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DEVOTED TO

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

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Running a Rapid on Mackenzie River.



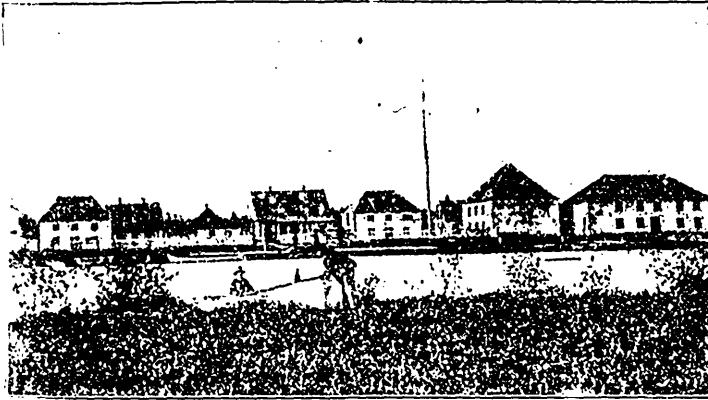


“THE SOLDIERS MARCHED OUT FROM MOUNT ROYAL.”

Methodist Magazine and Review.

JULY, 1905.

PIONEERING IN THE NORTH-WEST.*



FOOT WILLIAM, HEADQUARTERS NORTH-WEST COMPANY, LAKE SUPERIOR.



THE primary mistake of Columbus in seeking these Western worlds was the hope that thereby he should by a short route reach the Indies, hence the name West Indies, given to the islands of the Caribbean. A similar idea filled the mind of Cartier. The hope of reaching the Pacific by a North-West passage, or by the great lakes and rivers of Canada, was an inspiration to successive explorers. This idea is com-

memorated to this day in the name given by LaSalle to Lachine, the first stage, as he fondly hoped, on the way to China.



A MONARCH OF THE PLAINS.

*"Pathfinders of the West." Being the thrilling story of the adventures of the men who discovered the great North West, Radisson, La Verendrye, Lewis and Clark. By A. C. Laut. Author of "Lords of the North," etc. Illustrated. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xxv-380. Price, \$2.00.



VOYAGEURS RUNNING THE RAPIDS OF THE
OTTAWA RIVER.

Miss Laut devotes about half of her fascinating volume, "Pathfinders of the West," to this theme. The first half of this book, reciting the adventures of Radisson, we have given an account of in the February number of this magazine. We quote her narrative very largely in reciting the adventures of these "Pathfinders of the West":

This is Miss Laut's vivacious way of describing the mistakes of the early explorers:

"A curious paradox is that the men who have done the most for North America did not intend to do so. They set out on the far quest of a crack-brained idealist's dream. They pulled up at a foreshortened purpose; but the unaccomplished aim did more for

humanity than the idealist's dream. Columbus set out to find Asia. He discovered America. Jacques Cartier sought a mythical passage to the Orient. He found a northern empire. La Salle thought to reach China. He succeeded only in exploring the valley of the Mississippi, but the new continent so explored has done more for humanity than Asia from time immemorial. Of all crack-brain dreams that led to far-reaching results, none was wilder than the search for the Western Sea. Marquette, Joliet, and La Salle had followed the trail that Radisson had blazed, and explored the valley of the Mississippi; but like a will-o'-the-wisp, beckoning ever westward, was that undiscovered myth, the Western Sea, thought to lie like a narrow strait between America and Japan."

Verendrye Reaches the Rockies.

The record of Verendrye is given in a few words: Born at Three Rivers in 1686, where the passion for discovery and Radisson's fame were in the very air, and traders from the wilderness of the Upper Country spent the winter, young Verendrye, at the ambitious age of fourteen, de-



FORT GARRY, WINNIPEG, A CENTURY AGO.



INDIANS AND HUNTERS SPURRING TO THE FIGHT.

terminated that he would become a discoverer. At eighteen he was fighting in New England; at nineteen in Newfoundland; at twenty-three in Europe at the battle of Malplaquet, where he

was carried off the field with nine wounds. Eager for more distinguished service, he returned to Canada in his twenty-seventh year, only to find himself relegated to an



A GROUP OF CREE INDIANS

obscure trading post in far Northern wilds.

The conquest began in earnest in 1733, when the French soldier with the long name, *Sieur Pierre Gaultier de Varennes de la Verendrye*, and his three sons, aged respectively eighteen, seventeen, sixteen, left the little stockaded fort, where Montreal now stands, for their romantic quest. The fur trade had all the fascination to the adventurer that the Mississippi Bubble had at a later period, or the mining stock market of to-day. Traders had gone West with less than \$2,000 worth of goods in modern money, and returned three years later with a sheer profit of a quarter of a million.

This is the picturesque way in which Miss Laut paints the departure of the explorer from Montreal:

Goods done up in packets of a hundred pounds lay at the feet of the *voyageurs* awaiting Verendrye's command. A dozen soldiers in the plumed hats, slashed buskins, the brightly colored doublets of the period, joined the motley company. Priests came out to bless the departing *voyageurs*. Chapel bells rang out their godspeed. To the booming of cannon, and at a

word from Verendrye, the gates opened. Falling in line with measured tread, the soldiers marched out from Mount Royal. Behind, in the ambling gait of the moccasined woodsman, came the *voyageurs* and *coureurs* and interpreters, pack-straps across their foreheads, packets on the bent backs, the long birch canoes hoisted to the shoulders of four men, two abreast at each end, heads hidden in the inverted keel.

Ste. Anne's was the launching place for the fleets of canoes that were to ascend the Ottawa. A last sign of the cross, and the lithe figures leap light as a mountain cat to their place in the canoes. There are four benches of paddlers, two abreast, with bowman and steersman, to each canoe. Every eye is fastened on the chief bowman's steel-shod pole, held high—there is silence but for the bells—the bowman's pole is lowered—as with one stroke out sweep the paddles in a poetry of motion. The chimes die away over the water, the chapel spire gleams—it, too, is gone. Some one strikes up a plaintive ditty, and the adventurers are launched for the Western Sea.



A CREE INDIAN OF THE MINNESOTA BORDERLANDS.

Over many a weary portage the canoes and their contents were carried till, after a month of ceaseless toil, the watershed was passed and the canoes glided down the streams leading to Lake Nipissing and Lake Huron. This was comparatively easy navigation. All the boats bound east or west, Indians, traders, priests and outlaws, stopped at Michilimackinac, at the entrance of Lake Michigan. "Vice and brandy and religion," Miss Laut tersely says, "were the characteristics of the fort."

It took Verendrye's canoeemen a month to coast from Mackinac to Fort William, seventy-eight days from Montreal. The same distance is now traversed in two days. It was now the end of August; the stormy fall

and winter were approaching. His men refused to go forward through that wild, rugged country where Colonel Wolseley a hundred and fifty years later led the Canadian contingent to suppress Riel's rebellion. With half his band Verendrye must winter on Kaministiquia, while his lieutenant and son went on to Rainy Lake.

In the spring the advance party returned with rich stores of furs, and on the 8th of June, exactly a year from the date they had left Montreal, the united party pushed on to the western end of the Lake of the Woods. Here they built a fort and awaited succor, which failed to come. The baffled leader returned to Montreal for supplies and men through stifling forest fires, reaching his camp again in September. But another



PACKER CARRYING GOODS ACROSS PORTAGE.



SPYING ON AN ENEMY'S FORT.

winter was spent in semi-starvation. Five years to a day from the time the party left Montreal, the young Jean Verendrye, in his twenty-third year, renewed the quest for the Western Sea. The "Tigers of the Plains," as the Sioux were called, attacked the explorers, and many of them were massacred, including young Verendrye and the priest Aulneau.

Another winter passed before supplies arrived. The undaunted Verendrye, senior, and his younger son resolved to go on. That winter snow lay twelve feet deep on the Minnesota border lands, with the thermometer at forty below zero. But on February 8th, 1737, in the face of a biting north wind, Verendrye set out on snow-shoes on his weary quest. Soon he reached Lake Winnipeg. Stores of furs were again despatched to Montreal, and in September, 1738, for the first time in history, white men glided up the Red River of the north. "Not the fabled Western Sea, but an illimitable ocean of rolling prairie—the long russet grass rising and falling to the wind like waves to the run of invisible feet—stretched out before the eager eyes of the explorer."

An old Cree chief told vague stories of "salt waters beyond the mountains and the setting sun." A fort was built, named Fort Rouge, after the

red color of the river. This was the foundation of the city of Winnipeg.

In September, 1738, Verendrye set out again to find this mysterious sea. He was now, says Miss Laut, like a man hounded by his own Frankenstein. A thousand leagues—every one marked by disaster and failure and sinking hopes—lay behind him. A thousand leagues of wilderness lay before him. He had only a handful of men. The Assiniboine Indians were of dubious friendliness. The white men were scarce of food. In a few weeks they would be exposed to



QUILL AND BEAD WORK ON BUCKSKIN.

the terrible rigors of northern winter. Yet they set their faces toward the West, types of the pioneers who have carved empire out of wilderness.

On October 18th, reinforced by recruits from Quebec, fifty-two soldiers and *voyageurs* marshalled for the advance. Within a month five hundred Assiniboines joined them as guard against the Sioux. In the middle of November they reached the watershed of the Missouri. On December 8th Verendrye fell terribly ill; but for

much-enduring men. In April, 1742, the two brothers, Pierre and Francis, followed the trail that for two hundred years was to be a famous highway between the Missouri and Hudson Bay. By New Year's Day, 1743, they reached the Yellowstone and Big Horn mountains. Two weeks later they were at the foot of the Rockies. Against the sky the snowy heights rose, says Miss Laut, an impassable barrier between the plains and the Western Sea. What



HUNGRY HALL, 1870; NEAR THE SITE OF THE VERENDRYE FORT
IN RAINY RIVER REGION.

him there was neither halt nor retreat. Through the snowy glare and prairie blizzards they pressed on, and built winter quarters on the Saskatchewan. The spring brought no supplies from Montreal, but report of the seizure of all Verendrye's forts and goods and property to meet the claims of his creditors. Desperate, but not deterred from his quest, the brave man set out to contest the law suits at Montreal.

The Western Sea, like a will-o'-the-wisp, eluded the conquest of those

lay beyond—the beyond that had been luring them on and on, from river to river, and land to land, for more than ten years? Surely on the other side of those lofty summits one might look down on the long-sought Western Sea. Never suspecting that another thousand miles of wilderness and mountain fastness lay between him and his quest, young Verendrye wished to cross the Great Divide. Destiny decreed otherwise. Their Indian guides turned back, and the

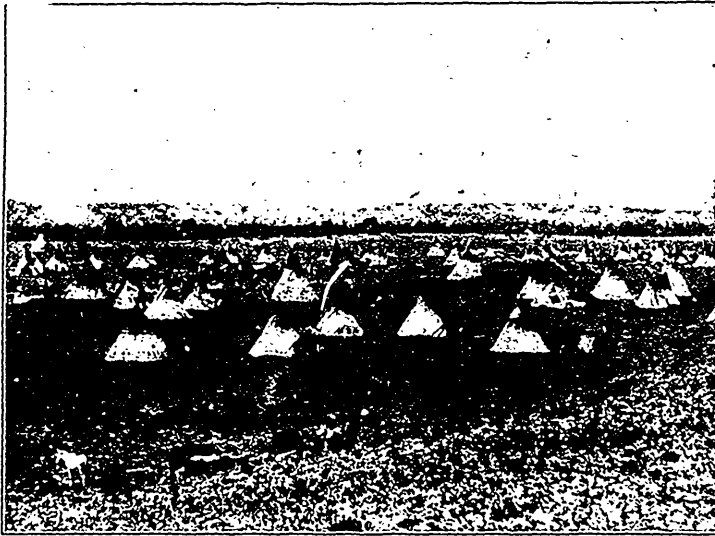
retreat was made in the teeth of a howling blizzard.

On the banks of the upper Missouri the brothers buried a leaden plate bearing the royal arms of France. At the end of July, 1743, they were once more back to the Assiniboine. For thirteen years they had followed a hopeless quest. Instead of a Western Sea, they had found a sea of prairie, a sea of mountains, and two great rivers, the Saskatchewan and the Missouri.

hazardous and thankless quest, he died suddenly at Montreal.

Hearne Reaches the Coppermine and the Arctic Circle.

But the problem would not down. The next endeavor to reach the Western Sea was by way of the North-West Passage. The people of the Hudson's Bay Company "sat snugly secure inside their stockades, lords of the wilderness, and drove a thriving trade with folded hands. For a penny



INDIAN CAMP AT FOOTHILLS OF ROCKIES.

But the explorer, who had done so much to extend French domain in the West, was a ruined man. To the accusations of his creditors were added the jealous calumnies of fur traders eager to exploit the new country. The winter of 1749 was passed preparing supplies for the trading posts of the West; but a life of hardship and disappointment had undermined the constitution of the dauntless pathfinder. On the 6th of December while busy with plans for his

knife, they bought a beaver skin; and the skin sold in Europe for two or three shillings. The trade of the old Company was not brisk; but it paid."

In the summer of 1769 came instructions to Governor Norton, at Fort Prince of Wales, a huge fortress, with walls twenty feet thick, and mounting forty cannon, on Hudson Bay, to despatch his most intrepid explorers to discover the mythical North-West passage which was supposed to lead direct to China. Miss



THE RAGGED SKY-LINE OF THE MOUNTAINS.

Laut describes the Governor as one of the most remarkable scoundrels known in the annals of the country, a tyrant who shrank not from murder, and that by the most cowardly of methods, the administering of poison.

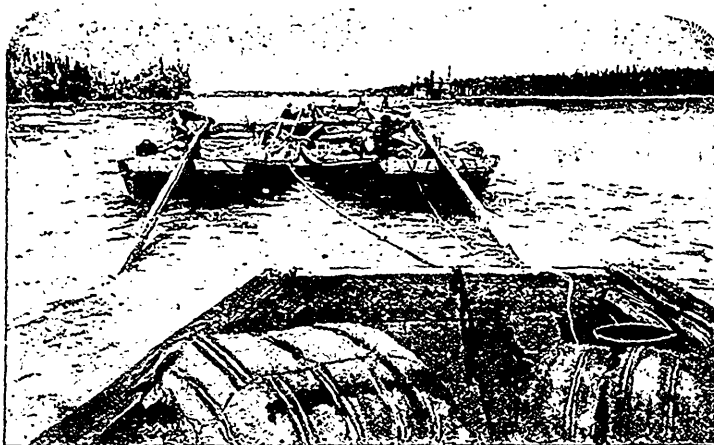
At the fort was a zealous explorer, Samuel Hearne, who was eager to take up the quest. On November 6th, 1869, with two Indian guides, two hunters, and two English servants, he set out. For a month they averaged not ten miles a day; rations ran out; savages plundered the sleighs; the plan was abandoned two hundred miles from the fort. There was nothing to do but return. On February 3rd Hearne again set out with snowshoes and dog-teams, so as to reach the Arctic Circle in midsummer. By

April they reached the Barren Lands, over which only the wolf pack roamed. For three days rations consisted of snow water and pipes of tobacco; but countless herds of caribou soon removed the fear of famine. The next winter Hearne spent with the northern Indians—one white man among hundreds of savages; but they plundered his ammunition and purloined his astronomical instruments, and again, after eight months' absence, he must return to Fort Prince of Wales. In two weeks, with recruited forces, he was off again. Christmas was celebrated by starvation, but again caribou came to the rescue. On June 21st he crossed the Arctic Circle, and the sun continued all night above the horizon.

On July 12th, 1771, the adventurers reached the far-off Metal River, or Great Coppermine River. "It was a disappointing discovery. It did not lead to China, nor did it point a way to the North-West passage. The great North-West was something more than a bridge between Europe and Asia; it was a world in itself, with its own destiny."

Hearne's rascally Indians attacked the sleeping Eskimo camp, most of whom they murdered. Horror of the massacre robbed Hearne of all an ex-

eighteen months' absence. He had discovered Coppermine River, the Arctic Ocean, and the Athabasca country—a region in all as large as half European Russia. The infamous Norton having died miserably, Hearne became governor for the fort. For ten years nothing disturbed the calm of his rule. At length, in August, 1782, three great war-vessels flying the French flag appeared in the offing. Hearne had less than forty men to defend the fort against three war-ships of seventy to a hundred guns



FUR TRADERS' BOATS TOWED DOWN THE SASKATCHEWAN
IN THE SUMMER OF 1900.

plorer's exultation. On July 17th, he stood on the shores of the Arctic Ocean—the first white man to reach it overland in America. Hearne formally took possession of the whole region for the Hudson's Bay Company—that Company rules these regions yet. Twenty miles from the sea he found the copper mines, famous throughout the vast North-West, from which the Indians made their weapons.

On June 30th, 1772, Hearne reached again Fort Prince of Wales, after

each and four hundred troopers. He surrendered without a blow. The fort was quickly looted, Hearne and his little garrison made prisoners of war, and the mighty fortress of the far north was destroyed.

*Mackenzie Reaches the Arctic Ocean
and Crosses the Rockies to the
Pacific.*

Still another notable explorer was to give his name for ever to one of the greatest rivers of Canada. Alexander Mackenzie, a clerk in a counting-



Fight at the Foot-hills of the Rockies between Crows and Snakes.

house in Montreal, became a successful fur-trader in the North-West. "The reward of his success was to be exiled to the sub-arctics of the Atha-

basca, six weeks' travel from any other fur post—not a likely field in which to play the hero. Yet Mackenzie emerged from the polar wil-



TYPICAL MOUNTAIN TRAPPER.

derness bearing a name that ranks with Columbus and Cartier and La Salle."

Fort Chippewyan, his place of exile, received a mail but once in two years; yet his isolation could not subdue his enterprise. For fifty years the British Government had offered a reward of £20,000 to any one who should discover a North-West passage between the Atlantic and the Pacific. The hope of such a passage had led many navigators on bootless voyages; and here was Mackenzie with the same bee in his bonnet.

In June, 1789, with a band of Indian guides and canoemen, he launched his canoe brigade down the current of the Athabasca. On they swept, past the Peace River, whose mouth was a mile wide, and reached the Great Slave Lake. Snow-capped mountains loomed to the west. Win-

ter was now approaching. The canoe-men mutinied. Mackenzie promised if he did not find the sea in seven days that he would turn back. Within the week they suddenly waked to find their camp flooded by rising water. "What had happened to the lake? Their hearts took a leap, for it was no lake, it was the tide; they had found the Arctic Sea."

The Indians chased whales all day in their canoes. While skirting the shore, Mackenzie discovered the bank of the river to be on fire. It was the natural tar bed, which the Indians said had been burning for centuries, and is burning to-day, as when Mackenzie found it. The dauntless explorer had not found the North-West passage, but he had discovered the Mississippi of the north, the Mackenzie River.

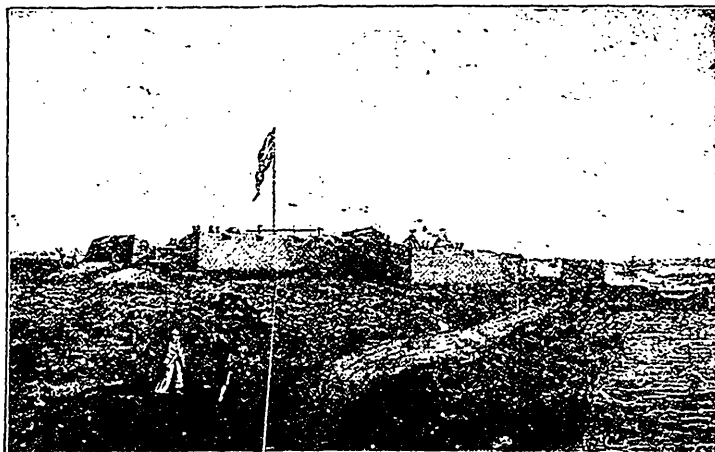
Two years later he explored the great Peace River. With incredible toil he made his way with many portages, against the terrific current. Soon he crossed the Great Divide between the Atlantic and the Pacific and reached the sources of the Fraser. His frail craft was wrecked in its turbulent stream. Despite the mutiny of his *voyageurs*, he kept on. Rations were reduced to two meals a day. The canoes were abandoned and the start westward was begun on foot. After many hardships they reached at length a tidal estuary of the Pacific Ocean. "This was the sea—the Western Sea, that for three hundred years had baffled all search overland, and led the world's greatest explorers on a chase of a will-o'-the-wisp. What Cartier and La Salle and Verendrye failed to do, Mackenzie had accomplished." But his position was peri-

lous. Ten starving men on a barbarous coast had just twenty pounds of pemmican, fifteen of rice, sixteen of flour. On the face of a rock the brave explorer painted this record:

"Alexander Mackenzie, from Canada, by land, the twenty-second of July, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three."

The return journey was, if possible, more difficult still. A half a continent of wilderness and mountains must be penetrated, but through pluck and perseverance the impossible was

the one-hundredth anniversary of the adventurous journey of Lewis and Clark from the Mississippi to the Pacific. May, 1804, Captains Lewis and Clark set out from St. Louis with twenty soldiers, eleven *voyageurs*, and nine frontiersmen. Up the turbulent Missouri they made their way, and spent their winter in buffalo hunts on its head waters. With the spring they resumed their westward journey, and by the end of May caught their first gleams of the far white "shining mountains," the Rockies.



FORT PRINCE OF WALES (CHURCHILL) FROM HEARNE'S ACCOUNT,
1799 EDITION.

achieved. The following winter Mackenzie left the West, never to return. The story of his travels was published early in the nineteenth century, and he was knighted by the English king. The remainder of his life was spent quietly on an estate in Scotland, where he died in 1820.

*Lewis and Clark Cross the Rockies
from St. Louis to the Mouth of
the Columbia.*

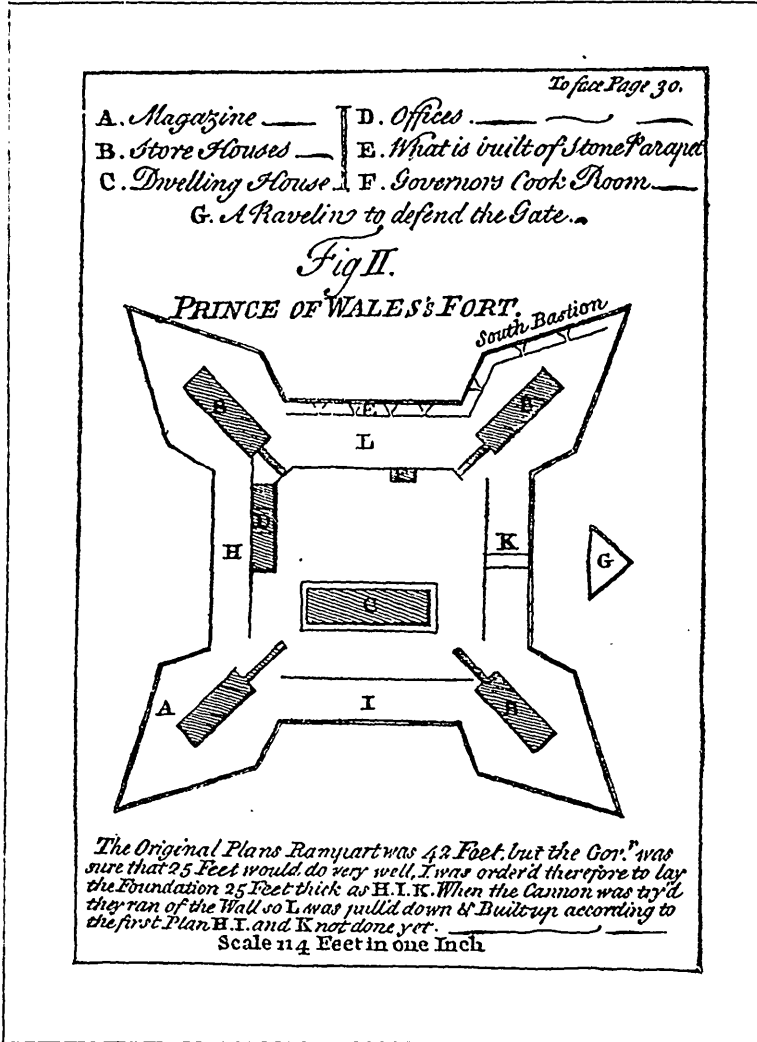
This year is being celebrated by a World's Fair at Portland, Oregon,

Only one other explorer had ever been so far west in this region— young Verendrye, fifty years before; but the Frenchman had been compelled to turn back without crossing the mountains, and the two Americans were to assail and conquer what had proved an impassable barrier. At length was heard the roar of the Great Falls of the Missouri. It took five days to portage past the cataract.

At length the mighty Missouri, whose windings they had traced for three thousand miles, dwindled to a

tiny stream which a man could bestride. Before winter the company was reduced to a diet of dog, but the last divide had been crossed. The ex-

Like Alexander Mackenzie, of the far north, a decade before, Lewis and Clark had reached the long-sought Western Sea. They had been first up

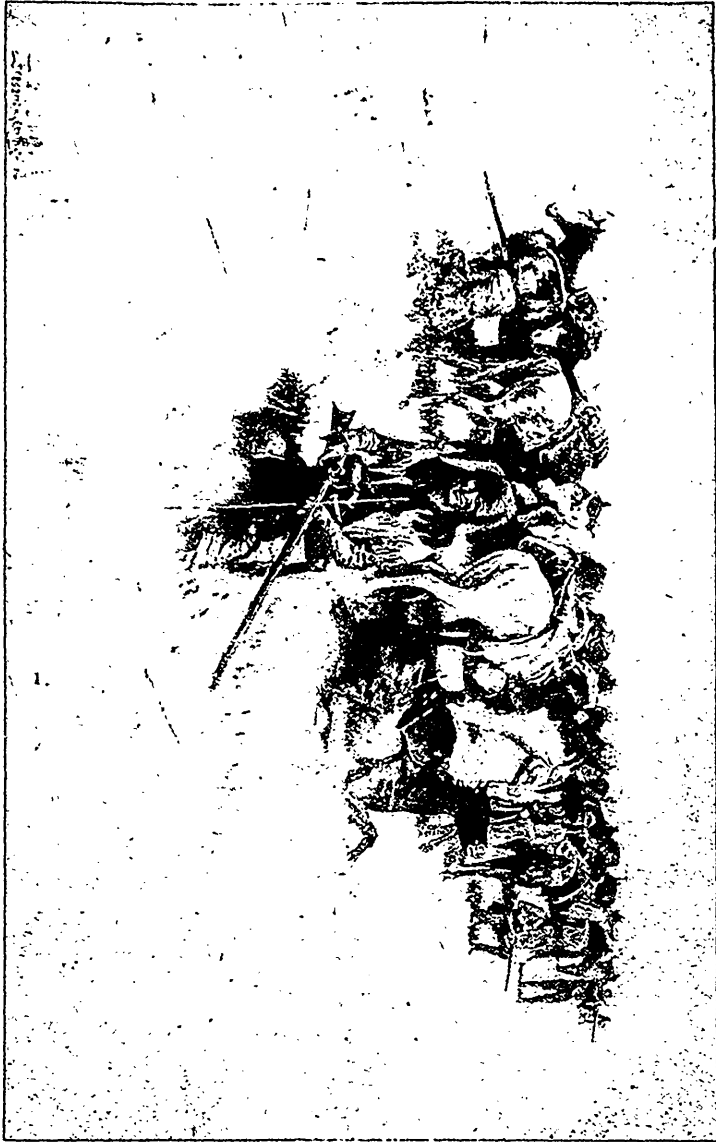


FROM ROBSON'S DRAWING, 1733-47.

plorers glided down the clear waters of the Columbia, and November 8th, 1805, there burst upon their eager gaze the shining expanse of the Pacific.

the Missouri, first across the middle Rockies, and first down the Columbia to the Pacific.

