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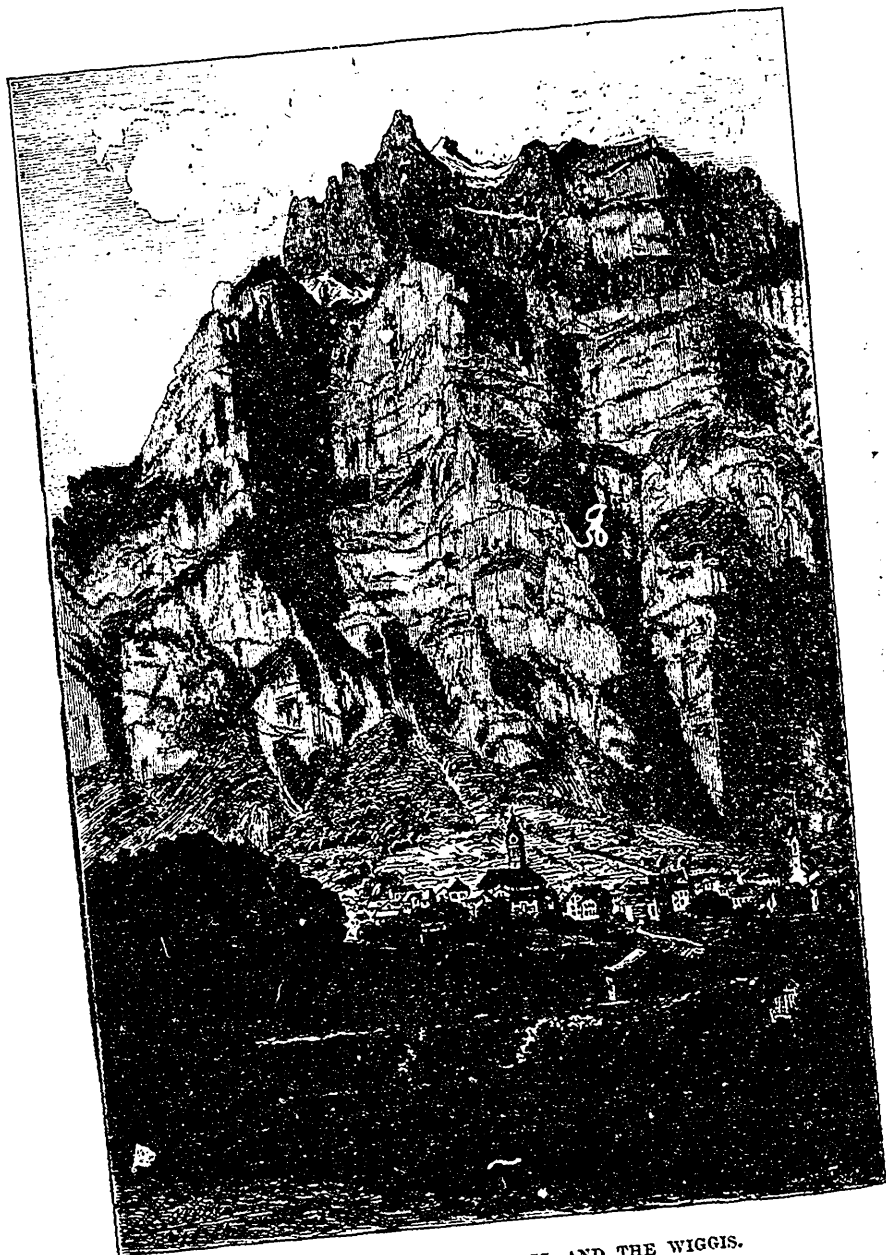
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A SWISS VALLEY—NETSTALL AND THE WIGGIS.

THE Methodist Magazine.

October, 1891.

PEASANT LIFE IN SWITZERLAND.

BY AN AMERICAN CONSUL.



WAYSIDE CHAPEL IN THE TAUBEERWALD.

THE passing summer tourist learns comparatively little of the details of peasant life in the Swiss cantons. It is only one who has dwelt among the peasant folk and knows them intimately, like the writer of these pages, who can do justice to their industry, intelligence and achievement.

The Swiss peasants are as thrifty farmers as any in the world. An air of neatness, cleanliness and care is found in every country house. Of course, the farms are small—so very small as scarcely to be worth the name; but every inch of ground is tilled to the utmost it can bear. No other tilling would bring the peasants bread to eat. The agricultural implements used, however, are of the

most primitive character, such as the early Romans themselves might have used in ploughing round the walls of ancient

Turicum. Wooden mould-board ploughs are used, requiring half-a-dozen men and as many cows or oxen to get them over



GOAT-BOYS AT THE CHALET.

the ground. Reapers, mowing-machines, hay-rakes, threshing machines, hay-lifters, and the like are little known to the Swiss farmer. The few tools used in farming are not only simple and

primitive in character, but are most awkwardly made. Some allowance can be made for the absence of modern farm implements, however, when it is considered that a full-sized American reaper would scarcely have room to turn around upon the diminutive farms of the Swiss cantons.

Fences are seldom used, and where handsome hedges, beautifully trimmed, are not growing, imaginary lines divide the little farms, lying a hundred on a single hill. The cattle, of course, are not allowed to run at large, but are carefully stalled, day and night, summer and winter, in close, dark stone barns. The darker the barn, the less the food consumed, seems to be the Swiss milkman's philosophy.

A peasant's cows and goats are his treasures, second only to his children. An acre or so of land and a half a dozen of the kind, mouse-coloured cows, is often all the store the Swiss peasant has. His cows produce him butter, milk and cheese for his own use and to spare.

He grows but little wheat or corn, and buys his flour, imported, nearly all, from Hungary. Himself, his wife, and children too, if not in school, must work, and work continually, out doors and in, to make the little farm and cows supply their wants, and have both ends meet at Christmas-time, when doctor's bill, and grocer's bill, and dry-goods bill must all be paid.

On rainy days and hours, between the out-door work and the in door cares, the busy loom is plied, and the pretty woven silks add trifles of ready cash to the poor man's treasury. A sort of happiness is his, not born of contentment, but of a knowledge of the impossibility to him of better things. He has enough to eat, and drink and wear, but nothing more—not even this, if summer rains and late spring frosts or heavy storms should come.

In the many changes of the day, the old mountain villages of Switzerland, at least, remain, and nothing is more peculiar to, or characteristic of, the country than they. Wooden towns, centuries of age, standing on the green, grassy slopes of mountain sides, or nestling close up in little vales and glens, they give us back our heart's idea of Switzerland.

These Alpine towns, villages and hamlets represent a rural simplicity of life not found elsewhere in the world. The houses that make the towns are old, and the people who live in the houses are old; old in their ways, at least, and often very old in years. It is no uncommon thing to find in villages among the Alps men almost a century old, living in the house where they were born and where their fathers, their grandfathers, and their great-grandfathers were born, and where they lived and died. Who built

the old houses and the old villages, the oldest inhabitant can hardly tell. He knows only that his ancestors lived in these



CHANDOLIN, MOUNTAIN VILLAGE, OVEN AND ALPINE ROSE.

same snuff-coloured huts, since a time whence "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary."

Specimens of these rural Alpine towns are found in easy tramping reach of almost every place where tourists congregate. The villages differ in character of architecture and style, as do the people who live in them, in custom, character, and life. Two classes of houses, however, wood and stone, may, in one sense, be said to represent them all. In Swiss towns, the two principal houses are the country inn and the white stone church. There is no street. The country road leads past, not through, the groups of a dozen or so brown houses, scattered around upon the green grass. The houses are two, or two-and-a-half stories in height, with low ceilings, lined with pine. They are built with small pine or hemlock logs, dressed smooth and square, laid close, and dovetailed together at the corners, the projecting ends being often carved. The clapboard or shingle roof is kept in place by heavy stones and projects from four to eight feet beyond the walls of the house, which are sometimes covered with little round-ended shingles, a couple of inches broad. The ends of the rafters projecting beyond the walls are also dressed and sometimes carved. The windows, though very many in number, are very small in size. A little, shingled shelf, fastened to the front or gabled end, supports the family bee-hive, made of heavy braids of straw and conical in form. Two to three families usually live in a single house, and the silk loom finds a busy place in many a peasant's home. There are few or no fences, and only little, narrow, stony goat-paths lead over the grass that grows to the doorways of the houses. No paint is now, or ever has been, used in all the village; but time and sun and smoke have given every house, inside and outside, the very colour of a well-cured ham. The surroundings of the village are sloping meadows, high mountains, steep waterfalls, a fair, blue lake, walled to the clouds, grazing goats, and half-contented poverty. The summer, always short, is spent in cultivating a few potatoes, herding the goats, pressing the cheese, and cutting and carrying in the grass. The winter, always long, is spent in eating up the little that the summer gave, and in a struggle to keep from freezing. Both sexes work in the open air, and, notwithstanding their scanty rations and the sour wine, live long and heartily.

To save the trouble and expense of each one herding his own goats during the summer, a single shepherd is employed, who leads the whole drove into the higher Alps every morning and down to the huts at night. When the flock comes down at evening, each goat seeks out its own familiar hut and enters, to be milked and stalled till morning. When winter comes, the goats, with their increase, are returned to their respective owners, and

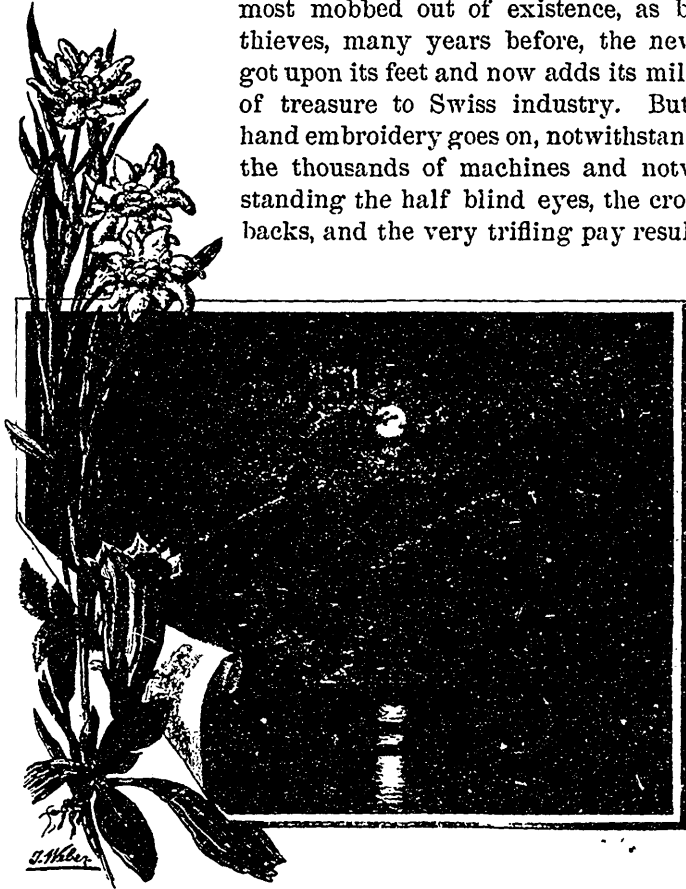
the huts remain empty until the grass appears on the upper mountains in the spring.



WOOD-GATHERERS.

The women of the house are said to earn the family living and do it at the needle's point, for the peasants of Appenzell and

St. Gall are long famous for the beautiful embroideries that supply so many markets of the world on both sides of the sea. There are now thirty or forty thousand peasant women in this district engaged in hand embroidery, to supply a market as wide as the world. Some forty years ago, the art of making embroidery by machinery was introduced successfully, and, although similar machines had been cried down and almost mobbed out of existence, as bread thieves, many years before, the new art got upon its feet and now adds its millions of treasure to Swiss industry. But the hand embroidery goes on, notwithstanding the thousands of machines and notwithstanding the half blind eyes, the crooked backs, and the very trifling pay resulting



MUTTENSEE.—MOUNTAIN-LAKE.

from the work. There are peasants too poor to buy machines or to manage the business on anything like an extended scale, and there are plenty of patterns of embroidery that are more exquisitely made by hand than by any mere machine, however ingenious, and however cheaply done. The long days and the longer evenings through, the peasant girl and woman bow with weary eyes over their work. Sometimes under the shady trees,

sometimes out on the green meadows, but oftenest in the same old room at home, the tired fingers ply the needle for the miserable pittance of a couple of francs a day. The work is unhealthy in the extreme, as the great number of crooked spines, pale, wan cheeks, and spectacled eyes, attest. Though living on fair country meadows and breathing the pure mountain air, the embroidery girl has lost the red rose from her cheek and the brightness from her eye. Her breast is weak and, though she sings her mountain songs, her voice is low and the strain seems dull and sad.

The husband, in many of these peasant homes, is not the one who earns the bread. His life is one of comparative ease. He drives the goats, he mows a little hay, and wanders about as guide to tourists in the summer time. In the winter, he bakes himself upon the porcelain stove, or, with his lazy chums, lounges about the house, tells sailors' yarns, and smokes and puffs the long days and the long evenings through; while the female members of the house stitch, stitch continually before the little lamp that casts its concentrated rays upon the pattern and the gliding thread.

The life of the embroiderer is not only hard and irksome, but her food is scanty and very poor. Goats' milk, coffee, and potatoes, morning, noon, and night, is the common ration, year in, year out. A little honey now and then is a luxury, and an occasional bit of meat on a Sunday is a greater luxury still. With such work and with such living, there can be little heart or strength left to enjoy fully the extreme beauty and grandeur that nature has bestowed so lavishly upon the country. It is the wandering tourist who enjoys the picturesque villages, the bright costumes, the pleasant valleys, and the bracing atmosphere most. The one who enjoys Swiss country places most, is he who takes his little knapsack and staff and wanders away to the mountains alone, avoiding, as far as possible, the great hotels and the eager, rushing crowds. He will, if back from railroads and steamers, see Swiss village-life, and this village-life is the real one by which to judge the people of this mountain country. He will see that the farmers seldom live on farms, but in clusters of houses, hamlets, and villages. He will find the people early risers, simple and economical in life, and usually industrious. He will find that, as in Germany and France, the women work in the fields beside the men. He will find the people honest, though the greatest sticklers for little things. Patriotic he will find them all, and that to an extent not equalled elsewhere in the world. He will find a church in every hamlet, in every town—a pretty, comfortable

church outside, a cold and dreary one within, with hard, wooden seats, a cold, stone floor, and often sermons of a kind to correspond.



WILD GRASS CUTTERS.

He will find many Swiss houses, built substantially of stone or wood, and comfortably large, but with low ceilings and narrow

halls, with a general look of discomfort and desolation within. He will find little furniture in the rooms and but few pictures on the walls, unless they be some patron saint or rude cuts of William Tell. He will find, too, that a village full of pleasant faces, home comforts, and industry here, may be neighbour to a village there, where thrift and industry and pleasantness were never known; so great is the change of circumstance noticed in the distance marked by a mountain, a river, or a vale. He will find in the fields and over all the farms, old, crippled ways of doing things that must have been old and crippled before the flood; and, should he hint at newer or better ways, his hint will provoke only a shoulder-shrug and a doubting laugh. He will find peasants living, not thriving, in places where goats alone can walk erect, and where men do not walk on level ground a dozen times a year. He will see some happy peasants; he will see more unhappy ones. He will see men and women bearing the summer crop of hay upon their heads, down mountain sides so very steep that only grass and shrubs can grow and keep from falling off.

He will find each villager a perfect shot and a good singer. Rifle corps and singing clubs parade with banners and drinking-horns continually. Like the Swiss people of the larger towns, the villagers have a tendency to clubism. Every male person must have his club or clubs as soon as he is out of school, or free from the restraint of parent or guardian; and the greatest joy a Switzer has, is to meet his club companions on a holiday, at feast or fair.

The Switzer peasant's cares are few and, like his income, very light. He mows his hay, he herds his goats, he prunes his vines, and leaves the outcome of the work to time. His taxes, if he be poor, are fortunately never great; yet there are many, many mortgaged farms, and many of the farming men are never out of debt. He is a democrat, and that of the strictest sect; for, though his worldly gear is bounded by a mortgaged farm, he has his goats and cows and grass and hands, and, better still, he has his vote and voice in every law that regulates his life. The great machine called government, is made in part by him, and his in part are all the forests, waters, roads, and mines, that lie within the boundary of his commune. The government that he has helped to make is, fortunately for him, not dear. The bills paid out to run the government machine are almost equalled by the bills paid in. Local taxes are usually comparatively small, as the schools, the church, and the roads, are always receiving help from the general fund.

The tourist contented with simple life and simple things, can live in these Alpine towns for half the amount expended in the

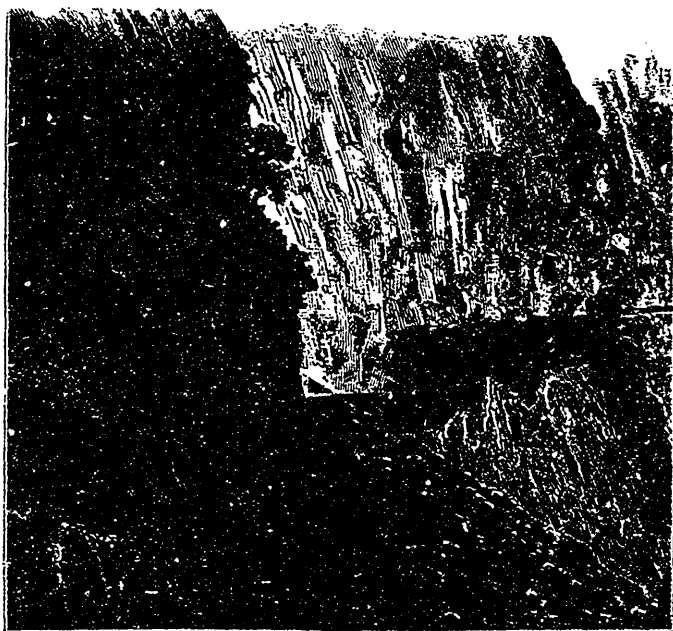


AQUEDUCT AND RAVINE OF GREDETSCH, NEAR MUNNELL.

large hotels, where tiresome *table d'hôtes*, vexatious bills, and dress, and noisy crowds, dispel all thought of rest. Four francs

a day will pay at the little Alpine inns for all the bread and cheese, and fish and milk an ordinary man can use, and there will be relief and a pleasure in looking at God's mountains and meadows and rivers free of charge. There is a freedom from restraint, a purity of air, an elasticity of heart and limb, that make a week spent in a high Alpine village worth a whole summer spent in the ordinary country towns.

We shall devote a few lines to the colossal undertakings of the Valais, namely to their system of irrigation, which is unique in its kind, and probably more complete and carefully regulated than any existing elsewhere. It is probable that the earliest of



AQUEDUCTS.

these aqueducts were constructed in Roman times; certain names still in use seem to point to this, as do also various remains of ancient conduits, evidently of remote origin. After the expulsion of the Saracens in the tenth century, the lateral valleys of the Rhone began to be reinhabited, and the mountain-slopes to be again cultivated and irrigated.

The construction of these aqueducts is for the most part a bold and hazardous undertaking. In many places the water employed is obtained at a height of more than 8,000 feet above the sea, at the foot of the glaciers, and the conduits are often from twenty-four to thirty miles in length. Their construction and main-

tenance involve considerable expense, difficulties and hindrances of various kinds often presenting themselves, especially in the loftier regions, where the pipes have to be carried along projecting or overhanging rocks. For long distances the conduits are hewn in the solid rock, or supported by means of masonry. Projecting rocks that could not be rounded have been tunnelled through, some of the tunnels being 1,300 feet in length. In the case of overhanging rocks the conduits are constructed of wood and supported by brackets, or, as is now often practised, fastened by means of iron rods, one end of which is let into the rock, while the other is suspended by a wire rope. This work involves no slight risk to the person employed in it, since he must be lowered by ropes over the precipice—the commune of Mund recently purchased a rope 4,000 feet in length for this purpose! In places where stones frequently fall, or where the conduits must be carried through glacial moraines and mounds of *débris*, the channels are cut deep into the mountain and covered either with logs, slabs of stone, or timber galleries. The ravines and fissures of the rocks are frequently crossed by boldly constructed bridges, and occasionally we meet with arched stone bridges, having up to seventy feet span. The Clavoz aqueduct has no less than seven bridges of masonry. In the Visp valleys the water is often conducted over the river.

The maintenance of these aqueducts is very costly, for it happens not infrequently that they are filled up or destroyed by heavy showers, to the great detriment of agriculture. It is usually necessary to clean them out every spring, and often this operation has to be repeated several times during the summer; in many places the wooden conduits are removed before the winter, especially where they would be liable to be destroyed by avalanches.

The cost of maintenance and superintendence is covered by the sale of the water. Every landowner receives a certain quantity of water during a certain period of the year, the amount being proportioned to the area of the farm.

The most striking example of the success of this system is afforded by the stretch of meadow-land known as the Champssecs, between Sion and Brämis. It has not been ploughed up for 300 years, has, so to speak, never been manured, and yields nevertheless most abundant crops.

The total length of the aqueducts of Valais is over 5,000,000 feet, or nearly 1,000 miles; and taking the average cost at the low figure of 1s. 1d. per foot, we have a total of £270,000.



LEVUKA, CAPITAL OF FIJI.

JAMES CALVERT—THE HERO MISSIONARY OF FIJI.

BY THE REV. JAMES COOKE SEYMOUR.



NATIVE HOUSE, FIJI.

It is quite true that the most marvellous novel of all is real history. The last fifty years has produced no romance equal to Fiji; nor have the last five hundred years of Christian history produced anything that is more instructive, suggestive and inspiring.

Dotting the vast Pacific some seventeen hundred miles north-east of Sydney, two hundred and twenty islands, more or less, form the Fijian Group. Volcanic disturbance and the ceaseless activity of those wonderful workers of the sea—the coral insects—have reared their unique paradises in the vast deep. The still, blue waters of the lagoons contrast strangely with the purplish indigo of the outside ocean. The emerald green waters that reveal the variegated coral beneath, flash with all the colours of the rainbow. All the wondrous beauties of the South Seas are clustered here.

The "Great Fiji" stretches for ninety miles with a width of fifty; and "Vanua Levu" is one hundred by twenty-five. On the broad expanse of shore, the sea-foam scatters itself even to the fringe of the cocoa-nut palms. Mountains rise with fretted

summits and in the most fantastic shapes. Tropical vegetation riots in the valleys, the outlets of whose rivers, into the ocean, form the invariable harbour—inlets to the lagoons—for no coral insect can live in fresh water.

Fifty years ago, a race of the worst cannibals on earth lived in



ONE OF THE FIJI ISLANDS.

these islands. They were the terror of every ship-captain, of every trader, of all other nations, white or black. They were a superior race in physical size and form, in intelligence and in the knowledge of many ingenious arts. They could make excellent cloth and pottery, mats and sails, baskets and mosquito-nets, and splendid canoes. Their style of hair-dressing was the envy of all surrounding heathendom, and even a Parisian artiste might well covet some of its extraordinary achievements.

The Fijian was a warrior by birth. He ate his enemies partly through revenge, partly as a religious rite, and partly because he liked human flesh. It was considered a great distinction for a chief to have eaten a great many. Two chiefs gloried in the fact that they had, between them, eaten about nine hundred human beings! Men sometimes killed and ate their wives.

Sometimes when the post-holes were being dug for a chief's house, he would make an offering to "earth-spirits" in the shape of a living man, in each hole with his arms around the post, and in that condition he was buried alive. War canoes were launched

on living human bodies, as rollers. It was considered the honourable thing for a wife to be strangled when her husband died. Sometimes a dozen or more wives of a chief were thus put to death and buried with their husband.

One of the first triumphs of the missionary was in getting the life of one of the wives of a chief spared. When the order came

TROPICAL FOLIAGE, FIG. 11.



that she should live, the holder of the strangling-cord indignantly exclaimed, "Then I suppose we are to die like nobody now!"

From immemorial ages, such had been the state of these savages. Must they remain so forever? So it seemed to human reason. But the Gospel is, indeed, the power of God unto salvation unto every one that believeth. It has made a man and a Christian of the brutal Fijian cannibal. It can save and ennoble the

vilest sort of humanity anywhere. The work God does, and the instruments He does it with, are often far out of the line of human calculation and choice.

In 1833, a Yorkshire lad had just completed his apprenticeship as a printer and bookbinder. He had no thought of any other position in life than that of a good tradesman. A short time previously he had been converted to God—a glorious change which has meant to many a man a career of usefulness little dreamed of by either himself or any one else. That boy did print and bind many books, and did it excellently well, but it was as a missionary of the Cross. It was James Calvert, the future triumphant missionary, the hero of Fiji.

Hunt and Calvert, two very plain and unpretentious men indeed, were the mighty apostles of this national miracle of



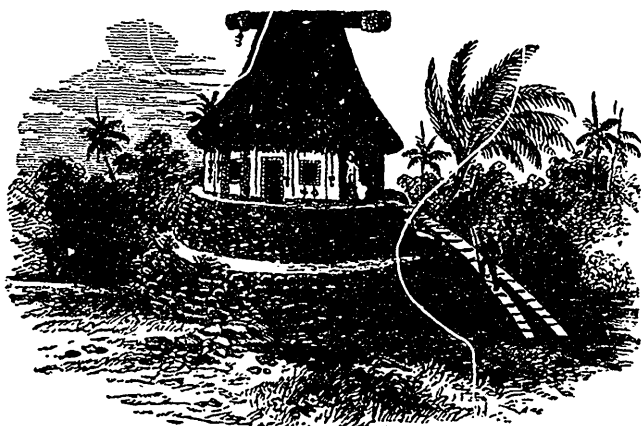
HOUSE OF NATIVES, FIJI.

evangelization. Calvert was accepted by the Wesleyan Missionary Society for the foreign field in 1837. After preparatory study in the Wesleyan Theological Institution at Hoxton, he, with two others—Hunt and Jagger—started for Fiji in 1838. Calvert took with him one of the greatest blessings God ever gives to men, a thoroughly good and suitable wife. Through all his subsequent career in Fiji, she proved his equal in every element of Christian excellence.

