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# METHODIST MAGAZINE AND REVIEW

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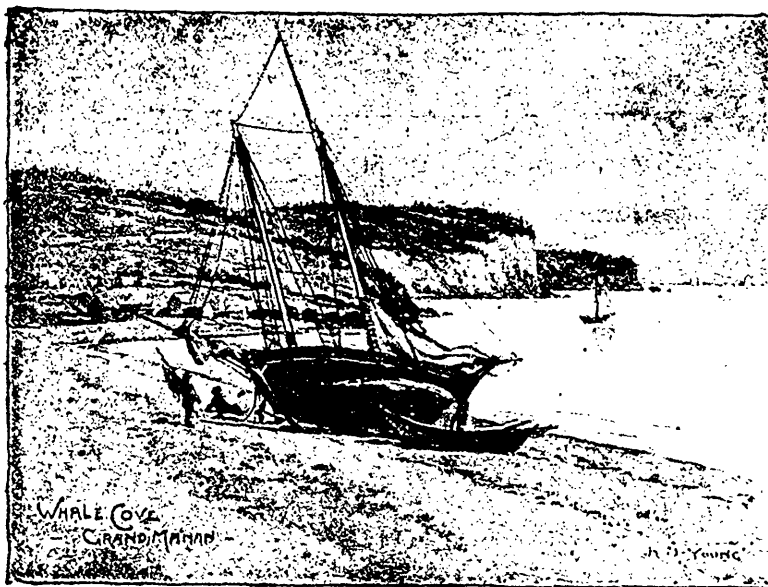


WAITING FOR THE FISHING BOATS.

# Methodist Magazine and Review.

SEPTEMBER, 1898.

WITH THE FISHER FOLK.



FISHING SCHOONER AND DORY AT LOW TIDE.

The unsown harvest of the sea is one of the greatest value to the dwellers on the land. Few people have any idea of the extent and value of this exhaustless food supply. Canada's unrivalled fisheries yielded last year \$20,400,000, according to the annual report of Sir Louis Davies. This yield was the product of 75,000 men, 30,000 of whom were deep-sea toilers. The capital invested is placed at \$9,750,000, and 36,600 craft of all kinds were employed. The principal fish caught and their values were as follows: Salmon, \$4,000,000; cod, \$3,619,000; herring, \$2,900,000, and lobsters, \$2,200,000.

VOL. XLVIII. No. 3.

By provinces the catch was: Nova Scotia, \$6,070,000; New Brunswick, \$4,800,000; British Columbia, \$4,183,000; Quebec, \$2,025,000; Ontario, \$1,605,000; Prince Edward Island, \$976,000; Manitoba, \$362,000, and the Territories, \$383,000. New Brunswick, Quebec and Ontario show an aggregate increase of \$575,000, the other provinces decreases aggregating \$367,000. There were 41 vessels in the fur seal and Behring Sea fisheries, employing 500 whites and 587 Indians, who secured 30,000 skins, 15,000 of which were got in Behring Sea.

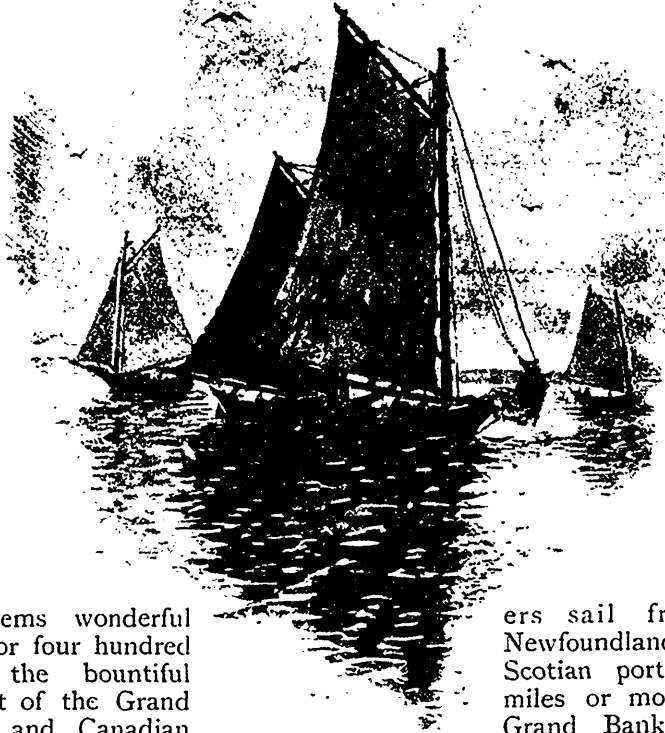
The Canadian fishery is nearly

as much as the entire catch off the English coast. In 1897, this was valued at over five and a half million pounds, or say twenty-five million dollars. If the catch of Newfoundland, not yet in the Dominion, but soon we hope to be included, were added, the Canadian catch would be by far the largest in the world

other fish and to the cetacea, or whale family. The words of the Psalmist occur to the mind, "So is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts."

No more arduous and perilous toil is there in the world than that of the cod fishery on the banks of Newfoundland. The fishing schoo-

### FISHING BOATS



It seems wonderful that for four hundred years the bountiful harvest of the Grand Bank and Canadian waters has been gathered without any diminution. The cod fish is one of the most prolific of living things in the world. The roe of a single cod fish sometimes contains eight million eggs. So in a few years the progeny of a single pair would fill the ocean solid but for the food which they supply to

ers sail from the Newfoundland or Nova Scotian ports a hundred miles or more to the Grand Banks. They often drift in storm and fog and darkness till all reckoning is lost. They are exposed to the triple perils of collision with icebergs, or being run down by the fast liners, as many a staunch fishing schooner has been, or of being swamped and foundering amid the tumbling seas.

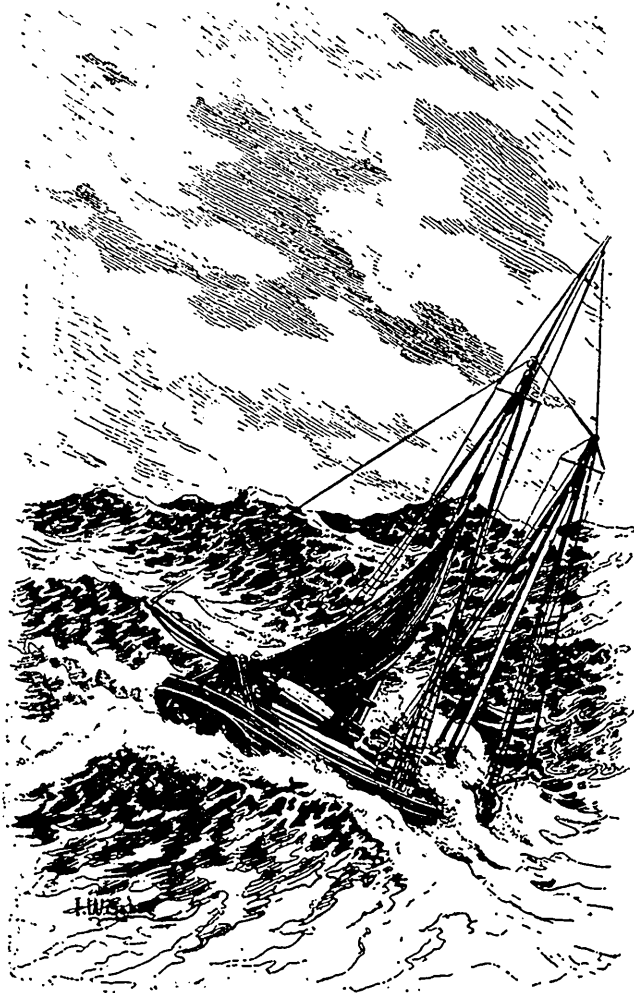
Still more perilous, if possible, is the work of the dory mates in their small and fragile-looking boats, launching forth for the capture of their finny prey. It is cold, wet, hard work in fog, in rain, and sometimes in sleet, to haul the line and handle the ice-cold fish.

Not infrequently the dories drift away beyond sight or sound of the schooners to which they belong. The dory mates, if not picked up by a passing steamer or pilot vessel, may drift to sea, or sink to the bottom and never be heard of again. It makes one think of the Breton fisherman's song,

"Our boat, O Lord, is very small. Thy sea is very vast."

When they do regain the fishing schooner, laden with the finny spoil of ocean, scarce less arduous is the task of cleaning and salting the fish upon a rolling sea, where even the oldest tar can scarce retain his equilibrium. Perhaps it is this continual contact with the great elemental forces of nature which makes the fisherman the devout as well as brave and noble-hearted man he is. Fearless of danger, willing to risk life and limb to rescue a shipwrecked mariner or fellow-fisherman, generous to a fault, they make some of the noblest-hearted Christians we have ever met.

As we sailed along the Newfoundland coast the fishermen were always ready for a religious service at any hour of the day or night. As our steamer came in the church bell rang, and from



FISHING SCHOONER IN TUMBLING SEA.

near and far the people gathered and listened with eager ears to the Word of Life. If there was time for only a few words of prayer and a brief song service, they thoroughly enjoyed it. And how they did sing. It seems that battling

with the storm and hurricane gives them voices like veritable sons of thunder. The way in which they rolled the chorus of the grand old Methodist hymns was something to remember.

The most vivid description of fishing life on the Grand Banks

fishermen is the grandest school in the world for training the seamen of her Majesty's navy—men whom no danger can daunt, whom no fatigue can wear out.

• Harder to endure than the perils of the sea is the weary watch from the shore of the fishermen's wives

and families. When the storm howls aloof, and day after day no sight nor sound of the fisher folk is seen or heard, then, indeed, "hope deferred maketh the heart sick." Sometimes the sad heart is never gladdened again by the return of those lost at sea. In Gloucester, Mass., there is an annual funeral service for those whose number sometimes runs up into the hundreds.

But how glad-some is the welcome when, weather-beaten and well-nigh shattered with the storm, with tattered sail and battered hull, the fishing boats like sea birds beat their way to land.

Whittier's vigorous "Song of the Fisherman"

describes some of the hardships and perils encountered by these brave toilers of the sea.

Now, brothers, for the icebergs  
Of frozen Labrador,  
Floating spectral in the moonshine,  
Along the low, black shore!



FISHING DORY AND ICEBERG IN FOG.

that we have read is Rudyard Kipling's stirring book, "Captains Courageous," from which we borrow some of the illustrations of the present article. Another graphic book is Monroe's "Dory Mates," which describes the perils and the heroism of these sons of the sea. Among these hardy



Where like snow the gannet's feathers  
On 'Brador's rocks are shed,  
And the noisy murr are flying,  
Like black scuds, overhead;

Where in mist the rock is hiding,  
And the sharp reef lurks below,  
And the white squall smites in summer,  
And the autumn tempests blow;  
Where through gray and rolling vapour,  
From evening unto morn,  
A thousand boats are hailing,  
Horn answering unto horn.

There we'll drop our line, and gather  
Old ocean's treasures in,  
Where'er the mottled mackerel  
Turns up a steel-dark fin.  
The sea's our field of harvest,  
Its scaly tribes our grain;  
We'll reap the teeming waters,  
As at home they reap the plain!

Our wet hands spread the carpet,  
And light the hearth of home;  
From our fish, as in the old time,  
The silver coin shall come.  
As the demon fled the chamber,  
Where the fish of Tobit lay,  
So ours from all our dwellings  
Shall frighten want away.

Though the mist upon our jackets  
In the bitter air congeals,  
And our lines wind stiff and slowly,  
From off the frozen reels;  
Though the fog be dark around us,  
And the storm blow high and loud,  
We will whistle down the wild wind,  
And laugh beneath the cloud!

In the darkness as in daylight,  
On the water as on land,  
God's eye is looking on us,  
And beneath us is His hand!  
Death will find us soon or later,  
On the deck or in the cot;  
And we cannot meet Him better  
Than in working out our lot.

The following is a graphic sketch of the incidents of fishing life on the British coast by Alfred T. Story:

Few can have heard the popular ballad "Caller Herrin'" without being struck by the line, "We ca' them the lives o' men," which crystallizes into a phrase the pathos and tragedy of a nation's chief industry. The song, of course, is Scotch, and in no country in the world, perhaps, is so large a proportion of the people engaged in the herring fishery as

in Scotland, where it has been estimated that twice as many fish are caught as in England. North of the Tweed the herring fishery is conducted in a different manner from what it is in England. For one thing, the boats are smaller, and on that account the more dangerous. If a storm comes on, everything depends on their ability to get into a place of safety, their frail open craft being ill-fitted to weather a severe gale. Should they be too far from shore, or the tempest too sudden in its descent, the tale of boats that returns is not the same as that which went out, and there is mourning under many a lowly roof-tree.

In Scotland the herring fishery begins at the island of Lewis, in the Hebrides, in the month of May, and goes on as the year advances, till in July it is being prosecuted off the coast of Caithness. This continues till well on into the summer, when it suddenly ceases.

For weeks before the commencement all along the East Coast there is such a repairing of boats, such preparations of gear generally, that the whole shoreside, from Wick to Crail, is like a disturbed ant-house. What hopes are raised, what speculation is rife! If the fishing prove productive!—so many things turn on that "if."

Murdock and Jock, maybe, will be able to buy a boat of their own, for these herring outfits are frequently family concerns; Donald and Janet will be able to marry; the wee callants, so active in their bare feet, will have their new winter shoon, their new Sunday breeks—if! Few can imagine what a good fishing season means to these water-side folks. It means comfort and plenty where otherwise want and wretchedness would prevail. For a bad season tells of storms, lost nets and

gear, wrecks: "We ca' them the lives o' men."

A bad season, however, is not always synonymous with tempestuous weather. There is much fluctuation in the quantity of fish caught. Some places where formerly great quantities were got

much mystery. Its favourite home is in the depths of the sea, beyond the reach of net or line; but these depths it leaves for the shallower coast-bottoms during the spawning season. These are the times, of course, when it is caught in such prodigious quantities.



"DRESSING DOWN."

are now exhausted. This is the result of over-fishing, combined with ignorance of the herring.

There is, of course, a great deal that we have yet to learn about the herring. Its sudden appearance in vast shoals, and its just as sudden disappearance, envelop it in

A wonderfully ticklish cattle is the herring! A member of Parliament, during a debate on the Tithes Bill in 1835, stated that a clergyman who had a living on the coast of Ireland signified his intention to take the tithe of fish, whereupon—so hurt were the

members of that finny race—they immediately deserted that part of the shore, and were never again seen in its vicinity!

There are two modes of capturing the herring. One is by the trawl; the other, and more common method, is by means of what is called a drift-net, which is made

weight, and fastened to the boat by a trail rope, longer or shorter according to the depth at which it is expected to find the fish. The boats engaged in the fishing vary in size, the larger ones being upwards of thirty-five feet keel, and will cost, including nets and other necessary gear, from two to four



FISHING VILLAGE IN CAPE BRETON, N.S.—HAULING UP THE BOATS.

of fine twine, worked into a series of squares, each of which is an inch in diameter, so as to allow of the escape of undersized fish. The larger fishing boats carry upwards of a mile and a half of these nets. The separate nets are fastened together, and each net is marked off by a buoy or bladder which is attached to it, the lower end being sunk into the sea by means of a

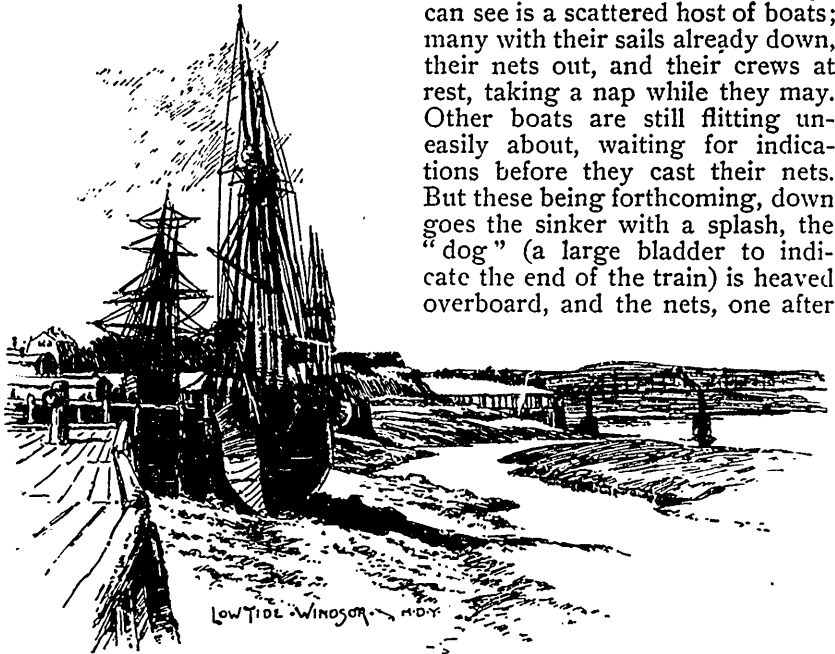
hundred pounds. They are strongly built, but perfectly open and unprotected.

The boats usually start for the fishing ground an hour or two before sunset, and are generally manned by five men and a boy, including the owner or skipper. When the harbour mouth is cleared, all sail is set, and away bounds the light little bark, in

company, perhaps, with a hundred or two others, to the fishing ground—it may be seven or it may be seventy miles distant.

The departure is watched by a crowd of people, women and children for the most part, albeit there is a goodly sprinkling of men-folk—greybeards whose fishing days are over, curers who have put money on the "catch," and others.

Usually this is done before dark; but the wise skipper is in no hurry. The crew may be impatient when there is the oily gleam in the water indicative of fish, and bright phosphorescent sparkles of light are cast from the boats' bows. At length the master is satisfied that he is in the midst of the shoal, and prepares for shooting the nets by lowering sail. All around as far as the eye can see is a scattered host of boats; many with their sails already down, their nets out, and their crews at rest, taking a nap while they may. Other boats are still flitting uneasily about, waiting for indications before they cast their nets. But these being forthcoming, down goes the sinker with a splash, the "dog" (a large bladder to indicate the end of the train) is heaved overboard, and the nets, one after



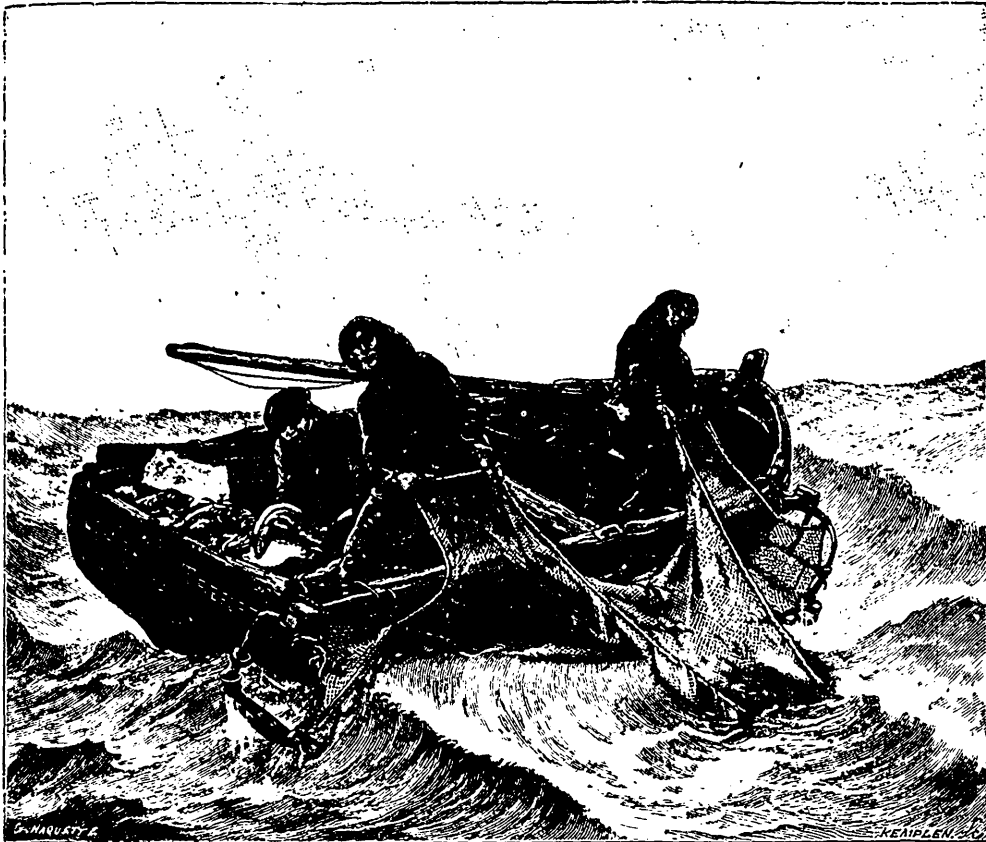
NOVA SCOTIA FISHING SCHOONERS AT LOW TIDE.

It is a picturesque sight, as the red sun begins to dip into the glowing west, burnishing the heaving waters with hues of crimson and gold, while against the darkening east the hundreds of sails gleam like sheets of flame. Then, as the light gradually fades, and night envelops the scene, many a heartfelt prayer is sent up for the "luck" of the fishers and for their safety.

Meanwhile, if all has gone well, the nets have already been shot and the work of the night com-

another, are paid out as fast as the men can pass them through their hands, each net being marked by a painted bladder; so that when the entire length is out it forms a perforated wall many feet in depth and a mile or more in length.

Then for two or three hours quiet falls upon the scene; under the winking stars the erewhile busy fleet is at rest, its dancing masthead lights answering to those above. But some watchful eyes are there, and when the grey dawn begins to pale the gleam of the



HERRING FISHING IN THE NORTH SEA.

heavenly fires, a stir—slight at first—gradually sets the whole fleet in motion. Some one notes the bobbing down of the bladders marking the zigzag line of his nets, and, convinced that there is fish in them, gives command to haul in. The first net is no sooner clear than its meshes are seen to be full of herrings. It is a gladdening sight to the fisherman when he sees the shimmering fish as the net comes like a sheet of silver from the water—so often has he to be satisfied with a poor catch, or to return without any at all, even if he be not compelled to cut loose from his nets and make all speed

for port—thankful if he gets in without loss of life.

Too often, after such a cut-and-run scramble for port, the look-round reveals some missing boat and crew, possibly more than one. Sometimes the boats are driven so far to sea that it is days before tidings are heard of them—the distress of their friends in the meantime being unspeakable.

Formerly the herrings were left in the meshes of the net till the boat arrived in harbour; but now they are at once shaken out as the net is hauled on board. As soon as the fish are in and the nets stowed, it is “up sail” and home

with all speed to get the "silvery darlings" as soon as possible to shore.

When the boats have gone home, and the fish have been landed, all the poetry of the occupation seems to have evaporated. Yet that can hardly be, so long as there is human hope and human endeavour. And such a scene of energetic endeavour, stimulated by the hope of gain, as may be now witnessed baffles description. The fish are carried from the boats in



ON A LEE SHORE.

huge baskets and poured into immense troughs, where they are sprinkled with salt, and shovelled about by men with immense wooden spades. When they are sufficiently salted, women in oil-skin overalls open and eviscerate the fish. It is not a clean operation, but they make good wages at it, and the speed at which they work is a marvel to behold. Thirty or forty fish are operated upon before you can count sixty ticks of your watch. Not all the herrings are thus treated, however. Some are sent away fresh, and before

many hours have passed are being sold in distant towns.

Scenes like the above may be witnessed in the herring season at any of the Scottish coast towns from Caithness to the Firth of Forth. In an English town devoted to the fishery the scene is different. Let us take Yarmouth—famous the world over for its bloaters.

The Yarmouth boats are superior in size and build to the Scottish craft. They vary from twenty-five to forty-five tons burden, and have all the most modern appliances, including a steam capstan; while the fact of their being decked boats enables them to remain at sea a week or two at a time. A boat of the largest size will cost from twelve to thirteen hundred pounds, including nets and gear. The smaller craft, like the Scotch boats, are obliged to keep pretty close to shore.

The nets having been shot, the sails are lowered, and the regulation light set up; herring fishing being always carried on by night, as otherwise the fish would see and avoid the nets. A watch of two men is set, and is relieved every two hours. The nets are tried from time to time by hauling in one or two, when, if the indications are favourable, the whole are got on board.

The chief fishing ground for the larger boats is the Dogger Bank; and it is here that the fisherman has his hardest battle for life; when the winter gales drive the wild waters from the north up the shallower banks of the Dogger, where the waves, instead of rolling forward on the surface of the sea with their usual measured rise and fall, leap up immediately from beneath, striking the boats with terrific violence, tossing them about hither and thither, according as

one part or another receives the blow; so that often, while the craft is still staggering from such a blow, another sea, like an embodied Hate, dashes out from its lair, and engulfs both boat and crew beneath the raging waters.

A great change has come over the Yarmouth fishermen of late years—in part, perhaps, because they cannot go so early to sea as they did formerly, and are better

head barely above the surface. But in time it makes you serious.”

As a rule, the boats are owned by men who have been fishermen themselves. Sometimes they will begin with one boat, and be their own skipper; then they may add a second, and perhaps a third; when, of course, there will be enough business on shore to keep the owner occupied. The owner of the *Sir John Colomb* was such a



BAD NEWS FROM THE FISHING FLEET.

educated. There is not so much drunkenness and rowdyism as formerly. The young fellows are steadier, more serious, “much more given to religion,” as one fisherman states. He adds: “It’s a dog’s life without that; you live like a dog, and often die like a dog. Many’s the time I’ve been in peril of my life, thinking every minute would be my last, bobbing about in the water maybe, with a few floats to keep one up, one’s

one—a man who “went in at the hawse-pipe and out at the cabin window,” as the saying is—that is, he went to sea at the age of nine, and, after thirty-five years of it, now stays at home and sends three boats to the fishing.

The boats start for the herring fishing provided with some tons of salt, so that the nets may be cast several times before returning to port. The different catches are

kept separate, the latest caught being, as a rule, the most valuable. The last day's catch is generally kept unsalted.

Having secured such a quantity as will be worth while carrying to

it forty feet in breadth. The whole of this space, and hundreds of yards of the riverside in addition, are often covered with baskets of herrings, leaving barely enough room for people to move about.



WELCOME HOME.

market, the skipper makes for port, near which he finds steam-tugs lying in readiness to tow fishing-boats with all speed to the Fish Wharf. Here is a covered market, 750 feet long by forty wide, with a paved quay fronting

In the autumn fishing season boats often lie along the quay two, three, and sometimes even four deep, the herrings being carried from the outer tier over the decks of the inner. It is a busy scene at any time when fish is



being landed and sold; but at the height of the great fishing the sight is one that must be witnessed to be appreciated.

All the fish are sold by auction, salted herrings by the last, fresh ones by the hundred, and so quickly is the operation conducted that the largest cargoes will, gen-

erally speaking, be disposed of in a few minutes.

But a large proportion of the best fish is transferred to the curing establishment, where it is prepared for commerce by the combined use of salt and smoke. the relative amount of the two being governed by the market for which the commodity is destined.

---

### THE PHANTOM FLEET.

BY FRANK L. POLLOCK.

[This poem, which is truly epic in its conception, is worthy of the pen of Kipling. Its opening lines well illustrate some of the perils of the fishermen on the Grand Banks.--ED.]

When the stealing fogbank thickens on the heaving hueless water,  
And the startled sirens bellow to the Bankers in their dread,  
And at dusk the moving lanterns glitter like a distant city,  
And the glistening oilskins gather, peering from the fo'ks'l-head;

Or when midnight settles stormy on the rushing mid-Atlantic—  
Faint half-light through flying cloud-rack, crashing rollers bursting home;  
Phosphor-flashes on the billows, white salt crusting all the funnels,  
As the liner, dipping, plunging, thrashes through the running foam;

Then the smoking-rooms are crowded, and the decks outside deserted,  
And the streaming scuppers gurgle to the screw's incessant beat;  
Few the watchers in the darkness when the gliding shadows gather,  
Flying down the hard nor'wester, and they sight the Phantom Fleet.

Tumbling o'er the tossing billows comes the distant roll of rowing;  
Struggling up through fog and darkness lift the vanished ships of Greece.  
Oldest, first of the flotilla, with her crew of brass-clad heroes,  
Leads the pirate craft of Jason, at her peak the Golden Fleece.

Worn with wandering, wise Odysseus steers his dark-prowed galley after,  
All the great dead chiefs around him, no more thought of rest or home;  
Ilium, Ithaca forgotten, sons and kindred dust and ashes,  
As of old they plough the billow, sweep the seas unchanged alone.

Close beside his ancient foeman sails the pious Trojan exile,  
One with Rome and done with Dido, out upon the seas again;  
And behind, with shield-hung side-rails, dragon-headed, crimson-painted,  
Glides the Viking snake of Ragnar, running o'er the endless main.

Few the watchers on the steamer as the phantoms gather nearer,  
But some few peer through the darkness as the rowers struggle past.  
Did they hail? What humming murmur, tense and faint, comes to the hearing  
What ghost-shout of distant seamen, struggling dimly down the blast?

And a strange and sudden silence falls on smoking-room and cabin,  
The twangling banjo ceases, every ear is strained to mark;  
Cards and glasses drop unheeded, though no outer sound had entered,  
And the phantoms sink and waver, and they vanish in the dark.

But the midnight watchers ever turn their hearts again to ocean,  
And the ghost-hail of the galleys calls them outward to the deep;  
Ever out-bound, wandering restless, till the sea receives them wholly,  
Sail they till they sink beneath it, they who spoke the Phantom Fleet.