On September 23rd, 1806, the thirty ragged men, with faces bronzed like



ON GUARD.



THE DISCOVERY OF THE GREAT FALLS.

leather, reached at last, by way of the Missouri, St. Louis. Lewis and Clark, the greatest pathfinders of the United States, had returned from the discovery of a new world as large as half Europe. "What Radisson had begun in 1659-1660, what Verendrye had attempted when he found the way barred by the Rockies, was completed by Lewis and Clark in 1805. It was the last act in that drama of heroes who carved empire out of wilderness; and all alike possessed the same hero-qualities—courage and endurance that were indomitable, the strength that is generated in life-and-death grapple with naked primordial reality, and that reckless daring which defies life and death. Those were hero days;

and they produced hero-types, who flung themselves against the impossible—and conquered it. What they conquered we have inherited. It is the Great North-West."

Miss Laut's vivid narrative has all the fascination of romance. Her picturesque style is suited to her adventurous theme. Her book records the pathfinding of empire, the winning of the West, the gaining of the noblest heritage God ever gave to man. The illustrations of this article are examples of the still more numerous engravings of Miss Laut's book; but they do not present the sharpness of definition of the originals, because they are only copies, the shadow of a shade.

THE STAMPEDE.

BY A. L. CALDWELL.

The red sun breaks through muddy lakes of haze and rifted cloud,
And still and gray the prairies lay as moveless as the shroud;
But a distant roar was on the air, a rumble from afar,
And a dust cloud brown was sweeping down from the blue horizon's bar.

Above the line the great horns shine, beneath, the sharp hoofs speed,
And the solid ground shakes with the sound of a herd in full stampede.
And close to the lead is a coal-black steed, and a boy with a dashing bay,
Then a man with a roan who rides alone, whose hair is streaked with gray.

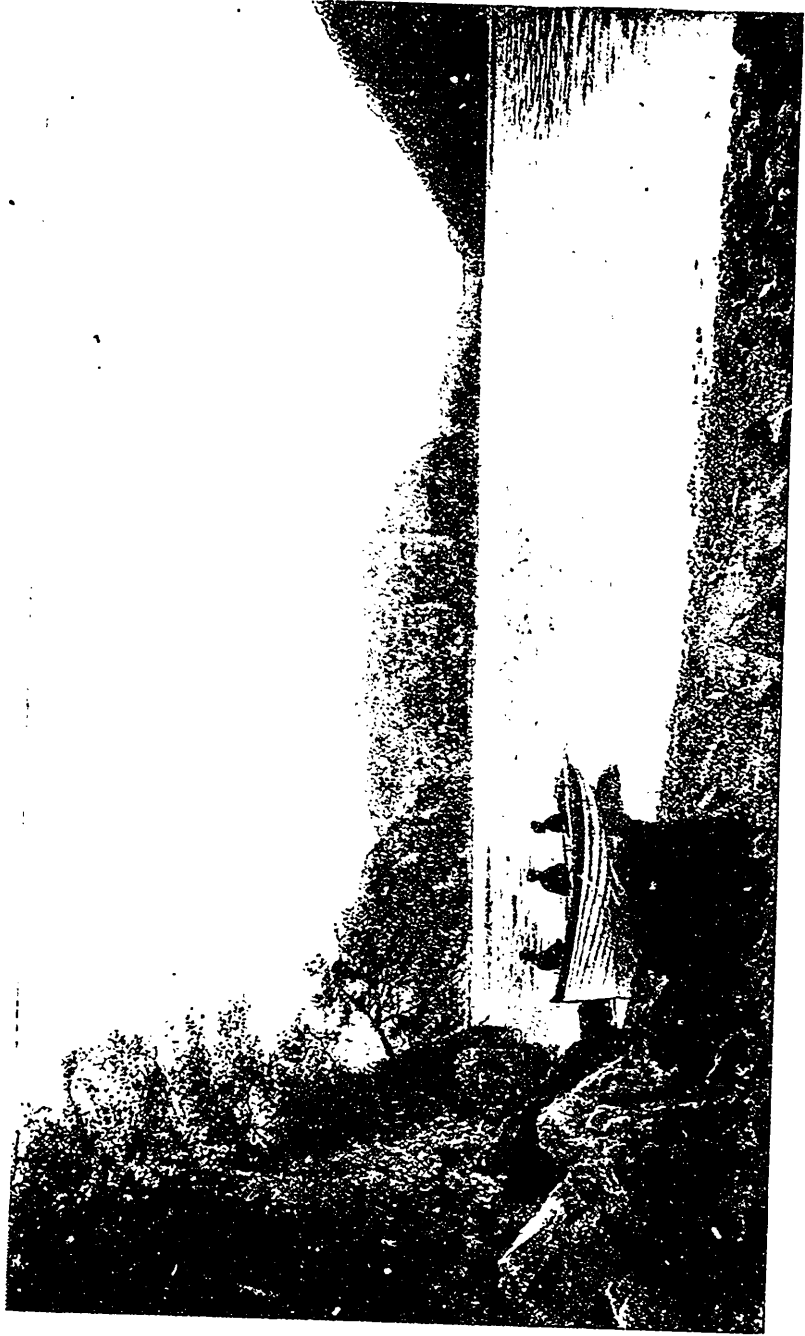
While the West still glowed they mounted and rode, and the reckless race began
Through the dim starlight of the prairie night, and still they galloped on.
For life is cheap when men must keep these runaway brutes beside,
And until they stop, or the horses drop, it is ride and ride and ride.

The sun from high in a murky sky, shines hot on the dusty track
Where two men ride by the great herd's side, still led by the fiery black;
An hour ago on a treacherous slough the gallant bay went down,
And a young voice clear rang out a cheer for the men who galloped on.

And now the black is falling back, panting, with low-hung head,
And shortening strides though his dust-gray sides the spurs have marked with red.
He is out of the race, but into his place the gray-haired rider sweeps,
And foot by foot and inch by inch to the head of the herd he creeps.

And along the flank of the surging rank, over the trampling noise,
The echoes break as his pistols speak in sharp and threatening voice,
Till the danger is past, and they turn at last, with heavy, plunging tread,
Tired and blown, and the plucky roan swings slowly 'round ahead.

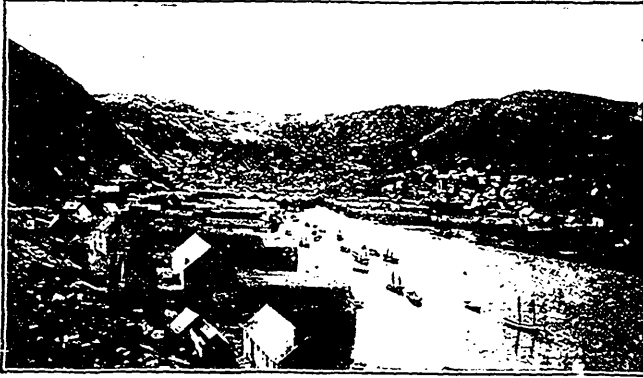
Give praise to the old gray veteran bold, who turned the maddened throng,
Nor let it lack for the man with the black, who held the lead so long;
But what shall we add of the bare-faced lad, who knew that his race was done,
When, helpless, he lay by his fallen bay, but cheered his comrades on?



LITTLE RIVER, NEWFOUNDLAND.

BRITAIN'S OLDEST COLONY.

BY THE EDITOR.



PETTY HARBOR.

II.



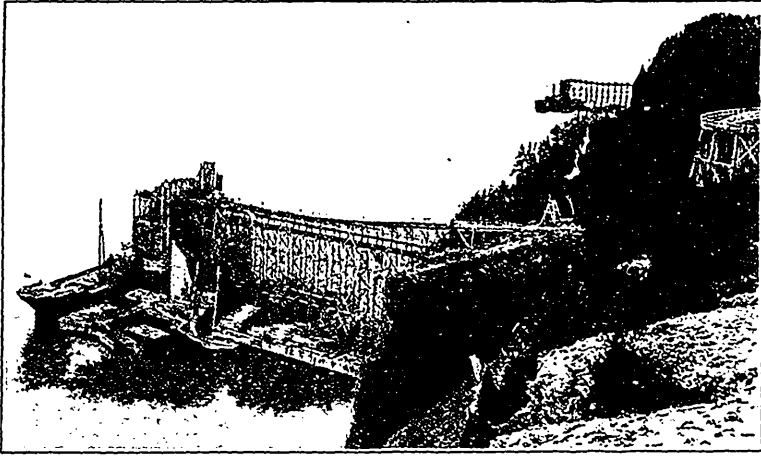
WHEN we got back to town in late afternoon, the regatta was still in full swing. Jack ashore from the man-o'-war, in his white ducks and blue jacket and rollicking gait, was very much in evidence. The fisher lads in blue jerseys, and the rosy-cheeked lasses in new pink ribbons, were romping on the green, screaming in the swings, or picnicking on the grass.

Some persons have the idea that the climate of Newfoundland is bleak and austere. That certainly was not our experience. We reached St. John's on a bright and sunny day in July, and had tendered us by our hospitable hosts, Mr. and Mrs. J. Leamon, at their beautiful country home, a reception and garden party in as warm and genial weather as our western June, without its sometimes oppressive heat.

The Hon. J. J. Rogerson, brisk as a boy, though in the eighties; the Hon. S. C. Woods, and many other guests, including many ladies in summer toilettes, enjoyed an out-of-door entertainment in ideal weather. And such was most of the three weeks we spent in the island—the air transparent as crystal, the traditional fog conspicuous by its absence, the temperature delightful for walking or driving.

One day our drive took us up the famous Waterford Bridge Valley on to Topsail Harbor, the Brighton of St. John's, a beautiful outport overlooking the broad waters of Conception Bay, blue as the Bay of Naples, with Bell Island, containing one of the richest mines in the world, six miles in the offing. Our drive home by moonlight amid the fragrance of the hay fields was a very delightful experience.

Another outing was that planned by Mr. Arthur Martin, of the Post Office Department, to Portugal Cove and Bell Island. The descent into the cove



ORE-SHIPING PIER, BELL ISLAND, NEWFOUNDLAND.

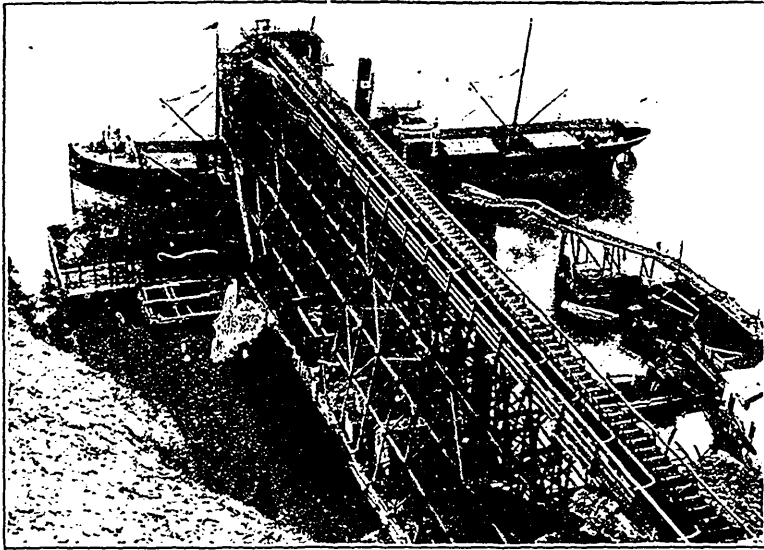
for rugged picturesqueness would be difficult to surpass. Cotereal, the Portuguese explorer, discovered this bay in 1501 and named it after his country. But, though over four hundred years old, the hamlet is very small for its age. The quaint fishing village nestles amid the cliffs along the shore and climbs the rugged heights, presenting wonderfully picturesque confusion of rock and cabin, and, in the foreground, fishing boats and nets.

Two sturdy fishermen rowed us in one of their staunch boats to Bell Island, beguiling the way with stories of seal hunts on the ice and fishing adventures on the Labrador. Here we enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. T. Martin and of Mr. Chambers, manager of the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Company's mines.

The island is probably the richest of its size in the world, eight miles long and two miles wide, elevated a couple of hundred feet above the sea. It possesses one of the most remarkable deposits of iron in existence. On one of these beaches, says the Rev. George J. Bond, a fisherman obtained a load

of ballast for his boat and threw it out on the wharf at St. John's. It was found to be red hematite, one of the richest of iron ores. The price paid for one of the two mines now being worked was a million dollars. Thirty-four millions of tons, it is averred, lie upon the surface, without counting that obtainable by deep mining. The ore is merely quarried, rather than mined. Two double track tramways, actuated by endless steel cables, convey the ore two miles across the island to the loading skips. It is then automatically dumped into immense bins capable of holding twenty thousand tons. From the bins a horizontal line of steel buckets conveys the ore to the end of the pier and directly into the holds of the vessel. A thousand tons per hour can thus be put on board at a cost of only twenty-five cents per ton, including mining or quarrying and transport. A six thousand ton steel steamer can be filled in an afternoon.

It was a novel experience to ride across the island in an open car in this endless procession of ore carriers. It



ORE-SHIPING PIER, NOVA SCOTIA STEEL AND COAL COMPANY'S MINES,
HELL ISLAND, NEWFOUNDLAND.

was quite a distinction to have the whole train, two miles long, stop for the switching on and off of our rustic Pullman. More sensational still was it to ride out upon the cobweb-like steel structure to the ore chutes and then to descend on an almost perpendicular elevator in an open car, with no protection on its outer side, 265 feet to the water side. A confused mass of logs and timber were piled up like jackstraws at the base, which the long arm and steel tendons of a derrick swung high in air and raised on the elevator to the top. Our engravings will give some idea of the extraordinary character of this structure.

After a long day's outing we rowed in the lingering twilight back to Portugal Cove, whose many lights twinkled across the water, and the fishermen and the ladies of the party and the local Methodist missionary sang to the musical dripping of the water from the oars good old-fash-

ioned Methodist hymns. The glowing "daffodil sunset" paled to olive green and spectral white and ashen grey. The wine dark waves rippled under the lee and the shadows of night crept over sea and shore. It was a witching hour, a memory to be cherished forever.

A study of the map of Newfoundland presents some extraordinary names. We have already met with Gaff Topsail Mountain and Topsail Harbor. We find also Come-by-chance and Seldom-come-by, indicating the lonely character of the little ports, and Harbor Grace, Trinity, Conception, Bonavista and Notre Dame Bays, all evidences of the religious character of the early explorers. On the west shore the French names are full of historic significance, as Port-aux-Basques, commemorating the early Breton explorers, Le Grand and Le Petit Jardin, Bonne Bay, Rose Blanche, Grand Vache or Big Cow



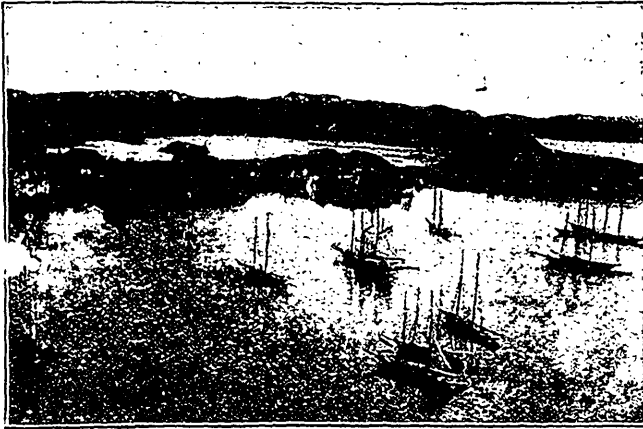
WABANA IRON MINE, BELL ISLAND, NEWFOUNDLAND.

Bay, Fleur de Lys, Langue de Cerf, L'Anse au Loup, Diable Bay, Chapeau Rouge and Cape Despair, or Cape of Hope, which has been mistranslated into English as Cape Despair, Mal Bay, Isle aux Morts, Frenchman's Cove, etc. More significant to us are the English names Wreck Bay, Windy Point, Stormy Cape, Burnt Bay, Deadman's Island, Savage Point, Seal Cove, Pleasant Bay, and the like.

No one should fail to visit the ancient capital at Placentia, a name significant of its pleasing aspect. This is a quaint little town of five hundred inhabitants, founded and fortified by the French in 1660 and held by them until 1713. As one approaches by rail the winding bay, running ten miles inland, often studded with snowy sails, lies far beneath the eye like a Norwegian fiord. To get a closer acquaintance of its picturesque aspects

we hired a fisher lad to sail us up this hill-engirdled fiord. The sail was ideal, the sun was bright, the air was warm, the wind was brisk, the tide was running strongly with us, the scenery was superb. The fishing villages nestled at the base of the towering wood-clad cliffs. But when we assayed to return the conditions changed. The mist rolled in from the sea, the tide and wind were dead against us, we had to ship our sails and take to the oars, hug the shore to avoid the strength of the current, and by weary toil regain the point of our departure.

Our pleasant little inn was a quaint old house which had weathered the storms of over a hundred years, most of that time in the occupation of the same family. Here is the oldest Protestant church in the island, in a most dilapidated condition. On one of the



PLACENTIA BAY.

old tombstones is an inscription in the Basque language, the Basques having been the earliest fishermen on the coast. The handsome silver communion service presented to the church by William IV., who visited Placentia when a midshipman, is still preserved. On the neighboring hill is the old French fort with some crumbling fortifications and rusty cannon.

At Placentia, remote as it seems, we are brought into daily touch with the world's great throbbing centres of life. Here is a relay station of the Atlantic cable, and before any one on the American continent was aware of the fact, we learned of the assassination of Von Plehve, the Russian minister. The local manager overheard this whisper

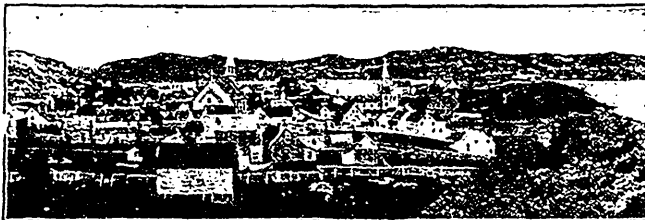
from the sea passing through his instruments, and mentioned the fact.

On the opposite side of the island, in the deep and majestic Trinity Bay, the first telegraph across the ocean was landed. Whittier's fine poem fittingly commemorates the event:

" O lonely Bay of Trinity,
Ye bosky shores untrod,
Lean breathless to the white-lipped sea,
And hear the voice of God !

" From world to world His couriers fly,
Thought-winged and shod with fire ;
The angel of His stormy sky
Rides down the sunken wire.

" What saith the herald of the Lord ?
The world's long strife is done ;
Close wedded by that mystic cord,
The continents are one.



TRINITY.

“ And one in heart, as one in blood,
 Shall all the people be;
 The hands of human brotherhood
 Are clasped beneath the sea.

“ The new Prometheus steals once more
 The fire that wakes the dead.

“ Throb on, strong pulse of thunder! be:



017E-POEY, FISHING VILLAGE, NEWFOUNDLAND.

“ Through Orient seas, o'er Afric's plain,
 And Asian mountains borne,
 The vigor of the northern brain
 Shall nerve the world outworn.

From answering beach to beach;
 Fuse nations in thy kindly heat,
 And melt the chains of each!

“ From clime to clime, from shore to shore,
 Shall thrill the magic thread;

“ Wild terror of the sky above,
 Glide tamed and dumb below!

Bear gently, Ocean's carrier dove,
Thy errands to and fro.

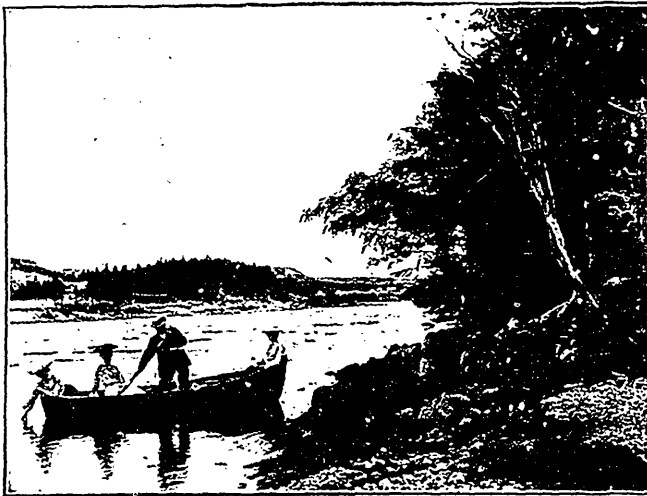
"Weave on, swift shuttle of the Lord,
Beneath the deep so far,
The bridal robe of Earth's accord,
The funeral shroud of war!

"For lo! the fall of Ocean's wall,
Space mocked, and Time outrun;
And round the world the thought of each
It is the thought of one!

"The poles unite, the zones agree,
The tongues of striving cease;
As on the Sea of Galilee
The Christ is whispering, Peace!"

disaster had been caused by a high tide, whose salt waves had "seeped" up through the stones, destroying her garden, as well as that in the neighboring convent.

"It's very lonesome I wuz in the country, an' so I moved to the town," she said. "So Patsy an' the childer gathered the seaweed an' covered the stones. But 'twuz the sorrow of a job to get the earth. We had to bring it in a barrow from the hill beyant, and many a weary hour we spent, off

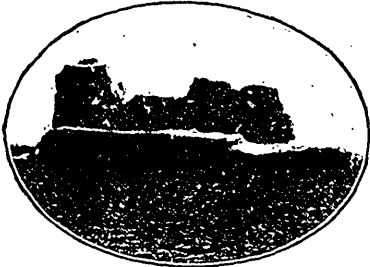


MANUEL'S RIVER.

In the lingering twilight we walked out on the beach, a most forlorn and desolate reach of shore, strewn with cobble stones on which fish were spread to dry. On a remote part of this dreary waste, with infinite industry a fisherman's widow and children had created a home and garden. The stones were first covered with seaweed, and sufficient earth was brought from a neighboring hill to create a little garden, of whose crop of potatoes and cabbage she was particularly proud. A great disappointment and

times, in gathering the soil, for 'twuz hard to get, and now just see the praties an' the cabbage," and she pointed proudly to the spindling stocks.

"But sorrow on the day when the high tide came up and drowned the beach as far as yer eye could reach. A wild sou'wester was blowin' for two days, and heaped up the water in the bay, and afore we knowed it, it came seepin', seepin', up through the stones, and the bitter salt water—foul fa' it—just kilt the roots of my pretty



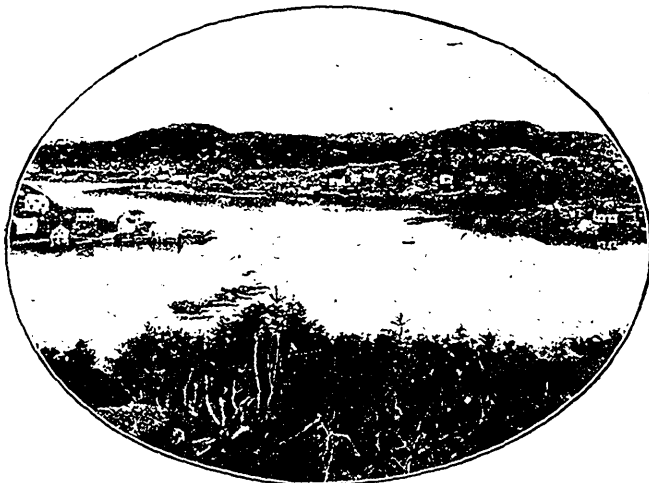
ICEBERG.

praties, an' the tops wilted black as yer hat. 'That was last year, an' the year's crops is not what they wuz afore. But, praise to providence, the neighbors wuz good, and so wuz the fishin', an' we worried through. But what the childer will do for boots when the winter comes I don't know. Oh, thanks, your riverence, may the blessin' o' heaven follow yez, an' may yez never want fur nothin'."

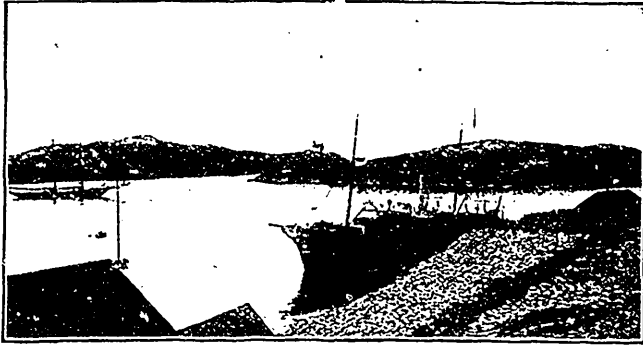
The good nuns, on whom we called next day, told us of their trepidation as the water oozed up through the floor of their school-room and chapel, making them take to the upper story, and destroyed in a night the labor of years.

One can see only the roughest, wildest and most inhospitable part of Newfoundland by rail. For hundreds of years the fisherman's path was on the deep. There was but little travel on the shore, then only by dog teams and narrow trails. In many parts of the island horses and roads are still unknown, but by the admirable steamboat service of the Reid Newfoundland Company, and its connections, almost every bay and harbor can be reached. Their steamers traverse these wide bays, thread the perfect archipelago of islands, and carry the mails and the results of civilization to the many lonely outports and fishing harbors.

An excursion of special interest is that to the Labrador in the staunch sealing steamer "Virginia Lake," Capt. Parsons, of the Reid Newfoundland system. We leave St. John's, skirt the mighty headlands and rocky coast, and penetrate the deep fiords of Conception, Trinity and Bonavista Bays. The size of the Methodist chapels, the numbers in their congregations, the comfort of their parsonages, will surprise many from Canada. At Carbonear the commodious par-



HERRING NECK, NOTRE DAME BAY.

