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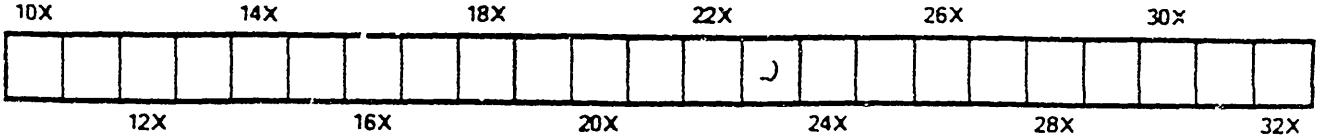

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TORONTO

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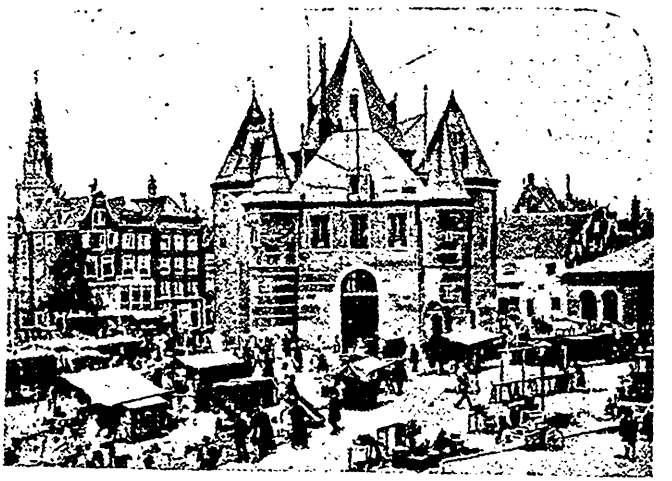
A STREET SCENE IN ANTWERP.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

SEPTEMBER, 1899.

HOLLAND AND ITS PEOPLE.

BY THE EDITOR.



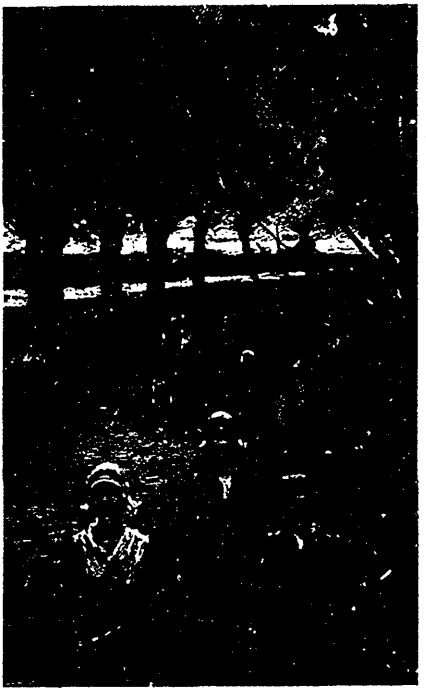
FISH MARKET, AMSTERDAM.

The attention of the civilized world has been focused upon the capital of the little kingdom of Holland. Never before have the representatives of four-and-twenty nations been assembled at so important a conference as that which gathered in the old historic House in the Wood, amid the noble chestnuts of the Hague. While not all that the ardent lovers of peace desired or hoped has been secured, yet the meeting of that conference has marked an epoch in the history of civilization. Though universal disarmament is yet in the future, it may be in the far future, still the waste and want and woe of war have been emphasized as never before. The conscience of mankind has been aroused to its enormous evils, and we believe that the maintenance of peace has been made more easy, and that the nation will more than ever outrage the moral sentiment of mankind that "cries 'Havoc!' and lets loose the dogs of war."

It was fitting that during the Peace Conference a wreath of honour should be laid upon the tomb of the great Dutch jurist, Grotius, the father and founder of the science of international jurisprudence, the prophet of a later day when the nations shall be bound in bonds of brotherhood. The establishment of an international court, representing the great powers, at the Hague, would make the capital of the Dutch

Stadtholders become in an important sense the capital of Europe, if not of the world.

The heroic traditions of the illustrious House of Orange stir the pulses of every lover of liberty, especially of every member of the English-speaking race. A great staff of distinguished journalists have kept the civilized world in touch with that distinguished conference and its august deliberations. It will be



GOING TO CHURCH, IN NORTH HOLLAND.

appropriate, therefore, to record briefly, with suitable illustration, some of the aspects of that unique corner of Europe which Hudibras describes as—

A country that draws fifty feet of water;
A land that lies at anchor and is moored,
In which men do not live but go on board.

This amphibious country is well named Holland—the hollow land. Its character is indicated by its heraldic cognizance—a swimming lion, with the motto, "Luctor et Emergo," which may be freely rendered, "I struggle to keep above water." Much of the country lies below the level of the sea. These fertile pastures have been reclaimed from the domain of the ocean by the daring industry of the Dutch, who have built great dikes, or embankments, to keep out the ravening sea, which, unlike the "ancient and unsubsidized allies of England"—an invulnerable defence—is an implacable enemy, perpetually besieging their earthen ramparts.

In spite of ceaseless vigilance against its assaults, the ocean sometimes bursts its barriers and turns fertile meadows and smiling valleys into a stormy sea—"Verdronken Land," as it is called—literally, "drowned land." Over and over again the patriotic Dutch have opened the dikes and laid their country far and wide beneath the waves, as their sole defence against Spanish tyranny. In the terrible siege of Antwerp by the French in 1832, the dikes were cut, and the country for three years was flooded by the sea, and gun-boats cruised about the fields. The stratum of saline sand deposited almost prevented cultivation for many years.

The route from Antwerp to Rotterdam traverses a characteristically Dutch landscape—vast meadows, level as a floor and divided by trenches of water. Canals ramify everywhere, along whose silent highways stealthily glide the "trekschuits," or "draw-boats," often dragged by men, or even women, harnessed like horses. Along the horizon, wherever one looks, are rows of picturesque windmills, ceaselessly brandishing their mighty arms, as if to challenge any over-valiant Quixote to mortal combat. I have seen a dozen in a single view.

The villages, country-houses, and gardens are scrupulously, almost painfully, neat and clean. At Broek, near Amsterdam, no horses are allowed in the streets, and no one may enter a house with his shoes or boots on. The town-houses are generally high and narrow, built of red brick with crow-stepped gables, each with a large crane for hoisting goods from the streets, or from the canals which flow below. The lazy barges creep along, and just as you want to cross a canal up swings the counterpoised drawbridge, and you envy the Dutch patience of the vrows and myn-heers who quietly wait—the latter stolidly pulling at their porcelain pipes, as though it were life's sole concern—till the bridge falls again.

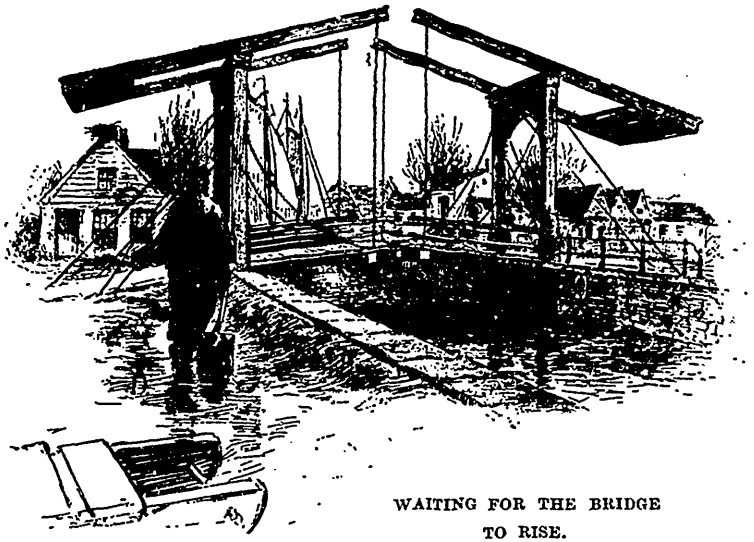
The language, too, has such a grotesque, half comic look—like English gone mad. For instance, on cellar doors you read, "Water en vuur te koop"—"water and fire to sell," where boiling water and hot turf are furnished the poor to prepare their tea and coffee. "Dit huis is te huur,"—"This house is to hire,"—and "Hier verkoopt man sterke dranken,"—literally, "Here a man may buy strong drink,"—frequently occur.

DUTCH HEADDRESS.

The men and women one meets

in the street seem built on the same principle as the Dutch boats in the canals—very broad and staunch-looking craft. I saw, at last, where Rubens found the models for his very solid saints and angels, and for his exceedingly ample, not to say exuberant, allegorical figures. There happened to be in progress, when I was in Rotterdam, a "Kermis"—literally a "Church Mass," but practically a peasants' fair or Dutch carnival, when the whole city, thronged with the neighbouring peasantry, was given up to holiday making. A balloon was sailing overhead, and till it passed from view everybody was craning his neck to catch a glimpse of it. Posts were planted across certain streets to prevent the intrusion of carriages on the region reserved for the fair. This region was crowded with booths, tents, merry-go-rounds; stages for harlequins, mountebanks, quack-salvers, and cheap theatricals; shooting-galleries, peep-shows, and stalls for selling all manner of toys, trinkets, pictures, fancy goods; and more than all, and everywhere, luncheon booths and drink counters.

Greater Babel I never heard. The chapmen and vendors were crying their wares, bands were discoursing brazen music in half a dozen places at once; not to mention the drums, trumpets, and vociferations of itinerant showmen inviting the gaping crowd to enter the enchanted palace or fairy bower whose beauties were portrayed on glaring canvas; and the proprietors of the learned pig, the tame snakes, the happy family of monkeys and parrots, or of the dwarf or giantess, setting forth the attractions of their respective shows. It was the most vivid realization of Bunyan's Vanity Fair I ever expect to see.

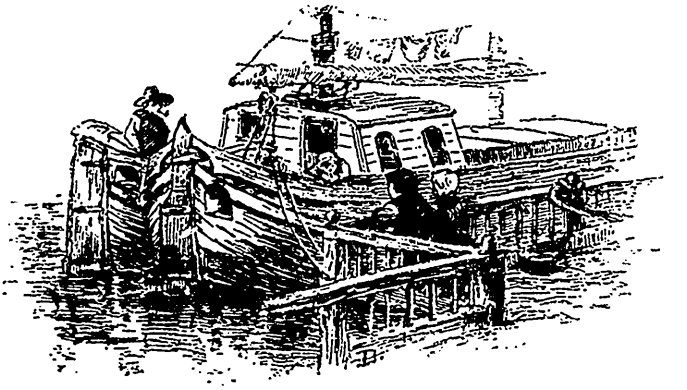


WAITING FOR THE BRIDGE TO RISE.

The throngs of people consisted largely of peasants in their gala dress—the men in stiff high-collared coats with big horn buttons, and high-crowned hats; the women in stuff gowns with a white neckerchief, a lace cap and a broad gold band across the forehead with spiral horns projecting

at either side, and large, clumsy-looking pendants in their ears. These must be of considerable value, but Dutch thrift secures to almost every peasant woman this singular and ugly headgear.

The inn where I lodged was thronged with these holiday makers, evidently bent on having a good time. I was much amused, as I took my lunch, at a group at another table—composed, I surmised, of the parish priest and three or four of his male parishioners with their wives; and stout,



ON THE CANAL.

florid, homely, hearty women they were. They ordered the waiters about, and talked all together with their mouths full, ate with their knives, and sat so far from the table that not a little of their food fell on the floor, and gnawed their bones in a voracious manner. The common conventions of table etiquette did not trouble them in the least. They seemed to be a simple-minded, honest, industrious people. In this prosaic country even the dogs have to work for their living.

The town has little of architectural interest. The Groote Kerk, or Church of St. Lawrence, is a large, bare, ugly structure. The view of red roofs, flat pastures, windmills and canals, did not repay me for my weary climb up its lofty spire. A great dike runs through the town, along which stretches the Hoog Straat, or High Street. The busiest spot in the city is the Boompjes, a handsome quay planted with trees, from which a hundred steamers and innumerable other vessels sail to many Dutch and foreign ports. The art gallery is rich in homely Dutch interiors and still life, painted with exquisite minuteness; but the prosaic subjects seemed to me not worth the skill or patience bestowed upon them.

In the Groote Markt is a fine statue of Erasmus, and on the small house, now a tavern, in which the great scholar was born, is the legend, "Haec est parva domus, magnus qua natus Erasmus." Just opposite is the "House of the Thousand Terrors," where, during the Spanish mas-

sacre of 1572, hundreds of persons took refuge. Having barricaded the doors and windows they killed a kid and let the blood flow over the threshold. Seeing the gory stream the Spanish soldiers thought the work of butchery complete and hastened to deeds of slaughter elsewhere. To-day the peaceful draper-shop which occupies the site presents no trace of that dreadful day of terror.

It is only fourteen miles from Rotterdam to the Hague, and on the way we pass, first Schiedam, celebrated for its "Hollands" and "Geneva," in which demoralizing and baneful manufacture two hundred and twenty distilleries are said to be employed; and then Delft, which gives its name to our common pottery, and from which the Pilgrim Fathers sailed for Plymouth Rock. A more painful interest attaches itself to the Prinsenhof, or palace, the scene of the assassination of William the Silent, the grand Protestant champion of Europe. The mark of the bullet is still seen. Here also Grotius was born.

ON THE LAZY SCHELDT.

The Hague, for centuries the capital of Holland, with a population of 100,000, is one of the most charming cities I have ever seen.

Its handsome streets, spacious squares, quaint old houses, splendid park of stately elms and chestnuts, its fishponds and tree-shaded canals, have an air of unsurpassed quiet, comfort, and thrift. Its galleries and museums are exceedingly rich in treasures of art. Nor is it without stirring historic memories. It was with profound interest that I visited the spot where the grand old Arminian, Barneveldt, was executed in his seventy-second year, 1619.

RETURNING FROM MARKET.

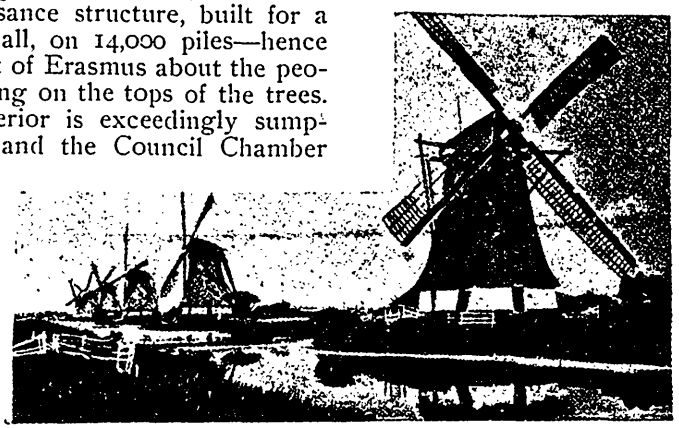
In the art gallery one may read the naval history of Holland in the famous battle-pieces which illustrate the career of De Ruyter and of Van Tromp, who, with broom at masthead, swept up the Thames till his guns were heard in London streets. The splendid wig and aristocratic nose of our Dutch sovereign, William III., will also profoundly impress the hero-worshipping mind. The gem of the collection, however, is neither King nor Kaiser, but Paul Potter's far-famed bull—a magnificent animal, which seems about to step out of the canvas. When it was stolen by Napoleon, the Dutch offered for it 60,000 florins—over $20,000. The naval, municipal, and royal museums abound in objects of intense artistic or historic interest.

The railway from the Hague to Amsterdam, by way of Leyden and Haarlem, traverses the sand dunes of the Northern Sea, and a broad "polder" reclaimed from the ocean. Leyden is chiefly famous for its three months' siege by the Spaniards in 1574, when 6,000 persons died of famine rather than yield to the hated foe, of whose historic defence the story is so grandly told by Motley. The old town has almost as many canals as streets, and the sluggish water forms a complete double moat. Its university was long one of the most famed in Europe.

Haarlem, too, has its story of cruel siege and brave defence, in which even the women took an active part, and 10,000 of the people perished. But the Spaniards were, at last, victors, and the Protestant clergy and 2,000 citizens were ruthlessly executed. The great organ of the Groote Kerk is one of the finest in the world. This was the chief seat of the tulip mania in 1637, when a single rare bulb sold for $5,000. In a few months the price fell to $20.

Amsterdam, the Venice of the North, contrasts very unfavourably with the Queen of the Adriatic. It may be more thrifty, but it is far less poetic. The busy traffic of its canals continually perturbs their muddy waters, which have the colour and consistency of pea-soup, and the tall, dull, red brick houses, through the sinking of the piles on which they rest, lean at various angles as though they would topple over.

Like Venice, Amsterdam has grown from a few fishermen's huts, built like seagulls' nests on an oozy sandbank, to be a great commercial entrepot. It has a thrifty population of 300,000. Its ninety islands are connected by 300 bridges, and, as in Venice, almost every house can be reached by water. The stately rows of elms, however, that border the canals have no counterpart in the fairer southern city. The finest building is the Palace, a massive Renaissance structure, built for a town hall, on 14,000 piles—hence the jest of Erasmus about the people living on the tops of the trees. Its interior is exceedingly sumptuous, and the Council Chamber



DUTCH WINDMILLS.

of those merchant princes is one of the most magnificent in Europe.

The Rijks Museum is the finest gallery in Holland. Here alone can Rembrandt be seen at his best—in his famous "Night Watch," and "Syndics." Helst's "Arquebusiers" is also marvellously life-like and real. Teniers, Van Ostade, Dow, Cuyp, and other masters of the Dutch school are here in their glory; but their favourite subjects seem to me irredeemably prosaic—a tavern scene, a kitchen, a fish-market, which are not much to my taste, however artistically shown. I went to see the famous fish auction, and was glad to escape from its unsavoury crowds of sailors and fish-wives and their slimy merchandise. I lodged at the old Bible House, in which the first Dutch Bible was printed. I was shown a copy of the original edition of 1542—a massive black-letter book with queer old cuts. The son of the printer opened an inn, and set up as his sign an open Bible inscribed with the text, "Take a little wine for thy stomach sake;" and there, above the door, it is to this day.

I returned from this famed city of the Zuider Zee by way of Utrecht, where was signed the important treaty which gave peace to Europe in 1713, and Gouda, famed for its stained glass, to Rotterdam. I shared the carriage with a very polite and intelligent Jew and his family, who gave me much information. The religious toleration of Holland made it a place of refuge for those persecuted Ishmaels and Hagars of mankind, and added to the wealth and thrift of the country. Amsterdam has nearly 40,000 Jews, with ten splendid synagogues. Here, in 1632, the celebrated Spinoza, the "father of modern philosophy," was born.

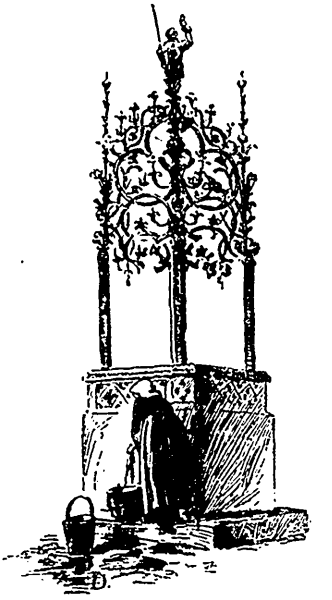
On my return journey to Brussels, I travelled with a German merchant of very radical sentiment. He bitterly denounced the

domestic policy of his Government, especially its oppressive military system, which, he said, was crushing the life out of the trade and industry of the country; and he cited examples which went far to vindicate his antipathy. The people, he said, were ready to revolt, but for the iron hand that kept them down. If such sentiments widely prevail, it is an omen of ill augury for the future of the Empire.

Antwerp, a busy city on the "lazy Scheldt," though not in Holland, has many Dutch characteristics. It was, under Charles V., the most prosperous city in Europe. But Spanish tyranny and the terrors of the Inquisition reduced the population to, at one time, 40,000. It is strongly fortified, and has stood many a siege. The glory of the town is its magnificent cathedral. Its lofty open spire Napoleon compared to Mechlin lace, and Charles V. used to say it should be preserved in a glass case. Its interior is unique in this, that it has three aisles on each side of the nave. The perspective of the arches, supported on 125 columns, is very fine.

The glory of the church is Rubens' masterpiece—his wonderful "Descent from the Cross." I confess to a lack of appreciation of Rubens. I can see little beauty in his figures, and they have often a vulgar coarseness that is offensive to good taste. Of course, the masterful life and rich colouring of his pictures indicate the consummate artist. But there is none of the poetic feeling of Raphael, nor of the seraphic purity of Fra Angelico. Crowded around the venerable cathedral, like mendicants around the feet of a priest, were a lot of squalid old houses, that greatly marred its beauty, now removed. Beside the principal portal is an ancient well, covered by an intricate canopy of wrought iron, made in 1529 by Quentin Matsys, whom, as an inscription records, love of an artist's daughter transformed into a painter—"Connubialis amor Mulcibre fecit Apellem."

The Hotel de Ville, with a splendid facade 300 feet long, rising to the height of 180 feet, contains some fine historic halls, one with an immense chimney-piece, with famous Bible reliefs. In a neighbouring church-yard is an artificial Calvary, forty feet high,



MATSY'S WELL, ANTWERP.

crowded with statues of saints and angels. Beneath is a grotto in imitation of the Holy Sepulchre, and an iron-grated purgatory, in which carved figures in painted flames beseech alms for masses to procure their release. It has all the horror of Dante without any of the poetry.

The picture gallery is wonderfully rich in "chefs d'oeuvre" of Flemish art; but none impressed me more than a dead Christ, by Matsys, whose deep pathos brings

tears to the eyes. I confess I liked better than the old masters much of the work in the Septennial Exhibition of modern Belgian painters. Their mastery of technique is perfect, and their interpretation of nature is also very sympathetic. In the public squares are fine monuments of Rubens, Teniers, and Vandyck, and the streets bear the names of famous painters.

My most delightful memory of Antwerp is that of its sweet chimes. There are in all, in the cathedral tower, ninety-nine bells —the largest, at whose baptism Charles V. stood godfather, and gave his own name, weighs eight tons. Every quarter of an hour they ring out a beautiful "carillon," and at the full hour they proclaim in more elaborate melody the flight of time. My hotel was in the Cathedral Square, and at night I lay awake listening to the exquisite strain and thinking of Longfellow's musical lines:

As the evening shades descended,
Low and loud and sweetly blended,
Low at times and loud at times,
And changing like a poet's rhymes,
Rang the beautiful wild chimes.
Then with deep sonorous clangour
Calmly answering their sweet anger,
When the wrangling bells had ended,
Slowly struck the clock eleven;

THE HOTEL DE VILLE, BRUSSELS.

And from out the silent heaven,
Silence on the town descended.
Silence, silence everywhere,
On the earth and in the air.

Brussels is only an hour's ride from Antwerp. It is another Paris, with its broad boulevards, its palaces, parks and squares, and its cafes and gay out-of-door life, and a population of 400,000. The celebrated Hotel de Ville is one of the noblest town-halls in Europe. Its flamboyant facade and exquisite open spire, soaring like a fountain 370 feet in the air, once seen can never be forgotten. At the summit the Archangel Michael forever waves his glittering sword as if to guard the city at his feet. The fretted stone work looks like petrified lace. An intelligent young girl showed me the old historic rooms, including that in which the Emperor Charles V. is said to have abdicated his crown, 1556. The scene is represented with much vigour on a piece of old tapestry. From the windows I could see the spot where those noble patriots, Counts Egmont and Hoorne, died as martyrs to liberty. The old guild houses of the butchers, brewers, carpenters, and skippers are very odd. The gable of the latter represents the stern of a ship, with four protruding cannon.

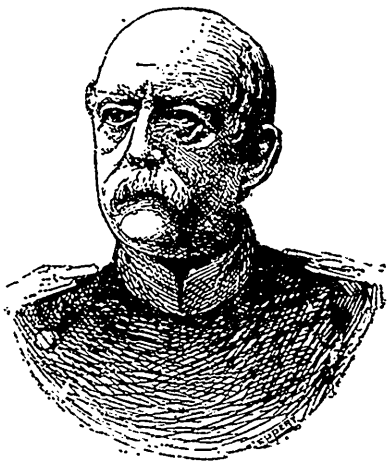
"AT EVENING TIME IT SHALL BE LIGHT."

BY AMY PARKINSON.

The early morning promised bright and fair;
The sky was tender blue; a low, soft breeze
Came wand'ring o'er the land; the sun sent rays
Of joy across the smiling sea, until
It broke in merry laughter on the shore
That smiled it back a greeting.
But the day
Changed:—Long before the noontide hour was reached
Dark rags of vapour, torn from coming clouds,
Hurried across the sky and flecked the land
With shadows; and the gentle breeze became
A wailing wind. The sparkling sea put on
A leaden hue, and changed its happy voice
To dreary moaning. Thicker and more close
The clouds drew on, until they stretched o'er all
The dark'ning scene one sombre canopy.
No hint of blue revealed itself; no beam
Pierced though the grey, to tell the sun still shone
Beyond the clouds.
But now the sunset hour
Approaches; and the distant west shows signs
Of coming brightness. Little rifts appear
In the dark curtain, and the light streams through
And widens them, till all the heavy mass
Rolls slowly backward; and the setting sun
Sends forth such radiance that the sea once more
Laughs out in gladness, and the rain-swept land
Smiles through its tears.
Has thy brief day of life
Grown dark in morning hours? Have hoped-for joys
Flitted across thy path and turned aside
Ere thou could'st overtake them? and have sorrows
Waited thy coming? Raise thy tear-dimmed eyes
And watch the west. The evening hours draw near,
When heaven's most glorious light shall make thee glad.
E'en now earth's clouds grow thin and luminous
With the exceeding brightness from beyond:
And soon the veil will be withdrawn, and thou
Shalt pass the wondrous gates, within whose portals
Do joys await thee; and through which no sorrow
Can find an entrance, where the light shines on
Undimmed forever.

"THE SECRET HISTORY OF PRINCE BISMARCK."*

BY THE EDITOR.



THE IRON CHANCELLOR.

II.

After the war, Dr. Busch spent about two years in the Foreign Office at Berlin. A temporary estrangement seems to have occurred between His Serene Highness and his humble servant on the ground that a Liepzig bookseller had attempted to levy blackmail on Bismarck by the allegation that Busch had written a diary in which was recorded everything that the Prince had said of the King. This diary would be published, he threatened, unless Bismarck paid 100,000 thalers for its suppression. "Not five groschen," was the doughty Chancellor's reply. The bookseller then came down to 50,000 thalers in his demand, but Bismarck was inexorable. Herr Busch was able to establish his *bona fides*, and was reinstated in the Prince's employment.

The antagonism between Bismarck and the Empress Augusta and Crown Princess became more marked. The Chancellor, therefore, in 1877, resolved to resign his office. The reason given by Herr Busch, his secretary, is this:

"Augusta, who influences her aging consort and conspires with Victoria, the Crown Princess, works up the priests through the Radziwills and others, travels incognito from Baden-Baden to Switzerland in order to have *tête-à-têtes* with Mermillod and other rabid Ultramontanes. . . . She has become pious now that she is growing old, and has in consequence taken up with the clerical circles on the Rhine. The Emperor is old, and allows himself to be influenced by her more and more. He has never had that strength of character with which many people credit him."

Bismarck thus naively describes his efforts to encourage his sovereign:

"I remember in the period of conflict when things were at the worst, he returned once from a summer resort, where his wife had been frightening him about the Opposition. He was very depressed, was thinking of the scaffold, and wanted to abdicate. I told him I did not believe things were so bad. Prussians were not Frenchmen, and instead of thinking of Louis XVI., he should remember Charles I., who died for his honour and his rights. If he were to be beheaded, he would also die for his honour and his rights. So far as I was concerned, I too would willingly suffer death in case it were necessary. There I had caught him by the sword-knot and appealed to him as to a king and an officer. He became more cheerful, and by the time we reached Berlin he was again quite reasonable."

* "Bismarck. Some Secret Pages in his History." Being a Diary kept by Dr. Moritz Busch, during twenty-five years' official and private intercourse with the great Chancellor. With portraits. In two volumes. 8vo. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co. American edition, $10. Canadian edition, $7.50. The substance of this article has appeared in the *Methodist Review* of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, May–June, 1899.

Queen Victoria always exercised her great influence in the councils of Europe, as far as it was in her power, to prevent war. "She wrote direct," says Herr Busch, "to Prince Bismarck, urging him to prevent war between Russia and the Porte." Bismarck declined to interfere, and the war in the Balkans broke out, with the loss of many thousands of brave men in the bloody pass of the Plevna. He had another grievance against the Queen of England.

"The old queen is fond of match-making, like all old women. In family matters she is not accustomed to contradiction, and would immediately bring the parson with her in her travelling bag and the bridegroom in her trunk, and the marriage would come off at once."

Dr. Busch was admitted to the familiar status as a member of the prince's household at Varzin. This he describes as the house of a prosperous country gentleman rather than the chateau of a prince.

"There were no luxurious carpets, portieres or curtains, or articles of great value. After dinner the prince used to feed his dogs with his own hands, giving them cooked meat from a plate. I confess that the tall figure in the arm-chair at the head of the table, and the two big dogs on the right and left with their eyes fixed upon his face, recalled to my mind pictures which I had seen of the god Odin and his two wolves."

Bismarck was "ever a fighter" from his roistering youth. When he was attending university at Gottingen he fought twenty-eight students' duels in three terms, and was always lucky enough to escape with a whole skin.

The adulation, not to say sycophancy, of Herr Busch seems to know no limits. "The Imperial Chancellor is regarded as a man of iron character, whose self-confidence never fails. Many will think that he must look upon his deeds and creations with something of the feeling with which God the Father on the Seventh Day regarded the world he had made. I am not disposed to question that."

His most intimate friend goes on to describe other aspects of Bismarck's character.

"He has also softer moments—moments of apparent or real dissatisfaction with his achievements and his fate—a vein of melancholy or, perhaps we should say, pensive sentiment, that finds expression as *Weltschmerz*. He sometimes recalls Achilles in his tent, sometimes Solomon, exclaiming: 'Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labour that I had laboured to do: and, behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun.' Many of these expressions also recall the spirit in which Hamlet sadly meditates:

PRINCE BISMARCK.
COUNT ANDRESSEY. PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF.

"How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on 't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely."

"Thus on Sunday, the 21st of October, after gazing for a while into space, he complained to us that he had had little

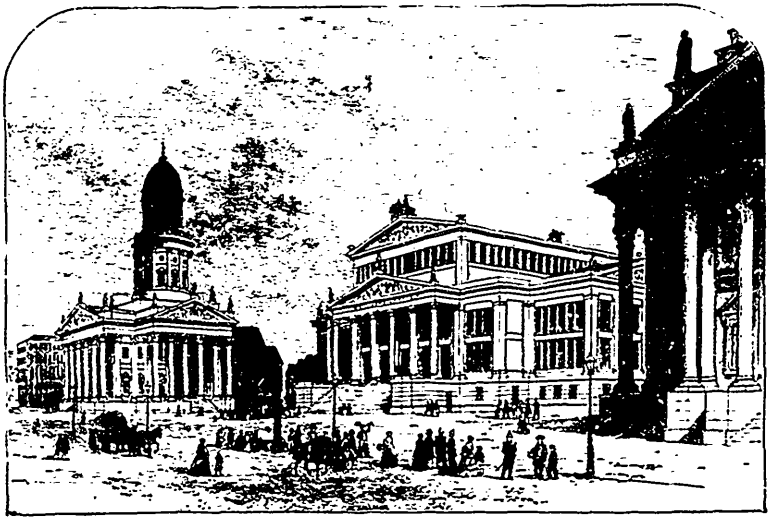
pleasure or satisfaction from his political life. He had made no one happy thereby, neither himself, nor his family, nor others. We protested, but he continued as follows:

"'There is no doubt, however, that I have caused unhappiness to great numbers. But for me three great wars would not have taken place, eighty thousand men would not have been killed and would not now be mourned by parents, brothers, sisters and widows. I have settled that with God, however. But I have had little if any pleasure from all that I have done, while on the other hand I have had a great deal of worry, anxiety and trouble"

in his whole life he had never known more than four-and-twenty happy hours. One of these was when he killed his first hare. But his domestic experience seems to have been of a deeply affectionate character.

His political agitations greatly disturbed the old chancellor, who declared that his pulse went at an average of fifteen beats in a minute faster than it did during the preceding reign.