## WHAT THE DEACONESS SAYS TO THE CHURCHES.

BY ISABELLE HORTON,

*Editor of the Deaconess Advocate, Chicago.*

## II.

Last summer I took with me to my country home a boy from the city slums who had scarcely known in all his twelve years of life one touch of disinterested kindness or unselfish love; a boy who had been dragged out of bed at midnight by a drunken brute of a father to go for liquor, and kicked and cursed when he came back because he could not get it without money. Knowing his past life, I was not surprised that he should steal a knife before he had been an hour in the house, nor greatly shocked when he promptly and emphatically averred that he had never seen it. The good people who had opened their doors to him could not, even in imagination, fathom the utter vileness of the influences that had surrounded him, and he perplexed their righteous souls from day to day with his ungodly deeds; but—true Christians as they were—their unflinching kindness surrounded him like the sunshine, and to me the quick upspringing of good desires and impulses in his soul was a daily marvel. And when the time came that he put the stolen knife in my hand and laid his head down and cried—tears that neither kicks nor blows could have wrung from him—that we should think him a thief, what could I do but take him in my arms and say, “No, you are not a thief; the boy who did that wicked thing is gone and he’ll never come back again.”

And when the summer vacation was over and he was back in the filthy den he called home, do you

think I could rest, knowing that the boy who had sat by my side at table and been my companion in country wanderings was going cold and half-fed, and sleeping at night with only a ragged quilt between him and the bare floor? It was not duty nor charity, but the drawings of a strong personal interest that impelled me to see that he was placed where the growth of new desires and aspirations should not be crushed out by sin and poverty. And when after months of anxious endeavour this was accomplished, could any reward be sweeter than the knowledge that he is growing day by day into true Christian manhood, and that I had helped in saving him?

But when we meet these people on the footing of patron dispensing alms to a pauper, we shall doubtless see much to jar upon refined sensibilities. It is a professional attitude—the question merely one of getting and giving. So much professional charity for so much palaver. There may be a sort of pity, but there is no love or sympathy about it. The poor see in the rich a reservoir of the things they want and haven’t got, and they use the means at hand to get them. If they believed that the giving was an expression of personal, kindly interest, or cost real self-denial on the part of the giver, the case would be altogether different. The greatest danger the deaconess has to contend with is this danger of professionalism, and it is greatly increased by the immense field given to one worker.

We need more deaconesses, but

there will never be enough to take from any single member of Christ's kingdom the responsibility of loving and caring for those of his weaker brothers who come in this way. Rev. Barnett, one of the first settlement workers in London, said, "If to-morrow every one who cares for the poor would become the friend of one poor person, forsaking all others, there would next week be no insoluble problem of the unemployed, and London would be within measurable distance of becoming a city of happy homes."

But to become the friend of a person does not mean simply to give him material things. It is not all of love to give—love might absolutely refuse to give in this way, while making it possible for the other to earn what he needs. The best gift Christ gave to the world was not loaves and fishes to the hungry, nor even health to the sick, but the gift of Himself. And so we must give ourselves to the world; our time, our talents, our education, our interest, our sympathy,—whatever the Creator has endowed us with, be it much or little; first of all to those nearest and most dependent on us—for charity does begin at home—and after that to all who come within the sphere of our influence. Charity may also end at home, but only after it has taken the whole round world in its embrace.

To properly help a person we must know him. To sympathize with another we must enter into his circumstances and life. Put ourselves, in imagination at least, in his place. Christ did that for us in reality. "Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses," and can we not afford to enter into these dwarfed and sunless lives, through kindly sympathy and help?

With all our ostentatious system of benevolences, there is among

the best of us a pitiful lack of real charity. We judge those people, whose lives have been so different from ours, by our own standards. "I have always worked hard and been careful and saving," says one, "and if others would do the same they might be as well off as I," but he does not consider that the very strength of character which enabled him to do that was a gift of God to him, through healthful parentage, early influence, and education. Men and women are not created equal. Some are no more responsible for being weak, indolent, and vacillating, than for having a short nose or a retreating chin. They stand no chance in the battle of life; but if such a weakling were our brother, what would be our conduct toward him?

But poverty and ill-luck are not always due to lack of enterprise. The best and bravest often go down in the bitter struggle for bread. One of our deaconesses was present in a wretched home one day when the husband and father returned from an all day's fruitless search for work. He said that, at a certain place where work was being done on an elevated railroad, he had stood with one hundred and fifty men, who waited from morning until night, with no dinner, ready to take a chance opening in the ranks of workmen. If one of the workers should get killed by an accident, or become sick, or fall out for any cause, some one of the one hundred and fifty would seize the spade almost before it could fall from his hand. These men only asked leave to toil for their daily bread.

Often what we call shiftlessness is semi-starvation. The strongest and best of us will find his energy flagging when the dinner hour passes without the welcome call. If then he should attempt to satisfy his appetite with a slice or two of baker's bread and a cup of

cheap tea, and should have the same bill of fare served up for breakfast, dinner and supper, for one week even, I doubt whether he would not discover some little shiftlessness lurking in his own nature; and after a few months of this meagre diet his business ability might become somewhat impaired, and even his prayers might lack something of their usual fervour. This is not imagination. A deaconess recently found employment for a man who had been out of work for a few weeks and after two hours' labour he came home dripping with perspiration and utterly exhausted. The wages for unskilled labour are so low that the average labourer can barely support his family. The daily wages must go for daily bread, and if sickness comes, or work stops but for a day, starvation stares them in the face.

And this suggests another fruitful cause of apparent shiftlessness. A wise philosopher has said, "Every man is as lazy as he dares to be." But few of us love to work for work's sake; we need an incentive. Most men work now in the hope of saving enough so they can afford to be lazy by-and-bye. The very poor have no such possibility before them. Let them rise early and toil late, let them work their fingers to the bone, they know that at best they can earn but a bare, a toilsome, a joyless existence. What wonder if, sometimes, they decline the task, and decide to enjoy their laziness at least in the present. If some incentive could be placed before them, some bit of pleasure, or comfort, or an occasional rest from toil as a result of their labours, many a good-for-nothing might be transformed into a good-for-something.

These are some of the considerations that should make us charitable in our thought, even to those

"ne'er-do-weels" that seems most trying to our Christian graces. But our charity must be active as well if the Church would recover lost territory. It's not enough for a church even to engage a deaconess, and then go to sleep. Many a deaconess could best perform her mission by making herself a persistent thorn in the flesh to her church. The church should be a centre of religious life, and the deaconess the connecting link between centre and circumference.

And religious life—religious living—what should it not mean? He was a wise man who said, "There is no secular." If there is anything in life, business, politics, dress, amusement, social intercourse, education, anything into which can enter no question of right and wrong, that thing may be considered outside the pale of church interest. But if religion is an element of every-day life, and not something to be laid off and on with the Sunday bonnet, why should not the church interest itself in the bodies and brains as well as the souls of its people? Why not have an employment bureau, reading rooms and gymnasium under its direction, as well as sermons and prayer-meetings?

It is well for the church to keep to its high level of spirituality, but it must let down the steps by which those who are hardly conscious of spiritual needs can climb to its level. There is no other way. Why should not every woman be a deaconess to her washerwoman, and her poor neighbour; and every man a deacon to his clerk, or his employees? For deacon means only helper, servant; Paul declared himself "your servant, for Jesus' sake," and even our divine Master "took upon Himself the form of a servant," and so made service for love's sake forever glorious.

A few city churches, realizing

the value and need of these forms of Christian service, are adopting them under the name of institutional churches. May their number be increased! Such churches have power to draw men and women to Christ. A deaconess working for such a church has something wherewith to answer the objections of those who say the Church cares nothing for the poor. And they attract not the very poor alone but the better labouring classes as well. The socialist in bitter rebellion against oppression, and groping blindly after the idea of the true brotherhood of man, finds in it the spirit of Christian helpfulness. He does not antagonize the real spirit of Christianity, but he has come to believe it is not in the churches, for he has not seen it manifested as he understands it. But when he sees Christians really loving their neighbours, and lending them a helping hand, he recognizes it as the gospel of humanity.

A certain deaconess belongs to a church that is working somewhat on these lines. She was canvassing one day in a district that presented the usual extremes of wealth and poverty, but all classes seemed about equally godless and uncaring. At one door she was met by a woman whose face, as soon as she made known her errand, took on a repellent expression. She was a woman of considerable education and decided opinions, but she wanted nothing whatever to do with churches. As for her sending her children to Sunday-school, she wouldn't listen to such a thing. At first the deaconess was tempted to accept the suggestion of the half-open door and the forbidding face and make a retreat, but thinking, "I may not pass this way again," she gently persisted.

In speaking of the social work of her church the deaconess first

won from the woman an expression of interest. The church was always open; each evening presented some attraction of a social, religious or educational nature—that particular evening it was a popular lecture by a well-known speaker. The subject pleased her; she thought her husband "might like to hear it." A little tactfully expressed interest drew out the facts that the husband was an infidel, a strong socialist and a leader among his companions. She herself had been raised a Roman Catholic, but had broken with that Church and had grown very bitter against all Churches, believing them filled with either hypocrites or narrow-minded bigots and formalists. But her promise was at last won to come for the evening lecture, if her husband could be persuaded to come with her.

They came. The deaconess met them and introduced them to the pastor and other friends. They liked the atmosphere and came again, bringing two young lady boarders, stenographers. They came again, bringing a neighbour—one who had formerly been a personal friend of Robert Ingersoll. Before long the children were sent to Sunday-school, the mother explaining privately to the deaconess that she feared they might be imbibing infidel beliefs from their father. The father himself called for them at the close of the first session of the school and remarked confidentially to the deaconess that he was "really very glad to have them attend," as he had begun to fear that they might be getting Roman Catholic superstitions from their mother. Before long the mother and the two young lady boarders were kneeling at the altar during a religious meeting, earnestly seeking Christ. The husband says that, "If there is such a thing as religion, they've

got it in the brick church on the corner, and if there is a Christian in Chicago, the deaconess is one." He has been earnestly entreating her to induce his aged and somewhat irascible father and mother to attend church. He evidently believes that religion is a good thing to have, in the family at least.

And so, if church and deaconess work together the people may be reached and brought back to Christ and the Church; but if she is left to work alone, she can do simply one woman's work, no more. The church has a right to demand much of a deaconess, but it cannot expect her to do single-handed the work of a corporation, and preserve the disposition of an angel. As she enters the work she is simply a young woman, who desires to devote her life to Christian service. She has spent eight months, perhaps, in a Training School. She has learned something of the Bible, something of history, something of many things that will be of use to her; but she has still much to learn. She has barely skimmed the shores of the great ocean of human misery and sin, with its mystery of pain. Yet too often she finds laid upon her inexperienced shoulders the whole burden of the charitable work of the church. She has to meet difficulties that would tax the wisdom of a Solomon, the faith of a Paul, and the diplomacy of a Tallyrand.

Often there is no one in her field to whom she can go for advice and counsel. The pastor has his hands and his heart full of pastoral duties, and no one else seems particularly interested. Perhaps she has heard herself called an "angel of mercy," but she would gladly exchange the responsibilities of angelhood for a little hearty, womanly sympathy and co-operation—not for her own but for the work's sake. We should remem-

ber that in Paul's opinion Phoebe was not at all an angel, not merely a servant, but she was also "our sister." The servitude must be of grace and not of necessity, else there were no graciousness in it.

The deaconess as an ambassador of Christ should be worthy of respect. Not necessarily informed on all the niceties of etiquette, nor learned in the wisdom of the schools, but self-respecting and of gentle manners. Not for a moment should she be made to consider herself a pauper, even though she trusts the Church for her support, while she gives to the world the labour of brain, and heart and hands.

This, then, is our plea to the Church—for sisterly sympathy and co-operation. Ruskin has said, "If you don't want the kingdom of Christ to come, don't pray for it. If you do, you must do more than pray for it, you must work for it." But to him who works comes the glorious blessing of the "Inasmuch."

You have read in the Vision of Sir Launfal how Christ in the guise of a wayside beggar sat at the gate of the palace, and when the proud knight scornfully flung him a piece of gold as he rode past he refused it, saying,

"Better to me is the poor man's crust,  
Better the blessing of the poor,  
Though I turn me, empty, from his door.  
That is no true alms that the hand can  
hold,—  
They give nothing but worthless gold  
That give from a sense of duty."

But when the proud knight came back a disappointed, heart-broken man, and shared with him his last crust and a cup of cold water from the spring, how the bent form rose, and towered, shining with celestial brightness, while the voice of the Crucified One said: "Who gives himself with his alms feeds three, himself, his suffering neighbour, and Me!"

## THAT OTHER MAN'S CONSCIENCE.

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

To what extent should my conduct be determined by another man's conscience? This is an ethical question of great practical importance. St. Paul plainly teaches that occasions arise when in deference to the conscience of a weaker brother, abstinence from what is itself innocent, assumes the dignity of a Christian obligation. "For conscience' sake : conscience, I say, not thine own, but the other's" (1 Cor. x. 29). I may be fully persuaded that for me a certain course of conduct is blameless, but for the sake of "that other man," I may be impelled to refrain from what is not only lawful, but, according to my judgment, actually wholesome.

These instances are cited by St. Paul, when the purely lawful must yield to the lovable :

1. Abstinence from what we ourselves regard as innocent should be practised when the exercise of our liberty imperils the spiritual life of a weaker brother. "Let us not therefore judge one another any more; but judge ye this rather, that no man put a stumbling-block in his neighbour's way, or an occasion of falling. . . . For, if because of meat thy brother is grieved, thou walkest no longer in love. Destroy not him with thy meat for whom Christ died. . . . It is good not to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor to do anything whereby thy brother stumbleth." (Rom. xiv. 13, 15, 21.)

This counsel gains in weight when it is remembered that St. Paul's sympathies were undoubtedly with those in Rome and Corinth who stood for liberty. To him the eating of meat which had been consecrated to idols was per-

fectly innocent. But if this innocent practice imperilled the spiritual welfare of any observer, let it be abandoned. He who cheerfully follows this advice most closely walks in His footsteps "who pleased not Himself." Nothing could have pleased Jesus which was not in its very nature and essence worthy of Him. But He refused to indulge Himself in the good that He might gain and do what was better. This is the real meaning of sacrifice, when this much used word is interpreted in the terms of New Testament teaching. He only knows what Christian self-sacrifice is who puts away the good, that he may attain the better, and this is done by all who hold their liberty under bondage to love, to the love which "seeketh not her own."

2. Abstinence from what is abstractly right should be practised when our reputation is endangered through the exercise of our liberty. "Let not then your good be evil spoken of" (Romans xiv. 16). There are perfectly innocent acts which a man cannot perform in certain communities without a loss of reputation amongst those whom he would serve. Ignorance, crass stupidity, may lie at the root of the conscientiousness which is thus grieved. Nevertheless, the Christian worker cannot afford to throw away any fragment of his capital by weakening his influence unnecessarily. Hence, for the sake of his reputation, innocent pleasures and occupations must be refrained from lest the "good be evil spoken of."

3. We should refrain from the exercise of Christian liberty, in deference to "that other man's"

conscience, when the exercise of our freedom imperils the harmony of the Church. "So then let us follow after things which make for peace, and things whereby we may edify one another. Overthrow not for thy meat's sake the work of God" (Rom. xiv. 19). An organ is a good thing with which to lead the musical service of the sanctuary, yet the time has been when lovers of good music felt it their duty to sacrifice their taste to promote a higher harmony. There are many good things which we can afford to do without rather than to give rise to disputings in the Church. A congregation was divided, a few years ago, into two camps, resulting ultimately in the erection of a new place of worship, over the form of the communion table; one section of the congregation insisting that the table must have legs, the other section insisting that the Holy Communion could not be properly administered except from a legless table! Personal preference, even when supported by canons of good taste, must give way when the introduction of a good, but not essential thing, means the disturbance of the peace of Zion.

But are there no limits to the application of this law which St. Paul so forcefully illustrates? Must my walk be determined in every particular by the conscience of my brother? The question is answered in asking. Christian liberty is forever at an end if the conscience of "that other man" is to be the invariable rule of behaviour; the wiser, more progressive and bolder spirits must, in such an event, be held in slavery to the unenlightened consciences of the feebler and more timid.

That the invariable sacrifice of Christian liberty to the law of conduct set up by "that other man's" conscience would be a loss attended by no commensurate

gain appears when it is remembered that conscience is not meant as an infallible guide to conduct. Conscience, as Dr. Clay Trumbull so well points out, is the voice of the Divine within us calling upon us to do right. But conscience must be instructed as to what right is. The men and women who sold slaves a hundred years ago were, many of them, as obedient to the voice of conscience as is the most pronounced opponent of the slave traffic at this hour. Saul the Pharisee was as conscientious as Paul the Apostle. To put one's conduct, therefore, under the invariable control of the conscience of another, would be as silly as to govern the course of a ship by a confessedly inaccurate compass.

This becomes the more obvious when the meaning of the expression a "weak conscience" is fully understood. It differs widely from a "tender conscience." A tender conscience is something to be greatly desired; a weak conscience is ignorant, suspicious, uncertain of its ground, destitute of the strength which results from proper exercise and development. A tender conscience is not quick to obtrude itself upon the notice of others or to insist upon the application of its convictions to the conduct of others; a weak conscience is generally assertive and tyrannical, seeking to dominate the actions of mankind at large. Hence personal, intelligent Christian liberty must occasionally assert itself against the attempt of brethren of weak conscience to rule society. There are times when I must not conform to the laws of conduct which "that other man's" conscience would impose upon me.

"That other man's conscience" ceases to be a law of conduct, when respect to our brother's scruples would lead us not only to forego our rights but to neglect



our duties. We may, sometimes should, waive rights in deference to the mistaken scruples of a weaker brother, but nothing can free us from the obligation to obey the voice of duty. A pastor, for example, may decline to exercise the right which he enjoys as a citizen, of taking an open and active share in a political contest, when no great moral question divides the political parties. But should one party commit itself to the adoption of a platform, which includes as a main plank a moral reform, and should the other party either ignore or oppose this reform, the right of citizenship becomes a duty, from which no plea of offended or grieved conscience on the part of weaker brethren can free him. Active participation in a political contest may become a duty which no protests made in the name of conscience should lead us to evade.

Neither should "that other man's conscience" control my conduct when his unenlightened conscience becomes a tyrant, which, like tyrants everywhere, grows more unreasonable the oftener its claims are conceded. Occasions may arise when the one duty of the hour is the assertion of the doctrine of Christian liberty, and this not for our own sake only, but for "that other man's" sake as well. The life of the Divine Man illustrates this principle. We may suppose that He offended the conscientious scruples of ordinarily good people by His conduct on more than one occasion, notably in regard to the observance of the Sabbath. But He recognized the fact that it was of greater importance that His disciples should be delivered from bondage to unscriptural customs than that the scruples of ignorant men should be regarded with too great tenderness. So, too, St. Paul claims liberty for Gentile con-

verts in opposition to the conscientious efforts of Jewish Christians to bind burdens foreign to the spirit of Christianity upon Gentiles who had embraced the new faith.

To permit the uneducated conscience of spiritually undeveloped men and women to determine the behaviour of an entire Church is to commit a double wrong, first to those whose ignorance is thus flattered, and next to those whose Christian liberty is unduly curtailed. For the sake of the conscience of a weaker brother I may of my own volition resign some portion of my liberty, but when the weaker conscience of "that other man" demands as a right what should be granted as a favour, the time to resist its improper claims has arrived.

"That other man's conscience" can no longer be a guide to conduct, when his scruples are opposed to those of other brethren, whose scruples are equally worthy of consideration. He who seeks to fashion his behaviour in deference to the consciences of others will sometimes find himself met by demands wholly differing in character. One brother protests that his conscience is grieved if his pastor introduces social questions into the pulpit, while the member in the next pew cannot conscientiously listen to the minister whose sermons exhibit such painful indifference to the vital topics of the time. To conform one's life to the demands which weak consciences would thus lay upon us must lead to the abandonment of any settled law of behaviour whatever.

When "that other man's conscience" stamps the purely innocent with an evil reputation it should be resisted. There are wholly innocent forms of pleasure which men of morbid conscience

have called by bad names and forbidden to those who would have found in them wholesome recreation. A man, converted late in life, whose past has been wicked, looks out on life with prejudiced eyes that see harm in what may be entirely harmless. It is a sad pity when his conscience, corrupted and narrowed by years of wrong-doing, dictates the conduct of the pure and innocent. Because his past slavery to sin has defiled his imagination and endowed him with the Satanic quickness of vision that discerns evil where pure eyes see nothing but good, he is unfit to say what is innocent to the innocent. He should learn modesty by his past and forbear to judge men out of his sinful experience. There are enough things forbidden by laws of righteousness without the adding of new sins, in obedience to the perverted judgment of men and women whose unhappy apprenticeship to Satan has dwarfed their minds and unfitted them to believe in the innocency which they have lost. It is a serious mistake to key conduct to the conscientious scruples of those whose consciences work under the evil influences of an evil past. When we do we are almost certain to

call the good evil and the innocent injurious.

Without pursuing our illustrations further, it is plain that "that other man's conscience" cannot be accepted as an infallible rule of conduct, nor even as a safe guide in every instance. Hours will certainly arise when we must oppose ourselves to the weak conscience of our brother, both for his sake and our own. We must try the demands which his conscience makes upon our behaviour by the same rules of reason and Holy Scripture, by which we try our own judgments. "In Thy light shall we see light." Conscience, our own or "that other man's," throws light upon the pathway of duty, but the light is not always clear or certain. A brighter light must be brought to bear upon life's problems. That we shall receive if we follow closely in His footsteps who said, "I am the Light of the world; he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." In the divine light which His Spirit sheds upon duty, we shall be able to distinguish between the "broken lights" which are heavenly in origin, and the "false lights" which we must shun.

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#### GOLDEN ROD.

BY ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

Ere the stout year be waxen shrewd and old,  
 And while the grain upon the well-piled stack  
 Waits yet unthrashed by every woodland track,  
 Low stream and meadow and wide waste out rolled,  
 By every fence that skirts the forest wold,  
 Sudden and thick, as at the reaper's hail,  
 They come companions of the harvest, frail  
 Green forests yellowing upward into gold.  
 Lo! where yon shaft of level sunshine gleams  
 Full on those pendent wreaths, those bounteous plumes  
 So gracious, and so golden! Mark them well:  
 The last and best from summer's empty looms,  
 Her benedicite, and dream of dreams,  
 The fulness of her soul made visible.

## STORIES OF THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.

BY MISS M. MURRAY.

Says Carlyle, "No nobler feeling than that of admiration for one higher than himself dwells in the breast of man. It is to this hour and at all hours the vivifying influence in man's life." Drawn on by this divine instinct, with what unflagging interest we follow again and again the heroes of old in their struggle to make the right prevail. How we turn to the exploits of Achilles, of Lancelot, of King Arthur, to satisfy our thirst for the heroic! These days in comparison seem dull, prosaic, materialistic. Yet one is tempted to think that it is but another case of the old saying, of not being able to see the woods for the trees. For right at our door, along the border between this country and the United States, were enacted deeds of the most brilliant heroism.

"Looking back," wrote Mr. Conway, who knew the work well, "looking back over the centuries to the Crusaders, led by the fire-heart of Peter the Hermit to rescue the holy places of Palestine from the infidel's tread, we are thrilled by the devotion of men who went to their graves as to their beds, that the sepulchre of the Holiest might become the shrine of the believer; yet I must believe that, when time has given the needed perspective, the romance that clings to those heroes of a creed will fade beside the halo that will shine around the head of the crusaders in that moral struggle whose higher object has been to rescue the holy places of humanity—not the sepulchre of Christ, but the shrine of His living presence."

And who were these "modern crusaders," these "mighty men of valour"? Though quite unfamiliar to many of us, doubtless the names of John Woolman, William Garrison, Levi Coffin, and John Brown are held sacred in

many a humble home in the vicinity of Windsor or of Niagara Falls. Almost a century before the general awakening of the American conscience to the wrongs of slavery, the humble followers of George Fox had felt with Saint Chrysostom that "the true Shekinah is man." They had realized the truth, "There is but one temple in the universe and that is the body of man. Nothing is holier than that high form. We touch heaven when we lay our hand on a human body."

In the early years, while yet the Church was silent, we find William Garrison and a few "insignificant persons" raising their voices in solemn protest against the whips and chains of the South. When some of Garrison's friends objected that he was too harsh, too bitter in his denunciations of the slave-owners, he answered, "I have need to be all on fire, for I have mountains of ice about me to melt. I am in earnest. I will not equivocate; I will not excuse; I will not retreat a single inch—and I will be heard." And he was heard. Gradually the people of the North began to see that a negro is a man in spite of his colour, and that in virtue of his manhood he really has a soul. Like all great changes the work was slow, very slow, yet,

"Even now we hear with inward strife  
A motion toiling in the gloom -  
The spirit of the years to come  
Yearning to mix itself with life."

Many a time the very efforts of the friend of the slave to help him but increased his sufferings, so it was necessary that those who would aid them in their escape must do so secretly. By far the

largest part of this work of helping runaways across to Canada was done by the Quakers. One of the most prominent names in this connection was that of Levi Coffin, the "President of the Underground Railroad." That he was the originator of this undertaking is not at all sure, as the beginnings of an organization, the "sine qua non" of which was secrecy, are naturally a little hazy. Certain it is, however, that he was one of its most successful "station-masters," and that hundreds of slaves were sheltered in his home on their way north.

Just who gave the name is also doubtful, but it is said that Southerners, who had suffered the loss of valuable black merchandise spirited away north by some unaccountable means, declared that there must be an underground railroad to Canada, and that Levi Coffin must be the president, because they never could trace their "goods" beyond his house.

For a long time the work was carried on piecemeal by scattered individuals, but about 1838 there seems to have been a formal organization of this great secret order, with Philadelphia, the "city of brotherly love," as the central depot from which the various "lines" extended north and south. The society in no way intended that its agents should entice slaves from their owners. Their sole aim was to aid systematically those who had succeeded in escaping, to prevent their recapture and to pass them on as speedily as possible to that Arcadia of the slave—Canada.

We, who are so prone to take our free, happy life under the Union Jack as a matter of course, find it almost impossible to realize the full richness of meaning which that one word "Canada" had for the slave in his sufferings worse than death. To him Canada was

synonymous with freedom, home, love, life. In the South he had no rights, absolutely none; his ties of family and kindred were formed only to be rudely broken the instant his master saw that he could make a good bargain or felt the need of a few hundred extra dollars. In Canada he might have to work as hard, but that was nothing, for he would not be in danger of having his wife or children snatched away from him at a moment's notice, and he would be allowed to enjoy peacefully the fruit of his labours.

But to reach this far-off country was no easy task. It took not only wits and perseverance but money, and of the latter the slave had none. Many and many a time the fugitives, on arriving at "stations," had to be fed and clothed and sometimes even nursed back to health and strength before they were fit to pass on. To supply this need, large sums of money were freely given by the friends, who indeed hardly dared let their left hand know what their right hand was doing. The utmost secrecy was necessary. There could be no bazaars, no subscription lists, no public appeal at all.

"This was the only railroad in America where the shareholders looked for no dividend. 'To take stock' in this enterprise meant to be called on for constant contributions, with no bond but 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these.' It was not every prosperous citizen who cared to invest time and money upon such security." Some would give money and clothes without caring to risk becoming "station-masters" or "conductors." As Levi Coffin said, "Some seemed really glad to see the work go on, if somebody else would do it!" And it did go on in spite of all difficulties until more than twenty

thousand persons had passed through the hands of its agents.

During the long, dark years before the war, "business" was exceedingly active. Constant communication was kept up between "stations," and to prevent discovery the members carried out the significance of the name and used the technical business terms to describe their runaway consignments. "Valuable stock," "a package of merchandise," or "two large and two small hams," might mean much in those days. Or a telegram such as, "Pay forty-three dollars to Doctor Peck on my account," might fully explain to the recipient that in a certain state-room on a certain steamer was a "client" who would need to be forwarded north.

Many are the thrilling tales told of the adventures of these "passengers" in their frantic efforts to reach Canada and freedom, via the Underground Railroad. One capital story is told by Levi Coffin of two slave-girls who, after escaping from Kentucky and passing through perils unheard of, took refuge at Cabin Creek with their grandparents, free coloured people. Thither in a short time came their late master, "to buy cattle," he said, but the girls' beating hearts told them too well his real errand.

As there was a considerable settlement of free negroes in the place, he had to proceed cautiously, so he had a writ made out, and protected by an officer and a number of roughs he made his way to the cabin. Being warned of their coming visitors, the coloured men quickly gathered together, and, her husband being absent, the grandmother, nothing daunted, held the door-way, fiercely brandishing a corn-cutter. An uncle of the girls with quick wit asked to see the writ, examined it carefully detail by detail, and by causing a little delay gave his nieces time to

change their clothes for those of boys. So disguised, right before the face of their master, they passed out with some other negroes and slipped off to a grove where horses were awaiting them.

As soon as he knew that they were well off, the uncle acknowledged that the writ seemed after all to be sound, the old woman lowered her weapon and the search began. Into every nook and cranny they peered, but no girls anywhere. Not only the coloured folk, but even some of the whites who were looking on, enjoyed the joke and advised the baffled slave-hunter to search the floor for the hole through which his property had escaped along the Underground Railroad! Meanwhile, the girls, after a brisk ride, reached Levi Coffin's house safely, spent some hours under a couple of feather beds and were finally sent to Canada.

But not all the fugitives escaped so easily. Many were the expedients used, the hardships encountered. Some verily went through fire and water. Three men actually stowed themselves away close to the boiler of a steamboat, where they were almost choked to death with the heat and dust. Turn about they would crawl cautiously to a tiny opening for a breath of air. Others, hiding in cargoes of turpentine and tar, suffered tortures from the blistering effect of their environment. It is rather interesting to note, by the way, that one of the men who went through the latter experience afterwards became Honourable Abram Galloway, member of the Senate of North Carolina.

One man squeezed himself into a box three feet by two, and with some biscuits, a skin of water and a gimlet as companions, was actually passed on as freight from the agent at Richmond to the one

at Philadelphia. Here, although having travelled much of the way standing on his head, he arrived in good condition, a little stiff, perhaps, but still with energy enough to give vent to his thankfulness in the words of the Psalmist, "I waited patiently for the Lord, and He heard my prayer," much to the delight of his Quaker friends, who immediately christened him Henry Box Brown.