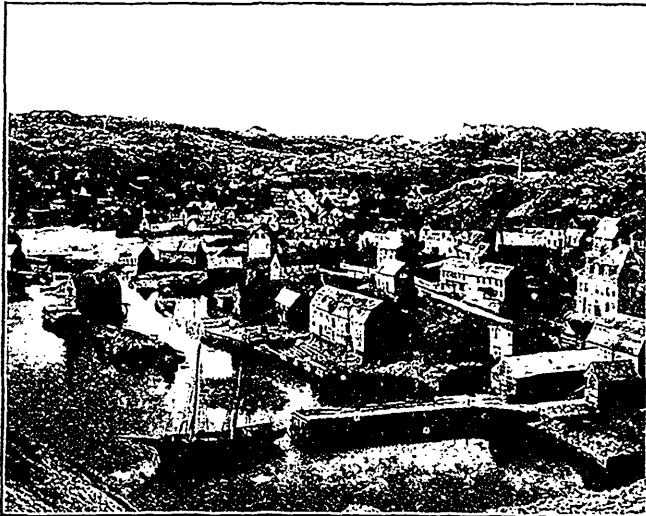


ROSE BLANCHE.

sonage, with its furnace heat, electric light, scientific plumbing, and all the comforts and many of the elegances of civilization, is scarce surpassed in the Dominion. In this town and at Harbor Grace, Brigus, Bay Roberts, and elsewhere, are large and commodious churches, and when the fishermen are home, numerous and intelligent congregations.

These outpost missions remind us of those restaurants which give meals at

all hours of day and night. Whenever a travelling preacher comes along, no matter what may be the hour, they are ready for a service. We arrived at Brigus about nine o'clock one night, the church bell rang, an audience of five or six hundred assembled, and were eager for a sermon. At smaller places, as the steamer approached, a flag was run up and the people assembled in the village churches. If there was time



BRIGUS.



BONNE BAY.

for nothing more, there was an opportunity to sing a hymn and have a word of prayer and exhortation. We doubt if there is a more devout, God-fearing, pious community in the world than the Methodists in Newfoundland. And how they do sing! Battling with the winds and storms they acquire stentorian voices, communing with the great elemental forces of nature they have a realizing sense of God and his providence. Their simple piety finds expression in a fervor of song and prayer and Christian experience that are a perpetual cheer and inspiration.

After service we adjourned to the hospitable home of Captain John Bartlett, one of several sea-faring brothers, who would recount his experiences on the Labrador and on many far-off seas, akin to those of the old vikings of Norway. With piano music, books and magazines, and the elegances of life, the coast blossoms with the efflorescence of a higher Christian civilization.

We had many opportunities of enjoying the grand brotherhood of Methodism. At Harbor Grace the

Rev. Mr. Pincock met us at the wharf, carried us off to the parsonage, and insisted on lending us a steamer chair for the round trip to Labrador. At Carbonear, the Rev. A. A. Holmes captured us and drove us round the town and its vicinity. At Whitburn we dropped in upon the Rev. Henry Scott, just moving into the parsonage after Conference, and received from himself and family no end of hospitality. There is no nobler freemasonry in the world than that of Methodist preachers. We would rather be a member of that brotherhood than of the Order of the Garter.

At Twillingate is a prosperous town of nearly four thousand, surrounded by majestic scenery.

Proceeding on our northern route we glide along a vast wall of rock four to five hundred feet high and six miles in extent, its summits presenting every imaginable shape into which rocks can be torn or sculptured, one of the finest bits of rock scenery in the world. About ten miles still further north we pass Cape Bauld, the northern extremity of Newfoundland, a

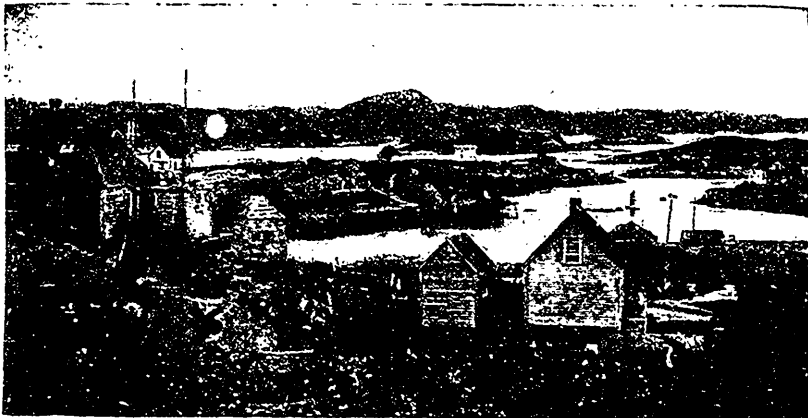


SUMMER HA. E, BONNE BAY.

dreary and desolate scene. Here great processions of stately icebergs may be often observed moving to the south from the Straits of Belle Isle. The island with a beautiful name in mid straits is a treeless, barren, desolate spot. The early mariners called it the Isle of Demons, imagining that they heard here a great clamor of men's voices, confused and inarticulate, such as you hear from a crowd at a fair or market place. The grinding of the ice floes and the crash of the lofty bergs during a gale would be quite

sufficient to give rise to these superstitious fancies.

The thousand mile trip up and down the coast of Labrador, and the intimate acquaintance which it gives with the life and adventures of the twenty-five thousand Newfoundland fishermen who every year visit that bleak and stormy coast, the interviews with the brave Moravian missionaries and with the heroic Dr. Grenfell and his fellow workers of the Deep Sea Mission, must wait for treatment in a future article.



BURGEO.

HOPE.

'Mid dissonance and clamor
I hear her singing still—

“The mists may cloud the meadow,
But sunlight crowns the hill!”

THE STRANGER WITHIN OUR GATES.

BY THE REV. J. S. WOODSWORTH.



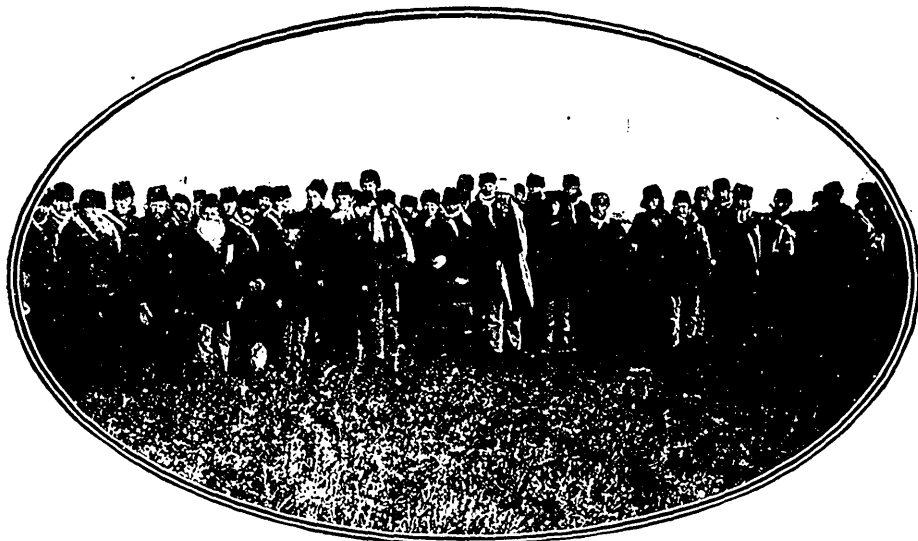
SOME OF THE STRANGERS WITHIN OUR GATES.



WINNIPEG prides herself on being the gateway of the West. Through our city pass all who seek a home on our Western plains. The C.P.R. station is the meeting-place of nations. We jostle our way through the motley crowd. We note the picturesque groups, the bright colors, the odd costumes, the uncouth manners. We listen to the confused babel of tongues. We endure

the peculiar odors. Then we go home knowing as much as most of our fellow-citizens about our immigrants.

Our immigrants—who are they? Galicians, we are told, and in a vague way we begin to associate sheepskin coats and bright kerchiefs with a well-known Pauline epistle. Where do they come from? We have an indistinct recollection of having heard the name of such a province when we studied geography at school. Where are they going? We hear for the first time of a new town on a recently-con-



TURNED LOOSE ON THE PRAIRIES.

structed branch of the railroad. Strangers—they come from an unknown land—pass through our gateway and are lost in the boundless West.

As Canadians, as Christians, we cannot remain indifferent to this great immigration movement. In this paper we attempt to give some information about our immigrants and to consider our duty towards them.

As many of the conditions in Canada are somewhat similar to those in the United States, it may be instructive to glance briefly at the history of immigration in that country. First came the early English immigration. From 1820 the Irish element began to predominate. In 1854 the Germans became the most numerous. In 1868 the Scandinavian influx began. In 1880 Russians, Austrians and Italians began to arrive in increasing numbers, until last year the Italians headed the list. The inferior class of immigrants, together with the pressure of popula-

tion, has led to the enactment of laws restricting foreign immigration. At this juncture there comes the opening up of the Canadian West and the adoption by the Canadian Government of a progressive immigration policy.

What peoples compose our population? According to the census of 1901, the population of Canada was 5,371,315, of whom only 278,449 were foreign-born, and of these nearly one-half were Americans, leaving only 150,550 "foreigners," or less than three per cent.

Let us turn to the immigration statistics for the past four years. In the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1901, over 12,000 "foreigners" arrived in Winnipeg; in 1902, 24,000; in 1903, 48,000; last year about the same number. So that we are safe in saying that the whole "foreign" population of Canada has nearly doubled in the past four years. Note also that until the last year the rate of increase has been in geometrical ratio. The "for-



STRANGERS IN A STRANGE LAND.

“foreign element” will soon form no negligible proportion of our population.

To Christianize and Canadianize our immigrants—this is the problem of the West.

As the immigrants are so heterogeneous, it will be necessary for us to make a rough classification and consider each group by itself.

First we have the English-speaking peoples. With the exception of our own people from Eastern Canada, these come largely from Great Britain and Ireland and from the United States. Last year nearly 51,000 emigrated to Canada from the British Isles, and over 43,000 from the United States, the majority of these coming to the West. The Old Country people must learn to adapt themselves to the

conditions of a new land, and must be led to adopt Canadian ideals, which, in some instances—*e.g.*, temperance—are higher than those held “at home.” The United States’ citizens have been accustomed to free institutions, but are often ignorant of British history, British laws and traditions, and are accustomed to considerable laxity on some great moral questions, *e.g.*, the sanctity of marriage and the observance of the Lord’s Day. They, too, must adopt the high standards of private and public morality which we have sought to keep before our own Canadian people. To this end we need no new organizations, but we must extend and multiply the old with great rapidity. The Church and the State both have a heavy responsibility before them in making adequate provision for the re-



DOUKHOBORS AND THEIR PRAIRIE HOME.

ligious and educational needs of the tens of thousands who each year are casting in their lot with us. Have we yet perceived our opportunities or realized our responsibilities?

We gladly welcome the majority of our American cousins—many of them repatriated Canadians—but we cannot but view with anxiety the establishment of one great colony in the West—the Mormon colony in Southern Alberta. These people, though Americans, are in no true sense American, and their presence is a serious menace to Western civilization. No one doubts their industry—they have made the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose. But of greater importance to our country than material development, are freedom and morality and true religion, and to these the system of Mormon is antagonistic.

The doctrines of Mormonism are obviously inconsistent with the teachings of Christianity, and, further, these doctrines have important political bearings. The practice of polygamy will subvert our most cherished social institutions. But more dangerous even than polygamy is the utter surrender of personal liberty and the acknowledgment of the absolute authority of the priesthood. This means the end of all free government, and this is the professed aim of the leaders of the Mormon Church. To-day the Mormon hierarchy virtually controls Utah, Idaho, Wyoming and Arizona, and holds the balance of power in other Western States. Must Southern Alberta be added to the list? Can we, as Canadians, remain inactive while this politico-ecclesiastical system is fastening itself upon our Western terri-



DOCKHOBORS ON PILGRIMAGE.

tory? Surely the greatness of the danger ought to call forth the best energies of our best men. What is our Church doing? Absolutely nothing.

But we have not yet touched "the foreigners," the non-English-speaking peoples, and as we think of how completely their foreign languages separate them from us we begin to realize the importance of having a common language. A common language serves not only as a means of ordinary communication but it expresses and transmits national ideals. If Canada is to become in any real sense a nation, if our people are to become one people, we must have one language. Hence the necessity of national schools where the teaching of English—our national language—is compulsory. The public school is the most important factor in transforming the foreigners into Canadians. As a Church we cannot lay too great emphasis on education. It is the key to the situation.

The foreigners from Northern Europe include Icelanders, the Scandinavians, the Finns and the Germans. The Icelanders, who came in such large numbers (about 25,000) a few years ago, have proved themselves among our best colonists. They are prosperous. Their students are attending our schools and colleges in large numbers. Their last Lutheran Synod, held in the beautiful church on Nina Street, Winnipeg, showed that they could be depended on to take their part in the great moral and religious movements of the day.

The Scandinavian immigrants—Norwegians, Swedes and Danes (in 1903 nearly 12,000 arrivals in Winnipeg) and the Finns are, like the Icelanders, thrifty and intelligent, and are rapidly becoming valuable Canadian citizens.

The Germans (in 1903 over 12,000 arrivals), coming as they do from Germany, Austria and Russia, vary considerably. Some have been accustomed to civil and religious liberty; others have escaped from civil and religious despotism. Some are in every way our peers; many have known nothing but the hard and often degraded life of the European peasant. In religion they belong to the Roman Catholic Church and to the older branches of the Protestant Church. These, as a rule, are endeavoring to provide for the religious needs of their adherents.

One religious body requires special mention—the Mennonites (20,000). Their peculiar doctrines and organization, unless modified, isolate them from

the rest of the community. Their idea of separation from the world involves the prohibition of marriage beyond the brotherhood, the withdrawal from much that we consider necessary to our highest welfare, and the refusal to acknowledge their full civil responsibilities. In accordance with these conceptions we have the isolated village system and the exclusive churches and schools. Such a system renders these peoples less capable of absorption, but already contact with our civilization is having its influence upon their belief and mode of life. We may anticipate some such development as has already taken place among their co-religionists in Holland.

The French, from France and Belgium, are coming in considerable numbers and are settling in different parts of the country. Their assimilation presents no peculiar difficulties—the



DOUKHOBOR TYPE.



DOUKHOBOR TYPE.

French we have always with us. But it means the maintenance of a comprehensive but flexible educational policy. It ought to mean incessant activity on the part of our Churches.

The Italians and the Jews have not yet come to the West in any large numbers. There are a few colonies of Jews in Assiniboia. Generally these peoples flock to the cities. In Winnipeg we already have a Jewish quarter and Italian tenements, and before long we shall have to face the problems which such settlements always involve. We, like Paul, are still debtors both to Jews and Gentiles—to the Jews whom God hath not yet cast off, but who, one day, will be grafted in again; to these Roman Gentiles (the Italians), many of whom, although nominally Roman Catholics, are as much heathens as the Romans in the day of St. Paul.

In speaking of the Germans from Austria and Russia, we have already passed to south-eastern Europe, and here we enter what is to most of us



GALICIAN IMMIGRANTS.

a veritable *terra incognita*—an unknown land. We are bewildered by the strange mingling of races, languages and nationalities. Ignorant even of elementary geographical and historical knowledge, we are at an utter loss to comprehend the unfamiliar political, social and religious conditions. Within the limits of this paper we cannot discuss the problems which even a cursory study brings before us. But two or three facts must be constantly kept in mind. (1) The majority of these people have been living for generations in what we would call poverty, and with no prospect of anything better. (2) They are peasants—in Russia freed from serfdom only forty years ago. Regarding themselves as members of an inferior class, they are concerned merely about making a living, and are not actuated by social or political ambitions. (3) They have not been accustomed to political and religious liberty, such as we enjoy. They hardly realize the rights of citizenship and are unin-

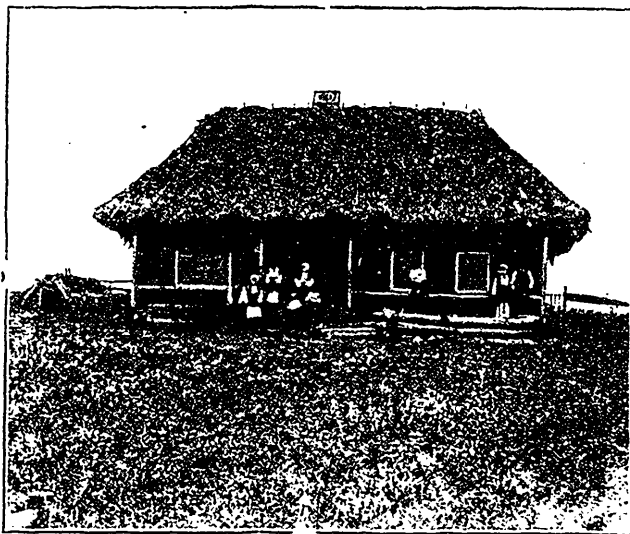
structed in and untrained for its duties. (4) Many of them know nothing of evangelical religion, as we understand it. They are still living in the pre-Reformation period.

Surely it will be no small undertaking to mould these peasants into worthy Canadian citizens. It will require many years—perhaps generations—of earnest, thoughtful, Christian effort.

Among the Russian immigrants, the most numerous and most talked-of are the Doukhobors—a people quite unknown to most of us until they came to us from the Caucasus. The Doukhobortsi, or Spirit-Wrestlers, have for almost a century suffered persecution in Russia on account of their peculiar tenets and practices. In 1900, assisted by sympathetic Quakers in England and Philadelphia, about eight thousand of them emigrated to Canada and settled in colonies in north-eastern Assiniboia. We all read of the wild extravagances that characterized their most extraordinary pilgrimage two

years ago when they set off in search of the Christ. Perhaps we have become unduly prejudiced against them. Though ill-informed and fanatical they are industrious, moral and deeply religious. Their religion is a protest against externals—an effort after apostolic simplicity and a practical application of the law of love. Their conceptions are crude and their logic faulty, but they exhibit a deep sincerity which cannot but lead them

mania are the descendants of two races—the Wallachians, of a Latin, and the Moldavians, of a Slavonic stock. In Austria-Hungary the population is made up of a number of distinct races, differing from each other in language, in religion and in sympathies. The Slavonic races form forty-six per cent. of the population. The principal are: the Czechs in Bohemia and Moravia; the Slovaks in the western Carpathians; the Poles



GALICIAN HOUSE.

into the truth. The Government must deal gently with them for a time—they are but children. Freedom from oppression, contact with a new civilization, instruction in our schools—these will in a few years work wonders among them. (For a short, sympathetic account of their history and beliefs, I would refer you to a pamphlet by Vladimir Tchertkoff, published by Morang.)

During the last few years our largest immigration has been from Austria-Hungary and Roumania. In Rou-

and the Ruthenians in Galicia; and the Slovens, the Croats and the Serbians in the south. The Germans, forming twenty-five per cent. of the population, are most numerous in the west. The Magyars, or Hungarians, forming sixteen per cent. of the population, occupy chiefly Hungary and Transylvania. The remaining thirteen per cent. of the population consists of Wallachians, Jews, Italians, Gipsies, Armenians, Bulgarians, Albanians, Greeks, etc.

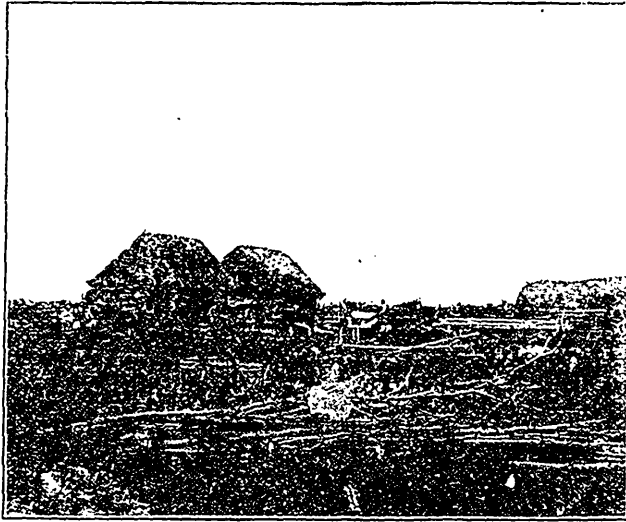
Representatives of nearly all these

racés are emigrating to Canada. It would be utterly impossible to deal with each. Those coming to us in the largest numbers are the Ruthenians, of whom we shall give a somewhat detailed account. My information has been derived largely from conversations with Ruthenians, and I have endeavored to retain as far as possible the local coloring.

According to the census of Canada, 1901, there were in Canada of Russian origin (including Finns and Poles).

estimate an immigration of 6,000 Ruthenians, making a total (estimated) population in Manitoba and the North-West of 50,000 Ruthenians.

The great majority of the Ruthenians came from Galicia and Bukowina (Buckovina), separate provinces of Austria. The province of Galicia is ethnically divided into north-west and south-east. The north-west is peopled by Poles numbering over three million, who are Roman Catholic in religion. The south-east is peopled



GALICIAN FARM.

28,612; of Austro-Hungarian origin (including Bohemians, Galicians, Poles and Slavs), 18,178.

According to the report of the Department of the Interior, the nationality of the arrivals reported at Winnipeg during the fiscal year (ending June 30th) 1900, was, Ruthenians, Galicians and Bukowinians, 5,648; during 1901, 5,050; during 1902, 5,708; during 1903, 10,334.

In 1904, the immigration officials

largely by Ruthenians. They are less than three million in number and are Greek Catholics.

The Ruthenian peoples, twenty-seven million strong, occupying Galicia, Bukowina and south Russia, were constituted one nation, speaking the Ukrainian, or Little Russia, language. Five hundred years ago came the domination of the Poles. One hundred years ago Poland was divided among Russia, Prussia and Austria.



SUNNY-FACED SWEDES.

Three or four millions of Ruthenians are in the Austrian Provinces from which most of our immigrants come.

Under the Polish dominion, Roman Catholicism was forced upon the Ruthenians about three hundred years ago. The Jesuits were the instruments of this enforced conformity and accompanying persecution. Concessions were made—the Greek rite was maintained and the priests allowed to marry. But only the higher clergy really accepted the papal supremacy, the lower clergy and the people remaining Greek Catholics. After the division of Poland, Russian Poland returned to the Greek Church.

Twenty-three and one-half million are orthodox Greek Catholics under the control of the Holy Synod in St. Petersburg. One million are Greek Catholics, under the Patriarch of Constantinople. Two and one-half millions are "Uniates" (*i.e.*, Greek Catholics upon whom Roman Catholicism was forced) under the supremacy of the Roman Pope.

In ceremony and in creed all are one. They differ only in ecclesiastical government, the first acknowledging

the authority of the Synod in St. Petersburg, the second that of the Patriarch, and the third that of the Pope. The two orthodox bodies are antagonistic to the Uniates. All three are under the absolute control of Government. One-quarter of our immigrants are of the Greek Church, while three-quarters are Uniates.

A most interesting religious development is the formation of the Independent Greek Church of Canada. In Russia and Southern Europe there is a constant struggle between the Synod—a political instrument of Russia—and the Patriarchs, who seek to resist the increasing power of the Synod. In order that the Greek Catholics might acknowledge the spiritual authority of the Patriarchates, Bishop Seraphim, consecrated by Anfim, late Patriarch of Constantinople, was sent by the Patriarch of Jerusalem on a special mission to America. In the United States, where an independent Greek Church has been established, he ordained four priests. He came to Canada, it being a promising missionary field. Here he ordained thirty priests (here, as at home, no high



FROM FAR LITHUANIA.



A YOUNG POLACK.

educational attainments being necessary, and many of these "priests" (continuing to pursue their ordinary occupations). But these men had no intention of placing themselves under the absolute control of any bishop. They had too long been under civil and ecclesiastical tyranny. They had tasted Canadian freedom. They became suspicious of Bishop Seraphim, who, they believed, was accepting overtures from the Synod in St. Petersburg. Finally a formal conference was held, with the result that there was organized on the 24th of August, 1903, the Independent

Greek Church of Canada. At this period, and subsequently, these leaders have been in communication with our Presbyterian brethren, and from them have received valuable counsel and continued sympathy and help.

As to organization, this Church is democratic or Presbyterian in form. Everything is under the control of the Consistory (the Secretary of which, Mr. J. Bodrug, resides in Winnipeg, and from here visits the various colonies).

As to ceremonial, the Greek rite is maintained. The Patriarch of Jeru-



POLACK BOY.



A WEE YIDDISH MAID.



HE IS FROM SICILY.



A LITTLE RUSSIAN JEWESS.

salem is recognized as the spiritual head to the extent that his name is inserted in the proper place in the ritual (which would otherwise be a blank). They also "pray for King Edward" though some have not yet broken the habit of praying for Francis Joseph!). Hereafter ordination is to be perpetuated by the Consistory.

As to doctrines, they accept the Apostles' and the Nicene Creeds (they rather favor the adoption of the "filioque" clause, which they seem to have disliked because it was Roman Catholic). A Catechism is now in the press. This has been prepared by Mr.

M. A. Sherbinin, B.A., a Russian gentleman who is strongly evangelical, and who is at present working under the Presbyterian Church. This Catechism is practically that of the Free Churches of England and Wales, with the exception that the five additional sacraments are retained, though given a subordinate place.

As to the character of the movement and the spirit of its leaders, we may state that to understand this movement one must study the racial, the national, the political, the religious, and the linguistic conditions and prejudices of the Old Land, south-eastern Europe. These are not coincident,



A SICILIAN BOY.



FROM SUNNY ITALY.

and involve many intricate and perplexing relationships.

The Ruthenians have never forgotten their ancient freedom. They have some knowledge of responsible government. But they are restricted on every side. In Russia, the Ruthenian language is prohibited. In Galicia, Polish influence predominates and is almost identical with Roman Catholicism (a Ruthenian on becoming a Roman Catholic is called a Pole). In Bukowina, German influence is strong in politics and Roumanian influence in the Church. Everywhere government control is absolute—taxes oppressive, regulations exacting, the press under a strict censorship, and it is bitterly



THE SLAV CHILD-TYPE.

stated that "the priests are little better than the gendarmes of the police." Liberty is the keynote of this new movement. "Light" and "liberty" are the two words most frequently on the lips of its leaders.

These leaders are men of the people, not well-educated, but intelligent, earnest, devout, and possessing good common sense. They are eager to learn the English language, to adopt Canadian customs, to become Canadian citizens. To this end they welcome our sympathy and assistance.

In preaching, they state that they lay great emphasis on the study of the Bible, making that the final court of appeal. The use of the Ruthenian language and the familiar Greek ceremonial gives them access to the people. This ceremonial they regard as merely outward, and, as to form, indifferent, the stress being laid on the underlying spiritual truths. They even vary the rites in different colonies, for instance the giving of the Sacrament to children, concerning which there is a difference of opinion within the Greek Church. They contemplate many changes, but think that these should be made gradually, as the people are able to bear them. Although having no historical relation to Protestantism, they often call themselves Protestants. Their chief opponents are the Jesuits, of whom there are a number at work, speaking the language, using the Greek rite, and minimizing the differences which separate the Greek and the Roman Churches.