Bismarck had no more admira-



A PUBLIC SQUARE IN BERLIN.

Of exceeding pathos is the confession of the worn-out statesman:

"I am an old man, over seventy, and for twenty-nine years I have exhausted my strength in the service of the State, and can no longer do what I once did. I can no longer accompany the king wherever he goes—on journeys, shooting parties, and to watering-places. I can no longer ride to manœuvres and parades, so as to prevent his being alone with others, and to take immediate measures against the intrigues and influence of opponents. If I were to persist in that sort of work, my illness would return, and I should soon be dead."

The Man of Blood and Iron is elsewhere described as saying that

tion for Gladstone than Gladstone had for him. The men were morally and politically antipathetic.

"We were on good terms with England," says the chancellor, "under Beaconsfield; but Professor Gladstone perpetrates one piece of stupidity after another. He has alienated the Turks; he commits follies in Afghanistan and at the Cape, and he does not know how to manage Ireland. There is nothing to be done with him."

He was equally frank in criticising home politicians. "Mommsen," said the Chief, "has always proved himself a greenhorn when he mixed in politics, and most of all at the present time."

His confidants did not hesitate

EMPEROR WILLIAM II. OF GERMANY.

to characterize the chancellor's duplicity in the plainest words. The faithful diarist, in speaking to the Chief, referred to certain newspaper articles, when Bismarck declared that he knew nothing of diplomatic influence having been exercised in that way. "Well, then," said Bucher, his secretary, "he lied to you in that matter."

Bucher sent Busch material for an attack upon England, which he accordingly proceeded to work up into an article for the "Grenzboten." "The inhuman pair of us then rejoiced at England's misfortunes in the Soudan, and I expressed a hope that Wolseley's head would soon arrive in Cairo, nicely pickled and packed." The English commissariat departme·t, he alleges, "was badly managed. Graham's troops at Suakim had only one pair of boots each, and when an Irish regiment knelt down at mass one could see that the soles were all torn and were patched with pieces of the tin cans which had contained their preserved meats."

Herr Busch was capable of delicate flattery. On the jubilee of the emperor's reign he suggested that a good text for the sermon on that occasion would be found in Ecclesiastes, "The work praiseth the master, and his hands do

honour to a wise prince;" and in particular the further passage, "The prosperity of a ruler dwelleth with God, he giveth him a worthy chancellor." This phrase, however, does not occur in the English version.

While priming his mouthpiece with envenomed, almost libellous, newspaper articles, Bismarck admonished him at the same time, "Remember the press laws. Be very cautious, diplomatic, and not too venomous; and always emphasize the fact that it is foreign influences that are working against me; not the Emperor, but the reigning lady and her mother."

Speaking of the Emperor Frederick, whose short reign was passed in the shadow of death, Bismarck says:

"Two Empresses are fighting against his opinion and mine,—those of India and Germany; and Victoria, the daughter, simply talks him down. She can make much better use of her tongue than he can. . . . At home with her daughters, she, the German Empress, only speaks English, the language of the chosen people, and the Princesses write English letters to their father."

After the death of the Emperor Frederick, it was whispered in the press that he had left a diary which did not throw a very favourable light on Bismarck, and that this was in the hands of the Queen of England. A memorandum of this diary was published in the "Rundchau." Of this diary Bismarck said:

"As you will have seen from what you read, we must first treat it as a forgery, a point of view from which a great deal may be said. Then, when it is proved to be genuine by the production of the original, it can be dealt with further in another way. . . . I myself consider the diary even more genuine than you do. But at first we must treat it as doubtful."

The veteran chancellor resented very strongly the espionage of the young kaiser, Wilhelm II. "He wants even to know whom I see, and has spies set to watch those who come in and go out," he bitterly declared. "The emperor's authority," he asserted, "ceases at the door of the Princess Bismarck's drawing-room."

"He does not want the old mentor any longer," added Bismarck, bitterly, "but only docile tools. But I cannot make genuflections, 'Ich aber kann nicht mit Proskynesis dienen,' nor crouch under the table like a dog."

Soon came the complete rupture, and Bismarck was curtly dismissed by the egotistic young emperor. This event was caricatured in London Punch in a cartoon representing the kaiser as a ship-captain sending overboard the old pilot who had guided the ship of state over so many stormy waters. One would have thought that this would have considerably nettled the emperor. On the contrary, Bismarck says: "The emperor was delighted with it. He saw in it a recognition of his right to smash the pot—you know, as in the witches' kitchen: 'Entzwei, entzwei, da liegt der brei.'"

As late as 1890 Bismarck contemplated a long journey, including a visit to the United States. This would have been a tour of surpassing interest had it taken place. But as Herr Busch says, His Serene Highness was mentally, and in particular as far as his memory was concerned, "falling to pieces."

Bismarck was somewhat exacting in his demands upon his literary aides, and was familiarly designated by them "The Dragon." Busch does not, like Mr. W. T. Stead, magnify his office as that of the modern prophet, but speaks with contempt of "the sub-editorial ass."

The prince commissioned Herr Busch to arrange his confidential papers, among others a large

package of letters from the old emperor. In this congenial work he employed many weeks. On the back of one of these documents, not the emperor's, the Chief had written in pencil, "The old hypocrite."

Bucher, who succeeded Busch as the chancellor's secretary, said to the latter, "Thank your stars you are not in my place with these memoirs," which the chancellor was dictating. "It is not alone that his memory is defective, but he begins also intentionally to misrepresent even plain and well-established matters of fact and occurrences. He will not admit his own share in anything that has failed, and he will acknowledge no one to be of any consequence compared to himself, except perhaps the old emperor, to whom he now, as a foil to the young emperor, gives a much higher place than he is fairly entitled to."

In the spirit of Wolsey's phrase, "How wretched is that poor man who hangs on princes' favours," the veteran king-maker said bitterly :

"Ever since 1847 I have constantly represented the monarchical principle, and held it aloft like a banner. Now I have seen three kings in a state of nakedness, and frequently these three exalted gentlemen did not make altogether a very good show. Still it would not do to say that openly before the world. If it (the publication) takes place after my death, then they will say, 'There you have it! even from his grave! What a detestable old wretch!'"

The last glimpse we have of the grim old chancellor in Herr Busch's diary is one to excite our pity. To a guest, urging him to pay a visit to South Germany and the Rhine, the Chief replied that like Parson Primrose he now preferred the journey from the brown bed into the blue.

With all the shortcomings of his character, and they are many, there was in the old statesman a vein of sturdy piety.

"If I were no longer a Christian, he said, I would not serve the king another hour. If I did not put my trust in God, I should certainly place none in any earthly masters. Why should I labour and toil unceasingly in this world, and expose myself to worry and vexation, if I did not feel that I must do my duty toward God?"

As a motto for a heraldic device Bismarck selected this : "In Trinitate robur"—"My trust is in the Triune God." He kept with him in his room when campaigning in France a couple of books of devotion which he often read, "Daily Watchwords and Texts of the Moravian Brethren for 1870," and, "Daily Spiritual Refreshment for Believing Christians."

"Although the prince, as I have indicated," writes this diarist, "is a God-fearing man, whose strength and sense of duty are based on religion, and who regards death as the Janua Vitae, he seldom attends divine service—possibly out of consideration for his health."

We have Herr Busch's authority for the statement that Bismarck believed in ghosts, that he was superstitious of being one of thirteen at a table, and of undertaking anything of importance on Friday. This sturdy champion of Lutheranism was quite willing to give the Pope a refuge in Prussia after his anticipated expulsion from Rome.

Herr Busch gives us a few glimpses of Bismarck's humour, which was often of a satirical cast, sometimes grim and sardonic. In his fits of insomnia at one time he used to write letters, even dispatches, "but when I read them over next morning," he says, "they were worth nothing—mere platitudes, confused trivial stuff such as might have appeared in the "Vossische Zeitung," or might have been composed by His Serene Highness of Weimar."

From the chancellor's bedroom at Varzin a dark narrow passage in the wall led down to a postern gate. "We have named this," he said, "after Zenft Pilsach, a loquacious bore. When unwelcome acquaintances make their appearance, I slip out here and bring myself in safety to a certain bench in the park, where I wait until I am told the danger is over." The Countess Bismarck fainted at a diplomatic dinner. "She always faints when she is exceptionally bored," said the chancellor, "and for that reason I never take her with me now to diplomatic dinners." "That is a pretty compliment for the diplomats," observed the crown prince.

Speaking of the festivities of his youth at Berlin, Bismarck tells this story, which illustrates his cynical disregard of the sensibilities of his host and hostess :

"There was a Russian minister, Ribeaupierre, who gave balls, where people danced till two o'clock in the morning, and there was nothing to eat. I know that, because I and a couple of good friends were often there. At length we got tired of it, and played them a trick. When it got late, we pulled out some bread and butter from our pockets, and after we had finished, we pitched the paper on the drawing-room floor. Refreshments were provided next time, but we were not invited any more."

Bismarck recounts an amusing instance of Russian conservatism. In a summer garden at St. Petersburg a sentry was seen posted in the middle of a grass plot. Bismarck asked what he was doing there. No one knew, the sentry had always been posted there. At last an old footman told him that the Empress Catharine had seen an early snowdrop on the spot and had placed a sentry to guard it. The custom had been kept up for one hundred and fifty years.

It is a curious circumstance that the housekeeper of the Bismarck establishment at Varzin was a French lady, Fraulein Fatio. In a confidential chat with Herr Busch she stated that the mother of the Countess Bismarck had been greatly opposed to her daughter's marriage, and declared that she would rather see her married to a swineherd than to the prince.

The prince in retirement, like the Emperors Tiberius, Diocletian, and Charles V., expressed a contempt for public affairs, and devotion to rural pursuits. The countess once said, "Believe me, a turnip interests him more than all your politics."

We do not learn much of Bismarck's taste in letters, but get occasional glimpses of his robust criticism. Speaking of Goethe's plays, he says :

"The leading characters are all Weislingens—weak, soft, sentimental creatures—not men as in Shakespeare, always repetitions of himself, for he too had something feminine in him, and could only realize and portray the feelings of women."

The death of Prince Bismarck has ended, we trust, an era in European politics. He was, in our judgment, the embodiment of pitiless, conscienceless force. His ideal, the reuniting of the broken fragments of the empire of the Rudolphs and the Maximilians was a noble one, but his methods were relentless and cruel. He has been called the Richelieu of Germany, but the comparison is unjust. Richelieu subdued the clashing factions of France and secured its supremacy in Europe by the subtle statecraft of the priest, by finesse more than by force. Bismarck was more a feudal baron, like our English Warwick the King Maker, and his cognizance might well be, like his, the Bear and Ragged Staff, the symbol of brute power.

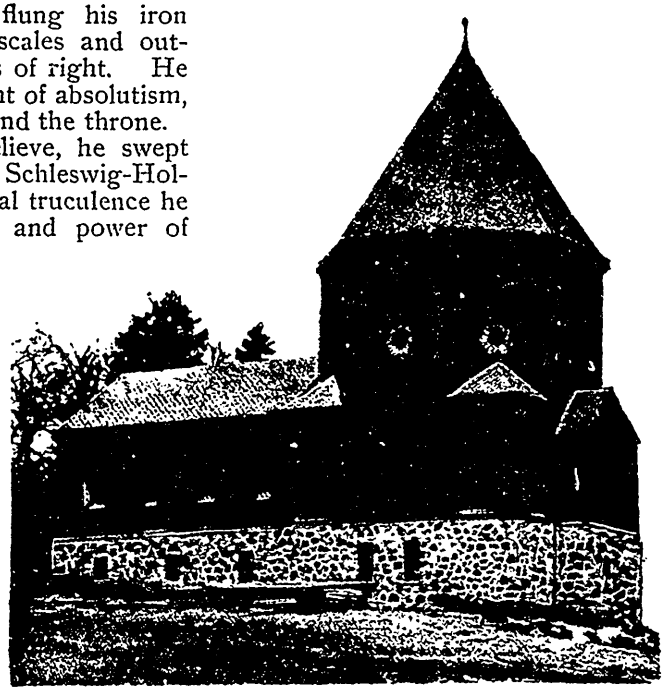
In 1862 Bismarck said in his

Prussian Diet: "Not by speeches and majority votes can the great questions of the day be settled—this was the error of '48 and '49—but by iron and blood." And a man of iron and blood he has been from that day to his death. A swashbuckler and duellist in his youth, he continued his ruthlessness through three great wars. He appealed not to reason but to the sword, not to the ballot but to the bullet. He flung his iron gauntlet into the scales and outweighed the claims of right. He was the embodiment of absolutism, the real power behind the throne.

Unjustly, we believe, he swept the Danes from Schleswig-Holstein, and with equal truculence he crushed the pride and power of Austria at Sadowa. Suppressing despatches he deceived his royal master, and precipitated the Franco-Prussian war, the war that reft her fairest provinces from proud France and marched the spiked helmets through the Champs Elysees. But the intoxication of victory, and the crowning of William I. as Emperor at Versailles, condoned his colossal crimes and made him the idol of the people.

But how hapless is the man who hangs on princes' favours! The ungrateful young War Lord of Europe could brook no rival near his throne, and dismissed the old man of iron will who had made him Kaiser of United Germany. Bismarck's closing years teach their grim lesson of the Nemesis that with swift feet follows wrong. In soured and sullen old age he sulked in his castle at Friedrichsruhe, gnawing his heart, aweary of the world and yet reluctant to depart.

This study of the life and character of Europe's foremost statesman suggests by contrast that of his great untitled compeer, William Ewart Gladstone. Four times chancellor of a world-wide em-



BISMARCK'S MAUSOLEUM.

pire, he sought its moral and intellectual elevation by the arts of peace, and not of war. He had the courage to accept defeat at Majuba Hill instead of crushing the Boers in revenge, and to surrender the Ionian Islands because he believed it right. He lived down opposition and obloquy, and died the best loved man of English-speaking lands. His great heart was stirred with sympathy for the struggles for liberty in

Italy, in Montenegro, in Bulgaria, in Armenia, in Cuba. His serene and sunny old age was consoled by philosophy and religion. His latest days were spent in the moral service of mankind. Which kind of statesman typifies the higher civilization of the future—the man of "blood and iron," or the man of peace and good will?

It is idle to say, "nil nisi bonum de mortuis." There are men like Charles XII. and Napoleon who leave a name

> "At which the world turns pale,
> To point a moral or adorn a tale."

Bismarck's theories and sympathies and practice were all opposed to the free government of a free people. They were more akin to mediaeval feudalism than to the free institutions and sovereignty of man which shall mark the Christian civilization of the world's future.

Yet God can make the wrath of man to praise him, as from the blood-sodden fields of war he makes to grow the golden grain of peace. A united Germany instinct with patriotism to a common Fatherland is a wonderful evolution from the four hundred feudal states and petty princedoms engaged in almost perpetual and relentless war which once filled the valleys of the Rhine and Elbe, the mountains of the Schwarzwald and Odinwald.

FOR GLORY AND FOR BEAUTY.

BY MARGARET G. CURRIE.

For glory and for beauty Aaron wore
  The priceless linen, and the blazing gem,
Entering that shrine famed far and evermore
  With golden bells upon his garment's hem,
  A mitred hierarch to his tomb sublime
He passed at last up the steep slopes of Hor.

Bezaleel and his helpers, taught of God,
  For glory and for beauty wrought and prayed;
Shaped the bright brass and the smooth shittim-wood,
  The strange symbolic cherubim they made,
  The gorgeous veil rich primal craft displayed,
They saw their finished handiwork was good.

The silk and purple, scarlet, fringe and gem,
  Ivory and precious ointment, all fulfil
The mission by their Lord appointed them,
  And even as storm and sunshine serve His will,
  Earth's dazzling trophies of perfected skill
Shall help to deck the New Jerusalem.

For glory and for beauty were we born,
  To anoint the head and don the bridal white;
Christ hath made void the curse of toil and thorn,
  And purchased back our doubly forfeit right,
  To spend time's prosperous years in choice delight
And enter gleaming gates to realms of morn.

The heart in worth transcends the ruby-stone;
  Ye wise its pulsing tables who engrave—
Love's fine-twined curtain and art's 'broidered zone
  For glory and for beauty deftly weave,
  Power from the source of all high gifts receive,
Work by the pattern on the mountain shown.

Fredericton, N.B.

LOWELL AND HIS FRIENDS.*

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

It is a poet's apotheosis to be commemorated in such a beautiful volume as that under review. Never have we seen more admirable portraits than those in this book. The theme is worthy of its treatment and illustration. "One cannot conceive," says Dr. Hale, "more fortunate or charming conditions than those of the boyhood and early education of James Russell Lowell. You may study the babyhood and boyhood of a hundred poets and not find one home like his. His father, the Rev. Charles Lowell, was the minister of a large parish in Boston

*"James Russell Lowell and His Friends." By Everett Hale. With portraits, fac-similes, and other illustrations. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Pp. viii-303. Price, $3.00.

for more than fifty years." His grandfather, Judge Lowell, was an ardent anti-slavery advocate when slavery was almost everywhere defended. His great-grandfather was a Congregational minister at Newburyport. His uncle, Francis Cabot Lowell, was the founder of the city of Lowell, and his cousin endowed the Lowell Institute, a great popular university of Boston. The poet is thus of the bluest blood of New England—a member of Boston's Brahmin caste, born and brought up under the very shadow of the oldest university in America, educated in an atmosphere of learning, refinement, and gracious culture. He was read asleep as a child to the rhythm of Shakespeare's and Spenser's verse.

The lad entered Harvard at fifteen, and was one of a remarkable group of students afterwards famous in American literature—Emerson, Holmes, Sumner, Clarke, Bellows, Lowell, and Higginson. Lowell early began to scribble verse, and was chosen as the poet for class day. But he was not permitted to read his poem. College prayers were held at six o'clock, and Lowell failed to respond oftener than about once a week. He was, therefore, rusticated to Concord to read with the Rev. Barzillai Frost, the pious old pedant who is the original of Parson Wilbur in the "Biglow Papers." Frost was a learned but very absurd man. He would group the most incongruous thoughts. In a Thanksgiving sermon he would say, "We have been free from the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and the destruction that wasteth at noonday; it is true we have had some chicken-pox and some measles."

It is infinitely to his credit that Lowell threw himself into the anti-slavery and temperance crusades at a time when both these moral reforms were the reverse of popular. He wrote in anti-slavery papers and lectured on temperance and anti-slavery platforms. In his "Biglow Papers," he wrote the most scathing denunciations of the slave trade ever penned.

Lowell was most fortunate in his domestic relations. In his youth came into his life one of the sweetest, noblest, and purest of women, Maria White. "He became engaged to this lady," says his biographer, "in the fall of 1840, and the next twelve years of his life were profoundly affected by her influence. Herself a poet of delicate power, she brought an intelligent sympathy with his work; it was, however, her strong moral enthusiasm, her lofty conception of purity and justice, which kindled his spirit and gave force and direction to a character which was ready to respond and yet might otherwise have delayed active expression."

This noble soul is commemorated in several of his poems, as in his "Irene":

Hers is a spirit deep and crystal-clear;
Calmly beneath her earnest face it lies,
Free without boldness, meek without a fear,
Quicker to look than speak its sympathies;
Far down into her large and patient eyes
I gaze, deep-drinking of the infinite,
As, in the mid-watch of a still, clear night,
I look into the fathomless blue skies.

So circled lives she with Love's holy light,
That from the shade of self she walketh free;
The garden of her soul still keepeth she
An Eden where the snake did never enter;
She hath a natural, wise sincerity,
A simple truthfulness, and these have lent her
A dignity as moveless as the centre;
So that no influence of earth can stir
Her steadfast courage, nor can take away
The holy peacefulness, which night and day,
Unto her queenly soul doth minister. . . .

Cloudless for ever is her brow serene,
Speaking calm hope and trust within her, whence
Welleth a noiseless spring of patience,
That keepeth all her life so fresh, so green
And full of holiness, that every look,
The greatness of her woman's soul revealing,
Unto me bringeth blessing, and a feeling
As when I read in God's own holy book. . .

The deep religion of a thankful heart,
Which rests instinctively in Heaven's law
With a full peace, that never can depart
From its own steadfastness ;—a holy awe
For holy things,—not those which men call holy,
But such as are revealèd to the eyes
Of a true woman's soul bent down and lowly
Before the face of daily mysteries.

Yet in herself she dwelleth not,
Although no home were half so fair ;
No simplest duty is forgot,
Life hath no dim and lowly spot
That doth not in her sunshine share. . .

She hath no scorn of common things,
And though she seem of other birth,
Round us her heart entwines and clings,

MARIA LOWELL.

Another tender poem owes its inspiration to her gracious influence upon his life.

Great feelings hath she of her own,
Which lesser souls may never know ;
God giveth them to her alone,
And sweet they are as any tone
Wherewith the wind may choose to blow.

And patiently she folds her wings
To tread the humble paths of earth.

Blessing she is ; God made her so,
And deeds of weekday holiness
Fall from her noiseless as the snow,
Nor hath she ever chanced to know
That aught were easier than to bless.

This domestic idyl, with that of

the Brownings, of Tennyson, of Longfellow, of Holmes, are illustrations of the sweetness and purity of the domestic life of our great poets of the English-speaking race. It but makes more odious the immoral lives of a Byron, a Shelley, a Goethe, the greatness of whose genius cannot condone the selfish cruelty of their conduct.

But Lowell's dream of happiness was not to last. Sorrow came to his household as well as joy. The tender pathos of "The Changeling" touches every heart.

I had a little daughter,
  And she was given to me
To lead me gently backward
  To the Heavenly Father's knee. . . .

She had been with us scarce a twelvemonth,
  And it hardly seemed a day,
When a troop of wandering angels
  Stole my little daughter away. . . .

But they left in her stead a changeling,
  A little angel child,
That seems like her bud in full blossom,
  And smiled as she never smiled. . . .

Yet it lies in my little one's cradle
  And sits in my little one's chair,
And the light of the heaven she's gone to
  Transfigures its golden hair.

Still more pathetic is "The First Snowfall," of which the poet wrote: "Print that as if you loved it. Let not a comma be blundered. May you never have the key which shall unlock the whole meaning of the poem to you."

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

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

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

I remembered the gradual patience
  That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
  The scar that renewed our woe.

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

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

On the death of his little daughter Rose he wrote:

There's a narrow ridge in the graveyard
  Would scarce stay a child in his race,
But to me and my thought it is wider
  Than the star-sown vague of space. . . .

Your logic, my friend, is perfect,
  Your moral most drearily true;
But, since the earth clashed on her coffin,
  I keep hearing that, and not you. . . .

That little shoe in the corner,
  So worn and wrinkled and brown,
With its emptiness confutes you,
  And argues your wisdom down.

At length came a heavier sorrow. The light of his eyes was darkened and his house was left unto him desolate. The poet wrote:

If earth another grave must bear,
  Yet heaven hath won a sweeter strain,
And something whispers my despair,
That from an orient chamber there,
  Floats down, "Auf Wiedersehen!"

He girded himself for the duties of life, and manfully took up its burdens. He succeeded Ticknor and Longfellow as Professor of French and Spanish Languages and Literature at Harvard. In 1857 he became also first editor of The Atlantic Monthly, and devoted himself with energy to his task. In 1863 he became editor of The North American Review. He states that he worked more than fifteen hours a day. In ten years he wrote in these two periodicals one hundred and fifty separate articles or poems, discharging meanwhile his duties of professor at Harvard.

ELMWOOD.

Lowell was fortunate in his friends. Few men were ever surrounded by a group more distinguished in letters, more loyal to lofty ideals, more tried and true in life-long friendship. Among them are Garrison, Emerson, Hawthorne, Story, Longfellow, Holmes, Field, Asa Gray, Agassiz, Norton, and others, whom we meet in this volume and whose portraits embellish its pages.

Fame did not come to Lowell all at once. Of his first book of poems he was doubtful if three hundred copies would be sold. When writing for an anti-slavery paper the editorial committee "feared that they were flinging away their money in paying this young poet $4.80 a week for his contributions." At length the Biglow papers made him famous. "Very far," he says, "from being a popular author under my own name, so far, indeed, as to be almost unread, I found the verses of my pseudonym copied everywhere; I saw them pinned up in workshops; I heard them quoted and their authorship debated."

In 1877 Lowell was sent by President Hayes as United States Minister to Spain. He possessed the unusual accomplishment of being able to converse with the best Spanish scholars of his time in the grand old Spanish tongue. In the light of recent events it is curious to note Dr. Hale's comments on Lowell's lot among the hidalgos: "The United States Minister in Spain has always been walking amidst hot coals, or explosive friction matches. It meant to finish the job which Drake and Burleigh and Howard and Elizabeth felt unfinished three centuries ago."

The tedious delays of Spanish

diplomacy wore upon his nerves. "Whoever has seen the breasts of the peasantry fringed with charms older than Carthage and relics as old as Rome, and those of the upper classes plastered with decorations, will not expect Spain to become conscious of the nineteenth century and ready to welcome it in a day."

In 1880 he was transferred to the Court of St. James, as the successor of such distinguished American Ministers as Everett, Bancroft, Adams, and Motley. He reflected lustre on his high office.

It was difficult to conceive the range of subjects which came under his attention. "Subjects as various as the burial of John Howard Payne's body, the foot-and-mouth disease in cattle, the theological instruction in the schools of Bulgaria, the assisted emigration to America of paupers from Ireland, and the nationality of Patrick O'Donnel, occupy one year's correspondence."

Lowell did much to knit more closely the ties of fellowship between the mother and the daughter land at a time when this was more difficult than since the Anglo-American rapprochement of recent times. The Fenian agitation which disturbed Ireland, frightened England, was fostered for political purposes in the United States, and invaded Canada, made this more difficult. "The name Fenian was taken from Fein McCoil, the Fin-gal of Ossian. Lowell, who could never resist a pun which had any sense in it, called the Fenians Faineants, which, as it proved, was fair enough, except that they and theirs kept their English masters in alarm."

Here another great sorrow befell his life in the death of the second Mrs. Lowell, whose unfailing sympathy for him and his work never yielded even under the pressure of ill-health. When summoned from Spain to England she was an invalid confined to her bed. By accident the bed curtains caught fire. The attendants fell on their knees to implore the assistance of the Holy Mother, but Mrs. Lowell sprang up and herself took the best methods to extinguish the flames. The adventure was not an injury, but a benefit, and she was shortly able to travel to England.

In 1855 Lowell returned to his native land to spend six years in quiet seclusion at Elmwood. "Yes, it is very nice to be here," he says, "but the old house is full of ghosts." His old friends, Longfellow, Emerson, Appleton, Dana, Page, Agassiz, all had gone. He gave a few public addresses and readings, revised his essays and poems, and waited quietly for the end. Not long before his death, Lowell wrote to an English friend a description of Elmwood; and as he was very fond of the house in which he lived and died, it is agreeable to read words which strove to set it before the eyes of one who had never seen it.

"It is a pleasant old house, just about twice as old as I am, four miles from Boston, in what was once the country and is now a populous suburb. But it still has some ten acres of open about it, and some fine old trees. The trees I look out on are the earliest things I remember. There you have me in my new-old quarters. But you must not fancy a large house—rooms sixteen feet square, and, on the ground floor, nine high. It was large, as things went here, when it was built, and has a certain air of amplitude about it as from some inward sense of dignity.

"Here I am in my garret. I slept here when I was a little curly-headed boy, and used to see visions between me and the ceiling, and dream the so often recurring dream of having the earth put into my hand like an orange. In it I used to be shut up without a lamp,—my mother saying that none of her children should be afraid of the dark,—to hide my head under the pillow, and then not be

able to shut out the shapeless monsters that thronged around me, minted in my brain."

Dr. Hale quotes from a letter of Lowell's the following expression of his religious opinions :

"I don't care where the notion of immortality came from. . . It is there, and I mean to hold it fast. Suppose we don't know. How much do we know, after all? . . . The last time I was ill, I lost all consciousness of my flesh. I was dispersed through space in some inconceivable fashion and mixed with the Milky Way. . . Yet the very fact that I had a confused consciousness all the while of the Milky Way as something to be mingled with, proved that I was there as much an individual as ever.

"There is something in the flesh that is superior to the flesh, something that can in finer moments abolish matter and pain. And it is to this we must cling. . . .

". . . I think the evolutionists will have to make a fetish of their protoplasm before long. Such a mush seems to me a poor substitute for the Rock of Ages, by which I understand a certain set of higher instincts which mankind have found solid under all weathers."

His life-long friend, Longfellow, pays the following tribute to the memories of Elmwood, one of the classic homes of America :

Silent are all the sounds of day ;
Nothing I hear but the chirp of crickets,
And the cry of the herons winging their way
O'er the poet's house in the Elmwood thickets.

Ask him if songs of the Troubadours,
Or of Minnesingers in old black-letter,
Sound in his ears more sweet than yours,
And if yours are not sweeter and wilder and better.

Sing to him, say to him, here at his gate,
Where the boughs of the stately elms are meeting,
Some one hath lingered to meditate,
And send him unseen this friendly greeting.

The moral earnestness of the poet is shown in many of his poems, especially in that magnificent one entitled, "The Present Crisis" :

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

His sympathy with the lowly and the poor, especially in the keen competitions of modern life, is shown in his Parable, which Stead is so fond of quoting :

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

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

In his noble "Sir Launfal" he shows with St. Paul that the greatest of the Christian graces is not knightly daring and high emprise, but brotherly love.

The Holy Supper is kept indeed
In whatso we share another's need.

At a time when the abolitionists were everywhere spoken against, Lowell, like Whittier and Wendell Phillips, raised his voice like a trumpet in denunciation of that sin against God and crime against man, human slavery.

The poet's earnestness and moral insight are shown in one of his early sonnets, "The Street" :

They pass me by like shadows, crowds on crowds,
Dim ghosts of men, that hover to and fro,
Hugging their bodies round them like thin shrouds
Wherein their souls were buried long ago ;
They trampled on their youth, and faith, and love,
They cast their hope of humankind away,
With heaven's clear messages they madly strove,
And conquered,—and their spirits turned to clay ;
Lo! how they wander round the world, their grave,
Whose ever-gaping maw by such is fed,
Gibbering at living men, and idly rave,
"We only truly live, but ye are dead."

Alas, poor fools, the anointed eye may trace
A dead soul's epitaph in every face!

The poet had another side, and possessed qualities seldom found in the same writer—the combination of the humorous and pathetic—a combination not equalled, except by Tom Hood. The rollicking fun of the "Fable for Critics" of "The Unhappy Lot of Mr. Knot," and above all of the immortal "Biglow Papers," and in "Under the Willows," are a fine blending of wit and wisdom.

Lowell's memorial verses for college anniversaries and the like, reach, with Longfellow's "Morituri Salutamus," and some of Holmes, the highest standard in this difficult art.

But we think him at his best in the keen satire and sarcasm of his "Birdofredum" letters, and the learned comments of Hosea Biglow. These are unique in literature, and were a powerful moral force in rebuking a national crime.

AT JESUS' FEET.

Lord Jesus, life is hard, as Thou dost know,
And hours of peace and rest are very rare:
But it is sweet, after the toil and woe,
To nestle close to Thee with thoughts of prayer.
If Thou wilt lay Thy hand upon my head,
I shall arise refreshed and comforted.

Dear Master, I am sitting at Thy feet;
I would not miss a look or lose a word;
The hour is very holy when we meet;
I fain would see and hear none but the Lord;
I long to lay aside joy, grief, and fear,
And only know and feel that Thou art near.

The world's discordant noises evermore
Clang round about my ears and weary me.
There were rough hands, ungentle hearts before
That troubled me, but now I come to Thee.
O Jesus, quiet me with tender speech,
While up to Thee my wistful arms I reach.

In life's bewildering strife and eager rush
I lose so much of Thy sweet gentleness;
But in the peace and solace of this hush
Strengthen and soothe me with Thy blessedness;
Give to me what Thou wilt; here at Thy side,
Whate'er it be, I shall be satisfied.