One of the most remarkable agents of the Underground Railroad was Harriet Tubman, a full-blooded negress, herself for twenty-five years a slave. Having crossed the "magic line," she decided that if she could manage it, many another should enjoy with her the sweets of freedom. She succeeded in carrying off not only all her own family, but nearly three hundred other slaves. From her success in leading her people out of their land of bondage, she was nicknamed "Moses." This very ordinary-looking black woman seems to have possessed the utmost courage and shrewdness, and wherever she went her word was law. She always carried a gun or a revolver, and if one of her contingent showed the slightest signs of wavering, he soon found out that it was to be a case of "do or die."

Among her proteges was a young man named Joe. His early life was not unbearable, but in the course of time he was sold to a new master, who immediately proceeded to flog him as a sort of necessary preliminary to his new service. Joe took it calmly enough apparently, but that evening he went over to some friends of Harriet with the request, "Next time Moses comes, let me know." As a result, a week or two after "Moses," with Joe, his brother and a couple of others, had arrived safely opposite Wilmington,

in Delaware. They were closely followed, and as large rewards were offered for them, there was no time to lose. How to cross the carefully guarded bridge was the puzzle. By some means Harriet got word over to the good Quaker, Thomas Garrett, the "station-master" at that point, and he gladly came to the rescue. He got a big waggon and sent it across the bridge filled with bricklayers, shouting and singing as if off into the country for a grand time. At twilight the party drove home as merry as ever, but with five more happy passengers lying in the bottom of the waggon.

Joe, however, did not yet feel safe. He must see Canada first, must feel his feet clinging to free British soil. As the train on which they were bound north neared the bridge below Niagara Falls, the others burst into singing, but Joe was still too anxious to shout before he was quite out of the wood. He sat perfectly motionless with his head buried in his hands waiting for—he hardly knew what! As the train was crossing the bridge, the others called to him excitedly to come and see the wonderful sight.

"Joe, come look at de Falls! Joe, you fool you—come see de Falls! it's your last chance."

But Joe could not be stirred. A minute later, when they were really across, on the descent from the middle of the bridge, "Moses" could stand it no longer. She rushed over, and shaking him fiercely, exclaimed:

"Joe, you've shook de lion's paw! Joe, you're free!"

Then the strong man, who could stand the greatest physical suffering without a quiver, burst into hysterical sobbing and singing, so much did the touch of Canadian soil, the breath of free British air mean to these men.

One man, Stanford, who had

a terrible struggle to escape his pursuers, who, in fact, after his first escape to St. Catharines, was kidnapped in the middle of the night and carried back, on reaching the Canadian side, "leaped on shore, rolled himself in the sand, and even rubbed it into his hair in the wildness of his delight at finding himself once more on free soil."

In the early days, before the definite organization of the Underground Railroad, when friends were few and far between, and one dare ask for guidance of no one on the way, it was often a struggle of months and months to reach the longed-for border. John Little, enjoying prosperity years after as a respected Canadian farmer, tells an interesting story of his experiences in trying to reach the North. As a child he was comparatively happy, but when a little over twenty, his master got into debt and he was sold to a man who had the reputation of being a most successful negro-breaker.

Now began Little's troubles. His broken-hearted mother, having been deprived of all her children, he thought it not unreasonable to ask permission to spend the next Sunday with her. Accordingly, on Saturday night he humbly asked for a pass.

"No, I don't allow my niggers to run about Sundays," was the pious reply.

So John took "French leave." On his return Sunday evening, he was left alone to his meditations, but the next morning his master was ready for him. In spite of his plea, "I wanted to see my mother very bad," he was tied to a tree and the overseer was told to give him five hundred lashes with a bull-hide whip. After the first hundred there was a pause, which the master used for hurling the most abusive language at his helpless slave. Then came another

instalment of lashes, and when the poor bleeding, fainting wretch was taken down, by order of his considerate master his wounds were well bathed with salt and water. After having iron rings fettered to his ankles and being kept in stocks all night, he was brought out in the morning to receive fifty more blows—this time with the paddle. At the third stroke he fainted, and on reviving was sent out into the field to work as usual.

In those fetters he worked for three months, the iron eating into his ankle-bones. Still, in spite of all his master's efforts, John could not be "broken in." "I made up my mind," said he, "that if he would find whips, I would find back." So far he had not heard of the North and freedom. Finally his master, finding it impossible to "break him in," planned to have him shipped to New Orleans. While waiting to sail he managed to slip off, and lurked in the woods for some days, hoping to be sold "running" to some neighbour with whom he might have a more bearable life.

After passing through the hands of several owners, all more or less cruel, he heard of Canada and hope. Accordingly, he and his wife (for he had married in the meantime), resolved that if freedom was to be had they would at least make the effort to gain it. Little slipped out first and arranged a plan of escape for his wife who was sick at the time. Just at the last moment they were betrayed, and Mrs. Little was dragged to a swamp, to be out of the way of the ears of the people going to church, and was brutally flogged, to make her tell where her husband was hidden. But it was of no avail, and while fetters were being made to fit her wrists and ankles, she escaped and man-

aged to join her husband. That night and the next were spent in awful anxiety under the close pursuit of their master and a band of armed slaves.

When it was at last safe for them to leave the dense woods, they started for Canada, to them then little more than a name, a far-away hope. It was a long, long journey across several large States. Not daring to ask for directions, they often lost their way. All day they had to lie hidden, while at night they resumed their journey, guided on by the North Star. One Wednesday they found themselves back at the same guide-post which they had passed the Sunday night before. Several times they encountered enemies, from whose hands they barely escaped. Still on they kept, and at last they reached Chicago, where sympathizing friends were soon found to help them across the line.

Roughing it in the woods of Canada was nothing after all they had gone through. They both showed what stuff they were made of, and fourteen years later saw John Little able to boast that he had over one hundred acres of land under good cultivation, and that he could at any time lend or borrow two thousand dollars, and Mrs. Little rejoicing in a horse and carriage and in the happy consciousness that in all the stores she was treated with just as much respect as if her skin had been white. Is it any wonder that these people were ready to sing with the deepest feeling, "God save the Queen!"

By way of contrast we might glance at the story of Helen and William Craft. The former, being quite fair, dressed herself like a fashionable young planter, and took her husband along under the guise of servant. To prevent discovery, she had her face tied up

as if suffering from toothache, wore goggles, put her arm in a sling, affected lameness and deafness, and in every way showed herself dependent on her faithful slave. They met with no delay until they reached Baltimore, where on going to buy tickets for himself and his master, the servant was told that he could not pass on until some responsible white person gave bonds for him. Craft's last hope was in "Southern bounce," so, after repeating several times the story that his master was sick, and being on his way to Philadelphia to consult medical aid, might die if detained, he ended by declaring most emphatically, "My master cannot be detained!"

This fortunately had the desired effect. "Scarcely had they arrived on free soil when the rheumatism departed, the right arm was unslung, the toothache was gone, the beardless face was unmuffled, the deaf heard and spoke, the blind saw, and the lame leaped as a hart."

Comparatively few slaves, of course, were able to escape by such devices. The vast majority won their freedom at very heavy cost, as in the case of the Littles. Still here and there we find cases of remarkable enterprise in which the black men showed themselves daring in the extreme. One case is told of three negroes, who, evidently having a good supply of money at their disposal, hired a liveried carriage, bribed a poor white to play the master, and actually drove coolly off into Canada, no one saying them nay.

Another audacious fellow, named Jim, after spending a week or two in Canada, "went coolly back to the old plantation, stolidly cringing like a whipped dog before his master, as if he had been away only for a holiday, and, after having been duly saluted with a vol-



ley of abuse, humbly explained that he had indeed run to Canada, knowing no better, but was now come home a sadder and wiser darkey. He was sick of liberty and having to take care of himself. Canada was a cold place, where white folks cheated niggers out of their wages. He had found out what sort of people those abolitionists really were: a mean set who pretended to help slaves to get work out of them without paying for it!"

This new doctrine, being very pleasant to his master's ears, Jim was restored to all his former glory with the added honour of being considered a "missionary of content" among his fellows. That autumn and winter he served his master faithfully, but the spring saw him making his second trip to Canada, this time taking with him not only his family but a few friends, so that he might not again be homesick for "the old Kentucky shore!"

There is one man who deserves more than the mere passing notice

which space permits us to give him. Old John Brown has become an historic character, and his name is now a household word in America. He is perhaps the hero of his time. Many a bold stroke of business did he and his six stalwart sons do for the Underground Railway. It was of him that Victor Hugo wrote: "What the South slew last December was not John Brown, but slavery."

And it was true. These men had not worked and fought and died in vain. Right must prevail. The time was not far off when Levi Coffin could gratefully resign his office as President of the Underground Railroad, when the Government of the United States took on its broad shoulders the burden so long borne by a few "fanatics," when the company found themselves bound to declare: "The stock of the Underground Railroad is gone down in the market; the business is spoiled; the road is of no further use."

Kingston, Ont.

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### VESPER HYMN.

BY E. SCUDDER.

The day is done; the weary day of thought and toil is past,  
Soft falls the twilight cool and gray on the tired earth at last:  
By wisest teachers wearied, by gentlest friends oppressed,  
In Thee alone, the soul outworn, refreshment finds and rest.

Bend, gracious Spirit, from above, like these o'er-arching skies,  
And to thy firmament of love lift up these longing eyes;  
And, folded by Thy sheltering hand, in refuge still and deep,  
Let blessed thoughts from Thee descend, as drop the dews of sleep.

And when refreshed the soul once more puts on new life and power;  
Oh, let thine image, Lord, alone, gild the first waking hour!  
Let that dear Presence dawn and glow, fairer than morn's first ray,  
And Thy pure radiance overflow the splendour of the day.

So in the hastening even, so in the coming morn,  
When deeper slumber shall be given and fresher life be born,  
Shine out, true light! to guide my way amidst the deepening gloom,  
And rise, O morning Star, the first that day-spring to illumine!

I cannot dread the darkness where thou wilt watch o'er me,  
Nor smiling greet the sunrise unless Thy smile I see;  
Creator, Saviour, Comforter! on Thee my soul is cast:  
At morn, at night, in earth, in Heaven, be Thou my first and last.

## FLEMISH PICTURES.

BY W. H. WITHROW AND HERBERT PEARSON.

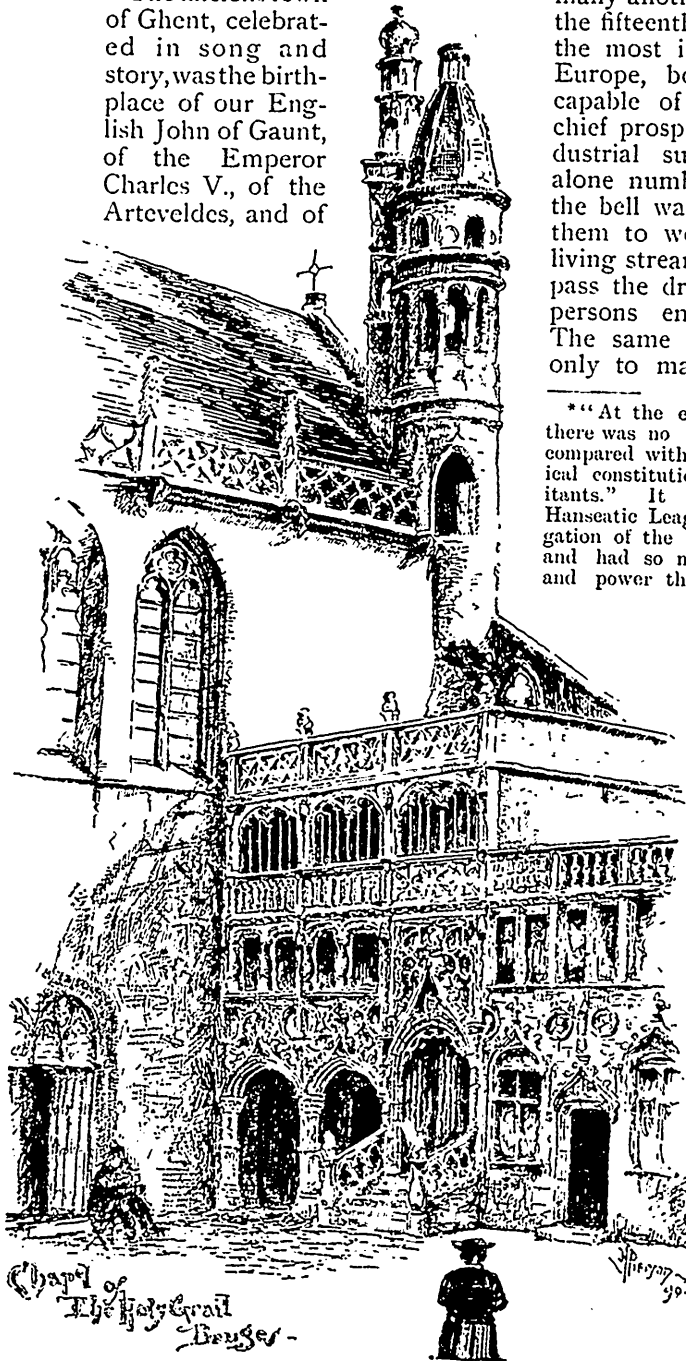
The ancient town of Ghent, celebrated in song and story, was the birth-place of our English John of Gaunt, of the Emperor Charles V., of the Arteveldes, and of

many another famed in history. In the fifteenth century it was one of the most important free cities of Europe, boasting 80,000 citizens capable of bearing arms.\* Its chief prosperity arose from its industrial supremacy, its weavers alone numbering 40,000. When the bell was rung that summoned them to work, so great was the living stream that no vessels might pass the drawbridges, nor private persons enter the public ways. The same bell is still rung, but only to make more striking the

\*"At the end of the fifteenth century there was no town in Christendom to be compared with Ghent for power, for political constitution, or culture of its inhabitants." It was the chief city of the Hanseatic League, obtained the free navigation of the Rhine and other privileges, and had so much increased in wealth and power that it surpassed Paris. It

has now a university attended by about four hundred students, and twenty public hospitals, one dating from 1225, which can accommodate six hundred persons. It was here that the Duke of Alva lighted the fires of the Inquisition in the Netherlands, and by a fine poetic justice it was here that the confederation was formed for the expulsion of the Spaniards from the country. It was in the *Friday Market*, or *Friday Square*, that Van Artevelde kindled the flames of the Civil War.

The twin city of Bruges is still more pathetic in its decay. In the fifteenth century it was one of the great commercial emporiums in the world; the chief resort for English, Lombard, and Venetian merchants. It had a large share in the commerce of the globe, while its manufactures, especially in tapestry, excelled all others.

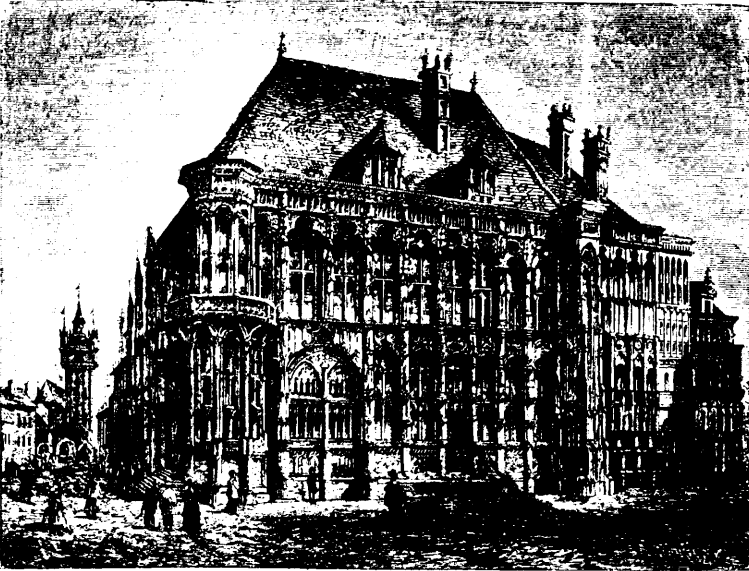


Chapel of  
The Holy Grail  
Bruges -

contrast between its once surging thron and its now quiet and, in part, grass-grown streets. The old historic city has an air of fallen splendour, and of mouldering decay, that is almost pathetic. So great was its ancient prosperity that Charles V., playing upon the meaning of the name—from which we have the word gauntlet—said to Francis I.: “Je mettrai votre

is fire, when I ring there is victory in the land.”\*

The day on which I visited it was the fete of the Assumption of the Virgin, and the church was crowded with worshippers. A procession of priests in crimson, purple and gold, accompanied by vergers with crosses, halberds, and maces, and peasants in blue blouses and wooden shoes, passed



THE TOWN HALL, GHENT.

From the balcony of this building the Emperor Charles V. addressed the citizens of Ghent, his native town.

Paris dans mon gant,”—“I will put your Paris into my glove.”

The venerable Church of St. Bavon, unattractive and plain without, is exceedingly magnificent with the armorial bearings of the Knights of the Golden Fleece within. At the summit of its lofty spire, is a golden dragon, captured in 1204 from St. Sophia at Constantinople. The chimes of the bells are wonderfully sweet, and ever and anon booms the great bell which bears the legend, “My name is Roland; when I toll there

through the aisles, while the deep-toned organ shook the solid walls.

The Hotel de Ville has an excellent flamboyant facade with a huge and massive tower fronting a square surrounded by Spanish houses, in which, in a conflict of stormy guilds, 500 men were slain 500 years ago. I visited the famous Beguinage, a little suburb surrounded by its own moat and walls, with eighteen convents, con-

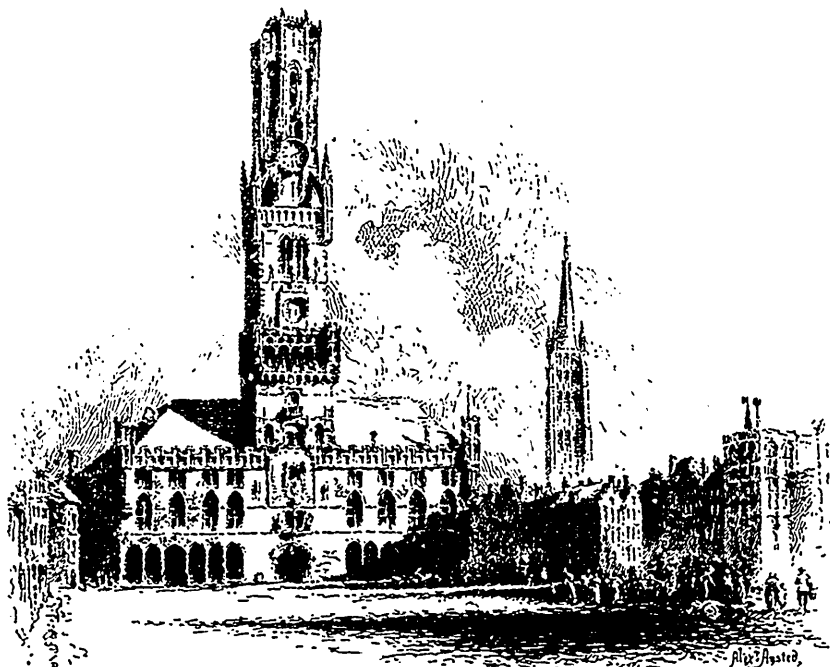
\* “*Mynen naem is Roland; als ik klep is er brand, and als ik luy is er victorie in het land.*”

taining 1,000 Beguines, an order of nuns of extreme antiquity. In the salon is a fine Raphael, and specimens of the exquisite lace work of the nuns, some of which I purchased as souvenirs for dear ones far away.

I stopped at Bruges, chiefly on account of Longfellow's fine poem on its ancient belfry. In the fourteenth century Bruges was the greatest commercial centre of

people. Of this I had a further illustration in the procession in honour of the Virgin, which took place on this wise :

In a side chapel of the church a number of young men arrayed themselves in a sort of ecclesiastical dress, with facings of scarlet and gold. After much music and marshalling, the procession was organized—priests, acolytes, choristers, in their most gorgeous



THE TOWN HALL OF BRUGES.

Europe. The ministers of twenty foreign powers dwelt within its walls, and vessels from Venice, Genoa, and Constantinople bore the wealth of the Orient to its wharves. In the Church of Our Lady—Onze Vrouw—is the splendid tomb of Charles the Bold and Mary of Burgundy, and many art treasures. The chapel of the "Holy Blood" and a colossal image of "God the Father" attest the sacrilegious superstition of the

robes, carrying crosses and crucifixes and burning tapers; halberdiers in mediaeval costumes, bearing battle-axes; young girls in white veils, with gilt palms in their hands, and gilt wreaths on their heads, six of them carrying a richly adorned image of the Virgin, dressed in gold brocade; a troop of children, all in white and crowned with flowers; young men bearing banners, gilt shrines, and jewelled reliquaries; and a long



THE BELFRY TOWER, BRUGES.

procession of citizens, and bands of music playing martial airs in the intervals of the chanting of the priests and choir boys, while the continuous clamour of the bells rang through the air.

The principal feature was a gorgeous canopy borne by four leading citizens over the "Host," which was encased in a jewelled pyx and carried by a splendidly appalled priest. Thurifers swung

their censers: young girls strewed flowers, fern leaves, and palm branches before the sacred shrine; and the multitude of spectators fell down on their knees as the Real Presence of the Redeemer, as they imagined, passed by. Although some scowls were directed towards me as I stood erect, no one molested me. Candles were placed in the windows, and the houses were decorated with festoons and evergreens and wreaths of gilt ivy, as the pageant swept through the narrow streets, among mouldering monuments, and over an ancient bridge, in the placid waters beneath which the lilies

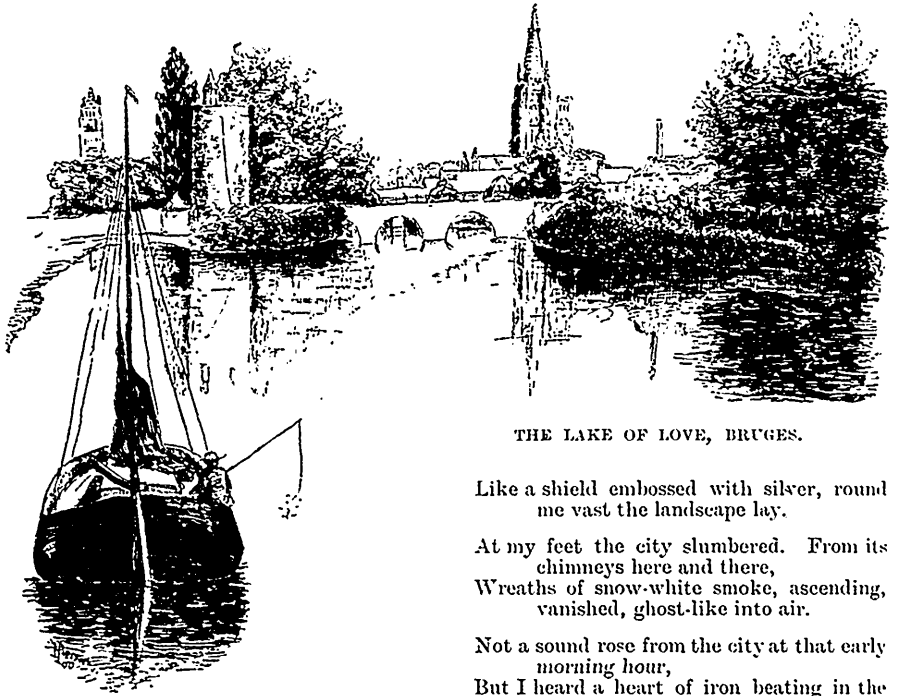
floated, and stately swans dressed their snowy plumage, and an ivy-covered, ruined wall was reflected. It seemed more like an illuminated picture out of a mediaeval missal than like an actual experience. I felt like rubbing my eyes to see whether I was dreaming or whether this strange pageant was a reality.

I then wandered into the Grand Place, a large square, on one side of which rose the celebrated Belfry

Gothic Hotel de Ville, where the Counts of Flanders, on their accession to the throne, used to fling largess to the people and swear to maintain the rights of the city. Longfellow thus recalls the associations of the scene :

In the market-place of Bruges stands the belfry old and brown,  
Thrice consumed, and thrice rebuilt, still it watches o'er the town.

Thick with towns and hamlets studded, and with streams and vapours gray,



THE LAKE OF LOVE, BRUGES.

Like a shield embossed with silver, round me vast the landscape lay.

At my feet the city slumbered. From its chimneys here and there,  
Wreaths of snow-white smoke, ascending, vanished, ghost-like into air.

Not a sound rose from the city at that early morning hour,  
But I heard a heart of iron beating in the ancient tower.

Then most musical and solemn, bringing back the olden times,  
With their strange, unearthly changes, rang the melancholy chimes,

Like the psalms from some old cloister, when the nuns sing in the choir :  
And the great bell tolled among them, like the chanting of a friar.

Visions of the day departed, shadowy phantoms filled my brain ;  
They who live in history only seemed to walk the earth again.

All the Foresters of Flanders—mighty Baldwin Bras de Fer,

of Bruges, of which Longfellow sings so pleasantly. I inquired for the Fleur-de-Ble at which he lodged, but found that it had been demolished. I lunched, therefore, at a little table in front of a cafe, and feasted my eyes meanwhile on the stately tower and listened to the musical chimes, pronounced the sweetest in Belgium; and mused upon the vanished splendours of the mouldering town. Near by was the beautifully carved

Lyderick du Bueq and Cressy, Philip, Guy  
de Dampierre.

I beheld the pageant splendid, that adorned  
those days of old ;  
Stately dames, like queens attended, knights  
who bore the Fleece of Gold ;

Lombard and Venetian merchants with  
deep-laden argosies ;  
Ministers from twenty nations ; more than  
royal pomp and ease.

I beheld proud Maximilian, kneeling humbly  
on the ground ;  
I beheld the gentle Mary, hunting with her  
hawk and hound.

I beheld the Flemish weavers, with Namur  
and Juliers bold,  
Marching homeward from the bloody battle  
of the Spurs of Gold.

And again the whiskered Spaniard all the  
land with terror smote ;  
And again the wild alarm sounded from  
the tocsin's throat ;

Till the bell of Ghent responded o'er lagoon  
and dyke of sand,  
"I am Roland ! I am Roland ! there is vic-  
tory in the land !"

Then the sound of drums aroused me. The  
awakened city's roar  
Chased the phantoms I had summoned back  
into their graves once more.

Bruges has an ancient reputa-  
tion for the beauty of its maidens  
—"formosis Brugae puellis"—but  
they had an unintelligent expres-  
sion that, to me, was less attractive  
than the bright looks of our  
quick-witted Canadian girls. A  
blight and mildew—the effect of  
Romish superstition—seem to have  
overgrown the place; one-third of  
the population are said to be  
paupers—and very homely-looking  
ones they are—the women in long  
blue cloaks, and wearing clumsy  
wooden shoes.

A clever artist, Mr. Herbert  
Pearson, thus describes his visit to  
the ancient town :

My most delightful memory of  
Bruges is that of its sweet chimes.  
There are in all, in the cathedral  
tower, ninety-nine bells—the larg-  
est, at whose baptism Charles V.  
stood god-father, 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 elab-  
orate melody the flight of time.  
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 ;  
And from out the silent heaven,  
Silence on the town descended.  
Silence, silence everywhere,  
On the earth and in the air."

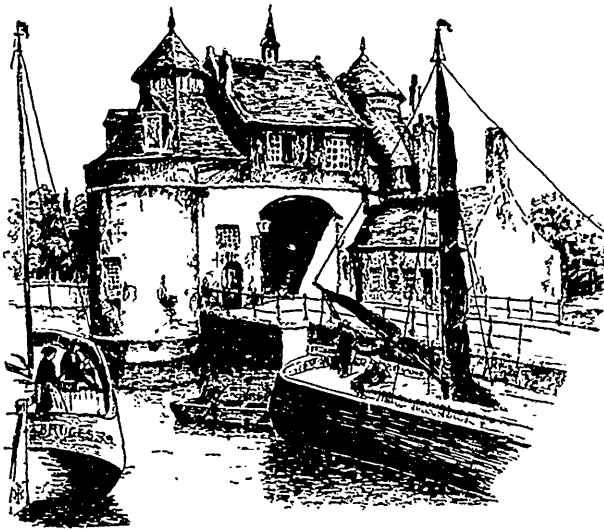
In the springtime there comes  
one day in each year when the  
sleepy old town of Bruges wakens  
with a thrill of life. The quiet  
streets are suddenly filled with a  
wondrous crowd. I happen to  
enter the city on this day and I  
wonder at the flags and pennons  
that stream from the windows. I  
am jostled by folk from Blanken-  
burg and the Dutch border in  
strange caps; Capuchins with  
long beards mix with barefooted  
Carmelites and Beguines in snow-  
white headgear. Under the lin-  
dens of the old cathedral a clatter  
of Flemish fills the air till the ten-  
der spring leaves seem to vibrate  
on the slender stems. Through  
the streets that are planted with fir  
trees comes the procession of the  
Holy Grail. The crowd falls back  
as the priests of Ste Anne or St.  
Jacques in their most gorgeous  
copes, with choristers, crosses and  
silken banners make their way to  
the Grand Place. They are fol-  
lowed by long lines of nuns in  
white, bearing branches of lilies.

The "Saint Sang," brought from  
the Holy Land by Count Thierry  
of Alsace in the twelfth century, is  
borne on in its jewelled shrine with  
all the priests and religious orders  
in a solemn procession. They are

so numerous that they make Bruges seem like a great convent at night. The "Saint Sang" has had its vicissitudes since the noble count brought his treasure in triumph to Bruges. The precious drops are said to have been collected by Joseph of Arimathea,

"In that hour when One in Sion  
Hung for love's sake on a cross."