The two landed, and began work at Lakemba. The landing of any other white man or woman would have almost certainly meant a bit of savoury fresh meat for the ferocious Tui Nayau—king of Lakemba. They would have been on their way to the “ovens” within an hour. How came it to pass that these two lived there unharmed for ten years, and some twenty years more in Fiji after that? The answer to that question has a human, as

well as a divine, side. It was to the interest of these savages to let them live. The missionary's power to help the sick and to teach new arts has often been of inestimable service in heathen lands. The ability of the most degraded nations to perceive something of the religious objects of such a man's work, is often surprising. These cannibals knew at once what this man and woman came there for—to persuade them to "Lotu," as they called becoming Christians. King George, of Tonga—whom they respected because they feared him—had told them it was a good thing to "Lotu," and that they must not harm the missionary.

The extraordinary heroism of Calvert and his wife, certainly the highest of the high, impressed these savages. They never hesitated to reprove the mightiest and most brutal king of Fiji.

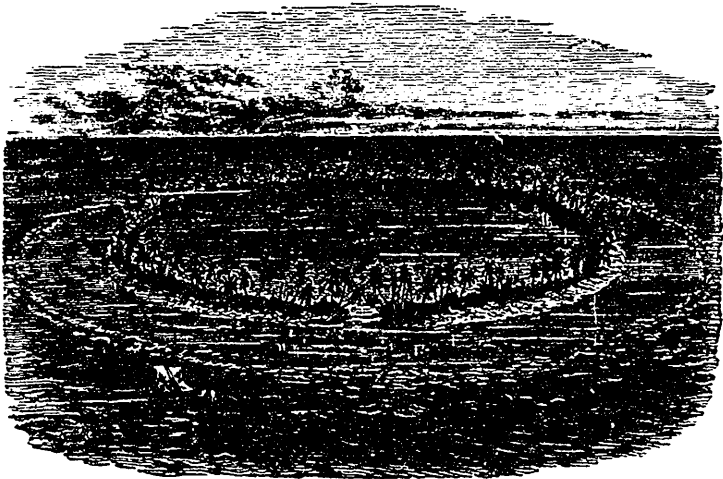


BURE, OR HEATHEN TEMPLE, FIJI.

It was done respectfully but unflinchingly. Many a lesson these savage monarchs learned of the supreme dignity and fearlessness of these defenceless strangers.

Tui Nayau's daughter was sick. Mr. Calvert was sent for to give her medicine. He went, but the sick girl got worse, and the king cried out, "You have killed my daughter." Mr. Calvert expressed his indignation at such a charge after he had been good enough to use the medicine sent from England for his own family. Next morning she got better, and the king sent for medicine for another of his children who was ill. Mr. Calvert's message was, "Give my respects to the king, and tell him that I do not wish to send any more medicine for his children, having killed his daughter last night, and it is not lawful for a missionary to kill two children of a king in so short a time." This reply brought an apology, and after some delay the medicine was sent.

On another occasion, when King Tanoa, of Bau, was visited by the Mbtuni tribe bringing large offerings of spoil, Ngavindi, one of his head men, was sent out to capture enemies or friends for a cannibal feast. Some women were seen fishing. Fourteen were seized and brought to Bau. Mr. Calvert and Mr. Lyth, his associate at that time, were away. Mrs. Calvert and Mrs. Lyth started for the king's house. The sound of death drums and the firing of muskets told them that the butchery was going on. They rushed into the very presence of the king—where no woman was ever allowed to enter—and boldly made their request. Tanoa was stunned by their audacity, and ordered the murder to stop. Nine had already perished, but the remaining five were



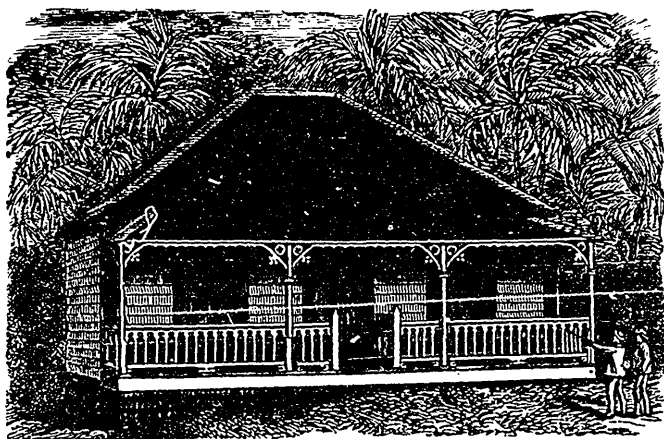
CORAL ISLAND IN FORMATION, FIJI.

set at liberty. Nothing could exceed the consummate tact, the splendid discretion, and the unbounded labours, of these servants of God. But after all, it was not to these they owed either their safety or their success. It was God who sent these missionaries to Fiji. His protection was over them. His blessing was upon their work.

One great chief after another was converted, but the most remarkable of all was the conversion of Thakombaw, the most powerful monarch of Fiji. Captain Erskine, of H.M.S. *Havannah*, who visited Fiji in 1849, thus describes Thakombaw: "It was impossible not to admire the appearance of the chief. Of large, almost gigantic size, his limbs were beautifully formed and proportioned. His countenance with far less of the negro cast than among the lower orders, agreeable and intelligent; while his

immense head of hair covered and concealed with gauze, smoke-dried and slightly-tinged with brown, gave him altogether the appearance of an Eastern sultan. No garments confined his magnificent chest and neck, or concealed the natural colour of his skin—a clear but decided black; and in spite of his paucity of attire, he looked every inch a king.”

Years of faithful effort and earnest prayer were at last crowned with success. In 1857 he was publicly baptized. He had been requested to address the assembly after his baptism. He did so. What a congregation he had! Husbands whose wives he had dishonoured; widows whose husbands he had slain; people whose relatives had been strangled by his orders. Those whose friends he had eaten; and children, the descendants of people he



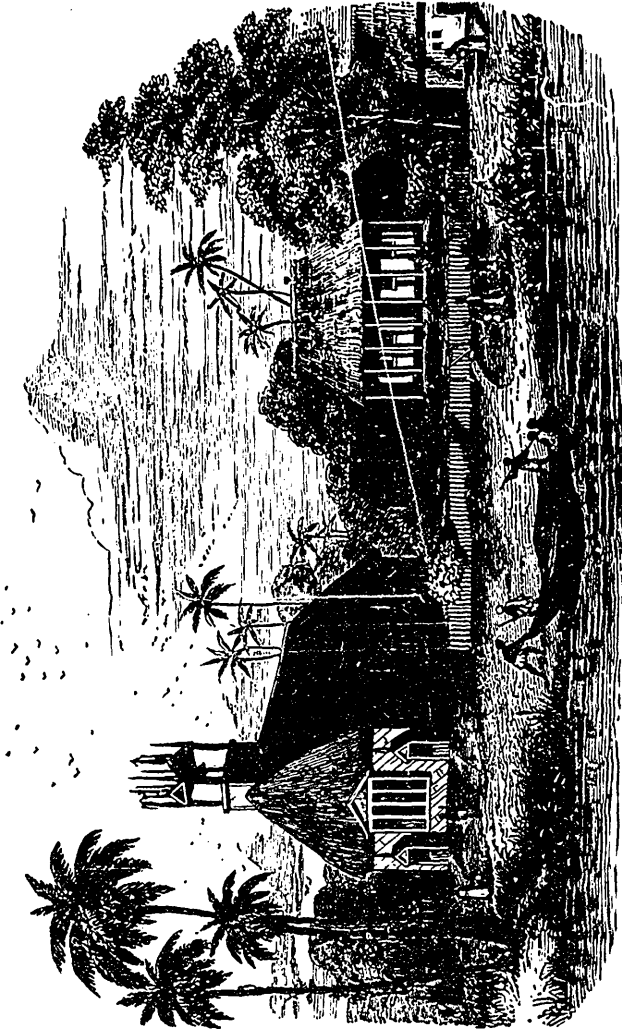
WESLEYAN MISSION HOUSE, OVALAN, FIJI.

had murdered, and who had vowed to avenge the wrongs inflicted on their fathers. A thousand stony hearts heaved with fear and astonishment as Thakombaw said:

“I have been a bad man. The missionaries came and invited me to embrace Christianity, but I said ‘I will continue to fight.’ God has singularly preserved my life. At one time I thought that I had myself been the instrument of my own preservation, but now I know that it was the Lord’s doing. I desire to acknowledge Him as the only and the true God. I have scourged the world.”

He was deeply affected, and spoke with great diffidence. He showed his sincerity by dismissing his many wives, and publicly marrying the chief one, Andi Lydia Samanunu. From this time, he took no retrograde step. His thirst for knowledge grew, and

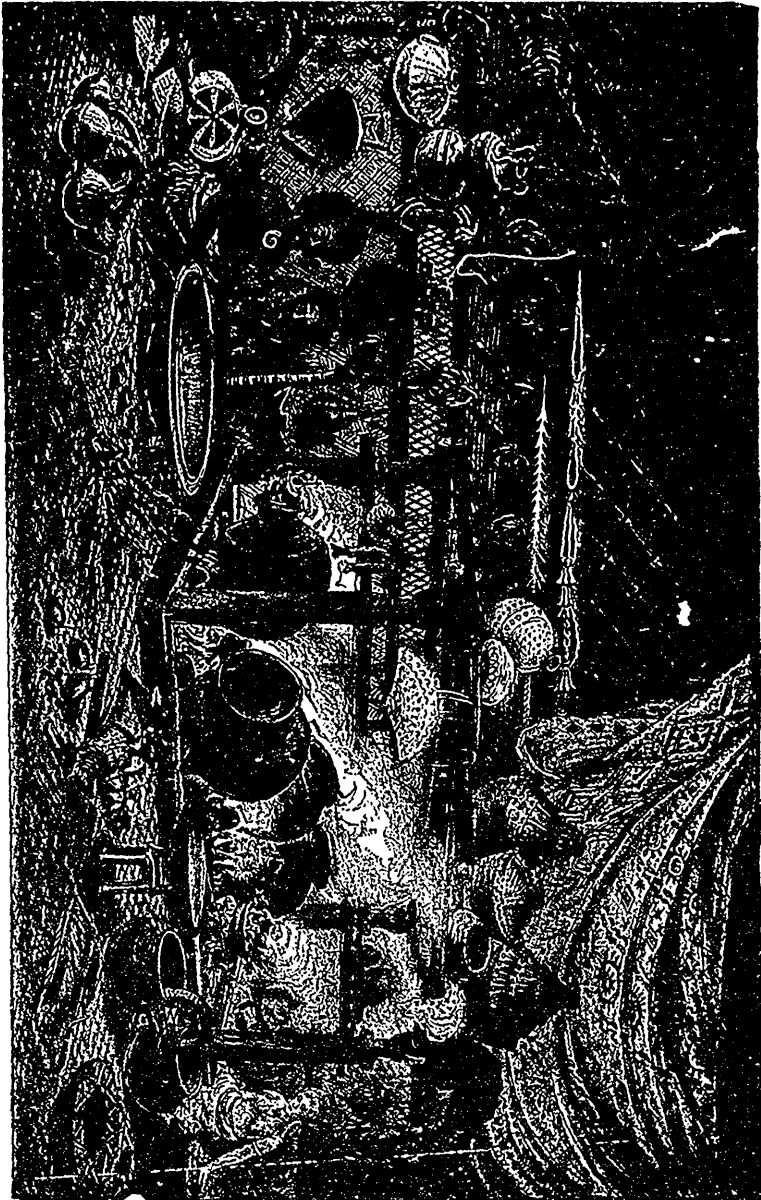
the touching spectacle was often witnessed of his efforts to learn to read taught by his own little children. The Rev. J. Nettleton, who was his chaplain for seven years, said he never met with a more devoted, earnest and consistent Christian. He died in 1883,



WESLEYAN CHAPEL AND MISSION PREMISES, BAW, FIJI.

and the *Fijian Times*, a secular paper, said, "His influence on the side of Christianity, and of good in general, has been greater than that of any chief or combination of chiefs throughout the islands. Since his conversion and baptism, he has led a worthy life; and, eminent before for tyranny, licentiousness and disregard of

human life, he has since been free from reproach, chaste in conduct, and considerate of the people."



A CHIEF'S KITCHEN, FIJI

The conversion of Fiji was pre-eminently God's work—the work of the Holy Spirit. These magnificent missionaries of the

Cross never forgot that—but perhaps it was, lest *they* should, and still more, lest *we should*, ever forget the supreme glory due to the Divine Spirit, God's *direct* hand was sometimes wonderfully seen. The work at Ono was a remarkable instance of this. Ono is the chief island of a group situated one hundred and fifty miles south of Lakemba and the most southerly extremity of Fiji.



THAKOMBAW, LATE KING OF FIJI.

Without any prompting except that which must have come from God's good spirit, these people began to grope from their own deep heathen darkness towards the light:

“An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry.”

In 1835, about the same time that the mission to Fiji was com-

menced, a desire arose among these people for better gods than they had. One of their chiefs had heard from a friendly islander that there was but one God, and that one day in seven ought to be set apart for His worship. As soon as this news reached them, they determined to worship this unknown God. A difficulty arose as to who should officiate for them. In their dilemma they sent for the heathen priest. Moved either by fear, or compassion, or honour, he consented, and asked this new God to keep and bless the people, at the same time acknowledging that he himself worshipped a different god, and that he was only acting as spokesman for his neighbours. This kind of worship continued while the longing for more knowledge grew upon them every day. It was a long time before their wishes for a teacher could be made known. A storm drove a boat full of Tongans—returning home—far out of their course. They landed on an island fifty miles from Ono. One of them was a Christian, and when he heard of what was going on at Ono, went there and taught them what he knew. When a regular Christian teacher reached them, he found one hundred and twenty persons who had renounced heathenism. The work spread on every hand. The missionaries bore testimony that, "Of all the work in Fiji that at Ono has been the most permanent and successful. More native teachers have been raised in proportion to the population than in any of the other islands." The genuine and sturdy character of the religion of these Fijian converts has proved itself on many signal occasions. Manfully have many of them endured persecution, exile and death, rather than compromise their principles.

They became some of the most rigid Sabbath-keepers in the world. This was severely tested in 1874 and 1875, when the Balolo festival occurred on Sunday. To use Miss Gordon Cumming's description, "The balolo is a small sea-worm, long and thin as ordinary vermicelli. Only on one day in the whole year do these creatures come to the surface of the water. The natives know exactly when they are due, and are all on the lookout for them. At certain well-known points near the reefs the whole sea, to the depth of several inches, is simply alive with them. As the day dawns these mysterious creatures with one accord sink once more to their native depths; nor will another be seen for twelve months. Well do the natives know how needless it would be to look for one after sunrise, so all the canoes then return to land, wrap their balolo in bread-fruit leaves, cook them in ovens and have a great feast. In both these years the balolo rose on Sunday, but *not one canoe* was put to sea except by some Roman Catholics." Miss Cumming adds, "Certainly, they are the most devout race for Christians that I have ever seen."

In 1885, the jubilee of Christianity was celebrated in Fiji. Mr. Calvert, then seventy-two, left England to attend it. Referring



HOT SPRINGS, ISLE NGAU, FIJI

to this visit, he said: "In 1835, when the mission commenced, there was not a single Christian in Fiji. In 1885 there was not

an avowed heathen in all the eighty inhabited islands. Out of a population of 110,000, 104,585 were attendants on public worship. Now, marriage is sacred, family worship regularly conducted, schools everywhere established, law and good government firmly laid, and spiritual churches formed and prosperous. The language



DANIEL AFEE, NATIVE WESLEYAN MISSIONARY.

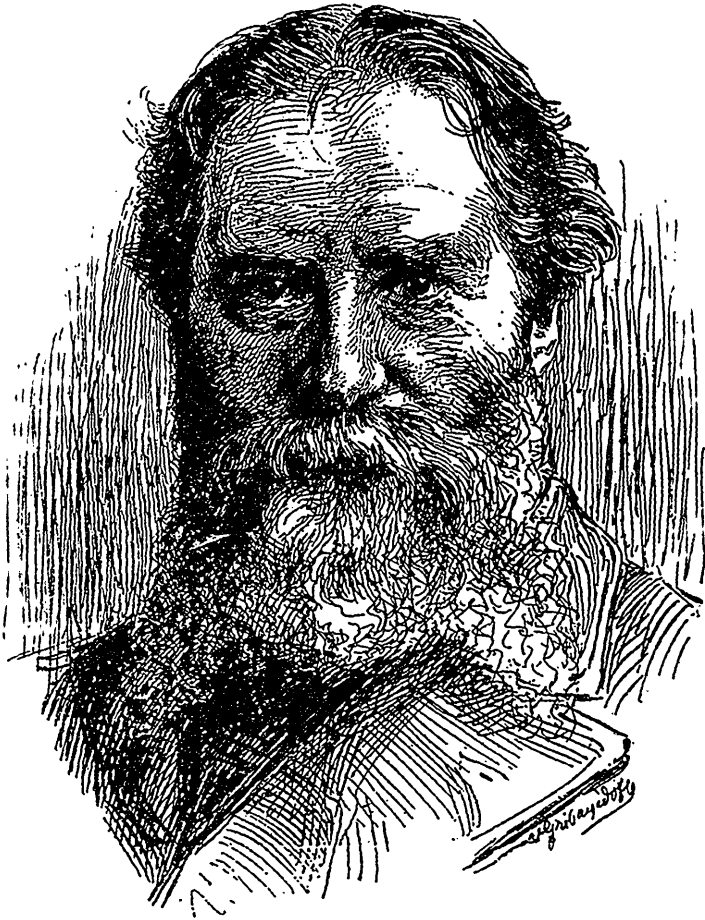
has been reduced to written form, and made one, doing away with the plague of many dialects. Eight thousand copies of the Bible in two editions, and fifty thousand of the New Testament have been purchased. Catechisms, with Scripture proofs, Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and three editions of John Hunt's invaluable 'Christian Theology,' have been widely circulated. We had no night of toil. God was with us from the beginning, and ever

confirmed His Word with signs following. These converts were whole-hearted and very true and faithful. Their thorough change of heart, wrought by the Holy Spirit, was manifest to all. They became living epistles, read and known and felt by all who knew them. It is a grand thing anywhere to have persons pardoned, renewed, sanctified, made new creatures in Christ Jesus. This personal Christian experience told amazingly among the dark and simple-minded Fijians, and it tells everywhere. The Fijian Church is also continually sending native missionaries to other distant lands, to preach Christ in other tongues. This many of them do successfully." Well might Mr. Calvert add, "What has been wrought in Fiji is of the utmost intrinsic value on the behalf of every saved one, but it is extremely important as it affords hope and encouragement to pray and work and give for the salvation of the vast populations of China and India, Africa and the whole world. Christ tasted death for every man in the whole world, and 'to Him every knee shall bow and every tongue confess that He is Lord, to the glory of God the Father. For He must reign till He hath put all enemies under His feet.'"

THE hammer of Thy discipline, O Lord,
 Strikes fast and hard! Life's anvil rings again
 To Thy strong strokes. And yet we know 'tis then
 That from the heart's hot iron, all abroad
 The rich glow spreads. Great Fashioner Divine—
 Who sparest not, in Thy far-seeing plan,
 The blows that shape the character of man,
 Or fire that makes him yield to touch of Thine—
 Strike on, if so Thou wilt! For Thou alone
 Canst rightly test the temper of our will,
 Or tell how these base metals may fulfil
 Thy purpose—making all our life Thine own.
 Only, we do beseech Thee—let the pain
 Of fiery ordeals through which we go,
 Shed all around us such a warmth and glow,
 Such cheerful show'rs of sparks in golden rain,
 That hard hearts may be melted, cold hearts fired,
 And callous hearts be taught to feel and see
 That discipline is more to be desired
 Than all the ease that keeps us back from Thee.

—*Mary E. Roper.*

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE recent death of James Russell Lowell removes another star from that galaxy of brilliant poets and authors who gave to Cambridge, Massachusetts, its conspicuous literary prominence. The sole surviving member of that bright company is now the venerable Dr. Holmes, lingering like "the last leaf," of which he so pathetically sings, when all its companions have withered and gone. The Quaker poet, Whittier, and the erratic genius, Walt Whitman, are, with Dr. Holmes, the only remaining singers of the distinguished company who won for American poetry distinct

recognition, both at home and abroad. Indeed, an English critic says of the deceased poet, "To Mr. Lowell belongs the supreme distinction of having written the only great poetry yet produced on this continent, the 'Commemoration Ode,' a poem which rises to the height of the greatest achievement yet wrought on these shores, and sustains itself with a noble breadth of thought and fulness of emotion."

We do not rank Lowell so high as this. We think that for versatility, for exquisite poetical conception and execution, for sweetness of rhythm, Longfellow far surpasses him. But, unquestionably, by the death of Lowell a great singer has ceased to exist among men. We have not time nor space for more than a very brief notice of his life and work. The outline of these we condense as follows :

"James Russell Lowell was a son of the Rev. Dr. Lowell, an eminent clergyman of Boston. He was born in 1819, and received his education at Harvard College, where he graduated at twenty years of age. On leaving college, he turned his attention to the study of the law; but his life has been chiefly devoted to literary pursuits. In addition to his poetical works, he is well known as a contributor to several journals, besides having edited for some time *The Atlantic Monthly*, and later, *The North American Review*, with marked ability. As United States Minister to Spain, and later to Great Britain, he maintained the dignity of his country by his high character and distinguished ability.

"Mr. Lowell was a true poet, and evidently felt the sanctity of the poetical vocation. The tone of his compositions is singularly high-minded, vigorous and pure; there is nothing mawkish or feeble about them. Many of his pieces impress us forcibly with the idea of great power of imagination, scattering its wealth with singular profuseness, and of daring originality of conception.

"The descriptive power shown in many of his poems is one of their most striking merits. The poet's eye catches even the most minute tracery of Nature's works, and the most rapidly fleeting of her aspects, and depicts them in verse with startling distinctness. His love of Nature is genuine, and the beauty of her majestic countenance has evidently sunk deep into his soul with elevating and refreshing influences. His imagination is vivid, and his fancy fruitful in fine images. We are frequently struck with a nice and delicate power of observation, and sometimes detect a searching glance, which shows the power of looking deeper into man's nature than he has usually done. We are pleased, too, with his purity and elevation of feeling. Morally speaking, there is not a line which, dying, he could wish to blot

out. Especially do we like the reverence which he shows for woman, and that love of ideal beauty, which takes from the passion, and adds to the sentiment, of love.

"The swift movement of Mr. Lowell's verses, and the daring energy of his conceptions, show that his genius inclines to the lyric form of poetry. He is master, indeed, of all the chords of the lyre, and strikes them with a bold and impetuous hand, till they ring out in loud but harmonious concert.

"The chief fault of Mr. Lowell's poems, is their want of compression. Redundancy, both of thought and expression, is the principal fault which we think the critical reader will be disposed to find with them. Sometimes, too, at the end of a fine poetical piece, a long moral application is appended, like the 'improvements' in the old Puritanical sermons."

One of Lowell's finest poems, in which he gives expression to what seems to us the very essence of Christianity, is his "Vision of Sir Launfal," the substance of which we abridge as follows:

"My golden spurs now bring to me,
And bring to me my richest mail,
For to-morrow I go over land and sea
In search of the Holy Grail ; *
Shall never a bed for me be spread,
Nor shall a pillow be under my head,
Till I begin my vow to keep ;
Here on the rushes will I sleep,
And perchance there may come a vision true
Ere day create the world anew.

"The drawbridge dropped with a surly clang,
And through the dark arch a charger sprang,
Bearing Sir Launfal, the maiden knight,
In his gilded mail, that flamed so bright :
Sir Launfal flashed forth in his unscarred mail,
To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail.

"As Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome gate,
He was ware of a leper, crouched by the same,

* The Holy Grail, it will be remembered, was the cup out of which Jesus partook with His disciples the last supper. It was brought into England by Joseph of Arimathea, and remained there, an object of pilgrimage and adoration, for many years in the keeping of his lineal descendants. It was incumbent upon those who had charge of it to be chaste in thought, word and deed ; but one of the keepers having broken this condition, the Holy Grail disappeared. From that time it was a favourite enterprise of the knights of Arthur's court to go in search of it. Sir Galahad was at last successful in finding it, as may be read in the seventeenth book of the Romance of King Arthur. Tennyson has made Sir Galahad the subject of one of the most exquisite of his poems.

“ Who begged with his hand and moaned as he sate ;
 And a loathing over Sir Launfal came.
 For this man, so foul and bent of stature,
 Rased harshly against his dainty nature,
 And seemed the one blot on the summer morn,—
 So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.”

After years of vain quest for the Holy Grail Sir Launfal returns only to be spurned from his own castle.