WEARY.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

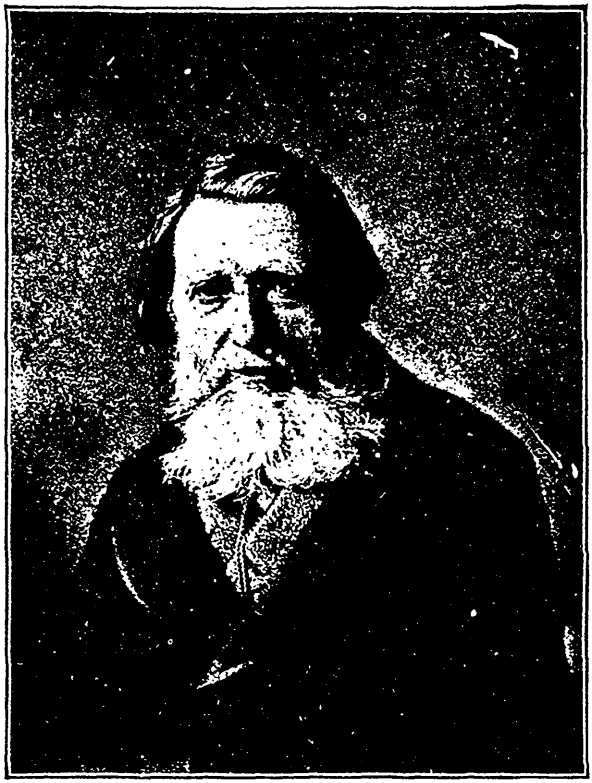
Lord Jesus, I am weary,
But 'tis Thy loving care
To walk beside the weary ones
And every burden share.

Dear Lord, I feel my weakness,
But Thou, so strong and kind,
Wilt always let me lean on Thee
And strength for weakness find.

Dear Lord, my eyes are clouded,
But to Thy perfect sight
The road lies open all the way
And Thou wilt be my light.

I long for home, Lord Jesus,
And Thou wilt lead me there
To take the place which long ago
Thou didst for me prepare.

JOHN RUSKIN.



JOHN RUSKIN.

Dr. Holmes says a man's education begins a hundred years before he is born. In the case of Ruskin, his good Scottish ancestry and the hereditary virtue of his godly parents were a priceless boon. Among the strongest formative influences of his early years was the wholesome environment of his home. His father was a well-to-do merchant, and his mother a woman of singular piety. The great writer and critic attributes his English style to the fact that he read the Bible daily with his mother, learning large portions of it by heart.

The Ruskins could afford to give their son the best of everything in both physical and mental training. Their home at Herne Hill, London, was one of culture and refinement. Intelligent guests brought a knowledge of the great world. His extensive travel with his parents throughout the fairest parts of Britain and the Continent fostered a love of nature and of stately architecture.

His education was conducted

by private tutors under close parental care. His latest biographer, Mr. Hobson, remarks :

"It is probably a matter for congratulation that young Ruskin escaped the hardening ordeal of a great public school at a time before modern notions of humanity had softened the asperities of mechanical discipline. Brutal injustice is ill compensated by a rough sense of comradeship ; and to thrust into the educational cockpit a sensitive nature such as Ruskin's, in order that he might 'find his level,' and 'have the nonsense knocked out of him,' was a fatuous policy, which the good sense and affection of his parents forbade them to entertain. Thus he escaped the fate of being turned out of an educational factory at nineteen a 'man of the world,' with fixed habits, ideas and associations."

Such a mode of training might have made of some boys insufferable prigs, but the Ruskin nature was too large and generous to be spoiled by this course. He missed, indeed, that development which results from struggle with adversity, which has been the most important part of the training of many another Scottish youth.

The choice of a college for the young genius was a momentous question. The best that care or money could procure had always been his. "Christ Church must be his college; the life of a commoner, even in an essentially aristocratic college, is not good enough; he must be gentleman-commoner, wear a gold tassel, and consort with the scions of noble families." "My father," says this unique genius, "did not like the word 'commoner'—all the less, because our relations in general were not uncommon." The love and care that had surrounded his boy life followed him to the quadrangles of Oxford. His mother lived in lodgings in the city during the whole of his student career, and his father gave much of his time to the watch-care of his only son. No wonder that the lad grew up tender-souled as a woman, chivalric as Sir Galahad,

Whose strength was as the strength of ten,
Because his heart was pure.

Ruskin thus describes his father's ideal of his future : "It was that I should enter at college into the best society, take all the prizes every year, and a double first to finish with; marry Lady Clara Vere de Vere; write poetry as good as Byron's, only pious; preach sermons as good as Bossuet's, only Protestant: be made, at forty, Bishop of Winchester, and at fifty, Primate of England."

The young poet and critic does not seem to have derived the robust and sturdy education from conflict with his peers in discussions of the College Union such as Tennyson found at Cambridge, who—

"Held debate, a band
Of youthful friends, on mind and art
And labour and the changing mart,
And all the framework of the land."

It was the time of that remarkable Anglican revival, led by Keble and Newman, known as the Oxford Movement. But with this Ruskin had little sympathy. Probably his hereditary Scottish evangelical principles saved him from the subtle influence of this Catholic reaction.

The only academic distinction that he won at Oxford was the Newdigate prize for an English poem in 1839, being then in his twentieth year. Four years later he startled the world with the first volume of his "Modern Painters." Perhaps never was a volume of such brilliance of style, of such intense sympathy with nature, of such eloquent, descriptive passages, and of such radical judgments of world-famous artists, written by so young a man. No less remarkable was the moral elevation and the high ethical standard set forth. His great

canon of criticism in this and all his subsequent writings was that the very soul of art was the loving study of nature, was an absolute devotion to Sincerity and Truth.

The reading of Ruskin's books, like the reading of Wordsworth's poetry, is to many a revelation of an unknown world. These two great interpreters and high priests of nature unveil the mystery of the universe. With Wordsworth we learn to say :

"For I have learn'd
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Not harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man."

In pursuance of his art studies, Ruskin travelled much, and sojourned long amid the fairest scenes of nature—especially in his beloved Switzerland; and amid the most wonderful achievements of art—notably at Rome, Florence, Ravenna, and in Venice. No one has ever studied with such sympathy the art, architecture, and history of the City of the Sea. No one has described with such a vivid pen the beauties of San Marco, or arraigned with such solemn judgment the pride and sin of the ancient republic. His "Seven Lamps of Architecture," his "Stones of Venice," his "Mornings in Florence," will remain forever a spiritual interpretation of Italian art.

In his fortieth year Ruskin was elected Professor of Fine Arts in the University of Oxford. Having inherited a large fortune he devoted it generously to the promotion of his favourite study. He gave £5,000 to establish an art school at Oxford, and £10,000, and many valuable paintings and costly gems, to create an art museum for workingmen in Sheffield.

The noblest feature in the character of this favoured son of wealth and leisure and loftiest culture was his sympathy with the sons of toil. He gave courses of lectures to workingmen, and his most generous thought was on their behalf. It was a strike of the London trades that led to his studies of political economy embodied in his book entitled, "Unto This Last." "Time and Tide by Weare and Tyne" are letters on the laws of work, and "Fors Clavigera" consists of letters to working-men, charged with passionate moral earnestness.

"The pressure to go out and preach the Gospel of social righteousness," says Mr. Hobson, "had grown almost unbearable. The misery and injustice of the life he saw around him were goading him to action. In one of the earliest letters he writes thus: 'I cannot paint, nor read, nor look at minerals, nor do anything else that I like, and the very light of the morning sun has become hateful to me, because of the misery that I know of, and see signs of, where I know it not, which no imagination can interpret too bitterly. Therefore I will endure it no longer quietly; but henceforward, with any few or many who will help, do my poor best to abate this misery.'"

Mr. Ruskin thus expresses his own estimate of this book :

"'Fors Clavigera' has declared the only possible conditions of peace and honour, for low and high, rich and poor, together in the holding of that first estate, under the only despot, God, from which, whoso falls, angel or man, is kept, not mythically nor disputably, but herein visible horror of chains under darkness to the judgment of the great day: and in keeping which service is perfect freedom, and inheritance of all that a loving Creator can give to His creatures, and an immortal Father to His children."

Not content with theory, Mr. Ruskin undertook to put into practice his plans for the social

and economic betterment of the workingman. The St. George's Guild was organized to purchase and cultivate land and carry on other industries. He established also hand weaving industry in the Isle of Man, a linen weaving industry in Westmoreland, a printing and binding establishment at Aylesbury for the manufacture and sale at lowest possible cost of his own books. In association with Miss Octavia Hill he devoted all his London property to making improvements in the homes of workingmen. Not less than a million dollars of inherited wealth and hard-earned income from his books was thus expended in the endeavour to develop the character and brighten the lives of the sons of toil.

Not all of these endeavours were successful, but they have been an inspiration to many captains of industry and wealthy men who seek not merely to make money, but to uplift and serve their generation.

Vida D. Scudder, the distinguished critic of Ruskin's writings, thus characterizes his efforts at social reform :

"Since 1860 the chief interest of Mr. Ruskin's life has been the effort to understand and solve the problems of human sorrow and human need. It is easy to see why a man like Carlyle should have become a social prophet: race sympathy and severe personal experience reacted from without on an inner nature militant and practical to the core. But that a Ruskin, with his ignorance of struggle, and his happy, instinctive contentment in leaves, and pictures, and cathedrals, should deliberately have entered the rough, hot, wearisome sphere of economic struggle is a phenomenon perplexing indeed.

"No man is a wider exponent of the life and thought of the nineteenth century than John Ruskin. Two writers, Browning and Carlyle, will be recognized by the twentieth century as prophets of the age that is passing away. Their message has rung like a trumpet-call through the years. Two others, Tennyson and Ruskin, will be recognized as interpreters. All shifting phases of thought, passion, problem, and faith have been reflected and preserved by spiritual alchemy in the polished mirrors of their souls."

The following satiric passage shows how Mr. Ruskin turns his back upon the good old Tory and aristocratic party in which he was born, in his strong sympathies with England's workingmen :

"Meanwhile, the bishop, and the rector, and the rector's lady, and the dear old Quaker spinster who lives in Sweetbriar Cottage, are so shocked that you drink so much, and that you are such horrid wretches that nothing can be done for you! And you mustn't have your wages raised, because you *will* spend them in nothing but drink. And to-morrow they are all going to dine at Drayton Park, with the brewer who is your Member of Parliament, and is building a public-house at the railway station, and another in the High Street, and another at the corner of Philpott's Lane, and another by the stables at the back of Tunstall Terrace, outside the town, where he has just bricked over the Dovesbourne and filled Buttercup Meadow with broken bottles ; and, by every measure, and on every principle of calculation, the growth of your prosperity is established ! "

The breadth of Ruskin's sympathies is shown in the wide range and variety of his books. His poetic mind is shown in their suggestive titles. Thus we have "Sesame and Lilies," on books and reading; "The Ethics of the Dust," on the elements of crystallization; "The Crown of Wild Olive," on work, traffic, and war; "The Eagle's Nest," and "Aratra Pentelici," on the elements of sculpture; "Proserpina," on studies in wayside flowers; and "Our Fathers Have Told Us," a history of Christendom for boys and girls.

Some of his titles are slightly mystical. His "Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds," has been placed among books on farming, whereas it is a discussion of church discipline and doctrine.

"The King of the Golden River" is a fairy tale for children.

Ruskin's life has not been unshadowed by sorrow. A man of noblest and purest character, his nature has been most deeply wounded through his domestic affections. But he has endured his life-tragedy with the patience of a martyr and forgiveness of a saint. He has found solace in work for God and work for man, and now in age and feebleness extreme he waits the coming of the mystic barge on which he shall sail forth,

"To meet his Pilot face to face."

JOHN RUSKIN'S MESSAGE TO THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

BY THE REV. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS, D.D.,

Pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn.

We are met here in the name of John Ruskin's great dictum that "the doing that makes commerce is born of the thinking that makes scholars;" and that all the flying looms and whirling spindles began with the thought of some scholar hidden in his study. Mr. Ruskin taught us that wealth for this great nation is not in forms of wood or iron or steel or stone, but in the number of self-sacrificing and self-sufficing men and women that this nation produces, and that the measure of our civilization is the number of people who are wise and happy and just and moral and self-sufficing. He never made the mistake of supposing that education would change a ten-cent boy or girl into a ten-thousand-dollar man or woman; but he did understand that there is some power in nature that will transform a seed into a golden sheaf, an acorn into a towering oak, and that, under God, will transform a babe into a sage or seer, reformer or martyr or philanthropist, into one who is to be a saviour of the liberties of his or her people. So that John Ruskin never tired of emphasizing the principle that life without industry is guilt, but that industry without art and education is sheer brutality.

He taught us that if we want to find out the beginning of any great institution we must always go back to some scholar. For the beginning of all law and justice we go back to a man who was a scholar and dwelt for forty years in a desert, and name him Moses. For the beginning of all art, culture, beauty and philosophy, we go back to a man who unconsciously made himself a scholar—blind Homer of Greece. For the beginning of thought and liberty of speech we go back to the great scholars, men who studied the principles of almighty truth in the Middle Ages—Savonarola, Luther, Wycliffe, Bacon, and at length John Wesley. For John Ruskin understood that wealth is not in wood and iron and steel and stone, but in the ideas that we thrust into these raw materials.

The other day the Czar of Russia offered the Pope of Rome a million dollars for a certain picture. It is not a large canvas, scarcely more than a yard square. Four hundred years ago Raphael

* An address delivered at Lasell Seminary, Boston. Abridged from *Zion's Herald.*

paid ten or fifteen cents for the canvas, twenty or twenty-five cents for the brushes and colours; and by educating his hand and training his imagination he mixed the colours with his genius, and now the Czar is willing to give a million dollars for a certain picture.

This man is worthy all the high praise that has been given him—an epoch-making sage, an earthquake-shaking philosopher, one who brings a unique message. We hear very much said to-day, for example, that what we want is not only that men should teach the truth, but that men should do the truth; that being is more than speaking or seeming. John Ruskin did first what he taught and said. Falling heir to seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, he made a half million dollars by his pen through sheer force of genius, and he held his wealth a trust fund in the interest of poverty, his social power a trust fund in the interest of God's poor. He tithed himself one-tenth of his income, one-fifth, and then one-half, then gave away his income and began to distribute his property, and reduced himself to a modest competence, trying to serve the poor to whom he came in the name of Jesus Christ. About thirty years ago John Ruskin went to live in Whitechapel Road, turning away from the invitations of rich men and those who dwelt in palaces. Afterwards, lecturing the students of Oxford University, he said to them: You young gentlemen, with your patrician position, your great wealth, and all your opportunities, are paupers unless you produce more than you consume. If you are supported by your ancestral estates, you are paupers patrician, if you are supported by the county poorhouse, you are paupers plebeian; in any event, unless a man produces more than he consumes, he is a pauper. He asked these young men to go out with him and work a little every day. When Ruskin's health gave way he asked young Arnold Toynbee to take his lectures to the people of Great Britain, and it was after this that Toynbee went, under Ruskin's direction, to live in Whitechapel Road. The beginning of the social settlement came from Ruskin. He asked John Richard Green, the author of Green's History, to go and live there, and Green did so for nine years, developed the seeds of consumption, and returned to his historic studies. The beginning of this great movement on the part of scholars for the poor is in John Ruskin's mind and heart.

Very much is said to-day about the university extension system, of great libraries and reading clubs and reading circles for the common people. In 1848 John Ruskin purchased several great libraries, formed workingmen's clubs in London, Sheffield and Manchester, and started the reading movement among the working people of those great cities, and so gave us the beginning of the university extension idea. Much is said to-day about the division of the beautiful—how in the past the princes could have great pictures in their palaces, but the common people knew only ugliness and squalor. John Ruskin saw that the people needed models of art and beauty for their homes. So he took the priceless marbles he had found in Greece, his great pictures purchased in Italy, his art treasures found on the Continent—and took them—where? Not to the great museums, not to the art galleries; that would do something to advance his reputation. He went up to Sheffield where men made knives and forks, where there were poor and obscure labourers.

He founded a little art school. He gave them pictures, showed them the lines of beauty, and taught them to sprinkle beauty over the knives and forks of the dining-room. He went to the men who made wall-papers, and taught them how to adorn walls; to the men who made ceilings, and showed them how to make ceilings as beautiful as the very heavens; to the men who made carpets and rugs, to the men who made cotton, linen, and silks. And now we have the modern art movement that has made beauty to be diffused where once it was concentrated in a single temple or in a single palace We get that great movement almost entirely from John Ruskin.

Seven out of nine of the great social reforms of this day may be traced back to John Ruskin's teachings, just as we trace some great river that bears upon its bosom the fleets of war and peace back to some little spring hidden in the mountain-top and reaching up and taking of the clouds of Almighty God. These movements that sweep on now with the majesty and momentum of mighty rivers sprang from that great heart and that great mental spring named the genius and the Christian sympathy of this old sage and seer.

If we are to understand Ruskin's message to the twentieth century we must know the epochs of his career and the books he wrote. In his later years Ruskin bent his nature like a huge bow to the solution of the problems of labour and capital; but he had stretched the strings of his mind too tensely, and just at the critical moment he gave way; and he sits in the north of England to-day, a broken-hearted man, smiting upon his breast and sometimes crying out, "Unfulfilled! Unfulfilled!"

What is Mr. Ruskin's message in the first group of his great volumes? He teaches us that all the fine arts and handicrafts, and the great industries, are simply attempts to

COPY INTO PERMANENCY SOME ONE OF THE THOUGHTS OF THE GREAT GOD.

We are oftentimes under the delusion that the great artists and the great inventors represent creative genius. Ruskin never tires of emphasizing the principle that all arts are simply copies of God's thoughts, and, by copying, an attempt to render them permanent. One day Raphael was walking through the streets of Florence. He came on a flower girl with a beautiful babe in her arms. Now, Raphael said: "God's bounty of beauty in the face of this babe is temporary. The babe is going to die or else it is going to grow up and take on the beauty of a young woman. In either event the beauty is evanescent. I wish I could make a copy of God's bounty of beauty in this flower girl and her babe, and by copying make them permanent." So Raphael took his colours and copied God's thought there into permanency here, in the Sistine Madonna; and all painting is simply a copying of God's great thoughts through canvas and colour.

Sculpture is the same thing. It is God's thought made permanent by copying it into marble. Architecture is of the self-same idea and principle. All music is simply a copying into permanency of the great thoughts that God lends the human soul. Our handicrafts and inventions represent the same principle. We sometimes say that Galileo was a great genius who invented the telescope. But Galileo did not invent the telescope, he found the telescope, he copied it. One day Galileo was travelling in Spain. He came to

a little village and stood in front of the butcher's shop, and there on the block lay the eye of an ox. Looking at it closely, Galileo saw two lenses there, one small, one large. Then the philosopher said : "What if I made a copy of those two lenses, made one very large and one very small ! Perhaps I could see, not the horizon like the ox, but the horizon's horizon, and see the stars shining in the depths of space." So he copied his telescope out of the eye of that ox, just as the microscope was copied from the human eye.

All the great arts and handicrafts represent the principle we are studying, the attempt to copy into permanency one of God's great thoughts. All the great tools in the Smithsonian Institute are simply an attempt to copy God's thoughts into new mechanisms. The human body is nothing in the world but an organized Smithsonian Institution packed with models for artists and inventors, wrapped up in skin and flesh, put on two legs and set to walking up and down the streets, for great men to make copies of in pictures and tools and mechanisms and useful arts and fine arts, in the interest of the enrichment of library and gallery and forum on our way to a higher civilization. This is the dignity of labour, that we are workers together with God. We think His thoughts out after Him. We copy them into permanency through useful industries, through the fine arts and the great sciences.

"How great is God's goodness !" exclaims Isaiah; and then, "How great is His Beauty !" He so carrying His natural and providential attributes as to evoke the sentiment of admiration in all beholders. Then comes the apostolic injunction : Adorn—make beautiful—the doctrine of God our Saviour. Have such a mastery of the fine art of right living, the noblest of all sciences, as that you can carry your forty and more faculties through the market-place and the home and the forum and the street in such a way as to bless your fellows and not blight them. This is the law of beauty. Beauty is rightness, fulness, health, obedience to the law of nature and the law of God and His Son Jesus Christ.

Adam Smith, when he wrote his book about the "Wealth of Nations," said that man was under the law of selfishness, that he is to buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest, and then the devil take the hindmost. Ruskin said that man has one law, the law of self-interest, answering to the centripetal law of nature, and then he has another law, the law of self-sacrifice, answering to that other great law, that binds him to his fellows. And he said : "Unless self-sacrifice be developed in connection with self-interest, you will have an explosion that will destroy free institutions."

I will take the hindmost, said Ruskin, because Jesus Christ always has. So he gave away his money and went to live with the poor. England broke his heart and ruined his mind. The world has never cared for and never understood John Ruskin. The world has never cared for its great men anyway until after they are dead. We build monuments for men and teach our children the pathway to their tombs, whom we despised in life and broke their hearts, as we broke John Ruskin's heart.

One day, too late, the English Parliament said to its premier : Give to John Ruskin a wreath of honour; and when they brought it to him the broken-hearted man said : "There was a day when, if England had spoken a kind word

to me as a Christian scholar and thinker, and said, You have done something to help Christ's poor, it might have brought the flush of pride to my cheek and made my arm invincible against a thousand forms of wrong." But what can a broken-hearted man do? He was never loved by any one save his mother and father, and what could he do with a wreath like this save to carry it out and put it on his dead mother's grave? The world has never cared for its best men. Greece did not care for blind Homer. Florence did not care for Dante. England never loved John Milton. The world has never cared for Ruskin until too late; but we will in time discover that it is John Ruskin that brought us this great message of hope.

READINGS FROM RUSKIN.

"Venice," Her Sin and Penalty.

The exaltation, the sin, the punishment of Tyre, have been recorded for us in, perhaps, the most touching words ever uttered by the prophets of Israel against the cities of the stranger. But we read them as a lovely song, and close our ears to the sternness of their warning; for the very depth of the fall of Tyre has blinded us to its reality, and we forget, as we watch the bleaching of the rocks between the sunshine and the sea, that they were once "as in Eden, the garden of God."

Her successor, like her in perfection of beauty, though less in endurance of dominion, is still left for our beholding in the final period of her decline; a ghost upon the sands of the sea, so weak—so quiet—so bereft of all but her loveliness, that we might well doubt, as we watched her faint reflection in the mirage of the lagoon, which was the city and which the shadow. A warning seems to me to be uttered by every one of the fast-gaining waves, that beat like passing bells against the stones of Venice.

Now Venice, as she was the most religious, was in her fall the most corrupt of European States; and as she was in her strength the centre of the pure currents of Christian architecture, so she is in her decline the source of the *renaissance*.

Not in the wantonness of wealth, not in vain ministry to the desire of the eyes or the pride of life, were those marbles hewn into transparent strength, and those arches arrayed in the colours of the iris. There is a message written in the dyes of them that once was written in blood; and a sound in the echoes of their vaults that one day shall fill the vault of heaven: "He shall return, to do judgment and justice." The strength of Venice was given her so long as she remembered this. Her destruction found her when she had forgotten this. And it found her irrevocably because she forgot it without excuse. Never had a city a more glorious Bible. Among the nations of the north, a rude and shadowy sculpture filled their temples with confused and hardly legible imagery; but, for her, the skill and the treasures of the east had gilded every letter and illumined every page, till the book-temple shone from afar off like the star of the Magi.

The sins of Venice, whether in her palace or in her piazza, were done with the Bible at her right hand. And when, in her last hours, she threw off all shame and all restraint, and the last great square of the city became filled with the madness of the whole earth, be it remembered how much her sin was greater, because it was done in the face of the house of God, burning with the letters of His law. Mountebank and masquer laughed their laugh, and went their way; and a silence has followed them, not unforetold; for, amidst them all, through century after century of gathering vanity and festering guilt, the white dome of St. Mark's had uttered in the dead ear of Venice: "Know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

"Mountains."

Let the reader imagine the appearance of the most varied plain of some richly cultivated country; let him imagine it dark with graceful woods, and soft with deepest pastures; let him fill the space of it, to the utmost horizon, with innumerable and changeful incidents of scenery and life; leading pleasant streamlets through its meadows, strewing clus-

ters of cottages beside their banks, tracing sweet footpaths through its avenues, and animating its fields with happy flocks, and slow wandering spots of cattle; and when he has wearied himself with endless imagining, and left no space without some loveliness of its own, let him conceive all this great plain, with its infinite treasures of natural beauty and happy human life, gathered up in God's hand from one end of the horizon to the other, like a woven garment; and shaken into deep falling folds, as the robes droop from a king's shoulders; all its bright rivers leaping into cataracts along the hollows of its fall, and all its forests rearing themselves aslant against its slopes, as a rider rears himself back when his horse plunges; and all its villages nestling themselves into the new windings of its glens; and all its pastures thrown into steep waves of green-sward, dashed with dew along the edges of their folds, and sweeping down into endless slopes, with a cloud here and there lying quietly, half on the grass, half in the air; and he will have, as yet, in all this lifted world, only the foundation of one of the great Alps.

Mountains are, to the rest of the body of the earth, what violent muscular action is to the body of man. The muscles and tendons of its anatomy are in the mountains brought out with fierce and convulsive energy, full of expression, passion, and strength; the plains and the lower hills are the repose and the effortless motion of the frame, when its muscles lie dormant and concealed beneath the lines of its beauty, yet ruling those lines in their every undulation. This, then, is the first grand principle of the truth of the earth. The spirit of the hills is action; that of the lowlands repose; and between these there is to be found every variety of motion and of rest; from the inactive plain, sleeping like the firmament, with cities for stars, to the fiery peaks, which, with heaving bosoms and exulting limbs, with the clouds drifting like hair from their bright foreheads, lift up their Titan hands to heaven, saying, "Live forever!"

"The Sky."

It is strange how little people in general think about the sky. It is the part of creation in which nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works, and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. There are not many more of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not answered by every part of their organization; but every essential purpose of the sky might, so far as we know, be answered if, once in three days, or thereabouts, a great ugly black rain-cloud were brought up over the blue, and everything well watered, and so all left blue again till next time, with perhaps a film of morning and evening mist for dew.

Instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives, when nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure. And every man, wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest or of beauty, has this doing for him constantly. The noblest scenes of the earth can be seen and known but by few; it is not intended that man should live always in the midst of them, he injures them by his presence, he ceases to feel them if he be always with them; but the sky is for all. Bright as it is, it is not

> "Too bright nor good
> For human nature's daily food."

It is fitted in all its functions for the perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart, for the soothing and purifying it from its dross and dust. Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful, never the same for two moments together; almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost divine in its infinity, its appeal to what is immortal in us is as distinct as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal is essential.

If in our moments of utter idleness and insipidity, we turn to the sky as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of? One says it has been wet, and another it has been windy, and another it has been warm. Who among the whole chattering crowd can tell me of the forms and the precipices of the chain of tall, white mountains that girded the horizon at noon yesterday. Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the south and smote upon their summit until they melted and mouldered away in a dust of blue rain? Who saw the dance of the dead clouds when the sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it like withered leaves?

"A Bird's-Eye View."

The charts of the world which have been drawn up by modern science have thrown into a narrow space the expression of a vast amount of knowledge, but I have never yet seen one pictorial enough to enable the spectator to imagine the kind of contrast in physical character which exists between northern and southern countries. We know the difference in detail, but we have not the broad glance and grasp which would enable us to feel them in their fulness. We know that gentians grow on the Alps and olives on the Apennines; but we do not enough conceive for ourselves that variegated Mosaic of the world's surface which a bird sees in its migration, that difference between the district of the gentian and of the olive which the stork and the swallow see afar off, as they lean upon the sirocco wind.

Let us, for a moment, try to raise ourselves even above the level of their flight, and imagine the Mediterranean lying beneath us like an irregular lake, and all its ancient promontories sleeping in the sun; here and there an angry spot of thunder, a gray stain of storm, moving upon the burning field, a fixed wreath of white volcano smoke, surrounded by its circle of ashes, but for the most part a great peacefulness of light; Syria and Greece, Italy and Spain, laid like pieces of golden pavement into the sea-blue, chased as we stoop near to them, with bossy beaten work of mountain chains, and glowing softly with terraced gardens, and flowers heavy with frankincense, mixed among masses of laurel, and orange, and plumy palm, that abate with their gray, green shadows the burning of the marble rocks, and the ledges of porphyry sloping under lucent sand. Then pass towards the north, until the colours change into a vast belt of rainy green, where the pastures of Switzerland, and poplar valleys of France, and dark forests of the Danube and Carpathians stretch from the mouths of the Loire to those of the Volga, seen through clefts in gray swirls of rain-cloud and flaky veils of the mist of the brooks, spreading low along the pasture lands, and then, farther north still, to see the earth heave into mighty masses of leaden rock and heathy moor, bordering with a broad waste of gloomy purple that belt of field and wood, and splitting into irregular and grisly islands amidst the northern seas, beaten by storm and chilled by ice-drift, and tormented by furious pulses of contending tide, until the roots of the last forest fail from among the hill ravines, and the hunger of the north wind bites their peaks into barrenness, and, at last, the wall of ice, durable like iron, sets, death-like, its white teeth against us out of the polar twilight.

THE NEW CRUSADE.*

'Tis so, the dead Past springs resuscitate
To enrich the Present with its buried gold;
We raise the early issues in the late,
And in the new Crusade revive the old.

We, too, though armed with but the Spirit's sword,
Go to reclaim our sacred things from loss;
We, too, may fight the battle of the Lord,
And swell the mustering legions of the Cross.

The great thought thrills us like a breath of God,
Startling the inmost silence of the mind,
And rolls from sea to sea, and sends abroad
A sound as of a rushing, mighty wind;

A sound that shall go out to all the world,
Echoing forever, ever to increase,
Till war's red banner shall at last be furled,
Leaving alone the silver flag of Peace.

* From a poem written for the English Peace Crusade by a Lancashire girl—Gertrude Ford.

FACING THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.*

This is a very timely book for the close of the century. It embraces a survey of the past and a preview of the future. It embodies the studies of a lifetime spent in the service of humanity. The author is a Christian patriot who seeks to guard his country from the perils that menace the commonweal.

Dr. King traces first the sources of American civilization, the elements which go to make up the wonderfully complex texture of its population and institutions. He shows how the Dutch, the Pilgrim and the Puritan, the Huguenot, the Quaker and the Cavalier, the Calvinist and Catholic, the Teutonic and Scandinavian elements, with their sturdy Lutheranism, are blended in its life and character.

He describes the three great institutions of America as the State, the Church, the School, and outside the school, as the most important educative factor, the free press. The Anglo-Saxon and Latin civilizations are contrasted, and America's early escape from the grasp of the latter is set forth. There are those who object to applying the phrase Anglo-Saxon to the very complex population of the United States. Dr. King shows that it is eminently appropriate. He gives a tabulation of the total Anglo-Saxons as 32,000,000; the total continental Teutonic, largely Saxon, as 13,000,000; as against the total Celtic of 7,000,000, and miscellaneous of 3,000,000; in a total of 55,000,000 white population in the United States in 1890.

Dr. King regards the chief menace of American institutions as Rum and Romanism. These two, he affirms, sustain very vital relations: "Take out of the treasuries of the Roman Catholic Church the amounts contributed by rumsellers and appropriated from excise funds, and from other taxes of the people, and you can easily see the bottom of the barrel.

"It is notoriously in evidence that the great majority of the liquor saloons are run by Romanists, and no one would question the fact that they extensively patronize these pauperizing and criminal-breeding institutions, and that while their Church conventions and congresses pass temperance resolutions, the men who compose them are not notorious total abstainers.

"Dr. Orestes A. Brownson, eighteen years after his conversion to Romanism, wrote a paper entitled 'Protestantism and Infidelity,' in which he said: 'The worst-governed cities in the Union are precisely those in which Catholics are the most influential in elections and have the most to do with municipal affairs. We furnish more than our share of the rowdies, the drunkards, and the vicious population of our large cities. The majority of grog-sellers in the city of New York are Catholics, and the portions of the city where grog-selling, drunkenness, and filth most abound are those chiefly inhabited by Catholics; and we scarcely see the slightest effort made for a reformation.'

"Father Elliott, in The Catholic World (September, 1890), made this honest confession: 'The horrible truth is, that in many cities, big and little, we have something like a monopoly of selling liquor, and in not a few something

* "Facing the Twentieth Century: Our Country: Its Power and Peril." By James M. King, General Secretary National League for the Protection of American Institutions. 8vo, pp. 640. New York: American Union League Society. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, buckram, $2.75. Post free to any part of the world.

equivalent to a monopoly of getting drunk. I hate to acknowledge it, yet from Catholic domiciles—miscalled homes—in those cities and towns three-fourths of the public paupers creep annually to the almshouse, and more than half the criminals snatched away by police to prison are, by baptism and training, members of our Church. For twenty years the clergy of this parish have had a hard and uneven fight to keep saloons from the very church doors, because the neighbourhood of the Roman Catholic church is a good stand for the saloon business; and this equally so in nearly every city in America. Who has not burned with shame to run the gauntlet of the saloons lining the way to the Roman Catholic cemetery?"