They were inclosed in a crystal flask and kept in a golden shrine. Once, when war convulsed the land, the flask was thrown in a



ANCIENT GATE-HOUSE, BRUGES.

canal and remained there for years. It was found by chance by some adventurous diver. Again, in troubled times, it was rescued by some pious soul and hidden till the danger was past. Once the processions in its honour were forbidden, but now they are again enjoyed on the third of every May, and the desolate town with its splendid palaces grows festive in holiday apparel.

I climbed up the winding stairs into Longfellow's belfry to a room under the roof, out of the way of the crowd. The high windows

serve as frames for the pictures of the many-gabled town with its belt of verdure. A sky of luminous blue endomes the scene, the fresh young green of the lindens, the canals winding between fields of rye and flax, the unfolding verdure of the lime trees. The smoke rises like white plumes in the clear air. Straight Lombardy poplars stand in stiff groups like uniformed soldiers. Towns nestle here and there in the foliage and westward is a gleam of the sea. If I lean out I see each street and canal lined as

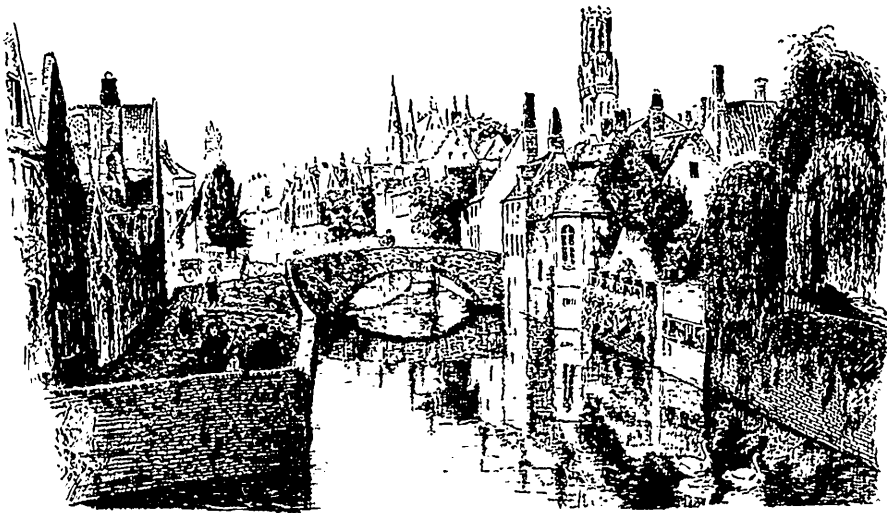
in a map. All the red tiles and stepped gables show clear in the sunshine. Like a fortress, dark and gloomy and strong, Notre Dame rises in view. Clumps of blooming azaleas make bright patches of colour between the gray walls of the convent garden. I can catch a gleam farther on of the Minnewater where the worthies of Ghent in the olden time exchanged heavy blows with their neighbours of Bruges.

Here, in the great space stretching from the Notre Dame to the quaint gables of the Franc, is the quay of Rosenhoet. In the golden days when the commerce of Flanders reached all lands merchants from every part of Christendom thronged this place at a yearly fair. Near the ancient church is the old mansion of Gruyt Huys where Edward IV. found a hiding place when the "Red Rose" had recovered its power in England. The first "Bourse" ever established in Europe shows its quaintly carven front not far away. There



is a slender pinnacle rising above the Saint Sang chapel which is all that is left of the castle of the counts of Flanders. The old *Stadhuis* with the gilt angels on its lucarnes glittering in the sunshine is not far off, the most ancient city hall in all the land. Before me the many-coloured houses of the Grande Place rise in quaint fashion and I recognize the tall front and pointed arches of the Craenenburg. There the prisoned Maximilian heard the shouts of the fierce Clawaerts, while the axe fell

Monsieur Bruges, bearing the "Saint Sang" in its glittering receptacle. Then come the bishops of Ghent, Liege and Arras, each with his tall crozier and most splendid cope and mitre. Crowds of Capuchins and Carmelites surround the image of the Saviour brought from Jerusalem. Innocent Mariés with lilies and little St. Johns in sheepskins with lambs led by blue ribbons, follow. The Host is elevated, there is a blare of trumpets, myriad voices of choristers chant the "Ave Verum" and



CANAL IN BRUGES.

on the necks of his friends and fire leaped up from their scaffolds.

This is a coign of vantage from which to view the procession as it moves on with slow dignity through streets strewn with flowering broom and water flags. The clang of martial music mingles with the solemn chant of litanies. On the other side of the square a great altar is reared glittering with gold and jewels. The steps are richly carpeted and strewn with herbs of grace. Clouds of incense float up from the surging censers. Under a scarlet canopy comes

the great bell tolls out from the tower over the kneeling multitude.

I have not come to Bruges to see the festival, though glad to have a glance of this city—which might be called the little Venice of Flanders—under its holiday aspect. It is a Venice translated into Flemish with high-roofed houses and weedy gardens. I make my way through these rows of quaint houses of every colour from rose pink to deep red, carved and orieled and turreted. In the times called now the golden days, the neighbouring villages were al-

ways at war. Where the stagnation of peace now reigns the sandy dunes re-echoed with the sounds of conflict. A torch tossed high in the air was sufficient signal for a "scrap." The foes rushed out armed with the scharm axe or short Saxon sword, or they carried great knotted clubs, heavy as the hammer of Thor. "Fierce are the karls," says an old Flemish ballad, "with their rough beards and rugged jerkins. They think to strike down the knights."

But the despised karls did a great work for Flanders. The earliest laws and the free institutions were preserved by them. They raised the sea dikes which

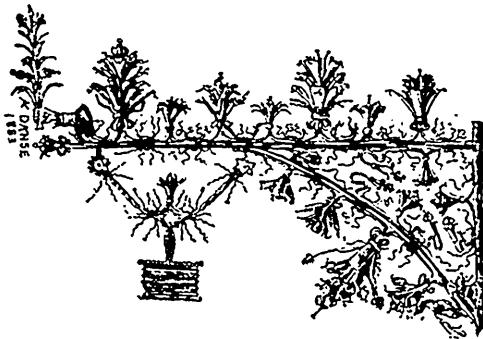
still more for the strong Flemish horses so renowned through Europe.

My chief object in visiting Bruges was to see the famous carved fireplace in the Guild-house.

An aged servitor with bushy white beard and hair opens the door for me. He is deaf and nearly blind, but he knows the way well and carries a huge bunch of keys. I follow where he leads and at last I am in the room of the famous fireplace. The old man looks at it affectionately. He has told its story often, and the mists of age have dimmed his eyes, but he would see it if his sight were gone forever. He intones his narrative.

"Back in the Middle Ages," he says, "about 1527, there lived in Bruges a wonderful workman, a carver in wood, named Andreas. His skill made other artisans jealous, for human nature was about the same in those days as now. Andreas had a little daughter of ten who made the joy of his life. His uncle, a deaf and dumb old man, also made his home with him, and there were rumours that he was tolerated for his gold. Gossip flourished then, too, you see, sir. Well, it happened that on the birthday of Andreas little Marie had prepared a surprise for her father. She hid herself in his workroom to see his joy when he discovered it. But instead of her father came a man who for a long time had cherished a fierce and envious hatred against the wonderful carver.

"Where is Andreas?" he cried, as he spied the poor deaf mute. The old man did not understand, and the visitor gave him an angry push out of his way. The poor fellow struck his head heavily on one of the andirons in the fireplace. Marie shrieked. The visitor disappeared, and the neigh-



HAND-WROUGHT IRON BRACKET AT "THE GOLDEN BASKET," BRUGES.

protected the land from the encroaching German ocean. The value set on these dikes is shown by the old Flemish law: "He who breaks through a dike shall lose his right hand."

Here was the Monastery of the Dunes, where there were 200 lay brothers. The monks here, as ever, were the great pioneers of civilization. Heathendom lingered among the Flemings far into the Middle Ages. The monks taught the rude people how to construct dikes, drain the marshes, and make the fields fruitful. In time Flanders grew famous for her grain, her flocks and herds, and

bours entered to find Andreas with a bloody corpse in his arms. So it happened that the wisecracks of the day thought Andreas was the murderer, and he was thrown into prison. He was allowed to have his tools, though, and in his prison he designed and finished this superb work of art which has delighted the whole world. It was so astonishing that they gave him his freedom, but the poor man had worked with such ardour that he only lived one day after his release. He had put his life into this great work."

We wander out of the old city gate. It stands alone, bereft of its once adjoining walls, with only some flat-nose boats for company.

Presently we come upon some

old windmills stretching out long skeleton arms in a forlorn way toward the sky, as though in protest at being left alone when all their companions are "faded and gone."

After a youth of strength and stir and vehement life, after siege and battle, fire and sword, Bruges is enjoying a peaceful old age. The commerce of the world passes it by, but the artist finds in it a satisfaction and a delight. I see it now as I left it, the winding canals, the fresh green of the lime trees, the desolate splendour of the palaces, all steeped in the sunshine of May. Men may call it a dead town, but it is beautiful in death. "After life's fitful fever it sleeps well."



## AUGUST.

BY LYDIA AVERY COONLEY.

Ye crystal days of August that smile upon the hills,  
 And send your sunbeams seeking the perfume summer spills!  
 The blue skies are your banners; the forests wear your shields;  
 The army of the harvest sets vanguard in your fields.  
 Warm breezes from the tropics bring waves of throbbing heat;  
 The locusts' scorching accents the breathless stillness greet;  
 The brook with gentle murmur the mossy stone enfolds,  
 And goldenrod has burnished the sceptre that he holds.  
 The clouds in fleecy whiteness lift battlements that rise  
 To build a heavenly city upon the radiant skies;  
 And, high above, white mountains its shining towers enclose,  
 As if the heart of summer remembered winter snows.

Ye crystal nights of August, your shadows on the lawn  
 Grow deep when herald twilight your mystic shield has drawn;  
 The aspen cymbals quiver, though wind harps all are still,  
 And no volian whisper is heard upon the hill.  
 In breathless silence driven across the waiting sky,  
 A trail of fire for signal the shooting-star worlds fly;  
 And while Orion watches their course of rushing light,  
 They vanish like a vision that thrills the breast of night.  
 The midnight hour approaches, and all the stars grow pale,  
 As rising to the zenith, the moon withdraws her veil.  
 Night gathers up the jewels in star fields thickly sown,  
 And crowns her queen triumphant upon a silver throne.

## HAMPTON COURT.

BY THE EDITOR.



HAMPTON COURT BRIDGE.

After Windsor Castle, no palace in England possesses more historic interest, or seems a more fitting abode for its sceptred line of sovereigns, than Hampton Court. It is reached in three-quarters of an hour from the heart of London, and the sudden transition from the din and turmoil of the great city to the cloistered seclusion of these quiet courts and galleries, and the sylvan solitude of these bosky glades, is a most delightful experience.

I left the railway train at the little town of Teddington, with its many gabled church, that I might enjoy the approach to the palace through the majestic avenues of Bushy Park, a royal demesne of 11,000 acres. It was a glorious day. An early shower had washed the air and brightened the verdure of the grand old park. Its chief glory is a magnificent avenue of limes and horse-chestnuts, six rows of them, extending in straight lines for over a mile. Such splendid masses of foliage I never saw else-

where, except, perhaps, the grand old elms and chestnuts of the Hague. They were planted by William III., and for well nigh two hundred springs and summers have flushed with the pink beauty of their blossoms, and gleamed with the russet hue of their prickly fruit. Our engraving gives some idea of the fine vista of the main avenue, seen reflected in the broad and placid pool in the foreground.

Near the court end of the avenue is a curious basin with carp and gold fish, in the centre of which rises a singular structure, half monument, half fountain, weathered with age and overgrown with moss and lichen. The canal, which can be seen from the palace windows, is said to have been placed there to gratify the king's love for such familiar scenes, and to remind him of his dear native Holland. The residence of the "ranger," a sombre red brick house screened off by railings, blends harmoniously with the quiet beauty of the scene.

The lowing of kine, the faint tinkling of sheep-bells, and the swift whirr of the pheasant or rustle of the hares through the ferns, are all the sounds that meet the ear. Through the distant

lay aside for a time the cares of State, used to doff his steel hauberk and buff jerkin, and don a coat of Kendal green for a swift gallop through the park after the flying deer or hares.

ON THE THAMES, HAMPTON COURT.



forest glades sweep the antlered deer, or pause in their browsing to stand at gaze, as undismayed as their ancestors in the days of Merrie Robin Hood and Littlejohn. Here the grim Puritan, Oliver Cromwell, when he could

Reaching Hampton Court, we enter first the sequestered park known as the Wilderness, and every one on his first visit tries his skill in penetrating the famous labyrinth—"a mighty maze, but not without a plan"—that has be-

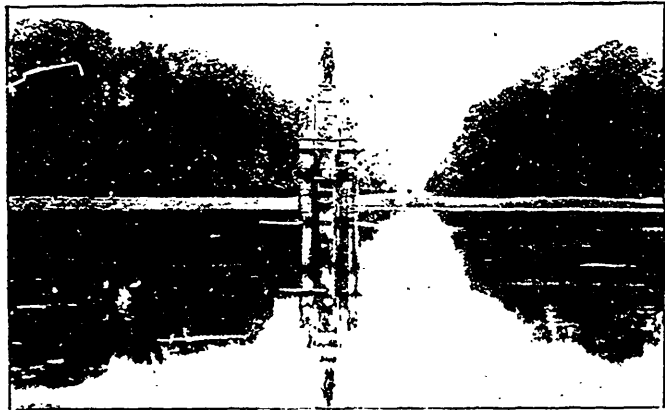


CHESTNUT AVENUE, BUSHY PARK, HAMPTON COURT.

wildered generations of young and old children since the time of its creator, William of Orange. It is a narrow pathway winding backwards and forwards, and round about between quick-set hedges, leading to an arbour in the centre. If you once make a wrong turn you are lost, and may wander for hours without reaching the goal. I had no difficulty, by following the simple clue suggested by my guide-book, in finding my way in and out. A sturdy urchin was perched on a high seat

overlooking the maze, to give directions, for a consideration, to those who had lost their way.

The palace not yet being open, I strolled through the spacious grounds in company with a gentleman from Norway. The gardens are laid out in the symmetrical Dutch manner brought over by William III. from the Hague—broad walks, pleasant alleys, trim rectangular parterres, decked with flowers and foliage, plants and statuary, and studded with noble masses of chestnuts, holly and yew,



DIANA FOUNTAIN, BUSHY PARK, HAMPTON COURT.

the latter sometimes cut into fantastic forms. The views up and down the winding Thames, with its villas, its gray ivy-mantled churches, its quaint old inns, and its gay pleasure parks, are worthy of a Ruysdael's pencil.

The palace itself was originally built by the celebrated Cardinal Wolsey, the haughty minister of Henry VIII. The proud prelate was then in the zenith of his glory, and built and banqueted more like a sovereign prince than like a vassal of the crown. The palace was successively occupied by

walls are terra-cotta medallions of the Roman emperors, presented to Wolsey by Pope Leo X.

Passing beneath the Tudor arch of Wolsey's tower, with its fan-traceried ceiling, we ascend a broad stone stairway to a splendid baronial hall, whose open timber roof, stained windows, rich with gules and gold, gaily blazoned banners and gleaming armour, recall the stately mediaeval pageantry of which it was the scene. Here are the ciphers and arms of the royal Bluebeard and his wife, Jane Seymour, and near them



LONG CANAL, HAMPTON COURT.

Henry VIII., Mary, Elizabeth, James I., Charles I., Cromwell, Charles II., James II., William III., Anne, George I. and George II. Since the reign of the last of these sovereigns it has ceased to be a royal residence, and is now occupied by certain noble but reduced pensioners of the crown.

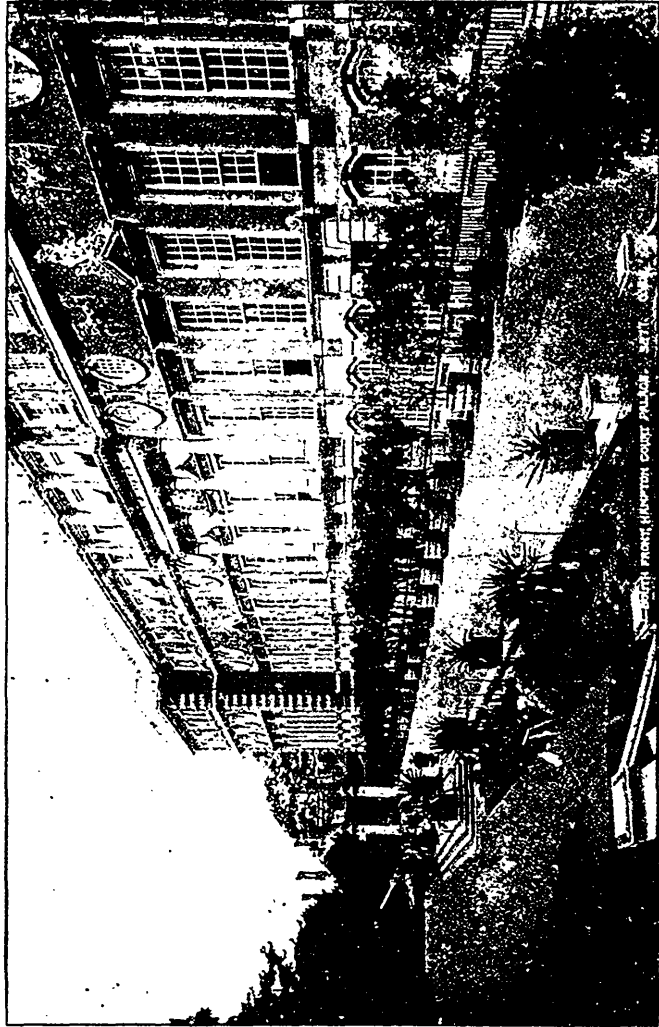
The building is of red brick, the older part in the Tudor Gothic style, with battlemented parapets. The newer portions are in the renaissance style. Over the entrance to the central court are seen the arms of Wolsey, with his motto, "Dominus mihi adjutor"—"God is my helper." On the

those of the fallen cardinal. Here, in 1558, Philip and Mary held their Christmas banquet—with Elizabeth as their guest, or prisoner—the great hall blazing with a thousand lights. Here, it is said, Shakespeare's self played before Good Queen Bess a part in the splendid drama which commemorates the glory of Henry and the fall of the proud founder of these halls. But of all this gorgeous pageantry only a shadowy memory remains.

The great attraction of the palace now is its splendid gallery of over a thousand paintings, many of them by distinguished masters.

Conspicuous among these are the famous historical portraits by Van-dyck; and the court beauties, by Sir Godfrey Kneller and Sir Peter Lely. The portraits of these fair frail creatures, once the pride of

bers, presence chambers, royal closets and bedrooms, chapels and banquet halls—all lined with paintings of much historic or artistic interest. Here were preserved, till recently, the famous cartoons



HAMPTON COURT PALACE, SOUTH FRONT.

courts and cynosure of every eye—all dead and turned to dust two hundred years ago—are suggestive of stern moralizings to an austere mind. We cast no stone. Requiescant in pace.

We pass through guard cham-

ber of Raphael, now in the Kensington Museum, which are so familiar from engravings. Originally prepared by the great painter, at the request of Leo X., as designs for tapestry, "they were slit into strips for the guidance of piece





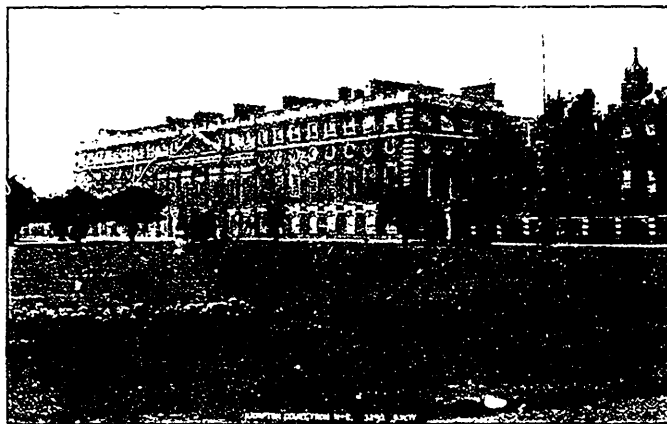
HAMPTON COURT PALACE, WEST FRONT.

work for a Flemish loom, tossed, after the weavers had done with them, into a lumber room; then, after a century's neglect, disintegrated by the taste of Rubens and Charles I., brought to England, the poor frayed and faded fragments glued together, and made the chief decoration of a royal palace." They are among the very finest work of Raphael.

Before leaving the palace we pass through the stately gateway into the private garden, and see the famous vine, under glass, of course, planted in 1769. Its stem

is thirty inches in girth, its branches extend a hundred feet, and yield from 2,000 to 3,000 pounds of grapes. These are sent, by the Queen's command, as presents to her private friends.

It was certainly a generous act on the part of the Government, says Mr. Haight, to throw open these historic premises to the public free of expense. Here may come the poor as well as the rich, and wander over the place from morning to night. There is no distinction made, and thousands of the working classes avail them-



HAMPTON COURT PALACE, FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

selves of the privilege. Here will be found every summer's day hundreds of poor people, well dressed, clean, and jocund from a sense of freedom from the wear and tear of their city trades and domestic cares, threading walks laid down only for royal feet, and listening

Hampton Court is not kept altogether as a show ground, and although we have spent hours in rambling through its apartments, we yet have seen only a small portion of the interior. That part of it which is closed to the public is retained by the crown as a home



HAMPTON COURT PALACE, CLOCK TOWER.

to the lapse of waters intended only for the ears of greatness. We pass through rooms where kings and queens have held grand receptions; where they have lived, and slept, and died. In a few short hours we live over volumes of English history at its turning point.

for reduced members of noble families, or for those who have done great service to the State and are now poor. The widow of the brave Havelock dwelt here, and numbers of other members of notable families whose incomes are too small to keep up with the requirements of aristocratic display.

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#### MESSAGES.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Unworthy, oh, all unworthy, am I,  
To be used, dear Lord, by Thee;  
Yet many a message, glad and sweet,  
Thou hast trusted to me, even me.

Ah, how canst Thou breathe such blessed  
thoughts  
To an erring heart like mine;  
And grant to my faltering tongue to tell  
Of solace and strength divine?

I wonder, I wonder, and oft I weep,  
When I think how Thou honourest me,

And how all unworthy I am, dear Lord,  
To utter a word for Thee.

But, though I have nothing of worthiness,  
My wish is, indeed, Thy will;  
And I long, I long to be used by Thee—  
O give me Thy messages still!

Fill Thou, with Thy precious words, these  
lips,  
Till they speak upon earth no more;  
And then let me pass to sing Thy praise  
On the bright, eternal shore!

## THE UNITED STATES AND GREAT BRITAIN.

*THEIR TRUE GOVERNMENTAL AND COMMERCIAL RELATIONS.\**

BY DAVID A. WELLS.

Notwithstanding the long-continued and extensive commercial relations between the United States and England (using this term as a synonym for the United Kingdom), far more extensive on the part of the former than with any other nation or people; notwithstanding that the people of the United States and of England are essentially of the same blood, language, religion, and political principles, and that a fair acquaintance with English history and literature is regarded in the United States as an essential to a liberal education, that there has been much of popular prejudice among the masses in the United States against England cannot be doubted; and the question is most pertinent. To what is such a state of feeling attributable?

A general answer is, to a variety of causes.

First, to the memory of two wars with the mother country.

A second cause which has been most influential for prejudice against England, was the policy of the administration of the British Government under Lord Palmerston toward the United States during the period of the civil war. But there is now no question that the masses of the people of England were not in sympathy with

their Government in this respect, and that the British working people especially, although brought in large numbers to the verge of starvation, by reason of the inability of their employers to obtain their accustomed supply of cotton from the United States, followed without murmuring the advice of those earnest and constant friends of the Federal Union—Messrs. Cobden and Bright—rather than that of Palmerston and his Ministry.

It is now well known that it was mainly through the influence or intervention of England's Queen that war did not follow when Admiral Wilkes, in contravention of all international law, seized the Trent, a British steamer, with Messrs. Slidell and Mason, and in the event of which the perpetuation of the Federal Union would have been all but impossible; a result which the government of every continental state of Europe, with the possible exception of Russia, would have been glad to have occur; while the action of the Government of France, under Louis Napoleon, stopped little short of actual hostilities against the Union, and probably would have been more offensive but for the restraining influence of England.

It is not, therefore, too much to say that when the fate of the Federal Union was hanging, as it were, in the balance, and it was absolutely in the power of England to determine which side should predominate, her action was in favour of the perpetuation of the Union, and that for this the

\* Reprinted from the *North American Review*. It is gratifying to find a distinguished American writer assuming a brief for England in a leading review of the United States. This argument has all the more weight because it was written before the recent rapprochement of the two nations fostered by England's sympathy with the United States in her present war.

people of the United States owe her a debt of gratitude which has not as yet been by them fully recognized and appreciated.

It should also not be forgotten that after the war Great Britain submitted our claim of damages as a nation against her to arbitration, and promptly paid fifteen millions of dollars in cash into the United States Treasury, a sum which, in the opinion of the arbitrators, covered all the legitimate claims of the United States against her.

We come to the consideration of a third cause, which at present is far more potential than the aggregate influence of all other causes, and which is accepted and endorsed as in the nature of a rightful international grievance by nearly every member of our national or state legislatures, and by nearly every newspaper or magazine in the country. And that is the assumption that the governmental and commercial policy of England is characterized by no other principle save to monopolize, through arbitrary, selfish, and unjust measures, everything on the earth's surface that can glorify herself and promote the interests of her own insular population, to the detriment of all other nations and peoples.

But is this correct? Is it warranted by evidence? The only possible honest answer having any regard for truth is, that it is not correct. It does not contain one element that should commend it to the acceptance and belief of honest and intelligent men; not one count which, if tried before an honest and competent tribunal, would not by them (to employ a legal phrase) be promptly "quashed."

The leading prejudicial charge preferred against England is, that her governmental and commercial policy and action are always

dominated by a desire to create for herself something in the nature of monopolies, which shall inure to her exclusive advantage; and from participation in which foreign nations shall, to the greatest extent possible, be excluded. Specify some one thing in respect to which England enjoys and maintains a monopoly.

A popular and ready answer would probably be land. But there is not a square foot of the earth's surface over which the flag of England floats which the citizen of the United States, in common with the people of all other countries, has not a right to enter upon, possess, control, and enjoy on terms as favourable as are now ever granted to any Englishman.

Can we cite one other single instance in the world's history, where a great and strong government, coming into undisputable possession and control of a great area of the earth's surface, abounding with almost illimitable elements of natural wealth, and consequent vast opportunities for exclusive trade, commerce, and the collection of revenue, as in South Africa, has freely said to all the people of all the other nations and governments: Come and share all these advantages equally with us? We offer them to you subject to no conditions or restraint, except respect and obedience to such laws as the people themselves shall establish. Had the principles of this rule been adhered to by all interested parties, there would have been no trouble in the Transvaal.

But it may be asked, How about trade? Does not England extend privileges to her own subjects, and impose discriminations against the people of the other nations and countries in respect to trade and commerce? And here again we are obligated to re-

turn a similar answer, namely : that England grants no privileges to her own people in respect to trade and commerce, which are not equally accorded to the people of all other countries; and that there is no country over which the sovereignty of England extends, where the people of all other countries—white, black, yellow, and red—do not have the right or privilege of trade, in its broadest sense of exporting and importing, buying, selling, or transporting, on the same terms as are enjoyed by her immediate and typical subjects. In dealing with other countries, England has never been guilty of the brutal incivility of telling any one of them desiring reciprocal trade with her and too feeble to take offence at insult, what the United States told Mexico, in 1866, through its House of Representatives, "that to speak of permanent desirable commercial relations" with her "is without hope of success, or promise of substantial results."

Of the so-called "opium war" of 1840, in China, ex-President John Quincy Adams gave to the American public the results of his investigations and study, in these words : "Which has the righteous cause? I answer, Britain has the righteous cause. The opium question is not the cause of the war; but the arrogant and insupportable pretensions of China, that she will hold commercial intercourse with the rest of mankind, not upon terms of equal reciprocity, but upon the insulting and degrading forms of the relation between lord and vassal."

A brief word here in further illustration of the exceptionally liberal policy of the British Government. The sovereignty of England is said to cover about one-third of the earth's surface. It includes forty separate so-called colonies, which embrace about

one-fourth of the population of the globe. Whenever the population of any of these colonies becomes considerable, and there is a manifest and intelligent desire on the part of its inhabitants to be emancipated from close dependence on the mother country, England grants them a substantially free and independent government. The number of such colonies having an exclusive and responsible representative government is at present nine, and a clear and interesting illustration of their working is afforded in the case of Canada, which has a population of about 5,000,000. England appoints a Governor, whose duties are mainly ceremonial and nominal. The people of Canada elect their own legislators, their ministers, or state administrators; and the concurrence of the Crown is not required in the appointment of any public officer below the Governor. Under a government thus organized, Canada makes its own laws; imposes and collects its own taxes, and determines their expenditure; maintains its own military forces; establishes its own banking and currency system, and its own educational, sanitary, and police provisions.

The allegation that the British Government exacts tributes of its subjects has not even so much as a shadow of a foundation. England does not take from any of her citizens or subjects as much as a sixpence which can merit the name of tribute. She expects that such of her colonies as have sought and been accorded the right of self-government will, in the main, defray the expenses of such government. Even the very small group of West India Islands known as the "Caymans," with a population of less than five thousand, have their own legislative council and enact their own laws.

England leads the way in her

efforts, independent of creeds or sects, to educate the world's population, and probably accomplishes more in this direction than all the rest of the civilized and Christianized nations.