“ Sir Launfal turned from his own hard gate,
 For another heir in his earldom sate ;
 An old, bent man, worn out and frail,
 He came back from seeking the Holy Grail ;
 Little he recked of his earldom's loss
 No more on his surcoat was blazoned the cross,
 But deep in his soul the sign he wore,
 The badge of the suffering and the poor.

“ Sir Launfal's raiment thin and spare
 Was idle mail 'gainst the barbed air,
 For it was just at the Christmas-time ;
 So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier clime,
 And sought for a shelter from cold and snow
 In the light and warmth of long ago ;
 He sees the snake-like caravan crawl
 O'er the edge of the desert, black and small,
 Then nearer and nearer, till, one by one,
 He can count the camels in the sun,
 As over the red-hot sands they pass
 To where, in its slender necklace of grass,
 The little spring laughed and leapt in the shade,
 And with its own self like an infant played,
 And waved its signal of palms.

“ ‘ For Christ's sweet sake, I beg an alms ; ’
 The happy camels may reach the spring,
 But Sir Launfal sees naught save the grewsome thing,
 The leper, lank as the rain-blanchèd bone,
 That cowered beside him, a thing as lone
 And white as the ice-isles of Northern seas
 In the desolate horror of his disease.

“ And Sir Launfal said,—‘ I behold in thee
 An image of Him who died on the tree ;
 Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns,—
 Thou also hast had the world's buffets and scorns,—
 And to thy life were not denied
 The wounds in the hands and feet and side :
 Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me ;
 Behold through Him I give to thee ! ’

“Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes
And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he
Remembered in what a haughtier guise
He had flung an alms to leprosie,
When he caged his young life up in gilded mail
And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.
The heart within him was ashes and dust ;
He parted in twain his single crust,
He broke the ice on the streamlet’s brink,
And gave the leper to eat and drink ;
’Twas a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,
’Twas water out of a wooden bowl,—
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,
And ’twas red wine he drank with his thirsty soul.

“As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,
A light shone round about the place ;
The leper no longer crouched at his side,
But stood before him glorified,
Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate,—
Himself the Gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in Man.

“And the voice that was calmer than silence said,
‘Lo, it is I, be not afraid !
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail ;
Behold it is here,—this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now ;
This crust is My body broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on the tree ;
The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another’s need,
Not that which we give, but what we share,—
For the gift without the giver is bare ;
Who bestows himself with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungry neighbour, and Me.’”

One of the noblest characteristics of Lowell’s poems is his intense moral earnestness, and his burning love of freedom as evinced in the following verses :

“THE CENSUS.

“When a deed is done for freedom, through the broad earth’s aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east to west,
And the slave, where’er he cowers, feels the soul within him climb
To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy sublime
Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the thorny stem of Time.

“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 forever ’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.
- “Careless seems the great Avenger; history’s pages but record
One death-grapple in the darkness ’twixt old systems and the Word;
Truth for ever on the scaffold, Wrong for ever on the throne,—
Yet that scaffold sways the Future, and, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own.”

“THE FATHERLAND.

“Where is the true man’s fatherland?
Is it where he by chance is born?
Doth not the yearning spirit scorn
In such scant borders to be spanned?
O yes! his fatherland must be
As the blue heaven wide and free!

“Where’er a human heart doth wear
Joy’s myrtle-wreath or sorrow’s gyves,
Where’er a human spirit strives
After a life more true and fair,
There is the true man’s birth-place grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland!

“Where’er a single slave doth pine,
Where’er one man may help another,—
Thank God for such a birthright, brother,—
That spot of earth is thine and mine!
There is the true man’s birth-place grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland!”

“TO WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

- “In a small chamber, friendless and unseen
Toiled o’er his types one poor, unlearned young man;
The place was dark, unfurnished and mean;—
Yet there the freedom of a race began.
- “O Truth! O Freedom! how are ye still born
In the rude stable, in the manger nursed!
What humble hands unbar those gates of morn
Through which the splendours of the New Day burst!
- “What! shall one monk scarce known beyond his cell,
Front Rome’s far-reaching bolts, and scorn her frown?
Brave Luther answered, Yes; that thunder’s swell
Rocked Europe, and disarmed the triple crown.

"O small beginnings, ye are great and strong,
Based on a faithful heart and weariless brain !
Ye build the future fair, ye conquer wrong,
Ye earn the crown, and wear it not in vain.

"ON THE DEATH OF DR. CHANNING.

"I watch the circle of the eternal years,
And read forever in the storied page
One lengthened roll of blood, and wrong, and tears,—
One onward step of Truth from age to age.

"Men slay the prophets ; fagot, rack and cross
Make up the groaning record of the past ;
But Evil's triumphs are her endless loss,
And sovereign Beauty wins the soul at last.

"No power can die that ever wrought for Truth ;
Thereby a law of Nature it became,
And lives unwithered in its sinewy youth,
When he who called it forth is but a name."

Nor is the tender, pathetic and tearful interest wanting in his poetry. Callous must be the soul that can read without emotion his touching poem, entitled, "The First Snow Fall":

"The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

"I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little head-stone stood ;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

"Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, 'Father, who makes it snow ?'
And I told of the good All Father
Who cares for us here below.

"Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

"I remember the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake healing and hiding
The scar of our deep-plunged woe.

"And again to the child I whispered,
'The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall.'

“Then with eyes that saw not, I kissed her ;
 And she, kissing back, could not know
 That my kiss was given to her sister,
 Folded close' under deepening snow.”

His protest against man's inhumanity to man which “makes countless thousands mourn” rings out in his noble “Parable,” from which we can quote only a few lines :

“Said Christ our Lord, ‘I will go and see
 How the men, my brethren, believe in Me.’
 He passed not again through the gate of birth,
 But made Himself known to the children of earth. . . .

“Then Christ sought out an artisan,
 A low-browed, stunted, haggard man,
 And a motherless girl, whose fingers thin
 Pushed from her faintly want and sin.

“These set He in the midst of them,
 And as they drew back their garment-hem,
 For fear of defilement, ‘Lo, here,’ said He,
 ‘The images ye have made of Me!’”

A notable feature of his poetry is his sonnets. That on “The Street,” strikes us as grand as Woodsworth at his best.

“They pass me by like shadows, crowds on crowds,
 Dim ghosts of men, that hover to and fro,
 Hugging their bodies round them, like thin shrouds
 Wherein their souls were buried long ago :
 They trampled on their youth, and faith, and love,
 They cast their hope of human-kind away,
 With Heaven's clear messages they madly strove,
 And conquered,—and their spirits turned to clay :
 Lo ! how they wander round the world, their grave,
 Whose ever-gaping maw by such is fed,
 Gibbering at living men, and idly rave,
 ‘We, only, truly live, but ye are dead.’
 Alas ! poor fools, the anointed eye may trace
 A dead soul's epitaph in every face !”

Lowell seems to us unquestionably the finest humorist that America has produced ; but the intense moral purpose, the burning scorn of wrong, and hatred of war, cruelty and oppression, give his Biglow Papers a moral dignity shared by no other satirical verses that we know. Indeed, that moral purpose is the only excuse for their biting irony, and sharp sarcasm.

“Ez fer war, I call it murder,—
 There you hev it plain an' flat ;
 I don't want to go no furdur
 Than my Testymnt fer that. . . .

Ef you take a sword an' dror it,
 An' go stick a feller thru,
 Guv'ment aint to answer for it,
 God'll send the bill to you.

"Wut 's the use o' meetin'-goin'
 Every Sabbath, wet or dry,
 Ef it's right to go amowin'
 Feller-men like oats an' rye?
 I dunno but wut it 's pooty
 Trainin' round in bobtail coats,—
 But it's curus Christian dooty
 This 'ere cutting folk's throats. . . .

"Massachusetts, God forgive her,
 She's akneeling with the rest,
 She, thet ough' to ha' clung fer ever
 In her grand old eagle-nest;
 She thet ough' to stand so fearless
 While the wracks are round her hurled,
 Holdin' up a beacon peerless
 To the oppressed of all the world!

"Let our dear old Bay State proudly
 Put the trumpet to her mouth,
 Let her ring this messidge loudly
 In the ears of all the South. . . .
 Call me coward, call me traiter,
 Jest ez suits your mean ideas,—
 Here I stand a tyrant-hater,
 An' the friend o' God an' Peace!"

"What Mr. Robinson Thinks" was a great favourite with the late Abraham Lincoln, who, though called to power amid the throes of the greatest civil war the world has ever seen, was yet an ardent lover of peace.

"We were gittin' on nicely up here to our village,
 With good old idees o' wut's right an' wut aint,
 We kind o' thought Christ went agin war-an' pillage,
 An' thet eppyletts worn't the best mark of a saint;
 But John P.
 Robinson he
 Sez this kind o' thing's an exploded idee.

"Parson Wilbur sez *he* never heard in his life
 That th' apostles rigged out in their swaller-tail coats,
 An' marched round in front of a drum an' a fife,
 To git some on 'em office, an' some on 'em votes;
 But John P.
 Robinson he
 Sez they didn't know everythin' down in Judee.

"THE WAR CRY."

BY J. W. BENGOUGH.



In the stately marble corridor of
the fine uptown hotel,
The favourite lounge of drummer,
of tourist and of swell,
In little knots and circles, in trios
and in pairs,
The idlers chatted blithely 'midst
smoke-wreaths from cigars.

The drummer from Kentucky (in
the wine and liquor line),
Was spinning funny stories in his
usual genial vein,
And bursts of merry laughter ac-
claimed each happy hit,
Like thunder peals responding to
the lightning flash of wit.

Within the vaulted entry, and across the polished tiles,
To'ards the group of flippant gossips, under fire of rakish smiles,
Came a pair of mild-faced maidens, clad in modest navy blue,
And scoop bonnets of the Army, with the badge of crimson hue.

And with gentle step approaching, as the loungers "stood at ease,"
Spoke in accents low and winning—"Will you buy a *War Cry*, please?"
Holding out a sample paper from the bundle that each bore—
"Will you please to buy a copy—it will tell you of the war."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the drummer with an air of mock alarm,
Putting up his gold-rimmed pince-nez—"a *War Cry*—little marm?
Why, I thought the war was over and ended long ere this?
Been another Indian slaughter—or what's the matter, Miss?"

A smile went round the circle at this clever, ready jest,
And the hand that held the paper trembled as it fell to rest;
But upon the jester's features the Lass's eyes were set,—
The sweetest yet the saddest eyes his glance had ever met.

"No," she said, in earnest, quavering tones, and tears were in her voice,
"The war is not yet ended, nor the time come to rejoice;
With dead and dying comrades the trenches yet are filled,
And the field is strewn with victims—but not by Indians killed.

" 'Tis sinful human passion, the lust and greed of gold,
That slaughters these our brothers to-day in hosts untold ;
That slays them, not with bullets, but with ardent spirits fell,
With wine, and beer, and whiskey—the artillery of hell !

" O Sir ! are you a helper in this awful work of woe ?
Do eyes of murdered babies glare icily at *you* ?
Do ghosts of famished mothers and wraiths of ruined sons
Cry from the tombs for vengeance on *you*, who man the guns ?

" May God forbid ! but O, Sir ! this long and weary war
Is raging all about us—that's why this badge we wear ;
And you, who praise the soldier who faces shot and shell,
Have you no manly honour for us who fight as well ?

" Think you we find it easy or pleasant thus to go
Where mocking laughter greets us—two women weak ?—oh, no !
But our dear Master's colours we dare to hold aloft,
And bear, as once He bore for us, the taunt, the jeer, the scoff !

" 'Tis for your souls we labour, we do not prize your gold,
But oh ! don't slight our Master, His love can ne'er be told ;
You do not mean to be unkind, your hearts are not all bad,
But your thoughtless mirth makes sadder our souls already sad."

No man in all that circle now wore a leering smile,
But moistened eyes were fixed upon that face so free of guile ;
And when the Lass ceased speaking, the jester, ill at ease,
Said huskily, " God bless you ; sell me a *War Cry*, please !"

TORONTO, August 28th.

NOT ALONE.

BY EGBERT L. BANGS.

I'm not alone, where'er I be,
Though face of man nowhere I see.

The mountain peak
I ofttimes seek,

For God is always there with me.

If on the breaking sea I go,
The sky above, the depths below,

My God is here :
I will not fear,

For solitude I can not know.

I seek the forest's holy aisles,
Through which the golden sunlight
smiles ;

God's presence there
Is in the air,

And every lonely thought beguiles.

Go where I will, by land or sea,
His presence ever follows me.

I will not fear,
For He is near,

Why should I ever lonely be ?

METHODISM AND MISSIONS.

BY THE REV. C. S. EBY, D.D.

SEVEN or eight hundreds of millions of our fellowmen are still pagan and under pagan governments. Four or five hundred millions are under Christian, or so-called Christian governments, of whom two or three hundred millions are still pagan. Of nominal Christians, the majority belong to a paganized form of Greek or Roman Catholicism. Of the apparently small remnant left the majority stand aloof from the Christian Church, either as avowed unbelievers or practical neglecters of religion. And in all these lands, so full of Gospel light, iniquity abounds. Does this gloomy outlook appal? Has God's plan to save the world failed, and are His promises and prophecies false? God forbid.

From the very first God indicated that His gracious purposes towards man should be carried out by the union of the divine and the human, the co-operation of God and man.

The Roman Church came to temporal rule, and was needed to hold together in some shape the chaotic elements of Europe when the Empire expired, and she grew into the idea that her sway over nation and governments represented the idea of Christ's kingdom among men.

The Church of England became largely Protestant in its theology when England revolted from the rule of Rome, but inherited much from the old Romanism which it replaced as a national church; its ecclesiasticism had been made to fit into the society of the time, and all its developments tended to make it tenacious of old forms, social and political.

The other great Churches of the Reformation broke more thoroughly away from the trammels of Rome. After the din of confusion in which the Covenanters and the Puritans were tried had passed away, we find them growing up into an intellectual Church which has made Scotland and New England the school-masters of the world, and made Presbyterianism and Puritanism powerful in the councils of nations. After the early contentions were over and a new spiritual life had touched them, the Churches of Scotland and kindred ones awakened to missionary effort, and gave birth to some of the grandest missionaries of all time.

Methodism arose in a time of spiritual torpor and moral stagnation—arose to awaken all the Churches and to lead Christendom to a profounder spiritual revival and a grander

moral uplifting than had ever been known in the world's history. It is well known to review the relation which Methodism bears to the evangelization of the world—her present attitude, her responsibility, her advantages and disadvantages—and what is the need of the hour to enable her to do what Providence intends that she should accomplish.

In attempting to deal with this question I shall look at it from the different standpoints of our doctrinal teaching, our organization, our educational facilities, and the motive power on which we rely for the sinews of war.

In the points I have indicated we have the human elements of our Church life, and these I emphasize, not because I would overlook the need of the Divine Presence as the source of spiritual power, but taking that for granted, we have the human elements as our theme. I pause, however, just long enough to say that I can conceive of nothing more bare and ghastly than Methodism without this Divine vital energy. Methodism without the Divine revival power, becomes a great grinding piece of machinery, where conferences become a scrabbling point of culmination for a year's wire-pulling of preachers for the fattest appointments possible, and of circuits for the biggest preachers to be had. Then alas for the missionary spirit!

I.—As to Doctrinal Teaching.

Truth is divine, Science is human, Christianity is divine, Theology is human. Revelation is divine, exposition, whether spoken or printed, with the sanction of the Church or without it, is human and fallible and should be open to correction, for "we know in part and we prophesy in part" only. The history of Protestantism makes one thing very clear to us, and that is, that while men are men there can never be absolute uniformity of doctrinal belief and statement. Methodism the world over, has one theology. But her theology is more practical, for with all due deference to Watson, and Pope, and Raymond, and a multitude of other writers, no satisfactory theology of Methodism has yet been published. The fathers of Methodism took great fundamental principles of God's revelation—took them on their knees untrammelled of the scholasticism of the past—took them as lessons of God to solve the world's problem of that particular time. They found those which fitted the world's heart, and gave them to their children forever. The children take these same fundamentals and translate them into the thought and language of their own times, their theology more largely shown in holy lives and spiritual power than in books. The true preacher is no mere echo of the voice of the

fathers; their preaching suited the times, their usages fitted their days. The live preacher of to-day must be an embodiment of his theology and fit it by utterance and plan of work to the day in which he lives. The hurdy-gurdy preacher who grinds out varieties of Wesley and Watson to the tune of a generation ago, is no help to build up or extend in the mission fields the borders of our Methodism. If all these hurdy-gurdy preachers and theologies and usages could be laid on the shelf, and living, intelligent preaching and guidance be substituted, the problem of many of our missions in this land, that have been missions from ten to fifty years, would be solved by their speedily becoming self-supporting circuits. And above all things, let our pioneer stations, our Indian missions, and our foreign work, be spared the bane of these anachronistic echoes, but let them be manned by men whose intelligence is set on fire of God, "living epistles read and known of all men."

II.—As to Organization.

The Church is divine; the churches are human. There is nothing which so soon ossifies as ecclesiastical arrangements, so that they grow into a sacred machinery which it becomes a sacrilege to touch. The fathers of Methodism were great organizers, adapting their rules to the exigencies of the times, ready to discard anything that was useless, and to accept anything that proved useful in their great work. Their children solidified their organization, and almost began to worship it as divine; their grandchildren are now finding out that fossilizing does not succeed, and hence is unMethodistic. Methodism can work in any organization and succeed, hence the organization is not Methodism. In monarchical England it succeeds best in democratic form; in republican America in episcopal uniform; in the democratic-monarchical Dominion of Canada in a sort of heterogeneous mixture of the two; anything to any land or people so long as it works. A generation ago Methodism was in danger of fossilizing on a narrow line, lopping off the zone of her activities, both below and above; so that the late Luke Wiseman, one of England's grandest Methodists, had to warn her against idolizing machinery and sacrificing men. Twenty-five years ago English Methodists had no place for a man whom God had called to make a large evangelistic movement among the lowest classes of the unwashed; and Booth had to go out of the ranks of Methodism to organize a Salvation Army which now ministers to millions.

There has been a notable reaction against this idolatry of the machine since the great Ecumenical Conference in London, notably

in Canada, where the apparently impossible has taken place, in the union, by mutual concession, of all branches of Methodism, excepting the Evangelical Association—and that by an oversight of the larger bodies. Men say we need no new machinery; work the old well. I reply, if man were an automaton, and history would stop revolving, and time cease rushing, and humanity stop growing, and opportunities for the Church cease opening, we might stop and say that our machinery was final.

“ ’Tis as easy to be heroes as to sit the idle slaves
Of a legendary virtue carved upon our fathers' graves.
Worshippers of light ancestral, make our present light a crime :
Was the *Mayflower* launched by cowards, steered by men behind their
time ?
Turn those tracks towards Past or Future that make Plymouth Rock
sublime ?

“ They were men of present valour, stalwart old iconoclasts,
Unconvinced by axe or gibbet that all virtue was in the Past's.
But we make their truth our falsehood, thinking that hath made us free,
Hoarding it in mouldy parchments, while our tender spirits flee
The rude grasp of that great Impulse which drove them across the sea.

“ New occasions teach new duties ; Time makes ancient things uncouth ;
They must upward still and onward who would keep abreast of Truth ;
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires ! We ourselves must pilgrims be ;
Launch our *Mayflower* and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's old rusty key.”

And what has all that to do with the mission problem? Simply this, that we must not expect our missionaries in foreign lands to be propagandists of an organization, but to plant Methodism, so far as we know it to be divine, as a means of bringing the people to God. How much more honouring to God and creditable to our ourselves and useful to the people, if we could cease our propagandism of sectarianism, unite in building up one united independent Methodism that would be a mighty factor in the land, and leave to the people themselves largely the choice of the organization most suitable to themselves.

III.—As to Education.

The powers of the human mind are given of God for a definite work; the highest type of that work can be accomplished only by the highest mental culture, as physical results can be obtained only by the best physical culture. It would seem as though, with our doctrines of consecration to God, Methodism would seek to develop the highest type of mind as an offering to God, and not

be satisfied with the halt and the lame, the blemished offering. And yet it is just here where lies the secret of the weak spots in Methodism to-day, the one thing in which, above all others, we need to bestir ourselves. Of all places I know of, there is none where humiliation of heart on this account is more appropriate than in this Canada of ours. We have not begun to measure up to the conceptions of our own fathers of forty or fifty years ago, and an immediate forward movement of our Church as a whole must take place, or we shall shortly feel more keenly than ever the fruits of deserved degradation in retrograde Methodism. In the matter of a middling education, Methodism has done much; for higher education, very little in comparison with what she ought to do, and do at once. In all our educational discussions one wide-reaching point seems largely to have been overlooked, and that is, that our Christian colleges are not simply to guard the individual student by religious training and religious influence, important as that may be, but to guard the education of the age and mould the thought of generations yet to be.

And that brings us again to the question, What has that to do with missions? Much—every way; and chiefly this: Whatever you do with self-supporting and self-sufficient circuits that pay their way or deliberately starve their ministers, for God's sake and the Church's sake keep your average man out of missions that are paid from funds raised to extend the Redeemer's kingdom and bring the world to God. When we come to select men for the foreign missions, it is simply the quintessence of folly to send any but the keenest intellects, and the ripest scholarship, to grapple with the men and the systems of India, China, Japan, and other lands of that grade. The foreigner is not needed there to evangelize the masses, and there is where fifty years of mistake has been made in China, where they attempt to climb from the coolie up to the mind of the land. And there is the secret of success in Japan—the brains, the ruling, thinking mind of the land is appealed to; the battle is to be fought on that plane, with Western infidelity and Oriental thought; while these strong men and women, when converted and equipped, will reach the masses more effectively than any number of foreigners. What is wanted is schools for the young people, who come flocking to all the great cities for an education, manned by trained teachers, and then a few apostolic men of large mind, elastic temperament, and of the broadest, deepest type of sanctified scholarship, or men who give promise of such attainments by exercise and experience, to plant the standard high and light the candlesticks of God to the highest intellectual plains, and gather around them an army of native

evangelists to carry on the work to final success. Now, I ask, has Methodism such men for such work? If so, let us send them in God's name, and we will do much to solve the missionary problem.

IV.—*The Motive Power.*

I come now to the last point, as to the motive power on which we rely to bring forth, to the practical solution of this problem, a sufficient number of men of the right stamp, a spirit in the church that will send them, and a sufficiency of means to sustain them and their work until the churches planted become self-supporting. I have tried to picture to myself the real state of this missionary problem, but find it difficult to grasp it as it unfolds, and impossible to find words to voice it to busy folks in these lands of Christendom. Everywhere enterprises in which self-interest is largely mixed command almost unbounded wealth, but for unselfish enterprises amazingly little. The old plan of putting missions among the charities, relegating God and His dearest work to our list of paupers, and then giving as our sympathies were wrought upon, has simply outlived its usefulness, and must give way for the practical operation of some nobler force. We can only talk plain business: There is the work to do; there is the world to disciple for God, and there are your marching orders. How can we move the Church to action? It is absurd to say that the Church has reached the limit of her power to give. Ten dollars could be given by the Church for this purpose where one is given, if there was but a mind to give.

The difficulty is simply that our motive power has been too purely humanitarian, too dependent on our moods. We have talked a great deal about our duty as stewards of God, but, with the exception of a few individual cases, with very superficial effect.

In the *Presbyterian Review*, a capital quarterly of that excellent denomination, many of these thoughts of mine have been put into striking shape in an article on the "Reorganization of Christian Living." The writer places the basis on which the necessary reorganization is to be effected in our sense of duty to God rather than in our sympathy for man. That is a position higher than that on which we have been moving; and would turn our paltry offerings into a splendid tribute to God, as men brought in what they considered as God's portion, or what was due to Him for His great love to us. That is the point in which that school of theology would naturally culminate.

But all that does not satisfy me as the final solution, and the question to my mind just now is, has Methodism in its spirit and theology the germ of that which will give a final solution? I

believe that this final solution is the legitimate culmination of Methodism, the ultimate outcome of her spirit and theology; and for which her past development has been but a track-laying stage. And wherein in Methodism, you ask, lies the secret fountain, this sealed and sacred hope for these ends of the ages? In the legitimate application of her doctrine of holiness! I reply. The preaching of holiness is the very palladium of Methodism; holiness obtainable by faith, lived now and here, not in a life of a useless ascetic, not in ghastly theological abstraction, not in dim hope of some future holiness that we may approach unto but never obtain, useless alike to God and man, but a Scriptural holiness whereby the reconstructed man walks the earth, in a sense, an incarnation of God. It has been the point, and yet no doctrine has been so jeopardized by foes without and crudities within. It has existed all along, and exists to-day as a splendid spiritual inspiration which gilds and quickens, and glorifies every other phase of salvation with which it works; but it is still to the mass of our preachers and people a splendid intangibility, simply because it has never yet received a definite ethical development, enforced with the irresistible combination of spiritual genius and moral courage to set on flame the conscience of the age. To put it into a nutshell, the best holiness sermon is God's, "Be ye holy, for I am holy," which to me, means that every God-given faculty—and every faculty we have is a counterpart of God's own nature—should be Godlike, not only in constitution, but also in character and use.