The mass of the people are not closely identified with either party. They are waiting—hearing and observing. The independent priests are quite confident that, having tasted of freedom, the majority of the people will not again put themselves under the yoke of bondage to Rome. The people themselves are looking for fuller light.

How can we best help these people? Allow me to venture a few suggestions. They may at least afford an opportunity for discussion.

1. Would it not be a mistake to interfere directly with this work? Should we not rather allow them to work out their own salvation? We must choose one of three courses. We can oppose these reformers on the ground that they are not evangelical. We can act independently, to a certain extent and for a short time. Or we

can co-operate with them, supplying their confessed deficiencies.

2. Assuming that our work should be of a supplementary character, we find that they need sympathy, advice, practical assistance. Several avenues are already open. We have one medical man. The Presbyterians have a hospital at Teulon. Extend this work, which the immigration officials say is much appreciated.

3. But it is along educational lines that at present they need our help the most. Encourage some of our Methodist young men and women to accept positions in government schools in these foreign colonies. The Inspector informs me that it is difficult to secure Canadian teachers for these schools, that special permits would be granted to competent teachers, that there is splendid work to be done. One of the immigration officials informs me that the Galicians would welcome the establishment of the Sunday-school. This work would involve no extra expense to the Missionary Society. It does involve some self-denial on the part of the teacher. Who will go for us?

4. Let the Missionary Society establish scholarships at Wesley College or at Albert College which would assist bright foreign boys to fit themselves as school-teachers. With the help of a Canadian Christian environment, our professors could leave their stamp upon these teachers and thus help to mould the entire community.

5. From among our probationers at Wesley College, ask for volunteers for foreign work at home. Allow these to substitute German or Russian or

Ruthenian or Polish for Greek (as the candidates for Indian work substitute Indian). During their course let them do practical work in connection with All Peoples' Mission, if possible living in a foreign home. (The Roman Catholics have missionaries who know the language, and have even sent priests to Galicia to study the language and the condition of the people.) Our workers trained in this manner would be able to do effective service in the way that would open out or that experience might prove best. At present, with no accurate knowledge and no trained workers and no definite policy, we cannot but

6. This brings us to the necessity for the establishment of an Advisory Mission Council in the West. Let there be representatives from the Methodist, Presbyterian and Congregational Churches, and, if possible, from the Church of England, the Baptist and Lutheran Churches. For some years the Foreign Mission Boards in the United States and Canada have held conferences concerning the work in the foreign field. An Advisory Council is not impracticable. It is a necessity if we are to have anything like a mutual understanding—if we are to adopt any far-reaching policy—if we are to make any effort at all commensurate with the greatness of the work.

We have been told that we are laying the foundation of empire. Is our empire to be built on the sands of material prosperity or founded on the eternal rock of righteousness? The Church must furnish an answer.

Be good, and let who will be clever ;
Do noble things, not dream them all day long ;
And so make life, death, and the vast forever
One grand, sweet song.—*Kingsley.*

THE DOMINION EXPERIMENTAL FARMS.

BY THE REV. J. TALLMAN PITCHER.



WILLIAM SAUNDERS, LL.D., F.R.S.C., F.L.S.,
Director Experimental Farm, Ottawa.



THERE is probably no country in the world where nature has been more liberal in providing stores of fertility in the soil, or where the land has a greater average capacity for the production of food for the human race than Canada. While the multiplied resources of the Dominion in its minerals, its forests

and its fisheries are great and valuable, and while there is a growing development of manufactures, yet the wealth of the country is in its soil. This is but imperfectly understood, as only a small portion of the arable land has been brought under cultivation.

The climatic conditions in Canada differ much in different parts, and are not favorable everywhere for the production of the same crops. Very large areas, however, particularly in the



RURAL BIT ON EXPERIMENTAL FARM, OTTAWA.

great plains of Manitoba and the North-West Territories, are specially adapted for the production of cereals, particularly wheat of the best quality known. In other sections, conditions favor the production of the highest quality of the many varieties of fruits that grow in temperate climates, while all the arable lands of the Dominion offer advantages for mixed farming, for growing grain, grass, and, in most localities, roots and other forage plants, and for raising cattle, horses, pigs, sheep and poultry, and for the production of butter and cheese. More than half of the population is engaged in farming, but the area of unoccupied land is so large that no adequate idea can yet be formed as to the vast quantities of food which Canada could produce were its inhabitants at all proportionate to its possibilities.

With such conditions it is apparent that the development and fostering of

the agricultural interests of Canada is a subject of pre-eminent importance to all classes of her people. The rapid advancement made by the country during the past few years in the development of her agricultural resources is wonderful, and the gain has been in such products where growth is likely to be permanent and increasing. Within a few years the exports of farm produce from this country have more than doubled, and now amount annually to over \$100,000,000. The articles which have given the largest increase are: wheat, flour, oats, pease, cattle, cheese, butter, pork, bacon, hams and fruit. The possibility of extension in the production of all these is practically unlimited. We have suitable climate, an enormous area of fertile soil, and other facilities necessary to a vast increase of our agricultural productions, and we are now having the increase of population needed to utilize the

great wealth which has long lain buried in our fertile lands.

Twenty years ago farming in Canada was in a depressed condition. A committee was appointed by the Dominion Government to inquire into the causes of this depression. Careful investigation led to the conclusion that the lack of success was not due to any fault in climate or soil, nor to lack of industry among the farmers, but to defective methods and want of skill and knowledge in nearly all departments. There was a lack of information as to the proper preparation of the soil, maintenance of its fertility, rotation of crops and the best time for sowing and planting. There was a lack of a fuller knowledge in stock breeding, manufacturing of butter and cheese, and how to overcome the ravages of destructive insects and weeds.

To remedy these conditions the Dominion Government established the system of experimental farms to demonstrate which were the best methods to follow looking to the production of the highest quality and larger quantity of the more important farm products in all the different climates of Canada.

Action was first taken in 1886, when the Hon. (now Sir) John Carling was Minister of Agriculture for the Dominion, and the experimental farms so much needed were gradually established. The work has been enlarged and fostered under the able administration of the Hon. Sydney Fisher, the present Minister of Agriculture.

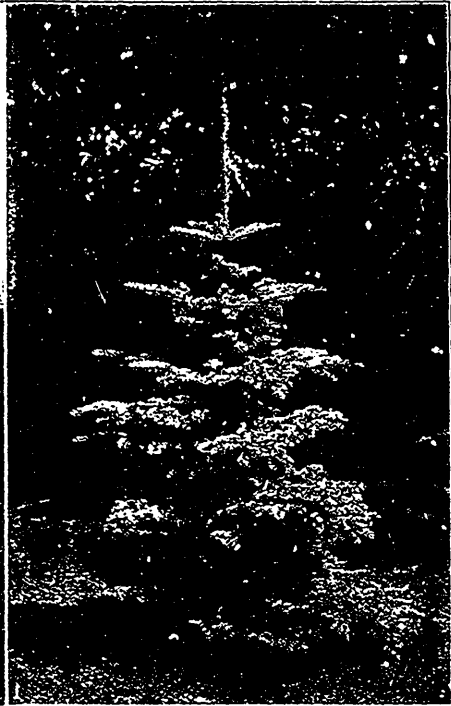
The Government authorized the establishment of the central farm of 465 acres at Ottawa to serve the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec; of a branch farm at Nappan, Nova Scotia, of 325 acres, to serve the Maritime Provinces; of another at Brandon, Manitoba, having 650 acres; of one at

Indian Head, for the North-West Territories, with 680 acres, and of still another in the valley of the Fraser at Agassiz, British Columbia, with 320 acres. Thus experiments can be made in the varied climates extending over a very wide area of the country. The appropriation made for the carrying out of the work was \$75,000 a year.

In 1886 Dr. William Saunders was appointed director of these experimental farms for Canada. Dr. Saunders' full and scientific knowledge of the work entrusted to his care, his unflagging industry, his conscientious fidelity to every detail in the many departments, his power for organization, his executive ability and his enthusiastic love for the work, as well as the great success achieved, have shown the wisdom of the appointment. Dr. Saunders has been fortunate in the staff associated with him. Each officer is a specialist in his own department, and is earnest in his desire to do his work so thoroughly that the farmers may implicitly rely upon the results of the experiments made.

The several provinces also supplement the experimental work of the Dominion by their own agricultural colleges. Foremost of these is the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph, which, under the able administration of Dr. James Mills has won a world-wide reputation. Of this institution we printed a full account in this magazine for July, 1899. We also printed a report of Prince Kropotkin, the distinguished Russian scientist, who gave very high praise to the experimental farms of the Dominion.

While it is not claimed that the wonderful progress which has been made in farming during the last decade and a half is wholly due to the work of the Dominion experimental farms, much credit is justly due the agencies established by the various provinces. There



[Photos. by C. E. Saunders.]

1.—ROCKY MT. BLUE SPRUCE, INDIAN HEAD.
3.—EUROPEAN LARCH (*Larix Europea*).

2.—RIGA PINE, INDIAN HEAD.
4.—BLACK SPRUCE (*Picea Nigra*).

is, however, no doubt that these institutions established by the Federal Government have been most important factors. The scope of the work which is carried on at the several Dominion experimental farms is set forth in the Act by which they were established, as follows:

(a.) Conduct researches and verify the experiments designed to test the relative value, for all purposes, of different breeds of stock, and their adaptability to the varying climatic or other conditions which prevail in the several provinces and in the North-West Territories;

(b.) Examine into scientific and economic questions involved in the production of butter and cheese;

(c.) Test the merits, hardiness and adaptability of new or untried varieties of wheat and other cereals, and of all field crops, grasses and forage plants, fruits, vegetables, plants and trees, and disseminate among persons engaged in farming, gardening or fruit-growing, upon such conditions as are prescribed by the Minister of Agriculture, samples of such surplus products as are considered to be specially worthy of introduction;

(d.) Analyze fertilizers, whether natural or artificial, and conduct experiments with such fertilizers, in order to test their comparative value as applied to crops of different kinds;

(e.) Examine into the composition and digestibility of foods for domestic animals;

(f.) Conduct experiments in the planting of trees for timber and shelter;

(g.) Examine into the diseases to which cultivated plants and trees are subject, and also into the ravages of destructive insects and ascertain and test the most useful preventatives and remedies to be used in each case;

(h.) Investigate the diseases to which domestic animals are subject;

(i.) Ascertain the vitality and purity of agricultural seeds; and

(j.) Conduct any other experiments and researches bearing upon the agricultural industry of Canada, which may be approved by the Minister of approved by the Minister of Agriculture.

During the eighteen years which have passed since those farms were established, great changes for the

better have come into farm life. The farmer's position in the community has been improved, and his work is now carried on with greater intelligence and financial success. In many instances the home has been made more attractive, the family surrounded with greater comforts, and much of the drudgery has been lifted from his shoulders by improvements in machinery and by the dissemination of valuable experience gained in all branches of farm work. He has been benefited by the experiments carefully made by experts. These experiments have extended over a number of years and have been made at the expense of the Government, an expense which no private farmer could afford. Certain facts have been established and are no longer open to question, such as the best time to sow grain; to plant roots; conditions of soil and its cultivation; quality and usefulness of fertilizers; best food for cows when milking; best food to fatten stock for the market; the care of swine, sheep, poultry and bees; cultivation of root crops; best sorts of grass and hay; best grain for yield and quality; care of fruit trees; varieties of fruits best adapted to different sections of the country; growing of forest trees, hedges, shrubs and ornamental trees; quality and vitality of seeds.

Thus the many sides of farm life are touched, and the farmer is put in possession of information he most needs. The farmer now seldom sells coarse grains from his farm, but converts them by feeding into concentrated animal products. For example, the annual production of oats in Canada is estimated to be fully 200,000,000 bushels, and the export of oats last year was less than 5,000,000 bushels. The annual production of barley is estimated at 50,000,000 bushels, while less than 1,000,000 bushels were ex-



1.—SPIRAEA VAN HOUTTE.
 3.—VIBURNUM DENTATUM.
 5.—ELAEAGNUS ARGENTEA.

[Photos. by C. E. Saunders.]
 2.—LONICERA TATARICA ALBA.
 4.—LONICERA ALBERTI.
 6.—SYRINGA VULGARIS DR. MAILLOT.

ported. This shows that the farmers, by feeding, have retained the elements of fertility which these crops have taken from the soil, and by the careful use of the manure at home they restore this plant food to the land for the use of future crops.

There is probably no employment which engages man's attention that requires more skill and more general information than farming. Competition is keen throughout the civilized world, and the farmer must turn to practical account every advantage within his reach bearing on improvement in the quality of his products, lessening the cost of their production, and caring for the results.

The governments of this country have been liberal in their efforts to assist the farmers, and to-day, as a whole, no farmers are better informed than those in Canada, and the efforts which have been made for their advancement have laid the foundations for a condition of agriculture of which, as yet, we see only the beginning.

Letters, Reports and Bulletins.

When the experimental farms were first planned, it was the intention that they should become bureaus of information to which farmers could apply for aid in the difficulties which frequently present themselves. Evidence of their usefulness, and how ready the farmers are to avail themselves of the aid given is seen in the correspondence carried on with farmers in all parts of the Dominion. In 1889, the first year after the farms had become fairly organized, the number of letters received was about 8,000, while the average each year for the past seven years has been 65,422. In addition to answers to these letters, during the same period an average of 233,427 of printed reports and bulletins have been issued. In these reports are found the

results of many important and carefully conducted experiments in agriculture, horticulture and arboriculture, the outcome of practical and scientific work done in the fields, barns, dairy and poultry buildings, orchards and plantations at the several experimental farms; also of scientific research in the chemical laboratory; also the study of the nature and habits of injurious insects and noxious weeds, together with the most practical and economical measures for their destruction; also of scientific research in connection with the breeding of cereals and determining their value. Thus there is a constant flow of information going to Canadian farmers which is producing excellent results.

As a rule it is difficult to bring about rapid changes in the ideas and practices of agriculturists, but as soon as they are convinced that experimental work is conducted in a practical manner by competent persons in their interests, and with the special object of making farming more profitable, their sympathies and co-operation are assured. Any farmer in Canada can have his name, on application to the Director at Ottawa, placed on a permanent mailing list, and will receive the reports and bulletins that are regularly issued.

Distribution of Seed Grain.

This branch of the experimental farm work is evidently greatly appreciated by the farmers all over the Dominion. During the last three years the average number of samples sent from all the Dominion experimental farms has been 37,404. That number of samples would weigh over seventy-two and a half tons of the very best sorts of seed obtainable. Any farmer in Canada who applies to the Director before the 1st of March in any year may obtain a sample. These samples are sent free by mail in bags

containing four pounds of oats, five pounds of wheat or barley, three pounds of other seed, or three pounds of potatoes. The grain is sufficient in each case to sow one-twentieth of an acre. Instructions accompany each sample. Great care is taken to have this seed grain clean. First of all it is passed through a fanning mill to take out weed seeds. After that many thousands of pounds are picked by hand in order to remove any odd kernels of grain of other sorts that may have got into the sample, which could not be removed in any other way. Thus, at no cost but his own labor, the farmer may provide himself with the best and most productive strains of seed in sufficient quantity, that with care in two years he may have enough for himself and some for his neighbors.

During the past three years an average of over 42,000 farmers received samples of wheat, oats, pease, barley and potatoes. The steady increase that is being made in the yearly average of crops in Canada, amounting in value in the aggregate to many millions of dollars, is, no doubt, due in a large measure to improved methods of cultivation and to improved varieties of seeds. As an example, the addition of one bushel of oats per acre to the average crop of Canada adds to the profits of the Canadian farmer more than one million and a half dollars.

New Varieties of Grain.

Among the farmers in the North-West there is a strong desire for early ripening varieties of wheat. To meet this demand varieties of wheats have been brought into Canada from different countries and their periods of ripening ascertained. Some varieties have been brought from the colder districts in Northern Russia and other northern parts of Europe; some from

the high altitudes of India, as high as eleven thousand feet in the Himalayas; others from Australia, Japan and other countries. These are most carefully and in many ways tested, and the results recorded. Not only new sorts of wheat, but barley, oats and pease have also been produced at the experimental farms by cross-fertilizing, with the object of combining the good qualities of varieties—more especially with a view of obtaining increased vigor, greater productiveness and an early maturing habit. More than a thousand new sorts have thus been produced and tested, and among these are quite a number of promising varieties.

Tree Planting.

Experiments in tree planting were begun at all the experimental farms as soon as practicable after their organization. At the central farm twenty acres are devoted to forest experiments to determine the relative growth of the more important timber trees under different conditions. Sixty acres of the same farm are in use as an arboretum, where trees and shrubs from many countries are under test to determine how far they are suitable for growth in Eastern Canada. Smaller areas are devoted to the same purpose on the branch experimental farms. As the need for shelter is great on the open plains in the North-West country, special attention has been given to encourage tree planting in Manitoba and the North-West Territories. About sixty to seventy thousand trees have been planted on each of the western experimental farms in shelter belts, shelter blocks, avenues and hedges, furnishing examples as to the best methods of planting, and giving information as to the cost of planting per acre.

To encourage others to plant trees, there has been distributed free,

through the mails, on application, about two million young forest trees in lots of one hundred each, and about ten tons of tree seeds have been sent to settlers in sample bags of one pound each, every package containing sufficient to produce, with reasonable care, from five to eight hundred young seedlings. The results of this work are now everywhere apparent. On homesteads in many parts of the North-West plains there are small plantations of forest trees, which afford shelter for the stock, and at the same time make the dwellings of the settlers more attractive and comfortable.

Apples.

Since the establishment of the experimental farms much attention has been given to the cultivation and care of fruits, especially of apples, since there are very extensive sections of Canada where these may be most abundantly produced, and of as fine quality as are grown anywhere. Besides, there is always a market in England for practically an unlimited quantity of first-class apples. Over six hundred varieties are grown at the central farm, Ottawa, and one thousand varieties at Agassiz, in British Columbia.

Continued efforts have been made for years to obtain apple trees which would be hardy enough to endure the climate of Manitoba and the North-West country. Tests were made with cultivated sorts from Northern Europe and the northern United States and other countries where the winters are cold. Outside of a few places in Southern Manitoba these efforts have not yet been successful. Brandon is at an altitude of 1,194 feet. Indian Head 1,924 feet and Calgary 3,428 feet above the sea, and what is wanted is a race of apple trees hardy enough to endure the climate at these differ-

ent altitudes, and such as can be cultivated with success by the average farmer.

That such apples have been produced by cross fertilization at the central experimental farm is now well established. In 1887 seeds of a wild crab from Northern Siberia were secured. The young trees from these seeds are found to be perfectly hardy and fruit well in the North-West. Experiments have been made with this species of the hardy crab to increase the size and improve the quality of the fruit by crossing it with some of the hardiest and best varieties of apples grown in Ontario. About eight hundred of these cross-bred sorts have been produced at Ottawa, and more than two hundred have fruited. Among the two hundred about twenty are of such a size and quality as to make them useful for domestic purposes, and to justify their propagation for more general distribution. Packages of trees of these tested varieties have been sent to the Territories, Manitoba, and Northern Ontario. In nearly every instance the trees have grown well, and it is expected that in two or three years they will begin to fruit.

Experiments have also been made with many varieties of plums, pears, cherries and grapes; also with the smaller fruits, as currants, gooseberries, raspberries and strawberries. The work of producing new varieties is constantly going on, and all those showing inferior qualities are promptly discarded to make room for the new sorts originated from year to year.

Clover as a Fertilizer.

Clover can be grown in all the eastern provinces and in the coast climate of British Columbia. When clover is growing it gathers large quantities of nitrogen from the air, and

through its deep roots phosphoric acid, potash and lime are taken from depths unreached by shallower-rooted farm crops. Experiments covering a number of years have shown conclusively that ploughing a crop of green clover under is a most effective source of fertility. It increases the store of plant food, makes the soil deeper, more mellow, and warmer, and enables it to retain its moisture. When used as a fertilizer there has been a marked increase in the yield of oats, wheat, barley, corn and potatoes.

Cattle Feeding.

There has grown up in Canada a very large and profitable trade in fat cattle, butter and cheese. In view of the fact that this interest will probably develop into immense proportions, special attention has been given at the experimental farms to this department. Experiments have been made to ascertain what breed of cows give the most milk and of the best quality, what breed of steers is best to fatten for the market with the greatest financial returns. Tests have also been made with many kinds of feed, including ensilage, roots, grass and mixed provender, to ascertain the cost of producing milk, butter, cheese or beef.

Since the pork business among farmers in some sections of the country has become a leading and important industry, careful experiments have been made, covering many years, with several breeds of swine, and with a great variety of foods. These experiments show that in the use of some

kinds of feed it has cost \$6.40 to produce one hundred pounds of an increase, while during the same time and with the same number of pigs using other kinds of feed it has cost \$2.33 to produce one hundred pounds of an increase. Experiments of such a nature must be of most practical value.

Poultry.

While to the farmer poultry is a profitable part of his interests, yet the questions involved are not, perhaps, so important or so numerous as in some other branches of his work. The main points are the proper care of poultry, best breeds for laying, for table use, and those that make early and rapid growth for market. The experimental work of the farms has covered these questions, also hatching by incubator and in the nests, and by noting the best feed to increase weight.

To encourage farmers to add to the attractions of their home surroundings, experiments have been made in the cultivation of ornamental trees, shrubs, hedges and lawns; also a great variety of flowers—annuals and perennials—in the open and in greenhouses have been grown. Much attention has also been given to the vegetable garden products.

Thus, through these experimental farms the farmer is furnished, in the many questions that interest him, with reliable information, which it would be impracticable for him to obtain for himself.

Ottawa.

NOBLE LIVES.

As clear as amber, fine as musk,
Is the life of those who, pilgrim wise,
Move hand in hand, from dawn to dusk,
Each morning nearer Paradise.

Oh, not for them shall angels pray!
They stand in everlasting light,
They walk in Allah's smile by day,
And nestle in His heart by night.

--Aldridge.

FROM THE PRAIRIE TO THE SEABOARD.

BY L'INCONNU.



Showing the high-bagger, an automatic device which elevates the grain, weighs a bushel at a time, and drops it down the chute into a bag held by a man in the waggon.



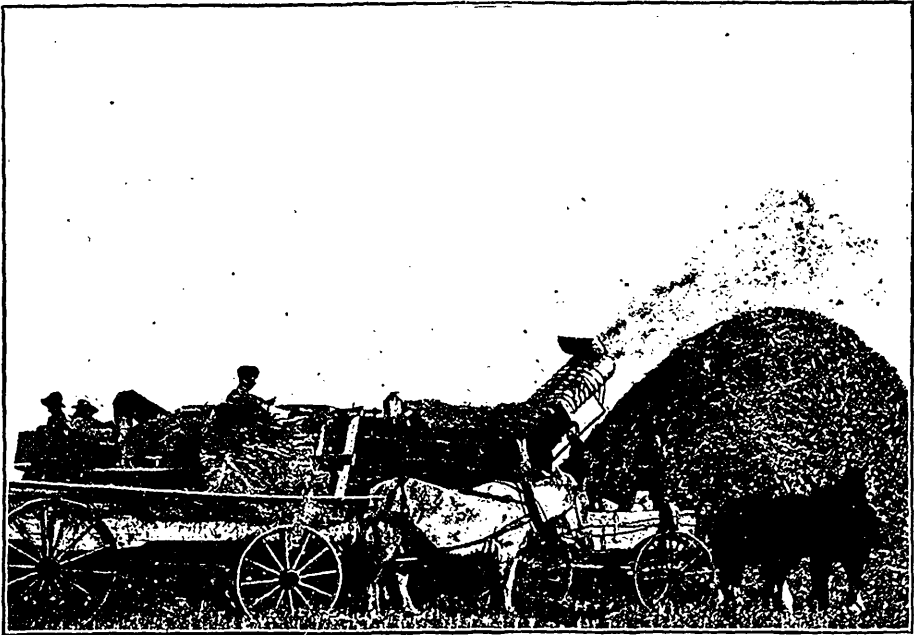
WITH a large proportion of our eastern Canadians going to the North-West for the harvesting season, and with the huge colored posters representing western harvest fields that hang in every station and country post-office, most of us have surely acquired a fair conception of such a scene. But a more intimate knowledge of the way our grain is being garnered, threshed and transported may not come amiss.

There is a lot of romance, as well

as hard work, in the lives of the threshing crew. It awaits the sympathetic pen of such novelists as have exploited the mines and the foothills.

We are all familiar with the picture of a great number of reaping machines in the immense fields. After reaping, the wheat is then gathered into great stacks, everything being on an immense scale. A goodly number of threshing machines and their crews then invade the field. In some localities the wheat is not stacked, but simply threshed from the stooks. The machines have traction engines of twenty-five horse-power.

Usually four men accompany the



A WIND-STACKER AT WORK.

machine to do the pitching. The Doukhobors fill these places very acceptably. They are great, sturdy-limbed fellows, and capable when it is not a question of entrusting them with horses or machinery. Six men and teams accompany each machine to draw in. Another important figure is the waterman with his tanks on wheels, making his way to the nearest slough. He has two tanks, one of which he leaves by the machine while he goes with the other for water.

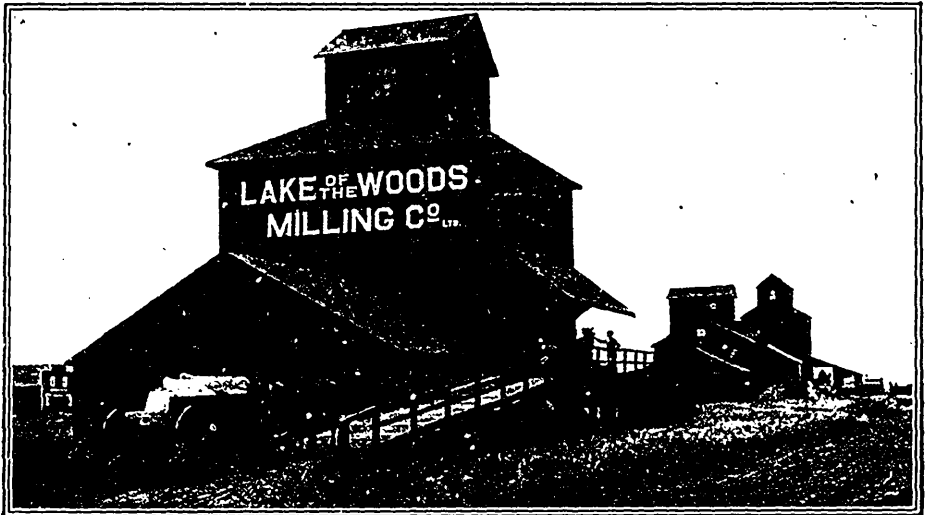
But the really important men about the machine are the feeders. They are the heroes of the gang. To be a good feeder is the ambition of many a young North-Wester. There are three of them. Two feed the machine with sheaves, cutting their hands. The third feeder keeps the machine oiled and attends to the belts,

the sieves, the elevators, occasionally "spelling" one of the other men, for feeding is tough work.

