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OUR FARMER KING.

† In days of old, 'mid stormy seas,
 † An island-people, grandly rude,
 † Caught Freedom's gleam and by degrees
 Felt through their stubborn hardihood
 'Twas heaven's light in Alfred's eyes
 (Whom Envy harried through the land)—
 That great-soul'd Saxon with the wise,
 Clear brain, true heart and mighty hand.

As Jacob with the angel strove,
 So Alfred strove with England till
 She bless'd him with her faithful love
 And turned to do his gracious will.
 His subjects to their honour found,
 As painfully he won the throne,
 That, far as spread his realm around,
 The King's will grew to be their own.

Behold 'neath ever-wid'ning skies
 A thousand years have pass'd away,
 And, fitted for that high emprise,
 A man in Alfred's Seat to-day
 Whom we in climes no Alfred knew,
 To homes our hands have dearly won,
 Now welcome as our Ruler true
 Knight, Yeoman, Royal King in one !

At tilt of tourney down the ring
 He meets his fellow farmer where
 High Honour knows not any king,
 For Justice twines the laurel there :
 And win who may that wreath of fame,
 Let truth be told when all is done,
 You cannot hide a noble name—
 The Farmer wins—a King has won.

An Empire's Servant, Edward keeps
 High watch and ward in earnest thought,
 And turning where the sea-tide sweeps,
 He listens, as his mother taught,
 Through myriad tongues around his throne
 To catch that voice—his people's will—
 That wheresoc'er his flag is flown
 It lights up Freedom's rugged hill.

The Sovereign of an Empire he,
 Ingathering as the years unfold,
 His sceptre rules more nations free
 Than dreams of Alfred e'er foretold :
 Our own land plays a noble part
 On that high stage, and so we sing,
 With fervent voice and loyal heart,
 God Save Our Sovereign Lord, the King.

—Robert Elliott, in *Farmer's Advocate*.



ENTRANCE TO BELFAST CASTLE.



ON THE ROAD TO SLIGO.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

MAY, 1902.

BACK TO IRELAND.*

BY SAMUEL H. PYE.

I.

Oh, tell me, will I ever get to Ireland again,
Achray—from the far Northwest?
Have we given all the rainbows an' green
woods an' rain
For the suns an' the snows o' the West?

“Them that goes to Ireland must thavel
night an' day,
An' them that goes to Ireland must sail
across the say;
For the len'th of here to Ireland is half the
world away—
An' you'll lave your heart behind you in the
West.
Set your face for Ireland,
Kiss your friends in Ireland,
But lave your heart behind you in the
West.”

On a fine an' shiny mornin' the ship she
comes to land,
Early, oh, early in the mornin'.
The silver wathers o' the Foyle go slidin' to
the strand
Whisperin' “Ye're welcome in the morn-
in'.”

There's darkness on the holy hills I know
are close aroun',
But the stars are shinin' up the sky, the
stars are shinin' down;
They make a golden cross above, they make
a golden crown,
An' meself could tell ye why—in the mornin'.
Sure and this is Ireland,
Thank God for Ireland!
I'm comin' back to Ireland in the mornin'.

—*Moirá O'Neill.*



HOW strangely our impressions of places and races are formed in early youth! Among my earliest readings Tom Moore's poems had a prominent part, and my impressions of Ireland and the Irish people were largely based on the characteristics portrayed by this delightful but some-

what erratic poet. There is beneath the surface of most of his writings, however light and frivolous, a tone of sadness and disappointment that leaves one in doubt

as to the exuberance of spirits so often claimed for these people. That the light-heartedness was assumed and unnatural is clearly shown in Moore's own lines:

Oh! think not my spirits are always as
light,
And as free from a pang, as they seem to
you now;
Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of
to-night
Will return with to-morrow, to brighten
my brow,
No; life is a waste of wearisome hours,
That seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;
And the heart that is soonest awake to the
flowers,
Is always the first to be touched by the
thorns.

The fresh and irresistible wit, the devil-may-care manner, and the readiness to mix up in a “free-for-all” are not always indicative of a mind at peace with itself or content with its surroundings. Kipling

* By courtesy of The American Illustrated Methodist Magazine. See Editorial Note.



CARLISLE MEMORIAL (WESLEYAN METHODIST) CHURCH,
BELFAST.

illustrates this peculiarity very forcibly when he makes the inimitable Mulvaney say, after he had devoted an entire night to jollying and inspiring his heat-tortured comrades, "I've blandandered thim through the night somehow, but can thim that hilps others hilp thimselves? Answer me that, sorr."

There was probably cause for the wave of sadness that swept over the Green Isle when its status as a nation was destroyed, and that parliament that sparkled with wit and eloquence as never parliament did before or since, was closed; but possibly the uncertainties and frequent failures attending the cultiva-

tion of the "pittaty" crop, which supplied his chief article of food, came more nearly home to the stomach, if not to the heart, of every true Irishman. Ireland has passed through enough wars and rebellions and famines to have broken the spirit of the stoutest-hearted; yet she emerges from all these distressing misfortunes with a tenacity and vivacity that is really refreshing.

Fifty years ago nearly one-half of her population deserted the "ould sod" and fled to more congenial climes; but to-day she is rapidly recovering from this terrible depletion, and is fast becoming

rehabilitated, and the stories of her destitute condition may be largely discounted. A recent tour of most of the principal cities, and a large part of the agricultural districts, has radically changed the impressions formed years ago and emphasized by the misrepresentations of persistent agitators on this side of the water, whose urgent appeals for "home rule" and the removal of the "British yoke" have prolonged dissatisfaction with the

dred thousand within fifty years, and whose development in manufactures has outstripped that of any city within the British dominion. The linen trade has had much to do with this remarkable growth, but to the ship-building interests more than to any other industry is Belfast indebted for its wonderful growth and prosperity. The firm that only a few weeks ago launched the largest ship ever built on any ways—the "Oceanic"—



RURAL SCENE NEAR BELFAST.

established government. Ireland, to-day, is a delightful country, with an industrious, prosperous, and generally happy people. Comparisons are not always odious, but are frequently convincing; and when I state that I saw more dissipation and degradation in Scotland in one day than in Ireland during an entire week, I but state a fact that can readily be substantiated.

I first touched the soil at Belfast, a city that has grown from eighty thousand population to four hun-

employs ten thousand men; and to see this multitude of happy artisans march out of the gates at the close of the day's work, reminds one strongly of the march of a victorious army; but it is an army whose weapons are not drenched in blood, but in the sweat of honest toil. I did not ask for an explanation of the magnificent development of this beautiful city by the sea; none was necessary. The sight of these thousands of sober, industrious working men returning to

their happy homes after the day's labour was over, and not lingering about saloons or public-houses, or stopping to discuss the supposed wrongs of Ireland, was a sufficient explanation. Intemperance here, as in other parts of Ireland, is rapidly decreasing, and while Dublin boasts of its enormous output of whiskies that have a world-wide reputation, the chief glory of Belfast, in the matter of manufactured beverages, is in its ginger ale, a harmless and healthful beverage that is exported to all nations.

But above and beyond all other

sure, that the other evangelical denominations are equally well represented, and the pulpits of Belfast contain some of the brightest minds and most eloquent pleaders for the reign of King Emmanuel to be found in any city on the globe.

The influence of this prosperous and enterprising city is felt all over the north and west counties of Ireland, and even Sligo, that ancient city on the west coast, so little known among tourists, but to which I am strongly drawn from sentiments of affection for the memory of my parents, who were born there



RIVER LAGAN, BELFAST.

reasons for the prosperity of Belfast, may not the fact that Popery and the superstitions of the Romish Church no longer sway these people, and that Protestantism is largely in the ascendancy, account for the enlightenment, enterprise, and energy of its population? I was hardly prepared for the statement that the preponderance of Protestantism is so great, until I had scanned the last census showing 280,000 Protestants to 80,000 Catholics, and the further fact that in this city of a little less than 400,000, there are more Methodist churches than in the combined Methodism of St. Louis, with its 700,000. I believe, indeed I am

in 1798, has felt the impulse of the new life and new order of prosperity, and is putting on her most attractive garments and inviting the pleasure-seeker to share a part of the time usually devoted to Italy in an investigation of the charms of her lovely Lough Gill, her beautiful bay, and her mountains clothed in perennial green.

There were evidences of prosperity elsewhere throughout the journey, but perhaps none so pronounced or so richly defined as in these northern counties. The small cabins of the lowly were made attractive by liberal coats of whitewash, and were in beautiful contrast with the rich green of the



LIMERICK—ASHLUNKARD TOLL-BRIDGE—IRISH JAUNTING-CAR.

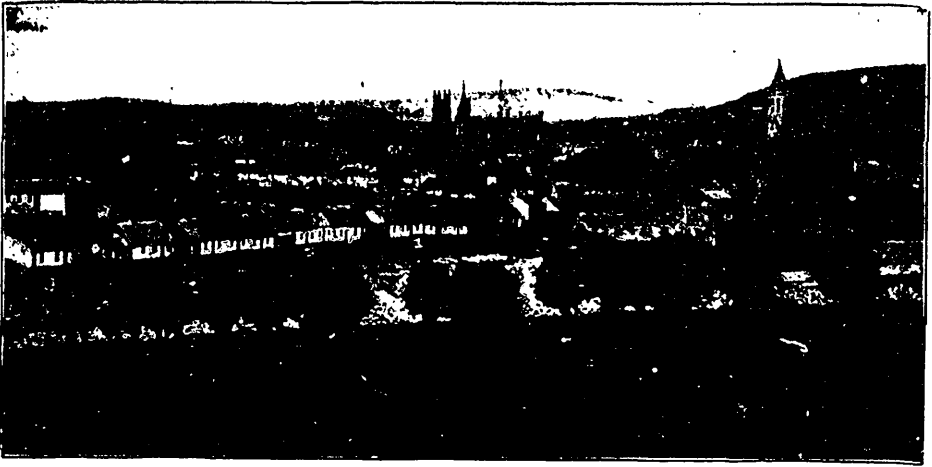
rich green surrounding them, and the "pig in the sty and the cow in the stable," with their fat sides and sleek coats, gave abundant testimony to rich pastures and a bountiful harvest of hay. Never in the past was the prospect so good for an immense yield of potatoes, and yet, with the perversity of the race, the farmers were constantly lamenting the possible appearance of the dreaded blight.

The reputation for extraordinary beauty of the Connemara district is widespread, but my time was devoted largely to Killarney and its charming lakes, and I lingered for only one day at old Limerick, just on the confines of this delectable region, and looked over toward Galway and the enchanted land "be-*yant*." Limerick* has awakened

from the lethargy of the past, and has taken on a new lease of life. The tide was out during my stay, and the shipping was resting on the mud in the bed of the river.

Killarney, always attractive, never looked more beautiful than when I saw it in July. The genuine Irish fair was in progress. The rural population came in their best "bib and tucker," each man leading his horse attached to a cart containing his prize pigs and sheep, and followed by the heavier animals on foot. After the distribution of premiums and the sale of the stock, with the coming of nightfall the festivities were to begin, and as each man carried a "blackthorn" under his arm, and the rule is to "hit the head nearest to ye fast and frequent," the probabilities were for a very lively evening. An Irishman under the influence of a "drop of the crather" may "mix up" with his best friend, but there is no malice in it; the re-

* From this port Philip Embury, Paul and Barbara Heck, and the other Irish Palatines, set sail for New York, bringing with them the germs of the Methodism of the New World.—Ed.



SLIGO.

sultant damage is slight, and often there is nothing more serious than good-natured badinage.

Cork was misty from the usual daily shower, but this did not prevent a visit to the old church of Father Prout, and listening to the delicious music of

The Bells of Shandon that sound so grand
on

The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

Among her greatest philanthropists and reformers, I instinctively raised my hat to the statue of Father Matthew, the founder of the best and most practical temperance society in existence.

Dublin, besides its magnificent park, is interesting because of the many noble statues and monuments erected to the memory of Ireland's distinguished sons, who have maintained her honour on many a bloody field, and in numberless encounters with the leading orators of the past.

Ireland, though beautiful, is not so well known to the tourist as it should be. The Emerald Isle has many attractions in its beautiful lakes, lovely rivers, and picturesque ruins, and her cities are filled with antiquities, collections of rare paintings and manuscripts that

well repay the antiquarian, the historian and the tourist. The climate is genial, the people hospitable in the highest degree, the hotels excellent, and transportation lines are as comfortable as any on the continent of Europe. Ireland has a literature rich in its delineations of the wit and humour and eloquence of her sons. For descriptive power, and a pathos that touches the tenderest chords in the human breast, there is nothing in the English language equal to Jane Barlow's "Idylls of Irish Life;" and, as a contrast, Le Fanu's "Seventy Years of Irish Life," presents the very opposite phase of the Irish character in its rollicking humour, sharp repartee, and a wit as delightful as it is spontaneous.

Ireland has been profligate of her gifted children. They are scattered the wide world over, and are furnishing instruction, entertainment, and amusement to the people of every clime. History has already recounted the glories of her pulpit orators, and the names of those who have achieved distinction make a roll of honour of which any nation might justly be proud. As a people the Irish are light-hearted and depressed by turns,

but generally the happier disposition prevails and the spirit of levity is predominant. They are taxed more lightly and have greater liberty than any other European people, and the blatant humbugs who are splitting their throats demanding Home Rule for Ireland are doing the people of that land a real injury in prolonging a spirit of discontent that we must admit does exist to a limited but constantly decreasing degree.

As a parish rector remarked to the writer: "If the Irish would drop their bad politics and worse liquor they would be the happiest and most prosperous people on the globe." They are not "hanging men and women" in Ireland now for "wearing of the green," or any other colour, and they have as much freedom as is consistent with a due regard for the rights of others. An Irishman is generous to a fault, and this liberality is probably the chief stumbling-block to his success in life; for he will not only divide his last crust, but give away the last crumb to a human being in distress, and he will not stop to inquire as to the nationality of the supplicant. He is industrious and laborious, and deserves to succeed,

but in only one thing can he be said to be constant, and that is in love. The world produces no truer, or more devoted, or more persistent lover, and we might add that none other has the same felicity in expressing the language of love.

I have said nothing, so far, of the statesmen of the present day. While there is probably not a Burke or an O'Connell in the present Commons, there are representatives whose devotion to the interests of Ireland, and whose manly bearing command the respect of men of all parties to such a degree that Ireland is really better represented, and her wants receive greater consideration, than when presented through the fiery and impassioned oratory of her former delegates. Among the former there is no more useful or influential representative than Mr. Daniel Crilly, who for fifteen years has represented the Mayo District in Parliament, and to whom I am indebted for many courtesies—courtesies that spring so naturally and unostentatiously from the true Irish gentleman that one is left in doubt as to whether there is any obligation at all, at all!

MY OWN LOVED LAND.

When from the height of old renown
Thy past heroic sons look down
To scan the Future's nursing-place,
And meet for a superior race,
Shall not their eyes be turned to thee,—
Home of the brave, the wise, the free,—
My own loved land!

Behold! where lies the expansive scene,
Calmly the awful seas between!
A stately theatre, designed
As for the godlike of mankind;
Where happier time shall bring to view
The best thy sons may be or do,—
My own loved land!

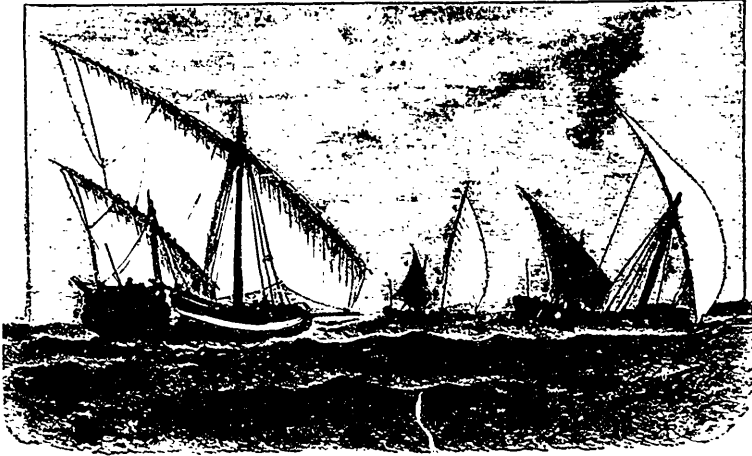
Be thine no shrine, no bended knee
To false gods named of Liberty;
And let thy sons no freedom boast
That in the gulf of self is lost:
Be thine no base, unhallow'd gain,
No foulness thine escutcheon stain!
My own loved land!

If such a future thou shalt see,
If so the heavens shall smile on thee,
If thine be honour and renown,
With Virtue's amaranthine crown;
Then gladness shall the world befall,
And thou be blest in blessing all,
My own loved land.

—*Pastor Felix.*

THE TRANSFORMATION OF BURMA.*

BY ERNEST G. HARMER.



MERCHANT DHOWS, INDIAN OCEAN.

II.

THE peoples of Burma are not all Burmese. We have already seen that the unrivalled opulence of its soil attracts year by year a ceaseless influx of many other Asiatic

rac^{es}. The caste peoples of India still hesitate to incur the odium of crossing the "foreign water," and until the railways of Burma are linked up with those of Assam and Bengal the high-born Kshatriya caste, and the haughtier Brahmin, will be no frequent migrants into the Irawadi plain, which first

they entered by the land route centuries before the birth of Christ. They are to be found in the coast ports, striving with the immense Moslem population for the rewards of trade. But the bulk of the Hindu settlements are of little social account, although they hold with unflinching tenacity to the customs of their race.

The Chinese, too, swarm up the coast from Singapore, and there are indications that, in the new ethnic struggles, which this contact of race with race engenders, the pure Burmese are destined to be absorbed. Out of this commingling of human elements a new race will one day spring into being. For—as may be seen also in the West—the capable Burmese woman has come to learn that the astute Chinaman is a better mate, because a more masterful than the easy-going, listless youths whom she has watched from childhood. And their offspring, inheriting the strength of both parents, may one day prove to be the arbiters of the future of the land.

Beside the half-million of mi-

* "Burma, Under British Rule—and Before." By John Nisbet, D.Occ. (Westminster: Archibald Constable & Co. 1901.)

"A Handbook to India, Burma, and Ceylon." Fourth Edition. (London: John Murray. 1901.)

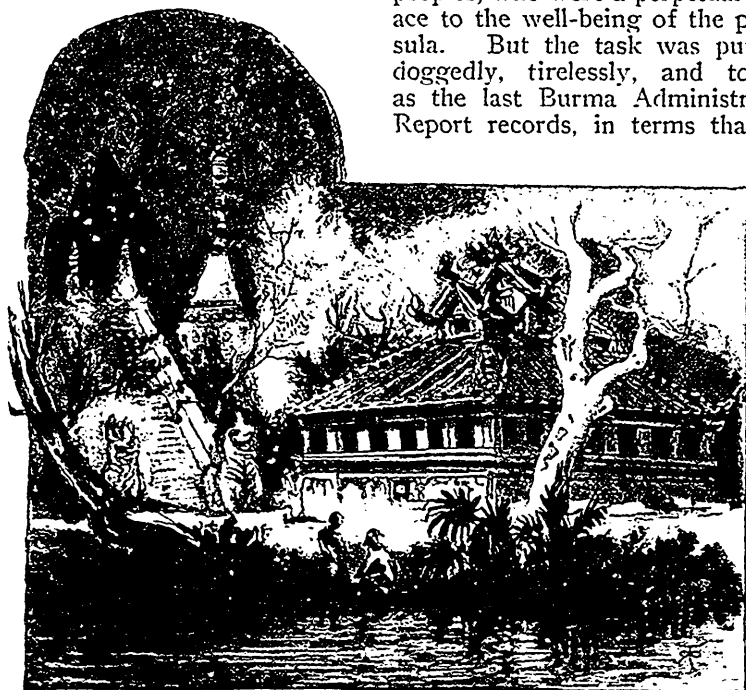
"Burma Administration Report, 1899-1900. (Rangoon: Government Press. 1900.)



grants from afar, the population of the province includes also a million and more who pertain to tributary races, each with its own place in the cosmopolis. The Shans, who occupy the tablelands between the river valley and the mountain barrier of Western China; the Karens, whose home lies southwards, over

routine, tribal conflicts were persistent, vengeful, implacable, and human sacrifice was a social virtue.

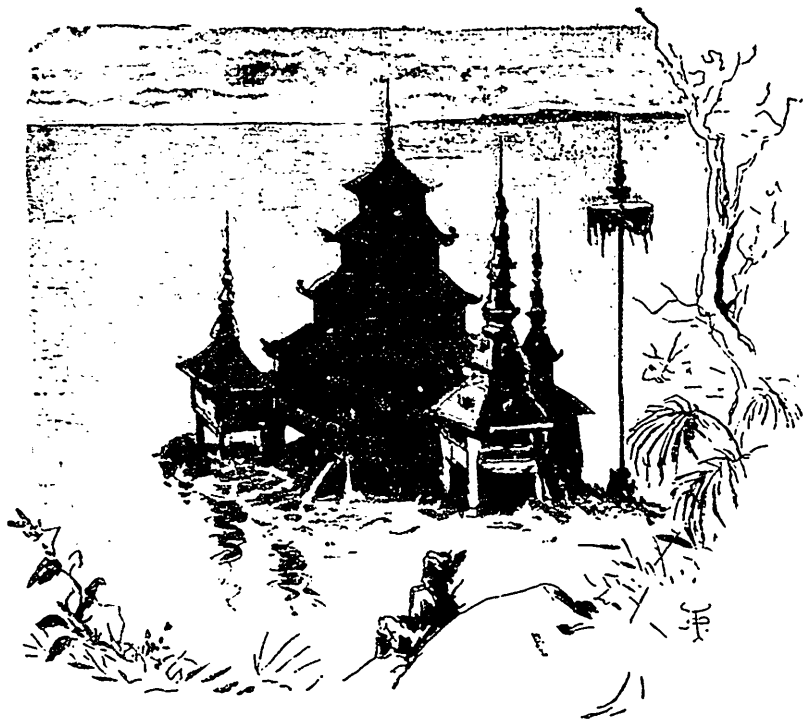
The task of reducing these turbulent elements to order has been long and arduous, and many a bright English lad has laid down his life willingly on behalf of civilization among these intractable peoples, who were a perpetual menace to the well-being of the peninsula. But the task was pursued doggedly, tirelessly, and to-day, as the last Burma Administration Report records, in terms that are



ENTRANCE TO SACRED CAVES, MAULMAIN, BURMA.

towards Siam; the Chins, who live upon the hilly ridges by which Chit-tagong and Manipur are cut off on the west; the Kachins, wild caterans of the mountainous labyrinth through which the upper Irawadi cuts its way to the sea; all enjoy at the hands of the present administrators a wealth of care and well-intentioned government which are devised to bring them within the pale of British law and justice. In the older time their lives were made up of feuds and forays, kidnapping was a normal incident of the day's

almost commonplace in their calm restraint, dacoity or gang-robbery is unknown, peace reigns through all the frontier territories, rough caterans are being induced to engage in the peaceful arts, agriculture is spreading, slavery is suppressed, kidnapping is abolished, and tribal feuds are settled by the just mediation of the commissioners and superintendents. Moreover, Government schools have been opened, not only for the sons of chieftains, but for the girls and boys of every rank. The incidents



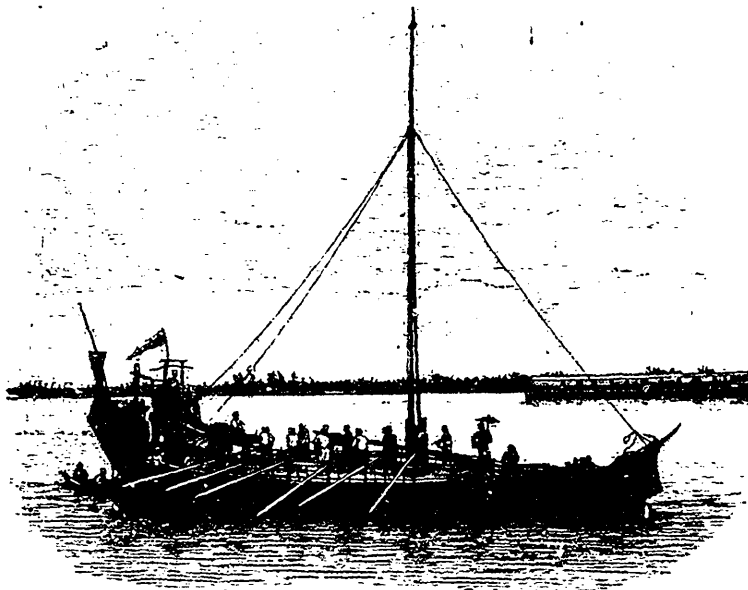
POINT AMHERST—WATER PAGODA.

of the civilization of the frontier races of Burma make one of the most romantic, one of the most arresting chapters in the recent story of imperial rule.

The ethical problems presented by this fringe of non-Burmese races are of moment not only in themselves, but also by reason of their bearing upon the manners of Central Burma. For the most part they have been untouched by the Buddhist cult. and where the tenets of the Aryan apostle have exercised any sway at all, they have formed but a thin veneer upon the primary thoughts and spiritual aims of the lowlier peoples. For while the Burman venerates the memory of a teacher who now enjoys the bliss of non-existence, the Shan and the Karen, the Kachin and the Chin, are worshippers, eager, sincere, albeit worshippers of unseen spirits. One and all, these peoples are suf-

fused through and through with an unflinching faith in the potency of nature. Their religion is pure animism. No act of life may be approached without a sacrifice, no journey may be begun, no hut erected, no foray planned, unless it be sanctified and made secure by propitiation of the guardian "nats," who are ever at hand to wreak their impish vengeance upon the impious and the faithless. At the entry of every mountain fastness, upon the prow of every canoe, in the yoke of every buffalo, you may see the twig, the rag of cloth, the amulet of stone, whereby the spirit-worshipper proclaims his piety, his recognition of the personality that pervades all nature.

This is the Mongol inheritance, and it colours the daily life even of the sincere votary of the lord Buddha. To him no sacrifice is made, for the candle and the lotus



MAULMAIN RIVER BOAT.

lily that are placed upon his shrine are an offering, not of propitiation, but of veneration. But behind the intellectual cynicism of the Burman there lies a half-conscious suspicion that, after all, there may exist in the universe of the unseen potent beings whose anger it were well to appease. Out of this lingering superstition, born in the blood, inherited from a forgotten past, arose some of the more loathsome scenes in the career of the later monarchs. Thibaw himself slew three hundred men and women as a sacrifice when his first-born son was stricken by disease.

It is among the animistic races that the Christian evangel has hitherto won its larger triumphs. In the early years of the century Marsden, Chater, and the Careys crossed from Serampur, and were followed by Judson and Rice, who toiled for a dozen years among the Buddhist peoples near the coast, buoyed up by their unflinching faith in the certainty of a harvest. Thrown into prison at Ava, these

intrepid pioneers of civilization found release at the close of the first war with Britain, and thereafter spent the remainder of their days in devotion to the more responsive temperament of the Karens. At this day there are hundreds of Karen villages which are more truly Christian in faith and conduct than many a European hamlet, and the converts support their own pastors and schools.

The survey which Dr. Nisbet makes of the missionary attack upon the Buddhist stronghold is presented in no optimistic vein. "It is impossible," he says, "to say in what direction the religious belief of the Burmese will tend—if they should happen to remain as a distinct nationality, which seems extremely doubtful." Yet, he adds:

"The fact is clear that missionary enterprise is already making itself felt in the towns which form the centres of mission work; and year by year this influence is gradually, along with other causes, producing vast changes in the whole social

system of the country. . . . The missionary movement is a powerful influence by which the present social system is bound sooner or later to be affected in one direction or another. This new subversive force is the direct antithesis of Buddhism."

For our own part, we cannot affect to be doubtful of the issue. In the early days of the new century it was the lot of the present writer to hold some conversation upon this topic with Maung Ohn Ghine, C.I.E., one of the most respected and intelligent of lay Burmans now living. Loyal as he is to the faith of his fathers, he is not blind to its essential weakness. "You cannot deny," said he, "that Buddhism is at least a logical system, and logic is what Christianity lacks." "But," was the answer, "you owe to this creed of ours the care of your lepers, the cure of your sick." To which he added, "Yes, I admit that in works of mercy your religion is superior to ours, and I look for the coming of a new Buddhism, which is after all the old Buddhism, under which my fellow countrymen will practise works of mercy, and think of others as well as of themselves."

To such an aspiration there could be but one reply, "When that new Buddhism comes, its name will be Christianity."

The strength of the native faith lies in the schools. From of old the boyhood of the land has drunk in its knowledge of life in the monasteries, sitting at the feet of the monks. By means of grants-in-aid, the Government has sought to utilize this tremendous force as a medium for the dissemination of Western science. It encourages the establishment of lay and missionary schools in the same way, and is content to see both systems grow up side by side. It is due wholly to the English "raj" that there are to-day 341 schools where-in 32,468 girls, for the first time in

the history of their race, receive instruction. The sum expended by the local government upon education has already reaches the sum of Rs. 1,607,948, with the result that there are no less than 17,050 schools throughout the province, with 287,987 scholars upon the rolls. Here-in is the true solvent for the ingrained customs of the Orient. In some of their aspects the effects may seem to be superficial to a degree, but the leaven is there. Your Burmese clerk, who discards the dress of his fellows for a tweed jacket and a felt hat, who clothes his feet in scarlet hosiery and patent leather shoes, who declines to admit that a well-tattooed thigh is the supreme test of manhood, may seem to have assumed but the accidentals of Western thought. But the ambition to rise in the social scale is symptomatic of deeper changes still. Let it be conceded, with our author, that the power-loom fabrics of Manchester miss the artistic charm of the silks that are woven in the hand-looms of Mandalay, and that the impact of the West is destroying the romance of past ages. These are changes that no power can arrest; they are the price paid by the æsthetic side of life for the solid benefits of universal prosperity.

The record of work done, enshrined year by year in the reports of the provincial administration, is a lesson in empire. Compared with this the achievements of the neighbour-colony of French Indo-China are sorry enough. Nor is the influence of British domination limited by the boundaries of Burma, for the rejuvenescence of Siam owes an incalculable debt to trained Anglo-Burman officials. These have been lent by the Imperial Government to King Chulalongcorn, for the organization of his finances, the creation of his police, the exploitation of his forests, the formation of his courts of justice. In

every department of life and effort the transforming power of the greatest colonists in Asia is made manifest. During the year under review, 818,039 patients were treated in the one hundred and ten dispensaries established by the Government of Burma; 148,384 doses of quinine were sold at its post-offices. There are 1,000 miles of railway, 13,000 miles of telegraphs, 6,000 miles of river mails, 6,000 miles of roads. Letters and parcels to the number of fourteen and a half millions were conveyed with regularity and safety, and of these a fourth were addressed in vernacular characters. And the thriftlessness of the race, which at one time seemed to be incurable, has been so vigorously assailed that 52,000 accounts were opened at the post-office savings banks, with an average amount on deposit of £10.

This is the new Burma, happier, securer, more vital, than the Burma of the old regime. It has involved many a heartache, many a shattered frame, for the men who have brought it into being. There are still evils to be redressed, and the aims of the dominant race are not all worthy. But out of the present transitions, which result from the breaking up of the social and intellectual bases of Burmese life and manners, there will emerge a stronger race, possessing ampler ambitions, more enduring ideals.

No more striking witness to the result of British rule could be desired than the new edition of Mr. Murray's Handbook. The compact section allotted to Burma is a coup d'oeuil of progress. It is with ever-growing astonishment that one peruses the pages in which the

modern tourist is introduced to this new wonderland of travel, and guided through the mazes of its interminable pagodas, its enchanting villages. The mere index of creature comforts available in the principal cities seems to convert the romantic country traversed by Ralph Fitch three centuries ago into a suburban playground for the traveller who is sated with the sights of Europe. Rangoon has its boarding-houses, its daily band, its tennis ground, its steam railways; Maulmain its clubs and newspapers; Mandalay its cabs, its hairdressers, its photographers.*

On any day in the week you may leave the capital by the evening mail train, dine and breakfast en route, sleep in the car, and reach Mandalay soon after noon. The journey may be continued thence along the upper valley of the Irrawadi to the frontier of China, and the return journey, from Bhamo to the coast, may be made through nine hundred miles of entrancing scenery, upon some of the most luxurious river steamers in the world. Twenty years ago such a journey was a serious expedition, demanding diplomatic intervention, the formation of a caravan, the escort of the royal officials. To-day it is a mere holiday incident, involving the expenditure upon the tourist ticket of little more than a ten-pound note. Even to the arm-chair traveller the perusal of this Handbook would of itself suffice to attest the reality of the transformation of the greatest province within the Indian dominions of the King.