Methodism has always had, and has to-day, an army of men who could easily earn a competence in secular business or other profession, but who literally follow the Master, singing:

"No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in the wilderness,
A poor wayfaring man,"

in order to carry the Gospel to their fellowmen. Now, the question in my mind is this: Why cannot we have a consecrated army of similarly cultured and competent and successful business men, who shall make money that shall be God's to send the Gospel, while they simply call a living salary their own? I ask for no long-faced asceticism, for no dreary, unrequited drudgery; but to put it into tangible form: Let one hundred young men starting in life—graduates of this college, if you like—form a holiness association on this wise. Let those who are called to the work of the ministry offer themselves for any mission field at home or abroad that the regular church authorities think them

best fitted for, as fast as funds are supplied to send and support them, and give them means to work. Suppose that fifty are thus called and appointed, let the other fifty—either in combination or separately—go into business for God, promising to put every dollar of earnings above a comfortable salary into the hands of the same church authorities to carry on God's work where they see the best openings. Let there be kept up a mutual insurance and superannuation and sick fund, if you like, so that all shall be cared for and exigencies met. I venture to say that inside of five years, if the plan were enthusiastically and honestly worked, those fifty devoted men at home would support the fifty men abroad, and the contagion would catch and lift up the Church givings all along the line, multiplying such men as Studd and his offering of \$500,000. Let one thousand business men consecrate their all in a similar way, and a thousand new missionaries would soon be abroad as flaming angels of truth lighting up the farthest and darkest corners of this sad earth, and all Christendom would heave with such a moral uplifting as humanity never dreamed of.

Oh, brethren, what we want as a motive power is holy, human eyes, to see the problem as God sees it; holy, human hearts, to sympathize with a lost world, as Christ Himself agonized, until we have fellowship with His sufferings on their behalf, and that we put our sympathy into practical form as He did. If this could be done, and become contagious in Christendom, very soon hell on earth be driven to the place prepared for the devil and his angels, and the new heavens and the new earth would appear—the missionary problem would be solved, and Methodism would have done her work, and be ready to gather up her feet and die, and be buried in the grave of every ism, all having become Christ's, and God all in all. Then the evening stars would sing together, and all the sons of God would again shout for joy; the day of earth completed, time would be no more, but in its place come forth in glory the fuller day of eternal heaven.

“Hallelujah! the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!”

“THERE'S no time for idle scorning,
While the days are going by;
Let your face be like the morning,
While the days are going by;
Oh, the world is full of sighs,
Full of sad and weeping eyes,
Help your fallen brother rise,
While the days are going by.”

CAUSES OF SOCIAL DISCONTENT.*

BY BISHOP' F. D. HUNTINGTON.

"MIKE," said a priest to a thriving parishioner, who, without being a student of philosophy or history, used his perceptive faculties, prospered by his wits, and had become a considerable person in the parish, "I don't see your children at the parish school any more." "And because they don't go there any more, your reverence," answered Mike. "But do you mean to let your boys and girls grow up without an education, then?" "Not a bit of it, your reverence." "How is that, Mike?" "Oh, they go to the public school; it costs less, they learn as fast, and they grow up along with them that they are to deal with." "Ah, Mike, but that will never do. You *must* send them to the parish school." Mike's manner changed from grave to gay. Looking his shepherd in the eye, with a self-possessed smile, he continued the dialogue. "Father, you and I came over the water a few years ago, didn't we?" "Why, yes, Mike; but what if we did?" "Well, Father, when you and I came over the water we left 'must' behind us."

Here is a part of the answer to a much larger question. It not only expresses a fact, and a fact of far-reaching significance; it utters a spirit of the national life so pervading and so active as to enter into our more serious problems, social; industrial, political, educational, financial. Formerly, in the older forms of society, it was a question of classes; the class dominated and overshadowed the individual. Now, with us, it is a question of individuals, and of more and more individuals, tending to work the people back into a class condition. The mistake of politicians is in trying to settle or direct material interests without regard to immaterial forces. Many such managers, not without patriotism and a kind of sagacity, neglect this element in public affairs simply from the habit of their minds, inevitably failing thereby to rise to the dignity and power of statesmen. A smaller and blinder kind hate it, are impatient at it, call it contemptuous names, and imagine they can get on by chicanery and manipulation to the accomplishment of party purposes without it. But it refuses to disappear. Caucus and Congress, "bosses" and

*This suggestive paper, prepared by a leading philanthropist of the United States for one of the foremost Reviews of that country, is not without its lessons for the social economists of Canada.—ED.

"workers," will go on leaving it out of their calculations; but it stays by. They may drive it out, but it will come back.

No very deep insight is needed to see that the most troublesome issues now on hand, or approaching, spring from a source which is original only in the sense that it has not existed before on anything like the same scale. Apart from scientific phraseology, more of the people than ever before want what they have not got, think they have a right to it, see it to be in the possession of others about them who seem to have no better natural right to it than they have, and believe that they can get it. There are, therefore, two questions, one of right and one of strength. The physical and moral elements are not very clearly discriminated, but they are both ever present.

An idea of justice, however vague or ill-guided, sustains the physical struggle, however violent. The socialist combination and the mob anarchists find a sophistical justification in an instinctive notion that they are wronged or unfairly served, however unreasoning that notion may be. On the wisdom, patience, disinterestedness, large-sightedness, of those who are in power and possession, *i. e.*, of the voters, who are the government, depends the fate of the nation. At present, organization, intelligence, army, police, wealth, occupancy, are on one side. Even with that preponderance, the last five years show how much mischief can be done and misery caused by the other side, and the proportions are shifting. The people at large do not know, because no confession will tell, in what degree capitalists and corporations are subjects of fear. Are there any thinking men who really suppose that labour-leagues and anti-poverty meetings and strikes, which are certain to play an increasing part in the politics of the future, have nothing behind or underneath them but money, victuals, ease, and fine clothes? Woe to the country, indeed, if that is true! Humanity is not so bad. The "lower classes" are not so bad. Even that great question of finance and industry which at this moment arrays the two leading political parties against each other, making the approaching Presidential election more strictly than any that has preceded it a matter of political economy, has its super-political relations. Mainly it turns on points where the economists, practical and theoretical, ought to have something definite to say and ought to be heard; but it also plainly involves the social passions and sentiments which are agitating the whole American population, in city and country. In all the copious congressional debates upon it, no more sensible or indisputable sentence has been spoken than that of the representative who remarked that the prosperity of the country is not made by tariff

laws, but by the energy and thrift—he might have added, by the self-command and integrity—of the people.

This phenomenon, at any rate, is now presented for consideration, and it is one of vital concern for sober-minded men of every class. According to the curious calculation made in 1884, by the advocates of high protection, it appeared that in the twenty years between 1861 and 1880 the wealth of the United States had been increased by an amount very much greater than the total acquisitions of the people during the preceding two hundred years. But prior to this marvellous increase of the aggregate wealth, beggars were unknown and tramps unheard of; to-day vagrants infest every hamlet; deaths from starvation are not unfrequent; suicide in the desperation of extreme want is a frequent occurrence. Teachers of anarchism and communism find multitudes of eager disciples among workingmen, and the latter are forming unions, practically oath-bound secret societies, which are controlled, as armies are controlled, by their chiefs, with the sole purpose of wresting from their employers a larger share of the rewards of labour. It is, in fact, a state of social war.

What is the cause of these troubles? The cause is not single, nor does it lie altogether on the surface. If it can be controlled, the study of it is not less practical than the construction of disputed financial schemes and the electing of administrations to try experiments with them. Under one shape or another it will be found to belong, in comparison with the past and with other lands, to those altered conditions of social life which the Irish Mike had vaguely in mind when he rebelled at the dictation of his ecclesiastical master. Long-established social distinctions and demarcations are broken up. Prescription has lost its hold. Classes are mixed and fused. No American thinks of remaining in any grade or calling or position because his ancestors have been there, no matter for how many generations. From the bottom to the top is but a single leap, and anybody can make the leap. It is common to speak of this as an unmingled advantage. Undoubtedly it stimulates enterprise. So does it stimulate greedy ambitions, wild expectations, and heated competitions. It sets up impracticable standards. It opens the lists to all, but there is a limit to the prizes, whether of office or fortune. What everybody wants and tries to get only a few can gain. Of aspiration come both the glory and the misery of mankind. Hope that is still hope inspires effort and points to success; hope disappointed and crushed is followed by a reaction of despair, of bitterness, perhaps of crime. A universal scramble for place and profit is not a producer of social peace or a school of social virtue. Take away all

the dishonesty in politics caused by an open competition for the offices, and all the dishonesty in business caused by an open competition for wealth, and what an upright people we should be! We are not finding fault with our system; much less are we recommending a remedy. We are accounting for the restlessness, financial upheavals, commercial disasters, unwholesome depressions, and needless impoverishments to which we are subject. We say that one of the causes is an unprecedented temptation to use indiscriminate means to "get up in the world," drawing thousands of men out of the safe, even, and sure path of a steady and contented industry.

Kindred to this inordinate passion, this pull and push, is an artificial estimate of the relative respectability of different kinds of work. It may seem rather late, to be sure, to be urging the dignity of labour. The point is that while men and women are eagerly determined to get rich, they are fastidious as to the manner and fashion and name of the service that is to accomplish it. The more wealth the country has, the more anxious people of all conditions are to put on the dress and style of wealth. The more the soil yields, the less they want to have to do with the soil. Leaving out of view the immense acreage of tillable but untilled lands at the West, waiting largely for foreign cultivators, observe the agricultural districts in all the Eastern and older States. For fifty years there has been going on a steady process of depletion of enterprise and vigour. Three lines of immigration run out from them—to the small cities and railroad centres, to the great cities, and also, but less, to the newer States and Territories. These emigrants of both sexes want two things: they want money, and they want to get it without working much with their hands. There is also a fascination in social stir and excitement. In their search for chances some succeed, others have not the faculties that win success; some are weak in will, some are weak in principle, some are lazy. They are set free, in a strange place, from home restraints. The men and boys hang about inferior taverns and low boarding-houses and dubious places of amusement, hoping that something genteel and pleasant will turn up for them. They would like to handle other men's money or business, and get a share of it without any other manual exercise. The girls seek situations in shops and "offices." They are glad to be rid of house-work on the farm. Their lives are dangerously exposed, at almost every turn. When off duty they have a tempting liberty or else a perilous solitude. Dress is never long out of mind. The social instinct never dies. Christianity has made no very thorough, attractive, or genial arrangements for them.

From this large and increasing class, male and female, society has something to hope and much to fear. Crime and poverty are far more likely to be replenished from it than from a community of homes. Offer one of the city girls every comfort and eight or ten dollars a month in cash for house-service in a good family, what would she say? Within the current week application has been made, without success, at nineteen well-kept houses of working people, in three villages, for board, at a good price, for two ladies. A farm in New Hampshire, yielding fifteen tons of hay and other crops each season, is reported to have been lately sold for fifty-two dollars, with a house and out-buildings. This is not a poor country. It is a country of abundance, where—except foreigners, by whose sides natives are ashamed to work—everybody believes he ought to be rich with little manual toil and in handsome clothes. In nearly every New England rural town society would be stronger and happier in every element of a useful, intelligent, and virtuous citizenship, if the young men and women had been content to live and die there, not accumulating fortunes, but creating a more and more elevated and profitable husbandry; superior to want, voting against all needless taxation, and producing the necessaries of life, which will never fail of a market.

A correction of some of these false ideas and delusive estimates of welfare might be expected of a right system of general education. When public schools themselves have a just conception of what education is, that is, of what human life and character are meant to be; when they are governed and ordered, not by small local politicians, but by committees chosen by reason of a personal manifestation of human life and character at their best; when teachers are employed who are of that superior order of men and women, and are not either teaching school temporarily as a financial convenience, or making the pupils instruments of their own advancement by factitious or showy examinations; when textbooks are not devised and shifted for the profit of publishers; when half the studies are not in subjects and technicalities having no possible relation to the scholar's usefulness or good sense, and when morality is not pushed aside from among the things that children are to be taught, and religion is not forgotten or forbidden; when duties to God and man take their place in those primary conditions of civilized society for which the youth of a strong and Christian nation are trained—then the problems of poverty, labour, wages, communism, anarchy, will be disposed of in a way that the theorist, the *doctrinaire*, and the secret associations have not considered. They will be forestalled.

A distinct occasion of social and industrial disturbance appears

in the uncertainty of those many occupations which depend on appointment by the will of men. One of the worst features of the growth of enormous corporations and individual accumulations of capital is their inevitable mutability. The suspension of any one of ten thousand vast establishments turns out into idleness and all its temptations a host of men, women, and children, supplying the countless array of vagrants, tramps, paupers, thieves, rioters. No wonder the owners of large investments and masters of finance dread a crisis. But the averting of the financial crisis is the duty of thoughtful business men quite as much as the executive and legislative departments of the government or the professors of political economy. It is one of those attainments of which time and suffering and self-constraint are the instructors.

Under these stern disciplinarians our people are already beginning to adjust themselves to the immense hazards of national precocity. Both security in what we have and true progress toward a better estate will be gained by discovering what dangers can be averted by the sober intelligence, conscience, and unpartisan patriotism of the citizens; and what dangers cannot be, because they are involved in mighty drifts of population, race-development, laws of climate, and the elements of nature, which are beyond any personal or corporate calculation or control. If men would study history as they study grammar and arithmetic, or reflect and reason as much as they can run about and speculate, they would learn great lessons in that "higher education" which better than any other deserves the name, which confers no titles, but builds solid commonwealths. We cannot stop immigration, with its freight of ignorance and appetite and lawlessness and lust, unless we mean to falsify the fundamental principles and ceaseless professions of the Republic; but we can devote our superfluous wealth to the education of foreigners and natives alike in all that literary and industrial knowledge which is real wisdom; we can hold in check the franchise of the immigrants till they have learned the spirit and letter of our laws; we can regulate the dependence of "Mike" and the prerogative of his spiritual ruler; we can in time root and enthrone the ideas of authority, obedience, law, with unhindered penalties and incorrupt courts in the mind of generations to come. We cannot exterminate unthrift, laziness, incompetency, vice, any more than we can the infirmities of age, orphanage, and disease; but we can abolish indiscriminate alms-giving, rationalize our sentimental philanthropy, multiply our bureaus of charity, punish impostors, distinguish real relief from a cruel and prodigal liberality, gradually substitute simple and moderate employment for an

enervating bounty; and we certainly can abolish the tenement-house inhumanity, with all its disgraces, as the breeding-place of barbarity, pestilence, and every species of sensual abomination. We cannot quench the thirst for alcohol; but we can convict the saloon as the destructive enemy of virtue and peace, and shut it up. We cannot lift the soul of a man or woman to a lofty preference of realities unseen and eternal over what is superficial and perishable, or transform selfishness into generosity; but, God helping us, we can so chasten and elevate our standards of living, by school and college and press and household nurture, that those who come after us shall not have been poisoned and belittled by the passion for material possessions, exclusive privileges, vulgar entertainments, or outside display. These are not unreasonable expectations. If it be said that they promise no instantaneous arrest of the disorders that threaten the social body, and no universal cure of its existing discontents, neither do the theories of the philosopher or the outcries of alarmists. Their latent power lies in the free will, the moral sense, the patient self-discipline of the persons whose well-being is at stake, and there lies the strength of the family, the Church, and the State.—*The Forum.*

T I R E D .

BY AMY PARKINSON.

DEAR Lord, I'm very tired,
 Oh, let me rest in Thee;
 Thou knowest I am weak, dear Lord,
 Oh, be Thou strength for me.

Dear Lord, indeed I want
 Just what Thou hast for me;
 Give me a patient mind, dear Lord—
 I leave all else with Thee.

Dear Lord, Thou naught canst do
 But 'twill be best for me;
 If I might make a choice, dear Lord,
 I could but choose with Thee.

Dear Lord, the way is long,
 But Thou my guide wilt be;
 I can't help being tired, dear Lord,
 But there is rest with Thee.

AMONG THE LITTLE GRAY BONNETS.

BY SIDONIE ZILLA.

I WONDER if my sisters of the Canadian Methodist Church would not like to hear yet a little more of that splendid organization of Deaconesses who are aiding so wonderfully the sister Church in the United States. I had been told to go right along and see them, and not to mind being a stranger; for they would be sure to welcome me at the Boston Home.

Deaconesses! now just remember what awe we, as children, always had of the minister, elder, deacon or trustee in our old church at home, and you will have an idea of what my feelings were as I wended my way up Columbus Avenue until I came to East Chester Park, No. 45. I almost expected to see grave, elderly women, who never smiled because of the sin and misery it was their lot to deal with; but, as one always imagines people different from what they really are, I, of course, was doomed to pleasant disappointment.

A tidy, nice-looking girl opened the door, and I was shown into the parlour—a very cozy, comfortable room. The one connected with it by folding doors was the office, also used as a lecture room, and in it was a class being taught. I waited a few moments, then in walked a pretty, pleasant-faced little woman with brown hair, who very cordially welcomed me to the Home. This was Miss Canfield.

"Come upstairs with me," she said, "into the Secretary's room, where we can talk together a little."

I followed her, and informed her I wanted to know all about the "Home," so I began to ask questions.

"First of all, what is your object, Miss Canfield?"

"Well, we come here to train ourselves to be able to help the ministers in their city missionary work; to aid in the various kind of charity schools; to do house-to-house visitation; to nurse the sick that we may save their souls."

"You belong to the Methodist Episcopal Church, do you not?"

"Yes; but those from any denomination can be trained here. At present we have a Baptist young lady with us."

"Are there any vows or promises?"

"No. If any of us felt we had missed our vocation, wished to marry, or duties to home or friends called us away, we are at liberty to go."

"Is there any distinction of dress?"

“Very little; we wear a plain, black skirt, and a bodice pointed in front, to the back of which the skirt is gathered. But the most distinction is in the little gray bonnets and gray gloves we wear, for any one meeting two or three of us knows immediately we belong to some order.”

Then she took me through the building. In the basement there was a large, pleasant dining-room, washroom and kitchen. On the first floor the parlour, office and a class-room. There were above three floors, each containing four rooms. I saw her own room, which had been furnished by the “Boston Methodist Preachers’ Meeting,” also the one belonging to Mrs. Miyama, a Japanese lady, who is taking the training and studying music at the Conservatory. She is soon to join her husband, who is a native preacher in Japan. When introduced to her I said:

“I have an old schoolmate now a missionary in Japan; her name is Miss Hart.”

“Oh, yes! I know her,” she answered. “Do you also know Mrs. Large?”

“Only of her. I think she is now at home. If I remember rightly, she was to return for a rest.”

“It was a very sad affair, the murdering of her husband.”

When I bade Miss Canfield and Miss Lunn good-bye, I felt as though leaving friends, so much had they made me feel at home.

This Deaconess movement is as old as our Christianity. Phœbe, commended to the Church at Rome by Paul, was probably the first, at any rate the first mentioned Deaconess. Their order and work was fully recognized by the early Church. Their duty, as now, was to care for the poor and sick, teach the women and children, besides systematic house visitation. In time the old order of Deaconesses passed away; but as the days went on and the work—which only woman with her keenness, intuition, quick sympathies and deft hands can do—increased so greatly that the watchmen of the churches began to look back and long again for such an order, longing ripened into sympathetic thought, thoughts into words, words into actions.

The first revival was the Kaiserwerth system of trained hospital nurses, which enlarged itself for those devoted to philanthropic movements. From this system have all the others in Europe, England, the East and America been modelled. The success that has rewarded their efforts is immense. The parent “Home” of Deaconesses belonging to the Methodist Episcopal Church in America is in Chicago, and the mother of the order is Mrs. Lucy Rider Meyer, who has been the instrument used of God. Honour above all honour! Mrs. Meyer was a Bible-woman, and seeing

the great need there was of trained women as city missionaries, she and her husband fitted up a flat, where a few young women prepared themselves for such work. After a little, the Church took up the question, and soon took to itself the order of Deaconesses; and now an immense building in Chicago is pointed out as the "Deaconesses' Home."

The Boston "Home" was opened on November 20th, 1889. Miss Lunn, of the Chicago school, assumed the superintendency, with Miss Canfield, a licensed Deaconess, as a helper. An applicant must first from some "Home" secure two blanks, one of which she fills out, the other being for the medical examination. She must then send with them her pastor's recommendation, and if these prove satisfactory she will probably be received on at least three months' trial; if then deemed worthy, she will be received as a probationer for the order of Deaconesses, the time for training being two years. No applicant can be over forty or under twenty-three. They may pay their own expenses in full or in part. If not able to do either, they will be provided for; also if sick or when they become aged. They may not solicit money except when authorized, and any given them must go into the general fund. Some young women may ask, "What do these young sisters do through the day?" In the morning they study, recite, attend lectures, personal and household duties. The afternoons are partly given up to lectures and practical work. The evenings are spent in much the same manner. A licensed Deaconess, though, spends all her time in practical work.

What is meant by practical work? A Deaconess generally works under a pastor, about six months with each one—so many pastors are calling for them. He gives her a list of the people who he thinks need her attention. Among these she finds out others, and then work comes in fast enough. All this time she has to report to her pastor, and also to the Board of Managers once a quarter.

No, they receive no pay; no salary is ever mentioned. They have a home, board and clothing, and two dollars a month for incidentals. The "Home" itself is kept up by voluntary offerings.

How much would training cost? Three dollars a week for board, heating and light.

Sometimes these women find the need of money very great, for they have found "it necessary to give physical aid before they can touch the spiritual nature." For this cause they have what they call an Emergency Fund. Now here is a chance for those who so often wish to do some work, but are withheld by

home duties; with a little self-sacrifice they may increase this fund, and you know money is as necessary an article in building up God's kingdom as workers. For instance, one day the Deaconesses heard of a little baby who had arrived, and there was nothing for it to wear, and this in the depth of winter, poor little wee one! But the women who wear the little gray bonnets did not leave it poor long, for out of that same Emergency Fund they bought some flannel, while one of the "shut-in ones" made it up. Now, do you not think that mother's heart would be touched; and would she not have faith in those friends so she would be led to God? Sometimes it's a little medicine, sometimes a little fruit, sometimes it's bread; but they all help the faith of these needy ones, and give them trust in God.

Here is a paragraph copied from the *Deaconesses' Home Journal*, which may be useful to some one: "If friends living out of the city, who know of young people that have recently come to Boston who have not found a church home, will send addresses of such to Miss Lunn, 45 East Chester Park, they will be called upon and cordially invited to the nearest church and Sunday-school, and perhaps in this be saved from going astray."

There may be a few persons interested in this subject and would like literature bearing upon the subject; here are the names of some recent writings: "Deaconesses," by Mrs. Lucy Rider Meyer, published at 114 Dearborn Avenue, Chicago, costing \$1; also at the same price, "Deaconesses in Europe and their Lessons for America," by Miss Jane Bancroft, Ph.D.; and the Rev. Henry Wheeler sends out "Deaconesses, Ancient and Modern," at \$1.25. Any of these may be got from any of our Methodist Book Rooms. Then there is the *Deaconesses' Home Journal*, fifteen cents a copy, or ten copies for one dollar to *one address*. When will our Canadian Methodist Church have its Deaconesses' "Homes"? Surely the cities, such as Toronto, Montreal, Quebec, St. John, Halifax, need something of this sort. When one thinks how few there are who can or will do outside work, or are fitted for it, one wonders that something has not been started before. I believe there are many women who would be willing to go into the work if it were not necessary to think of where shall I live, how shall I live, and wherewithal shall I be clothed? Take these cares off; provide ever so plainly for them, and they would be ready. Here is a suggestion for some wealthy woman or women. It might be just as well for it to be undenominational, as the King's Daughters are. But rest assured, if it be God's will for this thing to be, He will stir some one of His own to the work and others to follow. Who will it be to have the honour?

BURLINGTON, N.S.

THE SUN COOLING OFF.

BY PROF. ALEXANDER WINCHELL, LL.D.

WE are not driven to the necessity of summoning exaggerated and imaginary agencies to the destruction of the earth. There are hostile powers reserved for the final conflict that will not be content with directing toward us merely "Quaker guns."

The sun, we say, affords us thirty-nine fortieths of all the warmth which we enjoy, and we feel quite unconcerned about the alleged slow cooling of the earth. To the sun we owe the numberless activities of the organic and inorganic worlds, and we feel quite independent of the waning temperature of this dying ember which we call the earth.

The amount of heat dispensed by our solar orb is truly something the contemplation of which overpowers the imagination. The rays which fall upon a common burning-glass, converged to a focus, speedily ignites a piece of wood. The heat which is received by a space of ten yards square is sufficient, as Ericsson states, to drive a nine-horse power engine. The amount of heat which falls upon half a Swedish square mile is sufficient to actuate 64,800 engines, each of 100 horse power. The total amount of heat received annually by the earth would melt a layer of ice one hundred feet thick. As the solar heat is radiated equally in all directions, it is easily calculated that the total emission of heat from the sun is 2,300 millions of times the whole amount which reaches our earth.

Such an enormous expenditure of heat is sufficient to reduce the temperature of the sun two and one fifth degrees annually. During the human period of 6,000 years, the temperature would have been reduced more than 19,000 degrees. At such a rate of cooling it is obvious that the sun must speedily cease to warm our planet sufficiently to sustain vegetable and animal life. But it is certain that the sun's high temperature has been maintained during almost countless ages anterior to the commencement of the human era. Those Titanic reptiles which could luxuriate only under tropical warmth flourished a hundred thousand years before the world was prepared for man; and those rank, umbrageous ferns, whose forms we trace upon the roof-slues of a coal mine, existed before the reptile horde, and purified the air for their respiration.