Attached to the machines is a device known as the wind-stacker, a long tube, cylindrical or oblate in section, inside which are revolving fans. By this the straw is tossed out in an immense symmetrical stack. These wind-stackers were invented and are manufactured by two Manitoba farmers.

An automatic device attached to the side of the machine, as shown in our picture, is the high-bagger. By this the grain is lifted up, weighed, a bushel at a time, then let fall down a long chute, from which it is dropped into a bag held by a farmer standing in his waggon. It is then ready to be driven to the elevator of the C. P. R. and shipped eastward.

Before we follow it through the



FARMERS DELIVERING GRAIN AT THE VILLAGE ELEVATORS.

changes of transportation, however, the threshers' crew is worthy of more than passing note. Their last act before their very late supper is to fire the great stacks of straw. Like beacon fires in the gloaming, hundreds of them flame out all at once across the miles and miles of the harvest plains.

It has been a long day of toil that the thresher has had, from the first streak of light in the east till the last shadows have deepened into night. The thresher is among the few men who really do work "from sun to sun." And with the long twilight of the North-West the hours of darkness are few.

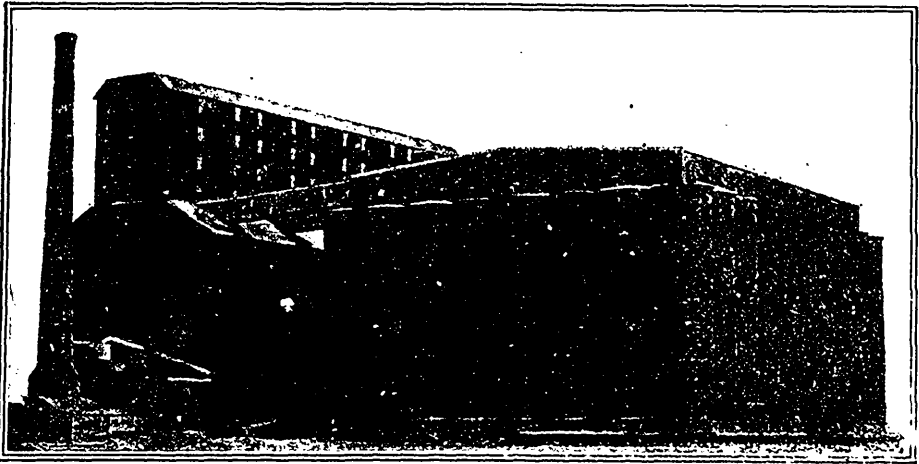
It is an unwritten law among the threshers never to wash till night. And between dust and perspiration they present a rather funny sight with their blue eyes rolling in their grimy faces.

Supper and the cleaning-up process take considerable time. But in spite of wearied limbs, the joke and the

laugh flow freely, for the threshers are a jolly crew. They eat heartily, sleep soundly, and lead a merry life.

The farmers' daughters as a rule are not forgetful to put on their best aprons and ties, and to look like ministering angels as they feed the hungry crew. The meal ended, the threshers retire to their waggon caboose for the smoke and the joke and the final turning in. The caboose is lighted with lanterns, has a stove in it and bunks all around. Often there are as many as seven nationalities in one of these cabooses, English, Scotch, Irish, Welsh, French, German and Doukhobors. But all, as a rule, speak English, even though imperfectly. In the caboose at night, sitting with their pipes, or chewing the quid of tobacco, they often relate interesting reminiscences of their motherlands. They sing songs and crack jokes, not always the most delicate, it is true.

In these crews one sometimes finds young men from our colleges saving up their expenses for the following



A MODERN TRANS-SHIPING AND STORAGE ELEVATOR.

This one is at Port Arthur, Ontario, and is the property of the Canadian Northern Railway. Capacity two million bushels.

winter. We remember one of our medical students in his senior year who could tell interesting experiences from his previous summer spent as an engineer on one of these threshing engines. Such young men acquire a knowledge of life that is a worthy supplement to that gained in our schools.

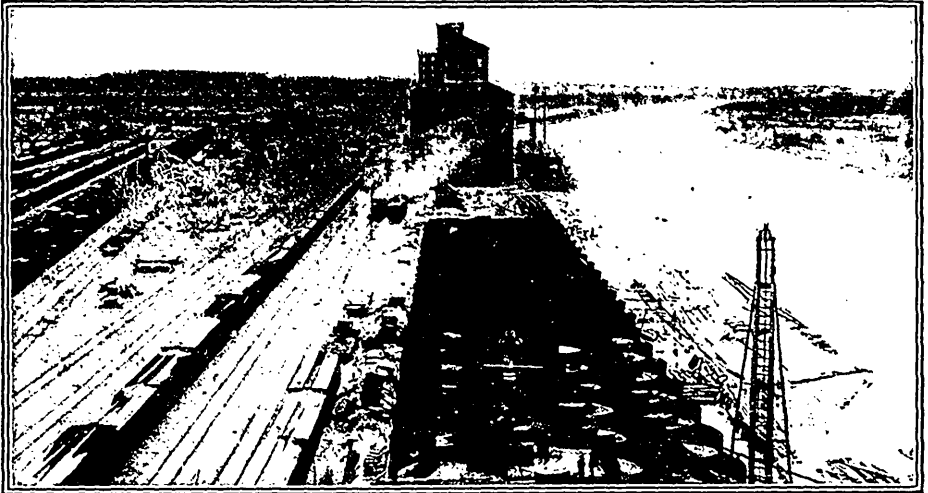
After the mechanism of the threshing machine, that of the elevator is the most important in the handling of the wheat. To those who know nothing of the inner workings of the elevator, there is always a something of mystery in the great dark structures looming up against the sky. The mystery is increased when one sees them in their isolation on the broad-stretching prairie, where they loom up quite frequently along the line of the C. P. R.

The waggon-load of bags, in which the wheat has been placed by the automatic high-bagger on the threshing machine, is driven to one of these elevators. The waggon is

drawn up on the flat scales, where it is weighed. The driver then moves up beside the elevator, where the wheat is dumped from the waggon into the pocket at the side of the building. From this pocket it goes crashing down a chute into an iron boot at the base. Here it is caught by an endless leather band or belt, to which are affixed metal cups, the whole actuated by machinery.

From the boot at the foot of the elevator the grain is raised in these cups to a height of perhaps fifty feet. Here the belt makes a sharp turn in its circuit, and the cups are completely inverted. The wheat is tumbled down a long spout into a bin below. Here its adventures end for a while. It lies waiting till a C. P. R. freight train draws up and the prison-house of the bin is exchanged for that of the C. P. R. train. It is then carried eastward to Port Arthur.

Here the train of box-cars runs into the corrugated iron-covered building known as the working-house. In



BUILDING A MODERN ELEVATOR AND STOREHOUSES.
The tanks shown here are made of steel plates and are only partially constructed.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE UPPER STORY OF A MODERN GRAIN STOREHOUSE.

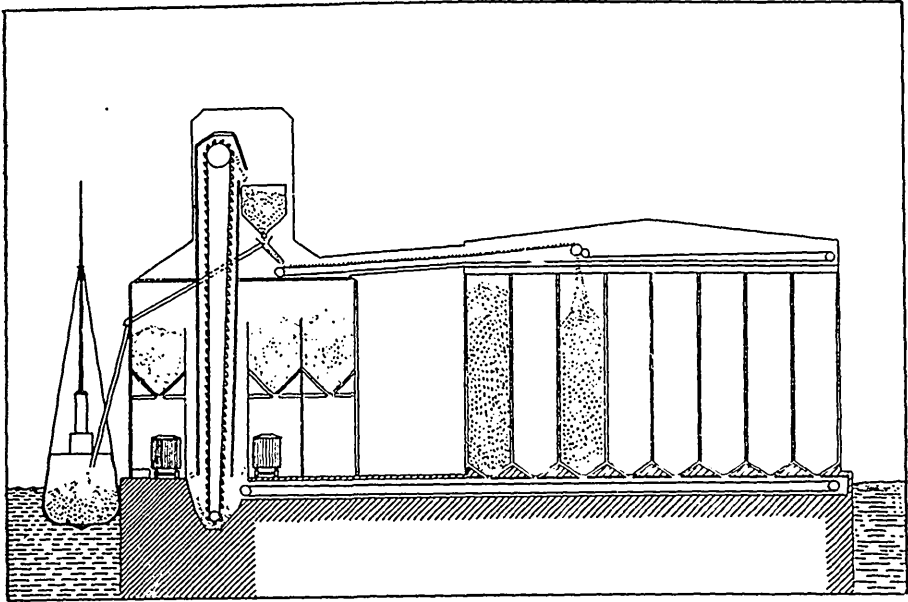


DIAGRAM OF MODERN ELEVATOR AND STOREHOUSE.

this building one often sees two trains of box-cars, one unloading, the other reloading at the same time, while a hoarse whistle outside tells of a lake steamer similarly engaged.

The grain is scooped rapidly out of the car into a pocket of the elevator. There is no boot in this elevator; but the grain is caught immediately by a continuous chain of cups, raised aloft about a hundred feet, then tumbled down a shoot into a bin. This bin is swung on a scale, which serves to weigh the grain. The wheat is then started forth again on a horizontal rubber belt about a yard wide, and whirled across a bridge to a storage tank at the rate of 700 feet per minute. So rapidly indeed is the journey made that the grain has no time to fall off the belt. Just over each storage tank is a tripper, which hits the belt so forcibly that all the wheat is tumbled off the belt into the tank, not a grain remaining behind.

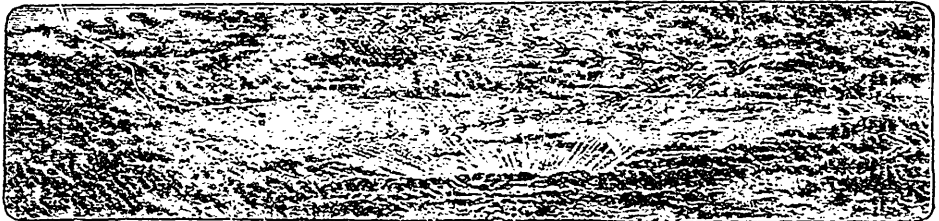
This elevator at Port Arthur is one of the most noted of the world. It has eighty of these storage tanks, each eighty-three feet high and twenty-three feet in diameter, and each having a capacity of 23,000 bushels of wheat. The total capacity of the storage is two million bushels, the interstices between the tanks holding altogether 160,000 bushels.

By pulling a lever the tripper can be moved to occupy a position above any one of these tanks at the will of the operator. In one of our engravings will be noticed the tripper operating above the third of the row of tanks (to the right). To the extreme left of the drawing are the waters of the lake and the waiting vessel into whose hold the grain is being poured through the spout. Just to the right of this is the outline of the elevator itself. On the lower floor will be seen the ends of two box-cars, and the streams of grain being show-

elled out from their doors. There will also be seen the continuous chain of metal cups catching the grain below and carrying it up to the weighing bin at the top of the elevator. The boiler house and part of the other buildings have been removed from this picture, so that the cups, the pulleys and spouts used for receiving and distributing the grain can be the more easily seen.

It will also be noticed that the bottoms of these storage tanks are funnel shaped and that at the very bottom is a small opening. Just here is a little door that may be instantly opened. The grain forthwith pours

out onto a belt running underground to the pocket of the elevator. Here it is caught once more by the chain of cups, elevated, weighed again by the scales at the top of the picture, dropped from the scale bin into a series of spouts and from these poured into box-cars again or into the hold of the vessel waiting at the wharf to bear it through the great lakes and waterways to Montreal. There it will be elevated again, and finally poured into the hold of a transatlantic freighter, to reappear in the bread and buns of bakery windows in Liverpool, Leeds and London.



THE SONG OF THE PLAINS.

BY H. H. BASHFORD.

No harp have I for the singing, nor fingers fashioned for skill,
 Nor ever shall words express it, the song that is in my heart,
 A saga, swept from the distance, horizons beyond the hill,
 Singing of life and endurance, and bidding me bear my part.

For this is Song as I sing it, the song that I love the best,
 The steady tramp in the furrow, the grind of the gleaming steel,
 An anthem sung to the noonday, a chant of the open West,
 Echoing deep, in my spirit, to gladden and help and heal.

And this is Life as I read it, and Life in its fairest form,
 To breathe the wind on the ranges, the scent of the upturned sod,
 To strive and strive and be thankful, to weather the shine and storm,
 Pencilling over the prairies the destiny planned by God.

And no reward do I ask for, save only to work and wait,
 To praise the God of my fathers, to labor beneath His sky,
 To dwell alone in His greatness, to strike and to follow straight,
 Silent, and strong, and contented—the limitless plains and I.

—*The New York Evening Mail.*

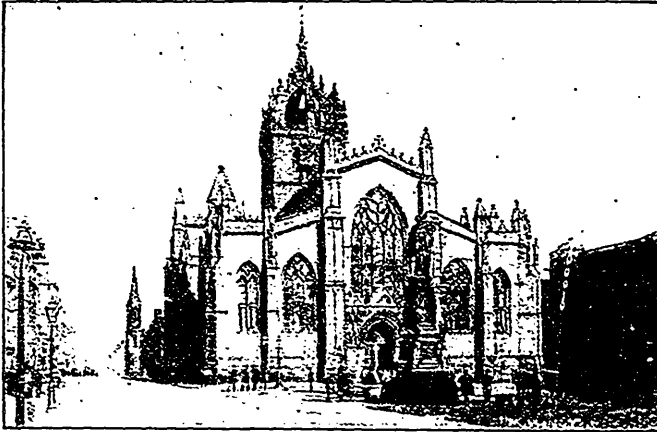
JOHN KNOX.

BY FRANCIS HUSTON WALLACE, M.A., D.D.,

Dean of the Faculty of Theology, Victoria University.

Like John the Baptist from the wilderness,
He comes in rugged strength to court of kings,
Approaches in the name of God and flings
The gage of battle down with hardiesse
Of loftiest courage, and doth truth confess
Amid a base and sordid age that rings
With conflict 'gainst the saints of God and brings
The wrath of Heaven down in stern redress.
Not clothed in raiment soft is he; a stern
Icnochlast, he smites the idols down
In Rimmon's lofty temple, and doth turn
To scorn of Baal's power the pride and crown;
Therefore his country garlands now his urn
With wreath immortal of unstained renown.

—*W. H. Withrow.*



ST. GILES' CATHEDRAL, EDINBURGH.

I.

JOHN KNOX is at last coming to his own. He knew what he had done, and he expected history to recognize it. In one of his latest utterances, under the smart of a coarse libel, he exclaimed: "What I have been to my country, albeit this unthankful age will not know, yet the ages to come will be

compelled to bear witness to the truth."

He was often slandered while alive; he has been much vilified since his death. The popular literary conception of John Knox was long that of a coarse fanatic, an intolerant bigot, into whose hands fortune thrust power which he used only for the destruction of a stately, ancient system, noble piles of ecclesiastical



HOUSE OF CARDINAL BEATON AND THE COWGATE, EDINBURGH.

of Scots. The bitterness of the feeling toward him on the part of the partisans of the old system and of the unfortunate Queen is the natural tribute to his ability and his historical significance. But even good Protestants have qualified their faint praise of him with concessions to his detractors so considerable as to leave him an enigma of history. How could the narrow fanatic of the old popular conception have had such influence among the nobility and in the court and have so shaped the course of history?

It is quite true that Knox had not the broad, rollicking good nature and hearty *bonhomie* of Martin Luther. But it would have been better for German Protestantism if Luther had had more of Knox's Puritanism.

After all, John Knox was no mere provincial peasant. He had seen many men and many cities. He knew Scotland, England, France, Germany and Switzerland. He was in close touch with theologians, statesmen and monarchs. He was respected and

fearcd when he was neither loved nor admired. Knox was a man of real genius, one of the great figures of history.

If others do not admire and love him, Scotland should, for well and tenderly he loved his native land. In a letter to his sister in Edinburgh, he writes thus from a foreign land: "Only this I dare say, that sometimes (seldom, alas!) I feel a sob and groan, willing that Christ Jesus might openly be preached in my native country, with a certain desire that my ears might hear it, although it should be with the loss of this wretched life."

Another great Scotchman, hearing that sob and groan across the ages, responded to it thus: "Knox is, to me, of the select of the earth. What he has suffered from the ungrateful generations that have followed him should really make us humble ourselves to the dust, to think that the most excellent man our country has produced, to whom we owe everything that distinguishes us among the nations, should have been so sneered at, mis-known, and abused" (Carlyle in 1868). And the great Englishman, John Milton, recognized the true character and significance of Knox, and expressed the world's ultimate verdict when he wrote: "Knox, the Reformer of a kingdom That great man."

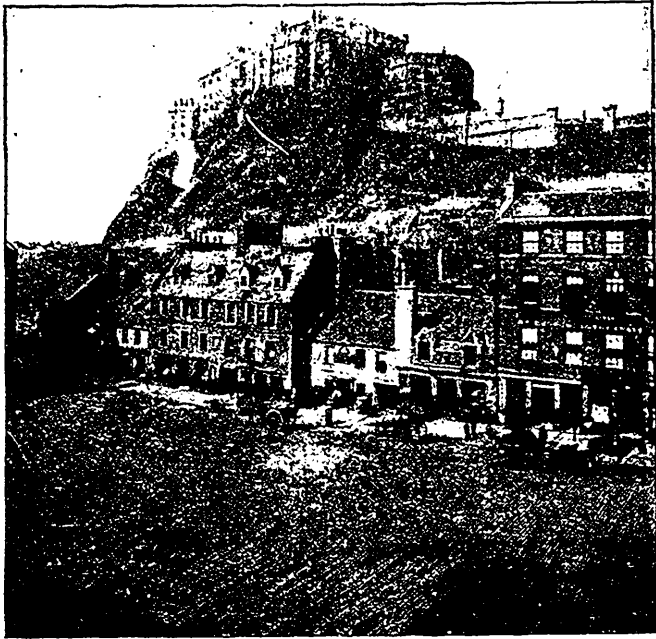
Knox was the one man who quickened Scotland into higher life and moulded its warring elements into the unity of its modern history. Its earlier history was confused and turbulent. All the world glows at the deeds of the War of Independence and at the names of Wallace and Bruce. But up to the Reformation the interminable feuds of the nobility, the ignorance and poverty of the people, the gross secularization and moral degradation of the Church kept Scotland in a most backward con-

dition, and ever and anon plunged it into civil war and almost into anarchy.

In no other country was the Church so corrupt. The ecclesiastical establishment was enormously wealthy. A large part of the benefices were held by the sons of nobles who were only nominally clergymen and whose simony and licentiousness were notorious. The illegitimate daughters of bishops and archbishops were unblushingly married into the highest families. The parish priests were ignorant. The innumerable monks (so picturesque in Scott's stories) were idle and dissolute. Religion was little more than superstition. The mass, with its pretended miracle of transubstantiation, seemed the sum of Christianity. Both morals and religion were dead or dying.

Into this valley of dry bones came the quickening breath of the Reformation, and lo! a great army of living worshippers of the living God stood upon their feet.

Knox was not the first reformer in Scotland. To say nothing of slight movements in the earlier Lollard times, soon after continental Europe felt the influence of Luther's call, the new impulse made itself felt in Scotland. Merchants and travellers carried the news and kindled curiosity and enthusiasm. The high-born and charming youth, Patrick Hamilton, having studied under Luther and Melancthon in Wittenberg, preached the gospel of free grace in his native land, and sealed his testimony with his death at the stake in 1528. And within a few years many a martyr followed his example, although the sufferings of the Scotch reformers at the hands of the Roman Catholic Church are not to be compared with those of their covenanting successors in the next century at the hands of their Episcopalian oppressors.



EDINBURGH CASTLE, FROM THE GRASS MARKET.

By far the most notable of these Reformation martyrs in Scotland was the gentle and yet fearless George Wishart, who exerted a wide influence over all classes, and especially over Knox himself, and who died at the stake at St. Andrews in 1546, uttering this remarkable prophecy:

“God will send you comfort after me; this realm shall be illuminated with the light of Christ's Gospel, as clearly as any realm ever was since the days of the apostles; the house of God shall be built in it; yea, it shall not lack (whatsoever the enemies shall devise to the contrary) the very coperstone; neither shall this be long in doing, for there shall not many suffer after me.”

By a general infection of the Reformation, which was in the air of all Europe, by the labors and heroic death of the martyrs, by the very infamy of the corrupt and shameless Church, Scotland was prepared for its grand revolt from Rome and its com-

plete transformation in religion, morals and even government. For the great crisis God had prepared the great man. And when the crisis came—it was not, as in some countries, a long-drawn agony, but a short, sharp struggle; and the change was for once and for ever complete. Knox's principles were clear and fixed and firm. He had before him the example of the reformers of the continent and the lessons of their experience. He appealed not only to the nobility but also to the commonality. And the reformation in Scotland was therefore not much, as elsewhere, a matter of court and parliament, of legislation and administration, but above all the outcome of popular convictions, which no recreancy on the part of the natural leaders could pervert and no tyranny on the part of the government could overcome.

The year of Knox's birth is not certain. But 1505 is commonly named, and the world is in this year 1905 agreeing in celebrating the quatercentenary of that event. Not even the place of his birth is beyond dispute; but it was probably Haddington, a town of some importance, with an abbey, two monasteries, and a school. John Knox was the son of a farmer on the estate of the Earl of Bothwell. After receiving the rudiments of a learned education in the grammar school of Haddington, he repaired to the University of Glasgow, at the age of seventeen. The great ornament and attraction of Glasgow in those days was John Major, professor of philosophy and theology, who profoundly impressed both Knox and his contemporary, the eminent humanist, George Buchanan.

Major taught some very liberal and revolutionary views, which were seed for the harvest of Knox's later life and conflicts—such views as that a general council is superior to the pope and may depose him; that the pope has no jurisdiction in temporal matters; that excommunication is invalid if pronounced on invalid grounds; that the authority of the people is superior to that of kings; that tyrannical rulers may be restrained or even deposed by the community, and that tyrants may be judicially punished even by death. Such modern doctrines we shall hear later from the lips of Knox himself.

Knox read widely in the Fathers of the Christian Church, especially in Jerome, who whetted his appetite for Holy Scripture, and in Augustine, whose Pauline doctrines of sin and salvation prepared so many men for the Reformation, with its return to the fundamental truth of justification by faith alone and its glorious emphasis upon the reality of a conscious experience of grace. Before his twenty-

fifth year, the canonical age, Knox was ordained a priest.

From the time of his University career to the year 1546 we know next to nothing of Knox. It is because this period of obscurity and silence is so abnormally long, that many suppose an error in the year named for his birth, and incline to put it ten years later. In 1546 we find him serving in the capacity of tutor in a noble family not far from Haddington. Whether he had been converted in his opinions during this interval, and come into that deep spiritual experience which he most certainly enjoyed in his subsequent career, or whether the great change was due to the teaching and example of George Wishart, is uncertain. This we do know, that Knox was an ardent admirer and loving disciple of Wishart, that he once bore a sword to protect Wishart from assassination, and that he would fain have followed the martyr to his trial and execution. "Nay," said the latter, "return to your bairns (*i.e.*, pupils), and God bless you: one is sufficient for a sacrifice."

The death of Wishart was brought about mainly by the infamous Cardinal Beaton, a man whose zeal against heresy was surpassed only by his unblushing licentiousness. While gentle George Wishart burned at the stake, Beaton cynically watched his sufferings from his palace window. But this was too much. Soon after five gentlemen burst into the palace and avenged the death of Wishart by the murder of the Cardinal. Then, in their own defence, they seized the castle of St. Andrews, and with a body of men like-minded, held out for months against the government. In their midst was Knox, who probably by this time was a suspected person, and his young pupils. Doubtless Knox, though not privy to the assas-

sination of Beaton, was the more inclined to cast in his lot with the defenders of the castle, inasmuch as he certainly held it lawful that persons guilty of flagrant crimes, whom it was impossible to reach through the ordinary channels of justice, should be brought to punishment, even capital punishment, by private individuals.

During these months in St. Andrews a supreme crisis occurred in the life of Knox. He was teaching his pupils not only grammar and such ordinary subjects, but also catechism and the Gospel according to John. The fame of his instruction to his pupils came to the other inhabitants of the castle, and they importuned Knox to preach to them. But in vain. He did not feel a call to such duty. However, one day, at the instigation of Sir David Lindsay and other gentlemen, the garrison preacher, John Rough, unexpectedly addressed himself in public to the astonished Knox:

“Brother, you shall not be offended, although I speak unto you that which I have in charge, even from all those that are here present, which is this: In the name of God, and of His Son, Jesus Christ, and in the name of all that presently call you by my mouth, I charge you that you refuse not this holy vocation, but, as you tender the glory of God, the increase of Christ’s kingdom, the edification of your brethren, and the comfort of me, whom you understand well enough to be oppressed by the multitude of labors, that you take the public office and charge of preaching, even as you look to avoid God’s heavy displeasure, and desire that He shall multiply His graces unto you.”

The whole congregation joined in this solemn appeal. Knox was overwhelmed, burst into tears, and rushed from the assembly to his own room. Only after a struggle of several days could he bring himself to yield to this call. Then he preached such a sermon as gave promise of all the power of his great career. He had hesitated to plunge into such responsibility, to rush into such conflicts as

he clearly foresaw in those troublous times, awaiting the faithful prophet of the Lord. But the die was cast. There was never again a moment’s hesitation, or reluctance, or indecision. Having put his hand to the plough he never looked back.

In 1542 James V. died, leaving his widow, the clever Frenchwoman Mary of Guise, and his infant daughter, the beautiful and ill-fated Mary of Scotland. From 1542 to 1554 Arran was regent of the kingdom. French influence naturally prevailed, and it was with the aid of French forces that the regent finally captured the castle of St. Andrews; its gallant garrison capitulating to the French commands on July 31st, 1547. The easy and honorable turns of capitulation were shamefully violated at the instance of the Scotch clergy and the pope. Some of the prisoners were incarcerated in France. Others, and among them Knox, were sent to the confinement and hard labor of the galleys. To judge from some casual references which Knox makes to this long imprisonment of nineteen months, the iron must have entered his very soul. Unless he was treated otherwise than the galley slaves usually were, he was chained by day and night, herded with vile companions, half starved, forced to toil by the lash of overseers, and allowed to sleep at night only under the bench on which he sat to row all day.