A half-century ago England, at a cost of \$100,000,000, and without shedding a drop of blood, abolished slavery. A quarter of a century later the United States effected the same result at a cost of several hundred thousand lives, and over nine thousand millions of money, or property.

Note next what England has further accomplished in this direction. In 1843, she abolished slavery in all her East India possessions, and in one day made 12,000,000 people free. Previous to 1890, the group of islands and a coast strip of about 12,000 square miles, known as Zanzibar, was the headquarters of the slave-traders of Eastern Africa, and the greatest slave-market of the world. The influence of the Sultan of Zanzibar, in favour of slavery, was paramount also from the eastern coast of Africa even as far into the interior as the head-waters of the Congo. In 1890, England assumed a protectorate over Zanzibar, and almost contemporaneously that country ceased to be a slave-market, and its wily Arab slave-dealers soon learned from bitter experience with a portion of England's navy detailed for their supervision, that any further attempts to import slaves from Eastern Africa were attendant with imminent deadly perils to those prosecuting such business.

Again, one of the most recent results of the British occupation of Egypt has been a practical abolition of human slavery. Under existing regulations (established during the past year, 1895), every slave in Egypt (a former great market for the enslaved people of Africa) may de-

mand his manumission if he chooses; and if the Soudan be retaken by Egyptian troops under British leadership, it will be equivalent to opening the prison doors to hundreds of thousands of captives.

The general result of this policy of England may be finally summed up by saying, that to-day wherever the British flag floats in sovereignty no man can, under any circumstances, hold any other man as a slave.

England has put a stop at once and forever, wherever she has sovereignty, to the ancient and horrible savagery of human sacrifices and cannibalism. And when England has once put down savagery, that rendered civilization impossible, her treatment of the subjugated and uncivilized has always been merciful. The conquered Kaffir or Zulu of South Africa has become under English rule a free man, endowed for the first time with an absolute title to land, and other property the results of his own labour; and if injustice is done him the English court is open to him for redress and protection as speedily and impartially as to any white man.

The British American colonies have never warred with their Indians, and never robbed them of their land, but have always dealt kindly and justly by them. A current proverb in the United States, that the only good Indian is a dead Indian, finds no favour in Canada. England, moreover, is the only nation that has ever established a hospital exclusively for the care of sick or suffering North American Indians. On the other hand, the treatment of our Indians by the United States has always been notoriously arbitrary and bad. It has sequestered their land; arbitrarily abrogated its treaties with them; almost continually provoked them to hos-

tilities, and nearly effected their extermination.

Before England acquired control of India, the mass of her great population was almost as low down in the scale of civilization as it was possible to conceive. From the time of Alexander the Great, and probably for unnumbered centuries before, the experience of the country had been one of constant war and disorder, contingent in great part on foreign invasions, and in part on the bitter antagonism of domestic religious creeds and diversity of races. The Indian ryot (peasant) was practically a slave, with no acknowledged right to the products of his labour; and when any one, of either high or low degree, acquired anything in the way of money-wealth, it was almost the universal practice to speedily secrete it under ground, to prevent its arbitrary plunder on the part of rulers; so that the amount of buried treasure, even to this day, in India, is regarded as almost fabulous. There can be no denial that England acquired control of India in the first instance by conquest and arbitrary methods. But in this respect she acted in accordance with the then accepted policy of all other nations; and as at the time when England mainly acquired possession of India the United States did not exist, and her people were a part of England, and as they did not protest, it is difficult to see how they can now animadvert on the action of England without passing censure on themselves. It is also well to recall that England never did a meaner thing in respect to the acquisition of territory than did the United States in 1848, when, under a claim of higher civilization, she robbed, without justification, and at "one fell swoop," poor Mexico of more than one-half of all its territory.

To-day the humblest Indian peasant is secure in the possession and control of his property, and if wronged in any way can appeal to and find protection in the courts which England has established. As one result of this policy the buried treasures of India are beginning to come forth and seek investment in England's interest-bearing securities.

Men of native races constitute a part of the highest Indian judiciary; and by an act affirmed by the Imperial Government it has been ordained "that no native of the territories of India, or any natural-born subject of Great Britain resident therein, shall, by reason of his religion, birth, descent, colour, or any one of them, be disabled from any place, office, or employment under its government."

Under native rule, the population of India was kept down by war and local feuds to a great extent; but under the British rule of peace it has increased to a degree so disproportionate to existing agricultural resources, that famines are often contingent on the deficiency of crops through natural influences. To meet such a lamentable condition of affairs the British Government has reserved from its annual revenues, and so created, a large "famine fund," which is solely applicable to relieving popular distress occasioned by a scarcity of food. Has anything like this ever been done by any other civilized and Christianized Government? In fact, it is not too much to say that the present population of India would not have found food under any previous government of that country; and that its very existence has been made possible only through the conditions of food production and distribution established by England's Government.

One recognized effect of this has been to impress on a vast area of humanity, over which brute force formerly reigned, a good deal of the Anglo-Saxon respect for law. It is also worthy of note in this connection that under English rule not a few old-time immoral customs—as the “suttee,” or the burning of widows, and female infanticide—have been prohibited by law.

Popular education in India is systematically promoted by England; and the number of schools supported or aided by public funds, and controlled by departments of education in every province, is now upwards of 150,000; rising from elementary village schools to high schools and colleges.

In short, there is no Government in the world whose administration is more honestly conducted, and which is doing more for the material good of the governed, than the present English Government of India. And the secret of England's success in ruling the vast congeries of people known as India, a fifth of the population of the globe—288,000,000 in 1891,—made up of different races and religions, and with eighty different languages, is mainly due to the fact that in no country, except America and Great Britain, is the individual so little interfered with by the Government. No kind of pressure is put upon the Indian to be anything but what he pleases. He is exempt from military conscription. He may profess what religion he likes; express any opinion; enjoy the right of public meeting; and can criticise the Government freely without fear of consequences. And the attitude of the English Government towards its subjects in later years, not only in India, but in all her other colonies and dependencies,

has been always one of help and encouragement.

Another even more instructive illustration of the treatment and policy of the Government of England in respect to her subjects or dependants, is to be found in the recent experience of Egypt. Previous to the English protectorate, consequent upon the suppression of the rebellion under Arabi-Pasha, in 1882, the condition of the country was wretched almost beyond conception. Its revenue system, in accordance with Asiatic ideas, comprehended nearly every form of iniquitous extortion. Under the rule of Ismail-Pasha (the Khedive who built the Suez Canal with the enforced and unpaid labour of his subjects), the revenue annually collected from less than 6,000,000 population, was estimated at about £16,000,000 (\$80,000,000); while, apart from this sum, the amount that was wrung from the miserable peasantry, which never found its way into any official ledger, was also very considerable. The first thing an English finance committee of experts effected, was to reduce the annual taxation of \$80,000,000 to \$50,000,000, which, apart from money terms, included a sum total of vexatious and petty exactions that cannot well be expressed in figures. The result of a continuance of this policy by England has been almost without precedent in the world's fiscal history.

For the first time since the days of the Roman administration, order and prosperity reign in the valley of the Nile.

At no previous period since Egypt began to have a name has the fellah lived under a Government so careful to protect his rights. For the first time he is allowed to control the fruits of his labour. To-day, under British



domination, every Egyptian peasant knows exactly the amount of taxes he has to pay, and when he has to pay them; and that, when he has once paid the legal amount, no official, big or small, has the power to extort from him one single piastre beyond it. He knows, too, that he cannot at any moment be seized and dragged off as formerly, perhaps to some different part of the country, to work under constant dread of the whip, at any task suggested by the caprice of the Khedive or of some powerful pasha. The use of the lash, the former invariable accompaniment of compulsory and unpaid labour, is now also absolutely prohibited.

Forty odd years ago England came to the conclusion that her supremacy over the earth could best be attained by supremacy in trade rather than by supremacy of the sword, and that the exclusive trade of any colony or people that has to be fought for costs more than it is all worth. And between 1845 and 1856 she inaugurated this latter policy by substantially removing all restrictions on the trade and commerce of her own immediate people, i.e., of the United Kingdom. And, what is generally overlooked, she gave also to the 300,000,000 of other people over which her sovereignty extends the privilege of according or refusing reciprocal action. In this respect England stands alone. No other nation that has ever existed, or now exists, has ever adopted a similar policy.

In conclusion, the general result of England's governmental and commercial policy may be thus fairly and comprehensively stated.

Wherever her sovereignty has gone, two blades of grass have grown where one grew before. Her flag, wherever it has been advanced, has benefited the coun-

try over which it floats; and has carried with it civilization, the Christian religion, order, justice, and prosperity.

England is the only one of the great countries of the world in which crime is diminishing. Recent reports of the British Prison Commissioners for England and Wales show a remarkable decrease in the prison population. In fact England has been found to have too many prisons, and a not inconsiderable number have been closed during the last ten years because they were no longer needed. The actual decline in the number of inmates in the local prisons of England and Wales from 1877 to 1892—a period of fifteen years—was thirty-seven per cent.; and this relative decline would have been much greater if the increase of the general population in the same period had been taken into the account.

England has always treated a conquered race with justice. What under her rule is the law for the white man is the law for his black, red, and yellow brother. And here we have one explanation of the fact that England alone of the nations has been successful in establishing and maintaining colonies; and of the further extraordinary fact, with an accompanying impressiveness of thought, that a comparatively small insular country, containing less than 40,000,000 inhabitants, can successfully preside over the destinies of about 360,000,000 other members of the human race, and exercise a governing influence greater and vastly more beneficent than that of Rome in the zenith of her power.

What an endorsement of the honesty of England and its people is involved in the reported and probable fact, that the Church of Rome makes that non-Catholic country and its much-abused

bankers its fiduciary guardian of the fiscal resources necessary for the maintenance of its vast missionary enterprises and other religious objects, and which experience has shown cannot be intrusted with an equal degree of confidence to any other country. There is authority for the statement that, within a comparatively recent period, every religious order of the Catholic Church in France has transferred all its available means to English banks, and that letters of administration or probate have been taken out in London by their representatives.

While the people of the United States are experiencing the humiliation of seeing the flag of their mercantile marine vanishing from the ocean, it may not be unprofitable for them to learn what England has recently been doing for the preservation and welfare of her merchant vessels and seamen. In virtue of what has been termed load-line legislation, adopted by the United Kingdom about 1881, no ship can leave a British port overladen; and the owners of British ships coming in overladen, as determined by certain fixed rules, are subject to prosecution. The loss of life in the ten years following had therefore fallen by one-half. Very naturally, seafaring men incline to serve in the British mercantile marine rather than in that of any other nation.

Again, under the policy which England has established for the working of her mines, and which no other Government has fully adopted, the occupation of the British miner has been rendered twice as safe as it was at the commencement of her mining enactments.

But here some may ask: How about the wrongs and abuses of Ireland and her people on the part of England? The answer

is, that they originated in an old-time theory, once accepted and practised by all nations, that might makes right, and it is this policy that has, from a lengthened period, entailed a condition of affairs in Ireland that has not been easy to remedy. But England now leads the way among the nations in the utter repudiation of the policy that differences in religious belief warrant individual persecution and a debarment from all participation in government, and the day cannot be far distant when the grievances of Ireland will be amicably and satisfactorily settled by her. That real progress has also been made in this direction is proved by the fact, that the present Lord Chief Justice of England (Lord Russell of Killowen) is a Catholic Irishman; and that no subject of England in Ireland, or in any other country under English sovereignty, is now debarred from participating in her government by reason of his religious belief; which is more than can be affirmed of the condition of affairs in some other countries claiming to be free, Christianized, and civilized.

Forty years ago a young Catholic Irishman, by reason of the religion in which he was born and bred, was denied admission as an undergraduate to the most liberal of England's great universities—Cambridge. To-day, without swerving in any degree from his former religious belief, he fills, as Lord Acton, one of its most important professorships—that of Modern History; and his appointment has been received with universal satisfaction. "Could there be a more signal token of the passing away in England of that old sectarian spirit, which formerly found expression in religious tests; and of the present nationalization of her great seats of learning!"

The reason why England is hated by other nations is because she is feared, and she is feared mainly by reason of the success of her commercial policy, which has not only brought her wealth, but strength. She is envied, too, by unsuccessful rivals in common industrial fields. But the United States as a nation is hated and distrusted in an equal degree. There is not a Government on the American continent, except Canada and Venezuela, that does not both fear and hate her; and if the United States decides in favour of the free navigation of the Orinoco, the latter will speedily be accounted among her most bitter enemies. All countries save England, and possibly Russia and Japan, would rejoice at the dissolution of the Federal Union.

The United States now stands at the parting of the ways. Shall she by antagonism with England bring about for herself a national isolation, with the inevitable result of dwarfing the intellectual and industrial energies of her people; or, by strengthening the bonds of peace and friendship with England, unite the two foremost and most progressive nations of the world for the joint attainment of those results that constitute national greatness? Through what may be termed natural influences, the bonds of interest between the United States and England are already immeasurably greater than with any other coun-

try. England buys from us just about as much as all the rest of the world; and all the other countries of the world do not afford, and could not afford, us such a market as she does for our agricultural products, which must long remain the principal things we have to sell abroad. The five million people of the Dominion of Canada buy from the United States a much greater quantity of her goods and merchandise (\$47,787,501 in 1895) than all of the thirty-six million occupying the continent of South America (\$33,248,331 in 1895).

The existing ties of race, language, law, and religion, that bind the two nations together, are so strong, that together they must rise or fall. United, as it would seem to be God's purpose that they should be, there would be little need for either to maintain large armies or navies, for without them they could for all reasonable purposes rule the world, and be impregnable against assault. If it were also certain, as it probably is, that England would continue her present commercial policy, it would be for the true interests of the United States that she "should further extend her sovereignty over the surface of the earth; for then the people of the United States would have the privilege and profit of unrestricted trade with all the subjects of England without the expense of governing them."

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#### LEAD ME ARIGHT.

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be  
 A pleasant road;  
 I do not ask that thou wouldst take from me  
 Aught of its load;  
 I do not ask that flowers should always spring  
 Beneath my feet;  
 I know too well the poison and the sting  
 Of things too sweet.  
 For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead:  
 Lead me aright—  
 Though strength should falter, and though heart should bleed—  
 Through peace to light.

—*Adelaide A. Procter.*

## IN HIS STEPS.

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON.

*Author of "The Crucifixion of Phillip Strong."*

## CHAPTER X.

"These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth."

When Dr. Bruce and the Bishop entered the Sterling mansion everything in the usually well-appointed household was in the greatest confusion and terror. The great rooms down-stairs were empty, but overhead were hurried footsteps and confused noises. One of the servants ran down the great staircase with a look of horror on her face just as the Bishop and Dr. Bruce were starting to go up.

"Miss Felicia is with Mrs. Sterling," the servant stammered in answer to a question, and then burst into a hysterical cry and ran through the drawing-room and out of doors.

At the top of the staircase the two men were met by Felicia.

She walked up to Dr. Bruce at once and put both hands in his. The Bishop laid his hand on her head and the three stood there a moment in perfect silence.

The Bishop had known Felicia since she was a child. He was the first to break silence.

"The God of all mercy be with you, Felicia, in this dark hour. Your mother—"

The Bishop hesitated. Out of the buried past he had, during his hurried passage from his friend's house to this house of death, irresistibly drawn the one tender romance of his young manhood. Not even Bruce knew that. But there had been a time when the Bishop had offered the incense of a singularly undivided affection upon the altar of his youth to the beautiful Camilla Rolfe, and she

had chosen between him and the millionaire. The Bishop carried no bitterness with his memory. But it was still a memory.

For answer to the Bishop's unfinished query, Felicia turned and went back into her mother's room. She had not said a word yet. But both men were struck with her wonderful calm. She returned to the hall door and beckoned to them, and the two ministers, with a feeling that they were about to behold something very unusual, entered.

Rose lay with her arms outstretched on the bed. Clara the nurse, sat with her head covered, sobbing in spasms of terror. And Mrs. Sterling, with "the light that never was on sea or land" luminous on her face, lay there so still that even the Bishop was deceived at first. Then as the great truth broke upon him and Dr. Bruce he staggered, and the sharp agony of the old wound shot through him. It passed and left him standing there in that chamber of death with the eternal calmness and strength that the children of God have a right to possess. And right well he used that calmness and strength in the days that followed.

The next moment the house below was in a tumult. Almost at the same time the doctor, who had been sent for at once but lived some distance away, came in, together with police officers who had been summoned by the frightened servants. With them were four or five newspaper reporters and several neighbours. Dr. Bruce and the Bishop met this miscellaneous crowd at the head of the stairs and succeeded in exclud-

ing all except those whose presence was necessary. With these the two friends learned all the facts ever known about "the Sterling tragedy," as the papers in their sensational accounts next day called it.

Mr. Sterling had gone into his room that evening about nine o'clock, and that was the last seen of him until, in half an hour, a shot was heard, and a servant who was in the hall ran into the room and found the owner of the house dead on the floor, killed by his own hand. Felicia at the time was sitting by her mother. Rose was reading in the library. She ran upstairs, saw her father as he was being lifted upon the couch by the servants, and then ran screaming into her mother's room, where she flung herself down on the foot of the bed in a swoon. Mrs. Sterling had at first fainted at the shock, then rallied with wonderful swiftness and sent a messenger to call Dr. Bruce. She had then insisted on seeing her husband. In spite of Felicia, she had compelled Clara and the housemaid, terrified and trembling, to support her while she crossed the hall and entered the room where her husband lay. She had looked upon him with a tearless face, had gone back into her own room, was laid on the bed, and as Dr. Bruce and the Bishop entered the house she, with a prayer of forgiveness for herself and her husband on her quivering lips, had died, with Felicia bending over her and Rose still lying senseless at her feet.

So great and swift had been the entrance of grim Death into that palace of luxury that Sunday night. But the full cause of his coming was not known until the facts in regard to Mr. Sterling's business affairs were finally disclosed.

Then it was learned that for

some time he had been facing financial ruin owing to certain speculations that had in a month's time swept his supposed wealth into complete destruction. With the cunning and desperation of a man who battles for his very life, when he saw his money, which was all the life he ever valued, slipping from him, he had put off the evil day to the last moment.

It had all rested on a tissue of deceit and speculation that had no foundation in real values. He knew the fact better than any one else, but he had hoped, with the hope that such men always have, that the same methods that brought him the money would also prevent its loss. He had been deceived in this as many others have been. As soon as the truth that he was practically a beggar had dawned upon him, he saw no escape from suicide. It was the irresistible result of such a life as he had lived. He had made money his god. As soon as that god had gone out of his little world there was nothing more to worship, and when a man's object of worship is gone he has no more to live for. Thus died the great millionaire, Charles R. Sterling.

Mrs. Sterling's death was the result of shock. She had not been taken into her husband's confidence for years, but she knew that the source of his wealth was precarious. Her life for several years had been a death in life. The Rolfes always gave the impression that they could endure more disaster unmoved than any one else. Mrs. Sterling illustrated the old family tradition when she was carried into the room where her husband lay. But the feeble tenement could not hold the spirit and it gave up the ghost, torn and weakened by long years of suffering and disappointment.

The effect of this triple blow, the death of father and mother and

the loss of property was instantly apparent in the sisters. The horror of events stupefied Rose for weeks. She lay unmoved by sympathy or any effort to rally. She did not seem yet to realize that the money which had been so large a part of her very existence was gone. Even when she was told that she and Felicia must leave the house and be dependent upon relatives and friends, she did not seem to understand what it meant.

Felicia, however, was fully conscious of the facts. She knew just what had happened and why. She was talking over her future plans with her cousin, Rachel, a few days after the funerals. Mrs. Winslow and Rachel had left Raymond and come to Chicago at once as soon as the terrible news had reached them, and with other friends of the family they were planning for the future of Rose and Felicia.

"Felicia, you and Rose must come to Raymond with us. That is settled. Mother will not hear to any other plan at present," Rachel had said, while her beautiful face glowed with love for her cousin, a love that had deepened day by day and was intensified by the knowledge that they both belonged to the new discipleship.

"Unless I could find something to do here," answered Felicia. She looked wistfully at Rachel, and Rachel said gently.

"What could you do, dear?"

"Nothing. I was never taught to do anything except a little music, and I do not know enough about it to teach it or earn my living at it. I have learned to cook a little," Felicia answered with a slight smile.

"Then you can cook for us. Mother is always having trouble with her kitchen," said Rachel, understanding well enough that Felicia was thinking of the fact that she was now dependent for

her very food and shelter upon the kindness of family friends.

"Can I? Can I?" Felicia replied to Rachel's proposition as if it were to be considered seriously. "I am ready to do anything honourable to make my living and that of Rose. Poor Rose! She will never be able to get over the shock of our trouble."

"We will arrange the details when we get to Raymond," Rachel said, smiling through her tears at Felicia's eager willingness to care for herself.

So in a few weeks Rose and Felicia found themselves a part of the Winslow family in Raymond.

Felicia at once found herself in an atmosphere of discipleship that was like heaven to her in its revelation of companionship. It is true that Mrs. Winslow was not in sympathy with the course that Rachel was taking, but the remarkable events since the pledge had been taken were too powerful in their results not to impress even such a woman as Mrs. Winslow. With Rachel, Felicia found a perfect fellowship. She at once found a part to take in the new work at the Rectangle. In the spirit of her new life she insisted upon helping in the housework at her aunt's, and in a short time demonstrated her ability as a cook so clearly that Virginia suggested that she take charge of the cooking class at the Rectangle.

Felicia entered upon this work with the keenest pleasure. For the first time in her life she had the delight of doing something of value for the happiness of others. Her resolve to do everything after asking, "What would Jesus do?" touched her deepest nature. She began to develop and strengthen wonderfully. Even Mrs. Winslow was obliged to acknowledge the great usefulness and beauty of Felicia's character. The aunt looked with astonishment upon her

niece, this city-bred girl, reared in the greatest luxury, the daughter of a millionaire, now walking around in her kitchen, her arms covered with flour and occasionally a streak of it on her nose (for Felicia at first had a habit of rubbing her nose forgetfully when she was trying to remember some recipe), mixing various dishes with the greatest interest in their results, washing up pans and kettles, and doing the ordinary work of a servant in the Winslow kitchen and at the rooms of the Rectangle settlement. At first Mrs. Winslow remonstrated.

"Felicia, it is not your place to be out here doing this common work. I cannot allow it."

"Why, aunt? Don't you like the muffins I made this morning?" Felicia would ask merrily but with a hidden smile, knowing her aunt's weakness for that kind of muffin.

"They were beautiful, Felicia. But it does not seem right for you to be doing such work for us."

"Why not? What else can I do?"

Her aunt looked at her thoughtfully, noting her remarkable beauty of face and expression.

"You do not always intend to do this kind of work, Felicia?"

"Maybe I shall. I have had a dream of opening an ideal cook shop in Chicago or some large city and going around to the poor families in some slum district like the Rectangle, teaching the mothers how to prepare food properly. I remember hearing Dr. Bruce say once that he believed one of the great miseries of comparative poverty consisted in poor food. He even went so far as to say that he thought some kinds of crime could be traced to soggy biscuits and tough beefsteak. I'm sure I would be able to make a living for Rose and myself and at the same time help others."

Three months had gone by since the Sunday morning when Dr. Bruce came into his pulpit with the message of the new discipleship. Never before had the Rev. Calvin Bruce realized how deep the feelings of his members flowed. He humbly confessed that the appeal he had made met with an unexpected response from men and women who, like Felicia, were hungry for something in their lives that the conventional type of life had failed to give them.

But Dr. Bruce was not yet satisfied for himself. We cannot tell what his feeling was or what led to the movement he finally made, to the great astonishment of all who knew him, better than by relating a conversation between him and the Bishop, at this time in the history of the pledge in Nazareth Avenue Church. The two friends were, as before, in Dr. Bruce's house, seated in his study.

"You know what I have come in this evening for?" the Bishop was saying, after the friends had been talking some time about the results of the pledge with Nazareth Avenue people.

Dr. Bruce looked over at the Bishop and shook his head.

"I have come to confess," went on the Bishop, "that I have not yet kept my promise to walk in His steps in the way that I believe I shall be obliged to if I satisfy my thought of what it means to walk in His steps."

Dr. Bruce had risen and was pacing his study. The Bishop remained in the deep, easy chair, with his hands clasped, but his eye burned with the glow that always belonged to him before he made some great resolve.

"Edward," Dr. Bruce spoke abruptly. "I have not yet been able to satisfy myself, either, in obeying my promise. But I have at last decided on my course. In

order to follow it, I shall be obliged to resign from Nazareth Avenue Church."

"I knew you would," replied the Bishop quietly. "And I came in this evening to say that I shall be obliged to do the same with my charge."

Dr. Bruce turned and walked up to his friend. They were both labouring under repressed excitement.

"Is it necessary in your case?" asked Bruce.

"Yes. Let me state my reasons. Probably they are the same as yours. In fact, I am sure they are." The Bishop paused a moment, then went on with increasing feeling.

"Calvin, you know how many years I have been doing the work of my position, and you know something of the responsibility and the care of it. I do not mean to say that my life has been free from burden-bearing or sorrow. But I have certainly led what the poor and desperate of this sinful city would call a very comfortable, yes, a very luxurious life. I have a beautiful house to live in, expensive food, clothing and physical pleasures. I have been able to go abroad at least a dozen times, and have enjoyed for years the beautiful companionship of art and letters and music and all the rest of the very best. I have never known what it meant to be without money or its equivalent.

"I have been unable to silence the question of late, 'What have I suffered for the sake of Christ?' Paul was told what great things he must suffer for the sake of his Lord. Maxwell's position at Raymond is well taken when he insists that to walk in the steps of Christ means to suffer. Where has my suffering come in? The petty trials and annoyances of my clerical life are not worth men-

tioning as sorrows or suffering. Compared with Paul or any of the Christian martyrs or early disciples, I have lived a luxurious life, full of ease and pleasure. I cannot endure this any longer. I have that within me which, of late, rises in overwhelming condemnation of such a following of Jesus. I have not been walking in His steps. Under the present system of church and social life, I see no escape from this condemnation, except to give the rest of my life personally to the actual physical and soul needs of the wretched people in the worst part of this city."

Dr. Bruce was very pale. Never had he seen the Bishop or heard him when under the influence of such a passion. There was a sudden silence in the room. The Bishop had sat down again and bowed his head. Dr. Bruce spoke at last.

"Edward, I do not need to say that you have expressed my feelings also. I have been in a similar position for years. My life has been one of comparative luxury. I do not, of course, mean to say that I have not had trials and discouragements and burdens in my church ministry. But I cannot say that I have suffered any for Jesus. That verse in Peter haunts me: 'Christ also suffered for you, leaving you an example that ye should follow His steps.' I feel as you do. Into a closer contact with the sin and shame and degradation of this great city I must come personally. And I know that to do that I must sever my immediate connection with Nazareth Avenue Church. I do not see any other way for myself to suffer for His sake as I feel that I ought to suffer."

"What is your plan?" The Bishop at last spoke gently, look-



ing up with his smile that always beautified his face. The Bishop's face grew in glory now every day.

"My plan," replied Dr. Bruce slowly, "is, in brief, the putting of myself into the centre of the greatest human need I can find in this city and living there. My wife is fully in accord with me. We have already decided to find a residence in that part of the city where we can make our personal lives count for the most."

"Let me suggest a place." The Bishop was on fire now. His fine face actually glowed with the enthusiasm of the movement in which he and his friend were inevitably embarked. He went on and unfolded a plan of such far-reaching power and possibility that Dr. Bruce, capable and experienced as he was, felt amazed at the vision of a greater soul than his own.

Their plan as it finally grew into a workable fact was in reality nothing more than the renting of a large building formerly used as a warehouse for a brewery, reconstructing it and living in it themselves in the very heart of a territory where the saloon ruled with power, where the tenement was its filthiest, where vice and ignorance and shame and poverty were congested into hideous forms. It was not a new idea. It was an idea started for Jesus Christ when He left His Father's house and forsook the riches that were His in order to get nearer humanity and, by becoming a part of its sin, helping to draw humanity apart from its sin.

The University Settlement idea is not modern. It is as old as Bethlehem and Nazareth. And in this particular case it was the nearest approach to anything that would satisfy the hunger of these two men to suffer for Christ. There had sprung up in them at the same time a longing that

amounted to a passion, to get nearer the great physical poverty and spiritual destitution of the mighty city that throbbed around them. How could they do this except as they became a part of it, as nearly as one man can become a part of another's misery? Where was the suffering to come in, unless there was an actual self-denial of some sort? And what was to make that self-denial apparent to themselves or any one else, unless it took this concrete, actual, personal form of trying to share the deepest suffering and sin of the city?

So they reasoned for themselves, not judging others. They were simply keeping their own pledge to do as Jesus would do, as they honestly judged He would do. That was what they had promised. How could they quarrel with the result?

The Bishop had money of his own. Everyone in Chicago knew that the Bishop had a handsome fortune. Dr. Bruce had acquired and saved, by literary work carried on in connection with his parish duties, more than a comfortable competence. This money, a large part of it, the two friends agreed to put at once into the work, most of it into the furnishing of a Settlement House.

Meanwhile Nazareth Avenue Church was experiencing something never known before in all its history. The simple appeal on the part of its pastor to his members, to do as Jesus would do, had created a sensation that still continued. The result of that appeal was very much the same as in Henry Maxwell's church in Raymond, only Nazareth Avenue Church was far more aristocratic, wealthy and conventional. Nevertheless, when one Sunday morning in early summer Dr. Bruce came into his pulpit and announced his resignation, the sen-

sation deepened all over the city, although Dr. Bruce had advised with his board of trustees, and the movement he intended was not a matter of surprise to them.

But when it became publicly known that the Bishop also had announced his retirement from the position he had held so long, in order to go and live himself in the centre of the worst part of Chicago, the public astonishment reached its height.