* "A Handbook to India, Burma, and Ceylon." Pp. 477.

LIFE'S MARINER.

Adown the stream my bark speeds on,
 O ceaseless flow;
 O foaming crest; I lie between
 The tossing waves that intervene;
 Deep-mirrored in their sullen green,
 The storm-clouds come and go.
 Pembroke, Ont.

Blow high, blow low, my bark speeds on,
 O open sea;
 The coral reef, the siren's call,
 My compass bears me past them all,
 The shades of good or evil fall,
 And then, eternity.

—Manfred J. Gaskell.

THE IMMORTAL LOVERS.

BY THE REV. JESSE S. GILBERT, A.M., PH.D.



IT has been said that "Love lays the shepherd's crook beside the sceptre." This is the one "touch of nature" that "makes the whole world akin." Among the "Great Passions of History," the story of Abelard and Heloise must always stand in the forefront, whether we consider the greatness of their genius, the intensity of their affection, or the tragedy of their lives.

Abelard was the greatest genius, the profoundest thinker, and the keenest logician of his age. With the assurance for which he was noted, he wrote that he considered himself the only philosopher of his time, and Compayre observes that, "If he was wrong to say it, perhaps he was right in thinking it."

As a teacher of youth, his popularity was unbounded. The story of the thousands that followed him into the wilderness, building themselves huts, and living upon the coarsest fare, that they might hang upon his life and share his fortunes, reads like romance rather than sober history. Lord, who, so far from being prejudiced in his favour, seems inclined to do him scant justice, calls him "on the whole the most brilliant and interesting man, whom the Middle Ages produced," and the most eloquent expounder of philosophy of whom he had ever read.

Heloise was as noteworthy a woman as Abelard was a man. "She was of extraordinary beauty, though remarkable for expression rather than for regularity of fea-

ture. In intellect she was precocious and brilliant, but the qualities of a great soul shone above the radiance of her wit." She had an expansive brow, a deep blue eye, teeth strong and regular, a long and flexible neck, sloping and graceful shoulders, over which fell ample and golden locks, while the attitude, the complexion, the blush, the thrilling accent and the gracious smile, languor and passion depicted on a face both pale and animated, seduced the imagination and commanded homage."

Great in intellect and in personal charm, this peerless but unfortunate couple were great in love and in calamity. By what a strange series of events did these two lives come in contact, and why did the course of such true love empty into a whirlpool of so much adversity and sorrow?

The answer to this question, and the material for this mediæval romance comes principally from Abelard's "Story of my Calamities," Heloise's letters to her unfortunate lover, and those written by him in reply. It is said that the dead are soon forgotten. But although Abelard and Heloise have been dead for seven hundred years, wreaths and flowers are still kept fresh and green upon their tomb, in the grand cemetery of Pere la Chaise at Paris.

Peter Abelard was born near the close of the eleventh century, just as the feeble dawn of a new intellectual and moral life was breaking in upon the darkness of the Middle Ages. His childhood home was an ancient castle at Pallet, in Brittany, about eleven miles to the south-east of Nantes. He came of good family, being the eldest son of

a Breton nobleman, who had abandoned his inheritance and birthright for the fascination of literature and philosophy.

According to the strange customs of the times, like other youths inspired with a thirst for knowledge, he left home and sallied forth in quest of learning. Five or six years were spent in this wandering life, drawn from one place to another by the form of schools and teachers. Finally, he turned his steps to Paris, the centre of all intellectual life in France, and became a pupil in the celebrated Episcopal School of the Church of Notre Dame. This school was taught by William of Champeaux, one of the foremost teachers and philosophers of the day. Abelard was then only twenty years of age, "A bright and daring youth, conscious of his powers, and burning with ambition."

The education of the age was in a formative condition. Universities there were none. There were no professors, in the modern sense, or even scholastic titles. Abelard attended the lectures of the old theologian, William, and soon began to question and to argue with his teacher. It was the time of the great debate concerning genera and species, a question now happily relegated to the attic in which are stored the dust-covered controversies of past ages, but which then convulsed all Europe. In this practical age the problem seems a childish one, but in the time of Abelard it was a living and an exciting issue. Briefly stated it was this:

Have not only the individual human beings an existence outside the mind, but is there that which corresponds to the general idea of man? Upon this somewhat fantastic problem "more time has been consumed than the Cæsars gave to the conquest and dominion of the globe, more money wasted than Cræsus counted in all his wealth."

William was a realist; that is, he

held and taught that such a genus was a reality, and had an existence apart from the human mind. Abelard held to the common-sense view that these universals were not mere words, nor yet external realities, but that which the world of thought was to adopt, generalized ideas, or mental conceptions, a kind, to use a modern illustration, of composite photograph.

Admiration upon the part of William soon gave place to jealousy. The brilliant youth turned his master's teachings into ridicule, and returning to Melun, about thirty miles from Paris, set up a rival school. His success was beyond precedent. His lecture-room was crowded. Students flocked to him from all quarters. Abelard's triumph was complete. He drove William in defeat and shame from his school, and, returning to Paris, became himself the most popular teacher of the times. His auditors were charmed, and declared that "The first philosopher had become the first divine." His pupils numbered more than five thousand, and came from Germany, Italy, and France. Among them were the brightest intellects of the age, one destined to be a pope, nineteen to be cardinals, and one hundred to be bishops. He soon became the idol of Paris. People craned their necks as he passed by. His pupils hung upon his every word with rapture, and filled his pockets with gold. Everywhere they sang his praises. They carried his picture wherever they went, and begged for a lock of his hair or a shred of his garment.

Then came the fateful meeting with Heloise. It was love at first sight, and little wonder. He, the most brilliant and charming of men, she the most fascinating and accomplished of women. What else could have been expected?

Abelard was then about forty years of age, in the full flush of his mental and physical powers, while

Heloise was just budding into the most superb and beautiful womanhood. She lived with her uncle, Fulbert, "an ignorant, worldly-wise old canon" of the cathedral church of Notre Dame in Paris. Fulbert called her his niece, but she may have been niece, daughter, or adopted child.

In the character of a private tutor to Heloise, Abelard became an inmate of Fulbert's home, and a member of the little family. One cannot but smile to read that Fulbert gave Abelard even power to beat his niece if she neglected her task. Abelard was soon, as he tells us, "wholly afire with love of the maid." It was not long before there were "more kisses than theses." The famed philosopher appeared in a new character, that of "the first of the troubadours."

Why was not this mutual passion followed by a happy marriage? The answer comes from the false notions concerning marriage held by the Church of Rome. Celibacy was regarded as the crowning virtue, and the marriage of a priest was deemed a lasting disgrace.

While Abelard was not then in orders, yet he had high ecclesiastical ambition, to which marriage would have been fatal. It is, however, only fair to relate that he urged the matter of marriage, which, strange to say, Heloise resisted. "His reputation and interest were dearer to her than was her own fair name; she sacrificed herself to the greatest mistake a woman could make. The excess of her love made her insensible to the principles of an immutable morality."

When the truth could no longer be concealed, Fulbert was furious. Even then, with a strange perversity, Heloise resisted the idea of marriage. Years afterward, as consecrated abbess writing to consecrated abbot, she calls God to

witness that "if the name of wife is holier, the name of friend, or, if he likes, mistress or concubine, is sweeter," and that she "would rather be that than the queen of a Caesar." But we must not judge this strange sentiment and action by the standard of our age, but must take into account the law of moral perspective.

However, Abelard prevailed, and they were privately married. "Then they parted at the altar, the man weakly proceeding to follow his poor ambition in the school, the noble young wife making herself a sad sacrifice to his selfishness and irresolution." For the next few months they saw each other rarely and in secret.

Then happened an event that brought on the tragedy and crisis of their lives. Hired ruffians of Fulbert broke one night into Abelard's apartments and inflicted upon him a horrible mutilation. It was then that Abelard, "in his shame and despair," forgot the elementary dictate of love or of honour. He insisted on Heloise assuming the vows and life of a nun, he himself becoming a monk of St. Denis. Without a murmur, Heloise made "of her sunny nature one more victim on the altar of masculine selfishness." Waving aside the thought of her child and the sunlit earth, with sobs and tears she walked quickly up the steps of the altar, assumed the veil of a nun, and made one more sacrifice to the Moloch of a cruel superstition.

Dark and sad were the after lives of each. Heloise rose to become a prioress, but never ceased to cherish her love, and her letters to Abelard in his sorrow and persecutions are among the most tender and pathetic in all literature.

Abelard had a sorry time of it in the Abbey of St. Denis. It was one of the most famous monasteries in Europe, a semi-religious, semi-secular institution, but the monks

were "of very worldly and most disgraceful life." Their feasts rivalled those of any chateau in gay France, and hired conjurers, singers, dancers and jesters helped to aid the work of digestion. Over Abelard came a great change. Henceforth we have to deal with another man. The gay conceit, the proud arrogance were gone for ever. He gave himself up to mortification and austerities. Too austere for his brother monks, Abelard was forced to leave the aristocratic Abbey, and resumed his lectures. His success was great as ever. The little village in the wilderness to which he withdrew soon became the intellectual centre of France. Some historians relate that three thousand students descended like a swarm of locusts.

His enemies, however, gave him no rest. The heresy hunters were upon his track, charges were preferred, and Abelard was cited to appear before the Council of Soissons. Right nobly did he defend himself, and no error could be proven against him, yet he was compelled to burn his books with his own hands.

Humiliated, tempted to question the justice of Providence, saying, as he afterward tells us, in the bitterness of his soul, "Good Jesus, where wert Thou." He retired for a while to the Abbey of St. Medard, and then to his own monastery of St. Denis. Here he soon became involved in a controversy with the abbot, Adam, and the other monks, because he was too much of a scholar, and too honest, to admit that Dionysius, the founder of the Abbey, was identical with the Dionysius mentioned in the Book of Acts.

Abelard therefore withdrew again to the solitude of the country, and in a bright, restful valley in the heart of Champagne, with the consent of the Bishop, Hatto, built an oratory, in the name of the Most

Holy Trinity. This oratory he called Paraclete, and here, with a solitary companion, the weary man took up his abode. All thoughts of the cities of men and the sordid passions they shelter were "arrested by the great forests of oak and beech which hem in the narrow horizon and guard the restfulness of the valley."

Brief was this period of repose. There must be some source of revenue. "To dig," he says, "I was not able; to beg I was ashamed." There was only one thing that he could do—teach. Pupils soon gathered around him in vast numbers. Hundreds of mud cabins and moss-covered earth-works dotted the once quiet valley. It was something unique in the annals of education. "For the great magician had extended his wand once more, and the fascination of his lectures was as irresistible as ever."

Alas, his evil genius was never far from him. Not many leagues from this happy vale was another valley of very different sort. The Valley of Wormwood, men called it, and it was in the heart of a wild, sombre, chilly forest. Here dwelt Abelard's most bitter foe, Bernard of Clairvaux,* frail, terse, absorbed, with a face white and worn with suffering, and a form enfeebled with disease and exacting nervous exaltation. This enthusiast and bigot was destined to add the last drop to Abelard's cup of misery.

Abelard was now called from his retreat by the monks of St. Gildas, in Bretagne, who elected him their Abbot. This Abbey had reached the last stage of monastic decay, and Abelard, in his attempt to re-

*This Bernard—the preacher of the Second Crusade, the uncompromising persecutor of the Albigensian heretics—is not to be confounded with his contemporary, Bernard of Cluny, the author of those noble hymns, "Jerusalem the golden," "Brief life is here our portion," "For thee, O dear, dear country," which are sung in all the churches of Christendom.—Ed.

form the lives of these wild, wicked and ignorant monks, soon incurred their bitter displeasure. They even attempted to take his life, and in dread and disgust Abelard retired, and took up his abode near Paraclete, where Heloise and her nuns were at that time settled.

The old-time lovers met, and neither time, misfortune, nor monastic vows had destroyed their affection for each other. It was at this time that Abelard and Heloise wrote those letters that reveal their inmost lives, and laid bare the whole story of their sin, their sorrow, and their love.

Chance brought to the Abbey over which Heloise presided, a copy of Abelard's "Story of My Calamities," and the faithful wife wrote in reply. Her letter bore the inscription :

"To her lord, yea father; to her spouse, yea brother; from his servant, yea daughter—his wife, his sister; to Abelard, from Heloise." "At thy command," she says, "I would change, not merely my costume, but my very soul, so entirely art thou the sole possessor of my body and my spirit."

Abelard's reply was prudent and formal to a degree, but that he had a true affection for her "is made clear by the occasional failure of his pious resolution." The answer of Heloise is pathetic, tender, ardent, even eloquent. She lays bare her most secret soul as to a father confessor, and reveals her undying love. She wishes that she could make satisfaction to God for her sins. Tearfully does she upbraid herself for the love and passion that she cannot regret nor eradicate. I must resist the temptation to quote further from those letters, marvellous as they are, as an exhibition of the suffering and the love of which a woman's heart is capable. Abelard was soon sailing again in troubled waters.

The old charge against Abelard

of heresy was renewed, this time by Bernard of Clairvaux. From the Council of Sens, at which the prelates condemned him, unheard, Abelard appealed to Rome. But Bernard was determined to crush the bold teacher, and easily secured his condemnation by the Pope.

Upon his way to Rome, Abelard passed through Cluny, and was kindly received by the abbot, Peter the Venerable. Kindly did Peter inform him that his case had been decided, and decided against him. It was the last blow. Abelard was broken in body and in spirit. The proud head never again raised itself in defiance of the potent ignorance, the crafty passion, and the hypocrisy that made up the world about him."

A reconciliation was affected with Bernard. He wrote a farewell letter to Heloise, declaring, "I would not be an Aristotle if it kept me away from Christ."

Abelard now enjoyed a few months of peace, but it was the peace of the grave. Years afterwards, the brothers used to point out to visitors a great lime-tree, under which he was accustomed to sit and meditate, "with his face turned toward the Paraclete which he had built, and where Heloise still discharged the duty of abbess."

He died in the arms of his friend, Peter. "Peter felt that Abelard above and Heloise on earth demanded of him the last consolation of a reunion in the grave. So quietly, in the dead of night, dreading scandal, yet true to his impulses, without a hand to assist or an eye to witness, he exhumed the coffin which had been buried in the Abbey cemetery, and conveyed it himself to the Paraclete, and entrusted it to Heloise." She received the sacred trust with tears, and Peter, the "aged saint of consolation," pronounced the burial service.

Heloise survived twenty years, "a priestess of God, a mourner at

the tomb of Abelard." When she felt the approach of death, she directed the sisterhood to place her body in the same leaden coffin with that of Abelard. A beautiful and touching legend in the chronicle of the Church of Tours says that the arms of the dead man opened to receive her.

For five hundred years their bodies remained in the silent aisles of that abbey church, when they were removed by Lucien Bonaparte to the Museum of French Monuments in Paris, and a few years after found a fitting resting-place in the cemetery of Pere la Chaise.

Abelard anticipated many of the positions taken by modern thought. He looked upon the then popular conception of heaven and hell as a travesty upon Christian truth. The atonement was not made to appease divine wrath, but to manifest divine love. Heathen who lived up to the light that they possessed would be saved. Hell is not physical torture, but separation from

God. This was enough, the world was not ready for a more reasonable view of God and the future life.

But the teachings of Abelard have triumphed, and are maintained to-day even by the Church of Rome itself. Bernardism is practically extinct. Reason comes first, taught Abelard. He was far in advance of his age, a man born out of due season, at least as far as his own comfort was concerned. Catholic Europe crosses itself and lifts its eyes heavenward at mention of Bernard, and shudders and blushes at mention of Abelard, but the broad-minded philosopher who deemed, with St. Paul, that whosoever feareth God, etc., that heaven's gate is wide enough to admit a heathen who, like Socrates and Plato, lived up to all the light that he possessed, was nearer to the heart of the Master than the narrow-minded bigot.

Haledon, N.Y.

"WHERE GLORY DWELLETH."

BY AMY PARKINSON.

In the pure light which well hath been compared
Unto the radiance of a stone most precious—
Even a jasper stone, as crystal clear—
How do the golden towers and jewelled walls
Of the celestial city gleam and glisten!
And with what wondrous bursts of harmony
Ring its resplendent courts, as the great throng
Of God's redeemed, striking their sweet-toned harps,
Send forth ecstatic strains of praiseful song.

O Thou who art the one and only source
Of heaven's transcendent brightness, and the joy
Of those who there abide! be unto us,
While yet we sojourn in this world of shadows,
A guiding star, to point the way beyond
Its darkened sky—a wellspring of delight,
To cheer and solace in its hours of sorrow.
And when the last swift sands of time have run,
Grant us to join the glad, immortal host
Who hymn Thy praise within that glorious City!

Toronto.

CHRISTMAS EVANS.

THE BUNYAN OF WILD WALES.

BY THE REV. HENRY LEWIS.



WHEN Billy Dawson, the famous local preacher of Yorkshire, was thrilling the hearts of the early Methodists of England with his marvellous pulpit eloquence, Christmas Evans was stirring the people of Wales with a style of oratory that swept, like a cyclone, over every county in the

Principality. Both were men who taught the people by parables.

Although not a Welshman, the Rev. Paxton Hood, who wrote the life of Christmas Evans, understood enough of the language of Wales to know something of its power. The average Englishman thinks the mother tongue of the Cymric something most fearfully and wonderfully made. A Welshman, who had done much for Welsh literature, is quoted as saying: "You English people cannot see all the things in your Bible that a Welshman can see; now your word 'blessed,' in the Beatitudes, seems a very dear, sweet thing to an Englishman, but a Welshman sees the thing in the word 'Gwyn-ei-fyd,' that is, 'a-white-world;' he would see a 'white world' for the pure in heart; a 'white world' for the poor in spirit."

There is no doubt that Welsh preaching owes much to the language, and men like Christmas Evans knew well what power there is in the Celtic tongue.

Another great factor in the

unique success of Welsh preaching is that the people are poetic in a great degree. Wales is the land of bards, and has been for long centuries. When Chaucer was the "father of English verse," the bards of Wales had for generations been going about among their native hills chanting their songs, ballads and idylls to the people who loved to listen. These bards were the seers of the land, and the Welsh, even to the present day, pay great honour to their bards. In fact, the genuine Welsh preacher is a bard, and his delivery must, if he would carry his audience with him, have a kind of wild, irregular chant, a jubilant refrain, recurring again and again, working up the subject in hand from one climax to another. This is called the "hwyl," that is, "a full sail." The people are caught with the breeze; they have the "hwyl" also, and exclamations come from them: "Blessed," "Praise Him forever," and other expressions of devotion. Thus preacher and people are under the spell of wonderful spiritual power. To such men as Christmas Evans and the preachers of his time, such a language, such a people, with such a theme as the Gospel, were a constant source of strength and inspiration.

We must remember, also, that Christmas Evans came upon a time when the great revival of the eighteenth century was at its best. The flame was at its height; the fire of spiritual power was going by leaps and bounds across the hills of wild Wales as never before, and men like Howell Harriss, Daniel Rowland, Williams of Wern, and Christmas Evans were flames

of fire. The people were like the heather on their hills, and caught the fire readily.

Moreover, it was not only a time of religious revival, but also a period of great intellectual awakening. The spirit of inquiry was abroad in the land, and the days of theological discussion in the ascendant.

The Welsh Methodists were in the main Calvinistic in their theology, having been brought under the influence of George Whitefield, Howell Harriss, and Lady Huntingdon. Every town and hamlet seemed to have its controversy. Arminians, Calvinists, Arians, Anglicans, Sandemanians, and Baptists were continually getting tangled up in angry discussions. This state of things gave such a man as Christmas Evans endless trouble. There were some zealous but erratic men who seemed to think that religion consisted mainly in being severely correct in some minor point of doctrine. Mr. Hood has most correctly hit off these narrow-minded zealots by giving, as a description of them, George MacDonald's song, "The Wae-some Carl":

"Ye're a' wrang, and a' wrang,
And a'thegither a' wrang;
There's no a mon about the toon
But's a'thegither a' wrang.

"The minister wasna fit to pray,
And let alane to preach;
He nowther had the gift o' grace,
Nar yet the gift o' speech.

"He mind't him o' Balaam's ass,
Wi' a differ ye may ken:
The Lawd He opened the ass's mou',
The minister opened's ain.

"Ye're a' wrang, and a' wrang,
And a'thegither a' wrang;
There's no a mon about the toon
But's a'thegither a' wrang."

Like most of the men who played a prominent part in the great religious movement of that period, Christmas Evans came from very poor parentage. He was born in a

little out-of-the-way hamlet, among the hills of South Wales, on Christmas Day, 1766, hence his name. His father died when he was but a child, and an uncle took him to live on a farm. The lad spent six miserable years—years of cruel treatment—with that drunken, profane, greedy uncle.

Like John Wesley, Evans started to preach before he had consciousness of renewal and peace. He united with the Baptists when he was eighteen years old; shortly afterwards he commenced to preach, and, so he tells us, "for three years preached with great heaviness." It was not until the commencement of his ministry in Lleyn, Carnarvonshire, that the joy of the Lord became his strength. He was travelling on horseback towards South Wales; the burden on his soul became intolerable; coming to a gate he dismounted, and tied his horse to the post, and went into the field. Kneeling behind the hedge in an agony of prayer, he pleaded with God. He tells us, "I cared not whether men were looking at me or not; it seemed as if the end of all things had come upon me. However, God had mercy on my poor soul, and I obtained Jacob's blessing."

After that he became a new man, and wielded a power he never had before. "I found," says he, "the Word I preached like a hammer breaking the rock, and not like a rush. The 'hwyl' followed me everywhere, in the chapels and in the open air, so that I found preaching a pleasure."

Lleyn, though but a small place at that time, became a landmark in the life of Christmas Evans. It was here he married a member of his own church—Catherine Jones. A more suitable companion he could not have found. Her piety was of a very high type, and she exhibited great faith, fortitude, and courage amid many adversities.

It was at Lleyn that Evans began to draw attention as a preacher of more than ordinary mark. There was being held a great association meeting, or preaching festival, at Velinvoel; two great preachers were expected that day. One of them failed; none of the lesser lights were willing to preach on so short a notice. "Why not ask that one-eyed lad from North Wales?" someone asked, alluding to Christmas Evans, who had lost one eye through some ill-usage on account of his piety when a youth. The "one-eyed lad" was a tall, bony, haggard-looking young man, uncouth and ill-dressed. Some who saw the pastor talking to the ungainly youth, said: "Surely he can never ask that absurdity to preach!" Meanwhile, the "one-eyed lad" was musing—the people were singing, and if there is anything that will awaken the best there is in a preacher, it is a Welsh congregation singing. The preacher took his text: "And you that were sometime alienated and enemies in your mind by wicked works, yet now hath he reconciled in the body of his flesh through death, to present you holy and unblamable and unreprovable in his sight." As the young preacher warmed up to his subject, Mr. Hood tells us:

"Closer and closer the audience began to gather near him. They got up and came from the hedges. The crowd grew more and more dense with eager listeners; the sermon became alive with dramatic representation. The throng of preachers present confessed that they were dazzled with the brilliance of the language, and the imagery falling from the lips of this altogether unknown and unexpected young prophet. Presently, beneath some appalling stroke of words, numbers started to their feet, and in the pauses—if pauses were permitted in the paragraphs—the question went, 'Who is this? Who have we here?' His words went rocking to and fro; he had caught the 'hwy!'—he had also caught the people in it; he went swelling along at full sail.

The people began to cry out, 'Glory, 'Blessed.' Christmas Evans from that day was one of the most famous preachers in wild Wales. Ever afterwards the Welsh people have delighted to read and quote the parables and allegories of the marvellous preacher."

But we should not lose sight of the fact, notwithstanding his wonderful genius and power of oratory Christmas Evans was a man of sterling piety and powerful prayer. Mr. Hood puts it tersely and well:

"But prayer was his invariable refuge from the storm and remedy for the evils which afflicted him. Twelve times a day he retired for prayer, and often during the night he would rise and make his humble room a Peniel. Many lonely spots on the mountains of Wales have been consecrated by his tears and prayers. Under the shadow of Cader Idris, alone on the mountain, with only his faithful pony at his side, he spent hours in prayer. Many a solitary spot in Anglesea could testify to similar struggles."

We would fain give extracts from Christmas Evans' sermons. We remember spending the midnight oil more than once at a farmhouse in the very locality indicated above, "under the shadow of Cader Idris," reading a memoir of Evans in Welsh, compiled by the Rev. William Morgan, a friend and fellow-labourer. The work contained also eighty-five sermons, and several parables and speeches. They were published also in England and the United States.

Perhaps the sermon, "The Demoniac of Gadara," will give as good a specimen of Evans' realistic style as any. He begins by picturing Christ crossing the sea in a storm to save the demoniac. He sees Christ crossing the sea of agony, blood and death, to seek lost man. "It was not man who crossed the sea to find Christ, but Christ voyaged through the tempest to find man." Then the preacher describes "the fortress—the body and soul of man held by the legion." The devils hurry him to

rocks and caves, and find there for him sharp stones with which the poor creature may cut his flesh and open his veins, so he may more quickly reach perdition. "But, after all, the devils fail, because Jesus comes on the scene just in time, for He is Lord of life and death, and has come to save a devil-possessed race from utter ruin." Then there comes a shout from the whole assembly, "Gogoniant" ("Glory").

The next stage is Jesus marching up to the fortress, and with authority commands the leader of the legion, "Come out of him! I have loved him, and I mean to save him; go out of him!" Then the devils leave the man, but the description defies translation.

The herd of swine is feeding pleasantly with "snouts to the soil." In a moment the demons enter; "then there is a great commotion, like that in the topmost leaves of the forest when shaken by the wind, or the waves of the sea when lashed by the storm." The herd is maddened; they grunt, with open mouths they rush, in spite of all the keepers may do, and from the high cliffs that surround the sea they plunge headlong into the sea. "The swine are drowned, but the water cannot drown devils," exclaims Evans to an audience now on the tip-toe of excitement.

Then the scene shifts once more. "Here comes the man; he is hurrying through Decapolis, the ten cities, proclaiming everywhere, 'I am the man, the wild man from Gadara, who broke his fetters and was possessed by a legion of devils, but Jesus came to seek me. He expelled the devils. He sent them into the swine, but He saved me, He saved me; He pardoned me, took all my sins away. Blessed be His name! Hosanna to the Son of David! Hallelujah for ever!'"

"I fancy," continues Evans, "the sound of this new preacher caused

the tradesmen to leave their counters, and come to their doors; the shoemaker flings his last away, the tailor his instrument of toil; the wives and children rush to listen to the heavenly sound of the strange teacher."

Then comes a passage of exquisite pathos telling how the children are playing around the cottage home; they see father coming—they flee indoors. Mother locks the door in great fear, and all wait the outcome with terror written on their faces. Then comes the man, "clothed and in his right mind." He gently tries the door; he speaks now—does not rave. Then the preacher is at his best, and the dramatic incident of the mother and her child discovering that "it is father, really father, all right," beggars description. Then follows the scene of rejoicing, praying, floods of weeping, the preacher and audience by this time also weeping, rejoicing, praying.

A Welshman who heard the sermon says: "At first the people were under a most painful suspense; they saw this demon-haunted world in the thralldom of the devil. They saw the terrible struggle to emancipate lost humanity; then, when the sin-bound victim was at liberty the sobs, cries, tears, rejoicings of the people knew no bounds, and many a sinner fell on his knees crying that Jesus would cast out the demons from his heart."

It would be a mistake to think Christmas Evans depended upon his masterly and marvellous style in the pulpit for his success. He was, we have seen, a man of much prayer and intense piety. He was also a scholar, a thinker, and an author of no mean order. At the age of seventeen he could not read a single word. After learning his own language, he learned English; then he tackled Latin and became familiar with its authors. His life was a busy one. He always

seemed destined to be the pastor of churches that were burdened with heavy debts, and rent with strife. He wrote numerous pamphlets on doctrinal controversies; he published hundreds of sermons, and last, but not least, he published "An Exposition of the Book of Revelation, in twenty-eight Lectures." The dramatic book gave him ample scope for his genius, piety, and scholarship. The gorgeous scenery of "Revelation" appealed to his whole nature.

To read about his struggles with these and other places to save debt-burdened churches is a heart-breaking thing. The brave, good man never murmured, but kept right on. Finally came a "call" to the old seer—now in his sixty-seventh year—to a pastorate in Carnarvon, North Wales. Here was a church rent into pieces with wranglings, with only thirty members, most of them poor, and a debt of £800. The debt must be paid; the cause must be rescued; the work could not be permitted to die. The grand old man tackled the task. So he started once again over the hills of South Wales northward; this time he rode in a gig that a friend had given him, taking his wife (his second one, by the way) with him, and old Jack, his faithful horse, which had carried him for twenty years across those same hills. On they went; it was as if a king was making a grand, triumphal march; the people turned out in crowds to hear "Old Christmas" preach, wherever he stopped; but every time he remembered the £800 debt. His heart was set on killing that debt.

It was decided that he should make a tour through the land as a final effort to clear off the debt. Once again the old man is climbing the hills of wild Wales. He

preached continuously, but the work was too much. One Sunday, July 15th, 1838, he preached twice for his old friend, Daniel Davies, of Swansea—a brilliant man of great repute as a preacher. On Monday the old man preached in English. His text was, "Beginning at Jerusalem." Though preaching in a foreign tongue, the old-time power and genius was there. As the old patriarch was coming down the pulpit stairs, he said, loud enough to be heard by many present, "This is my last sermon."

During the night he was taken very ill. He lingered for several days; then came the end.

"Preach Christ to the people, brethren. In myself I am nothing but ruin, but in Christ I am heaven and salvation."

Then came a verse of a favourite Welsh hymn, after which, as if he had done with earth, he waved his hand, exclaiming, "Good-bye! Drive on!" and he was not, God had taken him; for had not the dear old man said his farewell, and bade the angelic charioteers to "drive on"?

When the news of the good man's death spread abroad there was mourning all over the land. Men in smock frocks, meeting each other on the roads and on the farms, said to each other, "Old Christmas is dead," and then wept. Little children, wondering to see their mothers going about their house-work weeping, asked what it meant, and were told, "Old Christmas is dead." The evangelical pulpits were dressed in emblems of mourning. Wales has had since, and has yet, many mighty men in her pulpits, but there has only been one Christmas Evans—"a prince and a great man in Israel."

Stockton, Man.

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF HOSPITAL LIFE.

BY LOUISE FISKE BRYSON, M.D.



IN large cities all over the land rise massive buildings, like castles, fortresses, strongholds of benevolence, suggesting grace or strength, as the case may be, and always giving the idea of utility. These are the great hospitals that demand respect, and deserve the deepest gratitude of an appreciative public. Among the wonders of modern times, they embody in their equipment the best discoveries of the age. Their wide portals are open day and night to receive all sorts and conditions of suffering humanity. The main question asked is: Can we help this patient? Space permitting, any stranger is received, without distinction of race, sex, age or colour. When required, the ambulance—casiest of vehicles, and now an automobile—bring the patient to this haven of rest.

Once admitted by the examining physician, nationality, occupation, name, age, birthplace, and other necessary facts are recorded. This is a part of the history of the case, to which various additions are made daily by the nurses in charge and kept near by for ready reference. The patient is not bothered henceforth by many questions. The history chart is studied by the attending and consulting physicians, by the head nurses and the patient's own nurse. Here are notes of pulse-rate, temperature, remedies, the quantity and quality of food given, the amount of sleep, and observations concerning the patient's general condition during each and every twenty-four hours.