It is only just to the Roman Catholic Church to say that many of her clergy make most strenuous war upon the drink traffic.

Dr. King alleges that Romanism promotes the isolation and solidarity of its adherents and objects to assimilation in American citizenship. We think, however, that he is needlessly alarmed at the menace of Romanism to the free institutions of the New World. The very facts which he furnishes as to its decline as a political power show that this great Colossus which once bestrode the earth has greatly lost in influence.

"Political Romanism must continue to decline in power in this country," says Dr. King, "for the same reason that political Mormonism declined, because it attempts with unyielding persistency to antagonize the spirit and letter of our constitution, to destroy the moulding force of our educational system, and to force upon the citizens a perverted loyalty. Look at the condition of affairs in Rome itself. There are about 47,000 voters in the city, and in any contest between the Clericals and Liberals, the Clericals cannot muster over 8,000 votes. Out of 1,300 students in the university, only 120 belong to the Clerical party, and the proportion of anti-Clericals in the other universities is still larger.

"An article in The Methodist Times, of London, edited by Hugh Price Hughes, said, in 1898: 'We have frequently added that one of the greatest delusions of our time is the notion that the Roman Catholic Church is prospering, and especially that it is making rapid strides in Great Britain and the United States. The actual fact is that the Roman Catholic Church, alone of Christian Churches, is declining all over the world.'

"Concerning the sovereignty of races the following figures are interesting: One hundred and forty millions are ruled by representatives of the Greek Church, 240,000,000 by representatives of the Roman Catholic Church, and 520,000,000 by representatives of the Protestant Church. Spanish is spoken by 42,000,000, French by 51,000,000, Russian by 75,000,000, and English by 130,000,000.

"More than fifteen millions of people in this country to-day who by heredity should be Roman Catholics are lost to that Church as the result of breathing the free and tolerant American air and of contact with American Republican institutions."

One grave peril, indeed, to the Christian Sabbath and civic righteousness is the corrupt influence of the rum traffic and the aggressive policy of political Romanism, especially of the Jesuits in undermining civil liberty and antagonizing the public schools.

In a vein of lofty eloquence Dr. King thus closes his admirable volume: "Anglo-Saxon Christian

civilization in its perfect work would put an end to war by bringing in the reign of universal peace, curb selfish competition by charity, banish poverty with plenty, prevent crime by the prevalence of justice and righteousness, destroy pestilence with purity, and prolong life by obedience to natural and moral law.

"We shall soon pass over the dividing line from the greatest century, save the first, in the history of the world into the greater twentieth century. The generations beyond will be crying for the message we shall bring to them. The momentum attained by a Christian civilization which it has taken nineteen centuries to create, will enable it to march with omnipotent tread in the dawn of the morning of the new century.

"'Here the free spirit of mankind at length
Throws its last fetters off; and who shall place
A limit to the giant's unchained strength,
Or curb his swiftness in the forward race?'"

THE MOBILIZATION OF METHODISM.

BY THE REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES, M.A.

"Arise let us go hence."—ST. JOHN XIV. 31.

Whence did the Divine Master bid them go? From the Upper Room; from the Paschal Feast; from the Lord's Supper; from the Feet-washing; from the great discourses which explained the Mission of the Comforter and the deepest things of God; from the holy services and the divine instructions of the Master Himself. And whither did he bid them go? To the Garden of Gethsemane; to the Betrayal; to the Desertion; to the Denial; to the palace of the High Priest; to the tribunal of Pilate; to Golgotha; to Death.

So we are taught that the goal, the ideal of the Christian life, is not to luxuriate in delightful sermons or to revel in divinely-sacramental services, but to fight the battles of the faith, to toil incessantly in the service of Christ and man. As my gifted colleague, Mr. Pearse, has often reminded us, personal religion itself may become an intense form of unconscious, unrecognized selfishness. The moment a man says that his first business is to save his own soul, he has struck a false note. His first business is to seek the kingdom of God and His righteousness. Of course, that selfish method of expressing truth may be explained and justified, but it leads to error and to evil. So terrible is the tendency of fallen man to selfishness that the Apostles were scarcely cold in their graves before Christians imagined that they could escape from the temptations of the world by flying from the haunts of men. Hermits in the deserts of Africa, and then swarms of monks and nuns all over the civilized world, totally misinterpreted the teaching of Christ. What was the result? By the sixteenth century of the Christian era they had brought the whole of Europe to the verge of hell. They demonstrated on a gigantic scale that no man can save either his own soul or society by leading an unnatural, isolated, celibate life, and neglecting the ordinary duties of human citizenship.

Lord Salisbury recently reminded us that the nations of the world may be divided into two groups—those that are growing

and those that are decaying; those that are becoming stronger every day, and those who are sinking into hopeless decrepitude. Open your eyes, survey the civilized world, and you will see that the Protestant nations are all prospering, and that the Roman Catholic nations are all withering away. In particular, the three so-called Latin races—the French, the Spanish, and the Italian—are on "the down grade." Why? A few days ago I saw the print of a famous picture which explains it all. It is entitled, "La Religeuse"—"the religious woman." The so-called "religious woman," in the conception of French art, is a nun engaged in cleaning and lighting an oil-lamp which burns perpetually in front of a picture of the mother of our Lord. There you have the profound explanation of the decadence of the gifted French race. The Christian conception of a religious woman is one who marries her honest lover, becomes the happy mother of healthy children, and spends her days, not in cleaning oil-lamps in front of pictures, but in sweetening, refining, and exalting the domestic life of nations. Morbid, unclean, and anti-human conceptions of "religion" have smitten France with a deadly blight.

This heathen virus has, in our own time, been poured into the blood of the English race. I trust we shall be found in a sufficiently pure and healthy condition to fling it out of our system. The other day, when some Anglican ladies were lamenting the death of an exceptionally saintly member of the Established Church, who had spent nearly all her days in conducting Bible-classes, mothers' meetings, and similar institutions in the parish, a young curate who was present, exclaimed, "Yes, but what a pity it is she took no part in really religious work, such as embroidering an altar-cloth." As Carlyle would have said, that frank remark was unconsciously "significant of much," as was the corresponding statement recently made by a leading Anglican journal to the effect that the greatest evil now existing in England was—Evening Communion. Once a false idea of religion has been accepted, there is no limit to the extent that darkness is substituted for light, and bitter for sweet. There is no antidote except a return to the healthy ethical teaching of our Lord and His apostles.

Christ said to His disciples, "Ye are the salt of the earth." What is the use of salt that is hermetically sealed up in monasteries and nunneries? It is good for nothing except to be trodden under foot of men—the precise fate which has always befallen it when the human conscience has been once more bathed in the pure water of the Word of God. Salt is useless when it is isolated. It exists in order to be thoroughly rubbed into the substance which it is intended to preserve from putrefaction. Ministers of religion are often separated from all secular cares and duties that they may "continue steadfastly in prayer, and in the ministry of the Word" (Acts vi. 4). But it would be ten thousand times better that "our hands," like those of St. Paul, "should minister" to our "necessities, and to them that" are "with" us (Acts xx. 34), than that we should for a single moment entertain the deadly delusion that there is anything intrinsically more "religious" in the life of a separated minister than in the life of a farmer, a grocer, or a crossing-sweeper.

How strangely men forget that the Holy Son of God Himself was a humble village wheelwright! Not only are all Scriptural Christians "the salt of the earth," and

therefore bound to be continually rubbing shoulders with all sorts and conditions of men, and mixing freely in all the avocations and spheres of human life; but they are "a city set upon a hill." They are intended to be conspicuous, in the full blaze of publicity. No false modesty, no disguised cowardice, no subtle form of selfishness must be permitted to betray them into the neglect of any duty of the Christian calling. Like a lamp on the lamp-stand, they must "give light to all that are in the house"—the house of business and the House of Parliament as well as the house of gentle, domestic life. The Christianity of Christ is not a melancholy, morbid, ascetic thing. It is vigorous, brave, truly human, and really helpful. It is intended to permeate every phase and aspect of human life until the whole lump is leavened.

Therefore, as the text reminds us, even religious services and devotional exercises are not ends in themselves, but means to an end, and that great end is the Christianization of the entire human race in this world, and as soon as possible. Our Lord on two memorable occasions in His human life sternly rebuked the most subtle form of ecclesiastical selfishness—religious self-indulgence. He restored the demoniac of Gadara, and when the insane mammonism of the Gadarenes drove Christ from their shore, the restored demoniac vehemently "besought Him that he might be with him;" but Christ "suffered him not, but saith unto him, Go to thy house and to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had mercy on thee" (Mark v. 19). Thus emphatically are we taught that to act as the saving salt of human society is better even than to hear Christ preach, and to accompany Christ from place to place. The other incident was the Transfiguration. How promptly and decisively did Christ reject the idea of building a tabernacle there so as to hold devout intercourse with the greatest of the sainted dead, be wrapped in unearthly glory, and listen evermore to the voice of God. Why? Because there was a demonised boy in the valley below, and His great business here was not to revel in the sympathy of Moses and Elijah, not to dwell in rapture upon the tender accents of the Eternal Father, but to "go about doing good."

Let us not flatter ourselves that we are in no danger of the great evil which our text so emphatically condemns. Some of the best-intentioned Christians are too apt to go to Keswick and Southport and other Holiness Conventions while the hard and urgent work of human life is being neglected. Are we not also in danger of unduly considering our own tastes and preferences and prejudices in the arrangements of the sanctuary, the service, and the pulpit? Some ministers are very popular because there is a subtle vein of flattery running through all their discourses; because they gratify intellectual curiosity; because they endorse our opinions; because they administer a kind of soothing syrup to our conscience; because in various ways they encourage us to please ourselves, to make no real sacrifices either of physical ease, or of intellectual self-assertion, or of confirmed habit, or of pecuniary gain, or of social reputation. But what have the disciples of Christ to do with such considerations? "Is it a time to receive money, and to receive garments, and olive yards, and vineyards, and sheep, and oxen, and men-servants, and maid-servants?" "I suppose, my brother," said a sleek devotionalist of this type to a zealous parish priest, "you

would like to have a Quiet Day in your parish ?" "No," roared the man of God, "what we want is an earthquake." Yes, truly. What saith the Lord ? "I came not to send peace, but a sword." Oh ! how self-assertive and self-indulgent we often make our religion ! This new year is a new opportunity. But for what ? For mixing with our fellowmen, for elevating every sphere of life, for attacking every evil.

As Mr. Watkinson once said, every corrupt and selfish interest, like the demons in the days of our Lord, is always crying out, "Let us alone. Why are not you Christians devout and truly 'religious' ? Why do you make yourselves such a nuisance ? Because that is our business. We are here to make this world unbearable to all who coin money or extract pleasure out of the damnation of their fellow-creatures. I will tell you the kind of Christian whom the devil and his servants are never tired of praising and flattering: The Christian who shuts himself up in his secret chamber or his church, who neglects his social, municipal, and imperial duties, whose great object is to avoid controversy and publicity, who carefully buries his salt in the earth, who wraps his conscience in a napkin, who hides his light under a bushel, who spends all his time in prayer and devout meditation, and Bible study and sacramental service. Woe to you, if all men speak well of you ! Woe to you, if you are not engaged in ceaseless warfare with the devil and his servants ! To all those who are slumbering and sleeping in self-centred and self-absorbed religionism come the sudden, startling words of Christ : "Arise, let us go hence." The world is perishing of ignorance and sin and misery. Our place is no longer here—in the Upper Room, but in the slum, in the market, in the Council Chamber, in the Houses of Parliament, in the street, in all the highways and byways of life. We must carry the war into the enemy's country

That is the ultimate message of the Twentieth Century Fund, which every Wesleyan Methodist pulpit in the land announces and advocates to-day. Chapels, services, sacraments, schools, guilds, classes—all these are mere instruments. The end is the salvation of all men—the formation of a Christ-like ideal in every beating heart. Renewed, universal, irreconcilable war with sin and misery —that is the Order of the Day. The money is in itself nothing. Its whole value lies in the fact that it is an expression of gratitude, and a sign that the Holy War is to be waged more fiercely than ever. When our American kinsmen proclaimed war against the hateful clerical despotism of Spain, their first practical, essential act was to vote an immense sum of money to military and naval preparations. When Mr. Gladstone feared Russian aggression in Asia, he promptly asked the House of Commons for twenty millions.

The leaders of Methodism realize that we ought to begin the new century with a new attack upon evil, and, therefore, they ask us for a special contribution of a million guineas. It is not a war loan with the hope of gain, but a war gift with the hope of being permitted to take some part in the glorious strife. We have been lazy, cowardly, and horribly self-indulgent. We have been criminally unwilling to make the efforts and sacrifice necessary to reach the Unreached Majority of the English people. Few of our sanctuaries are really crowded, many of them are half empty, some are even more than half empty, and that in neighbourhoods more densely inhabited than ever. We have been strangely satisfied so long as we

have just succeeded in "holding our own" and making "both ends meet." We have not spent sleepless nights because the house of God was forsaken. We have not felt the Divine passion for souls. We have positively been more anxious to gratify our own tastes and preferences—not to say prejudices—and to keep our own habits and customs undisturbed, than to save those for whom Christ died.

Now God is opening our eyes to the horror, the positive infamy of self-indulgence and neglect. We begin to feel the agony which compelled Wesley to exclaim, "Church or no church, the people must be saved." Everywhere we are changing our policy and preparing for a general advance along the whole line. We must no longer stand upon the defensive—a base and fatal attitude. We must become the attacking force. Our sanctuaries must no longer be mere fortresses in the midst of a country occupied by the foe. They must become armed camps, out of which we must joyfully march in disciplined hosts to capture the whole island for Christ. The Twentieth Century Fund means that we are once more in earnest; and that by every means in our power we shall attack drunkenness, dishonesty, impurity, mammonism, militarism, indifferentism, agnosticism, and superstition. New armed camps are to be formed in every city, town, and village—some to be called chapels and some halls; Christian Protestant education, primary, secondary, and university, is to be promoted in all directions; every kind of social Christianity is to be strengthened and extended. It means war to the knife with everything and everybody that opposes Christ. It means a universal conscription in the military service of God and Humanity. The original Salvation Army of John Wesley is to be put on a war footing. It will cost money, effort, sacrifice, it may well be, life itself. That does not matter. "Love so amazing, so divine, demands my life, my soul, my all." The entire Methodist Church is called into the field.

On the epoch-making day on which the Franco-German war began, Von Moltke, the German Commander-in-Chief, sent along every telegraph wire in Germany the two fateful words, "Krieg, mobil"—"War, mobilize." And to-day I send by all the wondrous telegraph wires of our world-wide ecclesiastical system at home and abroad the same words, "Krieg, mobil"—"War, mobilize." Prepare at once—by prayer, by renewed self-dedication, by gifts of money, by every strenuous means in your power—for such an assault upon the world, the flesh, and the devil as neither we nor our fathers have ever made before. The Twentieth Century Fund—which we proclaim in every Methodist pulpit to-day—what is it? It is the mobilization of every Wesleyan Methodist regiment and company, in every continent, and in every island of the habitable globe, for a united, world-wide, and determined attack upon everything that is untrue, unholy, and un-Christian. Christ is calling us. Listen to His words! "Arise, let us go hence. Awake, thou that sleepest! Follow thy Captain to war."

And now you will say, "That is truly a call of God, and we acknowledge we ought to respond to it. But surely what you have said is not intended to induce us to restrain prayer, to leave the Bible unread, to neglect meditation, to turn our back upon sacramental services." You cannot believe that I meant to convey anything so insane. I was emphasizing one great, neglected side of truth. But if any one is so shortsighted and foolish as to misrepresent my real meaning, I need only remind

him when our Lord uttered the text which startled my train of thought; it was after they had sung and prayed together; after they had received the Holy Communion together; after our Lord had explained to them the Pentecostal work of the Spirit; after He had washed their feet as the symbol of the disinterested, all-embracing love which should unite them forever.

In this busy and noisy life we need, more than ever, periods of devotional retreat and spiritual recuperation. Our Lord Himself often prayed all night, and He said to His disciples, "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile" (Mark vi. 31). And that is why, in the unforeseen but all-foreseeing providence of God, I was led to contemplate, elaborate, and suggest spiritual conventions at the very time that my friend Mr. Perks was projecting the Twentieth Century Fund. It is the intense desire of all who are responsible for the Twentieth Century Fund that it should be advocated and collected, not in the spirit of denominational boastfulness or of personal vanity, but with humility, in deep contrition for past carelessness, and on the highest spiritual grounds. Every meeting held on behalf of the Fund so far has been, and I trust will be to the end, a spiritual service in which the financial effort is simply the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual devotion to Christ.

Like the noble Corinthian Christians of the Apostolic Age, we desire first to give "our own selves to the Lord" and to the Methodist Church "by the will of God," and then, "with abundance of joy, according to our power and beyond our power"—in many instances "out of deep poverty"—to give pence, shillings, and pounds to Jesus Christ for the service of man.

The success of this great enterprise depends, under God, upon the extent to which every officer of the Methodist Church, from the President to the humblest chapelkeeper, humbles himself and places himself unreservedly at the disposal of Jesus Christ. Without renewed and full consecration the money will be a mockery and a snare. With such consecration the money will be a mighty weapon in Crucified Hands.

One word more. In this unparalleled Forward Movement, to which the voice of Christ is calling us, we shall not go forth alone. Ponder, happy Christian, the precise terms of the Divine summons: "Let us go hence." "Us"—not you Christians by yourselves, in all your weakness and ignorance. "Us"—Christ goes too.

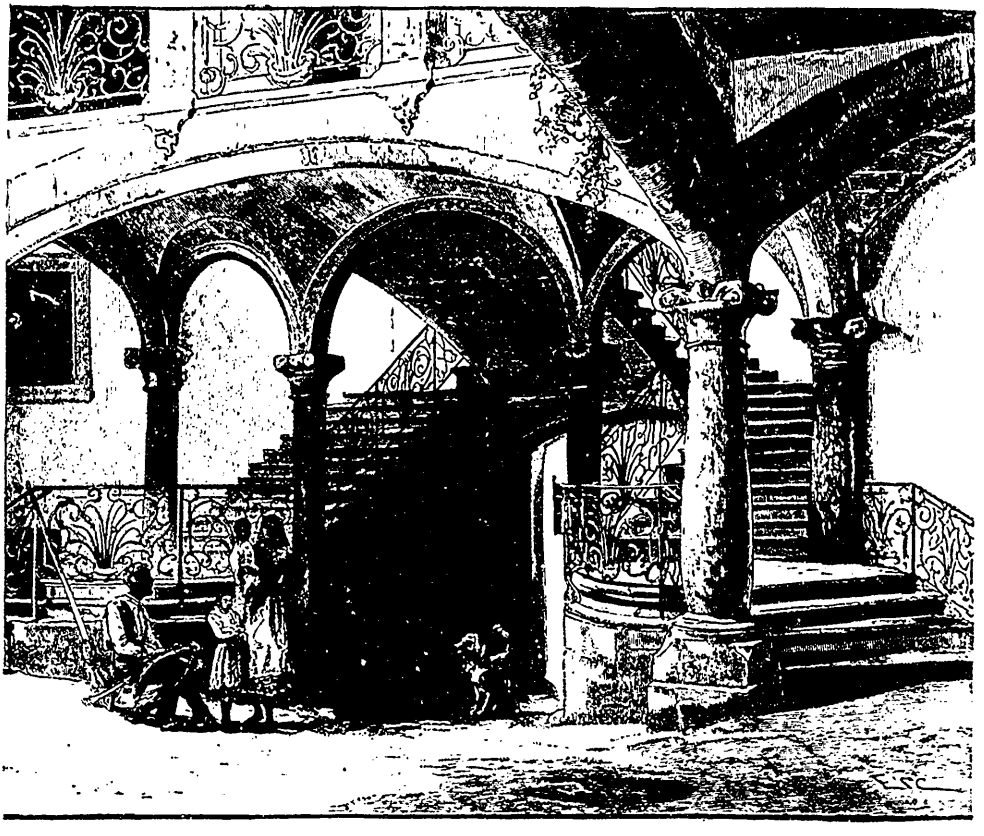
"And must we go? go from this quiet place,
This Paschal Chamber, where we listening rest,
And hear Thy blessed voice, and see Thy face,
And lean upon Thy breast?

"Go to that awful Garden? to those throngs
Of midnight violence? to the unjust bar?
To all the dreadful world's insulting wrongs
And impious war?

"Yes, we can go, arising at Thy word;
Our sacred Place goes too, our vast Defence;
For Thou hast said, Companion, Leader, Lord,
Let *us* go hence."

This is the secret of our imperturbable serenity to-day, our inexhaustible optimism. Christ calls us, Christ goes with us. Therefore, without a doubt, without a particle of anxiety, we "arise" and "go hence" to give ourselves unreservedly to Christ, to raise the million guineas, to mobilize the entire Methodist Church, and to cross the threshold of the Twentieth Century strong in the Lord, laughing at impossibilities, conquering and to conquer.

IN THE BALEARICS.



STAIRWAY OF PALACE IN PALMA, ISLAND OF MAJORCA.

The loss of her possessions in the Antilles, Ladrones, and Philippines makes Spain cling with all the more tenacity to her few remaining possessions, the Canaries and the Balearics. These latter are a group of small islands in the Mediterranean, near the coast of Spain. They have been known from the very dawn of history under their present curious name, which they derive from the Greek word "ballein," to throw, in reference to the great skill of the inhabitants as slingers. Early settlements were made by the Phoenicians and Carthaginians. During the Punic wars the islanders served as slingers in the armies of both Carthage and Rome. Subsequently their piracies caused them to be subdued by the Romans under Q. C. Metellus (123 B.C.),—hence surnamed Balearicus. They successively fell into the hands of the Vandals, the Visigoths, and the Moors; were held by Charlemagne six years, and retaken by the Moors, who were not expelled till the thirteenth century. Conquered by James I. of Aragon in

1229, they formed, after his death, for about seventy years, a part of the kingdom of Majorica, and in 1343 reverted to Aragon.

There are two principal islands in the group, Majorca and Minorca, that is, the Greater and the Smaller island. They have only eighteen hundred square miles, but are very densely settled, having a population of nearly three hundred thousand. They are quite mountainous, the climate is delightful, and soil very fertile. The principal products are oranges, olives, figs, and other fruits. They have had many stirring episodes in history, and have some fine old historic buildings. Palma, the capital of Majorca, is a very ancient city of about 50,000 inhabitants. It is extremely well fortified, being surrounded by a wall thirty-six feet thick. These islands have had a very eventful history, and have had some stirring memories connected with the first Napoleon.

The Balearic group, says Mr. Charles Edwardes, consists of three principal islands—Majorca, Minorca, and Iviza, and several islets, of which the largest are Formentera and Cabrera. According to Spanish legendary history, Majorca was peopled 4,114 years ago. A child, says a Roman annalist, received no food from his mother but what he had struck down with his sling at her bidding.

The ruins of the British fortifications on Minorca still testify eloquently to our interest in that island during our occupation of it from 1708 to 1756, from 1768 to 1781, and from 1798 to 1802. All the mighty works which the Spanish artillery engineers are at the present time engaged upon, also in the neighbourhood of Port Mahon, the capital of Minorca, show further that the Balearics are still believed to be valuable strategic points for the naval warfare of the future.

In the year 1229, King James of Aragon set foot upon the shore in his expedition against the Moors, then in possession of Majorca. The wind-mills whirling merrily to the right and left of the high buildings of the town, give Palma an air of liveliness that is really somewhat foreign to it. The shapely old castle on the mound to the left of the harbour is Bellver, with dungeons still at the disposal of the Government for political offenders of the first class.

To the left of the Lonja the yellow-brown walls of the city appear. They are lofty, and they are guarded with guns. But they are cracking under the trials of time and the sun, and the guns themselves are old-fashioned, and by no means very safe to fire.

The city of Palma has a population of more than sixty thousand, all of whom are devoted Catholics, save the very few who have had enough education to make them sceptical and indifferent. Of aggressive infidelity there is none here.

Architecturally, Palma is more interesting than it appears at first sight. There are houses enough of the Paris boulevard type; but there are also many others with a rare individuality. These latter are a charming compound of grace and strength. Externally, you would think them rather too much like a fortress; the barred lower windows and the small upper ones occupy such an insignificant amount of the area of their great facades. But within the porch which connects their courtyard with the street, the old-time fascination is very strong. The flagged yard, with its well and ornamented well-head, the polished fittings of the brass stair-

rails, the antique granite or other columns, supporting the delicate Moorish arches of the upper "Loggia," are all especially winsome to the artist.

Palma abounds in family mansions of this kind. The character is the same throughout; but there is a difference in detail which makes one's investigation of the various "patios" of the various houses a constant series of surprises. Perhaps the most ornate of these buildings is the one chosen by the artist for an illustration, viz., Casa Morelli. This is also upon one of the oldest foundations in the city. Beneath the modern mansion—if a house of the sixteenth century may be called modern—are the dilapidated pillars and horseshoe arches of some Moorish baths. One may thank the doughty warriors of the army of King James the Conqueror, that they did not sweep away all traces of the Moslem from Palma when they got possession of the city.

LADIES OF MAJORCA.

The Rambla is best appreciated on a cool evening, after a hot day. It is then a joy to breathe the Majorcan air, and to see Majorcan life in its different phases. His Excellency the Governor-General and the more distinguished of the officers stationed in the capital may be known by the numerous medals upon their stout breasts, and by their matchless pomposity of demeanour. It is a great thing to be a functionary in a Latin country; and if even the humble under-purveyor of candles to the Governor's palace holds himself the more erect for his governmental position (as he esteems it), imagine how his Excellency himself has warrant to strut and swell!

Perhaps a funeral procession passes up the street in the height of the promenade. It is not so dolorous a spectacle that one is bound to have a heartache at the sight of it. The troops of men in peaked caps who head it, swinging big lanterns in their hands as they go, have cheerful faces, and there is lively chatter inside the score or so of private carriages which follow the hearse. The crimson and white of the priests and the perfume of the incense are also agreeable contributions to the evening. One raises one's hat for one moment in formal acknowledgment of the omnipotence of Master Death, and, that done, one may return to the living present

with fresh gusto. Often the body is borne on a bier by brethren of the Misericordia. Their office is described as follows :

Opposite the cathedral is a building containing a suite of rooms and a chapel for the use of the society. A man is on the watch here continually for news of illness, accident, or death. In several of the rooms is a long row of lockers, each bearing a number —not the name—of a member, and containing his suit of black. From a fraternity of humble porters the Misericordia has changed to a society to which have belonged many princes, nobles, bishops, and priests. At Florence, even the King of Italy and his son, the Prince of Naples, are members, and each of them has his own locker just like the rest. Sons of old Florentine families, whose fathers and grandfathers served in the ranks of the Misericordia in their time, mingle with the common people in this band of mercy and help.

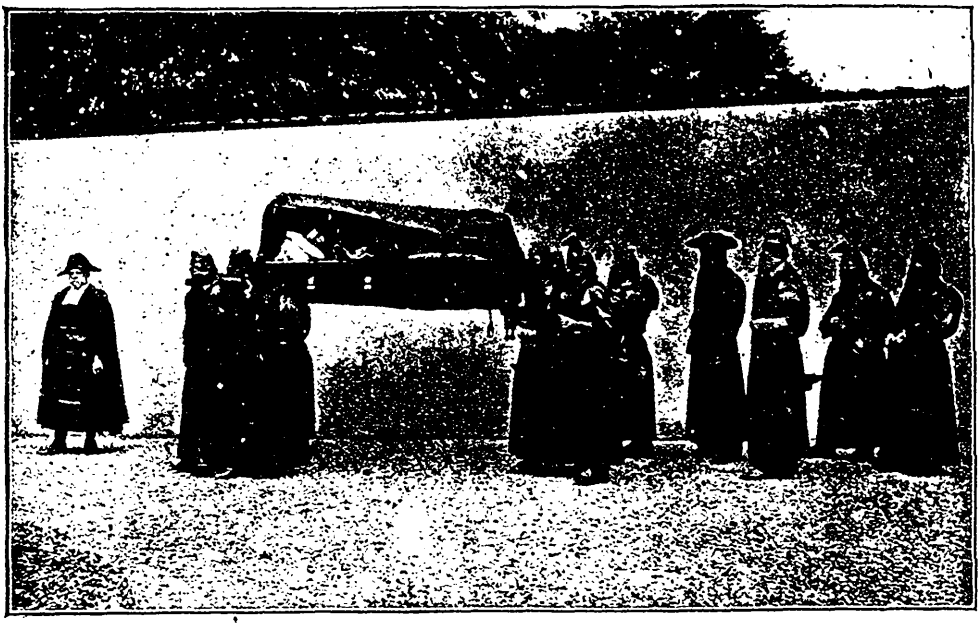
The organization is very complete. Four captains are appointed for each day in the week; that is, each one serves one day in the month. This captain must be in his place at the appointed time. No matter in what portion of the city a member of the society may be, at the summons of his captain he must answer. At night, seven men occupy beds in a room at the headquarters. When the bell rings, the oldest rises, ascertains the locality, and sends out the remaining six to the place of need. All sorts of stretchers, chairs, etc., are provided for the comfortable transport of the sick.

Each member of the organization pays an entrance fee of about $7. Every year during his active service he contributes a certain sum to the general fund, which is used for the benefit of the poor. Gifts are solicited from citizens, as well as from strangers, and thousands of francs flow yearly into the coffers of this well-deserving society. No brother of the Misericordia is allowed to receive anything for his services. In this respect, the disguise which they wear is a useful one. The patient never knows whether it is the prince whose home is in the grand palace, or the poor neighbour living across the street, who ministers to his wants. There is some-

TYPICAL MAJORCAN.

thing beautiful, too, in this exemplification of the words of our Saviour : "But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth; that thy alms may be in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret Himself shall reward thee openly."

A couple of hundred years ago a terrible plague visited the beautiful city of Florence. People died by the thousands, forsaken by their friends and those of their own households. Then it was that the brethren of the Miseri-



FUNERAL PROCESSION IN MINORCA.

cordia stood by their posts. In their black robes these "men of pity" passed along the dark, silent streets, carrying medicines, bringing help and comfort. When friends fled, they remained, to kneel beside the bier of the dead, bearing lighted candles in their hands, murmuring responses to the services intoned by the priests.

This last winter, an English lady died suddenly in the streets of the city. The kind hands of the Misericordia brethren lifted her and tenderly bore her home.

Though the modern spirit prevails in the Rambla of Palma, the tradition of the Moor clings to its streets. Some of the shops are more like the booths in an Eastern bazaar than the mercantile stores of a Christian land. One marvels at the number of cobblers in the place. There are whole streets of boots; the leather of a variety of shades and qualities. Chocolate-making is another local industry. The manufacture is wrought before the eyes of the world. The mills are clean and sweet, and the odour of the crushing of the beans and the mixing of the compound drifts up and down the thoroughfare. The master takes your curiosity about his craft as a compliment to his skill, and invites you inside to see all his processes, with the genial address and tone which are inborn graces of all Iberians. The nightingales sing among the trees with an ecstatic fervour that makes one imagine they also are of our opinion, that this is one of the most lovely valleys in the world.

Of course, amid such surroundings, our friends the monks are sure to have left their traces. Here they could chant and pray their lives away much to their contentment of body and mind. The remains of the Carthusian Monastery at Valldemosa prove the building to have been of immense size in the heyday of its importance. It was amid such in-

fluences of the past and the present, and in one of these cosy nooks, that Georges Sand, in 1838, wrote her novel "Spiridion."

The mountains which bound Valldemosa upon the west and north-west descend into the sea by Miramar. Here a prince of the Hapsburg family, the Archduke Luis Salvator, spends his winters. Turner would have rejoiced in Miramar; its aerial towers, its fearsome steeps, the placid beauty of the sea below, the mountain tops overhead, and the red of the western horizon evening after evening, as the sun sinks into the water.