It was fall again, and the city faced another hard winter. The Bishop one afternoon came out of the Settlement and walked around the block, intending to go on a visit to one of his new friends in the district; he had walked about four blocks, when he was attracted by a shop that looked different from the others. The neighbourhood was still quite new to the Bishop, and every day he discovered some strange spot or stumbled upon some unexpected humanity.

The place that attracted his notice was a small house close by a Chinese laundry. There were two windows in the front, very clean, and that was remarkable to begin with. Then inside the window was a tempting display of cookery, with prices attached to the various articles, that made the Bishop wonder somewhat, for he was familiar by this time with many facts in the life of the people once unknown to him.

As he stood looking at the windows, the door between them opened and Felicia Sterling came out.

"Felicia!" said the Bishop. "When did you move into my parish without my knowledge?"

"How did you find me so soon?" asked Felicia.

"Why, don't you know? These are the only clean windows in the block."

"I believe they are," replied Felicia with a laugh that did the Bishop good to hear.

"But why have you dared to come to Chicago without telling me, and how have you entered my diocese without my knowledge?" asked the Bishop. And Felicia looked so like that beautiful, clean, educated, refined world he once knew, that he might be pardoned for seeing in her something of the old Paradise. Although, to speak truth for the Bishop, he had no desire to go back to it again.

"Well, dear Bishop," said Felicia, who had always called him so whenever they had met, "I knew how overwhelmed you were with your work. I did not want to burden you with my plans. And, besides, I am going to offer you my services. Indeed, I was just on my way to see you and ask your advice. I am settled here for the present with Mrs. Bascom, a saleswoman who rents our three rooms, and with one of Rachel's music pupils, who is being helped to a course in violin by Virginia Page. She is from the people," continued Felicia, using the words, "from the people," so gravely and unconsciously that the Bishop smiled, "and I am keeping house for her, and, at the same time, beginning an experiment in pure food for the masses. I am an expert and I have a plan I want you to admire and develop. Will you, dear Bishop?"

"Indeed I will," replied the Bishop. The sight of Felicia and her remarkable vitality, enthusiasm and evident purpose almost bewildered him.

"Martha can help at the Settlement with her violin and I will help with my messes. You see, I thought I would get settled first and work out something and then

come with some real thing to offer. I'm able to earn my own living now."

"You are?" The Bishop said it a little incredulously. "How? Making those things?"

"Those things!" said Felicia with a show of indignation. "I would have you know, sir, that 'those things' are the best cooked, purest food-products in this whole city."

"I don't doubt it," said the Bishop hastily, while his eyes twinkled. "Still, 'the proof of the pudding'—you know the rest."

"Come in and try some," exclaimed Felicia. "You poor Bishop! You look as if you hadn't had a good meal for a month."

She insisted on the Bishop's entering the little front room where Martha, a wide-awake girl with short curly hair and an unmistakable air of music about her, was busy with practice.

"Go right on, Martha. This is the Bishop. You have heard me speak of him so often. Sit down there and let me give you a taste of the flesh pots of Egypt, for I believe you have been actually fasting."

So Felicia and the Bishop had an improvised lunch, and the Bishop, who, to tell the truth, had not taken time for weeks to enjoy his meals, feasted on the delight of his unexpected discovery and was able to express his astonishment and gratification at the quality of the cookery.

"I thought you would, at least, say it was as good as the meals you used to get at the Auditorium, at the big banquets," said Felicia shyly.

"As good as!" The Auditorium banquets were simply husks, compared to this one, Felicia. But you must come to the Settlement. I want you to see what we are doing. And I

am simply astonished to find you here, earning your living this way. I begin to see what your plan is. You can be of infinite help to us. You don't really mean that you will live here and help these people to know the value of good food?"

"Indeed, I do," Felicia answered gravely. "That is my gospel. Shall I not follow it?"

"Aye! Aye! You're right. Bless God for sense like yours. When I left the world," (the Bishop smiled at the phrase), "they were talking a good deal about the 'new woman.' If you are one of them, I am a convert right now and here."

Felicia wanted to visit the Settlement and went back with the Bishop. She was amazed at the results of what considerable money and a good deal of consecrated brains had done. As they walked through the building they talked incessantly. Felicia was the incarnation of vital enthusiasm. Even the Bishop wondered at the exhibition of it, as it bubbled up and sparkled over.

Then went down into the basement and the Bishop pushed open the door, from behind which came the sound of a carpenter's plane. It was a small but well-equipped carpenter's shop. A young man with a paper cap on his head and clad in blouse and overalls was whistling, and driving the plane as he whistled. He looked up as the Bishop and Felicia entered and took off his cap. As he did so, his little finger carried a small, curling shaving up to his hair, and it caught there.

"Miss Sterling, Mr. Stephen Clyde," said the Bishop. "Clyde is one of our helpers here two afternoons in the week."

Just then the Bishop was called upstairs, and he excused himself for a moment, leaving Felicia and the young carpenter together.

"We have met before," said Felicia, looking at Clyde frankly.

"Yes, 'back in the world,' as the Bishop says," replied the young man, and his fingers trembled a little as they lay on the board he had been planing.

"Yes." Felicia hesitated. "I am very glad to see you."

"Are you?" The flush of pleasure mounted to the young carpenter's forehead. "You have had a good deal of trouble since—then?" he said, and then he was afraid he had wounded her, or called up painful memories. But Felicia had lived over all that.

"Yes, and you also. How is it you are working here?"

"It is a long story, Miss Sterling. My father lost his money and I was obliged to go to work. A very good thing for me. The Bishop says I ought to be grateful. I am. I am very happy now. I learned the trade hoping some time to be of use. I am night clerk at one of the hotels. That Sunday morning when you took the pledge at Nazareth Avenue Church, I took it with the others."

"Did you?" said Felicia slowly. "I am glad."

Just then the Bishop came back, and very soon he and Felicia went away, leaving the young carpenter at his work. Some one noticed that he whistled louder than ever as he planed.

"Felicia," said the Bishop, "did you know Stephen Clyde before?"

"Yes, 'back in the world,' dear Bishop; he was one of my acquaintances in Nazareth Avenue Church."

"Ah!" said the Bishop.

"We were very good friends," added Felicia.

"But nothing more?" the Bishop ventured to ask.

Felicia's face glowed for an instant. Then she looked the Bishop in the eyes frankly and answered,

"Truly and truly, nothing more."

"It would be just the way of the world for those two people to come to like each other, though," thought the Bishop to himself, and somehow the thought made him grave. It was almost like the old pang over Camilla. But it passed, leaving him afterwards, when Felicia had gone back, with tears in his eyes and a feeling that was almost hope that Felicia and Stephen would like each other. "After all," said the Bishop, like the sensible good man that he was, "is not romance a part of humanity? Love is older than I am and wiser."

The week following, the Bishop had an experience that belongs to this part of the Settlement's history.

He was coming back to the Settlement very late from some gathering of the striking tailors and was walking along with his hands behind him, when two men jumped out from behind an old fence that shut off an abandoned factory from the street, and faced him. One of the men thrust a pistol into the Bishop's face and the other threatened him with a ragged stake that had evidently been torn from the fence.

"Hold up your hands, and be quick about it!" said the man with the pistol.

The place was solitary and the Bishop had no thought of resistance. He did as he was commanded, and the man with the stake began to go through his pockets. The Bishop was calm. His nerves did not quiver. As he stood there with his arms up-lifted, an ignorant spectator might have thought that he was praying for the souls of these two men. And he was. And his prayer was singularly answered that very night.

## RHODA ROBERTS.

## A WELSH MINING STORY.

BY HARRY LINDSAY.

*Author of "Methodist Idylls," etc.*

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

## "THE CITY OF THE DEAD."

One hundred and seventy-six lives were lost in the terrible explosion at the Big Pit, and there was scarcely a home in Trethyn that was not in some way or other connected with the suffering.

Walking through the town during the days immediately following the explosion was one of the most heart-rending things that mortal man could well be called upon to do. The streets were strangely silent and deserted, the blinds were drawn in every house—not a single exception to this—an unearthly stillness reigned over the place, and it was well named by one horror-struck individual as "The City of the Dead." So terribly silent was it that one's own footsteps echoed ghostly as one stole along, while an unbearable oppressiveness rested upon heart and soul.

Three days after the explosion came the funerals, one of the most impressive sights that well could be conceived—a sight, indeed, which could not be seen anywhere out of Wales. Far different from the English custom is that of the Welsh in regard to their funerals. In England a few mourning coaches draw up to the door, a few of the more intimate friends or relatives silently and demurely step into them, and the departed one is slowly driven to the cemetery or churchyard, and buried quietly and privately. Not so in Wales. When a neighbour dies, not only his intimate friends attend the funeral, but scores, sometimes hundreds, of sympathetic townfolk besides. There are no mourning coaches (or rarely so), but the coffin, covered with a pall, is carried by loving "bearers," while a long line of mourners follow two abreast, chaunting various and solemn funeral hymns. As the sad procession slowly wends its way towards the church-yard crowds of spectators line

the streets, the men with bared heads usually, and the women with their handkerchiefs to their eyes.

On this particular day the scene pictured above was magnified and multiplied ten times. On the night before prayer-meetings had taken place in every house. Another Welsh custom th's, and one of very solemn meaning. Friends and neighbours gather into the houses of the dead, and by hymn-singing, Bible-reading, exhortation and prayer, endeavour to make the momentous event one of self-improvement as well as of consolation to the bereaved.

The reader will doubtless remember that young Dick Fowler was one of those who met his death by the explosion in the mine; and, from what he already knows of Dick's character, he will be prepared to be told that the prayer-meeting at Dick's house on this solemn occasion was one of especial significance. All the leading chapel folk were there, including the young minister whom they had lately engaged as their pastor. Of course, Rhoda Roberts was also present, very pale and habited in a dress of black.

"Poor Rhoda looks very ill," observed one.

"She is grieving over poor Dick," replied another.

"No," whispered the first speaker, shaking her head emphatically. "He was nothing to her. It's her old complaint. Poor thing, she's not meant long for this world, and I shouldn't wonder if we haven't to gather at her prayer-meeting soon."

"God forbid," whispered the other, with tears in her eyes, and then they both sat still again, awaiting the opening of the service.

"I think it be time now," suggested Seth Roberts to the young parson. "P'raps you'd better begin."

"Well, friends," said the parson, "I've not been so very long amongst you that I can claim to know much about our dear departed brother, and therefore it would perhaps be more appropriate if our old friend Seth

Roberts took charge of this solemn service."

"It's not for me, friends," said Seth, "to take the minister's place, but mebbe I will say just a few words after awhile."

With this the young minister advanced to the table. "Let us all join in the singing of this very solemn hymn," he said. "Hymn No. 42."

"Thee we adore, Eternal Name,  
And humbly own to thee."

And as the people sang they closed their eyes and rocked their bodies to and fro as if in sympathetic measure with the tune.

"How feeble is our mortal frame,  
What dying worms we be."

"Dangers stand thick through all  
the ground  
To push us to the tomb."

During the singing of these very suggestive lines many of the people broke down entirely and wept loudly. After the prayer he opened the Bible, and read that magnificent ninetieth psalm, beginning, "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations."

This done, the parson next called upon Seth Roberts to say a few words.

"My dear frien's," he said, "we be met together upon a very solemn occasion—a very solemn occasion indeed. Trethyn sits to-night like Rachel weepin' for her childer, an' they are not. ("God 'as took 'em," responded a voice.) Yes, God 'as took some of 'em," replied Seth, "some of 'em. We don't know how many of 'em was His childer, but we do know our dear brother, Dick Fowler, was His'n. ("Praise Him," cried several.) But the takin' of all these old 'rien's be a heavy affliction for Trethyn to bear. ("That it be.") He were a good lad, were Dick," said the fireman with deep emotion. "He were soundly converted when quite a young nipper, an' he were allus ready to die any time. He were allus on his watchtower, Dick were. He were with us but two days ago; now he's yon," reverently looking and pointing upwards. Once more the old fireman paused, for the sobbing and crying were becoming general, and his own surging emotion was almost more than he could master, but his refer-

ence to Dick's happy abode brought forth strong cries of approval from the people, expressed in such words as "Glory," "Hallelujah," and by some in Welsh, "Bendigedig," "Gogoniant." "Frien's," said Seth presently, "I can't trust myself to say more. My heart be too full. P'r'aps our dear minister will give out a verse?"

"Will Miss Roberts?" asked the minister, raising his eyebrows and appealing to Rhoda.

Without a moment's hesitation Rhoda rose and gave out the hymn, "O God, our help in ages past."

Then, in beautiful simplicity and with intense but well-subdued feeling, Rhoda led the little company in prayer, praying for themselves, for the bereaved and suffering in Trethyn, and for the entire neighbourhood. Then there was more singing and more praying, after which the meeting closed, each member of it lingering behind a moment to take a last and farewell look at their "brother" in his coffin, and then going quietly out, promising as they went to be at the funeral the following day.

The funerals of the victims in the explosion at the Big Pit will never be forgotten by those who saw them. Just think of it! One hundred and seventy-six people buried on one day, at one place, and at one time! Slowly down from the mountains came one procession, from the houses of the opposite mountain came other processions; these were joined by other mournful groups from every street and almost every house. All merging into one general procession, carrying the hundred and seventy-six coffins, the vast and mournful throng slowly wended its way to the Trethyn churchyard, while thousands of people from the neighbouring towns and villages stood respectfully and silently looking on. It was an overwhelming sight, and the low wail of the melody sung as the huge procession crept past was impressive and solemn in the highest degree.

"Brief life is here our portion."

That was one of the hymns sung, to a tune that almost stilled the beating of one's heart.

Then the mournful throng slowly dispersed, most of the people slowly going their ways to their desolate homes.

At the turning of the lane, and

while she, too, was sadly walking homewards, Rhoda suddenly encountered Edward Trethyn.

"Good-day, Rhoda," he said, raising his hat and holding out his hand.

"Good-day, Edward," she said; "you've left your friends?"

She had seen him in the churchyard in company with Sir Charles Montgomery and several other of the neighbouring gentry.

"Yes," he replied, "they have gone home in the carriage."

"Miss Nellie Montgomery was present?"

"Yes."

"It was very kind of her to thus show her sympathy," said Rhoda; "she seems a kind and gracious person."

"She is indeed," replied Edward warmly. "Nellie is one amongst a thousand."

Rhoda was silent for a few moments, but presently she said:

"I am so glad to hear you say that."

"Say what?"

"That Miss Montgomery is such an estimable young lady."

"There's no doubt about that," replied Edward, all unsuspecting that Rhoda was leading him up to a painful disclosure. "If I had never met you, dear Rhoda, Nellie is just the person I would have chosen for my wife. Now, are you not just a little bit jealous?" he asked playfully.

"You love her, then?" queried Rhoda quietly, her poor heart fluttering at the question.

"Well—not exactly—that," said Edward slowly, and feeling that Rhoda's questions had put him into an awkward corner. "I can't say I love her—not in the sense that I love you, my precious one; but I highly esteem her."

"You love her as a sister?"

"Yes, that's it," he replied, somewhat relieved.

"And p'r'aps a little more than that?"

"N—no; well, p'r'aps I do if I rightly judge my heart. But why do you press the point?"

She did not immediately answer, but walked on in silence for several moments. She had come to a turning-point in her life and feared to take it; a momentous crisis had risen in her life, and she shrank from

meeting it. Her heart was beating wildly, and the hot blood flushing her face.

Edward quickly noticed it.

"My darling," he said tenderly, "What is agitating you so? Surely you're not grieving over the words I've just spoken?"

He could not see her face well, for it was growing dark, but she looked up into his face with a sad smile on her own.

"Not grieving because of them," she said with slight emphasis, "but glad of them. I've been thinking of your future happiness, Edward, and wondering how I could assure it to you."

Edward looked at her. What could she mean? She was leaning on his arm, and he could feel her heart throbbing violently; plainly, therefore, she was more agitated than her words suggested, and there seemed some deep reason for it which was as yet a mystery to Edward.

"You are talking enigmatically," he said lowly.

"I'm afraid I am, Edward," she replied, "but it is only because I shrink from telling you what's on my mind."

"What's on your mind?" he exclaimed anxiously.

"What I must tell you," she said falteringly, "and I scarcely have a grain of courage to say it."

"Rhoda, darling," he whispered, "what is it you must tell me?"

Still she hesitated a few moments.

"Would it grieve you very much, Edward, if I told you that I can never hope to be your wife?"

"I should only laugh at you," he answered gaily.

"But, Edward, I mean it!" she cried with piteous emphasis.

"Then I don't," he replied good-humouredly. "Why, whatever has come over the little woman? After all these years of waiting, and after all the trouble we've gone through, to talk like this!"

She was silent for a few moments, but presently she spoke again.

"Edward, dear Edward," she said with pathetic emphasis, "do be serious."

"I am serious indeed," he replied; "never more so in my life."

"You know that my health is bad," she continued, "and I have been thinking it all over, and—"

He would not allow her to proceed.

"Your health is only temporarily affected," he said reassuringly. "It's the trouble that has preyed upon your mind and heart that has made you ill. When you get peace and quiet again you'll soon be your old self once more, dear Rhoda."

His confidence was soothing to her, and made her almost half inclined to withdraw her words. But no; she was resolved. After grave, prolonged, and mature reflection she had determined upon a certain action, and now, if ever, was the time to put it into execution. No hastily-formed conclusion was it which had decided her upon telling Edward Trethyn that she could never consent to be his wife, and one only arrived at after much painful and heartbreaking thought. She felt that called upon to sustain the dignity of the Lady of Trethyn (which would be her future title if she married Edward) she would be so exalted above her proper station in life that she would surely pine away and die like the village lass who met the artist-lord, married him, and afterwards "died before her time," because her Lord of Burleigh had placed upon her

. . . The burthen of an honour  
Unto which she was not born.

But only on the ground of ill-health did she intend to speak with Edward; and that alone was sufficient justification to her mind for desiring to break off this engagement of marriage.

They continued walking along in silence for some considerable distance, when at length Rhoda spoke again:

"There is great need for my taking this step," she said quietly.

"There's nothing of the old objection in this, is there?" he simply asked, and with evident pain in his tone.

"The old objection?" she mused.

"About being unequally yoked," he explained.

"But would it be so?" she asked.

"Is it that you think so?" he persisted.

"No, Edward, it is not," she said, tears filling her eyes. "I know you are the Lord's child. But my health would never permit of my marrying."

"Your health will improve," he replied.

"It would be unkind of me ever to

marry," she said presently. "I'm only a wreck of what I once was, Edward. You should hear me cough at night-time. Indeed, Edward," she continued, after a moment's hesitation, "it would be folly, it would be wicked of me even to think of marrying."

"But your case isn't hopeless?"

Hopeless! The word filled her with despair. If her health were hopeless, would he then lightly cast her off? Did he not love her solely for her own sake, or was his love for her regulated by other considerations? Was it not character, temperament, graces and disposition that won a good man's love, and did not these things last when health and strength were ruined and lost?

"My case is more hopeless than you imagine, Edward," she said sorrowfully. "I overheard Dr. Shearer speaking to father the other night about me, and I can assure you his words were quite alarming."

"P'raps you've let them alarm you?"

"They did alarm me, and no one could have felt otherwise on hearing them were they in my position. But, of course, my alarm does not affect the seriousness of the words."

Poor Edward was silent. His heart was pained, and he did not know how to reply.

"You see, Edward dear," Rhoda continued, following up the impression she had made, "we're old enough to look at this thing sensibly. You see what I mean? Marrying me would only bring you sickness and trouble.

"Oh! my precious one," he said, pressing her to his heart and drawing her gently into the shadow of the park gates, which they were at that moment passing, "this is terrible, terrible!"

"It's all for the best, Edward," she whispered through her tears; "all for the best. Try to think of it as such."

"I could never think of it as such," he replied, "and I never will. How can it be for the best?"

"But you will see so some day, Edward."

"Never!"

"You will learn to love another—"

"Hush, Rhoda!" he cried; "don't say that. I will never love another as I love you. I never could.



And I'm not going to give you up yet. We will consult other doctors."

"They will only tell you the same."

"We shall see."

"If they do, then you will listen to my request? Believe me, dear Edward, I only make it for your good, and it breaks my very heart to ask it."

"No," he replied, again pressing her to his heart, "I shall never give you up. I'm yours until death do us part."

It was in vain for Rhoda to plead, and, indeed, she hardly expected to carry her point on the first broaching of it. That she did not carry it in no little wise pleased her womanly vanity, but it increased and strengthened all her resolution to succeed in the end.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### ON THE TRACK.

It was not yet daylight when Mr. Detective Carlyle stepped out of the train at Euston Station. Without, however, the least delay the detective made his way to the (well known to him) "diggings" of Mr. Arthur Bourne Trethyn. As he trudged along through the frosty morning London seemed almost deserted. But though London itself was silent and deserted, two scared and fearsome individuals were early astir. Stephen Grainger and Arthur Bourne Trethyn had not "slept a wink," but all night long had been plagued with restlessness. All night long they were haunted with the persistent fear of sudden arrest, and with no peace of mind or soul there was no rest to body.

As the day dawned the two guilty wretches pacing the floor of that sumptuous apartment in B—Street grew more and more composed. Frequently now and again they went to the window and looked out, often ejaculating as they did so, "It's getting lighter."

Once Arthur Bourne Trethyn went to the window and looked out. As he did so he saw a man standing in the middle of the street eyeing the house.

"Do you know him?" queried Stephen Grainger fearfully.

"No. I can't say that I do," he replied. "Of course it's too dark to

distinguish his features, but he seems an entire stranger to me."

"Who can it be?" wondered Stephen Grainger.

"He is evidently taking stock of this house. He is viewing the building up and down."

"Take care he doesn't see you looking at him," suggested Stephen Grainger.

"Oh! he can't possibly see me," replied Arthur Bourne; "I've only the least bit of blind drawn aside."

"He's not one of your creditors, is he?"

"No," replied Arthur Bourne.

"P'raps he is," anxiously suggested Stephen Grainger, as if he were striving to drive from his mind a growing fear by fixing the stranger as a probable some one else; "p'raps he is a creditor, only you cannot make him out in the darkness."

"No!" emphatically exclaimed the younger man; "I tell you he is a perfect stranger to me. If it were black as night I think I could tell at a glance any or every one of my creditors. You've no idea how easy it is to remember the form and figure of a creditor. This man outside here is quite unknown to me. Come and look at him."

Nervously, Stephen Grainger crossed the room, but before he could reach the window the figure had disappeared.

"He's gone!" cried Arthur Bourne.

"Thank goodness!" exclaimed Stephen Grainger, and heaved a great sigh of relief. I tell you what it is, Arthur, we'll have to clear out of this place as soon as possible."

"Why?" Who do you suspect that fellow was?"

"I don't know who to think. I—"

"You suspected it was somebody whom you feared?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, I just thought it might have been Carlyle—Detective Carlyle, you know. Though how he could have got here by this time I can't think."

"By the railway, of course."

"Yes, but he was in Trethyn yesterday."

"So were you."

"True; but I left with the only train booking to London."

"Is there no midnight train?"

Stephen Grainger thought a moment.

"Yes, of course there is. I forgot that. But there was the explosion, and I don't see how he could have

left. He would be engaged about the pit, or in some other way."

Arthur Bourne looked at him.

"You're trying to make yourself think that," he said.

A quarter of an hour or so afterwards Arthur Bourne again looked through the window.

"I declare," he exclaimed, "if that fellow isn't there again! He's on the other side of the street, propping himself up against the area railings. There's a determined look on his face as if he meant business. I wonder if it is Detective Carlyle, and whether his business is with us."

Without waiting for a second invitation Stephen Grainger went and looked through the window. One brief glance was sufficient for him.

"Great heavens!" he exclaimed, "it is Detective Carlyle."

"Never!"

"It is indeed," emphasized Stephen Grainger.

"P'raps you're mistaken? It's hardly light yet. Look again."

"No need of it," replied Stephen Grainger. "I tell you I couldn't possibly mistake that figure."

"What's to be done?" asked Arthur Bourne.

"We must get out of here," replied Stephen Grainger, "by hook or by crook. I wonder whether there is a back exit."

"Yes, there is," replied Arthur Bourne, eagerly.

"Very well, let's make for it. Whatever we do we must do at once. In an hour's time flight will be impossible, for Carlyle will doubtless have the house watched back and front. Gracious me!" he exclaimed—for he had gone again to the window—"two policemen have now joined him, and the detective is talking to them confidentially. Oh! that's his little game, is it? He's giving the policemen instructions to go round to the back—"

"While he seeks admission through the front door," suggested Arthur Bourne.

"That's just it. Quick, Arthur, for your life!" replied Stephen Grainger.

No one was as yet stirring in the house, and consequently there was no one to bar their flight. Arthur Bourne hastily led Stephen Grainger to the back door, quickly but quietly the two men undid the fastenings, and the next moment were in the open air. Once in the street they set off at a run, and in an opposite

direction from that by which they expected the approach of the constables, and soon were far enough away from danger and in practical safety.

"My goodness!" exclaimed Stephen Grainger when at length his wits returned to him, "we've come away without my bag."

"That's a small matter," returned Arthur Bourne; "we've got away with whole skins, and that's something to be grateful for. What matters it about your paltry bag! Think of the valuables I've left behind."

"But the papers in my bag were valuable."

"Eh? Papers?"

"Yes, valuable and important papers, and if Detective Carlyle gets hold of them we're done for."

"Done for! What do you mean?"

"If Carlyle gets hold of them we may as well fly the country."

"What papers were they?"

"Well, there was that letter I wrote to you when you were abroad—"

"Informing me of the heirship?"

"Yes. Besides this there are also several important papers concerning certain transactions on the Trethyn estate."

"Well, those are now no use to you."

Stephen Grainger did not venture to explain how the loss of these papers occasioned his anxiety, for it would never have done to reveal to the late heir (the presumptive heir) what fraudulent transactions he, as agent, had carried on to enrich himself out of the Trethyn estates.

"Then there are Thomas' letters," continued Grainger; "those in which he informed me of Edward Trethyn's death."

"And of his part in it?"

"Yes, or what he said his part in it was. But, of course, Thomas lied."

"Nevertheless his letters would incriminate you?"

"Yes; you see he writes in answer to my suggestions."

"Exactly. But why didn't you keep such letters? Why didn't you burn them? Believe me, Grainger, it is never safe to keep incriminating documents, no matter how serviceable you may hope them to be."

"I wish to goodness I had burnt them, and all the others with them," sighed Stephen Grainger.

"What were the others about?"

"Oh! various things. I can't tell

now exactly what they were. But I was in the habit of keeping certain papers safely locked in my desk, and they referred to various matters. When I left Trethyn I stuffed them all into my bag, and there they are now."

"Well, you have put yourself into a pretty pickle," was Arthur Bourne's remark as they hurried along.

Meanwhile Mr. Detective Carlyle's officers had stationed themselves near the back way into Arthur Bourne Trethyn's "diggings," as Stephen Grainger suspected they would, and Detective Carlyle was already knocking loudly at the front door for entrance.

"Hello!" cried a voice from an upper window, and looking up Detective Carlyle saw a nightcapped head looking forth. "What are you making all that row about?"

"I want you to come down and open the door," replied Detective Carlyle.

"Clear away from there!" shouted the man.

"Look here, my man, you just come down here at once. There are thieves in your house."

"Thieves!"

Like a lightning flash the head was drawn in again, down came the window with a bang, and in an incredibly short space of time the owner of the nightcapped head appeared at the door wrapped in a figured dressing-gown.

"Are you a policeman?" he demanded,

"Yes."

"Come in, then, and arrest them," he said excitedly, throwing the door wide open.

Mr. Detective Carlyle did not need a second invitation, and at once entered the house.

Soon the landlord discovered the open back-door.

"My gracious me!" he cried, "we're too late after all!"

"Too late!" repeated the detective, following him.

"Yes, they're gone!"

"Gone!"

"Look! they've gone out through this door. It stands wide open, you see. The scoundrels!"

"Who's gone?" queried the detective, for as yet it had not dawned upon him that the very man he wanted had actually escaped.

"Why, the thieves, of course. Can't you see this door is open?"

Man, if we had only been a moment or two sooner!"

"What's to be done?" demanded the landlord.

"We must set the police on their track," answered the detective. "But just now please attend to me. Have you a boarder here named Arthur Bourne Trethyn?"

"Mr. Arthur Bourne Trethyn lives here."

"Well, will you have the goodness to send for Mr. Arthur Bourne Trethyn, as I've business with him?"

One of the domestics was at once despatched to Mr. Arthur Trethyn's room. In a few moments she returned.

"He's not in his room, sir."

"Not in?"

"No, sir. I knocked and knocked at the door, and when he didn't answer I peeped in."

"Well?"

"He was not there."

"He came home last night?" queried the detective.

"Yes," replied the landlord, "though more correctly speaking it was early this morning."

"Did anyone accompany him?"

"No; I should say not."

"Why should you say not?"

"Well, of course, I was abed when he came, and I couldn't speak for certain."

"If you please," said the domestic, "I don't think he did come home."

"Not come home! Why?" demanded the landlord.

"'Cause his bed is not lain on."

Detective Carlyle opened wide his eyes in astonishment.

"Oh! but he did come home," said the landlord. "I distinctly heard him put his key in the lock. Annie," he cried to another domestic who then joined them, "did you hear Mr. Trethyn come in last night?"

"It was this morning, sir."

"You heard him?"

"Yes."

"Anyone with him?" asked the detective.

"Yes, and a fine noise they kept up all night."

The landlord looked amazed.

"They were talking and talking nearly all night long. And when they weren't talking they were marching up and down the room."

"Well, then, they must be in the house now," said the landlord, "but I confess I never heard them. Just go to their room and see if they're there."

"It's no use, I'm afraid," remarked the detective, and he pointed to the open back door.

"You don't mean to say they've opened that door?"

"And escaped through it," replied the detective."

"You were after Mr. Trethyn for debt?"

"Worse than debt."