Personal care and responsibility are removed as far as possible from the inmates of all hospitals. They are treated in the most tender way by well-trained nurses, a disciplined house staff, attending physicians and surgeons of wide experience. The house staff is composed of physicians who have secured their hospital position through competitive examinations. They live in the building, ready for any emergency by day or by night. The attending physicians and surgeons are experts in their own particular lines, celebrated for skill and insight. Many of them are of great renown, wise counsellors and friends that the patient might never meet elsewhere. A great hospital offers the best there is to strangers; and very often brings to those who know their own city well the power and help otherwise inaccessible.

The corps of nurses is under the direction and management of a superintendent, who has had practical experience in every department of nursing, reaching her present position by gradual promotion from the stage of probationer, pupil nurse, graduate, and ward nurse. All that the others can do, she can do as well—perhaps better. The superintendent is aided in her administration by the head nurses in charge of the wards and the private rooms; and to these head nurses are responsible all the others to whom patients are assigned. In well-managed institutions this drill and discipline is like that of an army. Any order, mistake, or observation can be traced directly to its source, and, in the briefest possible space of time, modified or eliminated, according to circumstances.

Early on duty comes the day nurse, with her shining morning face. She raises the curtain, straightens the bed, assists the patient to make a preliminary toilette, and brings in the breakfast. Though she has read the night-nurse's report, and knows the true state of every case, she makes kind enquiries, and listens with a smile to all the weary or over-hopeful patient has to say. After the morning meal, sufficient repose is allowed before the real work of the day begins. A maid comes in quietly to attend to all simple household duties, as sweeping, dusting, wiping up the floor, etc. Then the trained nurse gives the prescribed daily bath, changes the patient's linen, makes up the bed, brings back flowers or plants that were exiled for the night, and straightens whatever was awry in the room. Usually a visit from the superintendent follows. The doctor on his rounds appears later, accompanied by the head nurse and the patient's own nurse. The doctor consults the history charts, listens to all complaints, if any, asks a few questions, prescribes, changes the diet or whatever else needs modification, talks in a sympathetic, cheery way, and then the little procession moves on. By this time half the morning is gone. There are home-letters to read or listen to, perhaps pictures to look at, or the morning paper, or the consolations of light literature for all able to indulge in such pastime. Then comes dinner, and half the day is gone. In the afternoon appears the attending physician, accompanied by the house doctors, the superintendent, or the head nurse—an imposing body that, by its formality inspires confidence and uplifts faltering courage. "It is always such a pleasure to meet celebrated people," sighed one poor little rustic after such a visit.

The night nurse appears at the

hour when the day nurses go off duty. The patients have had supper, their curtains are drawn, the room is lighted, and all are ready to fall asleep later. The night nurse chats pleasantly with each one, observes improvement, takes temperature, counts the pulse, administers remedies for sleeplessness when necessary, or carries out other orders issued by house staff or attending physicians during the latter part of the day. She accompanies the doctor on his evening rounds, and receives any later directions that may be needed for the comfort of the sick and suffering. Every hour during the silent watches of the night this soft-voiced woman with the noiseless tread makes an inspection of everything confided to her care—the wards, the private rooms, and their occupants, comforting the sleepless, and rejoicing over those who sleep and are at rest.

The subject of right feeding, always one of great importance, receives minute study and attention in hospitals. Connected with each ward or suite of private rooms is a little diet kitchen, fitted up with every appliance for light cooking, for the preparation of peptonized milk, junket, broths, jellies, and all manner of dainty dishes to inspire and strengthen a flagging appetite. The ward kitchen has a gas-stove, an abundant supply of spotless kitchen ware, and attractive china and glass in which to serve the good things that the trained nurses know how to make. Simple dishes are rendered palatable in well-ordered hospitals; breakfast foods are a real delight, and full or everyday diet, such as meats, vegetables, desserts, are properly cooked, and have a delicate flavour.

Meals for patients are served on wooden trays, like little low tables with very short legs, that can be placed on the bed itself, or on a stand or chair near by. The linen

is spotless, the glass and china bright and shining. Every dish is carefully covered. To one whose days are uneventful, the arrival of these secret supplies is a source of pleasant investigation. What is in this? In that? Here are raw oysters, celery, chicken, well-cooked vegetables, appropriate dessert, fruit, and perhaps a fragrant cup of tea or coffee, served in the neatest, most conventional fashion. This delicate harmony comes not by chance. It is the duty of a specially appointed nurse, one trained and well-equipped for this office, to see that all trays are properly prepared, that everything pertaining to eating is made as joyous and as much like a festival as circumstances will permit. Supplies of every-day diet come from the general kitchen. This department is presided over by an accomplished chef, aided by a colony of assistants in linen caps and aprons. In one large hospital kitchen, twelve hundred and fifty meals are served every twenty-four hours, each as appetizing as any prepared in the ordinary home.

A great hospital resembles a first-class hotel in many of its appointments. There are elevators, electric bells, electric lights, the latest plumbing, and tiled bathrooms. There is also a modern ventilating apparatus by which impure air is forced out and fresh air drawn into all the rooms and wards. Steam or hot water is usually the medium for heating. Walls, floors, ceilings, are made of materials that admit of constant cleansing and disinfection. Often this decorative effect is artistic and beautiful. Marble stairways, spacious corridors, tiled fireplaces, and hardwood, tiled, or "composite" floors, give a sense of repose that is at once attractive and inviting. The buildings themselves are constructed in such a way as to admit abundant light and insure

uninterrupted space, advantages that give a certain air of elegance to any interior.

The private rooms present an appearance of real comfort. They have hardwood floors, white enameled or hardwood furniture, artistic rugs, restful etchings, or bright pictures. The wards are large, well-lighted, airy rooms, with rows of white beds, sufficiently far apart, ranged along the side walls. Each "bed" has its own table, chair, screen, etc., and can quickly be converted into a little private apartment by itself. Though the price of treatment, board, care and medical attendance is less in the wards than in private rooms, it is often considered more desirable to give certain patients companionship than to run the risk of loneliness and the depression that may follow. And thus it happens that persons abundantly able to appreciate and pay for the privileges and solitude of stately isolation are often found happy and contented in a cheerful ward, instead of weak and melancholy in the lonely glory of a separate room, surrounded by luxuries.

The laboratory, with its microscopes and appliances for chemical analysis, is an important adjunct to all great hospitals. Here the true nature of disease is determined and its extension limited; for, by means of microscopic and chemical tests, exact conditions are discovered that would otherwise elude detection. For instance, a drop of blood properly examined clears up all the mystery of various obscure forms of fever, and tells by the special germs it contains whether the case is one of typhoid, malarial, or other infectious disease. So, too, with disorders of the eye, skin, and any foreign growth. The microscope reveals their harmful or benign nature, and wise treatment is instituted accordingly. The same is

true of many other conditions. Thus the laboratory tends to make medicine an exact science, for it confirms or overturns all preconceived ideas concerning the patient's true state. These advantages seldom exist elsewhere in the same degree, the expense outside of any hospital placing them beyond the reach of all but the favoured few. In first-class institutions reports from the laboratory come in regularly, and are attached to the history chart to furnish further and more exact data for the house staff and consulting physicians.

Hospital life has its recreations and pleasures; and, in a way, may be considered pre-eminently social. Even the veriest recluse is compelled to see some half-dozen persons each day: the day nurse, the night nurse, the head nurse, the maid, the superintendent, and from two to four doctors. Interested acquaintances call during hours for visitors, bringing flowers, books, and bits of news from the outside world. Those who are able visit the sun-parlours, where plants grow amid cheerful sunshine. Bright clouds sail across the wide stretch of sky that seems like the face of a friend. Often there is music in some quiet nook where no one can be disturbed; the lively strains of banjo or piano, or perhaps the soft cadences of a sweet song. It is no uncommon thing for those who

have good voices to sing in hospitals, thus sharing a divine gift with those in temporary seclusion. Others bring potted plants and little gifts, small remembrances that uplift tired hearts and awaken courage. Bands of devoted matrons and maids have certain days of loving service in large institutions for the sick; reading aloud, writing letters, amusing children, or doing, with gentle unostentation, countless deeds of kindness.

Whatever the cost of care in the hospital, for board, lodging, nursing, treatment, it is always less in the long-run than the price paid when the same siege of illness is managed in any other way. Experience proves this again and again. Not all conditions demand hospital care. Far from it. But when they do, going to the hospital is cheaper, easier, safer, and more comfortable than staying at home. It gives a new lease of life under the most favourable circumstances. The patient has a better chance for complete recovery, a better outlook for future usefulness, than are possible elsewhere. The spirit, the trend of the times, are toward co-operation as a means of safety. A great hospital is the most wonderful scheme of co-operative mind and matter ever yet known, and for this reason it affords the safest shelter for all who are sick and suffering.—Harper's Bazar.

Revive the half-dead dream of universal peace!
 As men who labour in that mine
 Of Cornwall, hollowed out beneath the bed
 Of ocean, when a storm rolls overhead,
 Hear the dull booming of the world of brine
 Above them, and a mighty muffled roar
 Of winds and waters, yet toil calmly on,
 And split the rock and pile the massive ore,
 Or carve a niche, or shape the archèd roof;
 So I, as calmly, weave my woof
 Of song, chanting the days to come,
 Unsilenced, though the quiet summer air
 Stirs with the bruit of battles, and each dawn
 Wakes from its starry silence to the hum
 Of many gathering armies.

—Timrod—"The Cotton Boll."

THE PREACHER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

BY THE REV. THOMAS SPURGEON,

Of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, London.

IT hath been said by one of old time that friends are either candid or sugar-candied. I am fortunate in numbering among mine one who combines the good qualities of both. He is in the habit of addressing me weekly. His note reaches me on Saturday, and is full of good cheer in view of the coming Sabbath. He always has some hearty word for me, a precious promise, or a needed precept from the Book. "May there be a good twang in your bow-string to-morrow," he once wrote, as if I were an archer, as indeed I am.

Good wishes are not to be despised. "If wishes were horses, beggars would ride," so says the proverb, rather disparagingly. But I can bear witness that I have got astride a good wish before now, and had a very invigorating gallop. The very thought that you are in some one else's thought gives you a lift.

If all our people would thus think of and pray for us pastors (they need not all write, unless, like my friend, they do not expect a reply), there would be more shining faces on Sunday. Happy is the preacher who is in such a case, and happy will his people be; for a blessing on all is inevitable.

One Saturday evening, when I was just beginning final preparation for the first and best of days, a missive reached me from my "special correspondent," which concluded thus: "May themes come freshly, may thoughts flow freely, may illustrations trip in

nimbly, may signs follow abundantly." Here was a perfect volley of good-will, most felicitously expressed. For you, dear readers, fellow-labourers in the Gospel, whether in church or school, I re-echo these desires.

1. May themes come freshly. The choice of a subject should be the subject of much careful consideration. What issues hang thereon! You know not who will be present, nor what the peculiar circumstances of your hearers may be. God may wish you to be the bearer of a message to one especially. The Lord's messenger must speak the Lord's message. It will be well to ponder, so far as you know it, the state of your congregation, and to reflect upon the needs of the flock. It is wise to search and see if any doctrine has been overlooked (it is the fashion nowadays to overlook most of them). One may be guided to a theme by an event of widespread interest, or even by a circumstance affecting a member of the congregation. It does not do to preach at people, but we must preach to them rather than before them. Touching hearts, rather than tickling ears, is our sacred task. All this, and much more, must be with us as we set ourselves to choose the text.

Unless the message "bites" us, it is not likely to affect others. Nor shall we have any pleasure or power in handling it unless it is God-given. "The missioned maid," as Southey calls Joan of Arc, found her strength not only in being herself "missioned," but in possessing a sacred sword. She thought herself divinely armed as well as divinely called. She had

a vision and a weapon, both from God. This was superstition with her; with us it must be actual fact. That man's hand cleaves to his sword who has received that blade from heaven. A God-given text! Oh, to preach from no other! Lord, there is none like it; give it me.

Such a theme will be ours in answer to prayer. "Where shall I find a text?" cried one. "On your knees," said a voice inaudible to others. A theme to be worth having must be like Cain, of whom his mother said, "I have gotten a man from the Lord." The discourse that is preached from a "Cain" text will be an able sermon. If my subject is like Samuel, "asked of God," the homily delivered from it is likely to be honoured to instruct even Eli in the things of God. Tholuck well says, "Every sermon should have heaven for its father, and earth for its mother." It is when we speak a vision of our own heart that the word of the Lord is not with us.

When Samuel protests, "I will tell thee what the Lord hath said unto me," then even Saul exclaims, "Say on." May themes come freshly, but they must come from the throne, via the mercy-seat.

2. May thoughts flow freely. We want something more than the subject, but, when it is God-given, the rest is sure to follow. He who inspires the thought for the picture will enable us to sketch the outline, to fill in the detail, and to apply the finishing touches. Let us trust him for all. He will not leave the thought unclothed; the bones of the skeleton, and the flesh and sinews of the sermon, will all be forthcoming, and with them the all-essential life. But thoughts will not flow without hard work. C. H. Spurgeon says that he has made as many sketches

of one sermon as would last a month, but he dared not be satisfied with them.

It is well sometimes to take a volume and read awhile, as men pour water down a pump that refuses work. See to it that the book is likely to help,—not the latest novel. But honest, earnest thinking will surely be rewarded. If we do not think in the study, what will the people think of us in the pulpit? Nay, what will God think? It is awfully hard to listen to nothing, but that is the congregation's fate unless we use our brains ere we reach the meeting-house. May thoughts flow freely,—as freely as the limpid stream. Yet, though we would have our thoughts as pure as water, we do not wish them watery in any other sense.

3. May illustrations trip in nimbly. "Trip in!" My friend speaks as if metaphors were fairies. So they are, in some senses. They act like magic when they wave their wands. We would have our illustrations as fair, though not as airy as fairies. As fays give life to a woodland scene, so figures enliven a discourse. It is well if they "trip in." A fairy that has been hunted for and captured is a sorry object. So is an illustration that has been run down and forced in. There is only one thing worse, and that is an anecdote that has been manufactured on the premises.

Illustrations should trip in appropriately and spontaneously, because a stock of them has been laid in beforehand. "The harvest of a quiet eye" should be always standing ripe and ready for those who walk through the field to pull the ears and rub them in their hands. Illustrations of this sort are as windows in a dwelling. They lend grace to the architecture, and bring light to the inmates. But there need not be

too many, lest it be said of our over-garnished sermons as of a many-windowed mansion in the north of England :

“ Hardwick Hall,
More glass than wall.”

4. May signs follow abundantly. This is the main matter. All else is but as a means to an end. A sermon is not “done” when it is delivered, certainly not when it is only prepared. It has to be tested and practised. But if it has been received in answer to prayer, and moulded in the hands of the good Spirit, the result is certain. It will “go” all right if it came right.

What signs may we expect? First, rapt attention. Men must hear if God speaks through us. There may still be some triflers, or even a sleeper, but the more part will hear as for eternity. So was it when Jesus preached,—“the people all hung upon him listening” (Luke xix. 48. Rev. Ver.). There will be evident interest. The old women, deeply taught in the truth, will nudge each other, the aged saints will glance knowingly at one another, and the children will be “all attention.” Some who sit away back will dodge as we move, that they lose none of our words and gestures; others will lean forward, as if to get the message as early as may be. There will be a solemn im-

pression throughout the congregation. A hush from heaven will pervade the place. What joy to speak of Jesus then! This is the time for deep heart-searching. Cutting and probing are necessary work. What if some wince and others rage—these are true tokens. If God blesses, we shall see conviction deepen into conversion. The tears of penitence shall be lit with the light of faith, and transformed into tears of joy.

Or perchance the message is for consolation. The poor, the bereaved, the aged, must be comforted. This is holy work. Life is worth living if we can by any word or act make some one else’s sunset a little rosier. God grant we may be privileged to see the shadows pass from our hearers’ faces as we tell them of a faithful friend “right here” and of a home “over there.” If “every bullet has its billet,” every sermon has its socket, and, as the boards of the tabernacle fitted into their silver sockets, so every God-appointed sermon reaches some God-affected heart. We may have to tarry for these signs, but they will not fail us. Our Master will not fulfil to us the earlier wishes, and leave this last unanswered. These four are one. May you, dear reader, know them all.—S. S. Times.

L O V E .

Most men know love but as a part of life;
They hide it in some corner of the breast,
Even from themselves; and only when they rest
In the brief pauses of that daily strife,
Wherewith the world might else be not so rife,
They draw it forth (as one draws forth a toy
To soothe some ardent, kiss-exacting boy)
And hold it up to sister, child, or wife.
Ah, me! why may not love and life be one?
Why walk we thus alone, when by our side
Love, like a visible God, might be our guide?
How would the marts grow noble! and the street,
Worn like a dungeon-floor by weary feet,
Seem then a golden court-way of the sun!

—Henry Timrod.

OUT OF DOORS WITH THE ARTISTS.

BY CHARLES MASON FAIRBANKS.*



PARTRIDGE SHOOTING.

—By Hans Dahl.



HE paradise of the painter is afield. The town invites him back again when the time comes for working up and carrying out the ideas and the purposes that summer scenes have inspired. He must come back to the city to show his works, and lie in wait for the buyer whom he hopes to tempt with his canvasses. For the means for the summer outing must be contrived in the winter. Then it is that, reversing the habit of the squirrel, he must lay by the store of provision for the summer's wanderings.

It is not to be denied that studio life in an art centre has attractions and compensations of its own, social pleasures and professional associations, and above all a certain atmosphere of art in which is breathed incentive to work and new inspiration in following the ever distant and fleeting ideals of one's dreams. But after the long winter

*By courtesy of The Chautauquan.

of hard work in the studio or the class-room, the painter glows with eager thoughts of the country, that free, unfettered, unconventional realm, at home or abroad, by sea or wood or mountain stream, wherever the idle fancy leads his steps, and where every prospect pleases.

As the time draws near for this work-a-day holiday, this delightful season of lazy industry, the studio in town becomes a prison, until the rugs and hangings are packed away beyond the reach of moth and dust, and the artist at least is able to break away like a bird from its cage. Then it is, with a song perhaps unvoiced, in his throat, that he stretches his wings and soars in the ether of unalloyed delight.

For never so much as to-day has out-of-door work been appreciated by the painters. What was once regarded as a means of pleasant relaxation and, in a way, perhaps, an advantage to his art, has now come to be accepted as an essential to good work. Truth, not of the photographic sort, but the essential truth, the essence and spirit of

things, is what the painter seeks. It is not the bald physical fact, but the atmosphere, that he seeks to paint. And so it is that in the summer time and away from the city and the haunts and works of men, he goes in quest of impressions and themes for pictures, impressions to be set down on canvas while face to face with nature. And these sketches, instinct with truth, furnish him with materials for the winter's work in town. He comes back with new life in his veins, and his portfolio filled with



THE HAYMAKER'S REST.

—By Julien Dupre.

intimate studies of nature's moods and whims and effects, studies without having made which he could never hope to translate and express with truth those sentiments and emotions with which he is inspired.

There are men who pass for painters, and plenty of them, who are content to think out in the studio pretty, fanciful compositions showing nature as they fancy they might see her, but the eternal truth is not in them. To know the truth one must go to its source with a mind and eye trained to perceive the truth that is beautiful.

In the light of modern ideas it is a curious fact that the earlier artists utterly ignored or failed to perceive the light of heaven. There is a gloom and a leathery opacity in the landscape paintings of even the early part of the present century that contrast strangely with the *plein air* effects of the painters of to-day; and it is only within, say, twenty years that any general effort has been made to paint nature as she really appears to us in the open air. To-day it is an obvious proposition that one cannot attain to any measurably satisfactory expression of the shimmer and glare and iridescent mists of the landscape without much study of these fleeting and subtle effects.

That clumsy imitators of the *plein airists* have done much to discredit the faithful and sincere leaders of this open-air school only tends to show how needful is out-of-doors study at first hand.

This field work is not usually the making of pictures. It is for study and practice; for the

training of the perceptions and the acquirement of facility in the manipulation of the means of expression. Carefully studied sketches of bits here and there may be combined in part later into the well-considered composition, in which the summer's shorthand notes of colour, form, and effect shall be amplified and harmonized. By a process of judicious or artistically instinctive selection, the skilled painter may compose his picture directly in the open air, not copying the mere physical facts of the landscape, but catching its spirit and fixing his sentiment upon his can-

vas. Painting thus, his work is sure to be characterized by a verisimilitude and a brilliancy impossible to be achieved in the gloomy study.

To the painter whose art is his life, the delight of achievement is to be had in undertaking and mastering the delicate problems that nature presents to the devout student. Besides all this pleasure, which is an element of an enthusiasm for art, is to be added the ecstasy of living, which every healthy mind and body enjoys in freedom from the depression and environment of the town. May

Nothing could be more simple and direct than the telling of this story of labour and weariness of the flesh, relieved and gladdened by gentle, kindly attention. The peasant farmer's fatigue is shown in every line of the bent figure, and in the strong right arm relaxed and resting wearily on the knee. But there is recompense for the tired toiler in the ministrations of the sweet-faced woman who fills his cup with refreshment, and with joy, too, we hope, from her earthen jug.

Farm life, which is one of so much drudgery to the tiller of the soil, presents itself in a very differ-



HERD GOING TO PASTURE.

—By Anton Braith.

we not, in fancy, share in these joys as we wander free and far with the painters? According to his temperament, each artist paints what pleases his mood, be the sentiment bucolic, romantic, idyllic, domestic, festive, or restive as the sea.

Some examples are given with this article of the out-of-door work of certain well-known painters. They serve to illustrate in a way that truth to the spirit of the scene on which I have insisted. In the noble painting by Dupre, "The Haymaker's Rest," observe, even in the black and white reproduction, how finely the sense of open air and broad sunlit fields is expressed.

ent light to the painter. He finds picturesqueness and beauty in everything that to the weary toiler is but commonplace. How differently its beauties impress different minds may be seen by turning from the tender sentiment of Dupre's tired group to Hans Dahl's lighter fancy. "Partridge Shooting" describes the subject only in part, for the gallant sportsman has encountered finer game in his tramp across country. It is a glimpse of the light that sometimes comes into the peasant woman's life as she works in the field. The aching backs of the comely potato-diggers are forgotten for the moment in the

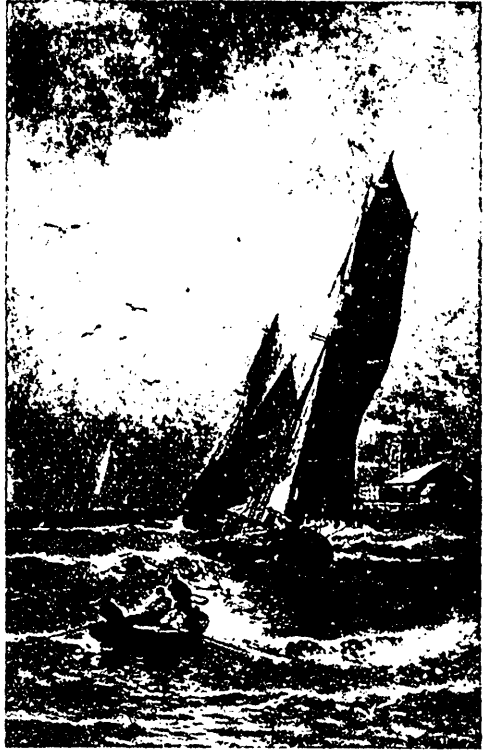
pleasant exchanges with the dapper huntsman from the town, which is but a romantic dream to these girls of the fields. The hunter, on the other hand, finds a fresher beauty in these buxom peasants whom he frankly admires.

Anton Braith displays strikingly original powers in painting other aspects of farm life. To him the cattle are more interesting than the maids, and he has shown here with great power, fidelity, and spirit a "Herd Going to Pasture," in the early morning, whose mists, not yet dispelled by the rising sun, soften the landscape with a diffused golden light.

Herring was an interesting old fellow, who began life as a sign painter, as many another clever artist has done, and whose love of horses was developed no doubt by his life as a driver of an English mail coach early in the present century. If he did not acquire a very high place as a painter, his works were very popular in his day, and are interesting now as preserving for us much detail of the manners and customs of former days.

Weber's breezy "Return of the Fishermen" treats of another phase of summer life, one that every painter is not gifted to reproduce, for the changing lights and incessant action of the sea require a shrewd eye and a dexterous hand to depict them. Weber is one of the most successful of artists in catching the picturesque features of maritime life along shore, and expressing them with an intelligent appreciation of the sentiment of the sea and of the perils of the hardy toilers who go down into the sea in ships.

There is less of the rugged realism of rustic life in the idyllic "Springtime" of Froschl, who has poetically pictured the beauties of youth in his painting of a thoughtful-eyed young girl, the chief figure in a scene of budding verdure,



THE RETURN OF THE FISHERMEN.

starling sweetly contemplative of the long calendar of unexplored to-morrows. Youth is serene and hopeful, and so, too, is the promise of spring.

A "May Morning" has a delightful out-of-door atmosphere. The trees are in bloom, and wild flowers bedeck nature's carpet at the feet of the fair young woman intent upon her book of love-songs, in joyous tune with which appear to be the silvery lake and mystical hills beyond, that form so fair a prospect for her hopeful eyes.

All of these examples are from the brushes of European painters of note, whose works have furnished subjects for study by American painters. It is unfortunate that we have not yet discovered that quite as good art may be produced in our own country, but the



A MAY MORNING.

—By Hermann Roth.

fashion that regulates these things still goes abroad for its pictures. The dealers, too, find it to their passing advantage to encourage this habit, for a European name often passes with the untutored American collector for intrinsic merit. Paintings by second and third rate foreigners may be bought in Paris for no more than they're worth, while the shrewd dealer is able to palm them off upon the confiding American as pearls of great price. A picture of but ordinary quality may be had on the other side for say two hundred or two hundred and fifty francs. It will sell for as many dollars here.

These discouraging conditions have stood in the way of the progress of home talent, but they have not destroyed it. A pride in native art works is asserting itself, and the summer work of our own men is beginning to tell.

It is the later-day habit of American painters to devote themselves more exclusively to the natural beauties of wildwood and plain in summer time than to a study of the figure, for models are not easily available in the country. It is a foolish practice of some clever painters, not having at hand a model to their taste, to do some pleasing rural bit with truth and sentiment, and then, in the winter and in the studio, to paint in a figure or two. The absurdity of this method is shown in that glaring absence of harmony and eternal fitness sometimes to be discovered in such compositions. The conditions of light and atmosphere and time of day which determine the quality of the landscape are not repeated in the figure, which appears to have been cut out of another canvas and simply inserted where it does not belong.

Each painter, according to his fancy, has his summer haunts, where year after year he delights to seek new beauties among familiar scenes. The summer school, too, has come to be an institution, the benefits of which are sure to be felt in our American landscape art. The little art colony over which Mr. Wm. M. Chase presides near the eastern end of Long Island, is one of the largest and most attractive of these. There the students roam about the low-rolling, heather-covered wild that lies between the sea on the one side and the beautiful Peconic Bay on the other, setting up their easels wherever the view attracts them, and painting away with a fine enthusiasm. They learn to see beauties in a region that the native has always regarded as weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable. Two days in the week Mr. Chase devotes himself to his pupils, criticising the work of the week before on Mondays, and on Tuesdays overlooking their work as they paint from nature. The training here is in seeing aright and painting aright, correcting the drawings where the forms are seen in ignorance, or, on the other hand, where they are set down with too much knowledge of detailed construction—for it is one of the difficulties that perplexes the beginner, the painting of things just as they *look*, under various conditions of light and atmosphere, and not as from a closer knowledge the student knows them to be.*

Roswell M. Shurtleff, N. A.,
our best painter of forest interiors,

* Mr. McGillivray Knowles has for some years conducted one of these in some of the most picturesque parts of Canada with marked success. Probably other artists have done the same.—Ed.

has a little house of his own on the edge of the Adirondacks in the beautiful Keene Valley, where he need not stray beyond the confines of his own preserves to find himself in the solitude of that splendid forest. There he goes eagerly in the early spring, and there, too, he lingers fondly till the winter snows drive him back to his city studio.

Edward Moran sets up his easel on the crags of the Grand Manan, at the mouth of the Bay of Fundy, and Mr. Rehn, another painter of the shore and sea, spends his busy holiday upon the boulders that give wild character to the Massachusetts coast.

All those who can pack off to Europe, where a summer in the galleries of France, Belgium, and Italy, or among the fascinating scenes of Holland, reveals to them new delights and sends them home in the fall with broadened views of the art of the world and new ambitions. Others content themselves with the town and its near-by resorts. One need not go far abroad for beauties of nature and effects to charm the painter-fancy if he has an eye for the picturesque. Almost any place affords something paintable if the artist himself has imagination. The humblest incidents and the everyday scenes about us may be transformed by the brush of the painter who views them with the spirit of the artist, and a sympathy which leads him to put himself into his picture. For it is not the great thought, but the feeling, that makes a work of art. It is and must ever be that very rare something that distinguishes the photograph by its inevitable absence. It is, in a word, Art.

ANCHOR OF THE SOUL.

I joy to have my anchor short
Within the precincts of the port ;

The wind blows fair, the tide is in,
I wait the signal from the King.

—Henry Turner Miller.

BARBADOES.—“LITTLE ENGLAND.”

BY THE REV. T. W. HUNTER.



A VILLAGE SCENE IN BARBADOES.

THE most eastern of the Windward Islands of the West Indies is Barbadoes. The date of its discovery is hidden in obscurity. It is said to have been known to Europeans early in the sixteenth century. In 1605, a ship called the "Olive Blossom," out of its course, ran in close to the island, landed a party of men, and in the name of the King of England set up a cross. In 1627, a London merchant, Sir William Courten, at his own expense, sent out some thirty or forty men with tools and provisions. Maize, plantains, cassava, etc., were introduced from the mainland of South America, and natives from British Guiana were imported to cultivate them. Thus the Island of Barbadoes started on its history, a striking and peaceful contrast to that of most other islands in the Caribbean Sea.

In 1640, a Dutchman who had been in Brazil taught the Barbadians the art of making sugar.

The sugar-cane was already grown in the island, but its juice was only used to make a sweet drink. Sugar-making led to a vast importation of slaves from Africa, until Barbadoes became one of the most densely populated countries in the world.

The island has remained in the uninterrupted occupation of the English, while all around, in the stormy times of the latter part of the eighteenth century, when Spain, France, and Britain strove for supremacy, most of the other islands repeatedly changed hands.

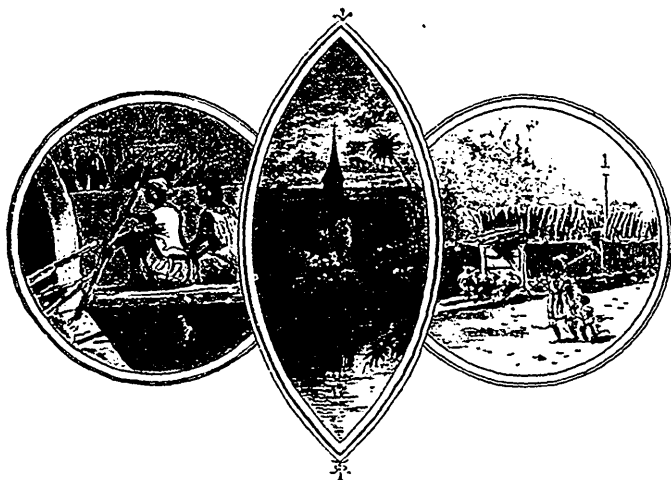
It is with the Island of Barbadoes as it now is, however, that this article is chiefly concerned. In these days of rapid transit and comparatively inexpensive travel, few voyages could yield greater pleasure than one among the islands of the West Indies. By the excellent steamers of the Pickford and Black Line, running every fortnight, I believe, from Halifax, N.S., or by several lines sailing from New York, the facilities are exceptional for seeing the wonders of the West Indies. As one after

another these islands break into view, they appear like gems of matchless beauty, set in the deep, dark blue of the Caribbean Sea.