There is no hotel at Valldemosa, much less at Miramar, which consists of nothing but the archducal demesne. That the traveller may share in his own refined enjoyments of nature, his Highness has therefore built a guest-house upon the national road near his own mansion, and furnished it "pro bono publico." The visitor will be received and bedded for three days and three nights in succession —gratis.

It is worth remembering, too, that one is here on the site of the college founded by Raymond Lully himself, that erudite man of the world who, six hundred years ago, died a martyr's death in his attempt to Christianize the Moslems of Africa. The Archduke can scarcely fail to be conscious of the influence of a place where the printing press was at work soon after the invention of printing itself.

The Majorcans are a kindly people, but they are not very intelligent. They object to education; and it is possible enough that in an epoch of ferment the stranger might again be sacrificed to their suspicions. One recalls, moreover, the narrow escape of M. Arago, the French scientific traveller, who nearly lost his life among these mountains. The Majorcans thought his scientific instruments were a new kind of battery, and so they chased him and his theodolites from mountain top to mountain top, and at length out of the island. This was during the Napoleonic war in Spain, however, when their ardour against a Frenchman, scientific or otherwise, was, upon the whole, excusable.

It is said that, after his first engagement with the Moslems, King James of Aragon, being hungry, hereabouts entered a cottage, and proclaimed his hunger. He was offered bread and garlic, which he ate with a relish, and then he said, "Ben dinat" "I have dined well" His Majesty's appetite was no doubt the best of sauces for so poor a meal. This tradition is oddly preserved in the name Ben Dinat, still retained by a house near the Portal Caves. If legend may be believed, it was upon this insignificant little spot that the great Hannibal first saw the light of day.

In landing at Port Mahon in Minorca, one has a feeling somewhat akin to that one experiences in, let us say, an island of the Hebrides. It is in a sense homely soil. For sixty-five years of the eighteenth century, the Union Jack fluttered over its forts and public buildings. The walls and houses raised by British masons still offer the Englishman shelter against storms. It is not uncommon to hear names which are Anglo-Saxon to the initial letter. English customs are not yet quite extinct. English history has no small claim over this island. Our countrymen fought bravely here, and endeared themselves to the Spanish inhabitants. And it was for his failure to relieve Minorca, when it was under a French blockade, that we committed that un-

pardonable national crime against good sense and humanity—the execution of Admiral Byng.

Minorca was not really much use to us then, and it would be a positive embarrassment to us in these days, when the Mediterranean is no longer the principal field for the world's naval warfare. The Spanish Government is busy fortifying the headland called "La Mola," upon the side of the strait towards Mahon, opposite the debris of the British works. It is certainly an important position, if one may first concede that the island itself is an important one. But there is a good deal of bathos in the idea of spending millions of dollars in defensive works for a little island that may become nothing in the world except a market garden.

OUR GREAT FORWARD MOVEMENT—SHALL IT SUCCEED?

BY REV. A. SUTHERLAND, D.D.

A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.

When another month has passed away the "Twentieth Century Million Dollar Thanksgiving Fund" will be definitely placed before the Church. From Newfoundland to the Pacific Ocean, a thousand pulpits and platforms will ring with earnest appeals to "the people called Methodists" to signalize the opening of a new century with a two-fold offering. First, an offering of themselves as a living sacrifice, holy, well-pleasing to God, which is their reasonable service;" and secondly, a thank-offering of their substance such as will mark the deep and grateful sense they entertain of the mercies wherewith God has crowned their lives. A few more months will show whether the people will rise to the measure of so splendid an opportunity, and by devising liberal things prove themselves worthy of the heritage bequeathed by their fathers, or whether, like the Church at Laodicea, they will say, "Behold, I am rich and increased in goods and have need of nothing," and so sink deeper into the ruts of selfishness and unbelief.

A GREAT UNDERTAKING.

Without in the least underestimating the loyalty of the Methodist people, the sincerity of their desire for the growth and extension of the kingdom of God, or their willingness to help forward the work when once they see what needs to be done, it may nevertheless be questioned if they fully appreciate the greatness of the undertaking which now confronts them, its importance to the well-being of the Church, or the disastrous consequences that are sure to follow if, through misunderstanding or indifference, it should fail or be only half accomplished. The call for a Million Dollar Thanksgiving Fund was not a mere meteor-flash of enthusiasm, but the result of a deep conviction that Methodism had reached a stage in its history when a grand forward movement was an imperative necessity; that a time had come when we must advance or retreat, and that if ground were lost now it could not be regained in a generation to come, if ever.

WHAT THE CALL MEANS.

But it was also clearly seen that

an advance movement in money gifts alone would not suffice unless, first of all, there was a mighty deepening of the Church's spiritual life. Hence, the appeal of the General Conference was not merely a call to increased liberality, but to renewed consecration, to more earnest prayer, to mightier faith, to redoubled zeal; and then to such a consecration of substance as might indicate some just appreciation of privilege and responsibility. It is most important that these two aspects of the Twentieth Century Movement should be kept steadily in view. A mighty revival of the work of God is something to be desired beyond all other blessings; but a revival after the modern pattern, the results of which would be seen chiefly in growing numbers and triumphant shout and song, but without that deepening of the spiritual life which finds expression in unreserved consecration and willing service, might be a doubtful gain. On the other hand, if it were possible to raise the entire million dollars apart from any deep spiritual movement, we might well pray God to save us from a success like that. Such gifts, like Cain's offering of "the fruit of the ground," would find no acceptance and bring no blessing.

HOW PROBLEMS WILL BE SOLVED.

But if there be, first of all, a mighty spiritual uplift, that shall carry the Church into the Twentieth Century on a tidal wave of revival power,—if, in other words, the Church is visited from on high with a revival after the Pentecostal pattern,—then we may hope to reach that plane of primitive Christianity where "the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and soul: and not one of them said that aught of the things which he possessed was his own." With such a baptism of the Holy Spirit problems of finance would be quickly solved. Church debts would disappear as if by magic. Our educational institutions, now crippled and hampered for want of means, would be put in a position to do their work as it ought to be done. Our superannuated ministers would no longer be relegated to a position of semi-pauperism, the recipients of a grudging charity, but their declining years would be cheered and brightened by the loving care of a Church to which they had given, for scant reward, their manhood's strength and service. Best of all, the missionary work of the Church,—the work which lies so near the Master's heart,—the work which more than anything else He has given his Church to do,—would be freed from the limitations which now cramp its activities, and pressed forward with an all-conquering zeal before which neither the darkness of heathenism nor the hate of infidelity would be able to stand.

PRAYER AND CONFESSION.

That such a spiritual uplift is possible, no one who believes the "precious and exceeding great promises" will attempt to deny. But how can it be realized? In answer to prayer, many will reply. That depends. "The wind bloweth where"—and when and how—"it listeth." The Holy Spirit is not a lackey to run at the bidding of every indolent, worldly-minded Christian who wastes his breath in asking God to do for him what he should do himself. Prayer from an upright heart is a mighty force, but if our "iniquities have separated between" us and God, and our "sins have hid His face that He will not hear," of what avail will be our prayers? No, we cannot command the Holy Spirit to do this or that or the

other; we cannot compel Him to come and work when and where and how it may suit our convenience; but we can fulfil the conditions on which His coming and work depend. And the first step in the fulfilment of the conditions is to "break off" our "sins by righteousness, and" our "iniquities by showing mercy to the poor," to "put away the evil of" our "doings," to "cease to do evil and learn to do well." If we would have a mighty outpouring of the Holy Spirit let us prepare for it as did the disciples on the day of Pentecost. Let us be found "with one accord in one place," and let that place be the closet where we confess our sins to the Father that seeth in secret. And let us not mock him with audacious demands to work miracles to neutralize our disobedience, but let us beseech him to forgive our worldliness, our selfishness, our sins. Then with purposes renewed let us "bring forth fruits meet for repentance," for "who knoweth whether" the Lord himself "will not turn and repent and leave a blessing behind him?"

THE CHURCH'S NEED.

The need for a great deepening of the spiritual life of the Church is urgent beyond the power of words to exaggerate. The tide has ebbed farther than most of us are aware of, and the level of spiritual life is ominously low. The spirit of worldliness is on the increase. Luxury and ease and self-seeking have robbed the Church of her power, and laxity of doctrine and inconsistency of life are the natural result. The Church can no longer say with Peter, "Silver and gold have I none," and it is to be feared she can no longer say to the lame man, "In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk." It is because of this loss of spiritual power in the Church that a flood of heresies have come in upon us, and that spiritism, faith-healing, Christian science, falsely so called, and kindred delusions are making havoc of the flock of Christ. And in the face of all this declension shall it be said that "there is none that stirreth up himself to lay hold on God"? that there are not to be found in our Israel even "seven thousand who have not bowed the knee to the image of Baal"? Away with such a thought! There are many times seven thousand who are loyal in heart to Christ, His cause and His truth, and who only need a stirring call to bring them up "to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

SOUND THE TRUMPET IN ZION.

But who shall utter the call? The General Conference has spoken, its chief executive officer has spoken, the heads of departments have spoken, and may not we reverently say that God himself has spoken. What now remains but for the "captains of the host," those to whom the people naturally look for inspiration and leadership in a time like this, to repeat the call, and from every Methodist pulpit in the land "speak unto the people that they go forward." But much depends on how the call is uttered. I was told lately of a brother who announced a collection in aid of St. James' Church, and he did it in this wise (the dashes between the words indicate the hesitation and deliberation with which he spoke). "We—are—asked—to—take up—a collection—to—help—St. James' Church—in Montreal.——If—any of you—think—you have—anything—to spare—after—paying—your—own debts—at home—you

can give—something—to—Montreal." Let announcements for the Twentieth Century Movement be made after that fashion and failure is assured before we begin; but if the trumpet give a certain sound, if the captains get their own hearts imbued with the grandeur and significance of this movement, and then speak out in ringing tones and with a good courage, our noble, loyal people will respond as they always have done, and the grandest year that Methodism has ever known will be the opening year of the Twentieth Century.

WHAT FAILURE AND SUCCESS MEAN.

To fail altogether, or only half accomplish what we undertake, would have a most damaging, disheartening effect upon the whole Church, from which it would not recover for years. All the enterprises of the Church would languish, while others would do our work and take our crown. But why talk, or even think, of failure? We have vowed unto the Lord and we cannot go back. And think what success will mean. A glorious spiritual uplift, and all our congregations baptized with revival power; our churches freed from embarrassing debts; our educational institutions made strong for their noble work; our aged ministers cared for and comforted in their declining years, and our missions at home and abroad extended and strengthened, filled with confidence and hope. Who can contemplate results like these, and not be inspired to put forth heroic and self-denying effort to make our Twentieth Century Movement a glorious success?

HOW TO COMMAND SUCCESS.

But success comes to those who deserve and can command it, and we can neither deserve nor command success in this movement so long as we leave undone anything that human foresight and careful preparation can do to insure success. The results we seek will not come of themselves. We need not look for manna to be rained down upon the host, nor for "quails" to come up "and cover the camp," but we can bring the tithes into the storehouse, and prove the Lord herewith, and see if He will not open the windows of heaven, and pour us out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it. Then as to minor measures, let there be not only ringing announcements for weeks beforehand, the broadcasting of literature furnished by the Central Committee, and earnest prayer in all our homes and churches, but let every circuit and appointment be so organized that the Sunday appeal may be followed by a prompt and vigorous canvass of the entire congregation, till every individual, old or young, is represented by a contribution to the Million Dollar Fund, and the full proportion for each circuit is raised.

IT CAN AND OUGHT TO BE DONE.

As the old English captain said concerning the finding of a northwest passage through northern seas, "It can be done and England ought to do it," so we say of our Million Dollar Thanksgiving Fund, "It can be done and Canadian Methodism ought to do it." The times are propitious. Trade is reviving; work is plentiful; wages are good; and there is promise of a splendid harvest. Our opportunity is grand beyond all precedent. We can do now what we may never be able to do again, or never have the chance of doing: for such an opportunity, once lost, comes not again. Oh, for a Breath Divine to sweep over the Church,

imparting new life, kindling new hope, leading to renewed consecration! Only this can save us from spiritual barrenness and death. Only this can lead to success in the great enterprise that is now before us.

A MILLION DOLLARS—A MILLION NAMES.

Perhaps many persons have the notion that so long as we raise a million dollars, it matters not how it is raised. This is a mistake. A great deal depends on how the money is raised. If this were a mere secular enterprise, the contributions of a limited number of wealthy men would meet the case. It is no uncommon thing to hear of industrial and commercial schemes, involving millions of dollars of capital, where the entire stock is held by one or two score men. But this is not a secular enterprise. It is a great religious movement in which an entire people are invoked to come before God with a thank-offering that will express, in some good degree, the gratitude of each heart for the mercies of a century. The definite aim of this movement should be, A MILLION DOLLARS AND A MILLION NAMES, so that the Church may reap, in the largest measure, the blessing which such an offering is sure to bring. We do not mean that the wealthy should not give more, but that the poorest should not give less.

LET THE RICH HELP THE POOR.

But it may be said, with some show of reason, it is practically impossible to reach a million different persons and get a dollar from each one. Quite true; therefore let the well-to-do and the wealthy, who can give their hundreds, or thousands, or even tens of thousands of dollars, associate with themselves the poor members of the congregations, and provide the necessary dollars, so that all may be represented in this noble undertaking. Such a method may be more pleasing in the sight of God, and will afford more pleasure to the donors than the cheap gratification of seeing their names in print for a large sum. But whatever method is adopted, let it be with a firm determination that the end shall be reached by the payment of the last dollar of the million that is called for.

THE VISION OF GOD.

BY REV. E. E. HOSS, D.D.

The pure in heart shall surely see the face of God.
From every darkening film of flesh and sense
The Holy Spirit's grace shall cleanse their mortal eyes,
And give them mystic power to note eternal things—
Jehovah's throned majesty, girt round about
With lines and ranks of flaming cherubim.
This vision beatific shall begin
While yet 'mid earthly scenes they stay,
And be their portion and their holy joy
When they have passed the separating flood of death,
And gained the light-bathed hills and vales beyond.
So runs the olden promise, clear and sweet,
Of Him who spake with lips anointed from on high.

—*The Christian Advocate, Nashville, Tenn.*

THE INFLUENCE OF JESUS CHRIST IN CIVILIZATION.*

BY THE REV. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS, D.D.

The soul, like the body, thrives through nourishment. Mind and heart hunger for food, and find it in the best qualities of the best men who have gone before. History stores up the bravest deeds and noblest thoughts of the heroes of yesterday as soul food for the youth of to-day. The Greek general bade his parents bring their children up—not upon milk, but upon the memories of soldierly ancestors. Always it has been the necessity of life that children and youth should look upward toward illustrious masters and models. Each Pitt and Burke stimulates himself by tales of eloquence and oratory. Each young Correggio lingers long before his master's easel. Each Keats or Shelley turns eager feet toward the great bard's home. History is not a mausoleum of dead men, but a granary storing up for future generations the choicest spirits of past ages.

When a nation has no heroes to nourish greatness in its youth, God raises up some poet to create them. Thus the blind bard hung Achilles in the sky above the race of Grecian savages. Straightway thousands felt the drawing of that great heart; just as the ocean, without knowing the cause, is lifted forward, following the planets. Soon the ideal Achilles repeated himself in the real orators and artists, statesmen and philosophers of Athens. Plutarch thought the iron and granite in the hills of Sparta repeated themselves in the Spartan warriors. We know that the single root brought from Africa by the Spanish traveller repeated its unexampled size and colour in all the vineyards of Spain. Thus one great man like Pericles or Cato, like John Huss or William Tell, like Vane or Hampden, like Brown or Lincoln, repeats himself in the new and larger manhood of his nation. When God wants to create a revolution or secure a sudden forward movement in society, he sets some great man into the midst of the people, and, looking upward, the generations are lifted to his level. The measure of civilization for a nation is found in the number and quality of its heroes and leaders.

SOCIAL PROGRESS.

Social progress through lifting up a master and model has always been the divine method. Here nature lends us a thousand interpretations. Ours is a world in which rain and snow, falling to the ground, must be lifted up and passed through bough and branch before water reddens in the wine's purple flood, or drips in the golden juices of the orange. In the forests the carbon and iron of the soil must be lifted up, to be hardened into masts for ships or timbers for temples. In the fields the wheat stalk lifts up the phosphates and condenses them into the rich, brown berry. By ropes and pulleys Phidias lifted the most perfect statue of his time, the "Pallas Athene," to its place upon the Acropolis, where its crown of gold and ivory, reflecting the sun's rays, first welcomed the Athenian mariner home again. Lifted from the quarries, stone and marble be-

*Abridged from the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, April, 1899.

come temples and cathedrals. Lifted up by the author, meaningless words become poems and dramas. Standing upon the horizon, the sun lifts from the sea its whitest mists, lifts from the land the golden harvest, lifts from space the heavy planets.

Naturally, therefore, we expect social progress to be achieved through the lifting up of good men and strong. In accordance with this method, the martyred Cranmer was made heroic, and, thrusting his arm into the fire, he lifted up an example that made the multitudes strong for achieving religious liberty. This multitude of brave women, going into the Crimea with the Red Cross movement and mercy; those nurses kindling their fires upon the edge of battlefields; those who make their homes among the poor of tenement-house districts, remind us that long ago God caused Mary Ware, serving in the fever-stricken homes of Durham, and Florence Nightingale, nursing the English soldiers in the hospitals of the East, to be lifted up in the presence of the world's women.

Having by this method achieved great results for liberty, culture, and human happiness, God caused to be lifted up before man's mind and heart the soul's Saviour and Master. It need not surprise us, that straightway everything deepest in man's faculties and finest in his feelings responded to the inspiring influences and the stimulating example. Passing backward o'er the pathway of the ages, we see Christ's mighty, majestic heart, glowing and all-glorious, standing forth, to sow the world with light and joy, even as o'er the planets the sun scatters warmth and atmosphere.

WAXING FAME OF CHRIST.

The waxing fame of Christ is the most striking fact of our era. His star is causing all others to pale. Indeed, the time seems rapidly approaching when society will have but one hero and king, at whose feet humanity will empty all its songs and flowers, its prayers and tears. In the triumphal procession of the Roman conqueror, kings and princes walked as captives in the emperor's train. Thus all the greatest men of the past generation seem to have joined Christ's triumphal procession. By acclamation John Ruskin will be voted the first place among the English prose writers of the last two centuries. But Ruskin says his life has been dedicated, not to "the study of the beautiful in face and flower, in landscape and gallery, but to an interpretation of the truth and beauty of Jesus Christ." We all know that Shakespeare, perhaps the greatest intellect ever known in its wide and many-sided splendour, paid the lowliest reverence to Christ in passage after passage. But all the great poets of our age —Lowell and Longfellow, Browning and Tennyson—unite in saying :

> "Thou seemest human and divine;
> The highest, holiest manhood Thou;
> Our wills are ours, we know not why;
> Our wills are ours to make them Thine."

By common consent Mr. Gladstone is the most sublime figure among the statesmen of our century. There is something deeply pathetic in the fact that this statesman dedicated his closing years to the study of the teachings of Christ. The great premier seemed to feel that his laurel leaves won in the forum would soon fade, and with wistful pathos he said he desired to "weave a wreath for Him whose name is secure" and shines like a star.

And these words are typical of the spirit of the age. All political economy is being rewritten in the light of the Sermon on the Mount,

says the greatest of economic writers. He is increasingly the inspiration of our charities and philanthropies. All the great social movements of our era are centring about Him. Already His teachings are the watchwords of coming revolutions. Reform, duty, art, music, statesmanship, philosophy — all are captives marching in Christ's triumphal procession up the hill of time.

In nature, as the summer waxes the winter wanes, and the lengthening of the days means the shortening of the nights. This fact encourages within us the belief, that, as Christ's principles advance, man's vices will decline. In our world, causes are invariably followed by their appropriate results, and this law asks us to expect that so prodigious a cause as the life and teaching of Jesus Christ will be followed, of necessity, by strange effects upon man's happiness and character. In times of storm rivers often overflow their banks, and, spreading over the rich valleys, sweep away the houses, drown the cattle, and, when the waves have retreated, leave behind pastures buried in mud, and fields all covered with wrecks and desolation. Thus the pages of Juvenal and Pliny and Lucian tell us of days when the floods of vice poured their dark and turbulent streams through the streets of all the ancient cities. The Odyssey tells us that when Ulysses was pursuing the monster to slay it, the warrior traced the serpent by a black mark left upon the grass and flowers. Thus these monsters called vices have crawled like serpents down the aisles of time. Upon all the ages and nations vices have made as deep, black marks. But some hand has slain nearly all of these defiling monsters. With Guizot, let us gladly confess that the advance of Christ's teachings has been so closely followed by the decline of vice as to compel the logical mind to associate them in the relation of cause and effect.

NEW ERA FOR HUMANITY.

Doubtless Christ's emphasis of individual worth has done much to usher in the new era for humanity. When Queen Victoria celebrated her golden anniversary, the gifts sent her were such as were thought to become a queen and empress. Each book was bound in gold, each texture held shining threads, and the very boxes were inlaid with pearls and jewels; and to Christ belonged such majesty of mingled beauty and strength and gentleness that society felt that the human soul could scarcely be painted in colours too rich for which such a one as Christ had lived and died. His enthusiasm for humanity immediately began to make itself felt. A glorious sense of human brotherhood moved outward over the earth like an advancing summer. If the emperors and the kings did not at once descend from their thrones, the slaves and the serfs did begin to rise to the level of those who held the sceptre. It was not so much a crumbling of thrones or a falling of crowned heads as it was an upbuilding of the common people.

In analyzing Burns' song, "A man's a man for a' that," the scholars trace it back to Christ's parable of Lazarus and the rich man. Before Christ's searching vision the purple and the fine linen fell away from Dives, and his rags fell away from the beggared Lazarus. Christ placed his finger upon the soul, and made the name of man a title superior to that of ruler and lord. Soon, because men were equals and brothers, the Church adopted the same ritual for high and low, bond and free. Emperor Constantine and his rude

soldiers knelt together before the same minister, and in baptism received alike the cleansing flood. The marriage ceremony that bound with golden chains prince and princess was used also for servant and maid. In the solemn hour of death the words, "I am the resurrection and the life," were read over the bier of kings and paupers alike.

Thus Christianity assaulted the vanity of the heart through its outer trappings, even as the sun assaults an armour of ice. The old proverb was, "Call a man a thief, and he will rob you." The new proverb becomes, "Trust a man, and he will not disappoint you." Christ unfurled the flag of equality above palace and slave market. He waved the golden rule above each law and statute-book. He caused the state to set guardian angels beside each sleeping babe. Above each doorway for vice and crime he wrote the words, "Blessed are the pure in heart." Soon society began to forsake the paths of vice and crime, and turned glad feet into the way that led unto happiness and virtue.

GERMAN PEASANT'S DREAM.

Those who were of royal birth felt they must not live like slaves. The Germans have a poem of the transformation of a cottage. While the peasant slept in his chair he dreamed, and, lo, the thatched roof was lifted up and became the roof of a temple. The little cracked windows became large, arched, and filled with coloured glass. The low walls gave place to glorious paintings. The fireplace became a golden altar, over which bowed the angel forms of his children departed and dead. Oh, beautiful story, picturing for us that strange transformation that passed over society after Christ taught the doctrine of individual worth and divine sonship.

Christianity, while chiefly busying itself with teaching the art of right living and of character building here, as a preparation for the life hereafter, has accomplished many incidental results for man's happiness and welfare. Orchards are planted primarily for one purpose—to secure food and fruit against the long winter. But having met the requirements of hunger, the orchards go on to delight the eye with blossoms, to fill the air with perfume, to provide grateful shade for man and beast, and homes for countless birds. Thus Christianity is a tree that bears indeed the fruit of immortal life, but it bears also a thousand other fruits for the life that now is.

From the day when the boy Christ remained in the temple to converse with the wise men, Christianity has been the friend of the mind and an advocate of the increase of knowledge. Nourished in its stimulating atmosphere, such minds as those of Bacon and Milton and Angelo, and thousands of illustrious compeers, have come with genius enriched by the stimulating atmosphere in which they have lived. Where other religions have produced here and there a single mediocre mind, Christianity has produced during like periods a thousand giants in the realm of philosophy or art or learning.

CHANGES MADE BY CHRISTIANITY.

Single minds do exist in the history of China or India or Africa, but they exist just as occasional palm-trees and springs are found, at intervals of hundreds of miles, in the Sahara desert. But entering moral deserts like England in the year 590, and Germany in 700, Christianity has changed the climate for nations, and made genius and greatness indigenous. To this enriching influence upon learning must be added Christianity's natural affiliation with the fine arts. To describe that eternal summer

land beyond the grave, John has swept together all gold for the streets, all gems for its walls, all cool fountains and streams, all sweet song, all noble speech. So beautiful is that realm, said Paul, that eye had not seen or ear heard, nor could mind conceive its splendours. Architects taxed themselves to build cathedrals worthy of Him whom the heaven of heavens could not contain. Painters vied with each other in creating seraphs and angels beautiful enough to adorn the walls of Christ's sanctuary. Sculptors went everywhither searching out marble white enough for Christ's forehead. Each Handel taxed himself for music sweet enough for his hymns of praise. Soon the greatness of Christianity's themes lent greatness to the minds studying them. For great thoughts make great thinkers, while petty thoughts make insignificant thinkers. It was the woe, the grief of three million slaves that lent eloquence to Wendell Phillips. It was the sorrows of the poor of England that lent eloquence to John Bright. It was the Madonna that made Titian, and the paradise that made Milton. Take the seed idea and the mother principles of Christianity out of the last thousand years of time, and society's storehouses, called galleries and libraries, would be emptied. An English jurist tells of falling asleep and dreaming that every Christian idea had been stricken out of his law-books. Opening the familiar books, he found one-third of each page blank, and all pages meaningless. Thus, if by divine fiat every Christian idea should be blotted out of the library, the museum, the statute-books, all would become meaningless. The very structure of civilization would crumble into a heap of ruins. Eloquence, songs, laws, reforms, civic virtues, would all fall with the fall of the great ideas that produced them.

INFLUENCE ON HOPE OF PROGRESS.

This uplifted name is also exerting a profound influence upon the world's hope of progress. Frederick Schlegel was deeply impressed by the thought that all other religious systems are living upon the prestige of the past. Looking backward, they borrow their light from "a golden age" forever gone. For Christ alone "the golden age" is in the to-morrow. With buoyant and aspiring spirit, with confident and unyielding expectancy of a general and certain progress of society toward liberty and light, Christianity moves steadily forward into the future. And as a plan turns a pile of bricks into a house, turns a mob into an army, turns scattered sounds into a symphony, turns warring sections into a nation, so this unfolding plan and purpose of God unifies events, constrains opposing nations, gives each century its stint, gives a definite goal to history.

That conviction of Christianity's ultimate triumph never failed the fathers or martyrs. It lent the soldier his unconquerable courage; it lent the hero and reformer his adamantine will; it lent the sage his stainless life. Beginning a mere dot on the map, Christianity has now subdued and bannered whole continents. It began at Olivet with the twelve disciples. In forty days there were three thousand. When John died in Ephesus there were five hundred thousand; to-day there have become four hundred million. Whatever system, therefore, is sending the thousands of scholars, professors, physicians, editors, into other nations, holds the keynote of progress and will sooner or later mount to the world's throne.

There are three million young men and women in India in Christian colleges, academies, and schools. Soon this will mean a free press, libraries in every village

of that tropic land, railways, manual training schools, free institutions—and after that "the flood" of knowledge. And so of Africa and China; the columns of light are marching straight for the heart of each continent. Christianity is a young giant that in three centuries leaped to the throne of the Caesars. The rate of progress that has prevailed since Shakespeare's day will in three centuries more seat Christianity upon every great throne of our earth.

But can it conquer the civilized barbarians at home? Has it power to stay lawlessness in the city, to check the ravages of poverty and intemperance? There is a proverb that "What has been done can be done." Did Christianity find the finest scholars and noblest ladies of Rome attending gladiatorial shows, and does it now guard the very horses from cruelty? Did it find in the finest temples of Corinth vices worshipped and deified that now it is shameful to mention? The past at least is secure. And because it has ideals for the city, the forum, and the market, Christianity's future is certain.

It is urged that to-day in Europe there are nations armed to the teeth and soldiers awaiting orders to march. But what if at one time there were four Christian men on the throne in Berlin and Paris, in Vienna and St. Petersburg? Would not the barracks and citadels be emptied, the soldiers drop their bayonets to turn toward the fields with the pruning-knives and sickles? What if all our institutions and people should seek to incarnate Christ's example? No more war, no more clanking of chains in prisons, no more lazy, thriftless poverty, no crushing monopoly, no cruelty, no harsh judgments, each bearing another's weakness. A beautiful dream! But ideals rule the world. And Christ's ideal is the prophecy of what shall be when men and events have hastened on toward that one far-off event toward which the whole creation moves.

True, the ideal may be realized slowly. Nature changes no climate rapidly. Physically man does not sleep midst snow-drifts to waken midst roses. The difference between the icicle and a ripe cherry represents for the planet a journey of many millions of miles. And in morals with God a thousand years are as one day. God has time enough and to spare. Take no counsel, therefore, of crouching fear. It is safer to trust the highest hopes than the lowest fears. The century plant takes a hundred years for root and trunk, but blossoms, as it were, in the night. And nations, also, shall be born into culture and character in a day. Soon every knee shall bow to the Name that is above every name, and He whom God has lifted to the world's throne shall in turn lift the world to a place beside Him.

AFTERTHOUGHT.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

Man dwells apart, though not alone,
He walks among his peers unread;
The best of thoughts which he hath known
For lack of listeners are not said.

Yet dreaming on earth's clustered isles,
He saith, "They dwell not lone like men,"
Forgetful that their sunflecked smiles
Flash far beyond each other's ken.

He looks on God's eternal suns
That sprinkle the celestial blue,
And saith, "Ah! happy shining ones,
I would that men were grouped like you."

Yet this is sure: the loveliest star
That clustered with its peers we see,
Only because from us so far
Doth near its fellows seem to be.

THE CHEST WITH THE BROKEN LOCK.

BY MAUDE PETIT.

A land of sand-hills and frog-ponds, scrub-oaks and mullein-stalks, garter-snakes and stumps, Pumpkin Hollow, or "The Holler," as its inhabitants called it, rolled on its peaceful way, eight miles from the country town and twice eight behind the times.

Such as it was, a stranger reined up his horse to look at it, one sleepy August afternoon. Behind him the road was one long, alternating series of sand-hill peaks and hollows; before him was a far-spreading area of stumpy farms, dotted here and there by small houses, built mostly of logs. To the west the smoke of a saw-mill curled slowly upward, and nearer at hand stood a dwelling-house, considerably larger than the rest, and more suggestive of the well-to-do farming population in which our country abounds. It had been painted white, but weather and storm had worn it to a dingy gray, save where it was protected by the old-fashioned verandah across the front.

The stranger gazed at it with an interest which suggested that he was perhaps not quite a stranger. He looked as if his past were linked to it in some way. Yet his appearance did not suggest any connection with "The Holler." Everything —his fine, black suit, his eyes full of the flash and dart of thought, even to his delicately kept nails, all were out of keeping with the place. He was a fine, erect figure on his prancing black steed, a man somewhere in the early forties, and his curling hair, prematurely whitened, added a refining touch to a massive forehead. His face was clean-shaven, slightly ashen, and he bore the decided stamp of a minister. There was even a touch of John Wesley in his face. Wesley, come back from the dead, could hardly have looked more compassionately on some broken-down church, than did our traveller upon that hillside home.

"Twenty-three years! Twenty-three years!" he murmured.

Then he sighed as he looked over the country.

"A poor inheritance—a miserable inheritance to divide mother and son so long—brother and brother!"

He started his horse at a slow walk westward. It was six o'clock; the mill whistle shrieked and the few workmen wended their way to their scattered homes. Two of them stood bantering each other at the cross-roads.

"It's Saturday night, Mike. You'll be fur seein' her to-morrow."

"All right, Jake; I know you'd cut me out if you could."

The two went their separate ways, and the stranger, without appearing to follow Jake, turned, overtook him in a leisurely fashion and accommodated his horse's pace to that of the pedestrian.

"Good evening."

"Good ev'nin'," answered Jake, lifting his hat to the "gentry."

"It's a fine evening."

"Yes, a fine ev'nin', sir. As fine an ev'nin' as there is in this part the country."

The stranger smiled slightly at this specimen of flat humour characteristic of "The Holler."