His galley plied up and down some of the rivers of France. One day on the Loire a painted image of the Virgin was brought into the galley and the Scotch prisoner was ordered to kiss it in adoration. On his refusal, the officer attempted to press it to his mouth. Instantly the prisoner seized the image, flung it into the river, and exclaimed: “Let our lady now save herself; she is light enough, let her learn to swim!”



JOHN KNOX PREACHING IN EDINBURGH.

During the summer of 1548 the galleys were off the coast of Scotland, and one of the Scotch prisoners, Sir James Balfour, pointed to the spires of St. Andrews, and asked Knox if he recognized the place.

"Yes, I know it well; for I see the steeple of that place where God first opened my mouth in public to His glory; and I am fully persuaded, how weak soever I now appear, that I shall not depart this life, till that my tongue shall glorify His godly name in the same place."

In February, 1549, Knox was set free, and immediately went to England, where, under Edward VI., all was favorable to the Reformation. For five years Knox threw himself heart and soul into the work of the Church of England, preaching in Ber-

wick, Newcastle, and London with great power and acceptance. He was made one of the six chaplains to the King, was offered a living in London, and was even offered the bishopric of Rochester. He also seems to have had a hand in the framing of the Anglican Book of Common Prayer.

The rubric against the adoration of the elements in the Lord's Supper is attributed to him. The prolocutor of Oxford University, in the following reign, complained: "A runagate Scot did take away the adoration or worshipping of Christ in the sacrament. . . . So much prevailed that one man's authority at that time."

The Church of England had not yet become sectarian enough to cut itself off from the fellowship of the

Churches of the Reformation by its theory of episcopal orders, and it had no hesitation in employing learned men from the continent, such as Peter Martyr and Martin Bucer, as well as Knox from Scotland.

Knox, however, had scruples on his side about entirely casting in his lot with the Church of England, for his views were entirely Presbyterian, and he could never give up the hope of returning to his own land and his own people. Late in life he was reported by the English ambassador in Edinburgh to the great Cecil, Lord Burleigh, as follows: "He said further, that it was not the fault of your lordship that he was not a great bishop in England; but the effect grown in Scotland—he being an instrument—doth much more satisfy him." Absolute disinterestedness characterized him all his life.

In 1553 "Bloody" Mary came to the throne, and England was no longer a comfortable place for such as Knox, who, in March, 1554, crossed to Dieppe in France. For the next five years most of his time was spent on the continent, principally in Geneva. Although escaped from the troubles of England, his heart was with his brethren in affliction; and from the continent came, during this period, many letters and treatises to comfort and encourage them. Knox's writings—with the exception of his justly famous "History of the Reformation of Religion in Scotland"—a work of genius, picturesque, graphic, fascinating in its pervading realism and even humor—are mostly occasional, and very practical in their aim, direct and vigorous in expression, without that pedantic subtlety, or that nauseating sweetness, or that mellifluous sentimentalism which so disfigures much religious writing. Knox is every inch a man, and he writes as a man to men, sometimes rising to great dig-

nity and beauty of expression as his heart warms with the great truths he utters.

From Geneva Knox was called to be pastor of the English refugees settled in Frankfort-on-the-Main. After an unpleasant conflict here over certain details of worship, Knox returned to Geneva.

But his heart was in Scotland, from which he had been an exile now eight years. From September, 1555, to July, 1556, he was at work in Scotland, and the very centre of a great movement. Much had occurred there since the fall of St. Andrews in 1547. In 1548 the little Queen Mary, six years old, had been sent to France to be educated in the most profligate court of Europe, where truth and virtue were a jest, under the influence of the infamous Catharine de Medici. In 1554 the Queen Dowager, Mary of Guise, became regent of Scotland, and most subtly and adroitly set herself to bring the country under the control of France, and especially of those arch-enemies of the Reformation, the family of the Guises.

Dark, indeed, was the outlook. But fortunately the regent ultimately revealed too plainly her French proclivities, and thus alienated the Scotch nobility.

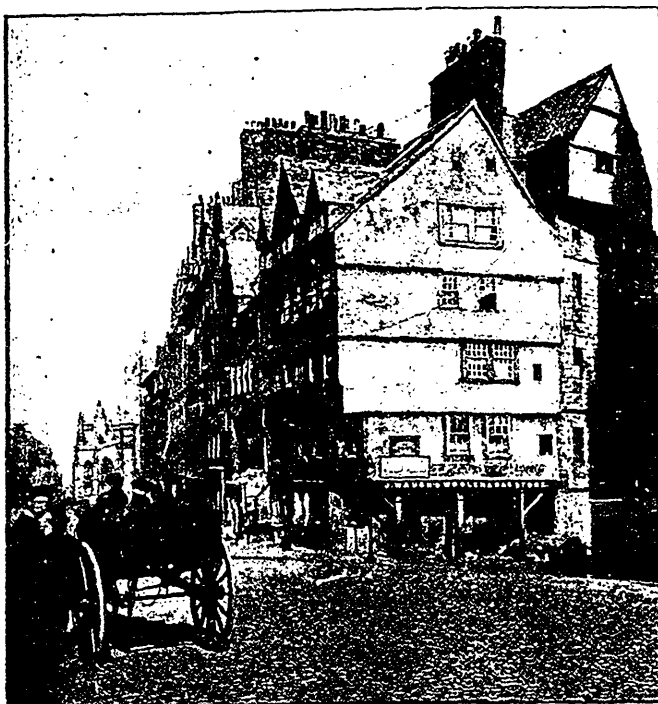
During Knox's visit to Scotland he was allowed to go up and down the country freely, preaching in many places, encouraging and instructing the numerous Protestants, and above all insisting upon their absolute withdrawal from what he roundly denounced as the idolatrous service of the mass, and leading them to love the simple Presbyterian form of the Lord's Supper. This visit did much to confirm many who soon after were the leaders in the great struggle with the Queen Regent.

When Knox went back in 1556 to Geneva, to become minister of the

English congregation, he took with him a wife. Stern and unbending in conflict with what he deemed deadly error, he was tender and loving to his own. His letters to various ladies who sought his spiritual advice, especially to his mother-in-law, reveal the warmth of his sympathies and the delicacy with which he could advise and comfort.

England, and one of whom became a clergyman of the Church of England.

In 1560, in Edinburgh, Mrs. Knox died. In 1564, when fifty-nine years of age, Knox married again. The second bride was a girl of seventeen, Margaret Stewart, the daughter of Lord Ochiltree. Queen Mary was enraged at this second marriage, because her arch-enemy had thus allied him-



CORNER OF THE WEST BOW.

Marjory Bowes, his wife, daughter of Richard Bowes, captain of Norham Castle, he had met and loved and become engaged to while a preacher in the north of England. Now he was married, and both his wife and her mother accompanied him to Geneva. His home life seems to have been thoroughly happy. Two sons blessed this union, who were educated in

self with the royal blood. But the marriage turned out well. The young wife cared well for the aged prophet, bore to him three daughters, one the heroic wife of the heroic John Welsh, and after Knox's death was rewarded with a younger and more suitable husband.

During the next three years, in Geneva, in his own happy home, pas-

tor of an important church, Knox enjoyed such tranquillity as fell to his lot at no other period in his career. His intimacy with the great John Calvin, his share in the preparation of the Geneva Bible, his admiration of the religious ordering of all the affairs of the little commonwealth, must be only named, as influences consolidating his own principles and confirming his own purposes. In 1558 he published his unfortunate "First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment (*i.e.*, Government) of Women," directed, in his intention, against Mary of Guise in Scotland and "Bloody" Mary in England, but embodying statements and principles which ever after made it impossible for him to set himself comfortably right either with Mary Queen of Scots or with Elizabeth of England.

In 1559, at the repeated and urgent solicitation of the Protestant lords of Scotland, Knox bade a final farewell to Geneva and returned to Scotland. The next thirteen years were the greatest and most fruitful of his life. Through stirring scenes of national revolution, Knox was steadfast to the principles he had now so long held and so fully matured. And his steadfast adherence to those principles saved the English-speaking world for better things than reversion to Roman tyranny and mediæval superstition.

All was ready in Scotland for his coming. In 1557 the Protestant lords had formed the "Band," the first of those "Covenants" so famous in Scottish history, in which they bound themselves to mutual fidelity and to the employment of their whole power, substance, and even lives, to maintain and advance the cause of the Gospel in the land. Gradually, all over the country, congregations were organized on the Presbyterian model.

The clergy of the old Church were

furious, but, impotent to attack the nobles, while Mary of Guise temporized to secure her own power, they wreaked their revenge on poor old Walter Mill, a parish priest, eighty-two years of age, who had long before embraced the Protestant views. On August 28th, 1558, this last martyr of the Reformation in Scotland was burned at the stake at St. Andrews. His dying words were: "As for me, I am fourscore and two years old, and cannot live long by course of nature; but a hundred better shall arise out of the ashes of my bones. I trust in God I shall be the last that shall suffer death in Scotland for this cause!"

The people were filled with horror at the atrocity of this execution, and a fierce determination seized them to have no more to do with the old persecuting Church. Everywhere the new worship was thronged by nobles and commons alike.

Before Knox arrived in Scotland Mary of Guise had thrown off her mask. Knox had never trusted her. He instinctively divined her ultimate aim to be the suppression of the Reformation. In 1558 her beautiful daughter Mary married the Dauphin of France. The plan of the Guises, which must be taken into account in every relation of England and Scotland through a long period, was to claim the throne of England for the young Queen of Scots on the ground of the illegitimacy of Elizabeth, daughter of Anne Boleyn.

This meant the suppression of Protestantism not only in France, but in Scotland and in England too. This would have changed the face of history. Knox saw with the eye of a statesman that Elizabeth and the Protestants of Scotland must stand or fall together. But he was not in favor with Elizabeth, and before the latter could be brought to his views



JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE.

the state of affairs became sufficiently desperate in Scotland.

When Knox landed at Leith, May 2nd, 1559, all was at a crisis. The Protestant preachers had been summoned to appear at Stirling before the Regent and answer for their conduct. They prepared to obey this summons. But they came not alone. A multitude in arms accompanied them to Perth, and Knox came among them, outlaw and rebel though he had already been proclaimed, and so in danger of his life. It was, indeed, civil war, and the Queen Regent had set the torch and kindled the flame which was not to be extinguished until all vestiges of Stuart and papal tyranny were consumed. Knox's sermons heartened the nobles and the people. As Randolph, the English ambassador, wrote to Burleigh a few

years later: "I assure you the voice of this one man, John Knox, is able in one hour to put more life in us than five hundred trumpets continually blustering in our ears."

At this time, at Perth, after one of his sermons against the idolatry of the mass, began, accidentally Knox declares, the pulling down of monasteries and wrecking of the costly ornaments of churches for which he has been so much blamed. Knox does not seem to have instigated this vandalism. But the saying commonly attributed to him, whether genuine or not, that you must pull down the nest if you wish to get rid of the rooks, not improbably represents at least the excuse which he may have offered for the work of the "rascal multitude," whom he declares to have been the perpetrators of the outrages.

The Roman Catholic form of worship was abolished in place after place by the authority of the "Lords of the Congregation," as the Protestant nobles were now called. The whole gorgeous paraphernalia which had fascinated the senses of generations disappeared, and a religious worship pure and fervent at least, if bald and unattractive, took its place—a form of worship pertaining more to the reason and less to the senses.

Knox became minister of St. Giles' cathedral, Edinburgh, which was henceforth his throne of power. He was the very life of the revolution, adviser, exhorter, prophet, statesman, negotiator with England; and in all these relations and functions conscientious, convinced, intrepid. He had no hesitation as to the legitimacy of such rebellion. He was no anarchist. He profoundly believed in the divine right of government. But he did not believe that had government was of God, that men must passively submit while their rulers destroy their well-being and their liberties, demand of them what God does not demand, or forbid to them what God has commanded. He considered rulers the servants of the community, and considered the people amply justified in restraining or even deposing tyrannical and ungodly princes.

If kings were bad, to the nobility he would appeal. If they did not hearken, then to the common people. And one of the most notable and modern and significant aspects of all Knox's work was his noble appeal to the people in his "Letter to the Commonalty of Scotland." He anticipates the noblest democracy of our days in his wholesome confidence in the people. And nobly did the people of Scotland respond to his appeal. There came times when princes were a delusion, and nobles but a snare, but through the generations the people re-

mained steadfast in the principles of religion and liberty which they had learned from their great national prophet. All our modern liberties lie in germ in Knox's principle of resistance to tyranny and his appeal to the people.

The struggle proceeded wearily and with varying fortunes. The veteran French troops of the Queen Regent were sometimes too much for the Protestant army. After certain reverses, which forced them to abandon Edinburgh and to retreat precipitately to Stirling, a celebrated sermon of Knox's rallied them once more with this assurance: "The cause in which they were engaged would prevail in Scotland, in spite of all opposition. It was the eternal truth of the eternal God which they maintained; it might be oppressed for a time, but would ultimately triumph."

At last the weary negotiations with Elizabeth were successful, and she entered into alliance with the Lords of the Congregation to assist them in expelling the French forces from Scotland. But at this turning-point Mary of Guise died, June 10th, 1560.

In July, 1559, Henry II. of France had died, and had been succeeded by Francis II., husband of Mary Queen of Scots. In the general treaty which was concluded after the death of the Regent Mary it was provided that France and Mary should renounce their claim to the throne of England, that the French troops should be recalled from Scotland, and that a free Scotch parliament should be summoned to settle the affairs of Church and State. So speedily and so satisfactorily ended the brief civil war of the Scottish Reformation. How different from the interminable wars of religion in France, Germany, and the Netherlands.

The parliament which assembled on August 1st, 1560, is known as the

Reformation parliament, and is by far the most important that ever met in Scotland. It formally sanctioned that great revolution which, as a matter of fact, had been practically already accomplished, legally demolishing the fabric of the old Church and setting up the new in its place. A confession of faith was adopted, all teaching contrary to it forbidden, the papal jurisdiction abolished, and the celebration of the mass prohibited under penalty of death for a third offence. Thus ruthlessly was the old order changed. Such a clean sweep could have come so suddenly only after a long preparation. The old Church was hopelessly bad. Ignorance, superstition and the grossest immorality had eaten out her life. She had no power to resist the intellectual and spiritual weapons of men like Knox. The Protestants had been taught to regard the papal system as the great apostasy and the Antichrist of Scripture. While exegetically indefensible, the view was practically only too true. A dead church, like any other carrion, had better be buried out of sight and smell. He who reads the story of the Inquisition in Spain, or Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic," will find abundant reason to rejoice at the substitution, unhesitating and complete, of Protestantism for Romanism in Scotland.

But what of the intolerance of the old doctrines and worship? What of the death penalty for persistence in

attendance on the mass? Let us be thankful that such a question is not a live question now, that we have learned to live and let live, that the spirit of the New Testament rather than that of the Old, in such matters, is now recognized as the true Christian spirit. But we cannot ask of Knox and other reformers that in all points they should anticipate our larger views and gentler ways. It was hard for those who had seen George Wishart or Walter Mill burnt at the stake to be tolerant of the cruel system that had heaped the faggots and applied the torch. Indeed, gentle tolerance under the circumstances of those times would have been abused. How could Protestants be tolerant in the days of Philip of Spain, the Guises in France, the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the Inquisition, the Armada?

Tolerance is right now. Then it was as impossible as on the battlefield, when conflicting opinions take the form of flying bullets and crossing bayonets. As a matter of fact Knox was himself practically far more tolerant than his theory. Although he had been himself exiled, imprisoned, and condemned to death for his religion, he never instigated the death of any man for his religious opinions. And under his influence the great revolution in the affairs of his country was accomplished with remarkably little bloodshed.

FROM "UNITY."

Forgive, O Lord, our severing ways,
The separate altars that we raise,
The varying tongues that speak Thy praise!

Suffice it now. In time to be
Shall one great temple rise to Thee,
Thy Church our broad humanity. . . .

Thy hymn, long sought, shall then be heard,
The music of the world's accord,
Confessing Christ, the inward word!

That song shall swell from shore to shore,
One faith, one love, one hope restore
The seamless garb that Jesus wore!

—Whittier.

SUMMERWILD.

BY ANNETTE L. NOBLE.

Author of "In a Country Town," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

A FRIEND IN NEED.



ONE mild, lovely morning in autumn a man in the garb of a sect called Friends came off the ferryboat from Hoboken to New York. He had a clean-shaved, pleasant face, was past middle age, and walked leisurely across town as if he was moved by no such a spirit of haste as urged the crowd about him. He carried a large basket on one arm, and in the other hand an enormous bunch of asters, dahlias, chrysanthemums, and other fall flowers. His gravity was undisturbed when street arabs, sniffing a vinous fragrance, held saucy noses to his big basket, but his blue eyes twinkled. On one boy, thin and lame, he bestowed a huge bunch of ripe grapes; and when a clamor began over his flowers he picked blossom after blossom from his supply. Before he reached Broadway one could trace his way by a line of bright flowers and smiling children. There the basket began to prove heavy, for the day was warm, so the man stepped on a car going up town.

The first man by whom he was jostled proved to be an acquaintance, who exclaimed: "Why, David Fenton! I have not seen you since you went out of the leather business down in the Swamp. You got rich and retired, I suppose; you Quakers do prosper when other men go to the wall."

"I retired, though I was far from being what thee would call rich. I was not well, and knew air and exercise were what I needed," replied David, helping a woman with a baby to a seat.

"Where do you live now?"

"In New Jersey; a pretty country settlement. I can reach town in half an hour; but good-day to thee. I get off at Twenty-sixth Street. It was scarcely worth while getting on; but at sixty-five one's legs can tire."

David slipped the basket off his lap again to his arm and started toward the river eastward until he could see the

gleam of the water and the passing boats. He came next to the great hospital, turned in at the gateway, smiled at the civil policeman, who knew him, and made his way to a ward where several patients claimed his attention. To the nurse in charge he delivered his fruit, but gave the flowers himself to any who cared for them.

The nurse began telling him how thoughtful he was, but he gently silenced her, saying, "I have business in town, and 'tis but little out of my way, and a pleasure."

Evidently he came often, for he asked her of several patients and listened with interest to her reports. She asked suddenly: "You live in the country, do you not?"

"We call it so, though 'tis really the ravelled-out edge of the city."

"Your wife does not want a strong, good servant, I suppose? I wish I knew of some one who does. I would not recommend one out of a hundred of the women here for service in a good family, but this one is different. She came to the city from Maine, with (so she says) excellent references. She was ill with pneumonia in a respectable boarding-house down town. There was no one to take proper care of her, and when she could be moved she was sent here. She had a relapse, and came near death. The day after she left the boarding-house took fire. The landlady was keeping her trunk for her, and it was burned with all her papers and clothes. She got well two months ago, but she is so sensible and hard-working we have kept her to help. She does not like the surroundings, and now wants a place to live in the country. She is peculiar, but honest as the day is long. I have offered to write to Maine for her and get new credentials, but she says she is too proud to tell that she has been in a charity hospital. It is foolish, but she says she had such fine ideas of getting ahead in the city that old friends who did not like her to come will laugh."

David had patiently waited for the loquacious little woman to conclude, then he said: "I will ask Martha Cobb, with whom I board; she may know of some

one who needs a woman like this. I will send word to thee."

"Here she comes now," said the nurse; "her name is Dorothy Hakes."

David looked, and then carried the remainder of his flowers to an old man, one to whom Dorothy was taking a bowl of broth. She was as homely a creature, in a wholesome way, as could well be imagined, having prominent light blue eyes, high cheek bones, lank dark hair cut short in her neck, and a width of smile atoned for by fine white teeth. David noted the clean calico dress she wore and the deft way she lifted the helpless man into a position where he could drink with comfort. Then she espied the flowers, and exclaimed: "Oh, Daddy Hooper! ain't them chrysanthemums as gay as a streak of sunshine? Now ye won't have the blues to-day looking at them. You will get out of here yet to pick posies for your little grandchildren. They must be mighty cute according to your story."

The old man's dull face brightened. He glanced from Dorothy to David, mumbled through his toothless gums: "She knows how to coddle old folks, she do. She had a sick old father herself, and I'll wager she made him comfortable. I tell her she'd orter have on a pretty little cap herself and be a regular nurse."

"Oh, wouldn't I like for to be just that," she returned, answering David's glance, "but to be a regular anything in this world takes edication, and I never had none. Our old minister down home, says he, 'All you've got, Dorothy Hakes, is muscle, common sense, and considerable grit.' He told me to 'add to them the fear of the Lord and the memory of a long line o' prayin' ancestors,' and I'd pull through somehow. At least he meant that, only he expressed it eleganter."

"The fear of the Lord is truly the beginning of wisdom, and all things (that may mean troubles) work together for good to them that love God," said David, in his singularly pleasant voice.

"I ain't half so good as I orter be—as them ancestors, for instance. How I did wish some of them had been posterity instead of ancestors when I was fetched here to be sick; then they'd a been on hand, maybe; but I met with heaps of kindness from strangers; nobody couldn't be kinder than these nurses. Yes, indeed, I'd like to be one, but they must know more than I to begin. I can cook, scrub, wash, and iron, and then my accomplishments are all told, except

talking. Par used to say I was a master hand for gab."

David calmly studied her as she proceeded to make things tidy about old Daddy Hooper, then his eyes wandered up and down the ward. Four or five women from the other wards were cleaning the floors. They were someway different from Dorothy. He was believer enough in heredity to conclude ancestors had considerable to do with it. It being a difference in grit, common sense, and the chance of pulling through.

He asked Dorothy a few direct questions and then said "I will ask friends to find thee a place to work outside the city. It may be I can help thee," then, to avoid thanks, he moved on to give his last flower to a boy in a cot near. His face wore a fatherly expression as he talked a while to the little fellow.

A few more errands of this sort, and David was again in the street. He took a Broadway car, this time going to Wall Street; there, for an hour or more, he attended to business, but this was ended at noon. Walking up the crowded thoroughfare, with his serene face in marked contrast to the eager, worried, tired visages of many "world's people" whom he met, David was asking himself, "What next?"

He had an impression there was more to be done in the city, and just then coming up by Trinity Church, he entered the yard. More than once he had received a "leading" while musing quietly in that most beautiful old place. He never went within the sanctuary to pray, but seated on some stone, green with moss, or crumbling with age, he enjoyed intensely the peace of earth, trees, blue sky and twittering birds, the softened roar of Broadway outside. To-day he spent an hour in such employment, resting, thinking, or spelling out ancient epitaphs. Suddenly he exclaimed: "Of a surety 'tis John Welles I must see! The poor boy is in a strait, I hear."

Once in the street he delayed by an old woman's fruit-stand to eat a peach and a pear; then, his simple lunch ended, he crossed to an avenue car, and again made his way uptown.

As he went he tried to recall what the details were regarding the Welles family troubles, but could not do so clearly. At a point nearest St. Mark's Place he got out of the car and walked toward Second Avenue, coming at last to a large, once elegant house, fashionably situated. It was now stranded far from the fashion and wealth that, sweeping up-town, had left it among shops, factories, and board-

ing-houses. David rang the bell, having first seen that the silver door-plate bearing the name "Joseph Welles" was still in place.

He stood several minutes, until it seemed that no one was coming; then the door was opened by a tiny old lady, whose wrinkled face was very careworn, until, recognizing her visitor, she exclaimed:

"Oh, David Fenton! How glad I am to see your face again! My old friends are all dead, or so I was just thinking ten minutes ago."

"Don't think it, Hannah Welles. See how God's sunshine is filling all space to-day. These friends of thine are somewhere in His light, just as we all are in His care."

He was by this time following her into the parlor. She pulled up a shade; then, wiping quick-coming tears from her eyes, she sat down to entertain him. She was a pretty little dried-up creature of seventy, with dainty hands and a nervous manner, but even without her silk gown and ruffle of old lace you would know she was an old-time lady.

"I heard rumors that thy brother Joseph had been troubled of late both in health and estate."

"Yes, poor brother! I must take you up to see him, but you will find him greatly changed."

"I would like thee to tell me as fully as is agreeable to thee what has come to him."

Glad of a sympathetic friend, the old lady poured into his ears the whole story, which, condensed, amounted to this: David knew that Joseph Welles had in the slow, old-fashioned way accumulated wealth. He was "close," but a man of integrity, averse to anything new-fangled, kind to the poor and beloved in his family. His wife was dead, but a sister of his own had for twenty years been at the head of his home. This same little woman talking to David he knew had been a mother to Joseph's sons, John and Clarence. As the old man grew older he took into his business a younger partner—one of the sort who must make haste to be rich. Then came the old story of treachery, fraud following speculation. A bank failed, the partner fled, and now Joseph Welles was as poor as when he started in life over fifty years before. The failure was in March; in April he fell senseless from his chair, was taken to his bed, and would probably only go from there to his grave.

"And John and Clarence? A man has not lost all with two such props," suggested David.

"Oh, no," the boys were "everything now." Clarence had a place as cashier with a friend of his father's. John, who never took to business, and expected to devote himself to literature, John was—but here the old lady became rather vague, and could not say what John was doing. She added incidentally that he was the support of the family now, though, no doubt, Clarence would some day be richer than his father. He (Clarence) was exceedingly ambitious, and "so smart, you know."

David smiled, remembering years back how the handsome little scapegrace managed the old lady. Fearing at last that he was to hear a repetition of facts just made plain, he asked to see his old friend. Consenting at once, Miss Welles led him from the parlor, furnished according to ideas of grandeur prevalent forty years ago, up to a large back room on the second floor, where lay the wreck of his former acute and active friend, now a querulous, forgetful old man, most rambling in his talk.

"Keep up thy courage, brother," said David. "What if thy money is gone, thou art soon going too, and thy better treasure, I trust, awaits thee in heaven. If thy sons are the fine fellows I think, they can take care of themselves and be the better for it. Our fathers did not start us in life with full houses, else we might have spent their contents like fools."

The old man (who looked not unlike a mummy, with his brown, wrinkled face sunken in the pillow) nodded childishly, and then began to scold because John had not come in.

"If the fellow does nothing but scribble," he might "as well do it at home and so be at hand" when he wanted him.

"He will be here soon, Joseph," said his sister. "You know he comes before four every day."

"How is your family—got any boys? Oh, I forgot," mumbled Mr. Welles. "You were going to marry pretty Nanny Miller, and she died a week before the day; so you never—"

The little old sister interposed with a glass of ice-water, and having drunk, Mr. Welles talked of something else until David rose to go. At the foot of the long staircase he was bidding Miss Welles good-day when the door opened, letting in a flood of afternoon light, and with it John Welles.

Greeting him, David Fenton went again to the parlor for a few words, and Aunt Hannah vanished.

David was not prepared for the change a few years had made in John, although

wherein was the difference he could scarcely have told. He was a tall, broad-shouldered fellow, with a fine, clear complexion, dark hair, very good features, and a face smooth except for a dark moustache. But the charm of his personality was half in his large, brown eyes—clear, honest, speaking eyes—and for the rest in a hearty simpleness of manner not unlike David's own.