Of these islands Barbadoes is perhaps the least striking or picturesque. One misses the imposing grandeur of the mountains of Dominica, the bold heights of Martinique, the volcanic sugar loaves of St. Lucia, and all the luxurious fruits and vegetation of those islands. Barbadoes by comparison is flat, though running through the island is a high ridge of coral and limestone, sometimes facetiously

process of sugar-making, from the cane in the crusher under the windmill to the curing-house, where bags and hogsheads stand full of raw, crude sugar, dripping molasses through a trellis floor into the receptacle below. "Crack" liquor is a very agreeable drink. It is the pure juice of the cane after having been boiled and skimmed, and is a very common beverage with the planters.

Sometimes the children of a planter have a toy windmill—an exact model of that on the plantation, with rollers of about three



AMONG THE SUGAR CANES.

called the Highlands of Barbadoes. The coast line in many places is very bold and picturesque.

Barbadians proudly call their island "Little England," and are a loyal and patriotic people. Nowhere in the Empire do men step with greater pride, nor exult more genuinely, when British arms in the battles of the Empire are victorious.

The island is one vast field of waving sugar-cane, and just before the crops are ready to cut presents a very pleasing appearance. The roads are excellent, and one may make the tour of the island in a day's driving, calling at many old plantations, viewing the

inches diameter. Here one may obtain a still better drink of cane-juice, for the pith only is crushed, the outside being stripped from the cane, and the juice is white and most agreeable. The planters are very hospitable, and are always ready to make the visit of a stranger interesting and pleasant. One precaution is absolutely necessary, however, in driving about the white, glaring roads of the island, viz., a pair of very dark smoked glasses, otherwise one may suffer permanent injury even from a short visit, so trying are the roads to the eyes.

The island is dotted with negro



MARKET DAY.

villages, composed of wooden huts, some of them being very small and accommodating surprisingly large families. Straggling children everywhere hail the white man, with sublime faith in his generosity, and cry out "gimme a penny."

One of the most interesting sights, met with everywhere when driving about the island, especially in the early morning, is the huckster on the way to the city market with her headload of vegetables, fruit, cakes, or candy. Sometimes one comes upon a group of a dozen or so, grinning and chattering merrily, swinging their long arms, and striding along ten miles in the morning sun to town and back in the evening. They are always good-natured and respectful.

Bridgetown is the only city in Barbadoes—the Mecca of its 200,000 inhabitants. From seven in the morning until four o'clock it swarms with people, chiefly negroes, and then mostly women. Until a year or so ago Swan Street

was one of the sights, on no account to be missed by the tourist. Here used to gather the vast majority of the hucksters, each with her head load, borne in a large shallow wooden tray to and fro along the street, or resting on one knee by the sidewalk. Swan Street is a very old, narrow, tortuous thoroughfare, and when well crowded with loud-voiced negroes, and here and there a stupid donkey driver blocking the way with his cart, or struggling through fiercely, to the dismay and danger of the people, the scene was lively indeed.

This street afforded, in the days referred to, a perfect study for anyone interested in negro human nature, especially if he happened also to be a humorist. One could find more genuine occasion for merriment in this old narrow street in one hour than in a whole day in any other part of the island. A new law has been passed recently, however, by which the hucksters are no longer allowed to sell in the narrow streets of the city, but must pay toll and stand in the market. Nevertheless, scenes like Swan Street, on a smaller scale, are to be seen all over the city.



"LEAGUE LONG ROLLERS OF THE DEEP"—FISHING FLEET.

One peculiarity about the women of Barbadoes is that, almost without exception, they dress in white cotton. Early in the week their dress, and turbans are nice and clean, and the scenes in which they crowd together with boisterous mirth, are picturesque indeed. Many of them have but this one dress, and so have to stay at home near the end of the week clad in less seemly garments, in order to wash and iron their clothing for the services of Sunday.

Very little fruit grows in the Island of Barbadoes, and the immense population is dependent in this respect upon the other islands. Bananas, however, grow in abundance, and can usually be bought in bunches of half a dozen for a cent. Here and there a few oranges are grown, and in some districts are excellent mangoes, star apples, and sappodillas, also shaddocks and small green limes. The chief produce is sugar-cane, a large variety of splendid vege-

tables, and a small quantity of tobacco. The sweet potatoes, yams, edoes, etc., and the native peas, which grow on tall bushes, also the native vegetable pears, are among the finest and most wholesome things grown in the West Indies.

The people are by no means vegetarians. Porto Rican cattle are imported and of excellent quality. Here and there on the island, feeding on the scanty grass and climbing the rocky heights, strange, lean, brown-looking animals with ragged patches of something that is neither wool nor hair upon them, may be seen, and the tourist will be amused to learn that these are sheep. I do not remember ever seeing a flock of sheep, and only occasionally two or three, but most frequently one, tied to a stake by a long rope, the property of some poor negro, and being got ready with all possible speed for market.

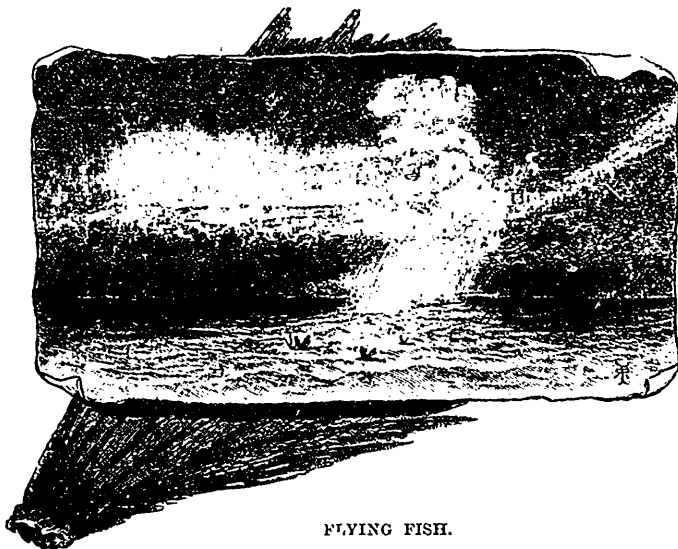
A famous dish in Barbadoes

with white and coloured people who can afford it, is sucking pig, or kid, cooked whole; usually roasted fowls and turkeys are plentiful, and fairly cheap. Salt fish, however, is the staple flesh food of the natives. This they cook with rice or vegetables. The negroes usually dine in the evening, and it is a common sight to see their fires burning brightly in the darkness immediately after the sun has set, and their evening meal of fish and rice cooking in a black pot suspended over a fire of wood.

All along the shores of the island

and shoals of flying fish are thereby attracted. A large net of some four feet diameter, bound on a light circular frame of wood, is used to scoop the fish into the boat, and astonishing loads are often brought into Bridgetown.

Most of the natives work on the plantations, and a certain incorrigible portion do nothing but beg or steal. Many small shops are also kept by black people, and here and there a coloured man of keen intelligence, and good breeding is found in a substantial and prosperous business. The rate of wages



FLYING FISH.

fresh fish are caught in considerable quantities, but no white man could long endure the sometimes sickening heat, the heaving of the sea, and the odour of the native boats. Fishing is followed solely by the natives. About seven miles out dolphin and flying fish are caught in large quantities. Dolphin are caught chiefly by trolling. Flying fish are caught in a very curious and disagreeable manner. A large quantity of putrid fish, which has been buried for a few days in the hot sand, is suspended in a net over the side of the boat,

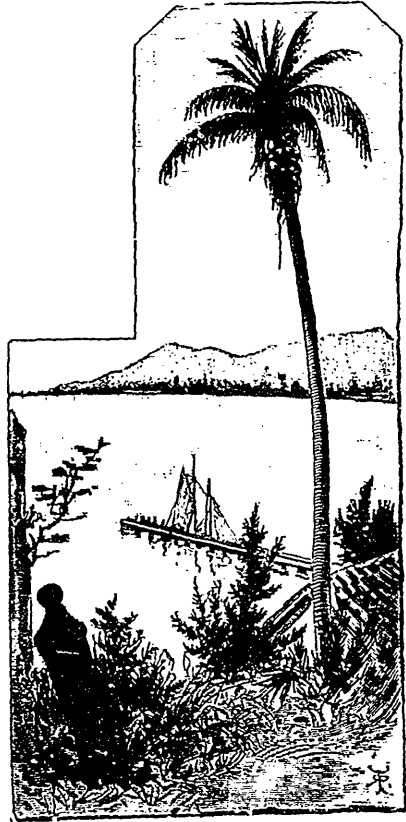
is very low. It is very rarely that a labourer can earn more than a dollar or a dollar and a half a week. Servants are paid about seventy-five cents a week, and keep themselves in food. How it is all done is a wonder, but on a dollar a week many a negro has to keep a large family. However, somehow this enormous population manages to grind along. But little clothing is needed, and that chiefly cheap cotton.

The moral condition of the island is on the whole fairly good. The courts are never lacking in excite-

ment and interest, but for the most part the cases are not serious, considering the hard conditions and poverty of many of the people.

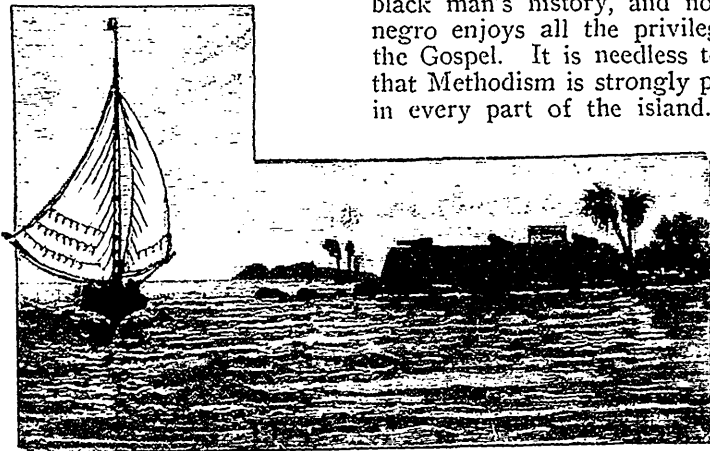
The negroes are everywhere a deeply religious people, and those of Barbadoes are no exception. The churches are many and the congregations good. The Episcopal Church, or as it is sometimes erroneously called, the Church of England, is here, as in the Old Country, established by law, and its clergy paid out of the treasury of the island. This used to be the case in Jamaica, but some years ago the Church was disestablished. This will, in all probability, happen some time in the near future in Barbadoes. It is painful to reflect that the poor negro had once no admission into this Church, and the Church had no message for the black man.

Methodism in this island first undertook the welfare of the slave, before his emancipation. A thrilling story could be written describing the planting of Methodism in Barbadoes, the destruction of its property by the enraged white men, planters and others, and the perilous escape of the brave missionary and his wife to Antigua. Method-

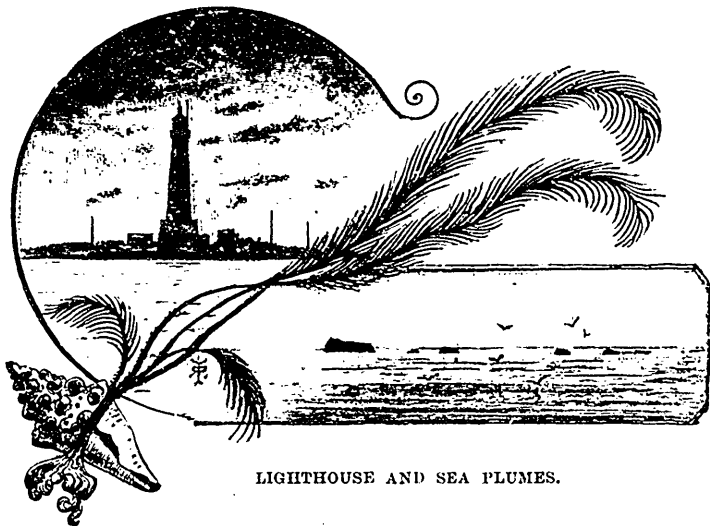


A LONELY PALM.

ism began a new chapter in the black man's history, and now the negro enjoys all the privileges of the Gospel. It is needless to add that Methodism is strongly planted in every part of the island. The



NATIVE BOAT AND OLD FORT.



Lighthouse and Sea Plumes.

Moravians, too, have borne a large share in its evangelization, and though they are not strong, save in town, still they wield a great influence for good.

The island is governed by a governor appointed by the Crown, under whom is a Colonial Secretary and a House of Assembly, partly appointed by the Crown and partly elected by the people. There is an excellent daily paper, the *Advocate*, and one or two other small weeklies. The hotels are excellent, and are supplemented by comfortable boarding houses. In the centre of the city are the Government buildings, and many old-established business houses, bank, and shipping offices. The streets are alive with people, the Carcena noisy with shipping. The buggies of planters and the slow-moving carts of donkey drivers make up a busy stream of traffic. Occasionally a team of mules, driven by shouting negro boys, and drawing a huge spider with hogsheads of sugar, interrupts the traffic in the narrow streets.

The well-to-do people of Barbadoes live in good style and in excellent houses, and are exceedingly hospitable. In fact, from all classes throughout this "Little England"

of the Caribbean, one meets with nothing but the utmost kindness.

There is a small railway, which runs from the centre of the city to the northern point, some eighteen or twenty miles. It used to be a source of much amusement to the islanders. Sometimes the engine would fail, or the driver want a piece of sugar-cane, or a hare or mongoose would be sighted and the train stopped indefinitely, until driver and fireman had returned from the chase. It is now a modernized and comfortable means of travel. The line runs for the most part through fields of sugar-cane, and fires from the sparks of the engine are of frequent occurrence. At the northern end of the island the scenery is beautiful indeed. The shore is a long stretch of silver sand, fringed with palms or cocoanut trees—the lovely sea changing its lights and shades continually, now green, now blue, rolling in whitening surf at one's feet. Now the shore is bold and rocky, with strange grottoes, caves and subterranean passages piercing the coral. Of these caves strange stories are told, some of them weird indeed.

Near the Crane Hotel stands a

strange square stone house, like some baronial hall in the Old Country, and dignified with the name of Sam Lord's Castle. It is still half furnished, and parties are admitted at a shilling a head, and are allowed the run of the house and grounds for their picnics. No one in the present generation seems to know anything authentic of Sam Lord, but many stories tell how he grew rich by wrecking ships on the reefs outside, by hanging lamps in the cocoanut trees and luring vessels to their doom.

In the city is a tram-car system, the cars drawn by mules. The most popular run is to Hastings, the great pleasure resort of the city. Once a week the military band plays, and on a short promenade in the cool of the evening all that is gay and beautiful and young marches to and fro. It is the Hyde Park and Rotten Row of the island. When the band strikes up "God Save the King," every hat comes

off, and the smart people of the island roll homeward.

All round the coast is excellent bathing. Sometimes a shark may be seen; in fact, from a high rock at the Crane I remember to have seen three large fellows on one occasion, but the danger is very small indeed, as the sharks do not come near frequented places. I remember, however, when a negro boy was bathing, a shark took off his left arm by the shoulder. The poor boy swam ashore, but died immediately on the sand.

And now adieu to this fair island. It abounds with pleasant sights, scenes, functions and hospitality. A busy, peaceful, well-governed little land, albeit passing through hard days of poverty owing to the sugar bounties of Europe and the cane's fierce rival, the beet. No one will leave it without regret, nor look back upon it without pleasant memories.



OFF THE SHORE.

 HARK TO THE WIND.

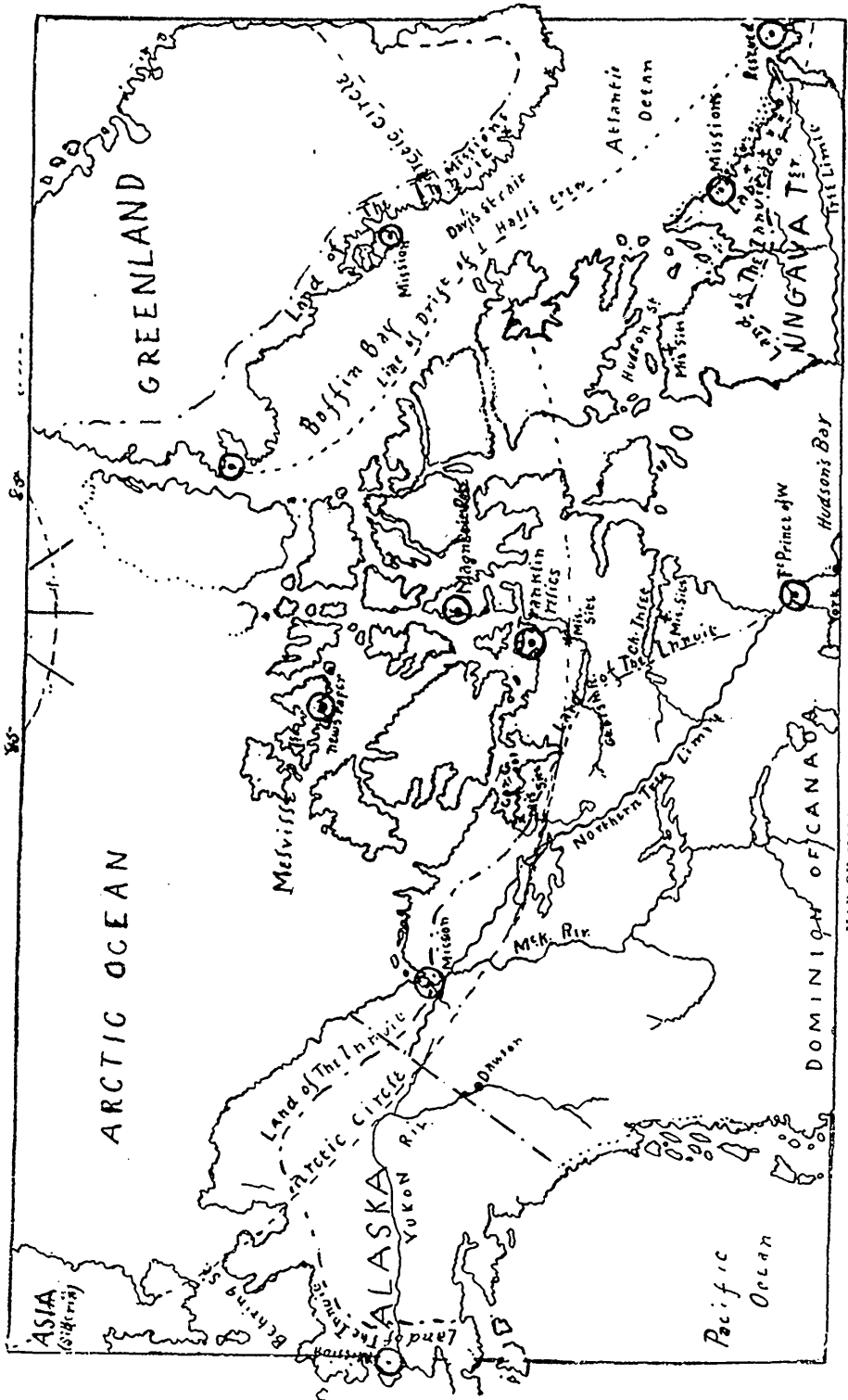
Hark to the shouting Wind !
 Hark to the flying Rain !
 And I care not though I never see
 A bright blue sky again.

There are thoughts in my breast to-day
 That are not for human speech ;
 But I hear them in the driving storm
 And the roar upon the beach.

And oh, to be with that ship
 That I watch through the blinding brine !
 O Wind ! for thy sweep of land and sea !
 O Sea ! for a voice like thine !

Shout on, thou pitiless Wind,
 To the frightened and flying Rain !
 I care not though I never see
 A calm blue sky again.

—Henry Timrod.



MAP OF NORTHERN CANADA, BY E. A. WIGHTMAN.

ON THE NORTH SHORE OF CANADA:
TRAGEDY AND ROMANCE IN OUR ARCTIC REGIONS.*

BY THE REV. F. A. WIGHTMAN.

I.

"I long to see the Northern Lights
With their rushing splendours fly
Like living things with flaming wings,
Wide o'er the kindling sky!"



CANADA is an extensive country, having an area about equal to the whole continent of Europe, and lying for the most part within similar latitudes. It would, therefore, only be natural to expect to find in so extensive a territory, a great diversity of climate. Intelligent people outside of Canada frequently fall into the mistake of regarding this country as almost entirely arctic in character. Having our southern limit at a point corresponding to central Italy, "the land of sunshine," Canadians do well to resent such an imputation. But Canada is a country with breadth as well as length, for stretching northward from the latitude of Rome to the most northerly mainland points on the Arctic coast is a distance of over two thousand miles, while large and numerous Arctic islands continue for at least a thousand miles farther in the "frozen ocean." Canada, therefore, has a part of her territory where Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Lady of the Snows" is no libel on the character of the country.

This feature of Canada is probably as familiar to strangers as it is to Canadians themselves; especially is this true of the character of these far northern regions. We probably know about as little regarding the details of our country in those high latitudes as we do of any country in the world.

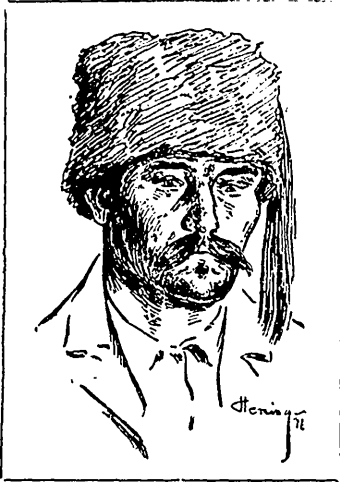
Stretching from the eastern coast of Labrador, and following the trend of the coast line north-westward till we reach the western boundary of Canada on the Arctic ocean, exclusive of the lower section of Hudson's Bay, and minor



A HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY TRADER.
The wooden goggles with the narrow slit are to prevent snow-blindness.

*The cuts are from J. W. Tyrrell's book, "Across the Sub-Arctics of Canada." By courtesy of the Publisher.

coastal indentations, we have a coast line of some three thousand miles in extent. The coast line of the Arctic islands would likely more than equal this distance, the whole for the most part being well within the Arctic Circle. While very little definite knowledge has been obtained concerning the larger portion of these very extensive coasts, in almost every part they are associated with romances and tragedies of the most thrilling and adventurous kind.



A. H. B. C. INTERPRETER.

Though this region now seems so distant, and almost unreal, because of its unfamiliarity, there have been times when it was prominently before the eyes of the whole world, even when our southern border was practically unknown. A glance at the map of northern Canada will impress the observer with the extent to which our Arctic regions have been explored. These almost interminable coasts have been sufficiently surveyed to be placed on the maps and charts with approximate accuracy. This work covering so vast an extent of difficult country and intricate coast line, was not accomplished by the

Dominion Government, or for that matter by any government. This, however, is a part of our story.

Several widely different causes led men early to seek these high latitudes, each of which has contributed something to the interest we now have in these regions. We will here treat each contributing factor separately.

The first of these is found wrapped up in the history of the great fur companies, which from 1672 to the present time have been more or less prominent in these parts. In this connection, however, we must confine ourselves to the special territory under consideration, namely, the far north.

Few posts of the Hudson's Bay Company are farther north than Fort Churchill, on the shores of Hudson's Bay, about 59 degrees N. Lat., and few persons have witnessed more stirring scenes than have been enacted here. This place, though now in a state of decline, because of changes in method and route of transportation, was once the American centre of this great enterprise. Life at a Hudson's Bay post, in the far north, in the early days, must under ordinary circumstances have been a continuous commingling of both romance and tragedy. Fancy a small company of Europeans, sometimes only one or two in number, shut out save for a brief week or two each year from the great world in which they had lived and moved, and shut in by wilderness and winter with hordes of savages and wild animals. Before them the great ocean, behind them the great continent, dark, pathless, sombre, silent, unknown, with no society, no wife, no luxuries and scant comforts, no news, no escape, with a cruel winter of eight months or more. The tragedy of solitude alone must have been, at times, well-nigh unbearable; and yet there was, after all, a charm and fascina-

tion in this life that gave it zest, and clothed it with romance, to a degree almost beyond belief. The departure of brigades for the interior with rhythmic stroke of paddle, and stirring song; the arrival of Indians with their furs, and the days of barter and revelry, amid the yelps of dogs and the wild, weird songs of men; the arrival and departure of the annual supply ship, all tended to give spice to a life already venturous in the extreme.

Mr. Warburton Pike says:

"A dweller in cities is too much wrapped up in the work of man to have much respect for the works of God, and to him the loneliness of forest and mountain, lake and river, must ever appear a weary desolation."

But there are others differently constituted, who find pleasure even in nature's solitudes, and he continues:

"On looking back one remembers only the good times, when meat was plentiful and a huge fire lit up the snow on the spruce trees; misery and starvation are forgotten as soon as they are over, and even now, in the midst of the luxury of civilization, at times I have a longing to pitch my lodge once more at the edge of the Barren Ground, to see the musk-ox standing on the snow-drift, and the fat caribou falling to the crack of the rifle, or to hear the ptarmigan crowing among the little pines as the sun goes down over a frozen lake and the glory of an Arctic winter commences."

These northern posts, moreover, in addition to these stirring scenes in their regular routine of life, have been at times the theatres where plots and plays of human life have surpassed even the ordinary life of interest and adventure. When we look at the little spot far up at the mouth of the great Churchill River, it seems strange that it should ever have been of sufficient importance to invite the gaze of kings and nobles and courtiers in deep solicitude, or that

fabulous sums of wealth found concentration and exit here. Stranger still that great nations should clamour for the possession of the Arctic solitude, and that fleets and forts and the blare of battle on the high seas, and by bombardment of bastioned walls, should ever have occurred in a region which to-day is so desolate and of so little importance to Canada, to say nothing of the world at large. But such has been its history.



SCOTCH-CREEE HALF-BREED.

WAR IN THE FAR NORTH.

Old Fort Prince of Wales, situated at Fort Churchill, must ever class with the great fortifications of our early history. Considering the time at which it was constructed, the present stronghold of Halifax is not, perhaps, more elaborate than was Fort Prince of Wales in its palmy days; and the bombardment and fall of Halifax would not mean more to the present than the bombardment and fall of Prince of Wales meant to the past. It meant all it possibly could mean, namely, the loss of the country.

The interests of the great companies of England and France involved their respective nations, and

on several occasions the title to the north changed hands and flags, as victory and defeat in turn attended their arms. In these contests the names of Groseilliers, D'Iberville, Raddson, Gillam, La Perouse, Hearn, Umfreville, and many others play their parts in loyalty, treason, heroism, commerce, and war, and all in the most dramatic manner.



A. H. B. TRADER.

A brief description of Fort Prince of Wales may give us an idea of the importance of this northern country, and the fierceness and determination with which these interests were defended. The old fort, now in ruins, is situated on a peninsula at the entrance to Churchill River, and was built entirely of cut stone. Forty years were consumed in its construction. This famous fortification is in the form of a square, with sides three hundred feet long, with bastions at the corners. Beneath its bastions and walls were mounted forty cannons, ranging from six-pounders to twenty-four-pounders. Its walls were of great strength, being twenty feet high and in parts over thirty feet thick. This immense structure was built after plans

made by Joseph Robson, one of the most approved military engineers of the times. He also personally began its construction in 1742. Opposite the Fort, on the south side of the river, was situated Cape Merry Battery, mounting six twenty-four-pounders, having also a lodge house and a powder magazine. To thoroughly man these extensive defence works a garrison of four hundred men would be necessary, and through the neglect of a sufficient garrison the great strength of the fortress, in an evil day, proved of no avail. Thus was added another incident supplying the tragic to its already romantic career.

Soon after the restoration of these forts to England, after having been captured by the French, war broke out between these two nations, and France, desirous of again acquiring wealth and glory in the north, sent an expedition under La Perouse with instructions to take Fort Prince of Wales. Samuel Hearn, who had attained prominence by his overland explorations, was at this time in charge of this important post. The position was considered well-nigh impregnable, but alas, it had now only a garrison of thirty-nine men! The flag-ship "La Sceptre," of seventy-four guns, drew up before the fort August 8th, and with only, it is said, a scurvy-smitten crew, though expecting stout resistance, commanded an immediate surrender. These conditions, to the great humiliation of the English, were, with little or no resistance, complied with. Taking possession, La Perouse spiked the guns, burned the barracks, partly destroyed the walls, and sailed away.

Mr. Turrell, of Ottawa, who, in returning from his explorations in the Barren Grounds a few years ago, visited the ruins, says:

"As La Perouse left the fort so did we find it. For the most the walls were still

solid, though from between these great blocks of granite the mortar was crumbling; the guns, spiked and demolished, were lying about on the ramparts and among the fallen masonry. In the bastions, all of which were still standing, were to be seen the remains of wells and magazines, and in the centre of the fort stood the walls of the old building in which Hearn and his men had lived. The charred ends of roof-beams were still attached to its walls, where, undecayed, they had lasted for the past one hundred and eleven years. Not a tree or other sign of life could be seen on the long, low, snow-driven point of rock, but there, with all its stately, massive grandeur, stood the remains of what had once been a noble fortress."

This is Canada's most northern battlefield for white men, and one of the most notable relics of the struggle for Anglo-Saxon supremacy on this continent, as

"The flag of England and the flag of France
Waved in war's alternate chance."

As we look upon its sombre walls we might fittingly inquire whether the romance of its history is now closed, or whether, when the far north is populated, and the Hudson's Bay route becomes established, will a new chapter in her history be begun? Will Fort Churchill then become a flourishing city, as Fort Garry did, upon the influx of population in the West? If so, may this noble ruin be spared the fate of obliteration which befel Fort Garry in the rush of human progress.

This was not the only scene of a warlike adventure in these northern wilds. Hudson's Bay, long after the tragic fate of its intrepid though unfortunate discoverer, maintained its reputation for scenes of stirring incident. Here the French seem, too, to have been more successful than in southern regions. It might be more to our taste to record British victories, but deeds of valour ever call forth our admiration, especially when performed by the people who share with us our common country.

A little to the south of Churchill, is the equally interesting site of York Factory, sometimes called Fort Nelson. Some fifteen years after the reduction of Fort Prince of Wales, when again the English had established themselves on the Bay, the French, in a brilliant naval encounter under D'Iberville,



BLOOD BRAVE IN WAR-BONNET.

wrested the Fort also from the British. Professor Bryce tells us:

"The expedition brought unending glory to France and the young commander. Though one of his war-ships was crushed by the ice in Hudson's Straits, and his remaining vessels could nowhere be seen when he reached the open waters of the Bay, yet he bravely sailed to Port Nelson, proposing to invest it with his one ship, the *Pelican*. Arriving at this station he observed that he was shut in on the rear by three English men-of-war. His condition was desperate; he had not his full complement of men, and some of those on board were sick. His vessel had but fifty guns; the English vessels among them had one hundred and twenty-four. Three English vessels, the *Hampshire*, the *Deering*, and the *Hudson's Bay*, opened fire upon him. During a hot engagement a well-aimed broadside from the *Pelican* sank the *Hampshire* with all her sails flying, and everything on board was lost; the *Hudson's Bay* surrendered unconditionally, and the *Deering* succeeded in making her escape. After the remaining vessels ap-

peared he landed a force and invested the forts, which soon fell into his hands."

Surely Louisburg, Port Royal, or Quebec, could hardly surpass these far northern scenes in the part they have played in the stormy times of our past history. Though partly inspired by the clashing interests of great trading companies, they are nevertheless a part of the story of our Dominion.

THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.

Another contributing factor to both the romance and tragedy of the far north was the effort so long put forth for the discovery of the much desired North-West Passage. From early times this dream had occupied the minds of merchants and adventurers in the old world. The Pope of Rome, having been pleased to grant to Spain and Portugal the exclusive right of exploration, east and west, in the more habitable regions of the earth, England was shut up to the necessity of discovering a north-west passage, if she was to share in the rich treasures of the "Spice Islands" of the East. Accordingly to the undiscovered regions of the North American continent the eyes of the nation turned in the hope of finding an open sea to the Orient beyond. In later years, also, the great Hudson's Bay Company became committed to this task, the obligation being incorporated in the charter by which its rights were held.