"Be ye one of them surveyors?" asked Jake.

"No, I am not surveying."

"Something in the agency line, then?"

"No."

Now, "The Holler" boasted of never letting any one pass through without finding out who he was and what was his business. So Jake was by no means nonplussed.

"Maybe, then, you're the new preacher that's to come to 'The Holler.'"

"No."

"I wuz a-goin' to say, if you wuz, it's a tough place here. They allus cuts the preacher's harness up the first night, and gen'ally about the third week he's afraid to go out after dark. It's a feller with some grit in him they wants here. Somebody with a bit of muscle to call his own."

"I think I can satisfy you, my friend," said the rider, smiling, and drawing his sleeve slightly to show a muscle that would have done credit to an athlete.

"Well, that's not bad," said Jake. "But if you been't the new preacher, maybe you're one of those chaps that goes through the country buyin' up cattle an' hogs."

"No."

"Or some of them tony relations o' Blake's that he's expecting from England."

"No."

The stranger's mouth twitched in a

humorous fashion at the corners, and Jake dropped his head and muttered something beneath his breath about "some hanged old bare-faced priest."

Thus they moved on in silence for a few minutes.

"Can you tell me a—who lives there?" asked the stranger, pointing in a half-nervous manner to the place in which he had seemed so interested.

"Ah, now I have it. Yer a-speculatin'." Now, my dad's got nigh onto eighty acres o' as fine land as yer ever laid eyes on down the road here. But that Cardwell—"

"What—Cardwell! Did you say the name was Cardwell?"

"Yes, an' a meaner crust you won't find to deal with. Though they do give him credit for treatin' his poor ole mother well. An' so he orter, her blind, an' him—"

"Blind! Is she blind, then? What caused it? How long has she been blind?"

"Oh, it's a matter o' more'n twenty years back. Her first husband's boy and her second husband had some trouble an' he drove the boy out o' the house an' he was never heard on since. The ole lady took on kind o' hard about it afterwards an' had a fever an' it settled in her eyes. But the land—"

"I'm not buying land. Thank you, my friend. Good evening."

The stranger started his horse into a brisk canter, leaving Jake wondering why he had thanked him in such an earnest tone. He did not pause until he was out of sight and alone in the forest, and then he gave vent to the sobs so long restrained.

"Blind—blind! Oh, my mother—my poor, dear mother! Blind! then she never saw my letters. Perhaps she never even heard them."

It was nearly sunset when he turned his horse's head toward the farm-house again. The cattle were coming up from their pasture for the evening milking. A boy was watering the horses at the pump. Was James Cardwell married? Was that girl with the milk-pails his daughter? Was that boy at the pump his son? The stranger rode up the lane to the back gate.

"Can I get a night's lodging here?" he asked, of a portly-looking matron in the door-yard.

"I guess so," she answered with an amazed stare.

"Here, Fred, take the gentleman's horse."

The stranger was conducted through the wood-shed, where a half-dozen cats scampered at his entrance, into a large kitchen, where a plump-looking lassie was elbow-deep in pumpkin pies and other delicious mysteries.

"Take a seat there by the fire," said the good dame of the house.

He wondered why she asked him to sit by the fire in August. Poor fellow! he did not know that she was beside herself over the advent of a so genteel-looking guest in "The Holler," that she was wondering whether she had better serve *the potatoes boiled with the skins on, for* tea, or mashed with turnips; whether the best table-cloth was washed last week, and whether there was enough coal-oil left to fill the lamp in the spare room.

But she came to her senses at last and bethought herself that he would be more comfortable in the dining-room, "bein' as 'twas bake-day."

It was a plain, rag-carpeted room into which he was ushered, littered with sewing. He sat down alone by the open window and contented himself with studying the pictures on the walls. For they generally afford some indication of the character of their owners. But there was nothing especially refining or uplifting about these. Only gaudy colourings of ladies or knights in brilliant clothing. Nothing suggestive of the life of Him to whom he had devoted all his years. No scene from the life of the Nazarene—not even a text upon the walls. He sighed, but just then a Sunday-school book lying on the lounge beside him drew his attention. He opened it at the title page, "'The Wanderer's Return,' by Rev. Dr. Lawrence, Professor of Philosophy, etc.," and a mysterious smile crossed his face. Why did he gaze on that book so tenderly—with something of mother-love in his eyes? Was its author anything to him? He sighed as he looked out over the fields, the stumps and the sand-hills, and thought of the barefoot boy of thirty years ago. What had that boy to do with the renowned professor and author, whose name was on the book cover? And what had this stranger to do with either?

"There, dearie, I can go alone the rest of the way."

It was an aged and quavering voice in the hall outside, and the next moment a woman with bowed head and closed eyes groped her way into the room.

"Good evening, sir."

"Good evening, m—madame—Mrs. Cardwell.

What was there in this withered old woman to make the dignified stranger stammer so?

She sat down on the lounge beside him and talked of the weather, the crops, etc. The strawberries had dried up for want of rain. The wheat was winter-killed, but the children said the chestnut crop was heavy, and they brought four dollars a bushel, husked.

It was wonderful how interested the stranger seemed in all these little details, even to the goslings that the snapping turtles carried off. Occasionally, a snatch of the conversation in the kitchen would reach his ears.

"He looks like a preacher. You better ask him to ask a blessin' at supper."

"I dunno; he's a good deal more tony-lookin' than old Van Kemp was. He must be a city 'un."

The supper began to make its appearance at last, and they were summoned out to the kitchen, where the results of all the bustle awaited them.

The family was a good-sized one, six of them besides the girl that had come to help through harvest. Round went the pumpkin pie and boiled potatoes. They were somewhat shyly silent at table, save for a few remarks about a "bee" that was to take place next week.

The stranger was struggling to cut a piece of very fat pork with a very thin knife.

"Get the gentleman another knife, Grace. He'll cut his mouth with that one," said the good-hearted matron.

He glanced around the table and noticed that the little Cardwells' knives all found their way to the little Cardwells' mouths—and even half-way down their throats.

Just for a moment there flashed across his mind a picture of his own sweet home at that hour—a pretty park residence, with stone front and drooping shade-trees, a pretty dining-room, a pleasant-faced wife at the head of the table, a little girl on either hand, telling "papa" their day's doings, and a neat-looking maid bringing in their tea. There was a mist of thankfulness in his eyes as he thought of it all.

Tea over, their guest was escorted into the little rag-carpeted parlour, where he saw the same little paper nick-nacks on the wall, the same bunch of dried everlasting flowers, the same tissue-paper wreath, the same well-worn album on the table that you find in every humble home. Before long, poor, blind grandma ensconced herself near him. This stranger seemed to attract her like a magnet.

"Do you know, your voice reminds me of a boy I lost once," she said, when they were left alone in the room.

"Lost! Did he die, or was he drowned?"

"N—no. He went away."

"How long ago?"

"Twenty-three years come last Thanksgiving." The first snow was a-fallin' and he stopped there at the big gate and set his satchel down fur a minute, and then started toward town."

"Did he run away from home?"

"No! He was driv' away."

"Some misdeeds, I suppose."

"No, oh no! That is—well, he had his father's spirit in him. His father died helping to free the slaves in 1860, and poor Malcolm, he never forgot he was a hero's son. He was always for improvin' hisself. He'd study by the hour with his book fastened on the plough, and when he was a-drivin' the cows to water. But his stepfather was always a-pickin' at him, and his half-brother grew up kind o' jealous-like, for this was Malcolm's father's farm. An' at last there wuz the money fur the fall wheat come up missin', and they found it in an old chest in poor Malcolm's room. The chest had a broken lock, but James, that's his half-brother, was sure it was in there, so they busted it open, and there, right on top of some of his father's things, they found it. There was hot words about it. I said some, too. I was hasty them days—God forgive me. My husband driv' him from the house like a thief. They didn't need to tell him twice to go."

"And did he never write to you?"

"Never a line."

"Would you forgive him if he came back?"

"Forgive! Forgive!" and the poor woman broke into sobs, "My boy—God bring back my lost one!" The stranger started up suddenly, and mounted the stairs to the little low-roofed room, where they had placed his valise.

The crimson tints had faded in the west; the stars came out, here a glimmer and there a glimmer in the unflecked blue of the droughty sky; the moon cast her witch-like glamour over the parched earth, and dust-laden trees, but still the stranger was pacing to and fro.

"The same old room—the same old chest, the chest with the broken lock," and he gave it a careless, half reverential, half dignified thrust with his foot as he passed.

The visions of those by-gone years passed in a fleeting procession before him. The churlishness of his stepfather,

for he was but a babe in arms when his father died, facing the guns of slavery. John Cardwell had not been slow to marry the pretty young widow, but from the very first he had looked upon the boy with a jealous eye. There was only "that brat" between him and the hundred acres of land, that would at least afford a resting-place for his lazy bones, and it seemed as if the father's envy had been born in his son, James, the present owner of the farm.

To be sure, Malcolm had been a provoking lad sometimes. He remembered well the time he let the sap boil over in the sugar camp, while he studied Latin verbs out of an obsolete grammar he had borrowed from the circuit preacher. He had been an industrious lad though, always giving good for evil until the climax came that Thanksgiving morning, when the wheat money was missing. He was a lad of sixteen then, and with his innate sense of honour he had as little idea that any one would suspect him as a thief, as that they would mistake him for the Prince of Wales. The money was missed at night. Just after breakfast the next morning, he heard the voices of the Cardwells, father and son, in his room upstairs. Wonderingly he followed them. They were leaning over the old chest where he kept his father's treasures.

"It won't open," said the father.

"The lock's broke, dad. That key never turns. See, there's a ketch there in the back. Open it that way."

"Oh, well, it's not there."

"I'll bet there's where you find it," answered the boy, with a queer look on his face. "See here," and with a quick jerk he raised the lid, and revealed a roll of bills on top of a pile of books.

"Look there! Who's yer thief?"

"Never! never! My hand never put it there!" said Malcolm Lawrence, rushing into the room.

"Whose hand did, then?" asked the brother with a sneer.

"Perhaps the hand that knew so well where to find it," was the retort that came to Malcolm's mind, but no word escaped his lips. He stood looking into their eyes a moment, with a face stern and white, where boyhood seemed suddenly changed into manhood. Then his stepfather seized him by the collar, dragging him half-way across the floor.

"Thief! thief!" he hissed.

"You'll never call me that name again. I'm a hero's son, and I'll prove myself worthy of my father's name."

"No, I'll not call you that name, fur you'll get out of my house," answered the stepfather with a cruel blow.

Then the mother had come upon them, and there were hot words from all; mother joining with husband in condemning a guiltless son.

An hour later the heart-broken boy left his father's land to a usurper, and putting down his satchel at the gate, by right his own, he raised his eyes to heaven and entrusted his future to the all-mighty and all-knowing God. The next moment he took the road to the county town. It was a trudge of fifteen miles, and he wasted no time dreaming of idleness and pockets full of money.

After many difficulties and a little discouragement, he found a farmer on the outskirts of the town who offered him his board and a small compensation for doing the chores morning and night. There, rising with the fowls, he managed to get his work done and trudge his two miles to the collegiate institute.

His clothes were a little dingy, and the four young ladies in the back seat used to titter occasionally at the young mossback. But it was not long before he was the hero of the school. In three years he was an honour matriculant standing on the threshold of Victoria University (then in Cobourg), there to begin a career as hard in its struggle as his collegiate course had been. A scholarship, a grant from the Educational Fund, and a muscle that did not shrink from pitching hay and gathering in the harvests of the summer vacation, enabled him at the end of four years to wear the ermine-trimmed cloak of the graduate.

But the young wrestler with fortune did not pause here. He engaged to take charge of a cargo of horses crossing the sea, and one day there arrived at one of the most famous German universities a dusty, almost penniless young traveller, who was destined to win the gold medal of post-graduates in philosophy. It was a hard struggle. He shirked no honest work to earn a farthing, and contented himself with the most meagre fare in his book-lined attic "up four pair of stairs." But the conflict told upon his health. Shortly after receiving the degree of Ph.D. he was prostrated by a fever, which added to his dignity a crop of snow-white curls, though he was not yet thirty.

He returned to Canada, where he was given the chair in philosophy in one of the most prominent universities, and where he took unto himself a refined and gentle wife, "the grandest woman in the

world" in his own eyes. In spare hours he had found time to write a charming and ennobling collection of stories, found in every Sunday-school library in the land, so that though the name of the Rev. Dr. Lawrence had gone in gilt letters on a book-binding into his very home, yet he returned to-night an unknown traveller to old "Punkin Holler."

Often in his wanderings he had written back to his mother, but no answer came, and he knew now that she had never seen his letters. The guilty hand that put the money in the chest would take care that he should not return to claim his own. How would James Cardwell receive his stranger brother?

Then, tired with his long ride, he slept. It was late in the night when he was awakened by the rumbling of a waggon coming up the lane. His brother was doubtless coming home from the county town. Dr. Lawrence rose and looked out of the window to see if the moonlight would reveal anything of the changes that years had made. A span of horses, a black and a grey, an old lumber-waggon, and what looked like a coat thrown across the board seat—that was all he saw. He looked down the lane to see the driver follow, but all was deserted, and the horses stopped with a weary, jaded look at the drinking-trough. A big watch-dog suddenly came forth uttering its deep bay; and then there was a sound of boy's boots on the verandah and the eldest son came out, looked up and down the lane, then went toward the barn.

"Dad! dad!" he called, but no answer came.

"Dad!" a little louder.

The boy walked down to the end of the lane and looked down the road while his mother stood, her elbows akimbo, looking after him. The watch-dog continued his deep-mouthed bark, sometimes prolonged into a mournful howl. Then a heavy cloud swept over the moon and a mysterious darkness veiled the scene.

Dr. Lawrence lay down to rest again. Ding, ding, ding. The same little old clock in the kitchen was striking the hour of twelve. What did it mean, the driverless team coming home at midnight? A few minutes later the light of a lantern moved along the bedroom wall, and he saw the bright spark go down the road a half-mile or so, then return. There was a sound of voices in the kitchen, and the lad rushed upstairs two steps at a time and bolted straight into Dr. Lawrence's room without the ceremony of a knock (they weren't troubled about ceremony in "Punkin Holler").

"Say, dad's come up missin'. The horses came home without him, and ma wants to know if you happened to pass a lumber-waggon and a man in a duck suit anywhere on the road."

"No."

"I suppose he's got full at Brown's tavern and the horses run away and throwed him out. That black mare's skittish anyhow."

"We'd better search at once, then," said Dr. Lawrence. "Does he ever take that cross-road through the woods?" he asked, betraying a knowledge of the section that in an hour of less excitement would have been remarked in a stranger.

"Once in a while he does. It's hard to say which way he'd come."

"Well, you take the main road, then, and I'll go through the woods. Will you please light that lantern for me?"

It was a strange experience for Dr. Lawrence, that midnight ride through the forest. The road was partly broken, partly sodded; the branches of the chestnuts and the elms interlaced overhead; sometimes there was the bark of a fox in the distance, and the startled rabbits scampered through the underbrush, while all around one heard the little mysterious noises with which the forest teems at night.

It might have a half-hour he had been picking his way along, when his horse suddenly shied, neighed violently, and reared on her haunches, almost dismounting her rider.

"Whoa, Jenny! Whoa!"

He lowered the lantern still further, but the road seemed perfectly bare.

"Go on, Jenny!"

But the horse stood stone still. He dismounted and, reins in one hand, lantern in the other, peered carefully along the road side. A man's boot in the brushwood, then the heavy frame of a stout, squarely-built figure rewarded his search. He seemed to be sleeping with his head on a log, where he had fallen. His face was pale, but bloated from the effects of liquor. The light of the lantern seemed to awaken him as from a dream. He looked up for a moment at the figure bending over him, the clean-shaven face, the white curls, the clear shining eyes. A look of unrest crossed his face.

"Oh, God! Is it the day of judgment? It's Malcolm. It's my brother. You've come back for your land. I knowed you'd come to claim it some day."

"No, brother, you are mistaken. The Lord has blessed me wonderfully. He has given me enough, and I would not take the roof from over your head."

A vacant look filled the eyes of the prostrate man for a moment.

"Where am I? Ah, I remember. That hanged mare threw me out on this log. If I should die, tell Fred not to take to the drink like his dad. Tell him to work hard; there's a little mortgage against the place, a hundred dollars or so, for that reaping machine."

"I will pay it. The boy shall not start life encumbered," answered Dr. Lawrence.

"You! You pay it! You that I wronged! Ah, man, you don't know what I did. I took that money and put it in the chest in your room, and I burnt the letters you sent home."

"Yes, I know; but I forgive you. Ask God's forgiveness now."

"And the old woman?"

"My mother—our mother, do you mean? I will care for her. She shall never want. But you yourself: is it all well with you?"

"Oh, it's dark, dark."

"Have you never looked to Jesus who loves you and died for you? 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' 'Whosoever believeth on Jesus Christ shall not perish, but have life eternal.'"

And there in the silence of the forest angels hovered near, yes, and the living Christ, to hear one of earth's heroes tell that story of the cross. It was a scene for the brush of an artist, lighted there by the lantern's smoky glare—a repetition of Joseph meeting his brethren, but there was none save the recording angel to preserve it.

But a strange thing happened. James Cardwell did not die as was expected. Good medical attendance restored him, and one Sabbath morning the little church in the Hollow was thrilled by James Cardwell, toper and beat in horse trades, rising to his feet and testifying to the saving power of Jesus. Is there any proof of the resurrection like this? The rising of a human soul from out the pit of sin and degradation?

Then the story was noised abroad of how Malcolm Lawrence, the barefoot boy, had risen to become a Doctor of Philosophy and wide-read author, and the place of his boyhood did honour to its hero.

Simcoe, Ont.

THE TWO VOICES.

BY NANNIE F. SYDNOR.

"Come unto Me!"—the sweet tones are falling
Softly upon me—"ye weary, and live."
"Come!" 'tis the voice of the Saviour that's calling—
"Come, weary sinner, sweet peace will I give."

Saviour, in coming, what hast Thou to offer?
What gift will Thy love in its fulness bestow?
World-weary, I turn to the Cross, but the scoffer
Tells me *it* bringeth a burden of woe.

"What hath the world with its follies to give thee?
What hath *it* brought thee but sorrow and care?
What, in the end, doubting one, will it leave thee?
Only a harvest of death and despair."

Fain would I come, but the way seemeth dreary.
Heavy my heart with its burden of sin.
Saviour, what rest wilt Thou give to the weary?
What treasure, on coming to Thee, will I win?

"My peace, which the world hath not given, I give thee.
My peace and My pardon I freely bestow:
In time of affliction My love shall enfold thee,
My care and protection thou ever shalt know."

My doubtings and fears—they have banished forever
Whatever of sorrow to me shall betide,
I'll give up the world, and its pleasures forever,
If Jesus, my Saviour, with me will abide.

DENIS PATTERSON—FIELD PREACHER.

BY KATE THOMPSON SIZER,

Author of "Avice Tennant's Pilgrimage," "Alys of Lutterworth," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES TRESIDER.

CHAPTER X.

A MOTHER IN ISRAEL.

A few days later Bethia paid another kind of visit. The shop had been quiet all day; indeed, sadly few customers invaded it, for Mr. Edmonds took no pains to increase his custom, and the efforts of Frank and Bethia could not wholly repair his omission. Bethia put in order the few little matters that needed to be arranged, went into the house to speak a cheerful word to her mother and the children, and then came back with a bundle of papers in her hand.

"I am going to carry these proofs of Mr. Wesley's to the Foundery," she said to her brother, who sat at the printing-press. "You will put up the shutters at the right hour, and take care of all, will you not?"

Frank nodded listlessly.

"Though I think the shop could almost as well take care of itself," he answered. "What is the use, Bethia, of staying on a sinking ship?"

"The crew must stand by till the last in such a case, you know," said Bethia, trying to jest with trembling lips; "and you and I are the crew, Frank."

She was leaning over her brother's chair as she said this, and, stooping, she pressed a soft kiss on his forehead. Frank generally resented all such feminine signs of affection; but to-day he did not say a word, only stared after Bethia as she stepped out into the lovely June sunshine, with a look that for him was full of wistful care.

Besides her bundle of papers Bethia carried a large bag tucked away under her arm. Many of the passers-by, seeing this, and noticing the shabby plainness of her linsey-woolsey gown, set the girl down in their minds as a young seamstress, taking home her work. Others, more thoughtful, saw how sweet was the face under the faded bonnet-brim, and guessed that some story lay hidden behind that patient brow. With one or two she met, humble folk, Bethia exchanged greetings; and it was pleasant to see her face light up with cordial sympathy as she did so. These were poor Methodists whose acquaintance she had made at the Foundery.

She knew the way there now well. She had trodden it often on winter Sunday noons, more rarely on working days like this. But, whenever she could be spared from the many claims of home, she went to the preachings and other meetings. Perhaps she fared better than if her attendance could have been more frequent. Gospel truth comes best as the leaven among daily duties. We wonder how the early Methodists found time for morning sermons at five o'clock, for Wednesday and Saturday mid-day gatherings spent in prayer and intercession, as well as for the regular class and band meetings. No doubt the little flock of converts, new-gathered from the wilderness, strengthened each other's faith by frequent intercourse; but when could their six days' work, which the fourth commandment enjoins as strictly as Sabbath worship, have been performed?

In these visits to the Foundery Bethia had also gained a long-felt desire of hers—she had found a friend. She looked up at the walls and smiled as she approached them; her happiest hours were spent there now. The old building had had a history before it rose to fame in connection with Methodism. It was built, as its name showed, for casting metals; and the Government cannon were for many years moulded within its walls. When Wesley bought it he found the place in ruins; the timber rotten, the roof crazy and only covered with pantiles. His energy repaired the structure, converting part into a serviceable chapel capable of holding fifteen hundred people. The seats were free to all comers; but, in the Moravian fashion, the men sat on one side, the women on the other. Behind the chapel was the bandroom, into which Bethia had accidentally wandered on her first visit. Over

this were the rooms which formed at that time the sole spot Wesley could call home; and here, in honoured retirement, supported by the love of her loyal sons, Wesley's mother was spending the peaceful close of a toil-filled life. Bethia ran lightly up the steps and tapped at the door like one sure of a welcome. The door quickly opened, and Mrs. Wesley drew her young visitor in.

"You are pale, my child, and tired," she said, looking at her anxiously. "You work beyond your strength."

must indeed have rendered him a good friend to the printers he employed. Tracts, hymns, treatises, and pamphlets were always flowing from that indefatigable pen, never weary of instructing and encouraging his people.

"But the winter has been a hard one, in spite of that. I can read it in your thin cheek and paleness," said Mrs. Wesley, taking her place in a cushioned seat by the window, and motioning her visitor to a chair opposite.

"Oh, so hard!" cried Bethia, feel-

"HOW WONDERFUL!" CRIED BETHIA.

"I do well enough," answered Bethia, thinking, as usual, little of her own troubles. "I have brought home the printing Mr. Wesley ordered a full day before I hoped. Frank, my brother, has worked hard this week. Oh! if he will always show himself as good and steady, I shall not mind my share of the work."

"My son Wesley will be pleased with your promptness."

"We have to thank him for many orders. He has been our best friend this winter," exclaimed Bethia gratefully.

Wesley's numerous productions

ing the difference between Mrs. Wesley's comprehending sympathy and her sister's inexperienced lightness. "When such times are over one marvels how the struggle was ever endured."

"So I have felt often," answered Mrs. Wesley. "And life has been one long succession of struggles to me. I was a young housekeeper in London on scanty means like you, dear maid, years ago. That was in my early wifehood. Thirty pounds a year was all my husband's curacy brought in, but we lived on that without a single debt."

"How wonderful!" cried Bethia, looking up at the fine old face in the white cap and gray curls, and feeling a true woman's sympathy in this story of household emergency and triumph. "Tell me more of your early days, please. I love to hear."

When she seated herself Bethia had taken on her lap the big bag before mentioned. From its depths she brought out various pieces of work, and her fingers were now flying along a little coat intended for little Tony. She made no apology for her employment: Mrs. Wesley knew that she could not have her society on other terms. The venerable lady herself, with her toil-worn hands, was shaping some strong, coarse garment, not meant for her own use evidently. To relieve the poor was one of John Wesley's earliest injunctions on his converts, and many a needy one knew already that there was a warm glow of Christian love alive at the Foundery. Bethia would gladly have helped in this work, but she was fully occupied with claims that could not be set aside.

"The old cares and troubles are all past, child. Why should I dwell on them?" said the old lady serenely, in answer to her visitor's request.

But at Bethia's urging she went back and gave her scenes out of the bygone days. She told of the little Lincolnshire parsonage at South Ormsby, the "mean cot composed of reeds and clay," where she and her husband struggled with poverty, family cares, and sickness, he writing books on theology and Hebrew to keep the wolf from the door, she plying a good housewife's utmost thrift.

"You were happier at Epworth," said Bethia, for she had heard more than one member of the Wesley family describe the neat rectory built by the father there, and the pleasant orchard he planted, and lament that these were now in the hands of strangers.

"We were happy everywhere," replied Mrs. Wesley gravely. "We loved God and loved each other, and that is the only happiness one can be sure of below heaven."

Then, seeing that the young girl waited eagerly to hear more, she went on to give in lively, animated tones some experiences out of their first years in Epworth. Want of money and hard work seemed trifles when alluded to in that cheerful spirit; but when she spoke of the firing of the home and crops through malice, of Mr. Wesley's imprisonment in Lincolnshire Castle at the instance of an unmerciful creditor, who would not give him time to pay his debt, and of the cruel unkindness which met their first attempts to do good in Epworth Parish, then her voice faltered; these were the trials that had left their mark on her still.

"My troubles seem light compared with yours," said Bethia, listening in astonished sympathy.

"But they are all over, my maid," said the old lady, recovering herself. "And the end crowns all."

Her face shone with such serene, satisfied peace that the young girl, watching, took heart for her own rough bit of pilgrimage. Cares and troubles were only transitory things, and at life's end would seem

> Like mountain ranges overpast
> In purple distance fair.

Mrs. Wesley's experience was a promise of it, for hers was a happy old age. Cared for lovingly by her sons, seeing their work owned of God and prospering, taking daily part in the services at the Foundery, the last days of this saint were gliding peacefully away, a beautiful example to many younger lives like Bethia's.

CHAPTER XI.

"WHERE TWO OR THREE ARE GATHERED TOGETHER."

Squire Patterson sat in his garden one fine summer evening. Nearly the same place and the same attitude as

that in which Hannah had found him some weeks before, on the night of the village uprising. The season had advanced since then. Under the soft light of the June evening the grass stood lush and high, its green flushed with rosy clover and pearled with daisy blossoms, looking too fair to fall under the scythe. The hops were flinging their graceful tendrils round the supporting poles, and in the wheat-fields the stalks were swelling thick with the future grain.

It was a lovely prospect on which Squire Patterson looked, a sight to content him, the master of it all. But, as once before, he was looking beyond it all with a wistful gaze, though his face had grown less sad since Wesley's visit. He held a Bible in his hand, and was slowly making his way down one of its pages. The education he received in his youth had been a fair one, even including a sprinkling of Greek and Latin at the nearest grammar-school; but he had not given much time to books since he reached manhood. In fact, he seldom read anything, except "The Veterinary Guide," when his favourite horses fell ill. It was something new to him to read and reflect; and, as he was not a man to do anything by halves, the deep lines on his forehead showed that he was taking to the novel employment vigorously.

Somebody's step came down the garden-path between the lavender bushes and the damask roses. The squire frowned involuntarily, for he did not want to be interrupted just then. His brow cleared when he saw who the newcomer was.

"Mr. Frant," he said, holding out his hand cordially, "you are the one man in Longhurst I wanted to see."

"That is a good welcome," returned Mr. Frant, taking his seat on a bench, where the wreathing honeysuckle was just opening its first pink clusters.

"It is true," rejoined his host. "In the winter while I was mad, as it seems to me now, you kept away. You did quite right; I was not fit company for any sober man then. But now I have, God helping me, turned down a new path, you are the man who can best help me keep my steps there."

"I!" Mr. Frant looked almost too astonished for speech.

"Yes, you," pursued the straightforward squire. "You know more of what I want to be than any other man within reach of me."

"I!" Again the apothecary's surprise seemed to limit him to that short, single-lettered monosyllable.

"I was at church this morning," continued the squire.

His hearer nodded; he was aware of the fact.

"Yes; Mr. Wesley urged upon me to go regularly. He said I could not serve God alone, and that God's blessing was most to be expected by those who served Him in His house and with His worshippers. So I have been there twice a Sunday for weeks past, but 'tis little I learn by going. Frant, do you think that the vicar knows what he says in his sermons?"

"He knew the last time I was there," returned the laconic apothecary, smiling drily.

"Ah! that sermon against vagabond preachers and all who harboured them." The squire's smile answered his visitor's, but he was too much in earnest to treat the matter as a joke long. "Can the vicar have ever read his Bible? What were our blessed Lord and His disciples but wandering preachers? And, Frant, the priests of that day were as hard on Him as the vicar is now on the Methodists."

"I have thought the same," answered the apothecary, low.

He spoke the words as if they were forced from him, and looked away into the distance as the squire had done. An observer would have seen that under his quiet exterior some powerful emotion had seized him. His companion was too impressed by his words to notice his manner.

"Then you feel as I do, Frant. I was sure of it. That was why I said you could help me."

"Help you to turn Methodist, do you mean? My good fellow, that is another thing. Remember, I live by serving other people. If I were an independent man like you," glancing round at the homestead and broad fields in sight, "then I would hold what opinions I chose."

"So you do now," returned his host with uncompromising logic. "Why did you stand up for the Methodists that night if you are not going to stand by them?"

Mr. Frant was silent again, thinking deeply. His was a more complex nature than the squire's, more timid, and given to weighing circumstances, not moving till after long deliberation. His defence of the wandering preachers had been a surprise even to himself. True, he knew more

about them than any one else in Longhurst. He had been to hear Wesley and Whitefield more than once in London, where he could go as one of a vast crowd of listeners, and not be noticed. In a philosophic, calm sort of way he was ready to vindicate them openly; but to be counted among their despised adherents was another thing. His very prudence and love of peace fought against it; he did not want to provoke quarrels with his neighbours, and worldly interests whispered that it would be bad for his practice if he did so.

But the squire, who always went straight to the point with himself or others, still hammered on at his question: "Why did you help the Methodists if you do not feel with them?"

Mr. Frant found it difficult to answer. Looking into Patterson's steady, clear eyes no excuse presented itself quickly. Instead, a nobler mood asserted itself. We are holden by the cords of our good deeds as well as of our sins, and it occurred to Mr. Frant that in that public defence of the Methodists he had set up a standard which even he himself could not readily pull down. Heart and conscience gave a great leap of relief as he allowed them at last to reply:

"I do feel with them more than I have ever admitted. I suppose I have been a coward."

"Then we both have a past to turn our backs on," said the squire, with sympathetic cordiality, "and we can begin a new life together. Do help me, Frant, for you are much wiser than I."

When the ice was once broken, the two men had a long talk, and began to find how sweet and helpful is companionship in spiritual things. The squire's difficulties were mainly intellectual; he wanted word and phrase explained to him as they turned over the pages of the Bible, so long neglected by both. The apothecary's doubts were more practical; he was of the nature that sees a lion in every straight path, and to him Patterson's firm will and resolute courage were a source of real strength.

When they parted, it was with the promise of speedy meeting; and as Mr. Frant went home across the sleeping fields, the clover blossoms seemed to breathe more sweetly, and the dewy evening coolness was more refreshing than he had ever known, because he carried in his breast a heart that was at length at peace with itself.

No pebble ever fell in a pool without making widening circles. When the squire and Mr. Frant had met several Sunday evenings to read and talk, there came a night when Hannah and the squire's man Tom sat in the kitchen together and looked out on the garden. A valuable horse was ill, and Tom was warming some healing mixture over the smouldering embers of the fire. Hannah, in neat print gown and Sunday cap, sat by. The honeysuckle-shaded bench was plain in view, though too far off for voices to reach them. But whenever Hannah looked up, she found Tom's glances straying out of the window, and presently she asked the reason.

"I was wondering what the master and Mr. Frant were saying," came the answer.

"Has that anything to do with us?" Hannah's dignity as she asked this question was so impressive that we may fairly guess her curiosity was awake too.

"Nothing," Tom replied meekly. "But how different the master has been lately!"