John had been a great favorite with David Fenton in the past, and he himself had been the boy's father confessor in more than one case. Clarence, though younger, had been an adept in getting himself and John into "scrapes," escaping himself and leaving John to bear the consequences—not because John was stupid, but because he would never betray his brother. To-day David's "How is it with thee, John?" had the old sympathetic ring, and soon he was hearing more of the young man's life than any one else knew. The property was all gone save the house that sheltered them. His father was helpless, his aunt totally dependent for means of support. Clarence—well, he had been used to spending money freely; he had elegant tastes, and his friends were fashionable and wealthy. It had been a great blow to him when he was recalled from a long, leisurely European tour to learn that his father was no longer able to honor his large cheques. He had gone at once into the position provided, and had business ability. So much John said of his brother and no more, until David, suspecting the truth, bluntly asked, "Does Clarence help thee carry on this household?"

"Oh, yes, of course, in a measure."

"In a just measure? Surely he has a good salary if cashier for the Wintertons. I know the firm. And what is thy occupation?"

Leaving the first question unanswered, John replied: "I am doing journalistic work, for which I flatter myself I have an aptitude. It pays me tolerably well. You know I wasted five years in Europe after I came out of college—or, no, it was not wasted. My experiences and my note-books serve me now as material for use in my work. It occurred to me to-day that I would add to what I make by another trade and turn pedagogue. Father frets so that I must be home a few hours each day. He is contented if I am under the roof. Now, I might fit boys for college or coach backward ones. I remember father paid an old professor a good round sum for getting Clarence up in Latin once."

"Did he stay up?" asked David, and

then shook with silent merriment at a series of pranks that ended in Clarence leaving college for the foreign tour. The Quaker often laughed thus; one never heard, but only saw this fun.

"Do you know any boys wanting a tutor? If you do, I will take it very kindly if you will send them to me. You know I was something of a grind in college."

David knew he took the prizes for classics, and promised to keep his request in mind.

Just then a shrill, fretful voice was heard from above asking:

"Hannah! has not John come yet? I want to be lifted to the sofa."

With a word or two more David departed, having learned much, but far from the whole of matters in the Welles family.

It was still sunshine everywhere, but if the city was pleasant, the country was still more so to our Friend. His errands done, he turned cheerfully homeward. Family he had none, having, after the brief love story hinted at, never married, but he lived content with an odd old neighbor and his spinster daughter. His own house, a wormy old mansion, was rented to several widows and poor families. It was suspected that David's rents were collected once in ninety-nine years, and the pay-day would scarcely come in their lifetimes.

CHAPTER II.

MISS HOGARTH.

Miss Elizabeth Hogarth stood by her library window watching something.

It will not take long to draw her picture; very tall and slight, fine brown hair a little waving at the forehead and neck, gray eyes, and features that singularly were not beautiful, the whole face white and pure. Her dress was rich; not studiously free from ornament, but apparently lacking it through negligence. On the sofa from which she had arisen was a heap of silks, wool, and fancy work, tumbled among open books; one great volume had fallen down and now formed the pedestal for a huge tortoise-shell cat who had made an animated statue of himself thereon.

"Mother!" said Miss Hogarth suddenly, "I am going over to Father Cobb's to see David Fenton. He told father that he wanted to see me for something."

A voice from the shadow responded: "You had better stay in! You will get

chills and fever; all the folks down by the creek are sick!"

Elizabeth knew better than to argue the question. She inquired if her mother's headache was not better, and then donning her hat and shawl went her way. It led her into a thick wood skirting the creek. The air was fragrant with the resinous odor of pine-trees, which meeting overhead made her walk as if under an arbor. The grass grew in the ruts of the unfrequented road. On one side were shadowy wood depths, silent save for the fall of acorns on the dry leaves, or the snap of a brittle twig under the scampering feet of a squirrel.

On the left, the woods sloped down to the creek. And now as Elizabeth saunters along under the pine-trees, let us tell you a little about her. She had been a child of unaccountable freaks and seemingly contradictory traits of character: wild, wilful, tender, fanciful, intensely curious, always conscientious, and never thinking or acting in the lines of thought preconceived for her by others. As a young girl she would apply herself to study for months; then again she would feed her imagination upon history and poetry. Tiring of this she turned ascetic, analyzed her inner self; studied the motives of all about her; and was accused by her parents of inclination toward fasts, penances, and perusals of the theological works. Indeed there was in Elizabeth a mysticism which, other elements being absent, would make of her a sort of Madame Guyon, and there was too an ideal zeal in her, a lofty, unselfish earnestness, which belongs to the reformer—possibly the fanatic. About this time a young student fell in love with Elizabeth, and in his first, his one tender epistle, likened her to the

"Pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure."

She refused the youth kindly; yet with somewhat the feeling she would have had in dislodging a caterpillar from her robe. Caterpillars had a place in creation, a right to be what they were; but no right to place their soft, disgusting selves too close to her. This episode appeared to startle her out of her contemplative and somewhat morbid life. She surprised her methodical father by a request to travel and "see the world." She saw as much of it as she chose, which after all was not much; then she returned to refit her apartments more tastefully and to fill her shelves with books whose contents were like Greek to the father, and whose titles

were unknown to his wife. About this time five more suitors appeared; a wild young man who courted Elizabeth after the latest style of dandyism; but who was in some way surprised into sentiment and sense on the day she refused him. He even naively likened her to his good grandmother, who had named him after a Puritan preacher. Next came an old man with a large family; a clerk, who misspelled his love-letters; an honest farmer-boy, and a gentleman "unexceptionable in every particular"—the neighbors said. With every one of these Elizabeth experienced, in a greater or less degree, the sensations before mentioned as awakened by the caterpillar on her robe.

She came to the conclusion that she was not emotional. She said to herself: "It is my conviction that I am incapable of any such passion as forms the subject-matter of romantic literature. I shall with great serenity live a single life. The family is without doubt the woman's kingdom—where, unmarried, shall I find mine? I do not quite know; yet sometimes I feel life in every fingertip, and enthusiasm in every thought. I am sanguine, conscious of a reserve power. I see on every side those whom I can help, and that by which I can help myself. I have hope that I shall be able to do some work which shall be mine in the sense that no one else can do it."

But it is time that we let Miss Hogarth reach her destination. Father Cobb's house stood on the spot chosen by a Dutch ancestor. It had received with each generation repairs and additions until its gable ends stood toward all points of the compass. As Elizabeth approached, she found the old man leaning on the gate, his little red wig on the top of a post, and the sun shining down on his bald pate.

"Are you taking a sun bath?" she inquired gaily.

"Yes. Martha says I get out here to ripen. It sort o' takes stiffness out o' my bones and gives me a meller feelin' all over. But come in! come in!"

Elizabeth followed the fat little old fellow up the walk bordered with flower beds into the homely little parlor, whose furniture was very old and quaint. In one corner stood an enormous clock, the wonder of Father Cobb's childhood, the pride and admiration of all his days. Around and around it had spun the thread of his existence, until so interwoven was it with his life that it seemed a part of himself. When a baby he had

lain hour after hour in his wooden cradle and watched the pendulum swing back and forth; and in after years, when he was in any way excited, one eye would move from side to side with something of the same motion. His favorite position was astride a chair, with back to the fire, watching the pendulum.

"How is yer mar, Elizabeth? Her health is about as slimsy as mine. We old folks are a gittin' along, a gittin' along in years. I find the rheumatiz a regular grinder on human nater."

Miss Hogarth threw back her shawl and entered into an account of her mother's symptoms. Soon the other member of the family appeared, the spinster daughter, sharp of tongue and skilful of hand, and to her also was Elizabeth most amiable. Martha found her visitor so pleasing she forgot her kitchen duties, until a smell of burned potatoes sent her to seek out the cause; then several of the old man's stories were patiently listened to before Elizabeth inquired for David Fenton.

"He will be home soon," said Martha, returning from the kitchen and sitting down to knit a blue-yarn sock. "He went to the city this morning, but it's time the train was in. He took some of the nicest grapes you ever saw—took 'em to a sick friend, I believe; somebody he spent last Sunday with. Here he comes now!" and she glanced out of the window at a drab figure coming up the walk.

The old dog Sancho sprang up from the fireplace, with a bark that changed to one long wag of his whole, ugly yellow body, as soon as he discovered the Quaker.

"I am right glad to see thee, Elizabeth," said David, when he had patted the dog's head and ensconced himself in the big leather chair opposite Father Cobb's; "I have a good work for thee to think of doing."

"I presume you have," said Martha, drawing out a knitting-needle and thrusting it into her peg of back hair. "You do all the good you can, and set other folks at the same business."

"Wall now, sis," said Father Cobb (he always called the spinster sis), "ain't it Scriptur to stir one another up to good works? We're lots of us lively enough on the fust of the injunction. It jibes right in with our carnal naters to poke our neighbors up; but I will venture to bet 'tain't half of the time to good works we do it; it's oftener to make what Dr. Watts calls 'children or one familee fall out and scratch and fight.'"

"I don't know what you do to set the neighbors fighting, but if anybody pokes them up around here, I ain't the poker," said Martha coolly, and without a thought of disrespect.

Father Cobb polished off his head with his silk handkerchief and put on his wig, which he had picked off the gate-post and put in his pocket; then he prepared to hear what David had to say to the young girl.

"I have a friend in town, Elizabeth, a most excellent man and a fine scholar. He supports himself by literary work; but times are hard now and he has been a little pressed to get along in comfort, or what he cares for most, to keep his family in comfort. He could have had last year a good position and salary as a professor in a college, but he refused it, not foreseeing trouble that has come since. Now——"

"Take your old nose out of my work-box, Sancho! If you bite that beeswax, I'll cuff your ugly ears," said Martha so energetically that David paused to await results and forgot what he was saying. Elizabeth tried to prompt him by suggesting, "Yes, father said you had something you wished to tell me."

"Oh, that was about a young woman looking for a situation."

"Don't have anything to do with her, Elizabeth," said Martha; "he found her in a charity hospital. You would nave to fumigate her for weeks."

David Fenton paused for these "asides," his face solemnity itself; but his eyes sparkled as he watched Martha wind yarn with vicious velocity. "I was turning it over in my own mind," he continued, "how I could help him, when he suggested something himself. He said he wished he could find a few scholars to study with him, Greek, Latin, mathematics, or history. He could go to them, or they could come to him, according to choice. In this way he could add to his income. I immediately said to myself, perhaps Elizabeth Hogarth and I could find him one, two, or three pupils. Now, if thee knowest any young boys preparing for college, or any wanting a tutor, I am sure thee will remember my friend. Here is his address; have it with thee if by chance, or by a little effort, thee find a student or more for him."

"I will do my best to help the poor old gentleman," said Elizabeth; "I will make inquiries among my acquaintances."

"He is not an ol——"

The Quaker got no further; for Sancho

did bite the beeswax, and Martha in her haste to execute vengeance speedily, upset the whole contents of her work-box. David rose up and followed the flying spools of thread winding around the chair legs, rescued balls of tape, emeries, scissors, and pin-cushion; then quietly restored them to the somewhat penitent maiden.

"Thank you; I s'pose I am sorry. I think every time I won't box that dog's ears again. Why couldn't I have been a Quaker, too—now, if I had been, I would have looked Sancho mildly in the eye and said, 'Thee ought not to put thy jaws to my wax, friend.'"

"It would have been as well, and saved thee trouble, Martha, and me, and the dog," said David, plainly.

"Sis, can't you give Elizabeth some grapes?" asked Father Cobb.

Martha arose meekly and went to a cupboard, from which she brought the fruit, and also a morsel of something which she slyly bestowed upon the dog behind David's chair.

Elizabeth ate the grapes, and then prepared to go home. Martha picked her a fresh pink geranium from a bush in the window, and cordially invited her to come again.

"I like that girl," she remarked, as she shut the door behind her. "Her head ain't full of nonsense. She loves the truth as well as I do, although she serves it up with a little more style in the fixing."

"Yes, she's a jewel," said Father Cobb. "If I hadn't a wig that spilt my beauty, and I s'posed Martha would make a nice, dutiful darter, I'd try my chances. Come now, Martha, flax around brisk and let's have supper. David is hungry, I presume."

It was evening when Miss Hogarth re-entered her own home—a house like most houses furnished by people of means. The library and Elizabeth's rooms only had a character of their own; upholsterers could no more have furnished and adorned these rooms than a committee of pedagogues could have evolved the "Midsummer Night's Dream." Into the twilight of the warm-tinted, flower-perfumed parlor she entered, and found her parents—her mother, as usual, troubled in spirit. She was saying, "Stephen, ain't you ever going to have that grape arbor straightened up?"

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Hogarth composedly. He was a man who loved silence and brevity, and seldom had either.

"It will blow over and break off all the new climbers and most likely tear it up by the roots. I never saw before a man who would put off—put off what ought to be done right away, and those are the best grapes on the place."

"I'll attend to it to-morrow."

"You never will think of it again, and the next high wind will wrench it straight up likely as not, and break all the climbers."

"Do stop harping on that old arbor."

"Humph, easy said, and everything would go to ruin about the place if I didn't bear it all on my mind. Only let a high wind sweep over us, and——"

"I wish it would, and blow the old thing to atoms!"

"Why, Stephen Hogarth! What does the Bible say?"

"Anything about me?"

She had been a little precipitate, and couldn't quite settle on any one passage to quote; but she generalized undisturbed by a twinkle in Stephen's eyes—"The time may come when if I merely mention a thing is out of order on the premises, you will lose your temper. I should not so much care, only we have not another vine whose grapes have such a flavor."

"I hope, Susan, that we shall die together."

"Why?" she asked, startled into brevity by this burst of conjugal affection.

"Because, while you are nagging St. Peter at the gate, I can slip by on the sly."

Mrs. Hogarth ignored her husband for three minutes, during which time any one who knew her could have foretold her next remark. Before she makes it, however, let it be known that this was by no means a really quarrelsome or an unloving couple. Mrs. Hogarth was one of the most generous, kind-hearted, truly upright little bodies, who ever possessed the gift of continuity in dialogue. It was her private opinion that her Stephen was what Mrs. Partington calls a "polygon of perfection"; but it would not do to be always admitting the fact. And Stephen—well, once when Susan left him for a month's visit, he wandered around like the shipwrecked mariner, whose "right there was none to dispute"—and not a bit like that mariner in contentment of soul. At the end of five days he went after her, because "Elizabeth could not get along without her mother."

In contemplating the tie which bound the twain, one remembered Sidney Smith's

definition of marriage: "It joins sometimes like a pair of shears that can't be separated, move in opposite directions, and always punish any one who comes between."

After the three minutes elapsed, she brightly inquired:

"How are stocks?"

"Down!"

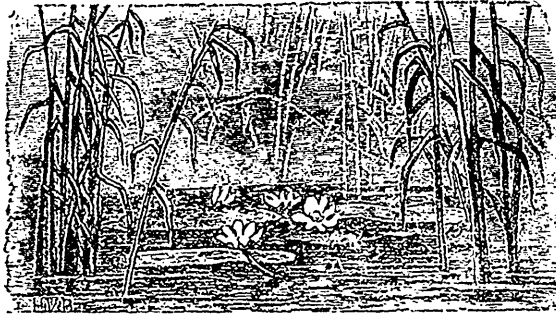
"I presume so! What sent them down?"

"Boiler on a steamer burst."

"I don't doubt it did. You bought in

yesterday; didn't you, and held on when they were way up? It's always so. The minute you buy, some big bank fails, or an old crater somewhere, extinct ten thousand years, breaks out again and there you are, flat!—you go and sell out at a sacrifice, and up they go like a skyrocket. I should think you'd learn wisdom. It is nothing but a lottery, and wicked too, I do believe——" At this point we will stop, for Mrs. Hogarth will not; this is a mere peroration.

(To be continued.)



THE TIMBER WOLVES.

BY HERBERT IVAN SWIFT.

We are the wolves o' the timber land—
 Me an' the black an' the bay!
 We work by the day for a pittance o' pay,
 Pork for the man, an' the horses hay!
 "Slaves!" you say?
 "O' the skid an' the sleigh!"
 't's the echoed word
 O' the world you've heard;
 For the nags an' me,
 Are the wind an' the tree—
 And none so free!—
 We're czars o' the lumberin' band!

We sound for the sun his reveillé—
 With the clank o' the loggin'-chain,
 An' the bitin' pain o' the frost disdain!
 We warn to the work and won't complain.
 Chuck your Florida flowers!—
 Northern woods for ours!
 Hills o' snow and a hammerin' bell!
 Four thousan' scale as hard as shell!
 Get up, Jack!—Together, Nell!
 Break your tugs!
 Shake your lugs!
 Your frozen steam
 Is a Cuban dream,
 When you sleep in the straw with me

The "slaves" are rollin' the logs o' towns!
 Give 'em the card they've drawn!
 The blood an' brawn, and the break o' dawn
 Are enough for us, we're up and gone!
 A ten-league run
 Is a race with the sun!
 The horses' keep,
 And a cave for sleep—
 (Better a bear than a shiverin' sheep),
 Meat an' bread,
 And a blanket-bed;
 An' the prayers for more we leave to clowns.

To the hags o' storm my song is hurled!
 My poem's the creak o' the hick'ry rack!
 The lash's crack, in the woods rung back,
 Is a fire in the veins o' the bay an' black!
 How they dance,
 And heave an' prance!
 Oh, wild an' free,
 We're comrades three,
 Born o' wind an' wave!
 Little to lose or save—
 What o' the grave?
 The boss of care is the king of the world!

—The Independent.

THE BULWER-LYTTON CENTENARY.



EDWARD BULWER, LORD LYTTON.

While America has been celebrating the Emerson centenary, England is not unmindful of a centenary of her own. Another of the recent centenaries is that of Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton, which fell upon the same day as that of Emerson. There is a world of difference between the literary impress made by the two men upon posterity; but if the question of literary reputations alone be considered, the case of Bulwer presents facts of much more romantic interest. "He invariably found the direct road to the great heart of the public," says one critic, "even when he wrote anonymously; and the house of Routledge is

well known to have laid the foundation of its fortunes by giving \$20,000 for the right to issue a sixpenny edition of his works."

His reputation was not with the critics. As to them, Mr. Francis Gribble, in *The Fortnightly Review*, writes:

"They have denounced him as a writer who must have been insincere because he was adaptable, who followed the fashion instead of trying to guide it, and who cultivated the Criminal, the Beautiful, the Historical, the Supernatural, and the Respectable in turn with equal devotion, in compliance with popular demand."

It was Bulwer's personality that fascin-

ated the million for the greater part of fifty years. Mr. Gribble's description of the novels of Bulwer is as follows :

"The fact that instantly strikes every mature reader of Lord Lytton's novels is their close resemblance to those works of fiction known collectively as novelettes, sold at one penny each, mainly perused in the kitchen or the servants' hall, but occasionally picked up by graver students for the satisfaction of their curiosity. The characters are taken from the same select upper circles, and are characters of pretty much the same sort. You generally have a beautiful heroine, the conventional model of all the virtues; a wicked baronet; a foreign adventuress whose heart is better than her behaviour; a foundling with talents and manners above his apparent station; and a good, but gloomy man with a past, who turns out to be the foundling's father. And things happen just as we are accustomed to see them happen in novelettes. Heirs are kept out of their rights; marriage certificates get lost, and are found at the critical moment in the secret drawers of escrivoires that have changed hands; well-brought-up young women are decoyed from their happy homes by perfect strangers, who give no proper account of themselves; rich men 'get into the hands of the Jews,' instead of obtaining advances at the current rate of interest from their bankers."

Lord Lytton, we are told, became the model par excellence for all the subsequent horde of novelette writers, and his qualifications were almost ideal, for he knew things first hand, which the ordinary writer had to guess, and he treated them with a "superior condescending snobbishness," that led a writer in Fraser's—possibly Thackeray—to say: "Twaddle, Bulwer, twaddle; I think you a deserving young person, whom nature intended for a footman."

To have been one of the inciting causes of "Sartor Resartus" is sufficient to establish a permanent place in literary history. Says Mr. Gribble further:

"A second secret or his success may be sought in his adroit use of melo-

dramatic effect. A typical case may be found in the scene in 'Night and Morning,' in which the long-lost marriage certificate is found in the secret drawer of the writing-desk, and the rightful heir of the disputed marriage enters just as the first and second villain are discussing how they shall make away with it.

The latter part of Bulwer's career is treated by a writer in Blackwood's, not as an exhibition of versatility, but as a regeneration. "Had he died in 1845," says this anonymous writer, "we might have been wondering to-day, why he and his age took the sentimental cly-fakir as a fair example of the Beautiful and the True." "And then—in 'The Caxtons'—he produced a work which deceived all the prophets," for, casting aside his twaddle about Art and the Ideal, and bidding his tearful murderers step aside, "he made a frank return to the best traditions of English literature." We quote again:

"When all deductions are made, Lytton presents the unaccustomed and happy spectacle of a writer who achieved his best work at the end of his career. And the achievement is the more remarkable in his case because he started life as a jaded miracle or precocity. He had published the verses which he wrote at fourteen, and he was in the thick of the melee at an age at which most men are merely sharpening their pens. Yet he was fresh enough after twenty years of incessant toil to evolve a new style, and to paint a new world. It is this quality of regeneration which seems to us far more brilliant than his overpraised versatility. To do many things badly is not the high accomplishing of a successful career. As he says himself, in 'The Caxtons': 'In the mind, as in yonder chimney, to make the fire burn hot and quick, you must narrow the draft.' And this is what he forgot to do in the old fearless days, when he was 'throwing off' his popular romances—he forgot to 'narrow the draft'; and the little heat that there was in his mind was so widely diffused that it lost all power to warm either heart or head."

Art tired?

There is a rest remaining. Hast thou sinned?
There is a Sacrifice. Lift up thy head!
The lovely world and the over-world alike
Ring with a song, a happy rede,
"Thy Father loves thee."

—Jean Ingelow.

Current Topics and Events.



Down the dark future, through
long generations,
War's echoing sounds grow
fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet
vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of
Christ say, "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its
brazen portals
The blasts of War's great organ
shake the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the im-
mortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play.

And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to
men!

Till ringing, singing, on its way,
The world revolved from night to
day.

A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime
Of peace on earth, good-will to men

Then pealed the bells more loud
and deep;
"God is not dead; nor doth He
sleep;

The Wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to
men!"

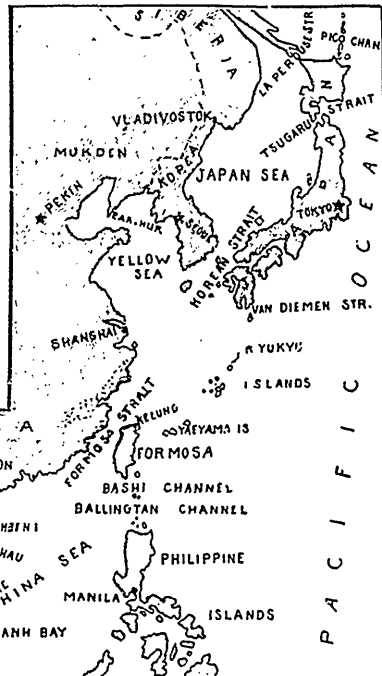


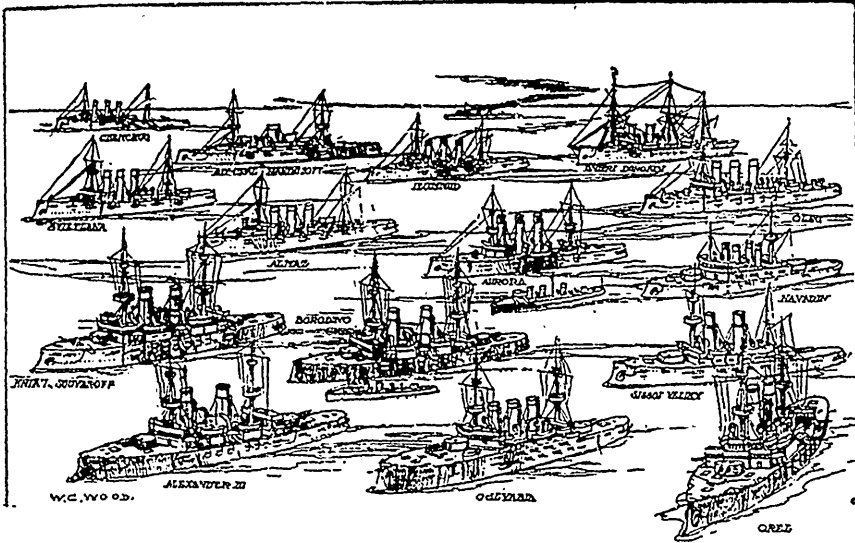
Longfellow's noble poems, from which
we select this prophecy of peace, express
the hope of Christendom.

"Were half the power that keeps the world
in terror,
Were half the money spent on camps and
courts,
Given to relieve the human mind from error,
There were no need for arsenals and forts."

The words of Sears' noble Christmas
hymn still appeal to our hearts with
pathetic power:

"Yet with the woes of sin and strife,
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;





THE SHATTERED RUSSIAN FLEET.

And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring ;
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing !”

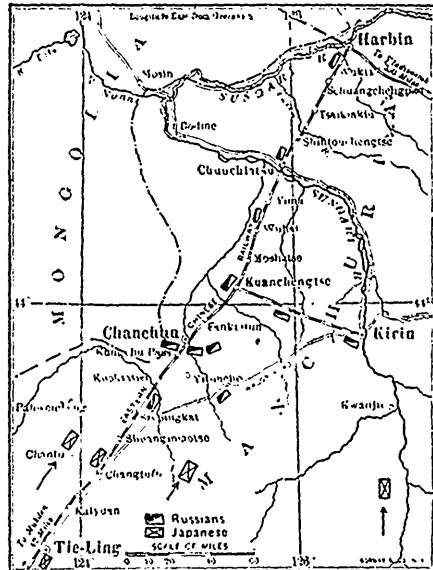
But it must be said that a wanton and wicked war of aggression, like that of Napoleon at the beginning of the century, would be intolerable at its end. The wars which have been waged in the Philippines, in the Transvaal, in China, in Manchuria, were for the maintenance of law and order, and the larger liberty of mankind. The armies of Christendom, and even of Japan, are rather a police force for preventive and punitive purposes than for aggression and conquest. Let us hope that soon some more rational method of rule shall be found than that of brute force.

Let our prayers be for the coming of

the mild reign of the Prince of Peace, when men shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks, and the nations shall learn war no more ; when throughout the wide world the spirit of peace and brotherhood shall everywhere prevail.



WHERE THE VICTORY WAS WON.



Map showing the present position of the Russian and Japanese forces in Manchuria.