The Cabots were the first to engage in this mission in England's name, sailing from the port of Bristol in the year 1497. From that time until the last quarter of the last century many attempts were made to solve the mysteries of these northern seas, though latterly the object became the North Pole rather than the North-West Passage, this having proved impracticable. During this time some

sixty distinct expeditions of discovery or relief, involving scores of ships and the loss of hundreds of lives, and the expenditure of mints of money, were engaged in these endeavours. All, however, failed of their primal purpose. The saddest part of these bold adventures is that so many valuable lives were sacrificed in their prosecution. Yet the efforts put forth have not been wholly in vain. Very much has been added to the sum of human knowledge respecting the character of these well-nigh inaccessible regions.

It would be impossible to speak of the many thrilling incidents which have happened in these high latitudes; no story of fiction could excel the records of these voyages in this respect. The names of their leaders have become household words, and the geography of our country perpetuates such names as Frobisher, Cabot, Davis, Hudson, Walliston, Ross, Buck, Richardson, Franklin, and many others of lesser note. Among the vast array of heroic men, all of whose deeds are worthy of note, there are two to whom we will briefly refer: these are Sir John Franklin and Charles Francis Hall.

Before referring, however, to the tragic incidents in the adventures of these men, we may note a fact or two of passing interest. It is worthy of remark that James Ross, nephew of John Ross, and a member of his uncle's expedition in the ship "Victory," discovered and located the north magnetic pole. At that time it was situated on the western coast of Melville Peninsula, in 95 degrees W. Long. The situation of this pole was then supposed to be permanent, and was consequently marked by a cairn of stones. However, subsequent investigations seem to indicate that it is slowly moving westward, describing a complete circle around the astronomical pole in about six

hundred and fifty years. As the discovery of Ross was made more than three-quarters of a century ago, this mysterious centre, which seems to give birth to the Aurora Borealis, and around which they held their hyperborean revelries, has moved considerably to the west. It is, however, still in Canadian territory, and in a very real sense we may claim exclusive proprietorship of a North Pole. When the astronomical pole is found, Canada will be prepared to lay claim to at least one-third of it also. This might be regarded as constituting a monopoly in these phenomena of nature.

In the year 1818 Parry and Ross, with the *Hecla* and *Gripper*, were ordered by the British Admiralty to proceed up the Davis Strait to a high latitude, and then make the attempt to proceed in a westerly direction. These vessels succeeded in their mission so well that they

have been regarded as marking the epoch of modern Arctic discovery. By their discovery of Wellington Channel they were enabled to get beyond the 110 degrees W. Long., thus claiming the King's bounty of five thousand pounds offered for that achievement. But the fact most interesting to Canadians is that at the winter quarters on the shores of Melville Island, some six hundred miles within the Arctic Circle, they established a newspaper for the amelioration of their social condition. This is certainly the "farthest north" in Canadian journalism, or of that of any other country. A copy of the *Melville Island Times* of that date, now out of print, would be a valuable acquisition to our national museum. It may be remarked also that a more favourable season might have witnessed the discovery of the North-West Passage by these men.

THE ICEBERG.

BY EDWARD SYDNEY TYLER.

The Aurora decks my brow with flame;
Rose-red my crystals burn;
Out of the eternal deep I came
And to the deep return.
Borne of the herald winds I go;
The trumpets of the desert blow;
And round my breast I wear the mantle of
the snow.

Yet by the Polar moonbeams kissed,
A statelier robe is mine;
The silken raiment of the mist
Enshrouds me for a sign.
I am the eldest child of Death,
As that pale vesture witnesseth;
The unresting wave grows still before my
frozen breath.

And landsmen, far on Norway's coast,
Have seen my pinions white,
And wondering asked what strange sea-ghost
Went by them in the night:
As down those racing tides I fled,
A spectre from a world more dread,
Darkening a thousand stars with my tre-
mendous head.

Sometimes to my forlorn domain
There comes a lonely sail:
The rangers of the untravelled main
Who follow the great whale.

When the grey fog lies dank and cold,
Along a slumbering ocean rolled,
Into its shades they steer, with jocund
hearts and bold.

Till breaking through that fatal veil,
Athwart their bows I loom:
And the wind leaves their drooping sail
Before the impending doom.
Even as those parting mists reveal
The foe their wavering folds conceal,
My ponderous bulk descends upon their
shattered keel;

With crash of many a rending beam
And shriek of drowning men,
As the green billow's stifling stream
Floods the fore-castle's pen;
While I, of ignorant soul and blind,
Mute slave of a diviner mind,
Leave my yet gasping prey, nor cast one
glance behind.

Still southward, ever southward pressed,
By hurrying currents driven;
Till on serener seas I rest
Beneath a bluer heaven.
And as some guilty spirit dies
Before our Lord's accusing eyes,
Into the wave I sink, watched by those
cloudless skies.

BICENTENNIAL WESLEYANA.

I.—JOHN WESLEY'S LOVE AFFAIRS.

BY S. DWIGHT CHOWN, D.D.



MYTHOLOGY grows out of the persistence of the popular mind in its determination to see no faults in its hero, and to explain away everything which might look like a wart. It conduces to mental health and sound thinking, however, to relieve one's mind of myths and to know reality. I began the study of my subject with a somewhat mythical John Wesley in my mind. I close it for the present feeling that I have approached nearer the real John Wesley, and that he has not suffered by the light thrown into the chinks of his life. To me he lives as large as ever, and much more truly, really, and humanly influential.

In romance the approved line of conduct was—

“To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds
Until they won her.”

But in real life it is not so, and John Wesley loved at least four times before his marriage, with a love which, but for the tangle of circumstances, might have blossomed into matrimony. Like many a man of lesser note, he found too sadly that “the course of true love never did run smoothly.” The first fair maid with whom he fell in love was Betty Kirkham. Interesting indeed is the correspondence between her and her dear Jack. Her pet name was “Varanese” and his was “Cyrus.” How the happy affair happened to end so unhappily we do not know. Per-

haps while he delayed to press his suit, except with mild persistency, another stepped in before him; or it may be her practical father intervened and put an end to further intercourse between his lovely daughter and the handsome, talented, but impecunious young clergyman. All that seems certain is that she was shortly afterwards married to a Mr. Wilson (whose fame is to posterity obscure), and so Betty remained in Mr. Wesley's life only a bright, tender, and very likely a pensive memory.

About this time, Mrs. Pendarves, whose poetical pseudonym was “Aspasia,” capitulated to the manly charms of Betty's lover. There was no flirtation. The young widow and her admirer were downright serious. Strange to say, while travelling in other lands, “Aspasia” neglected her correspondence, and though afterwards profuse, it would even seem tearful, in her apologies, “Cyrus” stiffly ended the affair. In his adieu there is inferential evidence that she had wounded his feelings by taxing him with ingratitude, and, in his opinion, too lightly valuing his love.

Afterward came his touching escapade with Miss Sophia Christiania Hopkey, not the peer of either of his former loves in point of character or accomplishments. She was used by General Oglethorpe in Georgia to clip the wings of the soaring religionist. Wesley was invited to dine at the General's, and his refreshment, it appears, was drugged. He was made ill,

and history tells us Sophia Christiana was delegated to nurse his body, and at the same time nurse in him a passion for herself. The young lady attended him night and day. She even consulted the General as to what dress would be most agreeable to Mr. Wesley, and therefore came to his bedside always attired in simple elegance—clad in whiteness.

Upon his recovery Wesley entertained for his fair nurse a more than usual complacency; and no wonder, for had she not asked his assistance to perfect her French, and what was more appealing, had come as a penitent who desired to live the saintly life.

Wesley's true friend, Delamotte, was the means of delivering him out of the snare of the fowler.

After expostulation, he obtained Wesley's consent to leave the matter between him and Miss Sophy to the decision of Bishop Nitschmann and the elders of the Moravian Church, who advised him "to proceed no further in this business." The devout and loyal young Methodist bowed his head and replied, "The will of the Lord be done."

Referring to this crisis in his life, he remarks in his Journal: "For many days after I could not at all judge which way the scale would turn, nor was it fully determined till March 4th, on which day God commanded me to pluck out my right eye, and by His grace I determined to do so."

The issue of the trial he alludes to in the following very human words, "But being slack in the execution on Saturday, March 12th, God being merciful to me, my friend performed what I could not." Which, being interpreted, is that on this memorable Saturday, Miss Sophy, after only a few days of courtship, married a Mr. Williamson, and thus herself ended the

peril to him of an unsuitable marriage.

How deep the wound was may be inferred from the fact that long afterwards, in recalling the event, he recalled also the great pathetic text in Ezekiel, which at the time came to him as God's own word to his stricken heart, "Son of man, behold I take away from thee the desire of thine eyes with a stroke. Yet neither shalt thou mourn nor weep, neither shall thy tears run down."

In the midst of this trouble, he says, he "learned the entire mistake of many good men, who assert that God will not answer your prayer unless your heart be wholly resigned to His will. My heart was not wholly resigned, and for this reason I cried to Him the more earnestly to supply what was lacking in me, and I know and am assured that He heard my voice, and did send forth His light and His truth."

He had known Miss Sophy for one year. Three months after her marriage he remarked, "God showed me more and more of the greatness of my deliverance by opening to me a new and unexpected scene of Miss Sophy's dissimulation. O never give me over to my own heart's desires, nor let me follow my own imaginations!"

I hesitate to speak of his connection with Grace Murray, for it seems to enter into that which should be within the veil. However, the veil has been torn so often it could scarcely be more rent. She was "unspeakably useful both to him and his societies." Yet I think she was extremely weak. I apprehend that it was her sense of disparity between her own character and station and those of Mr. Wesley that led her to vacillate and finally forsake him, flying like a moth into the flame to marry Mr. Bennett. The disappointment was the great-

est trial of Wesley's life. "Grace Murray," he said, "you have broken my heart."

In the light of his matrimonial sufferings it has almost the pathos of an infinite pity that his brother Charles and others should have interfered with his intention of marrying this good woman. Yet had he done so he might never have said, "Gladly would I turn aside and rest, but eternity is near, eternity is near." He might have been too easily turned aside, to the great spiritual loss of his own and succeeding generations. The Righteous One seems evermore to be less careful of the individual than of the species. John Wesley's matrimonial unrest may have incidentally contributed to the spiritual rest of thousands. The disappointments and contradictions of life find adjustment and reconciliation in the supreme ideal of service. Notwithstanding the tangle of human life, God is in His heaven, and has not forgotten the world.

Thinking of the first three of these experiences, he wrote a poem in 1740, entitled: "Reflections on Past Providences," in which the following curious and somewhat pathetic lines appear:

"Oft as through giddy youth I roved,
And danced along the flowery way,
By chance or thoughtless passion moved,
An easy, unresisting prey
I fell, while Love's envenomed dart
Thrilled through my nerves and tore my
heart."

How intensely human all this is, yet it is the humanness of a good man. It does not lower the pedestal upon which his splendid moral character rests, though this particular facet of the diamond may not reflect the lustre of greatness with all the brilliancy we might desire. It makes us more ready, however, to accept his teaching, for it emphasizes the fact that he

learned in the same school of experience and as a man subject to like passions and limitations as Methodist preachers ever since.

II.—JOHN WESLEY'S CATHOLICITY.

John Wesley did not spring into the arena of history as a full-orbed mental and spiritual automaton. He reached his conclusions under the guidance of circumstances. He grew in wisdom and stature as a man, mistake and failure preparing him to apprehend the true perspective and the wider vision of divine truth. As he grew he steadily made his way to that curious centre from which radiate lines of illumination out to all essential truths. He attributes his changes of belief and practice to necessity. By this he means a high degree of expediency. Those who believe in Providence will value his conclusions none the less because they were reached under the pressure of events which became epochal in his life and in the history of Methodism.

John Wesley began his religious life as a High Churchman. He was not a full-blown Ritualist. Ritualism is partly a consequence and partly an accident of High Churchism. The essence of High Churchism consists in strong and definite views of the authority of the Church in matters of order and doctrine. Sometimes we find associated with these certain arrogant notions in respect to the relation of the Church to civil government.

• While in Georgia he refused to recognize any baptism which was performed by a clergyman who had not received episcopal ordination, and insisted upon re-baptizing such children as had otherwise received that sacrament. His rigor extended so far as to refuse the Lord's Supper to one of the most devout men of the settlement who had not been baptized by an

episcopally ordained minister, and the burial service itself was denied to such as died with what he deemed unorthodox baptism (Stevens, Vol. I., p. 81).

These views, with the asceticism he associated with them, show that he was in bondage to the letter, and that his faith stood not in the power of God but in the wisdom of men. Wesley's homeward journey in 1738 marked the conclusion of his High Church period. The violent prejudices of his education asserted themselves frequently afterwards, and indeed down almost to the end of his life, but they never dominated him in any crisis thereafter.

The first long step towards his emancipation was his acceptance of the doctrine, and obtainment of the experience of justification by faith. He was impelled in this direction by various events and influences. He was deeply impressed by the illustration of genuine religion furnished by a little band of Moravian passengers during a perilous storm on the Atlantic. Their perfect calmness and their tuneful spirits in face of apparent death were a revelation to him.

On his arrival in Georgia, Pastor Spangenburg faithfully taught him "the witness of the Spirit," and showed him his need of it. The quiet beauty of the Moravian life with its pious lessons found a sure place in his heart. His failure to convert the Indians in Georgia prepared him to believe that he was not converted himself. His study of the Mystic writers while returning from Georgia convinced him that "he had bent the bow too far by making antiquity a co-ordinate, rather than a subordinate, rule with Scripture; by admitting several doubtful writings . . . and by not considering that the decrees of synods and councils were of but human authority."

These considerations made everything but conscious internal religion seem mean and insipid, and prepared him for the more direct influence and efforts of the Moravians upon his return to London. Peter Bohler convinced him of unbelief, and sent him to his Greek Testament with the resolution to abide by the law and the testimony, whatever that might be.

Reading his Testament and reflecting upon the happiness and holiness of the simple Moravians, who testified to immediate deliverance from sin, drove him on to the crucial hour when the exceeding great and precious promises were so opened to him that, at a quarter before nine in the evening of May 24th, 1738, while listening to Luther's description of the change which the Spirit works in the heart through faith, he felt his heart strangely warmed, and entered into the assurance of salvation. From that time forth his catholicity was widened to accept as members of the Church of Christ all who had been "justified."

The genesis of this degree of catholicity is found in the matters just related; in the continuous experience of the saving grace of God, and his observation of its fruits in the lives of others.

But God had a still wider vision for His chosen servant. He had yet to learn that in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is acceptable to Him. The outward circumstance which impelled him to this more liberal view was the fanatical narrowness of certain Moravians, and those who came under the spell of their influence in the Fetter Lane Society.

Molther, a Moravian preacher, had insisted that no man had any degree of faith unless he enjoyed the full assurance of faith. This teaching provoked great disputation. Wesley soon found the mem-

bers biting and devouring one another. Vain janglings sounded in his ear wherever he went. This narrowness and bigotry reacted upon Wesley and broadened his views.

The Fetter Lane Society went so far as to resolve that Wesley should not be allowed to preach there. But he was not to be fettered in that way. He resolved to strike at the root of the grand delusion. He accordingly attended one of their love-feasts. He said nothing until the conclusion of the meeting. Then he read a paper summing up the controversy, and telling them how he had borne with them, hoping they would turn back to the Word of God, but finding them confirmed in their error he called upon those of the same mind with himself to follow him. He immediately withdrew, eighteen or nineteen accompanying him. "We gathered up our wreck," said Charles, "some scattered swimmers in the vast abyss."

John Wesley was confirmed in this broader view by the undoubted piety of Mr. Firmin, a devout Unitarian. In earlier days he had settled it in his mind that entertaining wrong notions concerning the Trinity was inconsistent with real piety. Yet as he "could not argue against matter of fact" he dare not deny that Mr. Firmin was a pious man, although his notions of the Trinity were quite erroneous.

From this starting-point he waxes very liberal. He doubted whether that arch-heretic, Montanus, was not one of the holiest men of the second century. "Yes," he adds, "I would not affirm that the arch-heretic of the fifth century (Pelagius), so plentifully as he has been bespattered for many ages, was not one of the holiest men of that age." He admired the piety of the best papal writers, and made some

of their works household books in Methodist families.

Stevens says:

"It was his extraordinary liberality that made him a problem if not an heretic in the estimation of many of his pious contemporaries, and his sermon on 'The Catholic Spirit' (which, by the way, is one of the fifty-two standard sermons), would excite a sensation of surprise, if not alarm, in many a modern congregation. Yet what modern theologian has held more tenaciously or defined more accurately the doctrines of spiritual Christianity?" (Stevens, Vol. II., p. 389, 390.)

Many of his own people would now fear the consequences of such unusual liberality; he himself did acts which might subject any of his preachers in this day to serious suspicion, if not to greater inconvenience.

We have seen that Wesley began his career believing that none but church people might be saved. He afterwards opened the door of the ark to those who had experienced justification by faith. Then, after further thought, study, and observation, he threw it so wide open as to admit all who feared God and worked righteousness.

You will have noticed that hitherto we have been speaking of the catholicity of John Wesley in respect to the terms of salvation and how he reached it.

We will now briefly glance at that large freedom of thought in respect to the whole field of theology which more than anything else marks his wonderful catholicity. We are all familiar with the fact that the rules of society contain no ecclesiastical or doctrinal test. But to impress the strength of Wesley's conviction as to the advisability of having no such test, let me quote his own words. In his "Thoughts upon a Late Phenomenon," he says:

"One circumstance more is quite pe-

cular to the people called Methodists, that is, the terms upon which any person may be admitted into their Society. They do not impose, in order to their admission, any opinions whatever. Let them hold Particular or General Redemption, Absolute or Conditional Decrees; let them be Churchmen or Dissenters, Presbyterians or Independents, it is no obstacle. Let them choose one mode of baptism or another, it is no bar to their admission. The Presbyterian may be a Presbyterian still, the Independent or Anabaptist may each use his own mode of worship. So may the Quaker and none will contend with him about it. They think and let think. One condition and one only is required: a real desire to save their soul. Where this is, it is enough; they desire no more; they lay stress upon nothing else; they ask only, 'Is thy heart herein as my heart? If it be, give me thine hand.' Is there any other society in Great Britain or Ireland that is so remote from bigotry? that is so truly of a catholic spirit? so ready to admit all serious persons without distinction? Where then is there such a society in Europe? in the habitable world? I know none. Let any man show it me that can."

It is evident he boasted of this exceeding catholicity. It was to him a glorious crown of rejoicing. He exclaims in his Journal: "O that we may never make anything more or less the term of union with us, but having the mind that was in Christ, and the walking as He walked." And yet again he asserts:

"I am sick of opinions, I am weary to hear them. My soul loathes this frothy food. Give me solid and substantial religion. Give me an humble, gentle lover of God and man; a man full of mercy and good fruits; without partiality and without hypocrisy; a man laying himself out in the work of faith and patience of hope, the labour of love. Let my soul be with these Christians, whosoever they are and whatsoever opinion they are of. Whosoever doeth the will of my Father, the same is my brother and sister and mother. Inexcusably infatuated you must be if you can ever doubt whether the propagation of this religion be of God. Only more inexcusable are those unhappy men who oppose, contradict and blaspheme it. (Stevens, Vol. I., p. 245.)

In the early Methodist Conferences they proceeded with a desire that every point of doctrine might be examined to the foundation, that every person might speak freely what was in his heart, that every question proposed might be fully debated, and bolted to the bran. They concluded that in speculative matters each man was to submit only so far as his judgment should be convinced, in every practical point so far as they could without wounding their consciences.

At the fourth Conference the question was asked, "Can a Christian submit any further than this to any man or any number of men on earth?" The answer was, "It is plain he cannot, either to bishop, convocation, or general council." And this is that general principle of private judgment on which all the Reformers proceeded: "Every man must judge for himself, because every man must give an account of himself to God."

In the early Conferences they avoided unnecessary dogmatics, and permitted perfect liberty of opinion as to practical doctrines. They sought to maintain sufficient orthodoxy for their high purposes by warm and glowing spiritual life, and by untrammelled discussion.

Writing to a Rev. Mr. Walker about 1756, Mr. Wesley spoke of the objections of some persons to subscribing to the Book of Common Prayer, and said, "They think it is both absurd and sinful to declare such an assent and consent, as is required, to any merely human composition." He adds, "I will freely acknowledge that I cannot answer these arguments to my own satisfaction. Your general advice to follow my own conscience without any regard to consequences or prudence, so called, is unquestionably right, and it is a rule which I have closely followed for many years, and intend to follow to my life's end."

In his sermon, entitled, "A Caution Against Bigotry," another of the "fifty-two," he lays down the test of a man's call to preach, namely, the fact of his preaching turning men from sin to a Christian life. If preaching bear this test, no diversity of opinion, no alliance with any particular party in the Church, no difference of church relations, should lead to anything calculated to stop him from preaching. Proposing the case in the strongest manner, he asks, "What if I were to see a Papist, an Arian, a Socinian casting out devils? If I did I could not forbid him without convicting myself of bigotry. Yea, if it could be supposed that I should see a Jew, a Deist, a Turk doing the same, were I to forbid him either directly or indirectly I should be no better than a bigot still."

I am sure I need not say a word more to show the amazing catholicity of mind and heart which possessed the great founder of Methodism. I have been able to direct attention to certain events in Wesley's life which marked points of departure in reaching wider horizons in regard to the terms of salvation. But the genesis of that catholicity of thought respecting the whole field of theological investigation to which we have just alluded I opine must be traced to causes almost entirely of an internal nature.

The primary cause is found in the influence of heredity. John Wesley's father and mother were born in Nonconformity, and became by conviction arising out of personal study members of the Church of England. It seems to have escaped popular attention that their ancestors were Nonconformists, and for generations suffered severe persecution in the cause of liberty. This suggestion opens up a wide field for reflection from which we must now turn away. We

have, however, every warrant for assuming that John Wesley's strong tendency towards the broadest catholicity of thought was generated within him by that untamed spirit of freedom which occasioned the sufferings of his forefathers.

Giving actuality to the generative force of heredity, we find three guiding principles prominently at work in determining the issues of John Wesley's life.

From the Moravians, as true Protestants, he learned not only the right but the duty of exercising one's private judgment in the interpretation of the Scriptures.

Another principle was loyalty to fact. He sometimes hesitated, but he seldom, if ever, refused to follow facts wherever they might lead him.

And he always was alert to discover the leadings of Providence, in which he had most implicit confidence. These three principles as the exponents of an hereditary and, as we believe, a providential bias, came alternatively or collectively into play during his career, and led him out to that catholicity we have sought to set forth.

We would simply notice before closing that there is a spurious catholicity which springs from intellectual conceit, or from shallowness of investigation or feebleness of conviction or moral laxity. Such inchoate thinking is not worthy of the name of catholicity. John Wesley yielded only to thorough investigation. His catholicity was the product, not of feeble thought or moral relaxation, but of vigorous thinking and religious earnestness.

May we not safely follow him? Would not the freedom he believed in conduce to the moral strength and intellectual power of the ministry of to-day? Has not the fear of honest investigation and statement fettered our minds, and tended to induce mental feebleness bordering, in some cases, upon

intellectual paralysis? Would we not be much more effective if we had "the courage to be strong," and if we were not haunted by the fear of a heresy hunt because we have been true to ourselves, and, as best we know, true to the truth? What we need to-day is not less but more of John Wesley.

It is easy to see that he would

be the foremost advocate of Christian unity if he were alive to-day. He was a true Protestant. The very genius of genuine Protestantism is opposed to denominational divisions. It has no place for them, if but the saving truths of the Gospel be spiritually held, and preached in the demonstration of the Spirit and with the power of the Holy Ghost.

THE FIRST EPISTLE OF JOHN.

BY R. WALTER WRIGHT.

Strong are the tides, and vast the stars' wide sweep—
Stronger the tides of Love that in the soul,
A great uncharted ocean, rise and roll;
Vaster the stars of Truth that ever keep
Their sleepless vigils o'er these waters deep,
And guide Truth-lovers to a certain goal,
As smallest arc describes the circle whole,
Or as the faintest flame doth sunward leap.
Love thou the Truth, O man! far, far above
The love of selfish joy or earthly pelf;
And love of truth to love of man shall grow,
And this to love of service; thou shalt know
The Master's bliss of ministry, thyself
Shalt prove love is of God, and God is love.
Beamsville, Ont.

MIDNIGHT.

Written after reading "Natural Law in the Spiritual World."

The vaulted canopy of time was still,
Gigantic midnight reigned with cold intense,
From every silent tarn in wondrous sense
The mist like smoking incense rose, until
Space felt with Earth the keen persistent thrill
Of armies building crystal cantonments;
And stars from theoried heights immense
Watched them geometrize at Nature's will.
So, once, our still crude race was bowed in awe
Before the casual facts of circumstance,
Or "Natural Law" was fetish to a clod
Who saw not "Continuity of Law,"
But we by Faith, the faith that presses, advance
That this unbroken sequence is but God.

--Silas Salt.

DUST THAT SHINES.

BY OUBLIÉE.

CHAPTER VI.

TOWARD THE WESTERING LIGHT.



In spite of all opposition, Reba insisted on two years' delay, and on going to fill her place as assistant-editor. Her grandfather was old and needy, and she must put him in more comfortable circumstances, if she accomplished nothing else in life. Eric Chester would have put him in ease and comfort, but she insisted on doing it herself.

But they were happy years. Life was so changed. There was so much to do and learn. Up to that time she had only thought of literary work; now she must think of the things of which other women think. Women became vastly more interesting to her. They were no longer beings to admire or condemn in her stories; she felt a tacit sympathy with them all. Her face was filled with that new beauty that love brings to the face of woman. Two years, too, of Eric Chester's companionship, and of the society to which he introduced her, had added little graceful touches of polish and refinement.

She was sitting just now in the editorial office waiting for Mr. Chester. They were going to hear the oratorio of the Messiah that night, and were to lunch at DeVaun's on the way. The December sunlight fell on her as she sat there, her ostrich boa thrown back on her shoulders, and her betrothal ring gleaming on her finger.

She was thinking of the visit she had paid to Eric Chester's Kentucky home in the early autumn. It had been such a revelation to her. She had thought of him only as a soul she revered and loved. She had never even stopped to think whether he was rich or poor. She knew he was clever and capable, and could make his way in the world.

But there was a wondrous revelation when she got off the train at that pretty village. An elegant carriage, a coloured coachman and a quaint little satin-covered lady awaiting her in the cushions. Miss Grudela Chester, Eric's maiden aunt! Certainly, though, Reba had nothing

to complain of as to lack of effusiveness in the dear little soul's greeting.

But if she was surprised then, she was more surprised a half-hour later, when the carriage wound along curving drives among fountains and magnolias, terraces, and statues, and stopped finally before the granite-pillared piazza of Elmhurst. She was taken first into the cool salon to see Eric's father, unable to walk for some years, owing to rheumatic trouble.

He looked, though, the picture of a hearty English squire.

"Well done! Brought her with you, have you, Grudela? Our Eric's intended wife!"

Reba wondered afterward why she, a cobbler's grandchild, was received without a murmur in this home of wealth. But then, as old Carlton Chester said,

"Eric's a strange fellow, and they seem mated like two birds. If he's happy, leave them alone. I never did believe in this tying yourself to somebody's money, when you've plenty yourself. Besides, she's a genius, anyway, and it's something to have a wife that's one of the cleverest women in the country. Why, Grudela, my dear, her name's beginning to be heard all over the continent. It's time she changed it to Chester."

And Miss Grudela smilingly agreed.

Reba wondered, though, sometimes, where Eric got that wonderful mind and soul of his; not from the coarse but kindly father, not from the quaint little maiden aunt. Then she saw a sweet face on the wall, his mother's face, and the eyes she loved looked down into hers and reassured her, here in his childhood's home. When the old man saw her he took her to his heart as his own child.

For his sake, unable to travel as he was, it had been arranged that their wedding should be at Elmhurst, and after a short continental trip they should return to the city of X—. Reba would have liked to have celebrated their nuptials in her own home-spot, but she acquiesced. Two months more and she would be Mrs. Eric Chester, of 91 First Avenue.

"And what darest thou, my love?" asked a voice in her ear.

"O, Eric, how you startled me! Oh, what a dreadful dust!" as he left

fall a pile of books and papers on the desk.

"I beg your pardon, dear. But really dust is part of literary life, you know."

"Yes, but see, Eric, it is dust that shines! Oh, see, isn't it beautiful?"

And he looked where she pointed at the little motes of dust, all roseate and purple and gold, dancing in the sun's rays above the old volumes.

"You sigh, dear," he said; "are you sorry to leave the life of an editor?"

"In a way, yes."

"There's a sweeter one ahead, though."

She smiled in answer.

"But really, Eric, it's time we went to DeVaun's. We were to have tea early, you know. I have to dress for the concert after we read those proofs."

"Dress! Oh, bother! You look nice enough as you are. Do you know, I've a feeling I should like to see you in that blue serge, some day, that you wore that night in the train."

"Why, have I not improved since then?"

"Vastly, but I should like to see Ducky Fo'ster from McCarty's slashin' just once again some day."

It was nearly time for the concert, and Reba was dressing in her room. Her Bible lay open on the stand beside her, "None devoted which shall be devoted of men shall be redeemed."

She half-chanted the words to herself, and a restless look came over her face. At first, when she came back to the city, two years ago, her Christian life had been even warmer than before. She realized that her moorings were loosed from her great life-purpose. The one great work she had planned she would never do. She must do the little things of every day. She saw the temptation to worldly ambition that beset the literary woman, and she knew she could only minister to the world as a writer by looking often into the face of God. She looked and the work that fell from her pen was like dew from the throne of grace.

But her name grew better known. Men praised, criticised, said her ideals were a little too narrow. Her religion trammelled her art, talked of purposes that cramp, "art for art's sake," etc. And unconsciously she yielded a little to the world's ideas.

It was yesterday a letter came

from the editor of a prominent religious publication in New York asking her to give her next story a "more religious tone." And this to have to be asked of a girl who was once a missionary volunteer! Was she drifting into the realm of merely amusing writers?

"None devoted which shall be devoted of men shall be redeemed."

She had redeemed her life. Was it to be a failure then? Yet was not the love to which she yielded sent of God? Yes, but, Reba Forster, there is no other woman to do the work you planned. It will never be done. But had she not asked God's guidance? Ah, yes, Reba, but you hoped He would guide you beside the man you love.

But to what use thoughts such as these? She would go to the Messiah to-night and sit beside Eric Chester, and their souls would soar together on the waves of music, as they had often done before, and she would forget—forget—forget—and bury it all so deep.

But the next moment she wished, with a strange inconsistency, that she were not going to the Messiah.

"It isn't music, after all, this music you buy at a dollar a night in gas-lighted halls," she said. And she longed to hear the nuts dropping on the slopes of old Ben Hor, to hear the frozen leaves rustle, and the wild-fowl call across the lake. That would be music to-night.

Then the cab lights stopped at her boarding-house door, not the house at 63 Barlow Street, but one on First Avenue, now.

There the words were in the cab lights again, "None devoted, which shall be devoted of men shall be redeemed." She could hear a voice echo them somewhere in the darkness of the cab. It must have been those words of Eric's that afternoon, about seeing her as he had first known her, that set her thinking. Evidently he saw a change in her, too. Was he disappointed? Yes. There could be no one more sensitive to her sinking than he. For she had never known man who walked more closely with his God.

A dash—a whirl around the corners, and they were seated in Beethoven Hall. She sat there like the other ladies around her, perfumed, proper, passive. The window was lowered from the top yonder, and one star shone alone in the dark night heaven. The white-robed choristers had

taken their places. It was the solemn silence of the moment before the music. She bent her head, and lo! the scene was changed, and these in white were the redeemed, and yonder great throngs of dark faces came up, and their eyes were upon her. Why? Ah, why? And still they came and looked at her—at her who once consecrated her life to their service.

A burst of music broke above her head, and in another moment she was out in the Bethlehem fields, under the stars by night, in the crowded streets of Jerusalem, by the mysteries of the manger, treading the fields of Nazareth, and the banks of Galilee, and, last of all, before a rugged cross at Calvary.