Hannah answered not a word. The fact was patent, but she was not going to discuss it with a common servant like Tom. She had been thirty years in the family, and had her privileges; but every one remembered Tom's coming to Longhurst, only three Michaelmases before. But Tom, unabashed, continued:

"I think he is going to turn Methodist."

Then Hannah's wrath exploded.

"How dare you, how can you say such a thing? The squire is a gentleman, remember, and though he may entertain Mr. Wesley as a visitor, he would not think of joining himself to that mob of tailors and carpenters and the like, who call themselves Mr. Wesley's people."

Tom put an end to her reproaches by saying simply, as he lifted honest, sad eyes to her:

"I wish the master would, for then I could too."

"Why, Tom!" Hannah's surprise overpowered her.

"I heard Mr. Wesley preach," continued Tom in earnest tones. "Day and night his words are in my head. I wish I could hear more."

Hannah was softened by the poor fellow's emotion, and presently she too confessed, though as if half-

ashamed, that she could not forget the prayer Wesley offered before the assembled household on the morning he went away.

"Suppose we ask the master to let us listen to him and Mr. Frant one night," proposed Tom bashfully. "We know they are talking over good things together, and we should learn by hearing them."

"The master would think it so bold," returned Hannah, on her dignity again. But Tom pleaded hard, and her own wishes seconded him, and at length she agreed to name the matter to the squire.

"Come as often as you like," was his pleased rejoinder.

So, on balmy summer evenings, among the pinks and lilies of the garden, and afterwards cosily gathered by the winter hearth, a little company came together, and found the truth of some old words; met in Christ's name, He was in their midst. And in this modest manner Methodism began in Longhurst, a type in its beginning of many such infant churches, which were destined to grow together into the spreading tree that to-day casts its shadow over many lands.

CHAPTER XII.

"THRUST FORTH."

"There is one thing we shall have to give up," said Betsy.

She had not been long in joining her fellow-servants, and the talk as they sat by the kitchen fire at nights often ran on high and holy things.

"What is that?" asked Hannah and Tom at once.

"Smuggled goods. Mr. Wesley sets his face dead against such."

The three looked at each other in some dismay.

"How do you know that?" asked Tom, recovering himself.

"I heard the squire and Mr. Frant talking of it last night in the parlour. We Methodists must be good citizens in all things, they said."

Hannah looked thoughtful.

"But what difference does it make to the king if we do get our goods a bit cheaper?" she said. "We poor folks should not get them at all if we paid duty on them."

"You are thinking of your Sunday cap, Hannah," broke in Betsy, laughing. "You are as proud of the bit of real lace on that as the queen of her crown."

"You won't wear such smart French ribbons if you buy them all in the open market," retorted Hannah, in reply to this home-thrust.

"But there is no one who does not deal with smugglers," put in Tom, who had been considering the subject in his slow way. "Take the vicar. He has got a secret cellar, and understands how to get it filled without the king's men knowing. The squire has done the same."

"But he is not going to do it any more," interposed Betsy. "And for my part, I can get along without French ribbons."

"Well, we have something better," answered Tom contentedly.

That feeling helped to carry them through much that was trying. The squire stood too high in village circles for open persecution, and his name, in a measure, protected all associated with him; but there were plenty of small annoyances. The squire's change of thought was put down as a craze resulting from the death of his wife, and the pity or half-contempt which his neighbours showed him was almost harder than malice. Still, a touch of the latter visited him too. A sly hand fired his ricks in harvest-time, at the blacksmith's the Methodist's horses were always shod last, and his men were subjected to various slights and taunts from their fellows.

But the new joy in the squire's heart upheld him. The early Methodists, like all converts to a revived religion, felt within themselves a mighty upwelling spring of gladness. Life had become so new and full of meaning that trifles could only touch them on the outside. Everything was transformed in the light of their new experience. John Wesley taught

his followers a practical religion, one which influenced them in mind and body, and in all their social relations. They were stirred up to find out what was their duty at every point, and after finding out, to do it.

Squire Patterson spent no more evenings in grief and gloom, with no occupation but his snuff-box. When his day's business was over there was always some thoughtless neighbour to visit and exhort, some children to gather and teach, or some sick person to help.

"What a waste of good beef and eggs!" grumbled Mr. Larkins on one of his rare visits to the farm, as he saw Hannah preparing a tempting dish for a poor old cottager. "The squire will ruin himself if he treats all the old goodies like ladies of high degree."

"He won't ruin himself so fast as he was doing awhile ago," retorted Hannah, with such meaning in her eyes that the landlord beat a hasty retreat.

But he told the story that evening in his bar, and the village began to look on the squire as a dangerous person, who was upturning society and discontenting the poor.

When he was not busy on errands of kindness, the squire found plenty of employment at home. More than once that summer he had taken the short and easy journey to London to visit Wesley at the Foundery. Each time he brought away new ideas and plans. Hitherto in his calm, satisfied life he had not cared to look beyond a very narrow horizon, but his range was widening far and fast. He studied first the few books his Frances had left behind; especially that precious hymn-book of hers, which he carried about him night and day. Soon he demanded more books; in fact, the squire was rapidly becoming a student.

One winter evening—the night of the week on which they were accustomed to hold a small meeting—Mr. Frant entered the farmhouse kitchen.

"This is comfort," he exclaimed, shaking the snow from his clothes, and holding his hands to the cheery blaze.

The fire was piled high, and round it half a score or more seats were arranged. Several of the farm labourers, besides the servants of the house, came now to hear the reading; and also a neighbour or two, poor and old, whose trembling limbs could never manage the mile or so's distance to church. Timid Mr. Frant regularly each time shook his head to see the number, and he did so to-night.

"Are you sure there are not too many of us, Patterson? We don't want to break the law and get into trouble. Suppose the vicar should come with the constable and break up our meeting as he threatened, you know."

"I don't think he will tramp through the snow this evening," the squire made answer, laughing. "Anyhow, let us go on and not lose time."

They began with hymns, sung with the old Methodist fervour. The squire's flute had come into use once more, and Mr. Frant had a pleasant tenor voice. They had tunes of Wesley's choosing, besides his hymns. These were classical and beautiful; Methodism sang as well as preached itself into existence. In the churches of that day congregational singing was often poor and feeble; but here faces shone and eyes brightened as the sweet melodies rang out. They were in tune for the good words that followed.

The squire and Mr. Frant, with those of the party who could read, went through a chapter slowly, verse by verse. To-night the subject was Gideon, and they became rapt with interest in following the story of the ancient hero. Explanations were asked here and there, and now and again the squire or his friend stopped for a bit of discussion.

"It puzzles me always," said Mr. Frant, taking off his spectacles and rubbing them, "why the great host that followed Gideon were not allowed to fight the battle. They were brave and good men, or they would not have joined him."

"Good, but not good enough, I suppose," answered the squire sententiously.

"Good to look at only, perhaps," put in Tom, much interested. "You know the tree that had the great crop of apples this year, master?"

The squire nodded.

"Lovely apples they were, ripe and rosy; of the sort to keep all winter from their look. But a great wind came, and most of them fell to the ground. None but sound fruit could stand such a gale; and those that fell were worm-eaten at the core. Now perhaps the battle would have been like that gale to Gideon's army.

They would have scattered round, being undependable. And that may be the reason why they were sorted out, so to speak, beforehand."

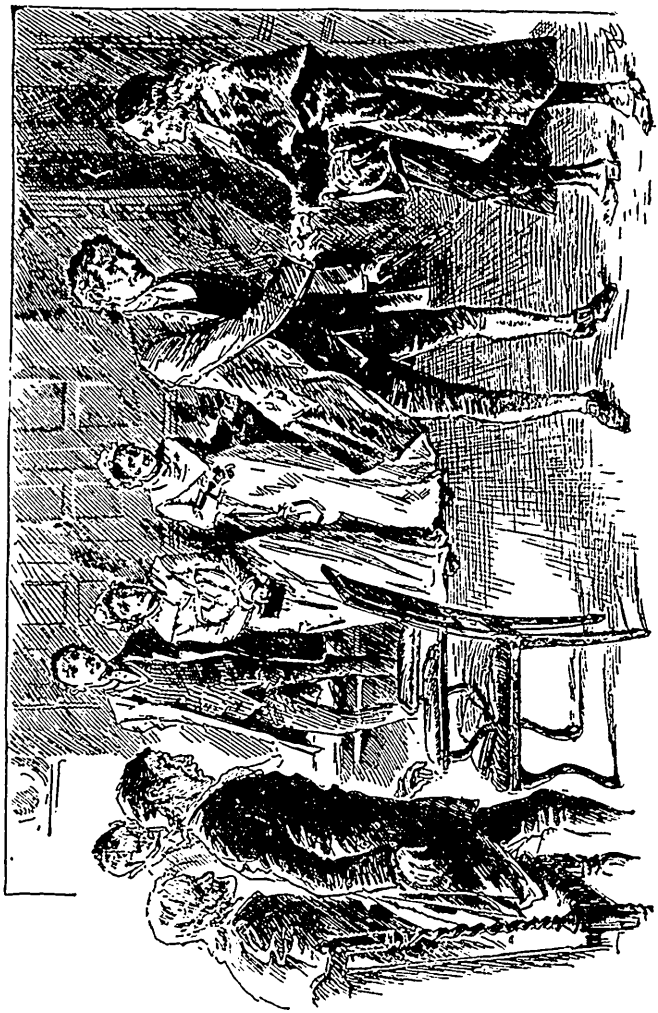
Tom's illustration was homely, and all his hearers grasped it. They murmured their agreement.

"It was a great honour to be one of the three hundred," said the squire thoughtfully. "The others began the work, but they went through with it. They went down into the battle and the danger; though they did not strike a blow, they stood ready to brave all; and their deed saved their nation. It shows the worth of one righteous man. Five would have delivered Sodom from fire. Three hundred were enough to free Israel."

"One man of you shall chase a thousand," quoted Mr. Frant.

"Yes. If we could only be God's people through and through, what would He not work by us?" continued the squire.

"Even so," cried a new voice from the door, on hearing which the squire sprang up hastily with a joyful cry.



"YOU HERE, MR. WESLEY? IN THIS SNOW?"

"You here, Mr. Wesley? In this snow?"

"The snow brought me," answered John Wesley, "for I had planned to journey further. But I have come here to find a great happiness. Are all these gathered through your efforts? Brother Patterson, your harvest will be great."

The people clustered round him, proud of a word and look from the already famous evangelist. He spoke to them cordially, adding a few words of general Christian sympathy, before the meeting broke up. But when he was left alone with his host, he turned his eyes from the fire, into which he had been gazing thoughtfully, and said:

"Denis Patterson, you must be one of the three hundred."

"What do you mean?" asked the squire, forgetting for the moment the previous reading.

"I entered your door some time before I made my presence known," said Wesley, "and I heard your aspiration. I believe you are one of the men chosen to save your nation. Denis Patterson, you shall become a field preacher."

The astonished squire tried in vain to shake the opinion of his spiritual leader on this point. All he said left John Wesley unconvinced. They spent half the night in talk, and at last Squire Patterson gave his promise that he would consider the matter.

"Your very unwillingness is in favour of it," concluded his guest. "God's labourers are thrust forth into His harvest."

CHAPTER XIII.

SOPHY'S TROUBLE.

The pleasant hour of the day had come for the Edmonds household. The shop was shut, and with its closing Bethia tried to put away all cares belonging to it. A warm glow from the fire pervaded the family sitting-room; and on the sofa beside the hearth lay the invalid mother, cheerful and smiling, for she had felt stronger of late. The bookseller was busy close to the candle with one of his cherished volumes. Frank, whom the snowy weather kept indoors, was drawing figures of soldiers and battle-scenes on a scrap of paper—a favourite employment. Bethia sat on a low chair opposite her mother, and the twin children, Bab and Tony, knelt before her with their elbows on her lap, listening for the hundredth time to the moving story of "The Babes in the Wood."

"Cruel uncle! I should like to kill him," cried Tony, clenching a chubby fist.

"But I love the robins," breathed Bab with fervour. "Do you think my robin that I feed in the Mall was one of them, Bethia?"

"They were robins just like yours," answered the sister.

"But robins are such little birds," interrupted the speculative Tony. "Could they ever bring leaves enough to cover two big children?"

"The story says so," replied Bethia with a smile.

"Then of course they did," rejoined Bab, who was not yet old enough, nor willing, to see a flaw in her beloved fairy tales.

"SIT DOWN A MINUTE, BETHIA."

"Some little birds must soon cover themselves up to rest," said the mother, looking across at the children.

"But not till we have eaten our letters," spoke up Tony promptly. "Do you know which they are, sister? I learnt my M to-day and Bab knows her O."

Tony was a devoted supporter of the system described in the old rhyme—

> To Master John the English maid
> A hornbook gives of gingerbread;
> And, that the child may learn the better,
> When he has read he eats the letter.

Tony found the hard task of learning wonderfully lightened by knowing that when he had mastered his portion of the alphabet by day he would regale on it at night. Bethia went to the cupboard and produced the gingerbread letters, and the two fair-haired children sat together in the firelight, contentedly munching their spicy treasure and discussing it, while the mother and sister enjoyed the pretty picture they made.

"Seven o'clock," rang the watchman's voice.

"Time for all good children to be in bed," said Bethia, rising to take them to the garret-chamber next her own.

"Stay with me till I am asleep," begged little Bab. "The wind cries down the chimney so." And the sister lingered till the lashes fell on the rosy cheeks and the small sleepers were far away in dreamland.

"The wind howls loudly; another snowstorm must be coming," thought Bethia as she looked out of the casement. "Thank God for my warm, safe home to-night!"

She went down to find that her mother, always soon tired with the day's fatigues, had already gone to her room, and that her father had accompanied his wife. Frank sat alone by the fire, and looked up, well pleased, as his sister entered.

"Sit down a minute, Bethia," he said. "You and I cannot often get a chat together."

"What have you to say to me?" asked Bethia pleasantly, as she seated herself by the table, and, drawing the candle nearer, took up some mending.

"The same old tale, I suppose," returned Frank, sighing, and tearing into fragments the grand sketch of Marlborough at Blenheim which he had just been carefully elaborating. "How long will this go on?"

"I don't know," answered Bethia, surprised, too, into a sigh. "But as long as it can go on it must, dear Frank, for mother's sake and the children's."

The boy put his head down on his hands, staring gloomily into the fire embers. "If you knew how I hated it all, Bethia! But perhaps you do the same."

"Not as you do," the sister answered, looking up at him with a patient smile on her sweet face. "It is only the hopelessness that weighs on me; the struggle without an end."

"Yes, it makes me long to break away," said Frank. "I can do nothing here; I was not made for such a life. But if I could be a soldier, under a leader like Marlborough; or sail away as Anson's ships did last year!"

Bethia listened, and did not smile at the boy's aspirations. She was Frank's confidante, and her sympathy was the anchor that kept him from drifting away from his moorings.

"Wait a while longer, Frank," she said. "Perhaps the chance will come soon. Whenever it does come you shall have it, if I can give it you, dear brother."

"But to go and leave you all alone! That is what keeps me here," said Frank, who was not without generous feeling, though, boy-like, he chafed at the narrow limits in which he was shut, and vexed himself because nature (which loves to play such pranks) had given him, all athirst for action and adventure, as son to a quiet bookworm of a father, content to spend a long life in Paternoster Row.

"Perhaps none of us will be here long," replied Bethia, to his last observation, thinking of the big ledger in which the entries became daily more gloomy. "Hark! was that one of the children crying?"

"Only the wind," said Frank. "But, Bethia, what would you do if we could not stay here? Where could you go?"

"I cannot tell," said Bethia, with that patient sigh again. "I have thought about it often, and taken counsel with Mrs. Wesley. Some light will guide us sooner or later. Listen, Frank, there is a cry."

"It is outside," said Frank, as a wailing voice was unmistakably heard. "Some poor beggar-brat in the street."

But in that moment came a clamorous knock at the house-door, and the brother and sister sprang to their feet.

"Mother will be awoke and frightened," cried Bethia, instinctively thinking of others before herself. "Come, Frank dear, you and I must go down and open."

"Open to a thief, maybe!" Frank tried to stop his sister.

"Would a thief bring a child with him?" answered Bethia. "No; it is some poor creature in distress. Come with me, for the knocking is so loud it will soon rouse every one." They went down through the dark and silent house, Frank carrying a brand from the fire to light the way.

"Open the door, open to us," cried a woman's voice, "or we shall perish in the snow."

With Frank's help Bethia unfastened the heavy chains and bolts, and as soon as the door was undone rushed in, with gay garments torn and dripping with snow, and holding her child in her arms, their sister, Sophy Marsden.

"Sophy!" Neither Frank nor Bethia could for a moment utter more than that astonished exclamation, but the poor girl's woeful state quickly stimulated Bethia to action.

"Bar the door, Frank," she said; "and come upstairs with me, Sophy. Give me the child. You shall soon both be warmed and dried."

She heaped more coal on the still glowing fire in the sitting-room, and made her sister take a place before it, while she pulled off her snow-drenched outer clothing. But to her surprise Sophy half-resisted, and pointed to her baby.

"Take care of him," she said. "Nothing matters for me."

The shivering, crying infant was so plainly in need of care that Bethia obeyed her, and gave all her attention to wrapping it in dry garments, and quieting its wails with warmth and food. When at last it lay asleep on her knee, she looked up at her sister. Sophy sat where she was first placed, her hood and cloak unremoved, though they glistened wet in the light, gazing straight before her with an expression of despair such as her young face had never yet worn.

"Sophy, what is the matter? Tell me," cried Bethia, a fear of she knew not what taking possession of her.

"Are you ill, Sophy?" said Frank, coming to her side. "And where is Harry?"

Sophy moved her lips stiffly as though the words were hard to utter.

"In prison," she said, "and he will die."

"What can you mean?" exclaimed Frank and Bethia, horrorstruck.

"O Harry, my Harry!" cried the wretched girl, rising and pacing back and forth, with hands wrung in anguish together, and heart-breaking sobs. "That this should be the end of our happiness! Oh, cruel, wicked!"

Her voice faltered, lost in tears, and it was a long time before they gained any clear explanation of the trouble.

"It was that prize, that horrid lottery prize," she wailed. "You warned me, Bethia, but I did not know; and I did not think her so wicked."

"Think whom? What has the prize to do with your troubles?"

Patient questioning at last elicited the whole. The young couple had long been living, as Bethia guessed, beyond their means. Noble patrons who liked Harry's lively society had often given him help, but at their houses he met those who led him into further extravagance. He would play for high sums, and lately he had lost again and again. Those who won of him pressed for the money, and in an evil hour Harry gave a bond forged in his neighbour's—Mr. Throckmorden's—name.

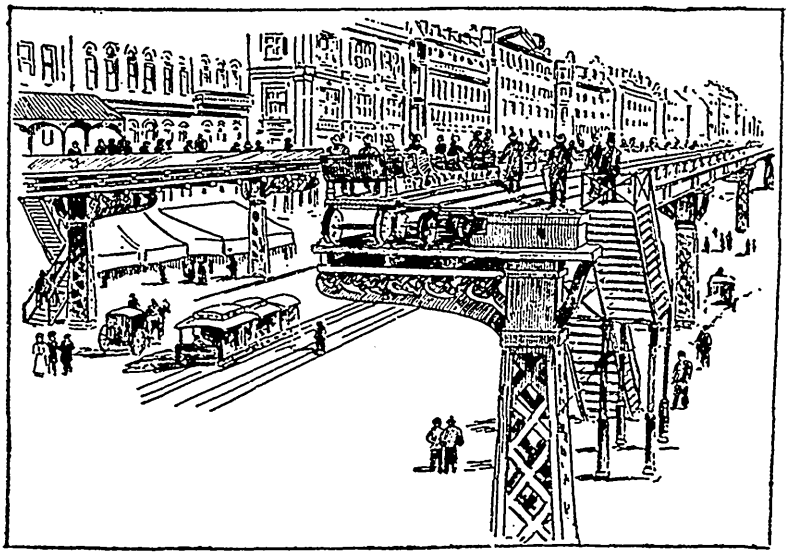
Discovery was certain, sooner or later, but it had been hastened through the spite of Sophy's whilom friend. Young Mrs. Throckmorden had long been jealous of Sophy's prettiness and gay charms. The affair of the lottery ticket, and the wager on which Sophy had thoughtlessly insisted, was the last touch which transformed the remnants of friendship into hate. From that moment she sought some way of mortifying her rival, and chance gave her a weapon deadlier than she knew. It was she who discovered the false bond, and she who, in the first instance, urged her husband to let the law take its course.

The officers of justice had seized poor Harry that afternoon, and carried him off to jail. His numerous creditors heard of it, and came flocking to demand their rights. Poor, frightened Sophy, deserted by her servants, pointed out to the crowd as a felon's wife, in her desperation had only thought of escaping to the one refuge open to her—her father's house. Through the night and snow the poor girl had come on foot, exhausted with her sorrows.

Bethia soothed and comforted her, bidding her hope for the best. Sophy, too worn out at last even to grieve any more, lay down beside her sleeping infant in her sister's little chamber, while Bethia watched over them both.

Lie not? Endure no lie which needs your heart
And hand to push it out of mankind's path.—*Browning.*

Science Notes.



MOVING SIDEWALKS—A FEATURE OF THE PARIS EXHIBITION IN 1900.

One of the features of the Paris Exhibition will be a series of moving sidewalks (*trottoirs mobile*) constructed on a scale sufficiently large to demonstrate the practicability of their general introduction into the large cities of the world. Two of these moving sidewalks or platforms are to be erected along the banks of the Seine to connect the new exhibition grounds with the old, and will be nine miles in length. It is expected that these sidewalks will be most useful in relieving the congestion which is sure to occur along these strips of the river bank. One of the sidewalks, which will be entirely within the exhibition grounds, will be built on the ground, as there will be no streets for it to cross, but in the case of the other, which will run on the north bank of the river, the construction will be on the elevated principle, as shown in the accompanying illustration. In each case the moving sidewalks will be triple. One strip will be stationary, another will be kept moving at the rate of three miles an hour, while the third will be always moving at a rate of close on six miles an hour. The motive power employed will be electricity, and each rolling platform is furnished with a continuous rail, and is pushed forward by fixed rollers. The two moving platforms will be operated by the same motive power, which is applied at regular intervals throughout the length of the line. Meanwhile, a short experimental strip of moving sidewalk has been constructed at Saint-Ouen, which is being used every day by large numbers of deeply interested Parisians, who are ever on the lookout for novelty, and who find in this sidewalk one that exactly suits their fancy. The proprietors of this new venture have already realized a considerable sum of money from it.

Our Wonderful Century.

Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace writes as follows:

Taking first those inventions and practical applications of science which are perfectly new departures, and which have also so rapidly developed as to have profoundly affected many of our habits, and even our thoughts and our language, we find them to be thirteen in number:

1. Railways, which have revolutionized land-travel and the distribution of commodities.

2. Steam navigation, which has done the same thing for ocean travel, and has

besides led to the entire reconstruction of the navies of the world.

3. Electric telegraphs, which have produced an even greater revolution in the communication of thought.

4. The telephone, which transmits, or rather reproduces, the voice of the speaker at a distance.

5. Friction matches, which have revolutionized the modes of obtaining fire.

6. Gas-lighting, which enormously improved outdoor and other illumination.

7. Electric lighting, another advance, now threatening to supersede gas.

8. Photography, an art which is, to the external forms of nature, what printing is to thought.

9. The phonograph, which preserves and reproduces sounds, as photography preserves and reproduces forms.

10. The Roentgen rays, which render many opaque objects transparent and open up a new world to photography.

11. Spectrum analysis, which so greatly extends our knowledge of the universe that by its assistance we are able to ascertain the relative heat and chemical constitution of the stars, and ascertain the existence and measure the rate of motion of stellar bodies which are entirely invisible.

12. The use of anæsthetics, rendering the most severe surgical operations painless.

13. The use of antiseptics in surgical operations, which has still further extended the means of saving life.

Coming now to the theoretical discoveries of our time, which have extended our knowledge or widened our conceptions of the universe, we note the following mighty march of science:

1. The determination of the mechanical equivalent of heat, leading to the great principle of the conservation of energy.

2. The molecular theory of gases.

3. The mode of direct measurement of the velocity of light, and the experimental proof of the earth's rotation. These are put together because hardly sufficient alone.

4. The discovery of the function of dust in nature.

5. The theory of definite and multiple proportions in chemistry.

6. The nature of meteors and comets, leading to the meteoric theory of the universe.

7. The proof of the glacial epoch, its vast extent, and its effect upon the earth's surface.

8. The proof of the great antiquity of man.

9. The establishment of the theory of organic evolution.

10. The cell theory and the recapitulation theory in embryology.

11. The germ theory of the zymotic diseases.

12. The discovery of the nature and function of the white blood corpuscles.

Turning to the past in the eighteenth century, we may perhaps claim two groups of discoveries:

1. The foundation of modern chemistry by Black, Cavendish, Priestley and Lavoisier, and—

2. The foundation of electrical science by Franklin, Galvani, and Volta.

The seventeenth century is richer in epoch-making discoveries, since we have:

3. The theory of gravitation established.

4. The discovery of Kepler's laws.

5. The invention of fluxions and the differential calculus.

6. Harvey's proof of the circulation of the blood.

7. Roemer's proof of finite velocity of light by Jupiter's satellites.

It will be well now to give comparative lists of the great inventions and discoveries of the two eras, adding a few others to those above enumerated:

NINETEENTH CENTURY.	ALL PRECEDING AGES.
1. Railways.	1. The mariner's compass.
2. Steamships.	2. The steam engine.
3. Electric telegraphs.	3. The telescope.
4. The telephone.	4. The barometer and thermometer.
5. Lucifer matches.	5. Printing.
6. Gas illumination.	6. Arabic numerals.
7. Electric lighting.	7. Alphabetical writing.
8. Photography.	8. Modern Chemistry founded.
9. The phonograph.	9. Electric science founded.
10. Roentgen rays.	10. Gravitation discovered.
11. Spectrum analysis.	11. Kepler's laws.
12. Anæsthetics.	12. The differential calculus.
13. Antiseptic surgery.	13. The circulation of the blood.
14. Conservation of energy.	14. Light proved to have finite velocity.
15. Molecular theory of gases.	15. The development of geometry.
16. Velocity of light directly measured, and the earth's rotation experimentally shown.	
17. The uses of dust.	
18. Chemistry, definite proportions in.	
19. Meteors and the meteoric theory.	
20. The glacial epoch.	
21. The antiquity of man.	
22. Organic evolution established.	
23. Cell theory and embryology.	
24. Germ theory of disease and the function of the leucocytes.	

Of course, the numbers are not absolute. Either series may be increased or diminished.

The World's Progress.

A Prayer for the Nations.

Behold us, Lord, Thy burden'd folk !
Our ploughshares rust, our fallows wait:
Our toil goes up in bitter smoke
To fashion sword and armour-plate.
Our hosts increase, we know not why ;
Our terrors grow : we gaze and hark :
The realms are tinder, quick, and dry ;
That waits the wind and spark.

Unwind, O Lord, the crimson thread
Blind hate has woven through the years:
Let earth forget the armies' tread
The seas no more be salt with tears,
This Council of the weary lands
Enlighten : let Thy star increase,
And lead us till our groping hands
Have touch'd the Father's Peace.

—*Sunday at Home.*

The Peace Conference.

The kingdom of Heaven cometh not with observation. A London editor sent word to the Hague to greatly abridge the reports of the Peace Conference. "No one in London," he said, "cares for anything but the news from the Transvaal, and the latest scores of the cricket match with the Australians." Yet, the peace congress of four-and-twenty nations is the most significant event of the close of the century. "If, twelve months ago," says Mr. Stead, "any one had predicted that the representatives of all the governments would be employed for two months in elaborating a court and code for the universal establishment of a system of arbitration among nations, he would have been derided as the idlest of dreamers. But this strange thing has come to pass before our eyes.

"The Master Builder, in his wisdom, did not unfold to his artificers the plan on which they were to build. There was nothing about arbitration in the Tsar's rescript. Many of the delegates openly scoffed at the idea of an international court. Yet, this composite, heterogeneous conglomerate of representatives from all nations, near and far, moved as if by some constraining impulse, has done the very thing which the most sanguine optimists amongst us would have declared to be far beyond the reach of this generation. It is such things as this which made Cromwell continually burst out into quotations from the Hebrew seers, and marvel at the blindness of those who do not or will not see the presence and the potency of One who is wiser and mightier than they. 'Surely the wrath of man shall praise Him : The remainder of wrath will he restrain.'" Greater are the victories of peace than those of war.

Another feature of the conference has been to demonstrate the essential unity and solidarity of the English-speaking race throughout the world, not of set purpose, but from community of interest and identity of ideals. The English and American delegations stood together often in opposition to all the other delegations of the Conference.

There are some things that we regret. We wish that the cruel dumdum bullets could have been prohibited. It is argued that in the rush of savage tribes it is truest mercy to render as many *hors de combat* as possible. The Fuzzie-Wuzzies of the Soudan, heedless of the small-bore bullets, broke the British square at Tel-El-Kebir. But the terrible hail of dumdums at Omdurman mowed them down by thousands long before they reached the English lines.

War is a murderous business at the best, and we believe the Conference has done much to make it henceforth very difficult, if not impossible. Certainly no civilized nation can go to war without first appealing to this international course of arbitration.

The Yukon Question.

We greatly regret that Sir Wilfrid Laurier permitted himself to use in the now historic debate on this subject, instead of his usual sunny ways, the ugly word War. The merest suggestion of that *ultima ratio regum* jars upon the harmonies of the Anglo-American intent, causes irritation, and inflames passion. The very idea as a solution of a diplomatic question is to-day an anachronism, from which no one recoils more than Sir Wilfrid. If the Canadian contention is right, as we believe it is, and is loyally supported by both parties in parliament, and by the backing of the Empire, all the more need for being scrupulously courteous and conciliatory. Still more is this important because, in the almost inconceivable event of war over a disputed sub-arctic boundary, it is to the mother-country we would look for help, while to its military resources we contribute not a penny. If two gentlemen find them-

selves unable to agree they do not declare that the only appeal is to the law or to a duel. Why should the alternative of war be even suggested as an alternative to arbitration. We think Sir Wilfrid's phrase, so much harped upon, an unfortunate one, as giving the yellow journals of the United States a chance to upbraid Canada as *L'enfant terrible*. Let us give our neighbours credit for standing only upon what they conceive to be their rights, as we stand upon ours.

Right, Not Might.

It is an instructive illustration of the solidarity of the British Empire, alike in the homeland and Tasmania, in Australia and Canada, that the fair and stalwart daughters of the great mother of nations hasten to assure her of their sympathy with the oppressed Outlanders of the Transvaal. These may, as Mr. Foster remarked in our Canadian Parliament, be outlanders in the Republic of the Boers, but they are inlanders of Britain's world-wide empire and entitled to all its rights and liberties.

At the same time we trust that Boer blood will not be shed by British hands in the effort to secure the local franchise for the Uitlanders. A steady moral pressure and an appeal to the latent sense of justice of Oom Paul and his Volksraad, and to the enlightened opinion of the civilized world, will, without a doubt, bring all the concessions required. On the other hand, the first shot fired would unite the Dutch throughout all Africa against the British, would introduce a racial war dividing families and communities which were gradually growing into brotherhood, would invest even the grim figure of Oom Paul with a halo of patriotism, and should he fail, as fail he must, with a halo of martyrdom.

Olive Schreiner, the African-born daughter of a Methodist missionary, issues a passionate appeal to the English to avert the horror of such a war. "Do not say to us," she cries, "You Englishmen, when the war is over, can wrap the mantle of our imperial glory round you and walk about boasting that the victory is yours.' We could never wrap that mantle about us again. We have worn it with pride. We could never wear it then. There would be blood upon it, and the blood would be our brothers'. We put it to the men of England: Judge for us, and by your judgment we will abide. Remember, we are Englishmen!"

An earnest protest against such a war finds expression in the appeal of Mr. Stead, one of the most ardent of Imperialists, and in the meeting of six thousand men in Trafalgar Square, London. Britain is strong enough and secure enough in the righteousness of her demands to wait with patience till the sense of right, and not of might, shall prevail.

Speculative Strikes.

