrance to the way, love its law, loyalty its witness, sacrifice its cost, blessedness its reward. In pungent paragraphs he rebukes the sins of heart and life which mar and stain this holy way. The book is one of great ethical value.

"Belshazzar. A Tale of the Fall of Babylon." By William Stearns Davis. With illustrations by Lee Woodward Zigler; decorations by J. E. Laub. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd. Pp. vii-427.

This vivid portraiture of one of the great events of Scripture history has much to commend it. The special studies of the writer throw much light on the period, and give a new interest to the sacred narrative. Few episodes in Bible history lend themselves more readily to this treatment than the story of the fall of the great empire of Babylon. The descriptions of its pride and pomp and splendour are vividly painted.

"The Healing of Souls." A series of revival sermons. By Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D.D., author of "The Great Saints of the Bible," etc. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 302. Price, $1.50.

This is another volume of the revival sermons which have won practical success. They were preached at a revival at Grace M. E. Church, New York, at which three hundred souls in the month were led to the Saviour. They contain the very fatness and marrow of the Gospel, and abound in striking illustrations and appropriate verse. Unlike many sermons, they form admirable reading.

"The Valley of Decision." By Edith Wharton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 656. Price, $1.50.

So great has been the success of this book that it went through five two-volume editions in six months, and is now reproduced in one volume of six hundred and fifty pages at the reduced price of $1.50. It is reserved for further notice.

In our notice of Funk & Wagnalls' "Jewish Encyclopaedia," in our October number, the price was given as $5.00 per volume. This is a mistake; the price is $6.00 a volume—and well worth it.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.