At that moment Annie, the servant, returned from Arthur Trethyn's room carrying a small portmanteau.

"They are not there, sir, but this is a proof," showing the bag, "that some other gentleman came home with Mr. Trethyn."

The landlord took the portmanteau in his hand and examined it.

"No, this is not Mr. Trethyn's bag," he said.

"Allow me a moment," said the detective.

Without the slightest hesitation Mr. Carlyle at once opened the bag and glanced at its contents.

"Landlord," he said the next moment, "I will take charge of this. This bag belongs to the man I am searching for, and these documents inside are stolen documents. It is plain he has been here, but has for the present escaped my clutches."

"But how could he tell you were on his track?"

"Your servant says the bed upstairs has not been lain on. Your other servant, the one you called

Annie, says she heard them talking and pacing the room below. It is clear, therefore, they have passed the night in their own sitting-room, and as the sitting-room looks out on the front street, it is also evident that they have observed me through the window and taken flight."

Mr. Detective Carlyle then left the house, and in a few minutes returned, accompanied by an officer.

"I must ask you," he said, addressing the landlord, "to allow this man to remain here a few days. Any expense I'll bear. But it is necessary to be ready, in case the gentleman I'm after should return."

Shortly afterwards the detective was in Scotland Yard, and had reported the matter to the authorities there. As speedily as possible all due precautions were then taken to prevent the fugitives leaving the country. Telegraphic messages were sent to all seaports, with an urgent request to keep a sharp look-out on all outgoing vessels. Besides this messages were sent to the principal towns, advising the police there to make inquiries amongst all strangers in the towns. This done, Mr. Detective Carlyle felt that escape was absolutely impossible now, and capture as absolutely certain.

"We'll run them to earth yet," he chuckled, with a satisfied air, as he left Scotland Yard.

#### A LEGEND.

I read a legend of a monk who painted,  
In an old convent cell in days bygone,  
Pictures of martyrs and of virgins sainted,  
And the sweet Christ-face with the crown  
of thorn.

Poor daubs! not fit to be a chapel's treasure!  
Full many a taunting word upon them  
fell

But the good abbot let him, for his pleasure,  
Adorn with them his solitary cell.

One night the poor monk mused, "Could I  
but render

Honour to Christ as other painters do!—  
Were but my skill as great as is the ten-  
der

Love that inspires me when His cross I  
view!

"But no—'tis vain I toil and strive in sor-  
row.

What man so scorns, still less can He  
admire,  
My life's work is all valueless—to-morrow

I'll cast my ill-wrought pictures on the  
fire."

He raised his eyes within his cell, oh, won-  
der!

There stood a Visitor, thorn-crowned was  
He;

And a sweet voice the silence rent asunder:  
"I scorn no work that's done for love of  
Me."

And round the walls the paintings shone  
resplendent

With lights and shadows to this world  
unknown,

A perfect beauty and a hue transcendent  
That never yet on mortal canvas shone.

There is a meaning in the strange old  
story—

Let none dare judge his brother's worth  
or need:

The pure intent gives to the act its glory,  
The noblest purpose makes the grandest  
deed.

## THE PROHIBITION PLEBISCITE.

BY F. S. SPENCE, ESQ.,

*Secretary of the Prohibition Alliance.*

The plebiscite to be taken on the approaching 29th of September will be one of the most important political events in the history of Canada. Upon its result will depend the immediate future of the prohibition reform. It will materially advance or seriously retard the coming of the time that is most assuredly ahead of us, when the liquor traffic will no longer have the protection and authorization of law.

It is just seventy years since, in 1828, the first Canadian Total Abstinence Society was formed at Beaver River, in Nova Scotia, and there was begun a work that has almost revolutionized the habits of our people and has developed into a mighty social and political force.

### LEGISLATION NECESSARY.

Ever since that time, earnest women and men have striven hard for the development of the movement then inaugurated. A short period of effort on moral suasion lines soon made it clear that the abounding temptation supplied by the legalized liquor traffic continually thwarted and defeated the efforts of those who were endeavouring to shield the innocent and reclaim the fallen. The advocates of sobriety were obliged to become the opponents of the license system, and for many years the battle against the drink evil has been fought on the dual lines of total abstinence and prohibitory legislation.

### RESULTS OF PROHIBITION.

All the prohibitory measures, so far tried, have been of a partial character. Laws have been enacted prohibiting the selling of liquor at certain times, in certain places, in certain quantities, by certain people, and to certain people. These measures have done some good, but their usefulness has been limited by the defective nature of the prohibition imposed, and by the consequent difficulties found in enforcing them. Public opinion has, however, been steadily growing, and expressing itself more and more in a demand for the more comprehensive measure of the total prohibition of the manufacture, importation and sale of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes.

This total prohibition is the one legis-

lative method of dealing with the drink evil that has not yet been tried. The most sweeping legislation that has yet been put into operation has had some loopholes of permission for the traffic to continue in some form. The prohibitory law of Maine does not interfere with the free importation of intoxicants from adjoining States. The Canada Temperance Act has the same defect, and also permits manufacture and wholesale for consumption outside the territory under prohibition. It will be readily understood that such measures must be partial failures as far as abolition of the liquor traffic is concerned. It is surprising to find how much good they have accomplished in spite of these hindrances to their effectiveness. One illustration out of many may be cited.

The report of the Royal Commission shows that in the Province of New Brunswick there are nine counties under the Scott Act, and five counties under License Law. Tables are given showing the population and the criminal record of these two groups of counties. The group under prohibition had, in 1891, a population of 196,422; the group under license law had a population of 124,841. For the ten years named the total convictions for crime in the prohibition counties were 8,738, and for drunkenness alone 4,986. The convictions in the license counties were 14,102 for all crimes, and 8,612 for drunkenness. In other words, the sixty-one per cent. of the population being under prohibition had thirty-nine per cent. of all the crime, and thirty-seven per cent. of all the drunkenness, while thirty-nine per cent. of the population being under license had sixty-one per cent. of all the crime, and sixty-three per cent. of all the drunkenness. Other examples equally forcible might be given.

### WHY A PLEBISCITE ?

If partial prohibition lessens drunkenness, it is certainly reasonable to argue that total prohibition would be still more effective. This was readily recognized and led to still more strenuous demands for a thorough-going law. The question has been considered many times by Parliament and Legislatures. Practical efforts to secure legislation have been, to

some extent, impeded at different times by disputes as to whether the right to prohibit belongs to the Dominion, or to the respective Provinces, or to both. Judicial decisions have, however, made it clear that whatever authority legislatures possess, the national Parliament has power to enact total prohibition for the whole Dominion. The House of Commons has declared that such action would be the most "effective remedy for the evils of intemperance," and has avowed its determination to act in accordance with this declaration as soon as public opinion is prepared to sustain stringent measures. Now, Parliament asks the people to whether or not such a law is to be enacted. This is the meaning of the plebiscite to be taken on September 29th.

The importance of the situation will be readily recognized. The moral sentiment of Canada is undoubtedly in favour of prohibition. The Government and Parliament ask for a demonstration of the strength of that sentiment. The people are asked to give a direct instruction to the legislators. If the electorate responds so as to make it clear that a majority of the people are in favour of prohibition, the enactment of a prohibitory law will follow. If the vote shows that public opinion does not yet favour this comprehensive measure, then national legislation prohibiting the liquor traffic will be postponed. The agitation must go on, the blight of intemperance must remain, until there has been further development of an opinion and a principle that are certain to triumph in the end.

#### THE ANTIS' CASE.

Against the prohibitory movement are arrayed the selfish interests of those who are being enriched by their connection with the liquor traffic, and those who fear that a rigid law would interfere with their personal gratification. They do not state that these are the reasons for their opposition. They present certain plausible arguments in favour of continuing the present system. Most of these arguments have in them a measure of truth, and so have force with persons who do not perceive that they are largely exaggerations, and that the disadvantages that prohibition would entail upon some people are insignificant compared to the tremendous injury which the liquor traffic does to so many.

Among the most frequently used of these arguments are the statements that prohibition would unduly interfere with personal liberty, that it would seriously

impair our national revenue, that it could not be thoroughly enforced, and that the temptation of the permitted liquor traffic is indirectly useful in strengthening the moral character of the community.

It is true that prohibition takes away the liberty that a few men now enjoy to sell liquor, and indirectly affects the liberty of those who desire to indulge in intoxicants. Nearly every custom and law of civilization, however, similarly affects the liberty of some for the benefit of the many. Our lives are hedged in by just such divine and human laws, preventing our taking certain courses of action that we might prefer, because such action would interfere with the rights or happiness of others. The result of all these restrictions is fuller liberty for all in what is best, fuller enjoyment by all of privileges that otherwise would be monopolized by a few. Prohibition is in the line of the civilizing principle of overcoming selfishness by wise legislation for the benefit of all.

It is also true that prohibition would affect the revenue. The liquor-sellers are, in a certain sense, tax collectors. They take from the people annually about \$40,000,000. About \$7,000,000 of this sum reaches the public treasury, the balance of \$33,000,000 is the commission of these collectors, who claim that they help the revenue. They simply impose upon the community a tax six times as great as the community would have to pay if the liquor traffic were abolished and this extra revenue collected through other channels. It is true that those who now abstain from liquor would pay a share of the \$7,000,000. They are willing to do this. They object to a system that means special taxation, heavy taxation, wrung out of the misery of suffering wives and starving children. Moreover, the liquor evil involves other vast outlays that taxpayers have to meet, but which enforced prohibition would relieve them from paying. Statesmen, philanthropists and financiers agree in denouncing the liquor traffic as a financial curse to the community.

A good deal of difficulty would no doubt be found in enforcing a law of total prohibition. There would be law defiance and law evasion. This is the case with nearly all laws, especially so in reference to license laws, which are continually violated. Yet these laws do good. All legislation would be deemed a failure if it was considered that failure meant falling short of totally abolishing the evil prohibited. It is wrong to test

the value of prohibition legislation by considering whether or not there would be liquor-selling where it was in force. If prohibition succeeded in suppressing the liquor traffic to such an extent as to materially diminish intemperance, then it would be a success. A little thought will convince any one that a law that entirely prohibits an evil can be more easily enforced than a law that partly prohibits. It is proposed to replace license by prohibition. Facts already quoted show that even partial prohibition has done good, and the conclusion is that better prohibition would produce still better results.

A few of the apologists for the liquor traffic argue that this traffic furnishes a temptation, resistance to which tends to develop moral character. It is scarcely worth while taking time to deal with this sophistry. The liquor traffic successfully tempts thousands of men, entailing fearful misery not only upon the tempted but upon the innocent and weak who have not yielded to the inducement to do wrong. The intemperance of some brings sore sorrow to many. How absurd it is to propose that we should continue to sacrifice the weak and to blast young lives with a ruin from which they cannot escape, defending the outrage by arguing that the temptation has benefited some. There is evil enough in the world to fight, without the community and the parliament joining in the devilish work of providing inducements to crime and disaster and sin.

These anti-temperance arguments have been refuted over and over again. They are not the real reasons why prohibition is opposed. They are the sophistries by which the liquor traffickers hope to induce right-principled but short-sighted people to support the ruinous system out of which these traffickers are building up colossal fortunes for themselves.

#### A BITTER FIGHT.

There is an idea abroad that the liquor traffic will not make much effort in the present campaign. This is a serious mistake. The liquor traffic will do all that can help its cause. Its campaign work is going on already. A firm of wealthy distillers has sent a circular to charitable organizations saying that its contribution for benevolent purposes must be discontinued this year in order that the money may be available for the coming fight. Circulars have been sent to newspapers all over Ontario, asking them to name the price at which they would sell their

space for use by agents of the liquor party. It may be that there will be little platform opposition to prohibition. Such campaigning generally results in benefit to the temperance side, as open discussion favours the truth. It would be in the interests of the liquor traffic to have a small vote polled. Prohibitionists desire to have as full an expression of the actual opinion of the people as can possibly be secured. The liquor traffic will probably fight quietly, but it will fight hard.

#### A DANGER.

The danger of the situation is in the possibility of indifference on the part of the electors favourable to prohibition. A full vote would mean an overwhelming majority against the liquor traffic. The friends of temperance have not, however, control of money to employ agents, to hire conveyances, and to perfect the elaborate machinery that political parties bring into play at elections, even if they were disposed to adopt this method. Their opponents would be willing to sacrifice large amounts to defeat prohibition, and are well able to provide any desired amount of money. The rank and file of the voters favourable to prohibition must make more than their usual voluntary electoral efforts, in order to secure a fair expression of their views through the ballot-box.

The end to be obtained is worthy of such an effort. Notwithstanding the progress that has been made, the evil of intemperance is still working fearful havoc in our land. There is hardly a home that has not suffered in some way from the curse. Thousands of worse than widowed wives, thousands of worse than orphan children, thousands of blasted homes and broken hearts testify to the cruel tyranny of this nineteenth-century despot. Christian civilization is the working out of the grand Gospel truth of the responsibility of every man for the welfare of his fellows. It is meeting in a desperate conflict the sordid grasping selfishness that really appertains to the heathen barbarism of bygone days. The result will depend upon the zeal and activity of those who are professed adherents of the Gospel truth. An earnest appeal is made to every man who has a vote, to every woman who has influence, to every Christian who seeks the triumph of benevolence and justice. Trusting in God and doing all your duty, go into this good fight with heart and soul and mind and strength, and above all "Let every vote be polled."

## WILLIAM THEOPHILUS DAVISON.

BY THE REV. W. H. ADAMS.



REV. W. THEOPHILUS DAVISON, D.D.

Dr. Davison is one of that bright galaxy of stars which shine in the firmament of British Methodism. He has a wide fame as a professor, a preacher, and an author. In each rôle he is conspicuously distinguished; being easily the equal of the best to be found in that "kingdom moated by the main" which brings forth, as of yore, many of the world's leaders in thought, as well as of the world's leaders in action.

There is little of Dr. Davison but what is intellectual and spiritual. He is under the average height, and of but slender build. His massive head, his mobile mouth, and the light of his quick and penetrating eye mark him as a man of mind. And the quality which characterizes his lectures, his sermons, and his literary labours—a quality which is not merely the product of his consummate scholarship, nor of the lucidity and precision of his mental processes, but which is the outcome of his large, aspiring, devout, and reverent soul—sets him forth as one with whom, indeed, the "secret of the Lord" is lodged. Within the

radius of his personal influence, a man finds himself helped and uplifted, and he forms, too, a new estimate of the mighty difference that obtains between the sordid and the spiritual.

As Professor of Biblical Literature and Exegesis at Richmond College (he is now in the Divinity Chair at Handsworth), Dr. Davison led successive generations of students into a new and better world. A critic of the modern school, he revealed to them the clumsiness of the traditional system of interpretation. As they grew dissatisfied with those summary and wooden ways, he set forth to their great delight, and in a manner few men could, the more painstaking, reasonable, and scientific methods which are now being slowly yet surely pressed into universal service—slowly, because of the resistance of conservative opponents—surely, because of the omnipotence of truth and common-sense.

With a strong hand he led his students on, making sure his footing as he went, and proceeding as truly without haste as without hesitation—for though a critic he is no iconoclast; moreover, while he taught them that theories, however sacrosanct, might not be tenable, he showed them they were neither to forfeit nor embrace anything on the instant; and unconsciously he conferred on them the benefit of his own example of fearless, toilsome, and reverent research. Small wonder that already some of those students are numbered among well-known leaders of men, and are making themselves powerfully felt over two hemispheres!

As a preacher Dr. Davison has few equals. Whether you consider their strength of thought, their delightful diction, or their immediate practical value, it would be difficult to conceive of anything surpassing his sermons. Many a good sermon has been murdered in its delivery. But that was never the case with any of Dr. Davison's. If you could read them they would charm and move you, but they gain infinitely by his manner and his individuality. He has a splendid voice, and knows well how to



use it. But it is not simply his lips that preach; it is the whole tripartite man. He literally takes fast hold upon his hearers, lifts them, and carries them along. And, when at length he sets them down, they are different from what he found them. For Dr. Davison's sermons make the bad man good, and the good man better.

A recent English newspaper, just at hand, bears testimony to the versatility of Dr. Davison's pulpit powers. It reveals him as eminently successful in that most difficult work, namely, trying to preach to a chapful of school-boys. The occasion was the sesqui-centennial of the far-famed Kingswood School, on Midsummer-day. On June 24th, 1748, the opening sermon of that institution was preached by the immortal Wesley himself from the words: "Train up a child in the way he should go." One hundred and fifty years later the sermon was preached, says the reporter, "by one who is a worthy successor of England's greatest evangelist," from "Instead of the fathers shall be thy children, whom thou shalt make princes in all the earth." The doctor is represented as delivering, "without manuscript or note," a sermon packed with lofty thought and expressed in language rich in poetic colouring and sparkling with aphoristic gems.

It is a benediction to hear Dr. Davison read the prayers. You will visit many a parish church, and many a great cathedral, before you will hear them read as Dr. Davison reads them. As he rises in his place the opening sentence rolls forth with singular power and pathos: "To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against him; neither have we obeyed the voice of the Lord our God, to walk in his laws which he set before us." As he proceeds with the sublime ritual that for centuries has voiced the confession, thanksgiving, and prayer of countless thousands of the flock of Christ, the whole congregation is humbled and filled with sacred joy. Many a heart bounds, and many an eye is filled with tears. And it is with a holy fervour that at length in unison both minister and people cry "Son of God, we beseech Thee to hear us." As you kneel there you instinctively rejoice that the English followers of John Wesley have in some of their sanctuaries retained the use of the liturgy he loved so well.

The son of a minister, Dr. Davison's first book bore the following dedication: "To my father, my earliest teacher, and lifelong counsellor and friend." That was

ten years ago, and since then he has given a number of volumes to the world. Among these is a charming introduction to the book of Psalms, entitled "The Praises of Israel."\* Of this Dr. Marcus Dods, the famous Edinburgh professor, wrote: "It is the work of a reverent and open-minded scholar, who has spared no pains to compress into this small volume the best information and the most trustworthy results arrived at by himself and other experts. Nothing could be finer than the spirit in which the book is written, and to read it is an education in criticism." The learned Dr. Perowne, Lord Bishop of Worcester, also states that the volume in question is "the work of a vigorous, independent and devout expositor"; adding, "I hope to make some use of it before I bring out another edition of my book." It is not too much to say that every intelligent Bible-student who reads these pages ought to become possessed of the "Praises of Israel." For while the work commends itself to the best scholarship of the day, it was purposely written for popular use. Besides, to know the Book of Psalms is to know the Bible, for "the Psalter is a Bible within a Bible."

It remains to be added that Dr. Davison is one of the most modest of men. He has been known to flee in terror when his name was introduced for laudation in a dignified assembly. If he is famous he accounts it less his fault than his misfortune. He was never formed, like the sunflower, to blaze and advertise. But he loves the shade and quietness as much as does

"A violet by a mossy stone  
Half-hidden from the eye."

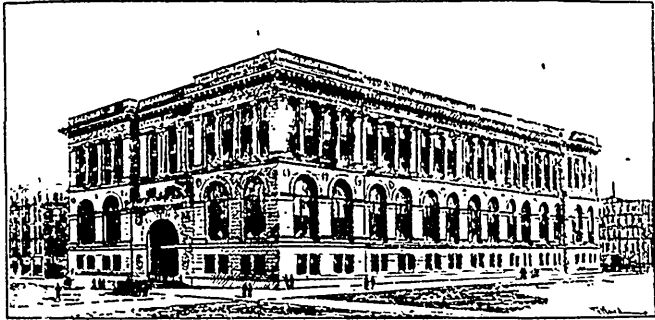
May he long live to radiate his own peculiar and potent influence, and to see, as he would have it, the work of the Lord prosper in his hands. †

Orono, Ont.

\* "The Praises of Israel": an Introduction to the Study of the Psalms. By W. T. Davison, M.A., D.D., Tutor in Systematic Theology, Handsworth College, Birmingham. London: C. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 330. Price, 90 cents.

† Dr. Davison was the honoured fraternal delegate from the Wesleyan Conference to the late General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. His address and ministrations at Baltimore, as also at New York and Boston, were "as ointment poured forth."—Ed.

## PUBLIC LIBRARIES.



NEW PUBLIC LIBRARY, CHICAGO.

"The true University of these days," says Carlyle, "is a collection of books." In these is gathered up the wisdom of the past—the best thought of the world's best thinkers throughout the ages. The time was when access to great libraries was the privilege only of the learned few or of the titled great. At Oxford, Paris, Rome and the great universities were large collections of books, but to the busy toiler in life's hive they were inaccessible as kings' treasures.

The most striking feature of the democratization of the times is that the poor man has been made a free citizen of the great republic of letters. Libraries, rivalling the best in the world, are collected for his use, are maintained by a public tax, and are at the service of all. Skilled librarians cheerfully render their best service in aiding the research of the student.

Boston, the centre of so much progressive thought and philanthropy, has probably led the world in its magnificent provision for the housing and circulation of books for the people. But now every city of any size or pretensions to culture has its public library. By the consolidation of three existing libraries New York will have one of the most magnificent temples of learning in the world. Chicago has recently completed one of magnificent proportions and great capacity. As will be seen from the illustration it is a monumental structure well worthy of the progressive city of the Columbian Fair. The apparatus and arrangements for indexing, promptly delivering, and handling books are all up to date and of the best character.

It was a Chicago man, Mr. Poole, who

made available for students the great resources of periodical literature, whose very extent is an embarrassment of riches to the student. Poole's Index of the magazines and reviews enables one to find almost all the articles that have been published on any subject in any periodical for the last fifty years. Without this it is worse than looking for a needle in a haystack to find an article of whose existence you may not be aware in some periodical of which you may not have ever heard.

Through the generosity of Mr. Carnegie, Pittsburg has one of the best libraries and picture galleries extant. Toronto leads the Dominion of Canada in the provision made, and its accomplished librarian, Mr. James Bain, jun., is a walking Poole's Index in himself, always ready to help with his book-lore the busy student. It is hoped by consolidation of the Public Library with the Canadian Institute and Parliamentary Library that a great collection worthy of the Athens of the Dominion will be available for study and research.

These libraries, with the schools and churches, are the high-water mark of civilization. Yet in some respects they are more like a mausoleum of the dead than the dwellings of the living. On their shelves, as in the Catacombs of Egypt, are the mummied remains of men whose very thoughts are dead as Julius Caesar. Their books are but the tombstones by which their names are kept alive by those who care to decipher them. Especially is this the case in the realm of science. In ten or fifteen years almost every book of science becomes obsolete, except in its historical aspects. But it should be fame enough for most men to have built a stone

into the temple of learning and progress, even though it be buried in its foundations or hidden in its walls.

Yet there are a few immortal names which the world "will not willingly let die," which seem to shine the brighter as the years pass by—the great poets, and sages, and seers of mankind, its Plato and Socrates and Cicero, its Dante and Cervantes, its Shakespeare and Milton, its Bunyan and Burke—the great thinkers who have inspired the hopes, the great poets who have consoled the sorrows of mankind.

Still, a great library is in itself a bewildering thing. In its alcoves one is like a child lost in the forest, or like a man in a boat on a shoreless sea. The most studious man can read but a very small part of the accumulated literature of the ages. If we could our brains would be badly addled. To know what we want, and to know how to find it, is the secret of using a library. It is pitiful to see so many people waste their time on ephemeral, trashy, frivolous or pernicious reading, when there is so much that is helpful, instructing and uplifting to be read.

It is surprising after all how much of the world's best thought comes from a few of its best thinkers. The Book of books is, of course, apart by itself as the source of highest inspiration, of noblest ideals, of thoughts otherwise beyond human scope or ken. Aside from this, in a hundred volumes a man may collect the choicest wisdom of all the ages—the very honey of Hymettus—which he may purchase for less than as many dollars.

Much of this will be that old Greek thought which has so largely moulded the mind of Christendom of all the centuries. Of this Macaulay has grandly written :

"What shall we say, when we reflect that from hence have sprung, directly or indirectly, all the noblest creations of the human intellect; that from hence were the vast accomplishments and the brilliant fancy of Cicero, the withering fire of Juvenal, the plastic imagination of Dante, the humour of Cervantes, the comprehension of Bacon, the wit of Butler, the supreme and universal excellence of Shakespeare? Wherever a few great minds have made a stand against violence and fraud, in the cause of liberty and reason, there has been the spirit of Athens in the midst of them, inspiring, encouraging, consoling; by the lonely lamp of Erasmus, by the restless bed of Pascal, in the tribune of Mirabeau, in the cell of Galileo, on the scaffold of Sidney, but who shall estimate her influence on private happiness? Who shall say how many thousands have been made wiser, happier and better, by those pursuits in which she has taught mankind to engage; to how many the studies which took rise from her have been wealth in poverty, liberty in bondage, health in sickness, society in solitude. Wherever literature consoles sorrow, or assuages pain,—wherever it brings gladness to the eyes which fail with wakefulness and tears, and ache for the dark house and long sleep,—there is exhibited, in its noblest form, the immortal influence of Athens."

## A PRAIRIE FIRE.

BY EZRA HURLBURT STAFFORD, M.D.

In volumes dark all the autumn afternoon  
The smoke poured slowly upwards far  
away;

And in the sky the redly shining moon  
Gleamed through the blurring mists at  
close of day,

And silent herds in prairie grasses sere  
Waited the last long round-up of the year.

Lances of flame, as night rolled down,  
sprang forth  
From the far alien wilds with marches  
dire,

And soon the dusk star borders of the North  
Purpled and glowed before the prairie fire,  
And the black, iron sky, far overhead,  
Was slowly heated to a molten red.

Toronto, Ont.

The winds in chariots wild came afterwards,  
With clouds of smoke and cinders, blown  
before;

And down the thundering plains the frantic  
herds

Fled as the fire approached with deepening  
roar.

By Old Wives' Lake the blazing forage passed,  
And far to southward disappeared at last.

Day slowly rose upon the ashen plain,  
The grey sky whitened through a masque  
of smoke,

And gently on the stillness fell the rain,  
As from the west a dewy wind awoke;  
And rising in the orange light of dawn  
I looked out o'er the silent plains alone.

## Science Notes.

### THE LIQUEFACTION OF AIR.

It has long been known that air, like any other gas, was theoretically capable of liquefaction, and that its condensation was merely a question of suitable apparatus. To Professor Dewar, of Glasgow, belongs the credit of first liquefying air in limited quantities, the necessary reduction of temperature being achieved by a successive series of evaporations. The process, however, was too costly to have any commercial value.

The economical liquefaction of air in large quantities has been recently accomplished by Mr. Charles E. Tripler, of New York, after several years of experimental work. Two and a half gallons of the liquid were recently sent from his laboratory to Prof. Barker, of the University of Pennsylvania, and its properties were exhibited in an extremely interesting series of experiments during a lecture delivered by Prof. Barker to his class and a company of invited guests. This was the first public exhibition of the kind of this article in the United States.

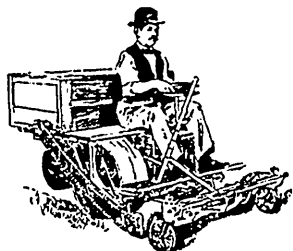
The laws governing the existence of air in the liquid or gaseous state are the same as those for water—to take a substance with which we are most familiar. Above a certain temperature and pressure (212° F. and atmospheric pressure at the sea level) water exists as a vapour; from 212° F. to 32° F. at the same pressure it is a liquid, and below that temperature it is a solid. In its normal condition air, as we know it, is a gas, just as in its normal condition water is a liquid; but if we lower the temperature or increase the pressure, or both, of air to a sufficient degree, we reach a point at which condensation takes place. The liquefaction point of air under normal atmospheric pressure is 311.8° below zero by the Fahrenheit scale.

Mr. Tripler's method of liquefaction is based upon the fact that, if a gas be compressed and allowed suddenly to expand, it absorbs the heat of the surrounding medium, thereby producing intense cold. He compresses air to 2,000 pounds to the square inch, passes it through a coil and permits it to issue from a needle point orifice. There it expands and cools. This cold stream of air circulates around a second coil through which compressed air is flowing, reducing the temperature of

the latter. The air issuing from this second coil has its temperature lowered to a point due to its own expansion, plus the cold imparted from the first expansion. The expanded and extremely cold air from the second coil is used similarly to cool a third coil, the air in which is brought down to a temperature of 311.8° F. and below, at which it condenses and flows from the end of the coil in a liquid stream.

In the course of his lecture Professor Barker made a number of curious experiments with the liquid, illustrating the operation of the laws governing the formation of solids, liquids and gases. When it was poured into a tumbler it boiled until it had absorbed the heat of the glass. The cold gas given off condensed the moisture in the air above the glass, which fell in the form of hoar frost. A piece of tin thrust into the liquid made it boil and the tin was rendered as brittle as glass. Copper and platinum were not so affected, and it is evident that these metals will make suitable receptacles for this new liquid. When it was boiled over a furnace the ebullition was, of course, excessive; but the moment water was poured into the boiling liquid, the former was instantly frozen. Alcohol and mercury were frozen when brought in contact with the new product. The liquefaction point of the two constituents of air is different, that of oxygen for given pressures being several degrees higher than that of nitrogen. Hence, as the temperature of the liquid rises, the nitrogen is the first to escape as a gas. The remaining liquid is proportionately rich in oxygen—a fact which is proved by the bluish tint which a standing vessel of the liquid assumes if exposed to the air. Just what the economic value of this new and extremely interesting product is, time will show; but in experimental work in the laboratory it will be certain to find a ready field of usefulness.

An experiment is being tried of stripping a tree of its bark some time before felling it, so that the tree in dying will cause the pores of the wood to become filled with resinous substances, which will reject moisture, and thus act as a preservative. Telegraph people are much interested in the experiment.



MOWING WITH A MOTOR.