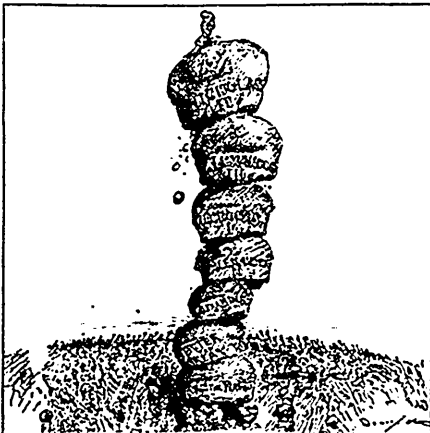
DELAYING THE WOLVES.

—Ralf Wilder, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

As Ambassador Choate recently remarked, the rivalry of the future will be an industrial and not a military one, and the nation that handicaps itself with military burdens will surely fail in this race.

PEACE IN SIGHT.

Thank God that the Angel of Peace is hovering over the Manchurian plains, long desolated by war, that at least an armed truce holds back the million of men, arrayed in seried ranks, from flying at each others' throats. Let us hope that the Czar will no longer harden his heart like Pharaoh, and bring yet direr plagues



A TOTTERING THRONE.

upon his people. Had he yielded before, he would have saved both his prestige and his purse; but bitter though the pill to swallow, the payment of an indemnity is better than the overthrow of his dynasty—and one or the other horn of the dilemma he must choose.

A NATION'S FALL.

'A thousand years scarce serve to form a state,
An hour may lay it in the dust.'

"Never could there be a more striking illustration," says the London Evening Standard, "of these lines, which, when



ON TOUR IN TANGIER.

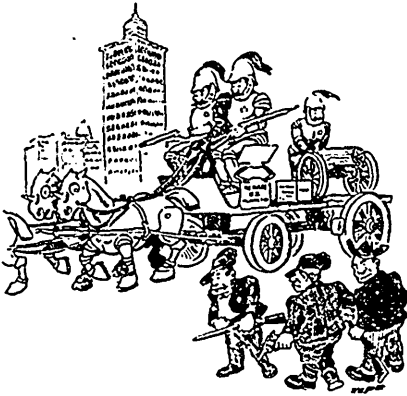
Kaiser Wilhelm (as the Moor of Pots-dam sings:

"'Unter den linden'—always at home,
'Under the lime-light' wherever I roam!'"

Bernard Partridge, one of Punch's clever cartoonists, has thus hit off the Kaiser's characteristic method of keeping himself well to the front in the world's politics.

Byron wrote them, seemed exaggerated enough. But so it has been. As things go in the cycle of history, it is but an hour since the hand was raised that has dashed Russia helpless and broken to the earth."

The still older word of Scripture has also been strikingly fulfilled: "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty



THE TEAMSTERS' STRIKE IN CHICAGO
AS SEEN FROM AFAR.

—Rehse, in St. Paul Pioneer Press.

spirit before a fall." The great empire of Russia, like the mighty image of Nebuchadnezzar's vision, with head of gold, and thighs of brass, and legs of iron, had yet feet of clay, and when smitten by the stone, cut without hands, was broken in pieces. So the despised "pigmy Japs" smote the great colossus of the north, and shattered his feet of clay. Russia is no longer the nightmare of Europe. Too long has it crushed the many conquered races that make up its conglomerate empire, and trampled under foot the liberties of its people. It is well for Russia, and well for Europe, that the power of its despotic oligarchy is broken for ever. A new era of progress will dawn upon mujiks and nobles alike. But it is gall and wormwood to her Grand Dukes to know that the people welcome the Japanese victories as their only hope of lasting freedom.

HOW IT CAME ABOUT.

Russia was honeycombed with fraud and graft and guile. Nothing was sacred from the arts of the speculator and the peculator. Even the Red Cross stores for the wounded and dying soldiers in the field, that were respected by the conquering Japs, were pillaged and plundered by the minions of the Grand Dukes who shared the spoil.

Another cause of the overthrow of Russia was the superior morale of the Japanese. The Russian character was sapped and destroyed by strong drink.

Unlimited vodka for the privates, and champagne and debauchery for the officers, made them an easy prey to the cool-brained, water-drinking Japs. The war photos showed mountains of cases of liquor piled up at the railway sidings, taxing the transportation facilities which should have been used for food, clothing and ammunition. Never was a squadron so loaded with liquor as that which left Libau. The shattered junk at the bottom of the straits of Korea, with the thousands of drowned mariners, are the natural result.

UNSTABLE AS WATER.

Infirm of purpose and of will, it is the bane of the Czar that his concessions are always too late. His Easter ukase, if made before, and made in good faith, might have saved his dynasty, but coming belated as it did, it could not long delay the ravening wolves.

Another of our cartoons shows the unstable and tottering dynasty of the Romanoffs. If buttressed by wisdom and a people's love and loyalty, it might have defied the assaults of united Europe. Now it has fallen into ruin before the yellow pigmies, which the Czars would have disdained to set with the dogs of their flock.

Japan had good reason to complain of the benevolent neutrality of France to her Muscovite ally. The long delay of Rojstvensky at Saigon, at Kamranh, and other hospitable harbors, were set down in Japan's book of remembrance,



THE INSURANCE DIVIDEND.

"Why not change ends?"

—Evans, in the Cleveland Leader.



NOT HARD FOR THE PROFESSOR TO CHOOSE.
—Davenport, in the New York Evening Mail.

and had the sea-fight off Tsu-shima ended in a Russian victory, the undefended Tongking coast invited stern reprisal. But Japan can equal France in politeness, and can afford to overlook the mistaken kindness which delivered her foe into her hands.

CIVIL WAR IN CHICAGO.

Not so violent as the outbreaks in Warsaw or Odessa is the labor strife in Chicago, but it is bad enough. Our cartoon scarce exaggerates the conditions, when goods must be delivered under the protection of armed guards. The President uttered wise words when he said that behind the policeman stood the whole nation, and that law and order must be maintained at any cost.

WEALTHY THIEVES.

Scarce less nefarious is the plundering and squandering the savings of the people, laid up for a rainy day, or to protect the widow and orphan in the hour of their need, by the custodians of one of the greatest fiduciary companies in the world. Young Mr. Hyde, like his namesake in Stevenson's story, seems to have been going the pace pretty fast with other people's money. His banquets and high jinks have seriously injured the In-Equitable for many a long day to come. It is this kind of thing that drives men into socialism and anarchy.

Mr. Carnegie's generous gift to the worn-out professors is a very agreeable alternative to Dr. Osler's chloroform drench. Would that all the old preachers, and the worn-out wage-earners everywhere, had some suitable provision

for age. This is one of the problems which Germany is trying to solve.

HIGHER EDUCATION IN CANADA.

For a long time McGill University was the only one in Canada which received very large donations for endowment and buildings. The fact that Toronto University was a state institution seemed to cut the nerve of private benevolence, and the Legislature itself treated its child in a very step-motherly manner. But things have greatly changed. Not only is the Legislature in a much more generous mood, but private beneficence also is beginning to open its purse. The college buildings recently erected at Toronto, and more to follow, with the expenditure of nearly two million dollars contemplated in the near future, will make it one of the most stately universities on the continent, even if it do not rival Chicago, Berkeley, or even Leland Stanford. The splendid example of the friends of Victoria University, especially the bequests from the Massey estate, are stimulating the other colleges to larger endowment and more adequate equipment. All this will rebound directly to the advantage of the state. Every school in the remotest section of the province will receive an impulse and an uplift from these increased facilities for training the brightest minds of the country—God's best gift to any land.



ROJESTVENSKY, THE LINGERER; A PICTORIAL VIEW OF THE SITUATION IN THE FAR EAST.

Japan: "Send him out, Madame; send him out and let me finish him!"—From The Daily Graphic.

Religious Intelligence.

THE CONFERENCES.

"The system of eternal change
Which is the life of nature,"

wrote one of our poets, and truly, when "moving-time comes round," our ministers must feel that if eternal change means life there is plenty of vitality in Methodism. We rejoice deeply in the echoes of progress in the reports of the various Conferences—stories of growth in our colleges from east to west—of increased givings to the connexional funds—and the widening of the work in our North-West, especially in the ingathering of souls—Growth! Growth! Growth everywhere!

We rejoice in the brotherly feeling that pervades our Conferences, the bond that encircles us in His keeping. We rejoice too, in the broad-mindedness that pervaded these gatherings. While the great rock of truth, on which we stand, remains the same for ever and for ever, yet we are glad that the brethren show a spirit of willingness to adapt themselves and their methods to the ever changing needs of the times.

We rejoice above all in the deeply spiritual atmosphere of our Conferences, the reaching out after higher blessings, that they may be dispensed to others.

"Not failure, but low aim, is crime,"

and our Church this year aims at nothing else than the conversion of multitudes. It is felt that this should be an especial year of grace—a year of prayer—that the windows of heaven be opened in showers upon us, as in other parts of the world. This alone will settle the temperance problem, and every other problem that vexes the Church and the land. Not in legislation, but in spiritualization, lies the cure.

It is encouraging to note the increased interest in temperance work. Rev. H. D. Moyer, speaking in the London Conference, expressed his conviction that the saloon had in thirty-two years rotted the last Provincial Government; and that fifteen years of license would rot the Government now in power.

The vigorous protest of the young west against the Autonomy Bill is indicative of the feeling in that quarter.

The splendid work done by the Forward Movement in church building is especially worthy of note, and our heartiest congratulations are extended to the brethren beloved who have rounded out a full half-century in the Christian ministry.

The Toronto Conference Branch of the Methodist Woman's Missionary Society, at its recent annual meeting, in St. Paul's Church, Toronto, reported another year of vigorous work.

The Society has now fifty-two missions at work in Canada and in the foreign fields where Canadian Methodism has taken her place. It has now 847 auxiliaries in the nine branches in Canada, and a total annual income from them of \$57,258. The Toronto Branch had 3,943 members, an increase of 432 for the year.



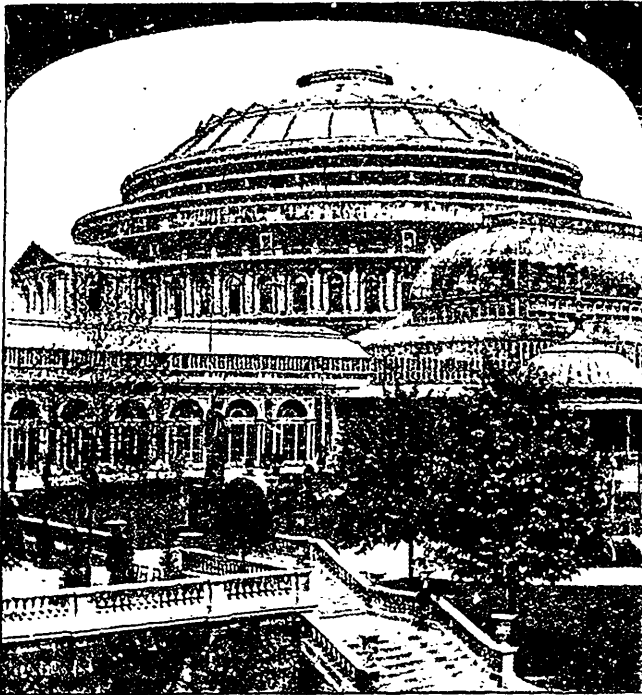
DR. ALEXANDER SUTHERLAND.

Rev. Alexander Sutherland, D.D., Missionary Secretary of the Methodist Church, this year celebrates the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into the Christian ministry. The event was fittingly marked at the meeting of Toronto Conference at Barrie, when Dr. Suther-

land read a brief autobiography of his life's work. He began his career at Clinton, on a circuit of twenty by thirty miles. That was in 1855. He went from there to Berlin, and after graduation he was stationed at Niagara-on-the-Lake, Thorold, Drummondville, Hamilton, Central Methodist Church, of this city, Richmond Street Methodist Church, and St. James' Church, Montreal, in the order named. In 1874 he was appointed Secretary of the Mission Board, and has occupied the post ever since.

LONDON'S REVIVAL.

South London has been stirred to its core by the revival campaign of Dr. R. A. Torrey and Charles Alexander, writes George T. B. Davis in the *Ram's Horn*. "The feature of the movement thus far is the fact that many hundreds of people are being set on fire with zeal for soul-winning, and are speaking to their unconverted friends in homes and shops and factories, and even upon the streets. The soul-winners include aged, gray-



ROYAL ALBERT HALL, LONDON, WHERE THE ALEXANDER AND TORREY MEETINGS WERE HELD.

Quite a number of Methodist ministers celebrated their jubilee this year. Among them are: Rev. S. Tucker, Rev. Thomas Cobb, Toronto; Rev. J. C. Pomeroy, Kincardine; Rev. Edward Kershaw, Red Deer, Alta.; Rev. C. Stringfellow, Rev. A. Andrews, Burlington; Rev. Thomas Howard, Hagersville; Rev. D. Auld, Niagara; Rev. S. Down, Bobcaygeon; Rev. Wm. Shortt, Kingston; Rev. G. Huxtable, Montreal; Rev. Jos. Follick, Kingston; Rev. Alex. Drennan, Kingston, and the Rev. Dr. Ryckman.

haired men and women, and eager boys and girls. Men and women who never did personal work before are boldly speaking to their friends and companions, urging them to accept Christ without delay.

"The revival melodies are being hummed and sung and whistled everywhere, by housewives, messenger-boys, policemen, letter-carriers, and street workmen. The great tabernacle (Albert Hall) is so open that the Gospel songs float out upon the spring air, and are

heard by thousands outside the buildings as well as by thousands inside. Doubtless, not a few have already been saved by simply listening to the revival hymns as they sat in their own homes. One Sunday evening, during the meeting for men only, Mr. Alexander asked the men to state where they had heard the 'Glory Song,' the famous hymn of the revival, and one after another arose and said they had heard it—in a church of England; 'over the telephone'; 'in a warehouse'; 'down in a coal mine'; 'on a street organ'; 'on the lower deck of a steamer'; 'at a Welsh revival meeting'; 'at Port Said'; and 'on the Thibetan border.'

In another article Mr. Davis writes: "The most remarkable series of meetings ever held in London," is the universal verdict regarding the eight weeks' campaign at Albert Hall, which has just ended. The huge structure, the largest auditorium in London, has been filled nightly with an audience of 10,000 or over, while the extraordinary number of 7,000 gathered regularly for the afternoon meetings. The attendance thus averaged about 100,000 per week, or over three-quarters of a million during the campaign. The number of converts exceeds 6,500, while the secretary of the movement estimates that fully 5,000 persons were converted at the hall alone, whose names have not been registered. In addition to this, local revivals have sprung up in many quarters of the metropolis."

A GOOD REPORT.

There is proper rejoicing among the Wesleyan Methodists of Great Britain, says *The Epworth Herald*, over the reports of the year's progress. Of the thirty-five districts into which that Church is divided, increases in membership have been made in twenty-seven during the year. The largest increases—nearly one-half of the total—occur in the districts in Wales, which is another practical indication of the gracious revival movement that has swept through that section. The total increase in membership for the year is 26,946, the classification being as follows: full members, 10,705; on trial, 11,874; juniors, 4,367. Besides, there are now enrolled 233 candidates for the ministry. Last year there was an increase of 6,055, and the reports for this year are the best received since 1883. The total full membership of the Wesleyan Methodist Church is

now put at 484,858, with 46,566 persons on trial for membership (probationers), and 99,100 junior members. This is certainly a fine showing, and the Wesleyan Church may well sing the doxology and take courage. Not for many years has the outlook for aggressive and successful work for the kingdom been as hopeful and inspiring as it is at present.

The fact that large increases in membership are reported from the great centres of population has a practical suggestion in it. London, Liverpool, Birmingham, Newcastle, Manchester, Edinburgh, and other important centres have made encouraging progress, the increases being reported principally from the missions.

The Wesleyan Church is rendering magnificent service in the various departments of the work of city evangelization, and it is a matter for congratulation that the close of the church year brings indication that emphasis is being placed upon the salvation of souls, and that men and women who are deep in trespasses and sins are responding to this appeal.

SETTLEMENT OF SCOTTISH FREE CHURCH CASE.

It is with great joy one hails the approaching settlement of the Scottish Free Church struggle. The Royal Commission appointed to consider the unfortunate property case has agreed upon a report, which calls upon the "Wee Frees" to hand over to the United Free Church all the property lately adjudged to them except such as they can adequately administer. This practically means the bulk of it, since it is quite evident the little handful of Highlanders can administer but a small portion. There is a probability, however, of strife as to the amount to be handed over. The "Wee Frees" will no doubt be inclined to try to hold an unreasonable portion.

A summer evangelistic campaign has been inaugurated in New York. It is interdenominational. Over \$20,000 has been raised for expenses, and ten tents established as local centres in various parts of Greater New York. Some of the prominent clergymen of the city began the work with addresses from the steps of the City Hall, assisted by good music, vocal and instrumental. Let not the pessimist think the evangelical faith has died out in the Church of God.

Book Notices.

"The New Knowledge." A Popular Account of the New Physics and the New Chemistry, in their Relation to the New Theory of Matter. By Robert Kennedy Duncan. Illustrated. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xviii-263. Price, \$2.00 net.

The new theory of matter and the relation to other sciences of the new discoveries in chemistry and physics is here presented vividly and memorably in a book for the scientist or the layman. The student will find in the volume a clear and detailed account of the most significant experiments of Becquerel, M. and Mme. Curie, Ramsay, Crookes, and others, stripped of all the pseudo science with which popular reports have clothed them, and presenting facts which are only to be obtained in partial reports scattered through the files of foreign scientific journals, or as Professor Duncan gathered them, from the scientists themselves. This new knowledge still holds the secret of the heat of the sun, the nature of electricity, the evolution of a universe, and the birth and decay of matter. There is suggested in it a cure for tuberculosis, light without heat, vast stores of energies hitherto unsuspected, and a whole series of radiations from matter in the natural state. The author's wide experience has shown the need of a popular synthesis of the new discoveries which, separately, have been making so profound an impression, and he gives a general view of the newest discoveries and their possibilities.

"The Witness to the Influence of Christ." Being the William Belden Noble Lectures for 1904. By the Right Rev. Wm. Boyd Carpenter, D.D. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. viii-180. Price, \$1.10 net.

Readers of the previous works of Dr. Carpenter will be glad to see a new volume from his pen. He begins with a discussion of the relation of science to religion, the attempt to treat religion scientifically, and the necessity of admitting the validity of a scientific method of challenging the grounds on which truths may be based. He claims that religious faith is based on facts which

are scientifically ascertainable. He discusses the debt of the world to great personalities, and the relation of greatness to a perfect harmony with God, and then goes on to urge the revivifying of Christian doctrines by laying them beside the principles of Christ. He develops the arguments against a religion which is chiefly occupied with matters outside man's consciousness. In the last chapter the Bishop sums up his arguments with a discussion of the question whether we can reach an assurance of faith which fills the needs of our character and our conduct. He pleads for the heroism of faith as against the demand for certitude and a supreme earthly authority; and closes with an assertion of the inseparability of religion and ethics.

"The Cyclopædic Handbook to the Bible." An Introduction to the Study of Sacred Scripture. By the late Joseph Angus, M.A., D.D. A New Edition, Thoroughly Revised, and in part Rewritten. By Samuel G. Green, D.D. New York, Chicago, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Pp. xvi-332. Price, \$3.00 net.

The Bible is again in the crucible of criticism. It has been subjected to the most searching tests. The average lay mind, and some preachers as well, are puzzled by the conflicting theories as to its origin, age, integrity, and authenticity. An authoritative work, therefore, that will meet these difficulties, set forth the conclusions of the latest learning and investigation, and give the results of adequate scholarship, is an important desideratum. Such a book is furnished in this great work. It is a vigorous maintenance of what Mr. Gladstone calls "the impregnable rock of Holy Scripture." It treats in its first part the Bible as a book, the formation of the canon and text of both Old and New Testaments, its many versions, its interpretation, its study in relation to doctrine and life. Part II. discusses the books of the Old and New Testaments historically and critically, throws a flood of light on many difficulties, and enables the devout student to give a reason for the faith that is in him. So large a book at the low price of \$3.00 is a marvel of cheapness.

"The Twentieth Century New Testament." A Translation into Modern English. Made from the original Greek (Westcott & Hort's Text), by a company of about twenty scholars, representing the various sections of the Christian Church. Revised Edition. New York, Chicago, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Pp. xxx-523. Price, \$1.00 net.

We confess to having had a prejudice against the translation of the august, time-honored words of the New Testament, invested with so many sacred and tender associations, into the language of every day life, but that prejudice is quite removed. The time-honored version of nearly three hundred years ago has by its sometimes archaic expression obscured rather than revealed its meaning. Other parts are like a coin worn smooth. This book is like one fresh from the mint, and brings home the meaning of the sacred text with a new power. The translation is made directly from the original Greek text, not into newspaper English, but into a dignified and literary style. It is said that young people have listened with eagerness to the reading of this version, to whom the authorized one had by its very aloofness possessed slight interest. The work has been twelve years in progress. Of the tentative edition two hundred thousand copies were sold in three years. We have employed this for daily readings ever since it came into our possession, and can testify to the quickened interest which it creates, and the new light which it often throws upon well-worn passages.

"History Unveiling Prophecy; or, Time as an Interpreter." By H. Grattan Guinness, D.D. Author of "The Approaching End of the Age." New York, Chicago, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell. Pp. xxi-494. Price, \$2.00 net.

The difficulty about the interpreters of prophecy is that they become prophets themselves. In this book Dr. Guinness largely avoids this peril. He goes upon the principle, "God is his own interpreter, and he will make it plain." He makes history, which is but the voice of God in the great movements of the ages, the explanation of the spirit of prophecy. The book of Revelation especially. It seems to us, was not so much designed to give a forecast of the future as to be a perpetual witness of the providence of God throughout the ages. The fixing of the times and the seasons for the end

of the world has caused many misinterpretations and mistakes which would be ludicrous were they not so pitiful. Dr. Guinness tells us that he found in Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, an unintended key to the Apocalypse. He follows the stately movement of that history in the overthrow of the great Babylon of the west, and of Byzantium, the eastern capital. He finds in the Reformation of Luther, and that of the English Puritans, in the English and French Revolutions, and in the fall of the papal secular power in 1867, fulfilments of the solemn imagery and predictions of the Revelation.

"The International Critical Commentary." A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on Amos and Hosea. By William Rainey Harper. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. clxxxii-424.

This great work marks an era in the history of biblical scholarship. That it is edited by Dr. Harper is a guarantee of its broad and comprehensive character. It has been in preparation for fourteen years, and all the recent and copious literature on the Minor Prophets has been laid under tribute, as well as Dr. Harper's original investigation. It is a book specially for preachers and scholars. It goes to the root of the matter, and gives a critical investigation of almost every clause and phrase. Two more volumes will complete the Minor Prophets, which Dr. Harper expects to publish within the next two years. Let us hope that his health will be spared to complete this crowning work of his life.

"Inter-Communion with God." An Exploration of Spiritual Power as Manifested in Intercourse and Co-operation Between God and Man. By the Rev. Marshall P. Talling, B.A., Ph.D. Author of "Extempore Prayer." New York, Chicago, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Pp. 206. Price, \$1.00 net.

The previous work of Dr. Talling on "Extempore Prayer" treated very fully the art and meaning of public devotion; the present work is the complement and sequel of that book. It examines the many ways in which a soul may come in contact with its Maker. Its range is far wider than a treatise on private devotion, as it seeks to include every avenue of approach to God. Instead of treating communion in the ordinary language of religion, he speaks of all influences,

spiritual, mental, or physical, as "forces." The conception of communion here given is fresh, intensely suggestive, and convincing.

"The Eternal Life." By Hugo Munsterberg. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is a well written and well stated argument, which would be an excellent course in intellectual gymnastics for any young man who would like to try his power in detecting the fallacy which aims at giving consolation to a mourner, supposed to be stricken with grief, but sustained by Christian hope, over the burial of a mutual friend. The author finds the eternal life in the continuation of the results of the present life, as the contribution of the dead towards the progress of the race. "A personality which has found complete satisfaction of its aims has no possible further intention, and it would be meaningless to attach to it externally a supplement of individual existence." But what about the personality that feels that this life has only given the training of an apprenticeship for real service? The author has not apprehended the Pauline idea that Christ "has abolished death, and brought life and enduringness to light." C. S. E.

"An Introduction to the Study of Christian Ethics." By A. Ernest Balch, M.A. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is the twenty-ninth volume of a most excellent set of "Books for Bible Students," written from the Methodist standpoint, mostly up-to-date in modern scholarship in Biblical criticism, and published by the Wesleyan Methodist Book Room in England. They are published at the uniform price of 2s. 6d., and, as they can be had through our own Book Room, they should be in the hands of all our young preachers and educated lay workers. This volume is a most excellent treatment of Christian Ethics, in so far as it takes the usual material of ethical subjects from the ordinary Christian point of view, as centred in Christ, and then extended into the realms covered by modern Methodist thought. The author starts with the fundamental idea of the Kingdom of God on earth as the arena for the ethical development of man and keeps true to the conceptions of Methodist theology.

"The Harvest of the Sea." A Tale of Both Sides of the Atlantic. By Wilfrid T. Grenfell. Illustrated. New York, Chicago, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Pp. 162. Price, \$1.00 net.

In this book Dr. Grenfell himself presents in a vivid story, or rather two of them, an account of the adventures and perils of the deep-sea fishermen's life in the North Sea and on the Labrador. It was these North Sea fishermen whom the valiant Russian admiral assailed with his colossal fleet, sinking some of their boats and killing and maiming some of the men. So great was popular sympathy for these brave men that in a few weeks more money was contributed to the deep-sea mission than in years before. These two books give a very vivid idea of the perils in reaping the harvest of the sea and the efforts made to provide for the physical and moral succor of these brave fishermen.

"The Times of Christ." By Lewis A. Muirhead, B.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 179.

Such a book as this cannot fail to give a clearer conception of the conditions of our Lord's ministry and of its special message to the age in which He lived, and to all the ages. Part First is devoted to the Herods and the Romans in Palestine, Part Second to the social conditions, daily life, the government and language of the people, Part Third to the religious life of the Jews in the time of our Lord, the Sadducees, Scribes, Pharisees, Synagogue, the Messianic Hope—a book of very great value to the Bible student.

"The Divine Opportunity." Sermons preached by F. B. Stockdale. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 136. Price, 50 cents net.

This is another of the series of sermons for the times, issued by the Methodist Book Concern. While books of devotion may have a smaller sale than formerly, yet books of exposition and Bible study have a much larger sale. We think this speaks well for the growing intelligence and piety of the church. The book rings with the old message of salvation from sin. The author is described as a seer, a herald, a messenger. Some of the sermons were preached before the preachers at Conference, and have a message of power to their readers.