What unseen cause has perpetuated, for a million of years, those solar fires? Kepler asserted that the firmament is as full of

comets as the sea is of fishes, and Newton conjectured that these comets are the fuel carriers of the sun. Alas! we only know that the wandering comet, though flying in tantalizing proximity to the sun, but accelerates its speed and hurries onward, as virtue hastens past the vortex of ruin. Is it a chemical action which maintains the solar heat? The most efficient chemical action for this purpose is combustion. Now, if the sun were a solid mass of coal, its combustion would only suffice for the brief space of forty-six centuries to replenish the solar system with its vivifying influence. Is it the effect of the sun's rotation on his axis? Such rotation could generate no heat without the resistance of another body. Even if that other body were present, a calculation based upon the sun's mass and his rate of rotation shows that the heat generated could only supply the expenditure for the space of one hundred and eighty-three years.

There exists, nevertheless, a means of recuperation to the solar energy. It is not an exhaustless resource, but it prolongs materially the period of the sun's activity. Though no comet has been *known* to fall into the sun, it is now generally admitted that cosmical matter is raining down upon the sun from every direction.

Besides the planetary and cometary bodies which revolve about the sun, it is now demonstrated that the interplanetary spaces are occupied by smaller masses of matter, from the size of a meteorite to particles of cosmical dust. These all are flowing about the sun in a circling stream, but forever approaching nearer and nearer, until they are gradually drawn into the solar fires. The showers of meteoric hail which pelt our earth at certain periods of the year are merely cosmical bodies that have been diverted from their path by the proximity of the earth in certain parts of her orbit. That faint cone of light which streams upward from the setting or the rising sun, near the time of the equinoxes, is but a zone of planetary dust illuminated by the sun's rays—a shower of matter descending upon the solar orb, and rendered visible to us, like the rain sent down from a summer cloud and projected upon the clear heavens beyond.

Arrested motion becomes heat. The blacksmith's hammer warms the cold iron. A meteorite falling through the earth's atmosphere develops so much friction as to generate heat sufficient to dissipate the body into vapour. One of these cosmical bodies falling upon the sun must, by the concussion, produce about 7,000 times as much heat as would be generated by an equal mass of coal. It is thus that the enormously high temperature of our sun is maintained.

But the very mention of this source of recuperation of exhausted solar energy suggests a limit to the process. For how many ages can the cosmical matter within the limits of the solar system be rained down upon the sun without complete exhaustion? The space inclosed by the orbit of Neptune is not infinite. The supply of cosmical matter is but a finite quantity. Time enough will drain the bounds of the solar system of all its wandering particles of planetary dust. What then will be the fate of the sun?

The conviction can not be resisted that the processes going forward before our eyes aim directly at the final extinction of the solar fire. Helmholtz says: "The inexorable laws of mechanics show that the store of heat in the sun must be finally exhausted." What a conception overshadows and overpowers the mind! We are forced to contemplate the slow waning of that beneficent orb whose vivid light and cheering warmth animate and vivify the circuit of the solar system. For ages past unbounded gifts have been wasted through all the expanding fields of space—wasted, I say, since less than half a billionth of his rays have fallen upon our planet. The treasury of life and motion from age to age is running lower and lower. The great sun which, stricken with the pangs of dissolution, has bravely looked down with steady and undimmed eye upon our earth ever since organization first bloomed upon it, is nevertheless a dying existence. The pelting rain of cosmical matter descending upon his surface can only retard, for a limited time, the encroachments of the mortal rigors, as friction may perpetuate, for a few brief moments, the vital warmth of a dying man.

The time is coming when the July sun will shine with a paler light than he now gives us at the winter solstice. The nations of men, if they still exist, will have emigrated from the temperate to the equatorial regions. New diseases will have diminished their numbers. Polar frost will have crept stealthily and steadily from Behring's Straits to the Gulf of Mexico. Continental glaciers will again have brooded over the land. The prairie blossom will have perished beneath a mantle of snow as limitless as now the prairie expanse. The fluent rivers will have been chained to their rocky banks. The ruins of great cities will be bemoaned by wintry winds howling past in rage at the presence of unending frost. If yet a narrow belt remains where sickly verdure maintains the desperate conflict with the powers of cold, it is a dwarfed and Arctic vegetation. The magnolia has given place to the birch. The cypress has been supplanted by the lichen-covered

fir. The emerald has departed from the shivering leaf, and even the hardy violet is pale unto death. All things have assumed a faded and leaden hue. The Mongolian is not known from the Caucasian. Even the sooty negro, if he be not extinct, blanched from the want of light and heat, can only be recognized by his features. Pale, thin and feeble, the shivering remnant of humanity have gathered themselves together into compact communities for economy of vital warmth. Forests are consumed to thaw the soil. Temples, costly structures—the patient rearing of the golden ages of the race—are pulled down to eke out the scanty supply of fuel. The page which narrates the glory of the nineteenth century is like the narrative which tells us of the labours of the men upon the plains of Shinar. Year by year the populations become less—year by year the dread empire of frost is extended. Forests have been consumed; cities have been burned; navies have rotted in the deserted, ice-locked harbours; men have immured themselves in gloomy caverns till they have almost lost the forms of humanity.

The end arrives. Unless some sudden catastrophe shall sweep the race from being in a day, the time will come when two men will alone survive of all the human race. Two men will look around upon the ruins of the workmanship of a mighty people. Two men will gaze upon the tombs of the human family. Two men will stand petrified at the sight of perhaps a hundred thousand corpses prostrated around them by the dire hardships which every moment threaten to carry them also away. These two men will gaze into each other's faces—wan, thin, hungry, shivering, despairing. Speech will have deserted them. Silent, gazing each into eternity—more dead than living—an overpowering emotion—an inspiring hope—and one of them drops by the feet of the sole survivor of God's intelligent race.

Who can say what a tide of reflections will rush for an instant through the soul of the last man? Who shall listen to his voice, if he speaks? On whose ear shall fall the accents of his sorrow, his wonder, or his hope? Thrice honoured, thrice exalted man! He stands there to testify for all mankind. On him has been devolved the unique duty of uttering the farewell of our race to its ancient and much-loved home. In what words will he say farewell?

The last man has composed his body to eternal rest. The once fair earth is a cold and desolate corse. Nature's tears are ice; she weeps no more. The face of the sun is veiled. It is midnight in the highways of the planets. The spirits of heaven mourn at the funeral of Nature.

Let not the reader be distressed at this picture. The last two men will be neither our children nor our children's children. Our thoughts have been wandering through cycles of years. The clock of eternity ticks not seconds, but centuries. We shall not anxiously measure the sun's intensity from day to day, nor from year to year, lest we be able to discover his waning strength. The embers of a bonfire will furnish warmth for the lifetime of an ephemeron. A molten lava-stream consumes a hundred years in cooling. The great globe of the earth, which is cooling now at the rate of a degree in thirty-five thousand years, was once a sphere of molten granite, and has consumed time enough to pass from that state to this. The sun is so vast that, though he began to cool at a still remoter epoch, the temperature retained to-day is 46,000 times as high as that of the surface of our planet. The epoch when his rays will be sensibly weakened is at a distance expressed by millions of years.

What thoughts rise upon us as we utter these words? We hang here upon our planet, poised in the midst of infinite space and infinite time. Whence we came, we know not; whither we are bound, hope and faith only can reveal. We open our eyes for a moment, like an infant in its sleep, and anon they are closed; or, perchance, like the waking somnambulist, in his fall from the house-top to the pavement, we rouse to an instant's consciousness of the rush of events and the coming crash—and the busy activities of Nature move on as if we had not existed.

What is this which men call ancient and venerable? Would that the scales could be removed from our eyes! Would that the fog would lift, and men could once look out upon the magnitude of the universe—the majestic span even of terrestrial history—the might, the greatness, the wisdom, the glory of that Intelligence which, at a glance, takes in all space, all time past, and all time to come!

LITTLE THINGS.

LIFE is made of smallest fragments,
Shade and sunshine, work and play;
And with honest, true endeavour,
Learn a little every day.

Tiny seeds make boundless harvests;
Onward, onward, as they go,
Rivers join the ocean billows,
Streamlets swell the river's flow.

THE WHISPER OF A SPIRIT.

BY ANNIE CRAWFORD.*

I HAD tried to be a faithful wife and mother to my husband and family, but, unlike the happy woman spoken of in sacred story, had never had the joy in my lifetime of hearing them rise up and call me blessed. My husband had been a clever man, I think—at least, far too clever to consult me, or even tell me about any of his affairs. I had tried, sometimes, to ask his advice in matters which interested me, but he had looked at me and answered me in a way which made me feel truly ashamed of having troubled him with anything so trivial. During our brief courtship he had once or twice praised my bright eyes and soft brown hair; and oh, how carefully as the years went by I had studied to retain my beauty, for the sake of his dear love. I knew that youthful bloom would fade, as it did, all too swiftly; but when my head was white as driven snow my mirror told me that the cultivation of a pure, devout and patient spirit had placed a signature of grace upon my ageing face which far outshone in comeliness the charm of youthful bloom. Yet had he ever looked at me during all those years in which we walked the mystic way of life together with sweet approval and the lingering look of love? I cannot remember that he ever had.

My three sons accorded to their father that sincere flattery, imitation; but though in harshest terms he chided their unloving lives, he failed to see in them the almost inevitable result of his own example. My only daughter, sweet and winning in her words, was selfish and thoughtless in her ways; so that, while the feebleness of premature age crept over my weary frame, and stiffened my once ready limbs, I found her impotent as any to supply the needs of my failing body, or the yearning of my wistful heart. Ah, well! is it not written that "God shall all your need supply?" When I awake I shall be satisfied; yea, I am satisfied.

"For love is heaven, and heaven is love."

One day when the April sunshine shone softly on the wall, having been seized with a great loneliness, and longing for human companionship, I betought my beautiful Belle to remain with her poor old mother for awhile, though a youthful friend

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claimed her company in a pre-arranged walk. "I would gladly, mother, dear; but I have promised to go with Florrie," she answered, and with a hasty farewell kiss she left me.

Poor Belle! That one little selfish act, no worse than many another which had sorely wounded me, shall dwell in her earthly memory with oft-repeated pangs. Overcome with strange exhaustion, I sank into my arm-chair, whose firm arms enfolded me as in a loving embrace; and, laying my head upon its ample, if unsympathetic shoulder, I crooned in dreamy mood the sweet old cradle song of my own babyhood and my proud maternity:

"Sleep, my child, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed;
Holy blessings without number,
Gently falling on thy head."

But I sang not in imagination to those tiny beings who had grown up to tyrannize over and disappoint me, but to the aged, weary woman who had so evidently failed to influence aright the precious souls committed to her care. "Lord, I am weary," I pleaded; "take me to Thee."

Hark! Those strains of ineffable sweetness! Surely no earthly music! All my poor, starved soul is filled and thrilled with unutterable satisfaction; the sunlight darkens; the room whirls; my arm chair, my body sink away, and, freed from fleshly incumbrance, I open the eyes of my soul. My God! What is this! The mystery of mysteries! Oh, joy all joys excelling, I had died! . . .

"Mother, oh, mother!" moaned poor Belle.

"My wife, my darling!" said my husband, his poor brow drawn in an agony of pain.

My sons stood by in silence, ashamed to show such grief as would have been an honour to their manhood. Ah! side by side with one whom they had, after all, loved dearly, all silently they had trod. Too late for the consolation of their souls, they awoke to longing that their love had found expression in deeds and words of kindness; and I, who had missed them so sorely, now need their tardy ministrations no more, for I, at last, am *satisfied*.

No, it would be unlawful. The secrets of death are for the dead alone. Soon for you, too, will burst the veil of flesh. "I am the Beginning and the Ending, the Almighty," saith the Author of all. "Behold, I come quickly, and My reward is with Me, to give every man according as his work shall be." We stand but on the threshold. To the ready imagination of the dreamer I

have whispered my tale. If her mind and pen so work my desire
that men are moved to echo, one to another, the heavenly music
of love, for which, perchance,

“ Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break,”

I shall not have lived my desolate life in vain.

ON LETHE'S BRINK.

BY FATHER RYAN.

My feet are wearied and my hands are tired—
My soul oppressed ;
And with desire have I long desired
Rest—only rest.

'Tis hard to toil, when toil is almost vain,
In barren ways ;
'Tis hard to sow and never garner grain
In harvest days.

The burden of my days is hard to bear,
But God knows best ;
And I have prayed—but vain has been my prayer
For rest—sweet rest.

'Tis hard to plant in spring, and never reap
The autumn yield ;
'Tis hard to till, and when 'tis tilled to weep
O'er fruitless fields.

And so I cry, a weak and human cry,
So heart oppressed ;
And so I sigh, a weak and human sigh
For rest—for rest.

My way has wound across the desert years,
And cares infect
My path ; and through the flowing of hot tears
I pine for rest.

'Twas always so ; when still a child I laid
On mother's breast
My wearied little head ; e'en then I prayed
As now for rest.

And I am restless still ; 'twill soon be o'er ;
For down the west
Life's sun is setting, and I see the shore
Where I shall rest.

WHY BIG RICH JOINED THE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

BY THE REV. GEO. J. BOND, B.A.

BIG RICH is a Trinity Bay man. I say is, for he is still living, and likely to live if one may judge. Tall, stout and strong, in the full prime of life, with keen, honest eyes lighting up his handsome face, he looks the very type of a Newfoundland fisherman, and that bespeaks no mean man, be it said, in all the perfections of physical manhood. Look at him when you may—in his Sunday suit, with his fine black beard sweeping over his white shirt-bosom, or in his rough fisherman's overalls, grimy and slippery with his work, Big Rich is good to look at—"a man every inch of him." No keener man than he after the fish in summer; no smarter or more daring boatsman in the squalls that sweep sudden from the highlands, or in the "breaking lop" into which the south-west wind is wont to toss the blue waters of Trinity Bay. A splendid shot, his cottage table is well supplied with "fresh," when the turrs are about, or the sea-ducks make their winter visit to the shores near his home. A quiet, steady, self-contained sort of man is Richard; shrewd and sensible in what he says when he does talk, but reticent and shy and silent in the main. Every one at French Cove knows Big Rich, and every one that knows him likes him.

Now, French Cove has had for some years a flourishing Temperance Society; not a Sons of Temperance Division, or a Good Templar's Lodge, but just a simple Temperance and Mutual Improvement Society, supported among the people themselves, where from month to month the members meet unseparated by thought, or word, or creed, or party, on the broad, open platform of temperance and mutual help. Would that every Newfoundland village had just such an organization. A few years ago, when first started, no doubt the quiet steady old fellows who had taken their horn or two of grog, as a matter of course, when they went up the shore to Trinity to put off their fish at the merchant's, or when a new baby was christened, or a wedding, or funeral made them merry or melancholy—no doubt, I say, these old stagers laughed and wondered at the queer notions and queer ways of the "temperance" folk as they called them, and prophesied a speedy end to the new-fangled society. But they have been disappointed. It has increased from the ten or a dozen who met in the beginning, in Uncle Bill Penny's old house, to the scores of members who now meet regularly in the school-house, and, in all the dignity of white regalias, march in annual procession around the harbour. Every one acknowledges now the wonderful change

in the social habits of the little community. The gossips tell sometimes of the fights that used to come off when the men were "settled;" of the rough treatment a stranger would receive, if he happened to cross the track of a group of the boys, "half seas over," on the beach; and of how no one thought of spending Christmas without a supply of "the liquor," regularly fetched in well-filled jars from the neighbouring town. But, now, the man that brings a jar of liquor to French Cove, for his "Christmas," is half ashamed of being seen to carry it openly, and hides his "little brown jug" in a bread-bag, perhaps, or, at best, with a sort of sneaking bravado hurries his booty home. Now the drinking men may be easily counted, and one may pass over the beach, morning, noon, or night, at any season, without fear of molestation by some half-drunken reveller.

Not, however, until a year ago did Big Rich join the Temperance Society. Somehow, quiet, steady man as he was, he held aloof, while very many of his acquaintances and members of his own family entered into the movement. One night, a little while after his admission, he told the story which, substantially, I give in his own words:

"The way I came to join the Temperance Society, my friends," he said, was this: "Last spring, when the steamer *Bear* came into St. John's, after her first trip to the ice, myself and some more men of the crew said we'd go for a walk out of the town. So we went out one of the roads leading into the country, and after we had walked a good way from the town, we thought we'd go and see if there was anywhere near we could get liquor. Accordingly, we rapped at the door of a house near by, and asked the man of the house if he could tell us where to find a public-house. He looked at us, solemn-like, and then he said: 'For the last three years I've been praying for the publicans and the drunkards.' And then, friends, he told us what he meant, and I'll never forget it, never. He said that a neighbour of his had a son, a fine, smart young man, but terribly fond of the drop. His father had tried his best to restrain him, but to no purpose—the young fellow loved the drink, and the drink he would have. Well, about three years before, the son, who had been away from home, returned, and, saying that he wanted to see some friends in town, he got a loan of the old man's horse, and rode away, promising to be home again before late. When the night came on the father sat in the house very anxious for his son's return. It got later and later, and still there was no sign of him, while the old man got more and more nervous, for fear that something was wrong. At last he heard the sound of a horse's tramp coming into the yard, and thought, anyway, his son was coming home. When he didn't

come in, however, after several minutes he got alarmed and went out. There was the horse, sure enough, with the saddle on his back and the reins dragging, but his son was nowhere to be seen. The poor old man knew well enough now the truth he had all along feared—an accident had happened. So he called the man that was telling us, and they both went back over the road to look for the missing man. At last they found him, poor fellow, all in a heap by the side of the road. They didn't know at first but he was dead, but found when they moved him that he was still alive. He had fallen or had been thrown from the horse and was terribly hurt. The poor old father, in an agony of grief, went off for help and left the other man to stay with the son. 'That was a terrible thing,' says the man to us, 'to see that poor fellow in the state he was in, and to hear him was worse. "I'm lost, I'm lost," he'd say, "I'm lost, I'm lost," and then he begged me to open his jacket and take out a bottle of rum he had in it. "Take it away, take it away," said he, "I've got hell enough inside of me without having it outside, too." And then before his father got back with help he was dead. Soon after this happened, the poor old man died, grief-stricken; and now you know why I said to you when you came in and asked for a public-house that I had been for three years praying for the publicans and drunkards.'

"Friends," said Big Rich, as he finished his speech, "I tell you we left that man's house feeling very different to what we did when we went in. We felt ashamed and guilty, and walked back to St. John's, talking quietly enough of the terrible story we had heard. How the others felt I don't know, but one thing I do know, and that is, that I never forgot it; and, friends, that's how I came to join the Temperance Society."

Reader mine, my story is done. It is a sad, sad story; all the more sad because the like of it happens oftener than we think. Safety lies only in sobriety—the man that drinks at all is in danger of all the consequences; all the more in danger because every man thinks that he, at least, is strong enough to resist it. Drink is doing its awful work in our country every day, and many a widow weeps, and many an orphan starves, and many a kindly, noble heart is ruined, that the publican's till may be filled and the publican's fortune made.

Should you go to Trinity Bay, and find yourself in French Cove, you may hear this story from the lips of the honest fisherman himself. Better than I have told it, far, with the homeliness of speech and emphasis of conviction, which I have failed to reproduce; it may be your fortune to hear from the very man himself why Big Rich joined the Temperance Society.

GRAND BANK, Nfld.

BOTANY BAY.

BY ANNIE TRUMBULL SLOSSON.*

His name was Balaam Montmorency. How its two incongruous parts came together, who gave him this name, with its union of the Biblical and romantic, I never knew, and I think nobody in Stonington knew any more than I did. In fact, few, even in the village itself, had ever heard the whole of his name. He was generally called "old Balaam" or "old Bay," until some village wag hit upon the title—whose fitness you will recognize as my story goes on—Botany Bay, and so he was called to the end of his life.

I cannot remember when I first saw him, for, from my earliest childhood, he was a familiar and well-known object. So short of stature as almost to deserve the name of dwarf, with a shock head of tangled yellow hair, bleached almost white by the sun, a thin brown face, and the blue eyes of a child, who that ever saw him can forget poor Botany Bay?

His business was one well known and much followed in former times, but now unknown, save in the most primitive and rural of communities: he was a gatherer and vender of roots and herbs. Day after day, year by year, he roamed through wood and swamp, by stream and highway, over plain and hill-side, in search of treasure. With bag on back, and basket in each hand, he came every day into the village from his rambles, bringing the sweetness, the spiciness, the tastes and smells and greenness of the forest with him.

And how much he knew of these children of the wildwood! He could tell you of their haunts, their seasons, their habits, their virtues. He knew them, not only when in full bloom or mature fruit when they were easily recognized, but in earliest babyhood, when first their tender shoots of pale pink or delicate green pierced the cold ground; or in old age, when the dry and empty fruit swung on the leafless stems, and when even dry fruit and bare stalks were gone, he found his friends underground by root or bulb, and knew them in their graves.

I have said I cannot remember my first sight of old Balaam, still less can I recollect how from acquaintances we became friends, and friends we always were. I was allowed, day after day, to accompany him in his rambles, and I grew to know the woods and swamps around our village, and what they held.

As I do not remember when I first saw Botany Bay, so I cannot recall at what stage of our comradeship I began to define in my

*Many of our readers will remember the exquisite story of "Fishin' Jimmy." They will read with delight this pathetic sketch from the same graceful pen, abridged from "The Seven Sleepers." Published by the well-known house of Harper & Brothers, New York.

own young mind what made him so different from other people. He was generally regarded as insane, alluded to as "crazy Balaam," avoided and feared by children as a dangerous lunatic. But I soon saw that he was not like other madmen. There was "wild Jimmy," the Scotchman, kept by his kinsfolk in an attic-room in the small brown house near Windmill Point, and whose ravings, yells and unearthly peals of laughter rang out on moonlight nights, striking terror to my soul. There was Vashti, with her tall, commanding figure, flashing black eyes, and fine features, her shrewd, scarcely incoherent talk, full of humorous incongruities. Botany Bay was not at all like these. He was taciturn, reticent; but when he talked of his plants there was no sign of insanity, no incoherency or wandering. I do not think he could read or write; he knew nothing of any botanical systems or artificial classifying of plants, but he had a sort of system of his own, and by some curious instinct seemed to recognize kinship between certain herbs, which in later years I found were placed in one family by more scientific men—not closer observers.

Yet there was something wrong in Bay's brain. My childish mind was conscious of it, but could not define it. There was a strange minor key in all his tones, a certain sadness underlying his happiest moods. When exultant over a new discovery, a long-sought flower, a deep-buried root of wondrous virtues, his child-smile of big-eyed delight would suddenly, swiftly fade, and a strange, mingled look of perplexity, fear and melancholy take its place. By-and-by I went further in my analysis, and noticed what made his talk so odd and puzzling. This was the frequent recurrence of such expressions as "t'other," "him," "that un," and like phrases, not apparently referring to anything else in his sentences, or to any one I knew.

"I'm awful glad to git this wild ginger," he would say, as he dug up the aromatic root of the asarum, with its singular wine-colored flowers almost hidden under the earth; "old Square Wheeler's tryin' to swear off chewin'. It gives him spells now, an' he's had warnin's o' numb palsy. But he can't swear off on anything but wild ginger root. He's tried cammermile an' rheubarb an' lots o' things, but he goes on hankerin' for terbacky. I'm plaguy glad to git this"—all this with a smile, or rather chuckle, of pleasure. Then a shadow would fall on the thin, wizened, brown face, and in a lower tone, with a kind of pathetic ring in it, he would say, "I wonder if *he's* found it this year, hope he has," and with a heavy sigh the spicy treasure, but with half its flavor gone, seemingly, for Bay, would be dropped into the basket. Or while cutting, in autumn, the witch-hazel twigs with their late, out-of-season, unflowerlike yellow blossoms, he would murmur: "I'd be sot up with gettin' these, to steep for Lodowick Pen'leton's lame arm, if 't wa'n't for t'other. I'm awfully 'fraid he ain't got any this fall." That I did not, for a long time, ask the meaning of these references shows me now that I recognized

in them an element of mystery, something out of the common, which somehow awed and silenced me.

I remember well the day when the explanation came. We had been roaming about the lower part of the village, gathering jimson-weed, the stramonium of botany and pharmacy. It grew very plentifully in waste places there, with its large whitish or pale violet funnel-shaped flowers and coarse leaves, and we soon had all we wanted. As the summer twilight came on we wandered down to the Point, near the old lighthouse, and finally seated ourselves on the rocks there, and looked out over the water. A little sail-boat in the distance—a homely thing enough when at the dock, and with the broad unfaltering light of noonday upon its scarred and dingy sides, stained and patched sail—now seemed a fairy shallop of rose and gold, and on this boat Botany Bay's blue, melancholy eyes were fixed. "He might be in that boat," he said at last, "might jest as well be there's anywheres; jest's likely to be, for aught I know;" and then as I looked up at the dreary sound in his voice I saw, to my amaze and distress, big tears on the brown face. I could not stand that. I laid my fingers on the sleeve of his ragged coat, and whispered:

"What's the matter, Bay?" I think he was glad to have me ask him. I think he had pined for a confidant; at any rate he turned quickly towards me, and in a strangely solemn, sad voice, the very tones of which I seem to hear as I recall the scene, he said:

"Aleck, did ye know there was two o' me?"

I scarcely understand now what there was in those words to frighten me so. Perhaps it was the tone and manner of the speaker, our surroundings of sea and sky, as well as the mysteriousness of the words themselves, which alarmed me, only a boy at the time: but I shivered with sudden fear.