"He was despised and rejected of men."

The voice came back from the star yonder over the open window top. Had she despised Him for an earthly love?

"He was despised and rejected of men."

More distant and more sadly it died away in sounds that were softer than silence.

She gave something like a gasp.

"You are ill, Reba. You are deathly white. Let me take you home."

One! Two! Two o'clock, still she had not slept. Oh, why did all this doubt come to her now that she was within two months of her wedding day? She did not listen for the answer. She knew it. The doubts had come all along—but she had smothered them—ever since that spring night she loved so much and yielded to her love. It was only now in the last hour she listened to God's voice. But now she was really listening; and in the early dawn, a sleepless woman knelt.

"O God, if Thou dost not want me to be Eric Chester's wife, stop me even now, and send me to India, if Thou wilt. Thou canst do it. Put a barrier between us if Thou wilt, but oh, make it plain, Lord; make it very, very plain to us both. Thou canst do anything. Keep us from all mistakes."

And after that her face wore its quiet trust again.

The warm breath of the Kentucky spring moved the curtains now and again. It was the week before Easter, and the evening preceding Reba's wedding day. Great and

many were the preparations in the old Kentucky manor; the little ebony-faced waiters revelled in the unheard-of dainties of the kitchen, and the maids moved silently about, adding the last touches for the morrow. One thing only marred Reba's pleasure, her Aunt Hannah was unable to come owing to her grandfather's failing health.

They were to be married in the early morning, and the church was being decorated to-night. Aunt Grudela had at first insisted on a rehearsal, but Eric and Reba positively refused. They had, however, consented to dress and take their positions in the church to-night. So Reba was donning her bridal robe—a wondrous, spider-like silk, sent from India by Eric's uncle. She had never seen anything like its sheeny brightness.

"Strange though," she thought, "that the hands of India's children should be chosen to weave my wedding garment. Were there no other hands on earth to weave it?"

The little cuckoo came out from the Swiss clock on the mantel to announce the hour of ten. The night was passing, and at morn the wedding march, and after that the sea, London, Paris, and Alpine snows!

Eric's voice spoke at her door.

"It is time we went to the church, dear. It's after ten, and we must be up with the sun. You'd better sleep in that dress if you want to get any rest to-night. With all respect to my Aunt Grudela, this is certainly a spinster's wedding. There is so much tiresome fuss."

"Yes, dear, it was more like true marriage that night two years ago in the garden on Sandy Knoll," she said.

He pressed her hand in answer as they paused a moment before the carriage at the door, and the silvery night stretched far above them—so silvery and so far.

It was a magnificent church for such a secluded spot, but there were several wealthy families there, and the Chester subscriptions had done much to raise the little sanctuary.

Dr. Verne, a friend of the Chesters, was on hand to give away the bride. The minister was not to be present: they were only to take their positions. Had either of them any presentiment of what was to intervene ere the break of day?

Reba paused a moment at the church door leaning on the arm of Dr. Verne. Such a wonderful, gas-lit fairyland of silk and flags and gorgeous un-

known flowers! Strangely delicate vines trailed along the galleries, lilies smiled, fresh-broken from their stem, and orange blossoms glistened along the communion-rail. All was in readiness for the dawning of to-morrow, and the last workers paused to admire their evening's labour.

The wedding march broke the flower-scented silence, and Reba felt her head reel with a strange sensation of being carried away as Dr. Verne led her to the altar.

She had a vision of herself, a white-robed figure being led up the aisle past those windows painted with sacred scenes—Peter denying his Christ over the brazier of coals, Mary at the mouth of the sepulchre, and there, right before her eyes, as Eric took his place at her side, the Christ of Gethsemane in the dark shadow of the olive-trees. And her heart stood still: those pleading eyes, those outstretched hands! Then the church was suddenly filled; every flower had a face, faces veiled, faces careworn, great dark eyes that looked out through the foliage as through zenana shutters. They were looking at her bridal robes, those delicate meshes their hands had woven under the eyes of their idol gods. Where was the white garment of Christ-like holiness she should have taken them?

She shuddered, and the hand in Eric Chester's was cold as death. He grew frightened at her still, white face. Was it a ghost-bride he was wedding? A mocking dream in the gas-light? Her eyes were fixed on that picture of the kneeling Christ in the window behind the pulpit.

"None devoted which shall be devoted of men shall be redeemed." The words were chanted by unseen choristers above the wedding march. It ended; they turned away. Dr. Verne looked pleased, fatherly, and satisfied, the bridesmaids nervous, Eric Chester grave, and Reba Forster like a shrouded corpse.

"You are almost fainting, Reba. You are just completely worn out with all this excitement and form and fuss," said Eric, as he put her back into the carriage. "I declare these up-to-date weddings are an awful bore. Bad as attending one's own funeral. But, never mind, dear, very soon we'll be putting out to sea, with the sweep of the old ocean around us and no one but ourselves. That will rest you, dear."

To-morrow! Ha, to-morrow!

And as he talked the carriage moved

homeward through the Easter moonlight. They turned through the great gateway and up through the clusters of dewy magnolias, the prickly cactus, and whispering laurel-trees. A dark figure was fleeing across the lawn yonder with a strange suggestion of theft and of fear. It was probably only one of the maids, but Reba shuddered nevertheless.

"You are taking cold, I'm afraid, dear. You must get those clothes off, and get to bed right away, or you'll get no rest at all. It's a nuisance only having one east-bound train a day, but perhaps——"

"Hush! Look, Eric, there's some one in that shrubbery!"

"Nonsense, dear."

"But there is. It's a woman!"

"Well, suppose there is. It's one of the maids likely, or one of the neighbour women following our trail to hear if there's any 'billing and cooing' to gossip about. But you're nervous, child! You're trembling."

The carriage paused before the piazza. "Now, dear, go to sleep, and don't give a thought to to-morrow. The maids will call you in time."

She took off her bridal robes and spread them on the couch; the cuckoo clock was telling twelve. But her brow had changed from icy cold to burning heat. She felt that she must have the cooling air before she slept. She threw on a loose dressing-robe, and sat down by the open window, the midnight breeze fanning her gently.

"Lord, if Thou yet wilt have me go to India, put a barrier between us before to-morrow. For Thou only canst satisfy."

All earth was still and slept; the moon hung low and full in the east; the breeze died suddenly. A dark figure crept from the shadows of the laurels! Half-ghost, half-woman, it seemed. She sank with a listless air on the piazza steps, and Reba's eyes were riveted there. There was something in that helpless object that frightened her—terrified her—and yet allured her. It might be some one needing help. She would go down and see. Trembling in every limb she went. It might be a robber disguised. Aye, it might be some horrid creation in her dreams, that would arise and rend her limb from limb in her slumbers. For she was not sure she did not sleep. It was so spirit-like in its movements.

"Good-evening," she said, faintly.

The figure turned suddenly. Reba's

heart stood still, there is the piazza alone with the stranger.

One hand raised slowly, and the veil was lifted, and the moon shone full—upon a woman's face—a sad face, a face with the marks of sin upon it—but eyes yet beautiful, and a brow once fair, but prematurely aged. Reba's heart went out in pity to this lonely woman, whoever she might be. She had something of the bearing of a lady, wreck though she was.

"Is there any one here you would like to see?" she asked, kindly.

"No, thank you."

The woman said no more, and they faced each other in silence for one long moment.

"I came to look at you. I watched you to-night in the church. I am satisfied. Let me rest here a few minutes. I will go away and bother you no more."

But a look of horror had paralyzed Reba.

"You look like her picture—Eric Chester's dead wife!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" It was a wild laugh she gave. Then she lowered her voice suddenly:

"Hush! We must not talk so loudly. He would not marry you to-morrow if he knew I were living still, for he is one of the best men God ever made, and he——"

"But you do not mean to say you are still living! that——"

"Hush! I am dead to him. Let him think me dead. I ruined many years of his life. I perjured my oath of wifehood. I fell as low as woman could. I broke his heart, and when some one mistook the burnt remains of a stranger in that New York hotel fire for mine, identified me and buried me, I wept for joy that he was free. I went back once and looked at the beautiful monument he reared in Garthfield Cemetery. And now I only sought to see his wife. I did not come here with the intention of telling you this. I must be half-mad. There is something in your eyes that has drawn the story from me. But he must never know——"

"And you think I could take the marriage oath to-morrow knowing this?"

"Listen, child, do not be foolish. I am dead already to him. I have consumption, and my days are but few. You are good and clever and lovely. You will make him happy. You understand him as I never could have done. God bless you, if the

blessing of a sinful woman is ever heard."

The moon was sinking behind the hills. A moment more and all was dark. No one saw the change on Reba Forster's face.

"But come, rest to-night," she said to the stranger. "The little room next mine is empty. You will sleep there, and in the morning you will be the first to call me."

"Ah, yes, that would be happiness. You are an angel woman, and in the morning you will let me put on your beautiful bridal dress. Only the Chesters must not see me. I will be hidden behind the curtains, and when you are gone to the church I will escape."

So Reba led the poor world-stained wanderer to the purity of the blue-tinted chamber, pressed one kiss upon her brow, and left her.

But there was a cold, hard determination in her eyes when she re-entered her own room. She looked at the railway time-table.

"North-bound train, 4.40 a.m.," she said.

She took out the travelling suit she had come to Elmhurst in, dressed deliberately, packed a small valise, and sat down to wait—in the great silence with beating heart, while others slept.

She took one last sad look at her bridal dress, outspread upon the couch, turned her light low, and the two station-men that met the train for the north with their smoky lanterns exchanged amazed looks as a girlish form boarded the train.

"Why, Bill, wasn't that Chester's intended wife?"

"Hanged if it didn't look like her!"

And the train rushed on through the gray dewy morning back—back to the frost-bound north, where the winter lingered still.

Eric Chester awakened an hour later to find a little white note lying half under his door. He opened and read:

"Dear Eric,—Your wife is not dead, but living. She is asleep in the blue room. Good-bye, Eric. God bless you. We shall not meet again, but do not grieve for me. God is good. Good-bye. "Reba Forster."

Grandpa Bernard was down to the mill that day, and McCarty's men shot off fire-crackers in celebration of the nuptials of one of their neighbourhood.

But at midnight, when the little house on Sandy Knoll was dark, a

timid knock came to the door, and the poor girl sank exhausted and fainting into old Aunt Hannah's arms. She was too weak to be questioned then, and loving hands laid her to rest in her childhood's chamber on the night of her wedding day. The stars looked down on her bed through the little old-fashioned window-panes, the same stars that looked down last night on her bridal white hundreds of miles away.

She slept at last the heavy sleep of exhaustion and despair, slept all through the next day, and awakened to find the lurid shadows of sunset flooding her room. But He had not left her comfortless who comforts His own. The presence of Divine love was round her like a cloud. A voice spoke in her ear, "I will betroth thee unto me for ever." "I have bought thee with a price, thou art mine." "As my Father hath loved me, so have I loved you."

She gave but one sigh, and was at rest.

Years one, two, three, yes, ten of them; a returned missionary sat in a parsonage parlour in New York. Reba Forster had changed greatly. The slight figure had developed, the face had been darkened by India's sun, but she was infinitely more beautiful than before. It was the face of a satisfied heart. She had done her work in these ten years. She had got close to the heart of India's people; she had painted with her pen the life behind the zenana shutters till the English-speaking world saw it with their own eyes, saw and felt, and gave not only from their coffers, but of the noblest of their sons and fairest of their daughters.

But the ten years' toil had told upon her health, it was evident now that her work in India was done, though with a year or two of rest she might serve her own nation with her pen for many a day. She had completed that chapter of her life-work, and few names were more revered and loved.

As for herself she had learned that great secret that true love is of God, and love is one, whether it be that of mother for child, husband for wife, or Christian teacher for dependent disciple.

She had tasted, too, all the richness and sweetness of the love of Christ

that mortal may know, than which there is nothing sweeter given to men. Her heart had not gone hungry; it had been well-nourished. Blind infatuation there undoubtedly is that seeks satisfaction in but one human heart, but her love was of that more intelligent order that can wait for that other world where all love is purified of earthly dross, and where there are no barriers between soul and soul. It was certainly a serene face Mrs. Carthew looked upon as she came back into the drawing-room.

"Will Dr. Carthew not be back in time to occupy the pulpit this evening, Mrs. Carthew?" she asked, for she was to give a little talk from his pulpit that night.

"No, but the Rev. Eric Chester, the editor of *The Evening Fireside*—you've probably heard of him before—will introduce you."

A sudden thrill changed her face. Thus they were to meet again after more than ten years' silence. His wife had died many years ago, but he had made no attempt by word or line to call Reba Forster from the work that he saw clearly now God meant her to do. Yet she knew in all these years a heart on the other side of the world was beating with thoughts of her. She knew it as well as though she were told afresh each day.

That night a man and woman, whom the world called middle-aged, descended the steps of First Avenue Church together, with a love tenfold richer than that of youth. They were to be parted no more.

To-day two sweet-faced children are playing among the laurels and magnolias of Elmhurst. Eric Chester has gone back into the pulpit, and the world wonders whence comes, in middle life, this trumpet-like power to call men unto salvation. A sub-editor does most of the work of *The Evening Fireside* under Mrs. Chester's guidance, so they can spend most of their time in the old Kentucky home, the aged father and dear little maiden aunt having gone long since to the better land.

The day is nearly done, and Reba sits by her study window. She looks up for a moment, and the pen in her hand is still. Her children's voices are in her ear, and her eyes are toward the westering light.

The End.

THE COLPORTEUR'S LAST VISIT.

BY REV. E. RYERSON YOUNG, JR.



NCE again the old colporteur appeared in town. Most heartily was he welcomed by all those who knew him and had received his blessing in days gone by.

As a stalwart man, in the prime of life, he had first come with his wife into the bush of the Highlands of Ontario, and had hewn out for himself a little home and farm. He was not unmindful of the blessing of God, which was precious to his heart; and when Sunday came, he sought out his neighbours, some five, some fifteen miles away. With them he spoke of God's love and prayed. Leaving a tract and a benediction at every settler's home at which he called, he wended his way homeward, and on Monday morning resumed his work on his little farm. In summer and winter it was the same. He felt himself under necessity to visit these scattered sheep. He cared not to know any religious sect. The people had immortal souls; they were of God's flock. God loved them all, and wanted them to love Him. That was all that was necessary for him to know. Roads there were none; and bush paths are not always certain. Sometimes the snow was breast high, and the flesh called for a halt; but the spirit urged him on. In the settlers' homes he would pull off his boots and empty them of water and snow, and then, after warming his feet, and the delivering of his message and blessing, he would again pull on his big boots and go on his way to the next settler.

In his pocket he always carried a pistol, for the woods had many wolves and bears. There were wilder men, but in his presence they forgot their evil ways and vile words, and were silent until he passed.

To the Upper Canada Bible and Tract Society he wrote of the wants of his people, and from them he received a generous supply of Christian literature. These he gladly and

carefully distributed. His rounds came to be known, and, as the settlers increased in number, there were stated places of meeting. In this way, in the kitchens of the settlers, ten, twenty, thirty, sometimes as many as forty, persons would gather from miles around to meet the good man, to listen to him read the Word of God and talk to them of their personal duty and religious privilege.

His Sunday walk grew to be twenty-five miles in extent, and after his evening service he had nine miles to walk to his home. In the wee, small hours, full of thankfulness to God that his people were doing so well, the good man returned, and then, on the next day, he went to his own farm with renewed zeal.

His sturdy, stocky, English form, with a heavy sack coat, long boots, and slouch hat, with chin clean shaven, but with a shaggy head of hair, which continued down the sides of his face, and under his chin, and wearing a full mustache, he was known for miles around as "Father" Douse, and "that good man who gives tracts."

The opening up of the copper mines in Algoma and Nipissing almost depopulated certain parts of Muskoka. Settlers who had been struggling with the bush and rock-strewn, rock-bound soil, finding it hard to get a living from the farm, suddenly remembered that they had mastered different trades. They had been blacksmiths, carpenters, boiler-makers, and miners, in England, and now that, to them, fabulous wages were offered for mechanics, they hastened northwards to the centre of mining operations.

Successful in farming beyond most of his fellows, the good man was not so much caught in the desire to make greater gain as by his solicitude for the spiritual welfare of the people to whom he had long ministered, and for whom he had endured much physical suffering, and had poured out so many heart-wrung petitions; he also left his bush farm, went to the mines, and resumed his trade of boiler-maker.

Caught in the grip of a greedy com-

pany, his Sundays, formerly held so sacred for religious work and holy meditation, were now wrested from him. To the men of mammon every day is alike, and ore—rich, glistening ore—they must have. So the men must work Sunday as Saturday, or else lose their job.

As did his flock, so did the good man. He bowed his shoulders to the yoke, but not a penny of Sunday wages would he use for himself or his family. From his friends, the Tract Society, he bought tracts, Bibles and other Christian literature. After his day's work was done, he would diligently visit amongst his fellow-workmen, and to them he gave tracts and Testaments. To the few—oh, so few—for the grip of mammon is crushing to spiritual aspiration), who would listen, the good man would talk of the life that is to be lived in Jesus.

The miners multiplied, the people greatly increased, and he could not visit them all. To his faithful and godly helpmeet he allotted certain sections to visit, to pray with, and to enrich with gifts of good reading matter.

He went to the foreigners as well as to English-speaking people. He sought to place a New Testament of his native tongue in the house of each man. French, Finlanders, Germans, Italians, and Poles learned to know him as a friend. He loved them all, prayed for all, and to all who would receive he gave.

The poor, ignorant French-Canadians called forth his greatest commiseration, prayer, and pity.

"Go from my door," said a French-Canadian. "Me no want tract. He no good. Come not here."

"Must I put a stone against your door," said the good old man, with a pained look on his face.

"What that you say?"

"Must I put a stone against your door, mark it as a place not to be called at? Must I never come to see you at all?"

"You break my heart. Come in."

And in the good man went, and, ere he left, he prayed with the family and gave them his benediction.

In his face an irate priest tore one of his tracts into little pieces, and gave it to the winds, but he said not a word. He only went on doing good as he could.

The priest-influence he found simply crushing, not only to religious teach-

ing, but also to all Scripture reading and general intelligence. To the Anglo-Saxons, the Church of Rome boasts an "open" Bible, adding that it needs a priest to interpret it; but from the French-Canadians, the Roman Church most assiduously keeps the Bible. It keeps the people under a spell that is difficult for intelligent free men to comprehend.

Thrifty and economical, the French-Canadians are also light-hearted, and have no fondness for heavy work. The terror of "fines," whether in Church or State, keeps many within the pale of the law and the orders of the priest.

One young man greatly interested "Father" Douse, and, on hearing that the young man was going to get married, he left with the family a beautiful Bible as a wedding present.

When the young man received it, he brought it back several miles to Mr. Douse, and begged him to take it back.

"I can't receive it," he pleaded.

"Why not?"

"He cost me too much."

"But I give it to you."

"Yes, but de priest, he fine. Me no money to marry and pay for de Bible, too."

"But it will be a good thing for your home."

The rich, dark eyes of the Frenchman filled with terror.

"No, no, you good man, dough de priest he say not so. Me say so. But me no more pay dan to marry. Ask me no more to take him."

Then, with a polite bow, he left the book on Mr. Douse's table, and backed out of the house.

The steady labour, with no Sunday rest, tells on all men, good and bad. The physical man cannot stand it, and he is sure to break down sooner or later.

After four years of this work, "Father" Douse had to give in, and was ordered away by the doctor.

Some time before his departure a schoolhouse had been built, and to Mr. Douse's delight a missionary had established in it regular preaching service.

Near Toronto Mrs. Douse had friends, and there they went. In a quiet little house the old people settled with comfort. After a year's rest, with returning strength, "Father" Douse became restless. He must again see his flock, and see how

they are doing. The "north country" was on his heart.

Visiting the authorities of the Upper Canada Bible and Tract Society he secured a position as a colporteur. His delight at this appointment was unbounded.

With his old enthusiasm he set about his new work. It was his old loved work in a new form. He was welcomed by his old friends, but he found that selling tracts, Bibles, and booklets was a very different thing to the privilege he formerly had of giving them away. Still he persisted, and extended his operations over a very large part of what is known as New Ontario. To lumber camps, mining settlements, supply centres, and railroad towns he went. He offered his Bibles and books, talked on personal salvation with any who would, and prayed with such, and left his blessing upon all.

Where prosperity dwells and riches increase, that strange complex mode of life, known as "civilization," grows quickly. In a few years the little schoolhouse was discarded for a much larger one, and a church was built for divine worship. A settled pastor had also followed the visiting missionary. The people had outgrown their miners' shacks, and many dwelt in houses of pretentious proportions and of modern appointments. So the new displaced the old. The "day of small things" seemed a matter of the distant past.

For several years the old colporteur paid the north country an annual visit. Then old age began to tell on him, as did the influence of such a life. Change of lodging, out in all weathers, and carrying heavy bags of books test the health and strength of men in their prime, much more that of old men.

Then two years intervened between his visits; but the old colporteur faithfully and pluckily did his work. He did not feel out of harmony with the new, growing life. He rejoiced at the progress; but his declining strength and the protests from home rose between him and his beloved work. The family physician had joined in the protests, and had forbidden him to go again. But he had come—just once more—for a farewell visit.

Over the whole field he had gone. His heart was warmed as he met the members of his old flock. They wel-

comed him to their firesides, brought their children to receive his blessing, and for them they bought his bright and helpful books. To those who were still too poor in faith and learning to appreciate good books, he persistently gave, and always gave with a blessing. A few faces he missed, they had gone "sweeping through the gates," quoting the prayers and blessings of the old colporteur with their dying breath.

With full heart, rich in praises to God, and fearful of no man but the cashier of the Tract Society, the old colporteur's face was now turned homeward. He was loath to go—so loath, God alone knows—one more call, and that to the pastor, a young man, spirited, aggressive, cultured, flourishing a university degree. The old colporteur was heartily welcomed by the young preacher, and he was ushered into the little study in the church.

After laying the old man's hat upon his desk, the pastor placed a chair before the fire, and urged him to warm himself, as November winds are cold. Then the pastor asked him about his health, his life, and his work. At first the old man spoke slowly, it seemed cautiously. He was glad, though, to be asked about his work. He had come to speak of that. He had a great burden on his heart, and he wanted the Lord to roll it on the shoulders of a younger, and, he trusted, a better man. A man of learning, the preacher was; a man of eloquence, he had heard. But he almost feared such a man—feared him while he respected him for his scholarship. He thought, like many another man who, though wise on other points, has failed here, and has misjudged his brethren, that a man of learning despises his more ignorant fellow-man, and is also lacking in faith. "Not many wise men after the flesh are called," is a passage of Scripture that has been most unfortunately used by those who know very little against some who know that they know very little more.

.With great solicitude the old colporteur wished for himself to know whether the young preacher was a man of faith and religious experience. Did he love his work and love his people? Did he love them with all their weaknesses, their ignorance, and their sins? His whole being was alert to find out the spirit of the

young man. He was open-hearted and generous, and wanted to be convinced that the young man's metal rang true. After some conversation he seemed satisfied, and rejoiced. Then he spoke freely of his work and of his hopes.

The hours passed swiftly. The dark November evening deepened into gloom. The colporteur was urged to stay the night. No, he must catch the night train. Turning abruptly to the young preacher, he said :

"Will it do any harm to spend two minutes in prayer?"

"Why, no. I shall be glad to have you pray with me."

Upon that little study floor they knelt. The old colporteur poured out his heart in simple, earnest words to God. He was bearing a task, a mighty task, in his usual way, bravely, faithfully, pluckily. The whole of his past swept his vision; the people whom he had loved, visited, prayed for, suffered for, in bush and camp and mine, were present. Would God not bless this young man for the efficient care of his people? Never again would he see them on earth. In heaven they were to meet. But faithful must be the one who shall lead, nurture, and sustain them. Many, oh, so many, were still without faith. God was great. His Spirit was equal to all demands made.

The young man was deeply impressed. His whole being was thrilled. No words can describe the feeling of humility, the hallowing sense of God's presence he experienced while that old, holy colporteur was, as it were, wrestling with God on his behalf.

The prayer ended. The old man secured his hat. The young preacher put on his coat and would accompany the colporteur to the station, though the old man said it was not necessary; but the young man persisted.

Outside the study door, the colporteur had left his two bags of books. As he picked them up, the young man protested; and seizing them, he carried them down the street. The two men walked side by side in silence, their hearts were too busy for words. They had but nicely reached the station when in steamed the train with its lights glaring sharply into the dark night. Before stepping on the train, and as if suddenly roused out of a reverie, the old colporteur put his two hands on the young man's arm, and said, with a whisper that sounded more like a heart-broken sob than a sigh:

"Never again shall I see them on earth. The Lord mightily bless you to them."

The first sentence was meant for God alone, the second for the young man; but the preacher heard them both. Then, taking his bags, the old man entered the train. The next minute the grinding wheels started, and southwards and homewards he sped. But it was homewards and heavenwards for the old colporteur, for he never left the train alive.

The young preacher watched the train out of sight with a new light in his eye. Then, with a deeper, holier and more terrible realization of the work that lay at his hand and on his heart, he turned to it with his new consecration.

Copper Cliff, Ontario.

THINE AND MINE.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

If there be good in that I wrought,
Thy hand compelled it, Master, Thine;
Where I have failed to meet Thy thought
I know, through Thee, the blame is mine.

One instant's toil to Thee denied
Stands all eternity's offence;
Of that I did with Thee to guide,
To Thee, through Thee, be excellence.

Who, lest all thought of Eden fade,
Bring'st Eden to the craftsman's brain,
Godlike to muse o'er His own trade,
And, manlike, stand with God again.

The depth and dream of my desire,
The bitter paths wherein I stray,
Thou knowest, Who hast made the fire;
Thou knowest, Who hast made the clay.

One stone the more swings to her place
In that dread temple of Thy Worth,
It is enough that through Thy grace
I saw naught common on Thy earth.

Take not that vision from my ken;
O, whatsoever may spoil or speed,
Help me to need no aid from men,
That I may help such men as need.

A FATHER'S MISTAKE.

BY FLORENCE LIFFITON.



REVIVAL meetings had been going on for more than a fortnight in the schoolhouse at Evan's Corners, when Deacon Dayley, driving along the country road, greeted Farmer Rogy, who was approaching him from a field at the south end of his farm.

"Good afternoon, John Rogy! You'd better get in and ride home with me. I'm just a-goin' to your house to set down my whole left on ye till the edge of the evenin', when I intend goin' on to the schoolhouse. I've been thinkin' a deal about ye, John," he continued, as the farmer sprang into the proffered seat, "an' I thought, now there's John Rogy, as fine a fellow as ever breathed, an' him a-cheatin' himself out of bein' a son of God an' an heir o' glory. He just needs the breath of the Almighty to quicken his soul, an' a power o' good would come to the whole township. An' as I mused and meditated, I said to my pony, 'We'll jog over an' speak to him about the matter.' So here we are—the whole twelve hundred pounds of us—an' mebbe you'll ask us to supper an' come along with us in the evenin' to the revival meetin'?"

"You are very welcome, Deacon," said John Rogy. "There is room in the stable for your pony, and Nancy will be glad to have you praise her pancakes. As to the meeting—I've been thinking about that myself. To tell you the truth, Deacon, I've been sorely perplexed about my oldest boy, and if there's anything in religion that will help me manage him, I'll be mighty glad to have it, no matter what I have to sacrifice."

"Your oldest boy!" exclaimed Deacon Dayley, "why! he ain't out of his cradle yet, is he?"

"He is six years old; and for his age, the wickedest child you ever saw. I can't do anything with him, and if religion will help me to save

him from the gallows, I'll be glad to have it, Deacon."

John Rogy's face showed deep feeling, and Deacon Dayley made no answer but an encouraging nod as the anxious father talked on.

"He seems set against me, and the more I reason with him the worse he gets. I never believed in whipping a child, but not knowing what else to do, I tried the lash. It wasn't any good; he set his teeth tight and has hated me ever since. I've always been kind to him, and he was fond of me until a few months ago."

"And what changed him?" inquired the Deacon.

"I wish I knew. I'd give dollars to know," and John Rogy lapsed into a silence, from which he roused to assist the corpulent old deacon out of the buggy and up the front steps of his own comfortable home.

That evening John Rogy "experienced religion." He gave himself honestly to God the Father through Jesus Christ the Son, and in his soul he felt the pledge of sonship. From the depths he prayed to be made a wise father, and that his little Jimmy might be reconciled to him as he was to God.

Hearty were the simple praises that went up to heaven as John Rogy acknowledged his determination and his new spiritual life, and as he walked home alone through the moonlight, the whole perplexed question seemed easy to him. It would all be answered—all his heart's cry—and he began to praise God by faith for the love of his little boy; for John had sorely missed the trustful glances and loving confidences of his first-born.

Always a reserved child, little Jimmy was now vicious and cruel with an astuteness that baffled the vigilance of his elders.

"That child will disgrace us all; I should not be surprised if he comes to the gallows," was an expression which came dolefully from Aunt Hannah, at least semi-weekly, at which, though beyond his comprehension, Jimmy would look defiant, and toss his head like a young colt.

He was too young to understand

what it meant when his father established family worship the morning after his conversion, nevertheless John Rogy felt the chill of disappointment when, venturing to draw his little son lovingly to his side, he was repelled by a vociferous "Leave me alone, you!"

To his chamber the sturdy farmer strode, and falling on his knees he lifted his arms high and prayed till the sweat stood out on his brow, "O God, show me the way to the love of my little son."

After supper that evening he went with one of the farm hands to the orchard to examine the ripening peach crop, when the young man laughingly exclaimed, pointing to some broken ground, "See where the nigger baby grew?"

"Why! what do you mean, Ned?" inquired John.

"Don't you remember the evening you told Jimmy that nigger babies grew from black beans, and gave him a few to try?"

"I do not. Do you mean to tell me I said that to my little boy?"

"Why, yes, indeed you did, sir. We all thought it was fun, he looked so excited and serious over it. It all came from an innocent question of his."

"Well, what followed?" impatiently questioned John Rogy.

"Why, Billy Hood saw him digging up the ground here and planting the beans. Day after day, when the weather was dry, he brought water in his little red pail, and poured over the places where he had stuck small stakes to mark the spot. Well, sir, Billy and I walked all the way to the village and bought a perfect little fright of a nigger doll, and planted it by moonlight beside one of his stakes. In the morning we hid in that clump of bushes, and waited for him to come and examine his farm."

"What did he do when he saw it?" asked John Rogy, anxiously.

"Well, sir, he hurried away and brought a big stone from the old well and smashed it to powder."

"So my little boy became to all intents and purposes a murderer!" groaned John Rogy, conscience-stricken.

"That is what we told him afterwards. We told him if he should be found out he would be hanged. He was frightened at first, but his curiosity led him back to the spot, and

when he lifted the stone and examined the place he pulled up the doll's body."

"And then?"

"And then he flung it as hard as ever he could over the orchard wall, and turned on us as mad as old Henniker, the day he licked all the boys and turned the girls out of school."

"'You did that!' he cried, shaking his fist at me, 'and I hate you.' Then he flung himself on the grass and would not speak at all. We coaxed him to come to breakfast, saying his mother would be anxious and his father would be looking for him. Then what do you think he did, Mr. Rogy? He sprang to his feet and doubled his fist, and what do you think he said? 'My father is a liar, and I'll never believe him again!'"

John Rogy waited for no more. In a few moments he was in the little chamber where his son lay straightened out in his crib, the foot of which had been removed to make room for his increasing length. When he saw his father he pretended to be asleep, which John Rogy understood with pain to be a sign that his child did not love him.

Down on his knees went the farmer by the side of the crib where his son lay.

"Jimmy, my boy, I know it all—the story of the little black doll the boys planted where you had put in the black beans, believing what your father had told you. Jimmy, did I tell you that negro babies would grow from black beans?"

"Yes, you did," said Jimmy, vindictively, "and I'll never believe you again."