The organized strikes and defiance of law in Cleveland, in Brooklyn, and in New York, are a serious menace to civilization. The use of dynamite to destroy the elevated railway is one of the most reckless exhibitions of anarchism that we know. The worst feature of it is that this strike, it is alleged, was engineered by stock-broking sharks to inflate their dividends at the cost of human flesh and blood. The Brooklyn *Eagle* well remarks: The use of a strike for speculative purposes is worthy only of men who would poison a neighbour's well to reduce the value of his home, and who would then buy it themselves at the reduced figures. The best feature of this stock-brokers' strike is that it utterly failed.

The International Council of Women.

One of the most notable gatherings ever held in the interests of women was the international council which was recently convened in London. Its presiding officer was the Countess of Aberdeen, so well known in Canada for her enthusiasm in promoting the International Council of Women, and everything else that can benefit her sex and humanity. We abridge from the report in the *New York Tribune* the following account of this convention:

"The international council sufficed to establish at least two points, namely, that women are expert organizers, and that they know how to speak with freshness and vigour. The arrangements made for this nine days' debate were most orderly and complete, and prove that women can master the complex details of organization required for an international assembly. There were no eccentricities of dress on platform or in the house. As the presentations went on from thirty colonies or countries, the Parisian mode was disclosed as the golden bond uniting the women of the universe. Even Mme. Shén, with her gorgeous Chinese embroideries, had white gloves as dainty as the little feet beneath her petticoat.

"The noble lords, who were occupied at that moment in the craven task of repressing the aldermanic aspirations of the gentle sisterhood of woman, would have blushed if they could have heard Lady Aberdeen's temperate address, which explained the main motive of the international council as the enforcement of the Golden Rule. That was not revolutionary, nor was her exclamation: 'Man was not meant to live alone, but still less was woman;' and her closest approach to sarcasm was the sentence: 'It may be well to have unions of mothers, but do the fathers count for so little in the home that their counsel is not needed?' The noble lords would have shifted uneasily in their benches if they had heard Baroness Alexander Gripenberg, from Finland, in bad English, but with solemn earnestness of manner, denounce the struggle of the strongest against the weakest; and they may have doubted their majority for the anti-suffrage amendment if they had caught a glimpse of Miss Susan B. Anthony, as grim as weather-beaten Plymouth Rock.

"When the veteran warrior's name was called there was an outburst of applause which disclosed her prestige as the most famous woman in the assembly. She rose with a determined air, tore off her black gloves, whisked off her bonnet, and prepared for the fray; and in a moment her voice was ringing through the hall with a thrill of earnestness in it which the most fluent and vivacious woman on the platform might well have envied. Then it was made clear that 'age cannot wither nor custom stale her infinite variety'; for she was deft in her compliments, compassionate in her declaration that she did not yet despair of men, cheery in her forecasts of the mission of the international council, and intensely belligerent in her summons to her sex, 'Organize, organize, organize!'

"Only one woman rivalled Miss Anthony in volume of voice and power of commanding attention. This was Mme. Finkelstein Mountford, from Palestine, who, in trumpet tones, that might be heard from Dan to Beersheba, proclaimed her cosmopolitan character, since she had been born in Turkey, was Russian by descent, and an American citizen by adoption, and was married to an Englishman.

"Certainly it must be admitted by every spectator who attended the meetings of this council that women gave a practical demonstration of their ability to discuss with definiteness and intelligence all the practical questions with which men have to deal in modern life. The world will spin around at the end of the session very much as it did before Lady Aberdeen announced that the Golden Rule was to be applied to society, custom, and law; but something is gained for the sex and much for the world when hundreds of famous women assemble with their bright intelligence and practical ability to show how keenly they are interested in everything that concerns humanity."

A Graceful Concession.

A graceful concession of the United States in granting Canada a free port of entry to the Yukon territory would do much to relieve the strained relations between the two countries. It would be an exhibition of goodwill that would be worth a ton of platitudes and attitudes that have no practical result. There are many things in which each country may help the other without harm to itself. The abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer agreement would be worth vastly more to the United States than this slight concession to Canada. Why should men of either nation, who in private life are the very soul of kindliness and courtesy, in public policy be churlish and niggardly and play the dog in the manger? It is but a survival of the ancient barbarism that regards as enemies all beyond the boundary line. It has been a mistake of British policy, only recently cured, to grudge Russia an ice-free port for her growing commerce. Even if the Americans had the right to exclude Canada from access to her own territory in the Yukon, it would be an unneighbourly act. The sunny ways of generous concessions will do far more to cultivate good will than churlish selfishness, or, above all, talk about war.

He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs
His outsides; wear them like his garment, carelessly;
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart
To bring it into danger.—*Shakespeare.*

PLANNING THE CAMPAIGN.

The Rev. Dr. Potts, Secretary of the Twentieth Century Fund, is making thorough preparation for a vigorous prosecution of this grand campaign. Sunday, October 8th, is the day appointed for the simultaneous presentation of this important subject throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion. Dr. Potts very truly remarks: "We should aim at having every member, adherent and friend a subscriber to this monumental and thanksgiving fund, also every member of our Sunday-schools and Epworth Leagues." The Cornish people have a stirring motto, "One and All," which has often proved a rallying cry in the time of peril or need of special effort. That should be the motto of Methodism, especially in this greatest effort of the century. It is only by reaching the last man, the last woman and child in our Connexion that the great result desired can be achieved.

Many touching instances have occurred in Great Britain and Ireland showing the intense interest of even the poorest members of British and Irish Methodism to contribute to this fund. Some very old people, who fear they might not live to the end of the century, have already sent in their guineas. Some very poor people are seeking to lay by a few pence a week that their names, and those of the members of their families, may be written on the historic roll. Some are contributing for the dead, whose names are written in the Book of Life. We hope that the young people of Canadian Methodism especially will see that they have their full share in this glorious movement. It is for their benefit, more than for that of any others. Most of them will live throughout many decades of the glorious twentieth century, when their elders shall have passed away. Those who so grandly built and toiled during this nineteenth century from the mount of vision of its close may, like Moses on Mount Nebo, behold the goodly land of the future. But many of them may not enter therein, and most of them shall do little more than cross its borders. But "the young and strong who cherish noble longings for the strife," shall dwell in the good land and enjoy its rich fruition. Let those who are "the heirs of all the ages, the foremost in the files of time," determine to have their full share in this grand work. Let them begin at once to save, to practice self-denial, to lay by in store as the Lord prospers them, to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," to walk "in His steps" who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, to give his life a ransom for many.

It is a happy coincidence that one of our Sunday-school lessons in the near future is that on the joy of giving. Its Golden Text is, "God loveth a cheerful giver." That word literally means a hilarious giver, one who gives with joy and gladness. Let us seek to enter into the spirit of that generous, joyous giving for the glory of God, the extension of His kingdom, the upbuilding of His cause in the earth. Great and blessed will be the reward. "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in Mine house, and prove Me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it. And I will rebuke the devourer for your sakes, and he shall not destroy the fruits of your ground; neither shall your vine cast her fruit before the time in the field, saith the Lord of hosts.

Let us learn to give in the spirit of Rose Terry Cooke's noble poem:

Give! as the morning that flows out of heaven;
Give! as the waves when their channel is riven;
Give! as the free air and sunshine are given;
Lavishly, utterly, joyfully give.
Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing,
Not the faint sparks of thy hearth ever glowing,
Not a pale bud from the June roses blowing;
Give, as He gave thee, who gave thee to live.

Pour out thy love, like the rush of a river,
Wasting its waters, forever and ever,
Through the burnt sands that reward not the giver;
Silent or songful, thou nearest the sea.
Scatter thy life, as the summer showers pouring!
What if no bird through the pearl-rain is soaring?
What if no blossom looks upwards adoring?
Look to the life that was lavished for thee!

Almost the day of thy giving is over;
Ere from the grass dies the bee-haunted clover,
Thou wilt have vanished from friend and from lover;
What shall thy longing avail in the grave
Give as the heart gives, whose fetters are breaking,
Life, love and hope, all thy dreams and thy waking,
Soon heaven's river thy soul-fever slaking,
Thou shalt know God and the gift that He gave.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

THE MOTHER CHURCH OF METHODISM.

The reopening of John Wesley's Chapel, City Road, London, last July, was an occasion of unique interest. The cost of its reconstruction was over twenty thousand dollars, all of which was raised on the occasion or before it. Seldom have so many distinguished persons, not of the Methodist Church, taken part in a Methodist ceremonial. Lord Battersea was chairman, and gave a generous contribution. Lord Strathcona opened the new buildings with a golden key, and speaking from his experience as one of Her Majesty's representatives in the great Dominion of Canada, said he rejoiced in the "proud privilege" which had been conferred upon him. Nowhere throughout the Empire, of which they were proud citizens, was the name of Wesley more revered than in America. There his influence and teaching, and that of his successors, had been most beneficent. "Methodism," said the distinguished Pro-Consul, "has been one of the greatest factors in the building up of Canada to its present condition—a country of which we are all proud."

Dr. Joseph Parker preached a notable sermon, the first outside of his own pulpit since his recent bereavement. The Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, Q.C., M.P., gave an admirable speech, in which he said: "You are to-day, by the test of numbers, the largest among the Protestant communities of the world, and less than a hundred years ago I suppose it would be true to say that never since the first days of the Christian religion did a Church start from such small beginnings, and with such a demonstrable lack of the external conditions of success."

Sir John Lubbock, the distinguished scientist, gave an appropriate address on the influence of science on religious thought during the closing century. He declared that those persons who feared in the discoveries of science injury to religion showed lack of faith. Not only had science failed to injure religion, but he claimed for it that it had materially promoted the cause of religion.

Bishop Warren represented the sister Methodism of the United States. The Methodist Episcopal Church, he said, preached the Gospel in thirty different languages. From the base of the Rockies he brought greetings and thanks, because they had made beautiful the dear old cradle of Methodism.

Mr. Perks, Sir Henry Fowler, Sir Frederick Howard, Dr. Rigg, Professor Findlay, and others took part. A beautiful memorial bust of the late Dr. Moulton was unveiled in this old mother Church of Methodism.

WESLEYAN CONFERENCE.

This Conference began well. For twelve hours, from six o'clock in the morning to six o'clock in the evening, a continuous prayer-meeting was held in Wesley's Chapel. The influence of these hallowed hours was felt throughout the Conference. As was expected, the Rev. Frederick W. Macdonald was elected President of the Conference. Mr. Macdonald is the son and grandson of a Methodist preacher. His sister is the mother of Rudyard Kipling. He has been for some years one of the Missionary Secretaries of the Wesleyan Methodist body. The last official act of his distinguished predecessor, Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, was the presentation of official keys and seal and Bible of John Wesley, the symbols of office, to the new president. That presentation he made in the following fitting words:

"These keys which I hand to you are not the keys of the kingdom of heaven—or I would not entrust them even to you. I thank God that they are in other and better hands—in hands that once were crucified. That awful power belongs only to Him who said, "I am He that openeth and no man shutteth, and shutteth and no man openeth." At the same time these keys, humble as they look, signify genuine and august authority. They represent an authority greater than that of your brother of Canterbury. For Lord Salisbury himself said very frankly the other day in the House of Lords that in the Church of England there is no discipline at all. If this were the time, I think I could demonstrate that in some serious respects your authority is greater than that of your brother of Rome,—arising not from compulsory force, but from the reverence with which thirty millions of people regard the Chair of the Conference which is the mother Conference of

all the Conferences throughout the world. God has given you this great opportunity of striking a keynote of fuller consecration and of deeper sympathy with the perishing, and with those who are seeking to live the higher life of God.

I am very glad to give you in the next place the Great Seal of this Conference. It has the likeness of John Wesley upon it, but he was not the founder of Methodism—Jesus Christ was the founder of Methodism. That John Wesley was the instrument of God is proved by the very fact that he was so very reluctant to move in that direction. This seal also contains the words, "What hath God wrought!" and I pray that you may have occasion, as had Wesley, of praising God for the miracles of his grace.

And may I be permitted to add that it gives me peculiar happiness to place these seals of office in the hands of a Missionary Secretary, and as God has been pleased during the past year to give us extraordinary prosperity at home, may He grant that the year before us may be one of an immense revival in Foreign Missions, and of glorious victories for the Cross in every country. Last of all, I hand to you, as the most significant symbol of your office, the identical Bible which John Wesley, "*homo unius libri*," held in his hand when he preached in Methodist preaching houses and in the open air to such large numbers of Englishmen. A gifted writer in the *Spectator*, in speaking of Methodism from the outside, said that England, as a whole, was as truly interested in Wesley as in Shakespeare, and that it might well be doubted whether, in the long course of her history, any one person had ever influenced her life in so direct, palpable, and powerful a way as had John Wesley. By that sword of truth which is placed in your hand he saved England, as that writer says, from revolution and from ruin; not by the patronage of the State, not by the force of the civil magistrate, not by gifts of public money—but by preaching the truths of that Book in the demonstration of the Spirit and of power, and I do not think I can offer any better prayer for you in your year of office than that the soul-converting power may attend your ministry as it attended the ministry of the man who first held that book in hand. God grant that you may know as you never knew before the happiness of seeing souls saved, which is the highest happiness, for it is the happiness of God himself.

Where the Responsibility Rests.

In an interview on the Thanksgiving Fund, published in the *Guardian*, the Rev. Dr. Potts said:

"Responsibility will, almost entirely, be laid upon the pastors and circuit officials. There will be no special agents employed. Of course, connexional officers, presidents of Conferences and chairmen of districts, will render all the service they can, but the main work must be done by the pastors, circuit officials and the friends of the Thanksgiving Fund. If God be in the movement, and the pastors be in it, the pastors will accomplish more than any paid agents in advocating the scheme. My hope is that it will be so largely a matter of religious consecration and thanksgiving that the people will respond without special begging and canvassing."

"The Historic Roll will take the form of Conference volumes. A souvenir card will be sent to every person whose name will be on the Roll, and this card will also indicate the number opposite which the name is inscribed. The 'In Memoriam' department will be sacred to the memory of loved ones passed on to the skies. I think it will be a very beautiful thing for the names of ministers and others, instrumental in the conversion of our people, to be placed on the Historic Roll by their spiritual children. In this way, the memory of those who have gone to their reward will be preserved; and it will be a fitting honour to those who are still with us as soul-winners in the Church on earth. These will be the only names duplicated on the Honour Roll."

The Irish Methodist Conference.

The Dublin Conference, says the *Methodist Times*, was by general consent one of the most interesting, important and hopeful in the history of the Methodist Church in Ireland. It is a matter for great thankfulness that this can be said of the first Conference since the death of Dr. McMullen. Dr. McMullen, whose visit to Canada as a delegate from the Irish Conference will be remembered with much pleasure, occupied a quite unique position in Irish Methodism, as unique as Dr. Bunting's in our own. His immense influence and far-sighted statesmanship enabled Irish Methodism under his leadership to secure Methodist Union, the introduction of the laity into the Conference and the complete organization of the Church. It was much regretted on this side of the Irish Channel, as well as on the other, that circumstances made it practically impossible for that great ecclesiastical statesman to occupy the chair of the British Conference.

The Conference which followed his death was necessarily a critical one. It will always be associated with the triumphant success of the Twentieth Century Fund, with a new impetus to open-air preaching, with the inauguration of a great fund which will do for Belfast what the Metropolitan Chapel Building Fund has done for London, and with a renewed determination to carry the Gospel with more tenderness and courage than ever to the Roman Catholic population of Ireland.

We are very thankful to note the increasing determination of the Irish Methodist Conference to adopt the Forward Movement in all its developments in town and country alike, and to address themselves with unprecedented energy and enthusiasm to the evangelization of the whole of Ireland.

With the Bible in its hand and the Gospel of love in its mouth, it must preach alike to Protestant and to Romanist. A prominent layman who, until he was twenty-four years of age, was himself a Romanist, informed the Conference that until he had reached that age he had never once read the great words, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life"! In passionate terms he pleaded that the Bible and especially the New Testament, should be yet more freely circulated among his Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen. He spoke of them with the deepest love, declaring at the same time that 75 per cent. of them never saw the Bible. In one way this is a hopeful fact.

Pan-Methodism.

The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, at the Irish Conference, made the significant statement: "The ultimate goal of Methodism should be one Methodist Church for each country in the world, and a united Conference every ten years to keep them together. Protestants suffered greatly from religious divisions. The time had come when they should present a united front for civil and religious liberty, for the glories of Protestantism, and for evangelical truth. During the last six years a wonderful movement had taken place amongst all the Protestant Churches of England towards union—a movement so sweeping that twenty years ago nobody outside a lunatic asylum could have anticipated its occurrence inside a century. They had prepared a new Catechism; and their responsible theologians had actually agreed to every question and every answer unanimously. No result like that had ever been accomplished since the sixteenth century. There was an external unity amongst Roman Catholics, but that was all. The really Protestant Churches of Great Britain were more absolutely united together in genuine union than their Roman Catholic brethren, and for this reason, that they were not one in the Pope, but one in Jesus Christ. The Methodists were the most numerous church body in the British Empire—an Empire that he was assured was yet destined to play an important part in the world's history. They were the largest Protestant Church in the world, and therefore they had special responsibilities and special privileges, and he thought it was their highest duty to keep in close touch with one another, and to cultivate the most friendly relations.

Retirement of Rev. Dr. Milligan.

After twenty-five years' service, the Rev. Dr. Milligan, who has been the leader of the educational interests of Methodism in Newfoundland, has felt it necessary to retire from that onerous position. He received a most kind and cordial complimentary resolution from the Conference. Dr. Milligan has rendered a service of inestimable value to Methodism in that country. The Rev. L. Curtis, B.A., was recommended as his successor, and the Rev. W. T. D. Dunn becomes editor-in-chief of the *Monthly Greeting*. The Conference cordially gave its loyal support to the Twentieth Century Fund movement, and our liberal-minded friends in Britain's oldest colony may be depended on to do their whole duty in this matter.

"What Shadows are We!"

Seldom has Canada been bereaved of so many of her public men in so short a time as within the last few weeks. Senator Sanford, the Hon. Mr. Ives, the Hon. Mr. Geoffrion, and Sir James Edgar, Speaker of the House of Commons, have all been summoned within a month from time to eternity. Well did Sir Wilfrid Laurier say that we have been living in the shadow of death. Mr. Foster emphasized the salutary lesson that in all our little differences we are members of one common human family, bound over a very short road for the unseen world. This, he added, ought to temper the heat of party strife and the impetuosity of party debate. Well may we use the language of Burke, uttered at a time of great national bereavement, "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!"

EARLY MISSIONS IN CANADA.*

BY THE REV. S. P. ROSE, D.D.

These volumes, from the facile and graphic pen of the large-hearted and well-beloved Roman Catholic Dean of St. Catharines, Ontario, are a notable contribution to the early history of our young Dominion. Every honest and intelligent effort to work the mine of historical wealth, which the past of our country offers, and which remains so largely unexplored, merits the applause of all patriotic Canadians; and for this reason, if for no other, we welcome Dr. Harris' books, and call renewed attention to their contents.

The earlier and smaller of these publications is an attempt to record the history of early missions in Western Canada. By missions in this connection, Roman Catholic missions are, of course, meant; and, indeed, our author's researches carry him back to a period when there were no other missions in the country. It is to the credit of the Latin Church that she was the first to send missionaries to this continent. The best blood of France and the worthiest of the priests of the Church were consecrated to the work of redeeming the red man of the primeval Canadian forest from the errors and darkness of paganism.

Dr. Harris' inquiries lead him to paint a portrait of the "noble red man," which differs widely from the ideal presented to our boyish fancy in Cooper's novels. "To make a hero of the American Indian," protests our author, "is to raise a monument to cruelty on a pedestal of lust." Indeed, as one reads Dr. Harris' pages, the doubt arises whether he has not been betrayed into overstating the case and painting the depravity of the Indian in overdark colours. "Can such monsters have lived?" we involuntarily ask. But it is only fair to add that the portrait is in harmony with the records upon which the Dean relies for his facts.

Though the Franciscans and Recollets were the pioneer missionaries, it is the Jesuits who are the heroes of this volume, and rightly so. The most ultra-Protestant, to whom the term Jesuit stands for all that is to be feared and opposed in State and Church, will be compelled to admit that history does not record more unselfish, courageous, or admirable devotion to a cherished purpose than that displayed by the members of the Society of Jesus, who, in obedience to what they regarded as a divine impulse, sought, in the first half of the seventeenth century, to plant the banner of the Cross upon the North American continent. Protestants should familiarize themselves with the thrilling story which Dean Harris' book tells—a story told also by Bancroft, and Parkman, and Withrow. It is a story which does much to redeem the order to which these men belonged from the only too well-deserved reproach into which it has fallen.

The history of these early Catholic missions is instructive also because of their confessed failure. This failure is frankly recognized by Dr. Harris. Why did the Christ-like sacrifice of these heroic men accomplish so little? In part, the answer may be found in the character of the men amongst whom the missionaries toiled. Never was worse soil offered for spiritual cultivation.

But from our point of view, the methods of the missionaries were at fault. They were entirely too superficial. Baptism by water was inadequate to the washing away of sin. The simple offices of the Church were poor substitutes for instruction in New Testament facts and doctrines. If these men had united to their holy fervour a clearer view of the meaning and message of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, their success might have been proportioned, in some good measure, to their zeal. John G. Paton, and before him the missionaries to the Fiji Islands, encountered as low a type of moral character as did Brebeuf and Jogues, but how different the results of their toils. The missionaries of whom Dr. Harris writes so sympathetically and eloquently did not want apostolic zeal, but they did not pursue apostolic methods.

And yet who shall dare to pronounce their noble service and sacrifice a failure? A comparative failure it was, but

"High failure overtops the bounds of low successes,'

* "History of the Early Missions in Western Canada. By Very Rev. W. R. Harris, D.D. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co.

"The Catholic Church in the Niagara Peninsula, 1626-1895." Dean Harris. Illustrated. Toronto: William Briggs.

and the world is a better world to-day because these men lived and toiled and suffered and died.

Dr. Harris' later and larger volume, which in its admirable get-up reflects much credit upon our own Publishing House, deals with a narrower theme, but treats it in so interesting and comprehensive a manner, that it will doubtless receive what it deserves, a hearty welcome into many homes. The title might mislead the Protestant reader into supposing that the volume has nothing for him. This would be a pity. This book, apart from its especial interest to the Catholic reader, is a distinct contribution to the archæology of our country. The author has read widely, and makes excellent use of the stores of information which he has gathered.

The introductory chapter upon the mound-builders and copper-workers introduces us to a forgotten people, the Attiwandarons, and unearths much valuable information not within the reach of the ordinary reader. The early history of the Niagara peninsula is recalled in an attractive way, and references to Protestants are generous and in good taste. Dr. Harris is happy in his character-sketching. One old priest, familiar to our boyhood, Father Grattan, lives again in the pages of this interesting volume. If this review were written in a critical spirit, it would be possible to cross swords with the author in his interpretation of historical events, but criticism is not our purpose. The author seeks to be fair, and has certainly succeeded in giving us a volume of great interest and no little value.

MISSIONS AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.*

Dr. Dennis may not be the first to propound a philosophy of missions, but no one else has ever developed such a philosophy with the wide induction of facts, with such a keen insight, and with such inspiring and eloquent demonstration. Dr. Dennis' first volume described the appalling conditions of social and moral evils in the non-Christian world; the ineffectual remedies which were offered, and the causes of their failure; and pointed out that Christianity was the only social hope of the nations. In this volume he shows the marvellous results in the uplift of man as an individual, and in communities through the power of the Gospel. He well says:

"The service of missionaries, although a quiet factor in the growth of civilization, making no great stir in the world, produces effects which are of decisive import in social, and even national, development. When we consider the comparatively small number of labourers—only a few thousand, widely dispersed in many lands, and in the case of medical missionaries only a few hundred—the results are remarkable in their volume and dynamic force.

"In a sense altogether unique, Christian missionaries may be regarded as the makers of the twentieth-century manhood of advancing races. They stand for upward social movements among backward peoples. There are indications that strong and earnest minds in Christian circles fully recognize this fact, and regard the Foreign Mission enterprise with deepening interest and ampler vision. The transcendent significance of the purpose of God is becoming more apparent; the sublimity of the task as a divinely appointed method, its power as a divinely commissioned agency, its increasing momentum as a world-embracing movement, are arresting, perhaps as never before in modern times, the attention of all who hope and pray for the coming of the Redeemer's kingdom."

This book cannot fail "to broaden the vision of the friends of missions, and to establish a deeper interdenominational consciousness in the whole circle of Christian labourers for the kingdom of our common Master. A Christian federation of the world in allegiance to the Supreme Ruler, and for the expansion of His kingdom, is by no means an impossibility. The story of modern missions is a prose epic. It tells how man puts himself 'alongside of God in history, and works with Him among the laws and forces of human nature and the facts of human life.' It is a record of brave and unselfish living. It recounts the gentle deeds, the humble ministries, the patient sacrifices, and the cheerful toils of earnest men and devout women in quest of the welfare of man-

* "Christian Missions and Social Progress." A Sociological Study of Foreign Missions. By the Rev. James D. Dennis, D.D., in three volumes. Vol. II. New York and Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Octavo, pp. xxvi-486. With many full-page half-tone plates. Price, $2.50.

kind. It voices a strain of melody which is perhaps the noblest earthly prelude to that song of triumph which the redeemed of all nations shall sing."

In a world-wide survey, Dr. Dennis points out how the leaves of this tree of life which are for the healing of the nations, bring a moral and social regeneration of whole tribes and nations. Like the waters of Marah, these were exceeding bitter till the healing branch was cast therein, and made them sweet forever. A new type of manhood was created. Even in darkest Africa and cannibal Polynesia and sin-sodden India, Christ-likeness has been created.

One of the most potent influences in this respect has been personal examples of missionaries and native converts—the object-lesson of a Christian family, that bit of Eden implanted in the heart of heathenism.

Among the special results noticed are the temperance reform. It is the shame of civilization that British, Dutch, and New England rum have taught the pagans of Africa a deeper degradation than they knew before. It is to the credit of Islam that it has made drunkenness an unknown vice throughout Moslem lands from Delhi to Morocco. It is all the more necessary to create a conscience against drink in this besotted people who have become its victims.

The greed of trade has forced the opium traffic on China, and greatly developed it in India. One of the greatest evils missions have to overcome is this deadly opiate which benumbs both body and soul. Gambling is another vice which has been greatly encouraged by the lotteries fostered by the Church of Rome and all the Spanish dominions.

Social immorality, the appalling evil of paganism, has been intensified by the habits of vile white men. Here, again, missions are creating new ideals, and developing a new standard of morals.

The pessimism of the Hindoo and the Buddhist often leads to suicide in its endeavour to reach Nirvana, but the immortal hopes of Christianity create a revolt against self-slaughter. Habits of industry and thrift are developed. The inveterate vices of lying and theft are yielding to a sense of truth and right.

The greatest results have followed in the purifying of family life. This is the most magnificent rôle of missions. The elevation of women, the ennobling of her character, ennobles also the man and the family. The wrong and wretchedness of polygamy give place to the fair ideals of Christian marriage. Mrs. Bishop narrates that the impassioned prayer of the polygamist women of the East was for poisons with which to kill their rivals or themselves.

The greatest obstacle to the Gospel in Moslem lands is the anti-Christian custom of polygamy. In seeking the abolition of child marriage, the alleviation of the miseries and sorrows of child widows, and giving aid and protection to children, is exhibited one of the most benignant aspects of Christianity.

Dr. Dennis describes, too, the humanitarian and philanthropic results of Christian missions. The slave trade, that "open sore of Africa," is being healed, and slavery itself is being abolished. The suttee and other forms of human sacrifice have almost entirely disappeared. Cannibal orgies and human sacrifice have given place to Christian amenities. The high-caste women of China are being freed from the tortures of foot-binding, and we may hope in time that their sisters in Christendom will be emancipated from the scarce less deadly compression of more vital organs.

We talk of the need of prison reform. We have no conception of the atrocities perpetrated on criminals in pagan lands. Even here Christianity is mitigating brutal punishments and bringing light and liberty to the dark cells of China and Japan.

Under the inspiration and example of medical missions, an enlightened system of surgery and therapeutics has taken the place of the cruelties and abominations of pagan practice. By means of dispensaries, infirmaries, and hospitals, the missionaries are imitating the example of the Great Physician who healed at once the bodies and the souls of men. The leper asylums and colonies, and homes for orphan children, are saving multitudes from misery, and creating new conceptions of duty and destiny. Even the brutalities of war are mitigated, and a love of peace and righteousness is being developed. These statements are not glittering generalities, but are supported by Dr. Dennis by manifold specific examples.

The numerous and admirable half-tones of this volume enable us to be present, as it were, in the schools and colleges, the hospitals and sanitariums, the homes and haunts of the people. This work we consider the most important contribution to the literature of missions that has yet appeared.

Book Notices.

The Slave in Canada. By T. WATSON SMITH, D.D. Collections of the Nova Scotia Historical Society, 1896-98. Volume X. 8vo. Pp. 161. Halifax, N.S. : Nova Scotia Printing Co.

In this volume Dr. Smith, the accomplished author of "History of Methodism in the Maritime Provinces," has added an important chapter to the "History of Canada." This subject has heretofore been almost entirely overlooked. Dr. Smith has collected with great research about everything that can be known as to the existence of slavery in what is now British America and Bermuda—a somewhat sombre story, but one whose record is necessary to the completeness of the annals of our country.

Slavery in Canada was of French institution. The first slave sale recorded in the colony, says Dr. Smith, was that at Quebec of a negro boy from Madagascar by David Kertk in 1628 for fifty half-crowns. In the English-speaking communities of Canada slavery is chiefly an inheritance from the American colonies, especially from Virginia and the Carolinas.

Upper Canada has the honour of being the first country in the world to abolish slavery. The conscript fathers of the Province, as they assembled in their first parliament at Newark, 1793, enacted that all persons previously held in slavery elsewhere should be made free on arriving in that Province. "Thus," says Dr. Smith, "the name Canada to many a negro on American soil, in sufferings worse than death, came to be a synonym for freedom, home, and life." The pole-star became the cynosure which beckoned him on to liberty. After a time the Underground Railway found its terminus in Canadian soil, and amid adventures more thrilling than any of romance, many a sable son of slavery won his way to the emancipating air of Canada.

Japan in Transition. By J. STAFFORD RANSOME. 8vo. Pp. x-261. Fifty-one illustrations. Three maps. New York: Harper & Bros. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $3.00.

Our Japan mission is the oldest and most successful of the Foreign Missions of our Church. It has just celebrated its semi-jubilee. This fact will give special interest to this latest book on "The Mikado's Empire." The author was the special correspondent in Japan for the London *Morning Post.* He gives a remarkable picture of New Japan, which to most readers will come like a revelation. When Japan was first opened to western science, English and German instructors were eagerly welcomed. Now they have learned all these can teach them, they are relegated to the background with the cry, "Japan for the Japanese." Four years ago it seemed the height of presumption for the plucky little kingdom to attack the great empire of China. That shock began the disintegration of China, and sent Japan to the front as one of the great nations of the world. This book is of such importance that we shall give it more detailed treatment in a future number.

Facing the Twentieth Century. Our Country: Its Power and Peril. By JAMES M. KING, General Secretary National League for the Protection of American Institutions. 8vo, pp. 640. New York: American Union League Society. Toronto: William Briggs.

This book is one of such importance that we give it in the present number, on page 234, a more adequate notice than we have room for here.

Priestess and Queen: a Tale of the White Race of Mexico. By EMILY E. READER. Illustrated. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

Not many lives but only one have we,
One, only one.
How sacred should that one life ever be,
That narrow span!
Day after day filled up with blessed toil,
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil.

—*Horatius Bonar.*

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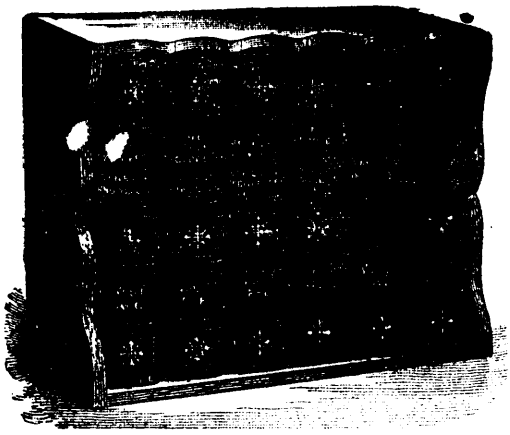

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