"Don't be scart, Aleck," he said, soothingly. "'Tain't nothin' new. I've knowed it years. Ye ain't scart at me; an' he's jest the same."

"Who is, Bay?" I said, in a frightened whisper, my teeth almost chattering.

"Him," he answered, slowly, "t'other. That other *me*, ye know;" and gradually the story was told.

Many years before, how long Bay did not know, a sailor, temporarily in Stonington, while his ship was unloading, had told the simple herbalist a strange thing. He had said that somewhere far away there was another Botany Bay, another Balaam, in every respect the same as this one. His name, his looks, his pursuit, were all just the same. This is what Bay understood him to say. Whether the man was trying to impose upon the poor boy's credulity, whether in his broken tongue—for he was a foreigner—he only intended to say that he had seen a person who resembled the plant-vender, or again, if perchance he was superstitiously inclined and himself believed in this strange double, I know not. At any rate, Bay accepted the tale as true, and it coloured all his after-life. If he was happy and exultant over

some simple conquest in the plant world, his joy was at once shadowed by the thought that "t'other" was, perhaps, denied that pleasure. If troubled, if cold or hungry, or persecuted by the boys, he was jealous lest "t'other" was better off and free from these annoyances. He was always brooding over the existence of this other self, sometimes when lonesome rejoicing in the twinship which seemed to give him something all his own, a more than friend or even brother; sometimes hating the thought of this shadow of his he could not escape; oftenest of all fearing with a strange fear this weird, mysterious duplicate of himself. After my first alarm on hearing this strange story the terror subsided, and I began soothing and comforting my poor friend.

"I don't see what makes you so afraid, Bay," I said, as we still sat on the rocks and talked that night. "What is there so dreadful in a man's looking just like you?"

"Tain't that, Aleck," he replied. "Tain't jest that he favours me, but he *is* me, an' I'm him, an' we're both on us each other. It's drefle, drefle."

"But how can it be, Bay? How could it have happened?"

"Well, I didn't use to know 'bout that myself. But I've ciphered it out now, an' this 's the way on it. I see Cap'n Pollard's little gal one day, Lois, you know, settin' on the stoop, cuttin' out figgers out o' paper with her ma's scissors, an' she went to cut out a man with a peaked hat on, an' all of a sudden she says: 'Why, look here, I got two on 'em 'stead o' one.' An' I see she'd doubled her paper 'thout knowin' it, an' so she'd got two men jest kezackly alike, peaked hat an' all. An' then in a jiffy it come over me that was how it happened with him an' me; God got the stuff doubled, you see, an' when He went to cut me out—or him, whichever 'twas He meant to make—He made two on us. I guess He didn't find it out till 'twas too late, or He wouldn't ha' let it go. Or mebbe He thought He'd throwed one away, but it—I mean him—or me—got off somehow. But 'twas a drefle mistake, an' can't never, never be sot right."

His voice had a hopeless ring in it, and his blue eyes were misty as he looked off to sea. It was growing dark, and one by one the lights came out on Fisher's Island, Montauk Point, and farther to the westward, on the Hummocks.

"How *could* it be sot right?" he went on. "Mebbe you think if one on us died, 'twould fix it. But about his soul, how's that? When we was made double—by mistake—nobody to blame, you know—there couldn't ha' been but one soul pervided for. I was raised respectable on 'lection an' foreordination, jest's you was, Aleck, an' so I know that air soul was 'lected to heaven or t'other place, an' whichever died fust would take that place pervided for Balaam Montm'rency's soul. Ther' couldn't be two men 'lected guv'ner o' Connecticut, could ther'? No more could ther' be two souls to the same man 'lected to one place."

"Oh, Balaam!" I cried, in dismay; "I can't follow you; I'm all mixed up."

"So 'm I, Aleck, an' so's him, drefle mixed; that's the trouble."

From that night Bay and I were closer friends than ever. I knew his secret now, and he was glad I knew it. We often talked of "t'other," and passed hours in vain surmises and imaginings as to his fate. Although I knew the whole situation was impossible, and existed only in poor Bay's weak brain, still there was a fearful fascination for me in the subject, and I loved to dwell upon it.

"Would you like to see him, Balaam?" I asked one day.

Bay shook and brushed the earth from some fine large roots of the ginseng he had just been digging, as he said, doubtfully, "I don't hardly know. Sometimes I think I would, an' then agin I ain't so sure. To see yourself comin' up to ye jest careless like, 's if 'twas somebody else, would be pretty scary, out of a lookin'-glass. But agin there's times when I want him bad; seem's if I must have him; 's if I wasn't a hull man without him, but on'y a piece o' one, half a pair o' scissors, you know, or one leg o' these trowses."

"But, Bay," I said, with a sudden thought, "it isn't any worse than twins. Don't you know Bill and Bob Hancox are twins, and they look so much alike nobody but their mother knows them apart?"

"I've thought o' that," Bay replied, "but it ain't the same. They was meant to be in pairs, like pijin berries, or two-fingered grass. They've got two souls, an' there's a place for 'em both—one for Bob Hancox and one for Bill Hancox—in heaven or t'other place; I'm afraid Bill's place is the bad un, for he's a plaguey troubleson chap; but *us*, we ain't twins, we're *each other*, don't ye see?"

We sat down to rest on the church steps, and were silent for a time. Then Bay said: "I wish I was a pefessor; b'longed to the Church, ye know; I might get a sight o' comfort that way. But I can't be, 'taint no use. I come pretty near it once. I was at the Baptist meetin' one Sunday night, an' there was a big revival, an' Elder Swan was preachin'. I was awful stirred up, an' seem'd 's if I'd foun' a way out o' all my troubles. But all on a suddent I thought o' t'other one. I mos' know he's a heathen, for the man that told me about him he was a Portugee or a Kanaka, an' mos' likely he'd seed t'other Balaam over in them parts. So I jest thought 'twould be pretty mean for me, with my priv'leges, born in a Christian land an' raised in Stonin'ton Borough, to take advantage of t'other poor heathen Bay just because he'd happened to be brought up 'mong id'ls an' things, an' take his chance away. So I gin' it up."

I cannot describe fully all the phases of feeling through which Bay passed after I knew his story. But sure am I that after doubt, fear, repulsion, dread, sorrow and pity, he came at last into a great and tender love for this strange other self. I do not think that he had ever before loved a human being. As far as I could find out he had no memory of father, mother, brother or sister, and had hitherto led a friendless, lonesome life. So he had

learned no expressions of endearment, no fond words, no pet names. Such had never been addressed to himself, nor had he ever used them. But he loved, in a certain fashion, his plants, and this helped him now. He grew more eccentric, odder than ever, was more by himself, and was always talking in a low tone, even when quite alone. The village folk said that he was "madder'n a hatter," "crazier'n a coon," but I did not think so. He was only talking to his other self, for I often heard such words as these:

"Poor Bay, poor t'other Bay, don't mind me, don't be scart as I uster be, 'cause there's two o' ye. Some meddlin' loon's up an' told ye, I s'pose, an' ye feel bad; don't, now, *don't*."

Then his voice would sink almost to a whisper as he would say:

"Why, I love ye, Bay, I love ye; I love your peaked, pindlin' face, an' your yeller mussed-up hair, an' them silly blue eyes o' yourn. Ye see I know jest how ye look. I've got a bit o' lookin'-glass now, an' I carry it 'round an' keep lookin' in it, an' I can see us jest 's plain. Don't be 'feard on me; I wouldn't no more hurt ye than I'd hurt the vilets or venuses-prides in the spring."

But more and more, as this strange love grew, did the poor man grieve—agonize almost—over that other's soul, and it's ultimate state. His ideas of heathendom were vague, and derived principally from what he had heard at the "Monthly Concerts" of the Baptist church, intensified by the pictures in illustrated missionary papers distributed at the same meetings. He sometimes fancied that "t'other Bay" was discussing this matter with him, and I would hear him say, as if in response to another voice,

"Yer a heathen, ye say? That ain't no matter. How could ye help bein', out there where ye b'long? Never min', poor old Bay, I don't care 'bout yer id'ls, an' yer throwin' babies to the crockerdiles, an' layin' down on the railroad track to let the Jockanock train run over ye, an' all that. I'd a done it, too, if 'twas the fash'n in the Borough here. That's what they sing over to Baptist meetin',

"The heathens in their blinders
Bows down to wooden stuns."

'Course they do; they don't know no better. But then, Bay, 'tain't a good thing to do, an' I wouldn't if I was you. O Lord, I am you, I clean forgot. But won't ye try not to do it—can't ye swear off, Bay?"

Again and again, as the months rolled on, Balaam would talk with me of this matter, always dwelling now upon the point that there was but one place "pervided for Balaam Montm'rency's soul," and consequently but one of the two Bays could have a place at all.

"But," I ventured to ask one day, "what becomes of the other soul, Bay?"

"Why, it jest goes out."

"Out where?" I naturally asked.

"Jest where the light of a taller can'le goes when ye snuff it out, or the inside of a puff-ball when ye squeeze it, that's where. There ain't no soul no more; it's just stopped bein'."

The more the love for "t'other Bay" grew and deepened, the more the trouble and perplexity increased. How could he help this other—how could he set right this mighty difficulty?

One November day I had arranged to meet my friend just outside the village. As I came to the place of meeting, Bay was waiting, and I at once saw that he was strangely excited. His thin brown face was pale, his big blue eyes wild, his lips worked nervously.

"Aleck, Aleck," he said, excitedly, as soon as I drew near, "I've had a message!"

"Who from, Bay?" I asked.

"Why, from him, from poor Bay, dear old Balaam. I thought there was suthin' comin' an' I've been thinkin' an' contrivin' what 'twould be, an' this mornin' as I was comin' down the road I see old Thankful Bateese, the Ipjun woma... She's a mighty cur'us creeter, an' they say she has dealin's, an' she was in a field all by herself, an' she was a-walkin' roun' an' roun' suthin' on the ground, an' kinder singin'. An I lissened, an'—O Aleck, I heerd the words."

He stopped, and caught his breath with a half sob.

"What was it?" I asked, eagerly, sharing his excitement.

Still pale and trembling, he began chanting, in a strange, monotonous way, these rude rhymes:

"Ther's room for one, but ther' ain't for two,
Ther's no room for me if ther's room for you:
If ye wanter save me, jest up an' say
Ye'll gimme your chance, an' get outer the way."

As he crooned the words, swaying his body and moving his head from side to side, I was at once reminded of the old squaw, so well known in the village, and her peculiar way of chanting some strange gibberish, quite unintelligible to any of us. It at once struck me that Bay had constructed the Indian jargon in his own way, prompted by his one pervading thought.

"Are you sure she said that?" I asked. "I never could understand the words of anything she sings."

"I never could afore, Aleck, but I heerd this jest as plain. 'Twas Bay, t'other Bay, speakin' right through her. An' now I know what I've got ter do."

"Oh, what, Bay?" I asked, anxiously, drawing nearer to him.

"Why, don't ye see? I've got ter up an' say I'll gin lim my chance, an' git outer the way," and his voice again fell into the strange chant.

"But who'll you say it to, Bay?"

His face fell, and a puzzled look came over it, as he said, hesitating and troubled:

"Why—why—to him—no, I can't reach him—oh, Aleck, what

shall I do? what shall I do?" and he threw himself upon the ground in an agony of sorrow and bewilderment. At that moment I saw the old Indian woman coming along the road, and dashed after her. But I failed utterly in making her respond satisfactorily to my inquiries as to her song and what it meant. She threatened me, with alarming guttural sounds and wild gesticulations, and I ran away frightened.

I returned to my friend, and finally succeeded in persuading him to go on with me towards the farm, after our golden treasure. We talked long and earnestly as we went on through the gray November day.

"Ye see, Aleck," said Balaam at last, "it must be *my* soul that's 'lected—I was allers afraid 'twas—an' he's foun' it out, an' he sees a way out on it, if I 'wanter save him,' he says. Wanter! Oh, Bay!" and there was such a depth of tenderness in the voice. It seemed as if all the love he might under other conditions have given to father, mother, wife or child, had gone into this one affection.

"But, Bay," I said, full of love and pity for my friend, "I don't want you to give up to him this way. Why should you?"

"Why, Aleck, I wanter; I'd love ter. I never had anybody to take keer on, or set by, or gin up ter, but him, an' I love it. I don't guess he sets so much by me; likely's not he's got folks—a family, mebbe—an' he wants me outer the way, body an' soul, both on 'em. He don't want me roun' here, or takin' his place there, an' I don't blame him a mite. But it's different with me. He's all the folks I've got, an' I'm drefle glad ter do a little suthin' for him. I won't say that I ain't sometimes kinder felt 's if I'd like ter see them places they tell about at meetin', an' Scriptor speaks on. Ye ain't a religious boy, Aleck; that ain't cum yit with ye; so I can't talk much about that, an' tell you all my reas'ns, the whys an' whuffers; but anyway you'll understand how I'd like to see them plants an' things growin' there Elder Peckham told about, that heals the nations, an' them trees bearin' a dozen diffunt kin's o' fruits—grafted, mebbe—an' them 'never-witherin' flowers' in the hymn-book—everlastin's I 'spose. But, law, 'tain't wuth talkin' about. I'd do more'n that for him, poor chap. Jest to go out, you know, an' not to be 'roun' any more; that ain't much."

In spite of myself I could not help talking as if the situation was a real one. I had lived so long with Bay in this strange story of another self that it was very real to me, and I could hardly bear the thought of this terrible sacrifice, this strange, paradoxical, unselfish self-love, this self-abnegatory immolation for another self. But I could do nothing.

We had gathered our roots, and were resting under the lee of a large boulder, when again Bay began his bewildering talk as to how he could effect this renunciation, to whom he could "up an' say" that he would gladly resign his chance for the other's sake. Suddenly, as we leaned against the rock, there came from over-

head something like a cry. To this day I do not know what it was. It may have been the call of some belated bird fallen behind his migrating comrades, the scream of an eagle or hawk, but to Bay's excited brain, it seemed a message from Heaven. He listened intently a moment, his pale face glowed, and he cried:

"O' course, o' course! I'd oughter knowed it. Thank the Lord, I know now."

"Oh, Bay, tell me, tell me; what is it?"

"Why, that there voice showed me how. Don't ye see that wh'ever made the mistake fust—made us double, ye know—he's the one to fix it now? He'll be glad enough to have the thing set right an' off his mind, an' if I go an' tell him 's well as I know how that I ain't goin' to stan' in any one's way—that he can count me out—why, the thing'll be squared somehow." He was in a state of trembling excitement.

"Go home, Aleck, that's a good boy," he said, hurriedly; "I want ter be by myself a spell; I'll come down bimeby."

He took up his basket, crossed the road, entered a piece of woods, and was soon out of 'sight among the leafless trees. I was frightened, and after a few minutes I stole after him, and went a little way into the woods. Suddenly I heard a voice, and involuntarily stopped to listen. I shall not tell you what I heard. I was not, as Botany Bay truly said, a religious boy; but there was something about what came to my ears in that gray and lonesome wood which filled me with awe then, and has ever since seemed to me a sacred, solemn thing. He was talking to some one, as man to man; he was telling that some one in homely phrase, which yet carried in it a terrible earnestness, of his willingness to give up his place here and hereafter—as he had often expressed it to me, "to stop bein'"—to have everything go on as if there had been but one Bay, and that one "t'other." He did not ask that this might be; he made no petition, offered no plea. He spoke as if only his expression of willingness was lacking to make the thing a fact, to complete the sacrifice.

Boy as I was, I felt that I was on holy ground, and stole away. I would go home, I thought, but to-morrow I would, at the risk of seeming to betray a confidence, ask advice of some older, wiser person.

As I came down into the village it grew grayer and more black, and soon there were snow-squalls, a sure sign there of increasing cold. And cold it grew, bitterly cold. As I sat in front of our blazing wood fire that evening I thought much of Bay, and longed for the morning. I should know better wh'at to say to him now that I had thought the matter over; and if I could not convince him myself, why I should go to Mr. Clifford, the minister. He would know what to say. The morning came, clear and cold, sharply cold for that early season, and thoughts of skating and 'Lihu's Pond came first to me as I woke in my warm bed. Then I remembered Bay. As soon as I could I ran up the street and down the little lane opposite the doctor's to Bay's small brown

house. He was not there; the neighbours said he had not been there since yesterday morning. I hurried to David Doty's, down the back street towards the Point, but he had not brought to the old man the promised gold-thread. Thoroughly alarmed, I ran home and told my fears, and soon our team was ready, and my father and I, with faithful Elam, our "help," were on our way to the woods where I had last seen poor Bay.

It did not take long to find him; he did not try to hide away. There he was, lying close at hand and very still. At first we thought that he was dead. Then he showed some signs of life, and we lifted him tenderly and carried him to our home. No pains were spared to resuscitate him; good Dr. Hines worked faithfully and untiringly, and by-and-by the eyelids trembled and were lifted.

There was a look of dazed wonderment at first; then a faint light flickered over the small, quaint, brown face, and the lips moved. We bent to listen. In a faint, broken whisper he said: "Ther's room for one, but ther' ain't for two. But—ther' ain't—two now, Bay; you're the—one—an' I'm—goin' out. I'm dreffle glad, Bay."

The big blue eyes opened with a sudden smile, like that of a little child, but withal so wise and deep, and Bay was still. The soul had "gone out." Had it "stopped bein'?"

LEAD THEM HOME.

LORD, we can trust Thee for our holy dead—
They, underneath the shadow of Thy tomb,
Have entered into peace; with bended head,
We thank Thee for their rest, and for our lightened gloom.

But, Lord, our living—who, on stormy seas
Of sin and sorrow still are tempest-tossed!
Our dead have reached their haven, but for these—
Teach us to trust Thee, Lord, for these, our loved and lost!

For these we make our passion-prayer by night;
For these we cry to Thee through the long'day;
We see them not—oh keep them in Thy sight!
From them and us be Thou not far away.

And if not home to us, yet lead them home
To where Thou standest at the heavenly gate;
That so from Thee they shall not farther roam;
And grant us patient hearts Thy gathering time to wait.

—*Sunday Magazine.*

ALONE IN LONDON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EPISODES IN AN OBSCURE LIFE."

ONE Sunday evening in summer I was wandering, quite lost, in a warren of London lanes, courts and blind alleys. The lanes—save that the figure is too frolicsome for the doleful locality—seemed to have been laid out by magnifying the irregular circles made by a kitten running after its own tail. Once in them it was almost impossible for an unguided stranger to get out of the intersecting, wavy and jagged curves, unless he turned under low archways, or through clefts between houses—so narrow that it was necessary to sidle through them—to be brought up short by the dead wall of a *cul de sac*, or to lose himself once more in a Chinese puzzle of courts within courts. After the bewilderment of those inosculating nests of courts, it was almost a relief to discover from some often-passed landmark that one had got out again in the comparatively plain-sailing of the round-abouting lanes. They crossed like snakes lying one over another with their tails in their mouths, but still it was easier in them than it was in the courts to reason that one must eventually emerge into some familiar street or road. Cheapside, Oxford Street, Whitechapel, Shoreditch, the Borough High Street, New Cut, impress country people and foreigners with a forcible idea of the vast population of London, owing to their throngs of passengers; but a Londoner, I think, is more likely to be impressed by it if he turns into such a maze as I have described—one with which he is not familiar. He can find scores of them by just turning to the right or left out of thoroughfares he has known by heart from boyhood. He will be startled at any time, but especially on a Sunday night, to find spaces which on the map look like very small blocks of untraversable building, as bored and honey-combed as a sea-wormed wreck, and crammed with squalid people squatting everywhere like a swarm of Egyptian frogs.

While I was wandering about in the warren I have described, the bells of a church at some little distance pealed out. They were a saddening rather than a soothing sound, because it was so easy to note that their sweet Sabbath song went home to the hearts of scarcely any of the people around me. The tired faces looked no easier, the stolid faces looked none the more mobile, the savage faces looked no softer, the shallow, frivolous faces were mellowed by no ennobling shade of seriousness, the besotted faces continued bestial. The sound of pealing church bells is sweet *per se*, and sweetly suggestive, wherever it may be heard, but it seems to me especially sweet—at any rate, in the latter sense—when it peals over the grimy roofs and grotesque chimney-pots of a poor quarter in a great city. It sounds as if a chorus of angels were singing for the consolation of the city's strugglers,

"There *is* peace to be obtained on earth—there is everlasting peace, there is joy whose everlasting jubilation will never flag, will never cloy, hereafter."

But that was not the interpretation which the people in my warren put upon the Sunday evening peal. So far as appearance went, they put no interpretation whatever upon it. They simply disregarded it, because it was nothing to *them*—just as the oaths and other foul language flying about were nothing to them, except when *they* chanced to be the recipients or bandiers of them. The peal of bells somehow made me look up, and I saw a face that fixed my eyes. It was hard and angular, but a stream of sunshine, not strong enough to dazzle, falling upon it, I could see every line of it. It was not quite emancipated from the influence of its doleful surroundings, but as the haggard old woman leaned out of her little window—a window opening on the black, battered tiles, and patched with paper, rags and an old hat—and listened to the evening bells, the memory of a pleasant past, so distant that it had become almost a dream to her—the anticipation of rest and happiness forever, which surely she would not have much longer to wait for, so swept over her sunlit, rugged countenance that it was, as it were, the face of an angel in comparison with the faces above which it looked out.

Soon afterwards I learnt that old woman's history. It made me feel more than I had ever felt before the loneliness of London life. It also made me see more vividly than I had ever seen before that—however the fact may be explained—a belief in Christ does give real comfort and courage when, without such a belief, the wretched would be utterly wretched, the weary worsted in life's struggle would walk into the water, or lie down and die in their foodless garrets or the first quiet street-corner they could find.

This old woman, the almost starving tenant of a bare room in a London slum, was the eldest daughter of a Northamptonshire land-agent, a well-to-do man, who managed two or three important estates in different parts of the country, and had besides property of his own. He had a handsome old house overlooking the market-square in Northampton, and his daughters were brought up in almost luxurious comfort, and taught, in consideration of the intercourse which their father had with "the landed gentry," and of his owning a little land himself, to look down somewhat on the daughters of even the most prosperous tradesfolk in the Drapery, Northampton's Regent Street. When the old woman (whom I will henceforth call Miss Nene) found that I knew a little about Northampton, she brightened up, and began to talk about the old town she had not seen for nearly fifty years.

"Ah, yes, sir," she said, "I remember the Race-course well enough. My sisters were very pretty, and the Hunt gentlemen made so much of them at the race ball that the other girls were quite jealous. You wouldn't think that I had ever dressed in fine clothes and gone to balls, would you, sir? But we held our heads high then. If any one had told me that I should ever be as I am

now, I should have thought him raving mad. It never entered my head that I should ever have to wear rags, and go without food and fire, and be looked down on even by the beggars. But it's God's will, and I won't murmur. Is that old house by Newland still standing, sir—the one with the shields in front? There used to be some Welsh words cut on it that I've heard meant this—'Without God, without everything; God, and enough.' And I've learnt that lesson, I bless His name."

The youngest sister married, the mother died, Miss Nene was left to keep her father's house. Although now an old maid, she was a "highly respectable" old maid, with money coming to her on her father's death, and therefore, was still a personage of some importance to her neighbours, brothers-in-law, and nephews and nieces.

In those days hard drinking unfortunately was so prevalent amongst her father's patrons, the landed gentry whom she had been taught to look upon as only a little lower than the angels, that she did not consider the respectability of her family at all impaired by the fact that her father went to bed drunk two or three times every week. When, however, he began to drink hard in the daytime, so as to incapacitate himself for business, even those who were very willing to be his boon companions at what they called "decent hours" began to shake their heads. Nene drank himself to death, and when his affairs were looked into, it was found that so far from having any money to leave his children, he had died in debt to his employers.

The old home was broken up, and Miss Nene had to find another for herself as best she could. "I shouldn't have minded that so much," she said, "though I could not help thinking it hard that neither of my brothers-in-law would let me come to them, not even for a week. They were disappointed, you see, at not having got what they had expected from father, and, of course, I'd nothing to leave their children then. But people said that poor father was a cheat, and that I was as bad, and it was terrible to come down like that where we'd always been so respected. I went to church and said my prayers and read my Bible and 'Whole Duty,' but I didn't know really what Christianity was in those days. I was a Pharisee. To be thought well of was all I cared about. I've had my punishment, haven't I, sir? But I oughtn't to talk about punishment—if I hadn't had a come-down, perhaps I should have gone on being a Pharisee all my life."

A maiden lady of fifty, brought up in a comfortable middle-class home, in an old-fashioned English town, whose chief anxiety has been to lay out the money which has been supplied her without stint on satisfactory family and company dinners, is about as unfit a character as can be conceived to fight the world without backers. Miss Nene would have made an excellent housekeeper, perhaps, for any one in easy circumstances; but owing to her father's defalcations she had no one to recommend her for such a piece, and she was glad at last to take, for a little more than her

board and lodging, a situation which she heard of by chance—that of general domestic drudge for a struggling widowed tradesman in Walworth, who had ten small children, but who could only afford to keep one servant, a little girl from the workhouse. "I've wished myself back there many a time," said the old woman, "but I thought I should go beside myself when I first got there. Everything was so noisy and so nasty, and the children were so unruly, and I'd never a minute to myself, and he was so near about the food, poor man, and what there was didn't seem fit to set before a dog. I thought so then. God forgive me, and now many's the day I get nothing but a crust I've picked up off an ash-heap. Yes, sir, that's the simple truth. I soak them when I've a chance, to get a little of the dust out, and soften them a bit, but sometimes I've been so hungry that I was glad to eat them just as I found them.