"Jimmy, my boy, forgive your father. He is sorry, oh, so sorry that he told you"—here John Rogy hesitated, but with sudden resolve pursued his course—"told you a lie. Forgive him, Jimmy, and your father will never again deceive his little son. Jimmy, I am going to do right always, if I can, only help me, Jimmy. Love me, my little son."

Slowly the little fellow's arms had been lifted, and slowly but surely sobs came in his chest; then the hands were clasped firmly about the father's neck; and John Rogy, strong man as he was, shed tears of mingled repentance and rejoicing over the reconciliation.

But though John was satisfied, Jimmy was not. "O papa, I've been bad," he confessed, sitting upright in his crib. "I pinched baby to make black spots, and I cut off Kitty's tail with the axe, and pulled the tail-feathers out of old Coxy. And 'twas me that put nails in Bossy's supper so that she choked to death. You see, I was a murderer, and I didn't care. Will you whip me to-night, papa? I'd rather have it to-night, so that it will be over. You will have to do it very hard."

"My dear boy, we are both sinners before God. He has forgiven me, and he will forgive you. And you and daddy will always love each other and help each other to be good."

Again the little arms folded tightly about the father's neck; and since

that night their mutual love and confidence have grown, until now, though Jimmy is a lad of eighteen, his father is his most trusted moral instructor, and his closest and dearest friend.

When John Rogy offered himself as a candidate for church membership he felt a tiny hand nestling in his, and met a pair of earnest eyes looking up at him with the question, "May I join the church, too, papa?" "Will you receive my little son with me into church membership?" asked John Rogy, of the officiating clergyman, "he is sincerely desirous to be a follower of Christ."

"I will," said the minister heartily, and all the people said, "Amen!"

Toronto.

POULTNEY BIGELOW ON THE BOER WAR.*

The United States Government of 1860 anticipated no difficulty in calling the slave States to order by the mere mobilization of 75,000 men and a few weeks of campaigning. Ultimately the Northern States had to maintain an army of a million men, and when the army of the Southern States finally surrendered in the spring of 1865 it was but a handful of ragged and empty-bellied soldiers, who gave up simply because they had no more food or cartridges.

What is all this war about? Is it right that it should go on?

The Boer thinks he is fighting for liberty. Yet the Kruger Government has never given more liberty than is granted to men of all nations in every British colony—not merely in South Africa, but in Canada, Australia, Barbados or Hong Kong.

The English flag is to-day the flag of local self-government and constitutional liberty, and no Joseph Chamberlain, no Cecil Rhodes, no Cabinet in London can pass any regulation that can curtail the rights of a German, a Frenchman, a Boer,

or an American anywhere in the vast extent of her colonial empire.

The Kruger Government was based upon granting privileges for manufacturing purposes, and excluding from the country everything that offered competition. This spirit went so far as to seek to exterminate the English language a short-sighted measure, for the English tongue is the tongue of commerce, and to train Boer boys in Dutch alone is merely to condemn them to a narrow field of activity. The German Government in Southwest Africa makes also the mistake of excluding the Dutch and their language, for fear that they might interfere with German progress!

The prejudice that now prevails against England throughout Europe, and especially in Germany, is founded largely upon ignorance. At Cape Town I found a German president of the Chamber of Commerce. In colonies like Singapore and Hong Kong I have found Germans exercising their full share of political responsibility. In various British colonies where I have met and talked with Germans on this subject I have found a full recognition of English wisdom in her treatment of aliens. In Canada the French language and Catholic faith are protected by the British Government quite as jealously as even a Frenchman could desire. And when it comes to protecting the natives of India or Africa against the exploiting tendencies of the

* We have had occasion to dissent very strongly from many of the presentations of American writers of Britain's contention in the Boer War. We have, therefore, all the more pleasure in abridging a recent article in *The Independent*, by Poultney Bigelow, M.A., F.R.G.S., author of "White Man's Africa," etc., on "The Boer War To-day and To-morrow."—Ed.

white man, the British Government is a model of philanthropy. The United States must blush when comparing her treatment of the black, yellow and red races with the treatment accorded to the same in English colonies.

During this Boer war large meetings have been held in England for the purpose of praising the Boers and denouncing Mr. Chamberlain for making war upon them. The mere fact that in the midst of a war that is carrying away thousands of brave Englishmen the public will tolerate open fraternization with the enemy shows that in the English people is a love of truth and fair play which official sophistry cannot wholly obscure. I doubt whether in time of war the people of New York would tolerate public meetings which gave comfort to the enemy.

England is passing through a severe trial. The Boer war has revealed a military administration that almost invites comparison with France in 1870 or Russia in 1877. Many of her officers have shown themselves imperfectly equipped for their duties. Yet in spite of it all the British soldier has marched cheerfully to battle, has died cheerfully, and in spite of all that has happened we have heard no cries of cowardice or treason! The British soldier has loyally supported his officers, and the British voters have loyally sustained the Government in spite of political leadership that is freely condemned in private.

Let us be just to England. Let us not attempt to draw up an indictment against a whole people. Let us believe that when the arbitrary rule of the soldier shall have ceased to be necessary there will arise in its place an administration capable of giving liberty and law to every man, from the Governor down to the poorest Kaffir. To-day, while passions are heated by recent events, it is hard to speak directly to those most immediately interested. But let us do what we can by aid of the public sentiment of the civilized world.

South Africa needs peace, and after that she needs unity. This war, cruel and costly as it has been, will not have been fought in vain if it be followed, like that of 1870-71, by a real union. It is this union which has made Germany prosperous; the same is true of Australia and Canada. South Africa needs railways, roads, bridges, and above all vast irrigation works. To-day there are but about one million white people south of the Zambesi. Before I die I expect to see ten millions. It is not vital what tongue they speak or what flag they fly, but it is of the greatest importance to us all that they be united and governed in the spirit of liberty and commercial progress.

There are some governments to-day which think that people cannot be patriotic if they speak well of other countries. It has its practical side, when it comes to raising money for military purposes; but in general it is a crime against Christianity, a sin against knowledge.

England has been for many years a refuge for the oppressed of all countries. She has steadfastly refused to deliver up political refugees, and has never allowed herself to become hysterical over the possibility of anarchism within her borders. She is not to-day the commercial dictator she was shortly after Waterloo, but still she continues to represent liberty of commerce, liberty of speech, liberty of the press, constitutional liberty of every form cheerfully shared with all those who care to partake of it.

William I. of Germany found refuge there in the stormy days of '48, no less than the patriots whom he subsequently drove into exile. Kossuth, Karl Blind, Arnold Ruge, Stepniak, Volkowski—names crowd upon me that suggest gratitude to England for what she has done to trim the lamp of liberty when it was sputtering to extinction in nearly every other country.

And so let us continue to criticise England, but—as brothers who love liberty!

Dear God! if that I may not keep thro' life
 My trust, my truth,
 And that I must, in yonder endless strife,
 Lose faith with youth;
 If the same toil which indurates the hand
 Must steel the heart,
 Till, in the wonders of the ideal land,
 It have no part;
 Oh! take me hence! I would no longer stay
 Beneath the sky;
 Give me to chant one pure and deathless lay,
 And let me die!

—Timrod.—"Youth and Manhood."

THE WORLD A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW.*

Mr. Wells is best known as the author of some remarkable stories of the far future, in which he indulges his scientific imagination with a skill surpassing that of even Jules Verne. The early part of this book is an anticipation of what the condition of the world will be in a hundred years. There will be, he says, an enormous increase in the size of cities, based on the proposition that the distribution of population will be directly dependent on transport facilities. When men had to walk to their work they lived over their shops, or very near them, when they could ride, the limit was extended. The trolley-car and commuters' train will indefinitely extend the urban population, till all of Britain south of the Grampians will be a suburb of its great cities. The same will be true of the areas within a hundred miles of large centres of population of Europe and America.

The horse will be little used in cities, to the great improvement of health and cleanliness. Rapid transit will be facilitated by automobiles, running seventy miles an hour, which will largely take the place of railways; indeed, the railways will often surrender their tracks to this new kind of locomotion. In the congested areas a moving sidewalk, with comfortable seats under a glass roof, will carry the crowds. Elevated galleries of shops and promenades will leave the surface level free for heavy traffic.

Suburban life will become a very highly developed and luxurious civilization, with elegant architecture and gardens and parks. Through the use of the telephone many branches of business will be largely decentralized; but the departmental store will reach enormous development, and some lines of trade will be highly specialized. The need for skilled engineers and artisans will create a wide diffusion of intelligence and manual skill.

Housekeeping by means of electricity will be largely automatic, and, except in great houses, will be mostly servantless. Multitudes of people will live in elegant flats and hotels.

* "Anticipations. Of the Reaction of Mechanical and Scientific Progress Upon Human Life and Thought." By H. G. Wells. New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 343. Price, \$1.80 net.

The author does not think that travel through the air will be very highly developed except in the tactics of war, when swift "air sharks" will lunge at each other, and scatter death and devastation far and wide. Long range rifles and guns will make men for eight miles at each side of the firing line live under imminence of death. The whole nation shall be trained for war—God forbid!—which will be an accurate science with little room for personal heroism or valour. The submarine boat will have little part in naval warfare.

In the conflict of languages French and German will preponderate—English, contrary to most theories, becoming less dominant. No foreigner will learn English to read Marie Corelli, or "The Helmet of Navarre"—but these are very poor and meagre types of the wealth of English literature. The centre of population will shift to America on both sides of the St. Lawrence. The German Empire will be shattered or weakened, the little nations shall disappear.

It is when Mr. Wells enters the sphere of morals that we utterly dissent from his vaticination. It is a cold, hard materialism which he describes, a mechanical survival of the fittest, that is, of the strongest. The weak, the poor, must be eliminated, the submerged tenth must be suppressed. "And for the rest, those swarms of black, and brown, and dirty-white, and yellow people, who do not come into the new needs of efficiency? Well, the world is a world, not a charitable institution, and I take it they will have to go." Criminals will be no longer coddled, but quietly put to death. The restraints of morality will be largely relaxed, marriage will be a mating for a time till a more congenial mate appear. Omar Khayyam will, in large part, take the place of the Bible.

Mr. Wells has not even speculated, he tells us, whether men will hold any belief in human immortality or not, certainly not the immortality of our egotisms, nor post-mortem state of rewards and punishments. His theory of civilization seems to be the base and sordid one—"let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." It would be a sorry outlook for the world's civilization if it were one of mere mechanical and material development,

with no moral and spiritual uplift and betterment.

For the Churches Mr. Wells has little use, except the aesthetic aspect of the dominant Roman Catholic architecture and music. The ideas of Christian altruism, philanthropy, and missions do not enter the scope of his thought. The yellow races, before they pass, shall have demoralized and dragged down the white one in contact with them. God pity the civilization of the future if this were its noblest outlook. Mr. Wells' picture is that of a Spartan hardness and coldness which exposes the weak and infirm to death, and glories in its iron strength. It is as stern and cruel as

that selfish old Roman civilization, described by Matthew Arnold :

“ On that hard pagan world disgust
And secret loathing fell,
Deep weariness and sated lust
Made human life a hell.”

Indeed, it seems little better than that primeval savagery of

“ Nature, red in tooth and claw,”
of

“ Dragons of the prime
That tear each other in their slime.”

In the sphere of morals, Mr. Wells exhibits a toplofty criticism, and a cocksureness of judgment that greatly discount the sanity of his views.

THE PROBLEM OF SOCIAL SALVATION.*

BY THE REV. N. BURWASH, S.T.D., LL.D.,
Chancellor of Victoria University.

Mr. Kidd is already well known to the reading public. His two preceding works have applied in a somewhat popular way the principle of evolution to the social and political development of the human race, and have attracted more than usual popular attention from their close relation to national, social, and individual life, and especially from their attempt to forecast the future. The present work is, perhaps, the most ambitious of the three, and is certainly full of human interest at once social, moral, and even religious.

The unique, gigantic, yet simple idea of the book is the application to the whole course of human history, past, present, and future, of the Darwinian principle of evolution, “In the struggle for existence the survival of the fittest.” It may be asked, Has he not already done this in “Social Evolution”? The answer is, Only to a certain point. “The survival of the fittest” is in itself an incomplete term. “The fittest” for what? Of course, “The fittest to live.” But even this is incomplete. What is it that survives? Is it the fittest, i.e., the strongest in the present struggle? Or is it that which is most fit for future life? Underneath the mortal

struggle for present existence, is there a continuous emergence of forms that are, perhaps, not the fittest in the present struggle; but have a fitness for the new and advanced life which lies just before?

The book before us can scarcely be said to be a scientific attempt to establish the existence of this higher law by the inductive method. In fact, it seems to admit that in the elementary forms of evolution this higher law can scarcely be discerned, and in the more advanced only by an observer whose vision penetrates beneath the surface of things. He, however, finds it making its appearance as low down in the scale of being as the more complex forms of physical life. He finds, for instance, in the death of the individual the advantage of the species, which, in this way, is continually represented by young, energetic forms, and is so constantly maintained at its highest point of average efficiency and perfection. The author, however, devotes but a passing glance at the evolution of physical life, and proceeds at once to illustrate his principle from the field of human history, and especially from the evolution of western civilization.

His demonstration here is, perhaps, not so much positive induction, as the negative method of pointing out the insufficiency of all theories of society and civilization which have affirmed the supremacy of the present

* “Principles of Western Civilization.” By Benjamin Kidd, author of “Social Evolution,” “The Control of the Tropics,” etc. Toronto: George N. Morang & Company, Limited, 1902.

interest of life as the motive force in human advancement. In various chapters he reviews the entire school of thought in psychology, ethics, politics, and economics, which builds upon this principle. In philosophy and psychology he contrasts the school which builds all human knowledge upon experience derived through the senses, with the transcendental principle introduced into modern philosophy by Kant. In ethics he contrasts utilitarianism with the Christian idea of divine and eternal right. In politics and economics the materials are not at hand for such a contrast, but the break-down of the "laissez faire" system of legislation, and of the competitive system in industry, is portrayed in very strong colours. As a result, it would seem as if the doctrine of evolution, by the free struggle of competitive forces, must, at least in this higher field of human life, ultimately result, not in continuous advancement, but in a final degeneration to the level of the lowest factor, from the moral and the social point of view. The hardest man will survive in the world of capital, and the man who can live on the lowest plane of civilization, or rather in the lowest pit of barbarism, will survive in the world of labour.

Mr. Kidd thus finds the world's hope in the matter of civilization in the transcendental principle which brings the influence of the future to bear upon world's advancement. This principle, which he calls projected

efficiency, is thus the world's salvation.

How this mystery of social salvation is to be accomplished under a law of cause and effect, it is not so easy to understand, and our author scarcely helps us at this point. The future does not yet exist to our world of time. The present may project its influence into the future through the successive links of being; and that may save the future. And that must be, after all, the author's meaning, as evolution ever moves into the future.

Whence, then, this undercurrent of saving influence? Is it merely a variation which, in a more profound way, proves itself the fittest? Is the real struggle of the world for the survival of its life deeper than its consciousness? Is the world only conscious of the destructive side of the process, and is the creative side beyond its consciousness? These are questions which the author leaves us to answer for ourselves, but with seeming hints which all point in one direction. He says, "The historical process in our civilization has reached the brink of consciousness." He designates that process as "cosmic ethics." He finds its beginning at the incoming of Christianity. Beyond this he does not go, but the Christian student is constrained to bring the whole into clear, complete light by the recognition of the hand of God in the evolution of human history, and of the Christian view of life as the world's salvation.

OUTLOOK.

Not to be conquered by these headlong days
 But to stand free; to keep the mind at brood
 On life's dark meaning, nature's altitude
 Of loveliness, and time's mysterious ways;
 At every thought and deed to clear the haze
 Out of our eyes, considering only this,
 What man, what life, what love, what beauty is,
 This is to live and win the final praise.

Though strife, ill-fortune, and harsh human need
 Beat down the soul, at moments blind and dumb
 With agony: yet, patience!—there shall come
 Many great voices from life's outer sea,
 Hours of strange triumph, and, when few men heed,
 Murmurs and glimpses of eternity.

—*Archibald Lampman.*

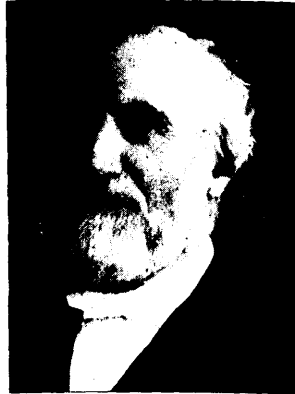
SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF CURRENT "NEW THEOLOGY."*

BY THE REV. EDWARD HARTLEY DEWART, D.D.



WE hear from time to time references to the "new theology." Certain preachers and authors are spoken of as being in sympathy with modern theological views. There is a good deal of pleading in behalf of keeping up with the results of modern scientific thought, in a way that indicates a desire to make room for some new views which it is implied deserve a favourable reception, though we are generally left in doubt as to what these new ideas really are. It is natural that these things should prompt one to ask: What historic doctrines are assumed to have become effete and obsolete? Is there a new theology? If so, what are its distinguishing characteristics and tendencies? It is somewhat difficult to give definite and satisfactory answers to these questions. It is quite certain that there is no such thing as a new system of doctrines with any claim to supersede the historic teachings of Christianity. There is nothing in the discoveries of science, or the results of modern biblical criticism, which requires the adoption of a new theology by Christian Churches. None of the great truths of our holy religion have lost their vital interest and adaptation to our human need. Humanity has not outgrown those sacred verities which have inspired the saintly and heroic souls of the ages in their work of faith and labour of love. The Scripture truths concerning God's character, man's condition by nature—his duty and destiny, the divine character and redemptive work of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the claims of God's revealed will to our acceptance and obedience, are still "the power of God unto salvation" to every one who receives them with a living faith. These doctrines are the unwaning guiding stars of the spiritual life of the children of God, for which no earth-born philosophy can supply a substitute.

* Reprinted by the author's permission from "The Bibliotheca Sacra," for October, 1901.



THE REV. E. H. DEWART, D.D.

But, though "the foundation of God standeth sure," every one whose ear is open to the echoes of the day must hear things which indicate something like a "new departure" in certain lines of theological thought, though the ideas suggested are too negative, indefinite, and discordant to constitute a system of theology. It is freely admitted that there has been in the past a development of doctrine. A restatement of doctrines is justifiable, when the meaning of Scripture is thereby more correctly given. Our methods of teaching and work should be adapted to the times in which we live. We should be ready to receive every truth that is duly attested, whether it agrees with our creeds or not; but it is a grave mistake to make speculative theories the basis of new theological beliefs.

EFFECTS OF SPECIAL EMPHASIS.

There is reason to believe that, in some cases, the idea that there is a new theology in the Churches results from the placing of greater emphasis on some truth or doctrine not at all new, but which has been neglected in the past. A clearer and truer apprehension of the import of some neglected truth may seem like the discovery of something unknown before. The teaching of the early Methodists was chiefly distinguished by the special emphasis of doctrines that existed

in the creeds of the Church, but had been largely ignored and neglected.

There is, however, such a thing as placing an undue emphasis on some one thing, that may be true enough within proper limits, but which may be so exaggerated as not to be true in the sense and degree in which it is applied. In such a case a truth may be so stated as to be untrue. When a doctrine, a method, or a duty is made a fad, which excludes other truths from the place or consideration which they should receive, some people call this a new theology, though the truth exaggerated may not be by any means new. It also sometimes happens that when a religious teacher obtains new light upon a question, or clearer grasp of some truth, he makes the mistake of fancying that because this truth is new to him, it must be new to other people. Sometimes such a one makes the still greater mistake of regarding his personal opinions as the tide-mark of human progress. He lives so much within the circle of his own thoughts, that he imagines his beliefs must be held by the whole community around him.

It may be safely affirmed of nearly everything that claims to be new theology, that "what is true is not new, and what is new is not true." There must be an element of truth in any teaching that receives the approval of rational men. It is this element that secures adherents. It is a notable fact that the teachers of all new beliefs begin their mission in every new place, with statements that are not likely to provoke opposition, or call forth objections from those whom they seek to influence. A very cursory study of the current theories, that have any claim to be regarded as features of a new theology, will justify what we say of their origin, and show that, when they are examined and punctured, there is nothing found to warrant the claim that they are newly-discovered truths; but in nearly every case they will be seen to be exaggerations of familiar ideas.

THE FATHERHOOD OF GOD.

Some things are said about the Fatherhood of God which will not bear examination. It is alleged that all men, saved and unsaved, are children of God; that this truth of the divine fatherhood was not known, or at least was but dimly apprehended, till it was revealed by Christ; and

that this revelation by Him has been overlooked by the Churches until made prominent in recent times. The facts do not justify these allegations. Though we fully recognize the fulness of "grace and truth" which came by Jesus Christ, we maintain that the Hebrew saints were not ignorant of the fatherhood of God. In the Old Testament we find such statements as these: "Doubtless thou art our Father, though Abraham be ignorant of us, and Israel acknowledge us not; Thou, O Lord, art our Father," etc. (Isa. lxiii. 16); "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him" (Psa. ciii. 13); "O Lord, thou art our Father" (Isa. lxiv. 8); "Ye are the children of the Lord your God" (Deut. xiv. 1).

A prominent divine in a recent magazine article says, that he remembers that, when certain preachers began to preach this doctrine of the fatherhood of God, "there was great anxiety lest the foundations of theology were about to be destroyed." This singular statement implies that this doctrine has not been preached till recent times, and has been regarded by some as questionable. The present writer has heard the fatherhood of God preached for over half a century, without ever hearing any objection as to its having any dangerous tendency. It is true, there are ways of representing the divine fatherhood which are justly objectionable. Such views as that this doctrine is at variance with future punishment, or that all men are by nature children of God, only they do not know it, till it is made known to them by baptism or in some other way, may be placed in this class. But objecting to some unscriptural caricature of this kind is not denying the fatherhood of God as set forth in the New Testament.

To assert that the fatherhood of God, in the sense that the wicked and the righteous are alike His children, "is the substance of the truth to which Jesus bore witness" while on earth, is a statement that is not justified by the Gospel records of Christ's teaching; and not in harmony with the words of the evangelist: "As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name." In the sense of being Creator of all, God is the Father of all; but in the New Testament the divine fatherhood implies a gracious filial relationship.

on the part of those who call Him Father; "for," says the apostle, "as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." To the unbelieving Jews who said: "We have one Father, even God," Jesus replied: "If God were your Father, ye would love me. . . . Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do." When, therefore, a conception of the fatherhood of God, which is declared to be inconsistent with the doctrine of future punishment, is represented as having become universally accepted as the faith of the Christian Churches, one is forced to conclude that those who make such a statement have accepted the creed of Universalists, and take the liberty of assuming that their belief is the universal faith. It is not necessary formally to disprove an assumption so contrary to the actual facts.

DISPARAGING INDIVIDUALISM.

All Christians believe in the application of Christian principles to the affairs of communities, as well as to personal conduct and character. Some social reformers, however, disparage individualism, and speak as if in some way society as a whole may be uplifted by the Church or the State. But society is made up of individuals, and is just what the character of the individuals who compose it make it. If the members of a Church are thoughtful, converted, consecrated men and women, that Church will be a powerful agency in the promotion of moral and social reforms. If the people of a nation are intelligent and virtuous, that nation will be distinguished by stability and progress. We have societies enough and to spare. There is no way of elevating communities but by uplifting the individuals of which they are composed. The churches should fully recognize and enforce the doctrine of human brotherhood. The ethics of the New Testament should govern communities as well as individuals. But masses of people cannot be raised to a higher plane of life merely by being shown what is right and told to do it. There must be the motive-power of right beliefs, and the gracious ability of godly character, before there can be truly right conduct in the life. It is only the good tree that brings forth good fruit. The greatest need of the Church and of the world to-day is, more men and

women who will be "living epistles," illustrating the truth and power of Christ's religion in all the relations of human life.

COMING BACK TO CHRIST.

A good deal is written and said about "coming back to Christ." It is generally by no means clear what is meant by this phrase. Sometimes those who use it seem to mean the acceptance of certain socialist theories, which they ascribe to Christ. The most natural import of these now familiar words is, that the Christian Churches have neglected or corrupted the teaching of Christ, and substituted some other authority for "the mind of the Master." Hence it is the duty of Christians to study His teaching, and to make it their standard of faith and conduct in a way that they have not done in the past. Sometimes this going "back to Christ" is put in contrasted opposition to beliefs and dogmas. But beyond question, the belief of what the New Testament teaches, respecting the character, work, and doctrines of Christ does not tend to render Christians less likely to trust and love Him, and to follow His teaching.

We should indeed frankly and fully recognize whatever truth there may be in these allegations. If any Christian teachers have gone away from Christ, and accepted some other standard of truth and duty, they should by all means come back to Him. But there is ground to question the justice of what this phrase commonly implies. It is freely admitted that Christians have not manifested the spirit of Christ's teaching in their lives as faithfully as they ought to have done. No doubt a fuller experience of sanctifying grace would give a truer insight into the mind of Christ, and a more faithful conformity to His will. But if the spotless Example, the unerring Teaching, the atoning Death and Mediatorial work of Christ have been faithfully presented in the preaching in our Churches, it is not justifiable to speak of these Churches as if they had gone away from Christ and neglected His teaching, until He was "rediscovered" by modern critical study. It is indeed the privilege of all Christians to "grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ"; but those who have trusted in Christ for salvation, and are living by faith in Him,

cannot justly be spoken of as if they were deserters who had lost the knowledge of Christ. The common Christian conception of Christ may have been comparatively imperfect; but it did not consist of erroneous ideas that should be renounced for new views of His character and teaching. With some theologians "coming back to Christ" seems to imply a questioning of the authority and trustworthiness of prophets and apostles, under the pretext of exalting the Master, who said, "He that despiseth you despiseth me."

DISPARAGING AUTHORITY IN RELIGION.

There is probably nothing so characteristic of the theological trend of the times as the rejection of authority in religion, including that of the Holy Scriptures. We do not mean merely the rejection of the inerrancy of Scripture or of any particular theory of inspiration, but the denial of the trustworthiness and authority of the Bible. This drift of current speculative thought towards the rejection of authority as a ground of belief is fruitful in practical results. There is a widespread restiveness under definite statements of doctrine and duty, and a strong desire for greater latitude in the rejection of old beliefs and rules of conduct. There is an undue exaltation of the human element in the Scriptures, and a corresponding ignoring of the divine, till the latter is largely left out of sight. Nay, more, in some cases it has come to this, that prominent teachers within the Christian Churches hold that whether the Scripture records, including what the Gospels tell us about the Lord Jesus Christ, are facts or fictions is a matter of minor importance, that need not affect Christian faith or piety.

This is as much as to say that those who reject the historic Jesus Christ of the Gospels may still claim to be His disciples. The poet Coleridge counted nothing in the Bible inspired, except what "found him." Some modern teachers appear to hold that nothing in the Bible has any authority for them but what they choose to endorse. They regard the Scriptures merely as the thoughts and lessons which good men of former times addressed to the people of their day. Many claim that divine inspiration was not peculiar to the sacred writers; but that it is possessed by all devout Christians, in proportion to their piety. Individual opinions are exalted to the level of the teaching of the prophets and apostles, in a way that would make every Christian an oracle to himself.

But it should not be forgotten that, as Christianity is an historic religion, its foundation facts must be received on the evidence of testimony. The rejection of the testimony by which these truths are attested is perilous to Christian faith. As the mariner who discards chart and compass and guiding stars is sure to be swept by adverse winds and waves out of the true course, so Christian preachers and teachers who disparage the truth and authority of the Bible, and speak not according to the words of "the law and the testimony," are sure to be found "teaching for doctrines the commandments of men." The theology, whether old or "new," which undermines the authority of the Holy Scriptures, or divests our Lord Jesus Christ of those divine attributes which make Him an all-sufficient Saviour, is misleading and dangerous, no matter what its claims to superior liberality may be.

CRUSADERS.

With leaping steeds and shrilling trumpet-blast,
 Glitter of spears and wind-blown banners blest
 A cloud of dreams of deathless deed and hest
 In domes and deserts where the East was vast,
 Rode the Crusaders. Far they rode and fast
 From heathen hands the Sepulchre to wrest;
 And kingdoms shook before their mighty quest,
 The bounds of empire changed as they swept past.

To-day, where sound of sorrow has enticed,
 Fearless, afoot, through mire of field and fen,
 Armed only with the mail of love unpriced,
 Where hosts flame wide or darkness makes its den,
 The glad knights seek the Sepulchre of Christ
 Within the bodies and the souls of men!

—*The Outlook.*

Current Topics and Events.



THE LATE CECIL RHODES.

AN EMPIRE BUILDER.

With the death of Cecil Rhodes, in his forty-ninth year, has passed away one of the great empire builders of the English-speaking race, a man who recalls the statesmen of the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth. He accumulated great wealth, but not for himself; he added vast territory to the British Empire. Of this man it is said he "thought in continents." To him more than any other man is due the conception of a great British federation in Africa and a British highway from Cairo to the Cape. It is stoutly affirmed that the fixed purpose of Kruger was to form a Dutch confederacy under the protection, if need were, of the German Empire. To

this Kaiser Wilhelm's precipitated telegram gives colour. This Rhodes was prepared to fight. The Jameson march was designed, it is affirmed, as a demonstration against German aggression, but Jameson cut the wires and got beyond Rhodes' control, hence the fiasco. He was a generous friend of the Methodist missions established by Bishop Hartzell, giving grants of land and buildings for their aid.

In his death, as in his life, he was a man of far-seeing vision. He wrought for the integration of the whole Anglo-Teuton race. The Emperor of Germany, after an interview with Rhodes, is said to have remarked, "Why haven't I a statesman like that?" A few carping critics have

barked at this dead lion, but for the most part the criticism has been kind and generous. The Independent says:

“After all, a large part of the abuse that Mr. Rhodes has suffered is due to the fact that he acquired immense wealth. But it was acquired honestly, in new enterprises in a new country, and the wealth was well and honourably used in life and in death. The acquisition of wealth is not to be made a presumption against a man. It is excellent to have a giant's strength; it is only tyrannous to use it like a giant. We do not care to mince words or to balance praise or blame when we declare our belief that Mr. Rhodes' name will live as that of the greatest man, the wisest and the most useful, in the history of what will one day be the mighty free nation of South Africa.”

It is a magnificent conception, that of endowing for all time three hundred scholarships at his Alma Mater, of bringing from the very ends of the earth—from all parts of the far-flung British Empire, and from every State and Territory of the American Union, from every kingdom of Germany—three hundred of the brightest spirits of successive generations to study in the grey old halls of learning of Oxford, one of the most ancient universities of Europe. As they light their lamps of learning at its ancient beacon fires, they will acquire a wider vision and more generous instincts. They will, let us hope, adopt as their own the University's crest, an open Bible, with the pious motto: “DOMINUS ILLUMINATIO MEA.”

Oxford has more than once rendered signal service to humanity. It may bring forth nobler fruit in its old age than ever in its prime. Let us hope the students who return from its ancient halls to the distant commonwealth beneath the Seven Stars and the Southern Cross will bind the world in golden chains of sympathy and brotherhood.

So far as Toronto and Victoria Universities are concerned, our own Mr. J. W. Flavelle set the example of such statesmanlike methods of knitting the Empire together by his endowment of a Canadian Oxford scholarship.

THE CONDITION OF IRELAND.

We have pleasure in reprinting from The American Illustrated Methodist Magazine the admirable paper on

“Back From Ireland,” by kind permission of the author, Mr. Samuel H. Pye, of the firm of Jennings & Pye, Agents (as we would say, Book Stewards) of the Western Branch of the Methodist Book Concern, Cincinnati and Chicago—one of the greatest publishing houses in the world. Though a patriotic American citizen, he retains with unabated warmth his love and loyalty to the Green Island of his birth. It is particularly gratifying to such staunch Britishers as are the Canadians, to read Mr. Pye's testimony as to the just and generous treatment of the Green Island by the British Government.

A recent writer in the New York Outlook justly says: “England does not rule Ireland. Ireland is ruled by a representative assembly, in which the Irish people have a larger representation in proportion to their numbers than any other section of the United Kingdom.”