"But I was going to tell you, sir—it was at Walworth I first got to know my Saviour. Sundays weren't much like Sundays there, no more than they are here—it was one of those shops that keep open all day. The man sometimes put the shutters up for an hour or two in the afternoon, when he wanted to get a rest, but not often—there wasn't much sleep to be got in that house whilst the children were about. Sometimes the poor man would get me to take the youngest of them to church just to keep them out of his way, but it wasn't often that I could get to church anyhow. I always went morning and afternoon at Northampton (father stayed at home in the afternoon), and so when I first went to Walworth I felt as if I'd got into a heathen country. I don't know how it was, but one Sunday evening the shop was shut, and they were all out—except the three youngest. They slept in my room—two on the floor, and one with me. So I thought I'd have a quiet read in the parlour behind the shop, and I went up to my box to get out my Prayer-Book and Bible and the 'Whole Duty.' I brought down the 'Rise and Progress,' too. That was the only thing I'd got of mother's. Mother was very fond of it. When she was quite a little girl she had seen Dr. Doddridge—he died in Portugal, you know, sir—but he used to preach in Northampton. He had a school there in Sheep Street. Mother sometimes went to the chapel that used to be his—the one on Castle Hill. Father didn't like it, because he was a Church and King man, and thought all meetings were worse than French infidels. So mother didn't go often, but she was very fond of reading the 'Rise and Progress.' I'd kept it because it was mother's, but I'd never read it before that night. I began to read it then, and I read it afterwards, and it seemed to me that I'd got hold of a different sort of religion to what I'd been used to. I didn't like it at first, but afterwards when I read the Bible again, I seemed to understand it better. The texts I couldn't make out before seemed to fit in to what the 'Rise and Progress' said; and now, thank God, I've known for many a year what it is to have a Saviour to go to who'll comfort you none the less, but all the more, because you

are poor and miserable, and everybody else looks down on you. I don't like to venture into a church now. I'm such a scarecrow—I'm afraid they'd turn me out. I've had to part even with my Bible, and if I had it still, my eyes are too dim now for reading print. But it isn't having Christ inside a book that comforts you—it's having Him in your heart—always ready just when you want Him to comfort you."

Poor old Miss Nene had long and often stood in dire need of comfort. When she lost her "home" in Waiworth through the bankruptcy of her employer, she had obtained a series of such other employments as a friendless, old-fashioned old woman, originally fitted for nothing but to manage a house in the country in which money could be got for asking, might be expected to obtain in London. At last, or rather very speedily, even these employments came to an end, and the poor old body who in her Northampton home walked about in an atmosphere of lavender sprigs and chintz-patterned *pot pourri*, had for years—the alternative being imprisonment for life in the workhouse—been forced to poke about in London rubbish-heaps for the means of getting a scanty crust—sometimes for the crust itself. She was one of the walled scarecrows who rise from their lairs in the lowest parts of London in the early morning to wander miles, and poke and pry, bent almost double, in search of the precious treasure of rags, bones, stray bits of metal, and sodden cigar ends. Of all the strugglers in even struggling London, these poor "bunters" inspire me with the most pity, and I am half inclined to say, with the most respect. The healthy love of independence must be strong in them when, old, feeble, half-famished as they are, they will totter about for hours—no matter what the weather, or how mucky the places—in the not always realized hope of earning a morsel of food—food got, not given; and when they cannot get it, quietly starve "at home"—that is, in damp, cold, or hot, filthy, fusty, cramped holes, into which if a pointer were put, the kingdom would ring with indignant leaders on Barbarous Inhumanity to Noble Dumb Animals. I do not grudge the dogs their friends—those that are not sporting or pet dogs are often sorely in need of friends—but I wish that my Noble Dumb Animals, these poor old silent bone-grubbers, could get a little more attention shown them in a country like England in which so much miscellaneous pity is going about like a roaring deluge seeking whom it may next drench.

OFTEN through my heart is pealing
 Many another voice than Thine,
 Many an unwilling echo stealing
 From the wall of this Thy shrine.
 Let Thy longed-for accents fall,
 Master; speak, and silence all.

—F. R. Havergal.

THE INNER COURT.

BY ARTHUR WENTWORTH EATON.

“TARRY ye here,” the Saviour said !
And passed into the deeper shade
Where stately palms and olives threw
Their shelter round Him as He prayed.

Tarry ye here, dear as ye are,
Nor on this dreadful hour intrude ;
The bitterest anguish must be met
In silence and in solitude.

Tarry ye here, but not because
I need not human sympathy,
I leave you at the outer gate,
But oh, I charge you “Watch with Me,”

While in the awful shade of night
Across the peaceful, slumbering sod,
I flee with my unuttered woe
Into the chamber of my God.

Tarry ye here, grief's inner court
Cannot be trod by human feet,
Within that sanctuary's walls
None but the soul and God can meet.

Ah, life is not so strong to bear
Its griefs without companionship,
Yet there are secret woes that press
The seal of silence on the lip,

And beckon with despairing hand
The tenderest sympathy away,
And in some lonely garden seek
A spot to agonize and pray.

There safe in life's Gethsemane
Our fleeing feet scarce touch the sod,
One burning wish within the soul—
To be alone with grief and God.

Tarry ye here, where heaven's stars
Shall shed on you their silver light,
But let me be alone with God
In yonder deepest shades of night.

QUALIFICATIONS FOR THE MINISTRY OF OUR TIMES.

BY BISHOP C. D. FOSS, D.D.

THE importance of the Christian ministry cannot be over-estimated. It is the third great institution of the Church, and is flanked on all sides by the power of God. In the way of the minister there are many serious difficulties, but no obstacle is great enough to hinder him in his work if he possesses the requisite qualifications. I want to notice, as briefly as may be, some of the qualifications for the ministry of our times. And it may be said that what is necessary for ministers in these times is the same as has been required for the ministry of all times.

First, I remark, that it must be a *learned ministry*. Mind you, I did not say, an educated ministry. The two terms are not convertible. I mean a ministry that continues to increase in intellectual power. I have during nearly all my life been connected with schools and colleges, and believe in our young men acquiring the fullest possible intellectual preparation. Yet it has pleased God from time to time to call men from the anvil and the plough to the pulpit; men who have not had the advantages of a wide academic training. But this need not hinder them from being *learned*. There is a manifest and increasing need of a learned ministry in our times. The people to whom we preach are a reading, studious people. The high school graduate of to-day knows more than the Harvard graduate did in 1800.

If the preacher of the nineteenth century fails to keep abreast of the times, yea, a little ahead of them, he will lose influence and efficiency. Three hundred years ago not one in ten could read a chapter in the Bible, or write his own name. In the British Museum there is an old Bible, upon the fly-leaf of which is an inscription written by Queen Mary, as follows: "Presented to king and I at the time of our coronation." The sign-boards hanging in front of the old English taverns remind us of the illiteracy of the people only a few years ago. Upon these signs were painted a cock and bull, a white swan or other objects. It was the only language the masses could read. But those days have passed away. How great the change! Why, it was only in 1800 that the first public school was opened in England. Books were printed then for the favoured few; now they are for the masses. They are sold everywhere at trifling cost. And the people are reading them.

There is an impression that almost any kind of a preacher can get along in the Far West, out on prairies and frontiers. I tell you that is no place for the clerical weakling. They have yonder a people with bright, penetrating, discriminating minds, and they very much enjoy the best preaching. Indeed, there is no place on this continent for ignoramuses in the ministry. It is necessary for you, young brethren, to be alive and studious, or it will seriously bar your way to success and usefulness. You must familiarize yourselves with the great religious, social and industrial questions that are now occupying so large a place in the public mind. The duties of citizenship; the duty of citizens at the polls; the questions of temperance, Mormonism, polygamy; the mighty problem of immigration; the relations

of capital and labour, of employer and employé—these, and twenty other questions I could name, are things about which you must know, or the people will see that you are behind the times, and your way will be barred. You should lead public sentiment on these issues. What the pulpit teaches moulds sentiment, and also that of the press.

But how are you to become learned ministers? It may be your duty to attend college or a Biblical institute. If you can do so, go by all means. But that may not be in the line of your duty. What you need is a daily, nightly, everlasting study of a few great authors. Two or three works of philosophy, several on theology, one or two of poetry, and so on. Neglect to read some poetry, and you miss one of the very richest currents that can flow into your intellectual life. Don't squander your time in reading newspapers. Dr. McClintock said that seven minutes a day was enough to give to the newspapers. Don't waste your precious time devouring sensational despatches, baseball news and senseless gossip. Don't become absorbed in magazine reading. It is not what you need. Get hold of the great authors. God does not let loose more than five great authors on any generation. Stretch your little intellects on the great authors. Then, study the Book. The daily, nightly, everlasting study of the Book is absolutely essential if you would become learned ministers. There is no excuse for any one who does not read the New Testament in the original Greek. One hour every day for two years will master it, and make you a learned exegete.

Give the Bible a chance. Read it systematically, consecutively. What would you say to one who would read Macaulay's history of England as many persons read the Bible—a chapter of the first volume, and a section of the second, and a little of the third, and so on? Read the Bible largely. Read it consecutively. Pore over it until its truth and harmony and power shall become absorbed. Again I say, give the Bible a chance. But woe be to the man who affects a learned *style* of preaching—who delivers philosophical, geological, scientific lectures. That is not preaching. Preach the Word. Bring all your knowledge and lay it down at the feet of Jesus. Let all your study and all your knowledge be consecrated to Him, and used only to present His loveliness the more clearly to the world. Young men, if you do not seek to be learned in this best sense, people will soon find you out. I was presiding at the Kentucky (coloured) Conference some years ago, and in our cabinet work we found it difficult to appoint one brother. Day after day passed, and the presiding elders failed to nominate him for any place. At last I said, "Brethren, how is it you have not made a suitable nomination for Bro. —?" I thought that possibly I was labouring under some mistake as to the identity of the brother, and so said to the presiding elders, "I mean the brother who always sits near the third window on the north side. He is a fine-looking man, dresses well, and is quite bald." "Yes," said Dr. Marshall W. Taylor, one of the brightest coloured men I ever knew, since gone to glory, "yes; but bishop, he is bald on the inside of his head, too." If you are bald on the inside of your head, it will soon be known.

Then again, the ministry for the times must be a consecrated ministry—a holy ministry, one absolutely devoted to the work of God. With Paul, it must not confer with flesh and blood. It must have self-abandonment. There never was a time when truth has taken a wider outlook and great

reforms have been wrought unless led by a martyr. We want men utterly devoted to the work of God. A man devoted to a wrong cause, who goes at it with all his mind, and soul and strength, multiplies his power for evil beyond measure. The ministry for the times must be a soul-saving, a revival ministry. Not a ministry that will secure the salvation of sinners by ones and twos, though that is good, but by tens and hundreds. I am not here to plead for wildfire. Nor for the work of indiscreet, weak evangelists, so-called, who invite people who want to love Jesus to raise their hands as high as their shoulders, with the understanding that such a condescension upon their part will make all heaven and earth very happy; men who plead with you to write your name on a card, and to whom big sinners say, "Why, yes, if it will please you so much, it won't hurt us to do that." Out on all such work! Men are sinners, lost and undone, and are in danger of eternal retribution. Blessed be God when one such is converted. But more blessed is it when a sand blast of revival power comes into the community, when society is shaken to its foundations, and scores are soundly converted to God. Blessed be the Church whose pastor is his own evangelist.

But some say, "I'm not a revivalist; my work is in building up the Church." How are you going to build up the Church? I never found any other way than by taking the rough stones from Nature's quarry and putting them into the walls—getting sinners converted and training them for glory. There are not two classes in the ministry, those who are revivalists and those who are not.

The Church of Jesus Christ is not a guild, it is not a social club. That is a mean and belittling conception of the Church. It should mould public opinion in the community and give moral tone to society. You should preach so that the merchant of the congregation who is tricky and cheats and takes every advantage, will be greatly troubled, and will think that either God or the devil is after him, and will get him sure. And so that other merchant who is straight, and honest, and conscientious in all his dealings, even to his personal loss at times, will feel that his counter is as sacred as your pulpit.

Then, your ministry must be a pastoral ministry. There must be hand-to-hand work. After the cannonade, the struggle with short swords. My preaching is done mostly at long range now. If God did not honour even this long-range preaching, I would feel that I must abandon this work, and go out into some field where I could win souls. A few months ago I preached at Ann Arbor, and at the close of the sermon a brilliant young student came to me asking, "What must I do to be saved?" Soon after I received a letter from another asking about the ministry, saying that during the sermon he had been greatly moved. God gave me a little victory, but it is nothing as compared to that secured at the short-range method. John Hall visits each of his two thousand families twice every year. I don't mean that you are to go and sit in the parlour till the lady of the house makes her toilet and arrays herself in a silk dress, and then ask her to call her husband from his work that you may formally visit him. No, no. Go where the labourer is, into the shop, on to the roof, down into the mine, into the field. Don't ask him to stop his ploughing. Tell him to drive on or ask him to let you drive, and then speak a few earnest words about the Church and his soul.

The Church has some rights which a young man is bound to respect. I know of nothing so laughable, if it were not so lamentable, as to see some young knight of the pulpit come out on a fine Sunday morning with an old sophomore essay, finely written, gilt-edged, and perhaps scented, now to be read, or more probably recited, in which he labours to make the impression that neither the Church nor the doctrines on which the Church was founded, nor the Word which emanated from God Himself was to be accepted until each had been proved by his lordly reason. If the young village rhymester should declare that Milton's "Paradise Lost" didn't amount to anything, or if the amateur architect should decide that the dome of St. Peter's was a failure, it wouldn't hurt the poem or the dome, but it would dig their grave. . . . Be patient with honest doubt. Teach it. Show it the truth until the doubter shall at last exclaim, "My Lord, and my God." But with bold, self-asserting, dishonest doubt, it is not worth while to trouble. When I come around again in ten or twelve years and ask after my class, for such you will always be to me, I shall expect to hear from the presiding elder who will then be, a good account of you. I hope I may hear that, while you may not have developed into what the world calls great preachers, that you are fresh, earnest, biblical preachers, and judicious, soul-saving pastors.—*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

“THE LEAST OF THESE.”

BY ELLEN E. CHASE.

SHE had little of earthly beauty,
 She had less of earthly lore ;
 She climbed by a path so narrow,
 Such wearisome burdens bore !
 And she came, with heart a-tremble,
 To the warder at heaven's door.

She said, "There were hearts of heroes,"
 She said, "there were hands of might ;
 I had only my little children,
 That called to me, day and night ;
 I could only soothe their sorrows,
 Their childish hearts make light."

And she bow'd her head in silence,
 She hid her face in shame ;
 When, out from a blaze of glory,
 A form majestic came ;
 And, sweeter than all heaven's music,
 Lo, some one called her name !

"Dear heart ! that hath self forgotten,
 That never its own hath sought,
 Who keepeth the weak from falling,
 To the King hath jewels brought.
 Lo, what thou hast done for the children,
 For the Lord Himself was wrought !"

REV. JOSEPH WESLEY McCALLUM.

BY THE REV. W. S. BLACKSTOCK.

IN the death of the Rev. Joseph Wesley McCallum, which occurred in this city on the 29th of June last, the Methodist Church has lost another of its most devoted and successful ministers. He was a descendant of the United Empire Loyalists, and inherited in an eminent degree the sterling qualities of that remarkable race to whom the Dominion of Canada owes so much. His grand-parents, on both his father's and his mother's side, appear to have belonged to that band of exiles who, driven from their homes and deprived of their property in the United States on account of their political principles, soon after the close of the war of the American Revolution, found their way across the Niagara River and settled along the Niagara frontier, then an all but unbroken forest. His grandfather, James McCollum—for so he spelled his name—a Scotchman with principles as firm and unyielding as the granite of his native hills, rather than forswear his allegiance to his king, and desert the flag under which he was born, cheerfully accepted the loss of his home, and his property, which appears to have been considerable, in the beautiful valley of the Susquehanna, and, after having endured indescribable hardships, to begin life empty-handed, amid the rigours of this northern climate, and the trials and sufferings incident to the early settlement of a country covered with a dense forest. Of the Howes, his mother's family, less is known, but though of English descent, they were of the same temper, and of the same stock. They were people who had settled principles, and who, moreover, had the courage of their convictions, and were prepared to not only fight, but if need be to suffer and even to die for what they believed to be right.

Such was the stock from which Joseph McCallum and Elizabeth Howe, the parents of the subject of this sketch, were descended, and such were the traits of character which had come to them by inheritance. Though they belonged rather to the Cavaliers than to the Roundheads, their indomitable will and unswerving loyalty to their conscientious convictions marked them out as belonging essentially to the same race as the Puritans who laid the foundation of the settlement of New England at an earlier day. And the stern struggle with poverty and the difficulties incident to frontier life had tended to strengthen rather than to relax these principles.

It is true when Joseph Wesley came upon the scene, the battle had been in a great measure fought and the victory won. Under the more than magic spell of a tireless industry the face of nature itself had been changed. The wilderness and the solitary place had been made glad, and the desert had at least begun to blossom like the rose. But the qualities that had been developed, the characters that had been formed in the arduous struggle which had resulted in the altered circumstances of the people, still remained. And, I suspect, there was but little room for "softness or self-indulgence" in the home in which Joseph Wesley began his life. It may be taken for granted that it was pervaded by an authority from which there was no appeal; and that the work which might be reasonably expected from each member of it was required to be done.

It is in such homes as this that the idea of duty is developed, selfishness is dethroned, and children are taught from their infancy to obey God and do right in total disregard of inclination, "trampling under foot that enthusiastic doctrine of devils that we are not to do good unless our hearts are free to do it." Nor does it require any Spartan severity to do this when the conduct of parents themselves are governed by this principle, and precept and example go hand in hand. And from all that we have been able to learn of Joseph McCallum and his wife, this was true of them. Authority, in their case was softened and sweetened by love. At an early day—how early is not known—through the influence of Methodism these rugged, strong-minded people, with their tenacity of principle and indomitability of will, were made the subjects of the saving grace of God. Theirs was the triumphant and joyous religion of the Methodist of those days—a religion which enabled its possessor to give a reason of the hope that was in him to every one that asked, and which, though characterized by great intensity of feeling, did not expend itself in mere demonstration, but was full of faith and good works. It is no marvel that a child like Joseph Wesley McCallum, naturally serious, and with a deep, spiritual nature, was, almost from infancy, more or less the subject of religious feeling. It is doubtful whether he could ever recollect a period when he was not favoured, ever and anon, with gracious visitings from above. I suspect that, like Samuel, he was from his infancy "lent" to the Lord, and that the parents who demonstrated their respect and affection for the memory of the founder of Methodism, and their gratitude for the spiritual benefits which had come to them through his instrumentality, gave his name to their son, did so in prayerful hope that he might walk in the footsteps of that great and good man, and that he might be instrumental in keeping the fire which he had kindled burning, and helping forward the work which he had begun. I have no reason to doubt that this was true, especially of this devoted man.

It was not, however, until he had reached the age of twelve that he became the subject of that great change which gave colouring to the whole of his after-life. At that age Joseph Wesley McCallum, having obtained the forgiveness of sins through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, was adopted into the family of God; and because he was a son, God sent forth the spirit of His Son into his heart, crying, "Abba, Father." The Spirit Himself bore witness with his spirit that he was a son of God. Of his religious life during the next eleven years but little is known, beyond the fact that it was constant, consistent, and progressive. Like his Master, whom he loved, he grew in wisdom, and in stature, and in favour with God and man. The peculiar means of grace in the Methodist Church—the prayer-meeting, the class-meeting, and the love-feast—afforded him opportunity for modestly and unostentatiously exercising his gifts; and the offices which he was called to fill, as he approached manhood and his religious knowledge and experience became more mature, as leader, exhorter, and local preacher, enlarged the sphere of his religious activity and usefulness. The result was that by the time he had reached early manhood, and probably before it, the Church had taken knowledge of him, as one who was evidently called to the work of the ministry. Indeed, long before he felt that he had the necessary qualifications for that work, either as respects literary and theological training, or experience, he was earnestly urged to

place his services fully at the disposal of the Church. His eminent devotion, his burning zeal for the salvation of sinners, the spiritual unction and power which attended his earnest and pathetic appeals to the unconverted, and, it may be added, his studious habits and conscientious economy of time, made those who knew him feel that he might be safely trusted to make up for his defective preparatory training by the private study of after years. How fully this expectation was realized is known to those who knew him best. But if anything connected with his religious or ministerial life occasioned him regret in looking back from subsequent years, it was the fact that the scarcity of men, and the pressing exigencies of the work at the time, led to his assuming the responsibilities of the ministerial office, as he believed, somewhat prematurely.

Respecting the correctness of this view it would be hazardous to express an opinion. Sanctified learning is, no doubt, a great instrument of usefulness. Intellectual culture that has been fully consecrated to God and baptized at the font of Christian love, is an invaluable gift, and one that every one looking forward to the office and work of a minister in the Church of God should covet earnestly, and do all in his power to secure. But the Church does well to distinguish between what is desirable and what is essential. It is remarkable that there was but one Paul among the apostles. He alone of the entire college was what we in our day would call a college-bred man. He alone had received a thorough literary and theological training—brought up as he was at the feet of Gamaliel. It would be an error, indeed, to suppose that the fishermen of Galilee were uneducated men. They were probably as well, or even better educated than the bulk of the people to whom they ministered; in addition to this they had been under the discipline and teaching of the Master for three years; but all this did not amount to that sort of academic training which we are coming to regard as almost an essential qualification for the ministry. But while, beyond question, the Church is right in the main, such eminent instances as those of Spurgeon, the greatest of living preachers, and Moody, the most successful of modern evangelists, neither of whom had the advantage of a college training, must not be overlooked. It would be wrong, indeed, to say of the early Methodist preachers, that because they were not college bred, they were therefore uneducated. And it would be just as grave an error to call Mr. McCallum an uneducated man. The very fact that his early advantages had not been all that could be desired—though he appears to have availed himself of all the scholastic advantages of the neighbourhood where he lived—led him, so to speak, to put himself to school during the whole of his life. His student days only ended with his decease.

But what is the chaff to the wheat? What are the mere accessories to the work of the ministry to that work itself? "He that winneth souls is wise." And to Joseph Wesley McCallum that divine wisdom was given in an eminent degree. It is scarcely too much to say that he lived in the atmosphere of revival during the whole of his ministry. I remember the first two years of his ministry, 1842 and 1843, both of which were spent on the Whitby Circuit, within the bounds of which my home was at that time; and I can bear testimony to the extraordinary success which, during these years, attended his labours. It is, perhaps, not too much to say that in connection with the revival services, conducted chiefly by him on that

circuit, hundreds of persons professed conversion ; and, while many have fallen asleep, some continue to this day. Since that time down to the close of his ministry he distinguished himself as a soul-winner wherever he happened to be appointed. Even in his last circuit, the success which attended his labours showed that his power, as an immediate instrument in the salvation of men, remained undiminished.

Which contributed most to the remarkable success of Mr. McCallum's ministry, his public preaching of the Word, or his private ministrations in the homes of the people, it is not easy to say. A certain minister, who had been favoured with a gracious revival in his church, explaining how it had been brought about, among other things, said he had been led, during many months, to preach pleading sermons to his people, beseeching sinners to be reconciled to God. The bulk of Mr. McCallum's sermons, if not all of them, were of this kind. He was always serious in the pulpit ; lightness would have been for him a desecration of the sacred place. He was always earnest in his appeals to the consciences of his hearers, and always affectionate and tender. But more than this, he was an organ of the Spirit, a voice—"the voice of one crying in the wilderness"—and there was a divine unction that attended his ministry which was its crowning glory and the secret of its power. As a pastor especially he excelled. As a house-to-house visitor among the people he had few equals. His were not mere social visits, calls of ceremony, or even pastoral calls, designed to remind the people that he had not forgotten them, but that on the contrary he was interested in them. He went about among the people, everywhere and always, in the spirit of Him who said : " Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business ?" Like Him, he went about doing good. " The spirit of the Lord God was upon him ; because the Lord had anointed him to preach good tidings unto the meek : He had sent him to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound," . . . " to comfort all that mourn ; to appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." And in this spirit, and with these ends in view, he preached publicly and from house to house. It is no marvel that his ministry was accompanied by signs following.

The underlying fact of his whole life was the singleness of his aim, the simplicity of his purpose. His eye was single and his whole body was full of light. He was a man of one book, and a man of one work. Hard-working and active as he was, he never allowed anything to come between him and his Bible and his God. Nothing must be permitted to interfere with the time which he habitually spent with the Book and its Divine Author. He was pre-eminently a man of prayer. What was said of Bishop Asbury might be said of him : " He prayed, and prayed, and prayed, until the wonder was, what he could find to pray for." It was not merely from a sense of duty that he spent those frequent and protracted seasons of communion with God. It was his solace, his delight to be permitted to come face to face with his Heavenly Father, and converse with Him as a man converses with his friend. His devoted wife at times has been alarmed when she has met him coming out of his study bathed in tears and scarcely able to stand under the weight of glory that has rested upon him. Of late, as if the chasm which separates the Church below from the Church above

was being bridged over, these gracious and extraordinary manifestations had become more frequent and more glorious. Like Edward Payson before his death, McCallum appears to have been for many months a dweller in the land of Beulah, and the Sun of Righteousness had come so round and full to him that He filled the whole hemisphere. And heaven itself had been so near that he was only separated from it by the stream of death, and that had dwindled to an inconsiderable rill.

One experience of this good man in the immediate prospect of death is particularly noteworthy. Looking back upon the past, he said to his wife and children that he had no regrets. He could not desire his life to be different from what it had been. If he had it to live over again, he would do as he had done. No wonder that with such a retrospect, feeling that the whole of his religious and ministerial life had been accepted and approved of God, he was able to say to his little granddaughter, when she stood beside his death-bed: "Birdie, it is an easy thing to die; only live right, and there will be nothing hard in dying." Death for him had no sting, and the grave had no terrors. Like Paul, "he had fought the good fight; he had finished his course; he had kept the faith: and henceforth there was a crown of righteousness laid up for him, which the Lord the Righteous Judge should give unto him, and not to him only, but to all them also who love His appearing." The death of such a man is a translation; 't is simply passing from a state of grace to a state of glory, from the free and loving service rendered to God by a loyal and devoted heart on earth, to a higher form of service, the same in kind, but exalted in degree, in heaven. The sun has sunk below the horizon here, only to rise with increased effulgence, in a higher and happier sphere. And we think not of our beloved and revered brother as dead, but as enjoying a fulness of life of which, even in his most ecstatic moments in this world, he never dreamed.

It should have been said, at an earlier stage in this paper, that in 1846 Mr. McCallum was united in marriage with Miss Mary McBrian, of the township of Whitby, who proved a real helpmate to him. Mrs. McCallum, after sharing the cares, the responsibilities and labours of the itinerancy with her devoted husband for a period of forty-five years, still lives to deplore her loss. The whole of their family, consisting of two sons and four daughters, with the exception of one son, who has been for some years in Washington Territory, reside in Toronto. His eldest daughter is the wife of Alderman McDougall. His second daughter is the wife of Uzziel Ogden, Esq., M.D., well known as one of the leading physicians of Toronto. Two daughters—one of them remarkable for her gift of song—remain unmarried. And their son, James McCallum, Esq., M.D., a rising young physician, is the assistant and partner of his brother-in-law, Dr. Ogden. To his family, Mr. McCallum has bequeathed the priceless legacy of an unsullied reputation, and of a bright and blessed example; and one of his chief consolations in the prospect of parting with them was the fact that he knew that these things were thoroughly appreciated by them, and that they were disposed to walk in his footsteps, and contribute in their various spheres, and according to the measure of their ability, towards helping forward the work to which he had so loyally, cheerfully and lovingly devoted his life. May the mantle of the ascended father fall upon each of the children.

Current Topics and Events.

A BLUSH OF SHAME.

It was with a blush of patriotic shame that we read in the daily papers, while on the Pacific coast, the telegraphic despatches announcing the scandalous exposures of fraud and corruption in high places in Canada, and the sneering editorial criticisms thereon by unfriendly American editors. We can no longer point the finger of scorn at the corrupt politicians of New York and Washington, since we have at home examples of malversation of office akin in kind, if not in degree, with the corruptions of Tammany Hall and the Boss Tweed ring. It is an omen of ill augury for our country that such things are possible among us. Neither of the political camps into which the Dominion is divided can afford to hurl accusations at the other, for representatives of each party are among the guilty culprits, whom all honest men must condemn. These detected frauds are but an illustration of the eagerness with which men pursue the venal Horatian maxim to "acquire riches; honestly, if they can; if not, acquire them anyway."

But we must not despair of the country. The very recoil against these hidden works of darkness, dragged to the light of day, is a wholesome moral symptom. There are yet many—we believe the majority, of the men in place and power of both parties—who would scorn such ill-gotten gains. The sneering dictum of Walpole, that "every man has his price," we believe was never less true than now. We have patriots and statesmen as incorruptible as Hampden and Russell; men who would not sell their honour, no, not for the world; but we need to set before the young men of the country a nobler ideal than that of making haste to be rich; an ideal of those brave old Roman days of which Macaulay says:

"Then none were for a party;
Then all were for the State;

Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great;
Then lands were fairly portioned;
Then spoils were fairly sold;
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old."

POLITICS AS RELIGION.

One cause for the moral deterioration in the political world we judge to be the wide divorce which has taken place between political and moral duties. Many men, whose word is as good as their bond in social and commercial life, seem to become the veriest tricksters where the interests of their political party are concerned. It would seem as if, in their judgment, the sphere of politics were outside the range of the moral law. We need to have embodied in our national life more of the grand old conception of the Hebrew prophets and the English Puritans—that the kingdom of God is among men, that the Almighty is the true head of the nation, and that every man should be His faithful soldier and servant in things secular as well as in things sacred; or rather, that there is no distinction between these two, that *all* duties are sacred, and that we live, as the grand old Puritan poet expresses it, "Ever as in the great Taskmaster's eye."

This idea is finely brought out by Mr. Stead in the following utterances in a recent number of the *Review of Reviews*: "If we bear this in mind, no election would ever come round, whether to town councils or boards of guardians or anything else, but if we are to play our part as citizens as Christ would have us, we should try to secure that no one should be elected who had not a human heart in him, and that he had something of a soul over and above the more necessary care for the rates. Work this idea out, and I think you will find that voting and canvassing become religious exercises. What a revelation it made me of the divine character of this life when I saw that

even in our politics we can serve God as really as the kings and prophets of the old Testament! If we realize the nearness of God, so that we are never alone, but He is always with us, looking at us with infinite sorrow when we oppose His will and disregard the duties which He gives us to do, what a great thought is that for the cleansing of our heart and the salvation of our soul! We never realize enough that God is a living God and not a dead one, and that He is our living Father who cares for us, and who has given each of us charge over so many of His children, and that He will require that charge at our hands. Whether it is your own children or some one else's children, you are responsible for them, and their souls will be required at your hands."

When this conception is strongly realized and fully acted upon, then our Temperance enactments will be very different from what they have been in the past; and all our legislation and administration shall be on a higher plane and embodying nobler principles.

MODERN SUPERSTITION.

It seems almost like a page from the chronicles of the Middle Ages to read in the daily papers the cable despatches about the thousands of pilgrims thronging to see the Holy Coat of Treves. This coat is proclaimed to be the identical seamless robe of our Lord for which the soldiers cast lots. It is rather against this theory that there are no less than thirteen other rival claimants to this strange distinction, some of which have a striking record for their miracle-working power. Even if it were established beyond the shadow of a doubt, if this was the very garment of our Lord, surely there is something very revolting in the thought of turning the whole town in whose cathedral it is preserved into a

"vanity fair," with its junketings, its merry-go-rounds and frivolities of every sort, its booths and stalls for eating, drinking, carousing and serving the devil rather than worshipping God. It is a strange illustration of the surviving superstitions of the Middle Ages lingering like a belated ghost at midnight in the dawn of day.

MAGAZINE PREMIUM.

We beg to call attention to the liberal announcement made by the Book Steward in our advertising columns, of the premium picture of John Wesley *free* to every one obtaining a new subscription to this MAGAZINE. This picture is an accurate reproduction in oil colours of the famous portrait of John Wesley by Romilly—the finest portrait of John Wesley in existence. The picture is a large size, 15½ by 21 inches, and will be a most appropriate souvenir of the Centennial of the death of that great man. Arrangements are in progress for making the forthcoming volumes of the MAGAZINE for 1892 far ahead of anything yet attempted in illustration and in interest of contents. Full announcements of our programme for 1892 will be made in our next number.

EXCURSION TO PALESTINE.

Dr. Withrow's programme of his projected trip to Egypt, Palestine, Turkey, Greece, Southern and Central Europe is now ready. Persons interested in the subject may obtain copies by writing to Dr. Withrow, Wesley Buildings, Toronto.

A CORRECTION.

In the excellent article on Rev. Thos. Hurlburt in the July number of the MAGAZINE we regret the following typographical error occurred on page 52, last line, "two tanners" instead of "two farmers."

For the sweetest parables of truth
 In our daily pathway lie,
 And we read, without interpreter,
 The writing on the sky.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

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

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

The one hundred and forth-eighth Annual Conference was held at Nottingham, which is only the second which has been held in that town. The last Conference held there was memorable on account of the great debate which decided the right of laymen to share in the proceedings of the Annual Conferences.

The Rev. T. B. Stephenson, D.D., LL.D., well known to many in Canada, was elected to the presidential chair by a very large majority of ballots. The new President's inaugural address was characteristic. He made a tender allusion to his deceased parents, who were connected with the Methodist ministry, so the President is in the true succession. His allusion to the missions among the masses was full of sympathy.

Rev. Dr. Waller was re-elected Secretary. It is the custom with the parent body to appoint the same person to the secretariat for a succession of years. Efficiency is thus secured.

There has been an unusual mortality in the ministerial ranks. Several who had fallen were men of more than ordinary ability, and who had long occupied prominent positions. Revs. Dr. G. Osborn, J. Moorhouse, J. McKay, D.D., Dr. Rule, Alexander M'Aulay, Marmaduke Osborn, Jas. Chalmers and several others. The memorial service was a solemn season, at which many tears were shed. Rev. Thornley Smith, an African missionary and a voluminous author, died during the sessions of Conference, shortly after preaching an impressive sermon.

A deputation of Nonconformist ministers visited the Conference and presented a congratulatory address, which was followed by several kind impromptu speeches, to which re-

sponses equally cordial were delivered by members of the Conference.

Rev. Alberico Bossi's account of the spread of the Gospel in his native land was thrilling. Paul's words were verified. "They of Italy salute you."

The Conference sent a sympathetic letter to the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon; and on the receipt of the sad intelligence of the riot in China, in which a brave missionary and another Englishman had lost their lives, while others were still in peril, special prayer was offered.

Fifty-seven in all, at home and abroad, completed their probation.

A large number of ministers—twenty-five—were granted a superannuated relation, most of whom had travelled more than forty years.

Rev. F. A. Macdonald leaves the Professor's chair to become Missionary Secretary.

There is an invested capital of more than \$40,000 on behalf of necessitous local preachers.

A lady—Miss Newton, of Whitehill—sent \$1,250 to the Missionary Society, a similar amount to the Worn-Out Ministers' Fund.

Probably not the least important reports were made respecting the missions in London, Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool and Leeds. In London more than three thousand members have been gathered into the Church. In all the missions lay agency, including female help, is especially recognized. Many have been rescued from the lowest strata in society. The young have been cared for, and poor women have been visited by the "sisters," and relieved in their distress and encouraged in the midst of the most trying circumstances to hope for better days.

The report of the extension of Methodism in Great Britain stated

that there are "thousands of villages and small towns in England in which Wesleyan Methodism has no existence." The income of the fund exceeds \$45,000. Nearly 2,000 village churches have been erected by grants made, and there are applications at present in the office for several more.

The Foreign Mission Report was the most discouraging, inasmuch as the deficiency now exceeds \$100,000.

The Fernley Lecture, by the Rev. F. J. Sharr, was an able defence of the old English Bible.

Of seventy-nine candidates who offered for the ministry, thirty-three were accepted for the home work, twenty-two for foreign missions, five for Wales.

At a recent meeting of the Wesleyan Methodist Council in London, Dr. Rigg gave an interesting address on the growth of Methodism in London. He showed that since 1861 eighty-one chapels (churches) had been built in London, and the membership had increased from 20,956 to 53,000, or two and a half times what it was thirty years ago, or about 150 per cent.; while in the whole Connexion the increase had only been from 319,782 to 425,000, or about thirty-two per cent.

THE METHODIST CHURCH, CANADA.

The missionary subscriptions amount to \$198,334.27 (including juvenile offerings, \$26,212.98); legacies, \$29,617.64; Indian department and miscellaneous sources, \$14,805.36, a total of \$242,757.27; the largest amount in the history of the Society. The report will be published in October.

By the time these notes will reach our readers, the Rev. Dr. Hart and his associates for China will be on their way to the Celestial empire. Our Church will thus have another foreign mission to stimulate its liberality.

Mrs. Large, wife of the late Rev. T. Large, who so nobly defended her husband when he was murdered by the Japanese assassins, has returned to Japan, to resume her beloved employment in seeking the evangelization of the Japanese.

Such women are true fellow-helpers of the truth.

Dr. Potts' tour to the Pacific coast was eminently successful. He returned home greatly improved in health and very cheerful; for, besides receiving liberal collections on behalf of the Educational Fund, he secured in British Columbia the noble sum of \$18,000 for the Building and Endowment Fund of Victoria University.

The Revs. Dr. Withrow and M. Benson have been rambling in California, where they have occupied pulpits and platforms to the edification of the Californians.

The programme of the Methodist Ecumenical Conference, to be held in October at Washington, United States, has been published. It contains a good selection of Canadian names. We hope to give a *resume* of the proceedings in our next.

Dr. Stephenson, President of the Wesleyan Conference, England, in acknowledging the amount sent to him to defray the cost of the Canadian pillar in John Wesley's chapel, City Road, London, expresses his thanks, and states that each pillar will be indicated as the gift of the respective Church by a small plate let into the enamelled pavement. Senator Sanford's window will be indicated by a special inscription, stating the name of the donor. This window will be very beautiful. The central figure will be St. John. At the head of the window will be suitable emblems indicating its connection with Canadian Methodism, and portraits of Dr. Ryerson, Rev. G. McDougall, Senator Ferrier and Edward Jackson, Esq., will be introduced in suitable panels.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

During the month of September forty-five Annual Conferences were appointed to be held, and in October a few more are planned. These are the "Fall Conferences," and are a slight indication of the strength of the Church.

Rev. Dr. James Stalker, from Scotland, who crossed the Atlantic

to deliver the Yale lectures on "Preaching," writes as follows: "Among the Methodists we found a happy absence of such exciting controversies as are agitating the Congregationalists and Presbyterians; but there is plenty of excitement of another kind. The Methodists form the largest Protestant body in the United States, and their bounds are rapidly expanding. Theirs is the pioneer Church, which welcomes the emigrant to the wilderness and struggles with the rude populations of nascent states. But, indeed, it now includes all classes of the population."

Rev. J. O. Peck, D.D., one of the Missionary Secretaries, has been writing a series of interesting letters respecting his visits to some of the frontier Conferences, in which he testifies that there are many mission heroes. Dr. Rader, the superintendent of Wyoming Mission, has charge of territory 95,000 square miles, or 500 square miles more than the States of New York, Pennsylvania and Connecticut combined. In one year to perform his duties he travelled 13,500 miles by rail, 1,300 by stage, 1,060 by his own team, and went on foot 350 miles. During twenty-seven nights he slept on the ground and cooked his own food by the way.

One minister's field is 150 miles from a railroad, and the same distance from his nearest brother pastor. Another pastor, coming to the mission, swam one river and waded another, drying his clothes as he went on his happy way. Another young hero had a circuit as large as the State of Connecticut, with thirteen appointments. There is a presiding elder's district in Mexico where there are eighteen missionaries, all Indians. Most of the forty-seven distinct aboriginal languages are spoken.

RECENT DEATHS.

Rev. D. P. Kidder, D.D., LL.D., who was Professor of Theology at Evanston. After being in the pastorate he became Professor at Drew University. He was formerly

missionary at Brazil, and finally Secretary of Education. He died at his home in Evanston in July. He served the Methodist Church faithfully, and died greatly beloved.

Rev. Robert Bailie, of Montreal Conference, was drowned in August, while bathing. He was only thirty-two years of age, and came from Ireland four years ago. He was greatly esteemed by those who knew him best. His sun went down while it was yet day.

Rev. Hiram Williams, superannuated minister in Bay of Quinte Conference, died at Belleville, August 4th. The writer feels very sorry that he has no particulars respecting our beloved brother. He travelled several years in the Methodist Episcopal Church before the union of 1884.

Rev. Erastus Hurlburt was the last of four brothers, all of whom were honoured ministers in Methodism. Sylvester, Thomas and Asahel all preceded Erastus to the better world, and now he has joined them in their eternal home. Like Sylvester and Thomas, Erastus laboured several years among the Indians; but since 1879 he sustained a superannuated relation.

Rev. Alfred J. Barltrop entered the Methodist New Connexion ministry in 1873, and laboured in Waterford and Cavan. He spent three years in the Wesleyan College, Montreal, after which he went to Manitoba, where he laboured a few years; but his health failed. He went to New York State, and joined one of the M. E. Conferences. Here he laboured until he was called to his eternal home in August.

Rev. George Johnson, one of the veterans of Methodism in the Maritime Conferences, finished his course in the eighty-third year of his age. He was one of the pioneers of the East, where his name is as ointment that is poured forth. For several years he was superannuated, but he never ceased to take great interest in everything connected with Methodism.

Book Notices.

Abraham Lincoln, the Liberator: A Biographical Sketch. By CHARLES WALLACE FRENCH. Edited by CARLOS MARTYN. Pp. 398. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto: Robert Berkinshaw. Price \$1.50.

To their notable biographical library of American reformers Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls have added this volume on Lincoln, one of the best of the series. Few biographers have had a nobler subject. One of the most conspicuous figures of the century—a man of heroic mould and heroic soul—is here portrayed. Born in obscurity, cradled in poverty, educated by adversity, Lincoln attained in full manhood a foremost position as a pilot of the ship of state. And never pilot had more difficult task than he to steer that well-nigh shattered barque through the stormy sea of civil war to the haven of peace. And never was nobler courage, that faltered not nor failed in the presence of adversity, exhibited than in the life and work of Abraham Lincoln. To few men has it been given to exert such potent influence for freeing the shackles from the bodies and souls of men. His gaunt, uncouth, homely figure; his strange western humour, made him a subject of gibe and jeer from the witling and the cynic. But his moral heroism shamed them from their hollow jest, and he lives enshrined in the heart of the world as one of the greatest of its great men. The tragedy of his death adds a strange pathos to his memory. The words of Shakespeare applied to the dead Duncan seem specially appropriate to this heroic soul.

“Besides this man hath borne his faculties so meek;
Hath been so clear in his great office,
that
His many virtues plead like angels’ trumpet tongues
Against the deep damnation of his taking-off.”

There are some strong specimens of Lincoln’s noble oratory given in this volume, notably his famous oration at Gettysburg, of which the *Westminster Review* says: “It has but one equal, in that produced on those who fell in the first year of the Peloponnesian war, and in one respect it is superior to that great speech. Nature here takes precedence of art, even though it be the art of Thucydides.” The book closes with the following appropriate lines:

“Oh, slow to smite and swift to spare,
Gentle and merciful and just;
Who, in the fear of God, didst bear
The sword of power—a nation’s trust!

“Thy task is done, the bond are free;
We bear thee to an honoured grave,
Whose proudest monument shall be
The broken fetters of the slave.

“Pure was thy life; its bloody close
Has placed thee with the sons of light,
Among the noble host of those
Who perished in the cause of right.”

Living Thoughts of John Wesley: A Comprehensive Selection of the Living Thoughts of the Founder of Methodism, as contained in His Miscellaneous Works. By JAMES H. POTTS. 8vo, 562 pages. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Cincinnati: Cranston & Stowe. Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

The accomplished Editor of the *Michigan Christian Advocate* has rendered good service to Methodist readers by gleaming this rich sheaf from the vast and fertile fields of John Wesley’s voluminous writings. In this busy age few readers have time to go through these numerous volumes for themselves; thereby many valuable gems of thought and

pearls of wisdom escape their study. But the careful, conscientious and discriminative taste of Dr. Potts selects from this vast mass the most precious and important topics, arranges them in consecutive order, presents them in convenient form for reading and reference. Dr. Potts judiciously remarks: "The works of John Wesley are a gold mine of doctrine and instruction; but, like other gold mines, they contain a few things which are not gold." Our readers will find in this volume the rich bullion of his choicest thoughts, deepest experiences and wisest judgments. The book appears at a singularly appropriate juncture, when the attention of all Christendom has been conspicuously directed to the life and labours of the Founder of Methodism by the Centennial anniversary of his death.

Sketches of Jewish Life in the First Century—Nicodemus: or, Scenes in the Days of our Lord; Gamaliel: or, Scenes in the Times of St. Paul. By JAMES STRONG, S.T.D., LL.D., Professor of Exegetical Theology in Drew Theological Seminary. Pp. 141, illustrated. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Cincinnati: Cranston & Stowe. Toronto: William Briggs. Price 60 cents.

In this interesting volume the venerable Dr. Strong appears in a new role—that of an imaginative writer. He gives good reason for adopting this form of literature in reproducing vividly scenes from Jewish life in the days of our Lord and of the chief of the apostles. We venture to say that many of our readers, especially among our young readers, will obtain a more vivid conception of that old Jewish life with which the New Testament is so intimately associated from these pages than from many a ponderous tome of learned comment and criticism. In the second part our author presents ingenious reasons for concluding that St. Paul was not childless and unmarried, but was both a loving husband and tender father. The book is well illustrated, and is admirably adapted for Sunday-school libraries and household reading.

The Temple and the Sage. By V. C. HART, D.D. Author of "Western China," etc. Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

The Rev. Dr. Hart's previous volume on "Western China" has established his claim as an authority on the subject of Chinese religions and religious questions. In this volume he gives a perspicuous and interesting account of the great Chinesesage, Confucius. Herecounts the story of his life and the religious worship which has grown up about it, with its elaborate liturgy and sacrificial institutions, its ancestral worship, and the like. As Dr. Hart goes forth to lead the little band of Canadian missionaries who are about to encounter the perils of mission life and mission work in that far-off land, his last souvenir to the Canadian Churches will, we trust, be very widely read, and will create an intelligent interest in a remarkable people, to whose conversion to Christianity he devotes his life.

Wesley: The Man, his Teaching and his Work. Being Sermons and Addresses delivered in City Road Chapel at the Centenary commemoration of John Wesley's death. Revised by the authors. Pp 431. London: Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

The City Road services in connection with the Wesley Centenary were a very notable and worthy commemoration of that important event. The sermons and addresses are by men of light and leading of Wesleyan and its sister Methodisms and of the other Churches. Both sermons and addresses are of a very high and important character. It was eminently fitting that they should be collected into a volume and preserved in permanent form. Among the distinguished preachers on this occasion were: Rev. Charles H. Kelly, Rev. Chas. Garrett, Rev. David Waller, D.D., Rev. W. F. Moulton, M.A., D.D., Rev. Dr. Dale, Congregational; Rev. Principal Rainy, D.D., Free Church (Congregational); Rev. John Clif-

ford, Baptist Church; Rev. F. W. Macdonald, Rev. F. J. Murrell, Mr. S. D. Waddy, Q.C., M.P. In addition to these, are stirring addresses by Archdeacon Farrar, Right Hon. H. H. Fowler, M.P., Mr. McArthur, M.P., Dr. Rigg, Mr. P. W. Bunting, Dr. Stevenson, Rev. John Stoughton, D.D. (Congregational), Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, Rev. Dr. Cairnes, the Presidents of the sister Methodisms of Great Britain and Ireland, and many others. Almost every aspect of Methodism—religious, social, educational, literary and otherwise—is here treated. We specially commend the chapters on “Young People of Methodism,” “Methodism and Social Work” and “Methodism in the Sister Churches.” These sermons and addresses have been revised by the authors, and the volume is accompanied by a beautiful picture of John Wesley at the age of sixty.

The Present State of the Methodist Episcopal Church: A Symposium.
 Edited by GEORGE R. CROOKS,
 D.D. Pp. 96. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs.

The topics discussed in this volume are topics of living interest, and they are treated by men of light and leading in the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States. The bare enumeration of the subjects will show the breadth and scope of this comprehensive pamphlet: “The Obligation of a Great Church,” by Henry a Buttz; “The Unrest of the Pastors,” by Dr. J. A. M. Chapman; “The Patronage of the General Conference,” by Mr. John A. Wright; “The Revival of Biblical Preaching the Present Need of Methodism,” by George R. Crooks, D.D.; “The Centennial of the Death of John Wesley and its Lessons,” by Mr. William White; “The Effect of Increased Wealth upon American Methodism,” by Dr. Ensign McChesney; “Some Defects in our Itinerancy,” by Dr. Chas. J. Little; “The Scantiness of Literary Production in our Church,” by Dr. Bradford P. Raymond; “The Structure of the Church as Affording Facilities for

Intrigue,” by Dr. George R. Crooks. Our readers may not agree with everything set forth in these essays, neither did Dr. Warren, in whose *Christian Advocate* they first appeared; but they will find the pamphlet stimulating, instructive and suggestive.

Our Country: Its Present Crisis and its Possible Future. By REV. JOSIAH STRONG, D.D. 12mo., 280 pages. New York: Baker & Taylor Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Paper, 30 cents; cloth, 60 cents.

The many thousands who read the earlier editions of this book, and were moved by its striking portrayal of the religious, social and economic condition and tendencies of the United States, will learn with interest that the author has availed himself of the latest statistics of the census of 1890, to make a revision of his work, which will cause it to show the changes of the last ten years, and to picture the actual situation of to-day. In its new form it adds to its original worth the merit of being the first general application of the revelations of the last census to the discussion of the great questions of the day.

Saving Wonders. Being incidents in the Manchester Mission. By WALTER SACKETT. With introduction by REV. HENRY J. POPE. London: Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

The best evidences of Christianity are the renewed lives and joyous Christian service of men rescued by its power from the bondage of sin. Such evidences are given in the true stories of this little book.

The Problem of Jesus. By GEORGE DANA BOARDMAN. Philadelphia: John Y. Huber Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is a little pamphlet written by the veteran minister of Jesus Christ, in which he offers his personal tribute and testimony as to the divine power and fortitude and grace of the man Christ Jesus.