Britain is strenuously striving to remove all disabilities and redress all grievances of the people of Ireland. The disestablishment of the Irish Church by Mr. Gladstone is one such successful effort. The Great Commoner's endeavour to secure Home Rule for the Green Island was another. But that task has been made more difficult by the disaffection and sedition and obstruction of a section of the Irish politicians and their misguided followers. When Boer victories and the defeat and capture or death of British troops are exultantly cheered by an Irish faction in the House of Commons, it makes it more difficult for any Government to redress grievances and inaugurate reforms. We cannot afford to establish a hostile Transvaal at the very door of the Empire.

The wealth and prosperity of the loyal province of Ulster, contrasted with the poverty and unrest of the Roman Catholic counties, show that something beside Home Rule is needed to cure the ills of Ireland. Mr. Pye well points out that no stronger bulwark of the Empire exists than that of Ireland's loyal sons. Many of the most heroic deeds in arms, from the days of Marlborough down to the days of Kitchener, have been won by Irish regiments; while in statesmanship, diplomacy, art, and letters, on the press, in the pulpit, and at the bar, the sons of Ireland have been the very foremost sons of the Empire.

PROGRESS IN SOUTH AMERICA.

The accompanying cut, in a humorous way, attributes the chronic unrest and frequent revolutions in South America to the combative bumps in the brain of that country. We are glad to know that a "modus vivendi" has been reached between Chili and Argentina, whose frontiers march side by side for nearly a thousand miles. It was in Brazil that one of the greatest moral reforms of any age took place, in the abolition of slavery by its beneficent Emperor, Dom Pedro. Many persons are unaware of the immense strides made in civilization in South America. In Buenos Ayres is the most magnificent newspaper palace in the world, and a vigorous press exists throughout the country. Mr. Flint, of Canada, has sold a great number of Linotype machines. It is in the little republics of the north-west that most unrest exists. The personal ambitions, and the mutual jealousies of rival leaders, and inflammable nature of the population, cause almost chronic war. Methodist missions will be an important factor in the regeneration of those lands. One Methodist Conference is over two thousand miles long.

BRITISH CLEMENCY VINDICATED.

Current History, a good authority, speaks thus of the Boer war: "Miss Hobhouse and other investigators, ignorant of the usual homes and habits of these dwellers on the lonely veldt, and in no mood to appreciate the stern necessities which war by its nature involves, made grave charges against the military authorities and against the Home Government. The large volume of Government reports shows that the most earnest efforts to provide for the comfort and security of the inmates were baffled by the almost inconceivable ignorance, obstinacy and filthiness of the inmates. Major-General Maxwell traces the high death rate from measles to the self-willed refusal of the Boer mothers to obey the orders of doctors or nurse, and a persistent refusal to wash the children or allow any attempt at cleanliness.

"Miss Hobhouse is answered by Miss Violet Markham in a recent number of *The New Empire Review*, pointing out that the British taxpayers are now paying \$200,000 a week to house, feed, clothe, nurse, doctor and educate the wives and children of the



A BAD HEAD.

PROFESSOR PEACEMAKER.—"How can you expect anything but trouble with a head like that?"
—Minneapolis Journal.

Boers, who, thus freed from their natural responsibilities, roam through the country derailing supply trains and shooting Englishmen from ambush. Other upholders of the Government show that the military authorities had to choose between leaving the women and children on the lonely and denuded farms, exposed to roving bands of Kaffirs, whom the Boers have always ruthlessly repressed and maltreated, and gathering them into camps where they could be protected and fed at the rate of \$10,000,000 a year. In this state of affairs they have done what no nation has ever done before. An experienced observer, writing from within the Boer lines, declares concerning 'the cruelty of the South African concentration camps,' that 'they are a necessity of the case. Had this been real war every acre of land in South Africa would have been laid waste by the troops passing over it.'"

"TOGETHER."

Not many months ago the poet laureate of England wrote a noble poem on "A Voice to the West," breathing the most generous sentiments towards our separated kinsmen of the United States. In a recent number of *The Independent* he sends a similar New

Year's message. This is a much nobler service to humanity than Mr. Stead's impossible proposition for annexation of the colonies to the Union, or than the efforts of the pro-Boer and Irish tail-twisters, who seek to stir up strife between the Anglo-Saxon kinsfolk on either side of the sea. The laureate's lyric is as follows:

Who say we cherish far-off feud,
Still nurse the ancient grudges?
Show me the title of this brood
Of self-appointed judges;
Their name, their race, their nation, clan,
And we will teach them whether
We do not, as none others can,
Feel, think, and work together!

Both speak the tongue that Milton spoke,
Shakespeare and Chatham wielded,
And Washington and all his folk
When their just claim was yielded.
In it both lisp, both learn, both pray,
Dirge death, and thus the tether
Grows tighter, tenderer, every day,
That binds the two together.

Our ways are one, and one our aim,
And one will be our story,
Who fight for Freedom, not for fame,
From Duty, not for glory;
Both stock of the old Home, where blow
Shamrock, and rose, and heather,
And every year link arms and go
Through its loved haunts together.

Should envious aliens plan and plot
'Gainst one, and now the other,
They swift would learn how strong the knot
Binds brother unto brother.
How quickly they would change their tack
And show the recreant feather,
Should Star-and-Stripe and Union Jack
But float mast-high together.

Now let us give one hearty grip,
As by true men is given,
And vow fraternal fellowship
That never shall be riven;
And with our peaceful flags unfurled,
Be fair or foul the weather,
Should need arise, face all the world
And stand or fall together.

As we go to press peace negotiations are in progress in South Africa. It is curious that five of the Boer leaders had a legal training at the English bar. It is by these, especially by Mr. Steyn, that the ignorant Boers have been misled. Never was more strikingly illustrated the saying that "vaulting ambition hath o'erleaped itself." Their attempt to drive Britain out of South Africa, and establish a Boer oligarchy, fed fat with the spoils of the Uitlanders, has led to the extinction of Boerdom as a nationality. Never again may an opportunity be given for the hatching of such a bloody conspiracy against British rule in Africa. The Boers will be treated with generosity as soon as they admit that they are defeated, and will enjoy a prosperity and liberty which they have never known before.

The total number of Canadians who have died in South Africa since the commencement of the war is 218. It would appear from the detail that the first contingent suffered a heavier loss from death than any of the other contingents. The first Canadian contingent of Infantry lost 68 men from wounds and disease. The second contingent, consisting of Mounted Rifles, Dragoons, and Artillery, lost 47; Strathcona Horse, 30; Canadian Scouts, 10; South African Constabulary, 45. Canadians in various other corps in South Africa, 18; total, 218.

The Montreal True Witness says that "at present teetotalism is almost as good a passport to a civil position as is the service examination; at all events, the latter is of very little use without the former."

The Methodists of the United States propose holding, in connection with the St. Louis Fair, a bicentenary anniversary of the birth of John Wesley, which took place June 17th, 1703.

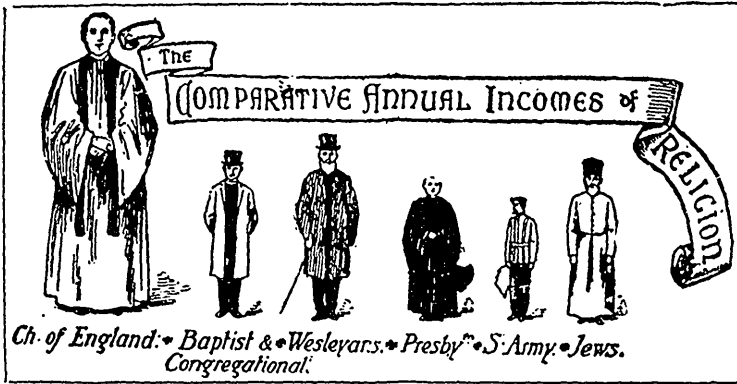
AFTER ALL.

Grief is strong, but joy is stronger;
Night is long, but day is longer;
When life's riddle solves and clears,
And the angels in our ears
Whisper the sweet answer low,
(Answer full of love and blessing),
How the wonderment will grow
At the blindness of our guessing:
All the hard things we recall
Made so easy—after all.

Earth is sweet, but heaven is sweeter;
Love complete, but faith completer;
Close beside our wandering ways,
Through dark nights and weary days,
Stand the angels with bright eyes;
And the shadow of the cross
Falls upon and sanctifies
All our pain and all our loss;
Though we stumble, though we fall,
God is helping—after all.

—Susan Coolidge.

Religious Intelligence.



THE INCOME OF THE CHURCHES.

The accompanying diagram from *The Sunday Strand* gives, in a very graphic way, the relative income of the leading religious bodies of Great Britain. Of course, the dominant Church is that established by law—the Church of the King and the aristocracy, the Church endowed with the wealth of bygone generations, which has its rectories and vicarages in every parish in the kingdom, its minsters and cathedrals in its chief cities, and which still largely controls the educational policy of the country. In this free land of ours we have scant conception of the disabilities under which "Dissent" labours in that old land.

Thanks to the growing liberality of the Church, as expressed by Canon Henson, Dean Farrar, Bishop Wilberforce, and other noble men, the arrogance and exclusivism of the former times is giving place to a broader catholicity and Christian brotherhood. This old historic Church—with its Christian scholarship, its saintly lives, its noble missions—has rendered invaluable service to the kingdom of Christ. The great revival begun by John Wesley and other influences, have greatly contributed to the purifying and ennobling, as its own writers thankfully acknowledge, of this historic Church.

The Nonconformist Churches of Great Britain, though possibly all of them together not possessing the wealth of the Established Church, yet outnumber it in membership, in influence, in church buildings, and institutions created by voluntary contribution. At the very head of these

is the Methodist Church, nobly led by that branch planted by John Wesley himself—the youngest of the Churches of Christendom, but in Great and Greater Britain the largest and most influential.

Following the Wesleyans, in income, according to this diagram, is the Jewish religion. Though its numbers are comparatively insignificant, yet their dominance in finance and banking makes it the wealthiest of its size in the world. It is also very liberal to its poor, of whom it has very many and very abject refugees from Continental oppression, especially from Russia. What a contrast from the bad old days when wealthy Jews had their teeth extracted to extort their gold (not that of their teeth, but of their coffers).

The old historic Baptist and Congregational Churches, which have stood so valiantly for civil and religious liberty through stormy days, follow next, dowered with some of the most conspicuous men of light and leading in the realm.

The Presbyterian Church, which is all-powerful north of the Tweed, in England is relatively much less so, yet contributes greatly to the moral and intellectual weal of the nation.

The Salvation Army, the youngest of the religious organizations, sprung from the poor, and devoted chiefly to social and religious work among the poor, has reached a notable development. It controls—largely through the self-denial of its lowly and devoted members, and largely through the sympathy of those outside its pale—great amounts of money,

which it uses with a passionate zeal for the succour of the needy, the uplifting of the fallen, the seeking and saving of that which is lost.

The great moral fact, of which this diagram is the symbol, is the secret of Britain's place in the vanguard of the nations, is a pledge and prophecy of her growing power and influence in the higher civilization of the future centuries.

THE "TOMBS' ANGEL" TRANSLATED.

In the death of Mrs. Rebecca Salome Foster, who perished in the Park Avenue Hotel fire, in New York City, there passed away one who was ever ready "to hear the sighing of the prisoner," to minister to the needs and sorrows of the captive, to lead the erring back to paths of rectitude; and, according to her power, to "preserve them that are appointed to die." In the Criminal Courts' Building, and the gloomy hostelry connected with it by the Bridge of Sighs, she had been a familiar figure for many years; and long ago, because of her mission of mercy there, she came to be known as the "Tombs' Angel."

Mrs. Foster was the widow of General John A. Foster, of the United States army, who died in 1900. Her father, John Howard Elliott, was a prominent citizen of Mobile. She was a woman of high social standing, and all the world's honours and pleasures might have been hers, but she chose to devote her time, her talents, and her money to the Master's service, in helping the helpless. While many a wayward lad and despairing man has been made the better for her womanly pity and gracious ministration, her labours were chiefly directed to those of her own sex. If she had reason to believe a girl or woman guiltless of charges brought against her, there was nothing she would not do to establish her innocence.

If a girl was so friendless that there was no one to sit beside her when brought before her judges, Mrs. Foster would appear with her. Many a girl just beginning a downward course has been drawn back by her firm yet tender hand, and restored to a rejoicing home circle.

In a chariot of fire she was translated to the skies. After the tragedy her daughter identified Mrs. Foster among the dead by the ring she wore, her husband's gift, bearing the inscription, "My Own. My Dear. 1866."

The Sunday following her death,



MRS. FOSTER.

By courtesy of The Christian Herald.

many tributes were paid to her memory by ministers in their pulpits and by labour organizations. The regular services in the Tombs were marked by deep feeling—particularly those in the afternoon, which Mrs. Foster had hitherto led. When her favourite hymns were sung, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and "Rock of Ages," there were few dry eyes among even the most hardened criminals. Monday, in the court-room of Special Sessions, where she had so often appeared as the friend of the unfortunate, lawyers and judges paid tribute to the dead missionary. "She was indeed a holy woman," said District Attorney Jerome; and Justice Holbrook added: "To those in distress she was a good and true angel."

Zion's Herald says: "She loved to fold the sinful and despairing in her arms. Daily she visited the forbidding Tombs—itself a vast stone sepulchre of hope—that she might, through divine grace, become the means of exorcising from some almost demoniac soul the evil spirit of lust, passion, or despair. In the eyes of the poor unfortunates to whom her coming was like a burst of sunshine after deepest night, she seemed, in her refinement and beauty, fairly angelic. In her person and career Gospel appeared co-operating with law, and righteousness and mercy kissed each other. The memory of such souls is blessed."

"AS A BIRD OUT OF THE SNARE
OF THE FOWLER."



MISS ELLEN M. STONE.
By courtesy of The Christian Herald.

It was a thrilling meeting between the brave missionary, Miss Stone, rescued from the bandits, and the representatives of the American Board, who have through all the long months since the capture worked tirelessly to effect her release. The negotiations had been extremely difficult, because the bandits were fully aware that there was little prospect of their retaining their ill-gotten gains if the Turkish troops acquired knowledge of their hiding-place. They therefore insisted on absolute secrecy and a sufficient period of time to elapse between the payment of the money and the release of the captives to enable them to reach a place of safety. There was a period of intense anxiety while the rescuing party were waiting to see if the brigands would keep their promise to release their prisoners at last. At three o'clock on the morning of Sunday, February 23rd, Miss Stone and her companion walked into the home of the Protestant pastor of Strumnitz, having been set free in a desolate region near that town during the night. The story of the 172 days of captivity is awaited with the most intense interest, though it is possible that pledges may have been exacted from Miss Stone which will prevent the story from being fully told. The brigands fully realized that their one hope of obtaining the money they demanded depended on the prisoners being in good health. It was, however, inevitable that they must suffer many privations and hardships in the caves

of the mountains and during their journeys from one hiding-place to another. Providentially, Miss Stone had with her a Bible, which had been taken by the bandits from one of the teachers in her party when she was captured, and though everything else, even to her clothing, was taken from her, she was allowed to keep the Book, from which she derived great comfort during the long time of loneliness and suspense.

Miss Stone's message to her mother, on her release, reads thus :

"Salonica, February 28th, 1902.

"My Own Blessed Mother,—With all my heart I thank God for the opportunity to write you once more. Mrs. Tsilka, Baby Elenchie, and I are pretty well, and full of happiness and thankfulness to be free. All of our friends, too, are so much rejoiced that we can but marvel at the strong bonds which make all hearts one, the earth around. With love to all friends. Your daughter,
"Ellen M. Stone."

Miss Stone is a native of Roxbury, Mass. She was sent by the Woman's Branch of the American Board of Missions to Samakov, in 1878 ; later, she worked at Philippopolis and Salonica. She trained many Bible-women, and had a large corps of them under her direction. It was the great success of her work that caused her to be a bright and shining mark for the brigands; and her custom of taking evangelical tours through the country made her their easy prey. Miss Stone rested at Bournemouth, England, preparatory to her return to New York, where she has just arrived.

"FREED, THANK GOD!" *

Captured for a ransom
By a brigand band!
How the tidings trembled
Over sea and land!
Dragged along the mountains
Many a rood and rod,
But the trouble's over,—
Freed, thank God!

Who can guess their story
Living half a year,
Every sound a silence,
Every face a fear,—
Trembling at the terrors
Of a band outlawed;
But all that is over,—
Freed, thank God!

* Miss Stone's first message home after her long captivity among the brigands commenced with these words: "Freed, thank God!"

O the prayers men offered,
 And the tears that fell
 For the fearful ransom,
 Who can ever tell?
 Now the deputation
 All the world applaud;
 They have paid the ransom,—
Freed, thank God!

Blindfold down the mountains
 Were the captives led,
 Bandits all around them,
 Angels overhead,
 And, with eyes unbandaged
 At a brigand's nod,
 Found themselves one morning
Freed, thank God!

Life, too, has its brigands,
 Bearing men away
 Captive to the mountains,
 Whither—who shall say?
 Who will pay the ransom?
 Captive to a clod,
 Shall we ever cable,
Freed, thank God!

Jesus Christ the ransom
 Has already paid;
 We shall gain our freedom,
 And are unafraid.
 When life's last fierce brigand
 Sinks beneath the sod,
 We will shout together,—
Freed, thank God!

—*Rev. J. Brainerd Thrall, in Christian Endeavour World.*

SALOON DOMINATION.

This cartoon from *The Ram's Horn*, shows the way in which that paper regards the saloon in the United States as a political boss, dominating the country. Uncle Sam, who fought so valiantly for his independence last century, is shown as having succumbed to the insolent domination in State and civic government of the saloon power. We are not unfamiliar with something of the same sort in Canada. The recent events in Manitoba, and the treatment of prohibition sentiment in Ontario, show the power of the saloon in politics. We have seen no just reason assigned for refusing the prayer of the prohibition convention to hold the referendum on the day of municipal elections. The date was twice changed, from October to November, from November to December, but the reasonable request, which would have given the temperance people a better fighting chance, and saved a deal of the people's money, was refused.



AN INFAMOUS YOKE.

It is difficult to know what goes on behind the tyled doors of the caucus. It is reported that temperance men on both sides of the House made strong plea for this change, but a pile of telegrams from the liquor interest decided the day, and with the exception of four independent members, who placed principle before politics, the whole House voted against the change. Representative government is indeed on its trial, if the domination of liquor and the secrecy of a caucus, like the Venetian Council of Ten, or the mediaeval *Vehmgericht*, can obstruct, frustrate, and defy the moral sentiment which has twice recorded such an immense majority at the polls, and which we believe will do so again on December 4.

THE PROHIBITION CAMPAIGN.

We are glad to note that the temperance people throughout Ontario, unfairly as they have been used, and unjust as the conditions of the referendum are, have determined to put up another strong fight for prohibition. We don't wonder that many tried and true temperance advocates feel so outraged and wronged by the unjust discrimination against their cherished principles, that they determined to repudiate the referendum altogether. But to do so would be, we judge, to capitulate in the sight of the enemy, to surrender to the liquor traffic, "to give a black eye" to the cause of prohibition. We deem the wisest, the most patriotic, course to be to smite the liquor traffic every chance we get, and to smite it with all our might.

The highest constitutional authority

of the Methodist Church in Ontario, the Standing Committee appointed to represent the General Conference in the interim of its sessions, has issued its bold, strong, aggressive manifesto. Our whole Church is being aroused as, we believe, never before on this subject. Our district meetings, Epworth Leagues, Sunday-schools are being enlisted actively in the campaign. In this they will but carry out the often repeated and strongly declared policy of successive Annual and General Conferences.

Dr. Potts, speaking for a deputation that waited upon Sir Wilfrid Laurier at the time of the last plebiscite, declared that the Methodists of the Dominion, though divided politically, were a unit on prohibition. Dr. Williamson remarked at a recent temperance rally, that the Methodists alone numbered one-third of the population of Ontario. A very large contingent of the Presbyterian Church, we believe the whole of the Baptist Church, many of the Congregational and Anglican Churches, and not a few Roman Catholics, are in hearty sympathy with prohibition. By their united effort, despite the unjust conditions, we believe a mighty victory may be achieved, and a rigid prohibition law be brought at once into force.

DR. TALMAGE.

After a long and busy life, the Rev. Dr. Talmage passed peacefully away at his home in Washington, April 12th. He was stricken with illness in the city of Mexico, where he had been kindly received by the President, and with enthusiasm by the American colony. He has not preached much of recent years, but has written a weekly sermon, which was published by a newspaper syndicate. No sermons have ever been so widely read, unless, perhaps, those of Spurgeon. Their strong, sturdy, evangelical tone, and their eminent readability, made them very popular. The back seats of his church were in the Rocky Mountains and isles of the sea. Dr. Talmage had no great organizing skill. His somewhat sensational methods attracted immense audiences to the Brooklyn Tabernacle. but he failed to build up a permanent church. Few men ever received such large sums for lecturing, preaching, and royalties, and his business methods have been somewhat severely criti-

cised. He was not a great man, but we believe he was a good man, and served his generation faithfully.

THE METHODIST NEW CONNEXION.

An English correspondent in The Wesleyan Christian Advocate gives the following interesting information:

Incited by the example of the Primitive Methodists, several gentlemen belonging to the Methodist New Connexion have formed themselves into a limited liability company for purposes of church aggression, more particularly church building and reduction of debts. The late Conferences sanctioned the principle of the company, though it declined to take any responsibility in the movement. We are told that the shares are well taken, and deposits made, while several applications for loans have been received; so the company will soon enter on its beneficent work.

The Primitive Methodist Association has been operating about ten years, with results which give confidence to the promoters of the New Connexion scheme. The principle of the Primitive Methodist plan is to accept deposits at 3½ per cent. interest, and to lend the money to the trustees of church property at 3¾ per cent. The working expenses are met by the added ¼ per cent. Experience has proved that this is sufficient. This fund is now \$1,160,000.

The Wesleyans have a Chapel Loan Fund, but it stands on a different basis, and is worked on different lines. Long ago they made a free gift of \$250,000 to form the Loan Fund under the direction of the General Chapel Committee. This amount has been turned over a good many times, and has helped in the removal of millions of debt, and never becomes less. Trustees desiring its aid must themselves raise one-half of the debt which it is proposed to remove. The other half is lent, without interest, the principal to be repaid in ten years. By means of this fund, the Wesleyan trust property debts, which fifty years ago were enormous, have been reduced to a mere fleabite.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale's eightieth birthday was celebrated by a generous banquet in Boston. Senator Hoar, President Roosevelt, and many foremost men in Church and State paid their loving tribute. When he reached home he found a cheque for \$30,000 awaiting him as a tangible expression of appreciation.

Book Notices.

"Orations and Addresses." By Richard Salter Storrs, D.D., LL.D. Author of "The Divine Origin of Christianity Indicated by Its Historical Effects," etc. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 591. Price, \$3.

For the more than fifty years of his occupancy of one of the foremost pulpits in America, Dr. Storrs was universally regarded as one of the greatest orators of his country. He was much in request as a lecturer and speaker on great national occasions. His addresses at the anniversaries of the American Board of Missions, of which he was so long president, were masterpieces of consecrated eloquence. His great work on Saint Bernard is one of the finest pieces of historical analysis and biography that we know.

In this goodly volume are collected a number of Dr. Storrs' most important addresses, including his memorable one on Abraham Lincoln—a magnificent eulogy of one of the world's greatest men. An oration of fascinating interest is that on John Wycliffe and the first English Bible. Another of kindred interest is that on John of Antioch (Chrysostom), the great preacher of the fourth century. Our modern Golden Mouth, we think, was not inferior in eloquence to him of the early Church. "The Recognition of the Supernatural in Letters and in Life" is an earnest protest against the materialism that would shut God out of His universe. Dr. Storrs gave the inaugural address on the opening of the great Brooklyn Bridge, which is included here. The orations on Manliness in the Scholar, The Puritan Spirit, Forefathers' Day, Commerce as an Educator of Nations, The Sources and Guarantees of National Progress, all have an outlook and an uplift that give them a great and permanent value.

"Witnesses to Christ." By William Clark, M.A., LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S.C., Professor of Philosophy in Trinity University, Toronto. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 300.

Professor Clark's volume is an important contribution to Christian apologetics. Like his previous vol-

ume on "The Paraclete," it consists of a series of lectures given before the University of Michigan. It is marked by the literary grace, the exactness of thought and felicity of phrase of which Dr. Clark is so accomplished a master. It discusses first the phases and failures of unbelief, rationalism, mythicism, and materialism, with special references to Strauss and Renan. A chapter of grandest optimism traces the development of civilization and Christianity from the selfish egoism of even philosophic pagans to the spirit of brotherhood and altruism of Christianity. The emancipation of the slave, the elevation of woman, the ennobling of labour, are all triumphs of Christianity.

From the social effects of Christianity Professor Clark proceeds to note its benefits to the individual in personal culture, the development of conscience, the belief in immortality, personal responsibility, consciousness of sin, and emancipation from its power. The unity of Christian doctrine and the insufficiency of materialism are fully discussed. Pessimism, especially as illustrated in Schopenhauer and Hartmann, is shown to be partly the result of temperament and constitution, partly of the circumstances of individuals and communities. Pessimism can flourish only, says our author, on the ruins of faith. One explanation of this German malady—for such it is—is the beer-drinking habits and materialistic character of its people; but deeper than this is the loss of faith in God. It is admitted that higher organization and increased sensibility involve increased susceptibility to pain as well as to pleasure, but we need not envy the pachydermatous beast on that account. Pascal suffered agonies of pain, but infinities of joy. Newton, in his realm of high thought, condensed into a moment more of joy than all the gourmands of London in their tavern feasts. That fragile daughter of pain, Mrs. Browning, who has been called Shakespeare's sister, says:

"With such large joys of sense and touch
Beyond what others count as such
I am content to suffer much."

Dr. Ryckman, preaching in the

Metropolitan, told of a lady who suffered such physical agony as to be unable to sleep, who yet said, "I am the happiest woman in Montreal," so rich were the revealings of God's love and grace.

The concluding lectures are on the resurrection of Jesus Christ, an examination of the evidence of this crowning miracle of Christianity, and a refutation of the theories invented to set it aside. The book closes in a triumphant strain of Christian confidence :

"We have not followed cunningly devised fables, and we have no fear that any weapons formed against the city of God shall ever prosper, having no fears for the Church of Christ, which can be overthrown no more than can the throne of the Eternal God, but believing that every fresh attack on the truth of the Gospel will, in the long run, conduce only to the strengthening of our faith."

"Before the Dawn." A story of Russian life. By Pimenoff-Noble. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 401. Price, \$1.50.

We have had the pleasure of reviewing in these pages Mr. Noble's books on "Russia and the Russians," and "The Russian Revolt," which give the best concise treatment that we know of the history, condition, and prospects of that great empire. In this book Mr. Noble, who has lived for many years in Russia, assisted by his accomplished Russian wife, presents in the form of a story a graphic picture of the condition of society in that country. He describes the political unrest, the plotting and counter-plotting of the bureaucratic and oppressive Government and the Nihilist revolutionary forces; the enthusiasm, devotion, almost fanaticism, of the social reformers; and their relentless and cruel oppression by the iron hand of tyranny. The accomplished heroine, a brilliant student, is arrested while on a visit of charity to a poor family, thrust into prison, banished to Astrakhan, meets a fervid propagandist of political liberty, and becomes involved in a conspiracy against the Government. The stirring adventures of this propagandist, his imprisonment in a dismal dungeon, where, in an irony of fate, he hears the chimes, "How glorious is our Lord in Zion": his exile to Siberia, his rescue and

flight through China and the United States to England, where, with his wife, he devotes himself to social reform, make a thrilling story. Some aspects of Russian life are painful to contemplate. That country has a great deal of religion, but far too little ethical living. While it has a veneer of civilization, its government is barbaric as that of Ivan the Terrible. It would be a sad day for Christendom if it became a dominant power in the world.

"The Medici and the Italian Renaissance." By Oliphant Smeaton, M.A. Author of "English Satires and Satirists," "Allan Ramsay," etc. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. x-286.

One of the most striking phenomena in history is the revival in letters, art, and architecture under the Medici. "During the Dark and Middle Ages true Hellenic culture, like the Seven Sleepers, was in its cave slumbering unremembered." From Sicily to Scotland, from Spain to the banks of the Tiber, the mighty inspiration spread.

It reached its rarest flower in the city of Florence, under the rule of Cosimo de Medici and Lorenzo the Magnificent. In Rome, under Leo X. and Clement VII., the process continued. In the sack of the Eternal City the smoke of Rome's agony went up to heaven, and the vandals of Spain and Germany plundered her treasures and committed crimes that would have shamed the followers of Attila and Genseric. The tragic story is told with historic insight and dramatic power. The author describes the utter eclipse of faith under the pagan influence of the Renaissance, which set art above morals, and literature above righteousness.

"Audrey." By Mary Johnston. Author of "To Have and to Hold," and "Prisoners of Hope." Toronto: George N. Morang & Company. Pp. 418. Price, \$1.50.

In this book Mary Johnston has far surpassed in refinement of treatment, in development of character, in exquisite portrayal of nature, anything that she has previously done. There is a marked absence of the sensational incidents of her previous stories. The orphan girl, Audrey, whose pioneer

parents were killed by the Indians, is brought up, the household drudge of an unreverend drinking clergyman and his cross-grained wife. But the sweet ministries of nature, and the innate refinement of the girl, develop a noble and beautiful character. But after many soul trials, as her life dream is about to achieve its realization, she becomes the victim of the jealous hate of a French half-breed suitor. It is a heart-breaking denouement. The pictures of old Virginia life, of the hazy, lazy physical and social atmosphere, of the strenuous Highlander twelve years a white slave, of the courtly royal officers, and of the sweet Quaker maiden, are of the highest artistic merit. Mr. F. C. Yohn's admirable coloured illustrations mark a new advance in art.

"The Firebrand." By S. R. Crockett. Author of "The Stickit Minister," etc. Pp. 516. New York: McClurg, Phillips & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.50.

Crockett is at his best in describing the queer, pawky, Scottish characters with whom he is familiar. One of the best of his creations is that reckless Cock o' the North, Rollo Blair, a hero of this book. The strange contrast between the valiant and often vapouring Celt, and the shrewd and practical John Mortimer, son of a Primitive Methodist merchant, and their entanglement with a Carlist revolution in Spain, and the abduction of the Queen Regent

and Infanta, make, as Rollo would say, "a pretty kettle o' fish." The description of Spanish life and character, and of the events of the revolution, are very graphic. The book abounds in stirring incident and adventure. Like all of Crockett's books, the story has lots of "go" in it. It grips one from the very start, and has strong dashes of humour and pathos and tragedy.

"Letters on Life." By Claudius Clear. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Pp. viii-277. Price, \$1.25.

This is a collection of clever essays by an English writer. They exhibit a nimble wit and terse and epigrammatic vivacity. The titles suggest the style. "A Fellow by the Name of Rowan," describes the man who found Garcia, and enforces the importance of initiative. "Firing Out the Fools," urges the somewhat harsh treatment of the failures in life, whom the survival of the fittest only too surely eliminates. "The Sin of Overwork" is a more sensible plea for relaxation. "R. S. V. P." is a plea for responsiveness to kindness, to need, to courtesy, to nature. These are types of the light and airy treatment of these genial essays.

Claudius Clear is understood to be that genial and versatile writer, Dr W. Robertson Nicoll, editor of The British Weekly and the London Bookman—two of the ablest British periodicals.

JUNO'S FAVOURITE.

AN OLD FABLE.

"Dear Juno, to your favourite's request
Attend!" Thus did her petted peacock plead:
"Richly hast thou endowed me;—mark this breast,
These painted, fan-like glories broadly spread;
But one more gift to bid my heart rejoice,—
That raptured nightingale's melodious voice."

Darkened the brow of the oft-gracious Queen:
"A liberal dower have I on you conferred;—
The grace of stars, the rainbow's tint and sheen
Are proudly yours, my fairest, favourite bird:
Content you, then; nor make a vain pretence
In everything to hold præminence."

—Pastor Felix.