One of the latest applications of the self-moving motor is to the lawn-mower. The new machine, as described in the *Scientific American*, rests on three rollers, which serve both for carrying the engine, the cutters and the driver, and for smoothing and levelling the surface of the lawn. A four-horse-power gasoline engine is employed, and all the movements of the machine are controlled by means of two hand-wheels placed in front of the driver's seat.

**NEW ELECTRIC SYSTEM FOR PARIS.**—Paris is to have an electric system that will do away with the dangerous overhead wire. It is the invention of the French engineer Bochet, and is to be introduced in time for the International Exposition of 1900. He establishes overhead contacts from the electric lamp-posts belonging to the city. The cars will be run in trains consisting of two or three cars. This electric train will more than fill up the distance between the posts, so that contact is always assured from one point at least. A copper rail will be fastened along the roof of the cars not less than fourteen or fifteen feet from the ground, through which, by means of flexible points of contact suspended from each electric light post, the current will be taken up. If the points of contact are made sufficiently elastic there will be no difficulty in establishing a continuous current, as they slide along the copper rail. This system is said to offer all the advantages of the overhead as well as the underground systems, without any of their dangers and shortcomings.—*New Ideas*.

**NEW CANNON.**—Chief Engineer of the Pullman Company Duane Doty has invented a new method of manufacturing ordnance, which is attracting the attention of both our own and foreign governments. Instead of one single casting and a succession of jackets shrunk upon it—

the process used in making all large cannon—the new gun is simply a succession of thin steel rings, forced upon the central tube by hydraulic pressure. Its success means that big cannon in the future will cost but a fraction of their present value, and that, instead of thousands of dollars being expended in transportation of unwieldy pieces, monster cannon can hereafter be carried in sections as ballast. Representatives of the British War Department inspected the model in Chicago and went away convinced that the inventor has brought about a revolution in the manner of making cannon.—*Scientific American*.

**SAND-CATCH SIDING.**—Near Dresden, Saxony, a railroad-siding has been installed to ensure the stoppage thereon of trains. It is a siding which starts from the main track and rejoins it further on.



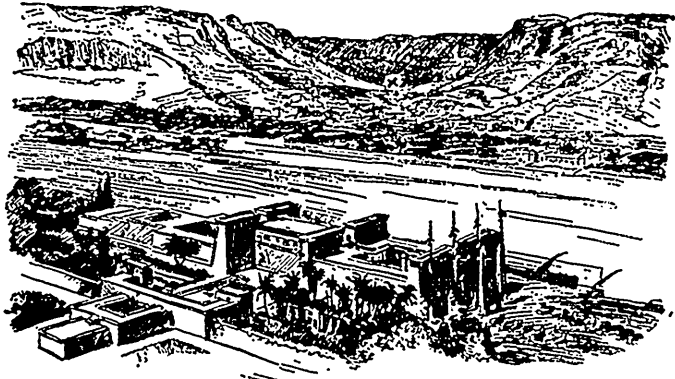
It is necessary for the prevention of accidents that the shunting of a train to this siding shall stop it, if the engineer neglects his duty. To effect this end, the rails are covered with some inches of sand, which in dry weather is kept moist. This has brought a twenty-car train to a full stop. Its utility in catching a runaway engine is obvious.

The Midland Railway Company has a "photographer-in-ordinary." If a bridge shows signs of decay or an embankment is likely to slide, the chief engineer sends him to photograph the defect, thus saving a personal visit. Also in the case of a smash-up the photographer takes several views of the position of the engine and cars for facilitating the placing of responsibility and the settlement of claims.

Crude petroleum is now advocated as a good application for country roads. It is claimed that by excluding water it keeps the road good in wet and dry weather. It will suppress dust and render the water-cart unnecessary, and it prevents the formation of mud in winter.

The Rontgen rays have a new sphere of usefulness. By their aid chalk can be detected in flour, brick-dust in Cayenne pepper, sand in spices and many other similar sophistications.

## IMPORTANT RECENT ORIENTAL FINDS.



EGYPTIAN TEMPLE AT LUXOR.

The cross in the background shows the site of the recently discovered tomb of the Pharaohs.

## THE GRAVE OF THE PHARAOKS.

News from Egypt has been received of a most interesting discovery. M. Loret, Director-General of the Antiquities Department, while excavating recently near the ruins of ancient Thebes, has found a double tomb which had not been disturbed. The labourers in digging came upon a steep inclined gallery which led to a well 26 feet deep. M. Loret descended this well and found himself at the entrance to a magnificent chamber in perfect preservation. At one end of this chamber, in an excavation sunken several feet below the level of the rest of the floor, was the sarcophagus of a king placed upon a massive block of alabaster. The sarcophagus was of sand-stone, artificially coloured a bright rose hue, and contains the mummy intact, with chaplets of flowers around the feet and neck. In a chamber to the right were nine more mummies, two of them bearing no name, and the others those of the Kings Thothmes IV., Amenophis III., Set Nakht, Seti II., Rameses IV., Rameses VI., and Rameses VIII., whose reigns are believed to have covered the period between 1500 and 1150 B.C.

The tomb was apparently prepared for Amenophis II., and is supposed to have been opened later to receive the mummies of the other kings, probably to save them from violation. The floors of all the chambers are covered with a mass of objects—statues, vases, wooden models of animals, boats, etc., requiring immense

care in sorting for removal. The whole constitutes one of the most impressive sights that can be imagined. For the first time on record, the body of an Egyptian king has been found in the tomb prepared for him, as previously discovered royal mummies had been removed from their tombs and secreted for safety at Deir el Bahari. It is not intended to disturb the bodies, but to leave them exactly as they were found and to run a gallery around the vault, from which visitors can look down upon them. Thus are the men fallen whose names were once a terror in the earth.

## BABYLONISH TABLETS.

While the Pennsylvania University expedition in 1893 were working at Nippur, they came upon a room nineteen or twenty feet below the surface. The ceiling was, of course, gone, and the walls were in great part ruined. The room was carefully searched and cleaned, and 730 tablets were collected by Mr. Haynes, the head of the working party. Their examination leads to the conclusion that the room had been used for storing the business-papers, I had almost written; tablets, however, is the correct name—of a wealthy firm of merchants. The tablets themselves are of dried clay, of various sizes, many of them of the size and shape of an ordinary flat tablet of soap

with rounded edges. The cuneiform characters are sharply cut, and have in many instances remained as clear and distinct as on the day they were inscribed. The firm to which they belonged was Murashu Sons, of Nippur, who lived at the time of Artaxerxes I. (464 to 424 B.C.) and Darius II. (423 to 405 B.C.), in whose reigns the documents are dated, just as if a modern merchant, instead of dating his contract A.D. 1898, were to write, "in the sixty-first year of the reign of Victoria." The tablets have been written by many different hands, and extend over a period of fifty years.

Professor Hilprecht remarks that the population of Babylonia at the time of Artaxerxes the First appears to have been about as thoroughly mixed as that of the States of New York and Pennsylvania at the present time; and as the emigrants from almost every state in Europe bring the local and personal names of their native lands to the different settlements of the New World, so Medes and Persians, Arameans and Sabaeans, Judeans and Edomites, and other peoples, transplanted those of their former abodes to ancient Babylonia.

Thus the names Ashkelon and Heshibon, familiar to readers of the Bible, figure in these newly-found tablets. Indeed, the number of Jewish names known from the Old Testament is unusually large, especially from the Books of Ezra and Nehemiah. Professor Hilprecht considers it certain that a considerable number of the Jewish exiles carried away by Nebuchadnezzar were settled in and around Nippur. Perhaps the most important result of the examination of the tablets which are now being dealt with is to confirm the historical accuracy of the statements of Ezra and Nehemiah.

Here, for example, is a guarantee for twenty years that an emerald is so well set that it will not fall out.

A Babylonian subject becomes surety for the release of his nephew from prison, on condition that he will not leave Nippur without permission. There are leases of various kinds, and contracts for the sale of sun-dried bricks and other merchandise, for the loan of seed-corn and oxen for ploughing, and a variety of other documents of ordinary business life, which bring home to the reader very vividly that he is in the presence of actual facts, that human life and human operations were very much like, and yet, in other respects, widely different from, what they are now; above all, that the inhabitants of this recently unearthed city had great capacity for business, and had made greater progress in the devel-

opment of modern commercial usages than has yet been believed.

#### THE NEW FLOOD TABLET.

One of the most interesting of recent archaeological discoveries is that of the new Flood Tablet brought before the Eleventh International Congress of Orientalists, held in Paris during the early part of September, 1897, an account of which has just been published in this country. The discovery was made by Pere Scheil, the French Assyriologist at Abu-habba, the site of the ancient Babylonian city of Sippara, the tablet dated in the reign of Ammi-zaduga, 2140 B.C.

As is generally known, there are two other Babylonian accounts of the deluge which parallel the history of the flood in Genesis. The first is that of Berossus, the Greco-Chaldean historian, whose narrative has been preserved in the writings of Josephus, and in those of the early Greek Christian writers. The other account is found in the famous Flood Tablets discovered in 1583 by Hormudz Rassam in the library of Asurbanipal's palace among the ruins of Nineveh, and translated by George Smith. These tablets, which may be called the Magna Charter of Assyriology, were written more than six hundred years before Christ, and were said to have been copied from older tablets. The account of the flood was inserted as an episode in a great epic written in twelve books, arranged on an astronomical principle, so that each book should correspond to one of the signs of the zodiac. The history of the deluge was introduced into the eleventh book, which answers to Aquarius, the eleventh sign of the zodiac.

This new discovery is a small terracotta tablet measuring twenty-two centimeters in height by twenty in breadth. It is the tenth chapter in a story which had for its title, "While the Man Rested," and while part of the tablet is in a bad condition, it is sufficiently well preserved for us to know that we have here "a precious bit of clay on which was written a poetical story of the deluge, seven centuries before Moses, and about the time of Isaac or Jacob." We learn from this that the story of the deluge was known throughout the East, before Genesis was written.

Pere Scheil says that this account, dated about 2140 B.C., is only a copy, and that "No one can say how many centuries one must go back before reaching the historic fact which lies at the base of this cycle of legends and the first narration made of it."

## Current Events.



PRINCE BISMARCK.

### THE IRON CHANCELLOR.

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 the 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 this. 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. He suppressed despatches and deceived his royal master, and precipitated the Franco-Prussian war, the war that reft her fairest provinces from 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.

How different his end from that of his great untitled compeer, William Ewart Gladstone. Four times chancellor of a world-wide Empire, 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 mediæval 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 principalities engaged in almost perpetual and relentless war which once filled the valleys of the Rhine and Elbe, the mountains of the Schwarzwald and Odinald.

#### THE TRUCE OF GOD.

God has set His bow in the clouds to show that storm and deluge are but passing events, not permanent conditions—that summer and winter, harvest and vintage, peace and prosperity, shall not cease. The power and pride and medieval spirit of Spain speedily collapsed before the superior skill and energy and enterprise of nineteenth-century civilization. Who can doubt that the destinies of the Antilles and the Philippines will be brighter and better under an American protectorate or rule than under the cruel oppression of Spain?

The large degree of liberty already granted the Province of Santiago is a presage and a promise of the freer future of these emancipated islands. The terms of peace offered by President McKinley but carry out the generous spirit with which this war was undertaken. How different would be the exactions of a Bismarck or a Metternich! The United States has shown itself the Good Samaritan of Nations. It found Cuba bruised and bleeding by the wayside, rescued it from the very hands of the robbers that, under the guise of government, had despoiled it; it now remains but to pour oil and balm upon its wounds and restore it to health and freedom. No self-seeking, no greed or conquest must mar this fair ideal.

We are confident that this chivalrous nation will wear in peace unsullied the laurels it has won in war—a war of sad necessity, if necessity indeed it were.

#### FACING THE FUTURE.

The American Republic has difficult problems to face. How to govern distant and semi-civilized races like the aborigines of the Philippines and Ladrones, how to raise to citizenship the mixed races of Porto Rico and Cuba, will severely tax

American statesmanship. But the nation which has solved the problem of slavery, which has converted so many millions of unlettered immigrants into intelligent citizens may be trusted to solve also the problems of the future. It will doubtless meet with difficulties, but it will overcome them. It may make mistakes, but it will correct them. It will not reach ideal excellence—as what nation ever did?

All Christendom should watch with sympathetic interest, not with captious criticism, the development of this new power in the government of the world. We have faith in the generous purpose, in the Christian spirit, in the moral uprightness of this mighty offspring of Great Britain's loins. The Christian Churches will not be wanting in missionary effort. The Christian schools will instil their high ideals. A beneficent commerce will aid the grand result of time. God by His providence is reconciling the world unto Himself.

#### THE SAXON AND THE SLAV.

It has been predicted that the great conflict of the future will be between the Saxon race, embodying the thought and enterprise and energy of western Europe, and the Slavic race which from time immemorial has filled the vast Sarmatian plains and valleys of the Volga and the Dnieper. It may be that that conflict is near at hand. We trust that the resources of intelligent diplomacy may settle the great questions of the future instead of the brute arbitrament of war.

But if the conflict come it would be a battle of Armageddon. In such a conflict Great Britain may be proud of her attitude as champion of personal liberty, of free commerce, of "the open door," of unselfish devotion to right and righteousness against absolutism, repression, and the closed door of selfish commerce. Of the issue of such a colossal contest there can be no ultimate doubt. It will be like the conflict of Michael the Archangel with the powers of darkness. The conflict may be dire and long, but the result cannot be uncertain.

For right is right since God is God,  
And right the day must win.  
To doubt would be disloyalty,  
To falter would be sin.

Let Britain maintain her high Christian ideals and keep her trust in God and righteousness and she may face the future calmly and undismayed.

In such a conflict the moral support,

and we doubt not, if needed, the forces by land and sea of the great republic of the west would find their place side by side with those of the Mother Country. The natural alliance of the Teutonic people of the German Fatherland would be not with Russian absolutism, but with their English kith and kin, and with the millions of their race who have found a larger liberty on this side of the sea.

#### NOT A JINGO ALLIANCE.

The predominant thought in the minds of some who rejoice in the growing good-will between Great Britain and the American Republic is that the combined forces by land and sea of these great powers can bid defiance to the rest of mankind. If that were all it would be a sorry outlook for humanity and civilization. The ideal of the Anglo-Saxon alliance is not to create a great world-power like the Roman Empire, of which all other nations should stand in awe, but to establish a supreme force that will make for righteousness, for law and order and liberty, for the "open door" in commerce and the open Bible in religion throughout the world. This is the ideal of the best friends of both nations.

"They are anxious," says the *New York Outlook*, "to avoid any development of the aggressive spirit of the Anglo-Saxon races, and eager to develop the dominance of the higher qualities of the races. Sir Charles Dilke has declared that everyone welcomes an alliance of hearts with America, but that no such alliance could be a war alliance."

Mr. John Morley, who is the spokesman of the best sentiment and the highest ideals of the Liberal party, declared, in a speech at Leeds, that the union between the two countries for their mutual good and the good of civilization would be welcomed with great gladness, but that an alliance of what he called the jingo element in the two countries would be a menace to the world and a curse upon the peace of both nations: and he added: "I know tens of thousands of the best and wisest men in America who believe that hardly any more inexpressible calamity can befall mankind than that a community, as Lincoln nobly said, conceived in freedom and dedicated to the happiness of free and equal men, should entangle itself in the unrest and intrigue of militarism which are the torment and scourge of the Old World."

"These words," adds the *Outlook*, "express the sentiment of the best men

and women in the country. The first duty of the hour is to define this ideal, and to lodge it so firmly in the heart and conscience of the country that no lower ideal can disturb or dislodge it."

According to the London *Daily Telegraph* the proposed Anglo-American alliance is to embrace the following terms:

1. Recognition of the American interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine by Great Britain;
2. The construction of the Nicaragua Canal by the United States, and its use by England and no other foreign country in time of war;
3. Great Britain to protect the United States in the possession of all the territory it takes from Spain in the present war if possession should be threatened by any other European nation;
4. The United States to back Great Britain in her policy in Asia, British ports on that continent to be open to the United States under the most favoured nation clause;
5. All controversies between England and the United States to be referred to a non-partisan commission.

We doubt if the *entente* between the two countries has reached anything so definite as this. It would probably not be wise nor well to have such a league offensive and defensive. It might tend to cultivate among the military spirits of the two countries a too aggressive policy. But an era of good-will and a treaty of universal international arbitration would be the dawn of a new day in the world's civilization.

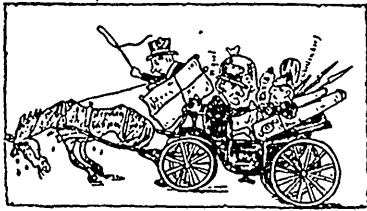
#### THE COST OF WAR.

On both her army and navy Great Britain is spending far more than her great continental rivals, as the following figures for last year show:

	Navy.	Army.	Total.
Great Britain	£26,000,000	£37,500,000	£63,500,000
France	11,485,000	24,902,000	36,387,000
Germany	6,083,000	29,043,000	35,226,000
Russia	7,900,000	30,579,000	38,569,000

"But Britain has in its empire," as the Chancellor of the Exchequer says, "a population of 365,000,000 scattered all over the globe 80,000,000 more than the three other empires put together. Its territories extend to 11½ millions square miles of the habitable world; their territories, all put together, are only 13½ millions. For every thousand square miles of empire Britain spends in defence £5,664, France spends £9,525, Germany £28,554, and Russia £44,154. For every thousand inhabitants of the empire Britain

spends £174, France £399, Germany £560, and Russia £398.



WAR-BURDENED EUROPE.

It is appalling to think that these gigantic sums are spent for the purposes of war. What an incubus upon the back of civilization it is. How the army-ridden nations of the world groan beneath their burden. Small wonder that the millions of the half-starved poor, ground down with war taxes and sent as food for powder to the field of slaughter, as the Germans call the battle-field, revolt against this grinding tyranny. When a boy is born into the world many a mother weeps at the thought of the enforced military service he must undergo. Great Britain and the United States are the only nations that we know that have no forced conscription, and in a protracted war even these would not be exempt. The pulpit and the press should more than ever preach and write against the brute force of war, which drowns the voice of reason and inflames every wicked passion. Surely on the threshold of the twentieth century a more rational way of settling disputes shall be found, to appeal to reason and righteousness instead of to the sword and slaughter.

#### CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

There has recently been opened in the city of Toronto, with a good deal of eclat, a new Christian Science Church. In an age more marked for its wide extension than profound intension of knowledge, the spread of the crudities of so-called Christian Science is, perhaps, not remarkable. It is a curious phenomenon that in the city of Boston, the supposed centre of the higher intellectual culture

of the United States, there are more religious frauds, delusions and impostures than, probably, in any other city of its size in the world. The daily papers, especially the Sunday issues, contain columns of announcements of clairvoyants, clairaudients, spiritualist mediums, faith healers, *et hoc genus omne*. But this sort of intellectual fungi can only fasten on a trunk of some strength and juiciness. We find the same growth of frauds, delusions and false religions in Alexandria, Ephesus, Corinth, and Rome, at the time of the Christian era.

In Boston is the largest and most costly Christian Science temple in the world, with a membership of 11,300. In this special services have been held "at which four thousand people," says *Zion's Herald*, "listened with utmost eagerness not unmingled with awe to the latest deliverances of their adored founder and mother, Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy.

"What were those deliverances? Alas for the culture of Boston! They were simply the same old wash of weak platitudes, wild ineptitudes, and windy, worthless altitudes that we have heard so often before; they were the same queer jumble of incoherencies, inconsistencies, and impossibilities that make up the big book out of whose enormous sale Mrs. Eddy has grown rich.

"She ignores rhetoric as well as logic in the sublimations of her genius. This abundantly appears, not only on every page of her empty, pretentious book, which one has well said 'is without a single redeeming grace of style to relieve the tedium of disjointed, inconsequential, dogmatic and egotistical assertion and repetition,' but also in every paragraph of her latest message.

"It is a sad commentary on the supposed enlightenment of the age that, in a city which has been considered the peculiar home of education, such glibberish passes for inspired teaching. That the silly craze will have its day and soon disappear in the limbo of forgotten delusions, cannot be doubted by those who believe in the essential sanity of the human race; but meanwhile no little harm is being done to those who are somewhat unbalanced."

#### SABBATH.

O day of rest! how beautiful, how fair,  
How welcome to the weary and the old!  
Day of the Lord! and truce to earthly care!  
Day of the Lord, as all our days should be!

—Longfellow.

## Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

### THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.

The assembling of the chief court of Canadian Methodism is an occasion of great interest to all our people. The General Conference is charged with high and important functions. It has the supreme oversight of the missionary operations of our Church at home and abroad. It organizes its benevolences, economy, and polity. It directs its publishing interests, makes and amends its laws. It receives the memorials, appeals, suggestions of the Conferences, districts, and of the humblest member of its remotest circuit. It appoints the agents by whom its economies shall be administered and directed. It is the supreme authority in ecclesiastical matters throughout its vast sphere of influence from Bermuda to Japan and far Western China.

For the members of this august body—an equal number of ministers and busy laymen, chosen by their brethren for these legislative functions—the Church should be much in prayer. It should beseech the Throne of Grace that the spirit of illumination, of wisdom, of a sound mind, of brotherly kindness, of fidelity, of patience may be given them according to their need. It may be that perplexing and difficult questions will come before them. It may be that, perhaps, wide divergences of judgment will exist. But under the guidance of the Divine Spirit true brotherly kindness will be maintained and wise and just conclusion will be reached.

Looking back with devout thanksgiving in all the way the Lord our God hath led us, we will look forward with full assurance of faith of the same guidance in the future. As the doors of the twentieth century swing wide their portals of ampler opportunities and grandest possibilities, let us hear the voice of our God saying, "Speak to the people that they go forward."

The new century must be, more than even the closing years of this nineteenth, a century of missionary enterprise and conquest. The world is waiting as never before for the word of power and the ministry of grace. Lo, fields white unto the harvest wave wide on every side. The time has surely come to thrust in

the golden sickle of the Gospel, for the harvest of the earth is fully ripe.

The Church at home needs, too, the baptism of power, the anointing from on high, that the old, old truths of the Gospel may fall with pentecostal energy upon the souls of men. May the new quadrennium, during which we shall sweep out of the most marvellous century the world has ever seen into one of still brighter augury and grander hopes, be signally crowned with the blessing and approval of almighty God. Here we raise our Ebenezer, for hitherto the Lord hath helped us. Here will we set up our banners and in the name of the Lord go forward.

### A LEAKAGE IN METHODISM.

The statistics for the Quadrennium, furnished by our indefatigable General Conference Statistician, the Rev. Dr. Cornish, present some features of special interest. While these figures cannot be perfectly exact, they may be regarded as approximately so. The most encouraging feature is that during the quadrennium the additions to our Church have reached the very large number of 147,221. But the total number removed has been 127,637. Of these 13,623 have died, leaving 114,014 to be otherwise accounted for. Of these a small proportion may have been dropped from the record by disciplinary process.

Amid the changes of residence, made more frequent by the depression of the times, a considerable number may have gone to enrich the sister Methodism of the United States, or other Churches of this country. But a very large leakage has occurred of those who, moving from place to place, have allowed their membership to lapse either through not receiving or not presenting certificates of church standing. Especially is this true of the membership in the towns and cities. In some churches much more than half of the entire membership is changed during the quadrennium. As a result the net increase of membership during the quadrennium has been only 19,584.

This increase is cause for devout gratitude to God for His blessing and the sea i

of His approval on the labours of His servants. Then, too, nearly 14,000 have passed into the heavens—from the Church on earth to the General Assembly and Church of the First-born on high.

But the fact that the increase of the quadrennium is 7,501 less than that of the previous quadrennium is a cause for deep searching of heart. And during the quadrennium there has been, with one exception, a decrease of accessions from year to year. Is there a tide of worldliness sweeping over the country? Has the old Gospel lost its power upon the hearts of men? Is there any lack of moral earnestness in the presentation of the truth? Is there any diversion of spiritual power in the adoption of new methods and new organizations? Is the old-fashioned converting energy of our services decreasing? Are our Sunday-schools and Leagues less successful in the conversion of their members than heretofore? Is there a subtle scepticism pervading the air and, like a moral malaria, sapping the spiritual life of the people? These questions are more easily asked than answered.

It is more significant of a general condition of Christendom that a similar decrease of increase, a retardation of the chariot wheels of the Gospel, has occurred in sister Churches and, in some cases, is much more marked than in our own.

The statistics of our Sunday-schools show almost uniform progress. There is an addition of 136 schools, of 1,211 teachers and officers, of 17,783 scholars, of whom 9,629 have united with the Church during the year. These features give much ground for encouragement. We judge that from our schools and Leagues more than from any other source, our Church will be recruited in the future.

The whole subject demands full and earnest investigation. The Church needs to be more importunate in prayer for the bestowment of the essential gift of soul-converting power. "Wilt thou not revive us again: that thy people may rejoice in thee?"

#### FROM THE CHINESE MISSION FIELD.

The Rev. Dr. V. C. Hart, in a private letter from Chentu, West China, says: "Our work is moving on as though all was perfect peace on the coast. Poo-China is now where some of us have prophesied she would be years ago. Can anyone prophesy better things for the future? Social and political corruption,

have eaten away the empire's strength, all courage has evaporated, we have an unshapely mass to deal with. If the great Powers could come to some definite understanding and divide the mass, giving Great Britain the centre all the way to Tibet, the real China might survive and revive under the fostering care of strong and enlightened governments. What is to be done should be done quickly that rebellions may not crop up in different centres.

"The country is fast ripening for unusual disturbances, and it is doubtful if the Peking Government will be able to cope with the storms brewing.

"We are far from the centres of activity and know little what is going on along the coast. Our news is thirty-six days old, the last to hand was alarming enough, but we say, "If there has been war it is most likely over now." The after effects may reach us months hence. Pray for us, for truly we are largely cut off from help other than what weak native officials can afford, which is not much in times of of excitement. The Lord is our refuge."

#### WESLEYAN METHODISM.

The election of Hugh Price Hughes to the presidency of the British Conference was a foregone conclusion after his vote of last year. He represents the most aggressive type of British Methodism. He combines Welsh fire and fervour with a cool John Bull doggedness that never knows defeat. His work in the West Central Mission in London is one of the marvels of modern evangelism. In the very centre of fashionable vice and profligacy he has kindled the altar fires of old-fashioned revival Methodism. St. James' Hall is crowded all the year round and conversions take place at every service. It has become a very hive of Christian activities. The Sisters of the People are as well known as the policemen, and are much more effective in suppressing vice and promoting virtue.

The marvel is that the man who appeals so largely to the intellect in such a calm, incisive voice should so largely stir the feelings. His own intense positiveness of conviction is, in large degree, the secret of his power over men. In his mission work this Son of Thunder is admirably seconded by his other self and complement, that Son of Consolation, Mark Guy Pearse.

Hugh Price Hughes does not always win the assent of British Methodism to the soundness of his judgment, but com-

mands its respect for the intensesness of his convictions. These same qualities have made the *Methodist Times* a great power in the Empire. Each subject under review is treated as the most important in the world. It has, in fact, a crisis every week. It is safe to say that under his official régime the Forward Movement throughout British Methodism, which has already received such an impulse in Manchester, Leeds, Liverpool, Glasgow, will receive a still greater impetus.

#### METHODISM IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Bishop Thoburn strongly urges the immediate occupation of the Philippines as a mission field by the Churches of the United States, especially by the Methodist Church. God by His providence is reconciling the world to Himself. Amid these shakings of the nations and the tumult of the people, our God is marching on. Bishop Thoburn says :

"It should be boldly avowed from the outset that our people go to the Philippines for the good of the people. We should go there to Christianize them and avow the fact. God is placing upon us a solemn responsibility to elevate them in the scale of civilization and to fit them for a place among the Christian nations of the earth. A complete system of education should be provided for all the children and youth who can possibly be induced to enter simple village schools. The islands are rich, and will no doubt afford a revenue quite sufficient to maintain a thoroughly good and efficient government, if we accept the responsibility which the possession of the Philippines will impose upon the whole American nation. As a people we have entered upon a new phase of political development, and henceforth we ought boldly to avow the fact that we have accepted our responsibility and wish to do our full share in ennobling all the nations of the earth. Once planted firmly at the Philippines and enjoying, as we hereafter can do, the active friendship of the British people, we shall be in a position to act a part in eastern Asia such as but very few ever dreamed of.

"But what about the mission? We should have a representative at Manila at the earliest possible day. Indeed, if I did not myself feel almost bound both hand and foot, I think nothing could hold me back from an early visit to Manila. Now is the time to secure a strong and permanent foothold there. An Anglo-Chinese school with five hundred pupils

might be in operation in less than twelve months after the declaration of peace."

#### DR. BEATTY.

With the death of Dr. Beatty, of Cobourg, one of the most venerable figures in Canadian Methodism has passed away. At the good old age of eighty-nine he ended his long and useful career. He was one of the earliest and most honoured professors of Victoria College. He was for over half a century an official member of the Methodist Church, and for many years the popular mayor of Cobourg, and, a higher honour still, the beloved superintendent of a Methodist Sunday-school. He was a man of saintly life—like Nathaniel of old, an Israelite indeed in whom there was no guile. On the last Sunday morning of his life he called his household together for prayer, and in a moment passed from the worship of the Church on earth to that of the Church on high—to the endless Sabbath of the skies.

The Zionist movement for the colonization of Palestine by Jews is a much more influential movement than it is sometimes supposed to be. Colonel Conder, the well-known archaeologist of the Palestine Exploration Society, stated at a gathering of the English Zionists lately that when the movement began the actual number of Jews in Palestine was smaller than at any previous period, but that since that time the number has greatly increased. Twenty-five Jewish colonies have already settled there. Colonel Conder remarked in his paper that it would be a desirable thing from every point of view that Palestine should be neutralized under the protection of the Great Powers after the manner of Switzerland.—*Ex.*

Keshub Chunder Sen was justified in saying that "behind the sceptre of our august Empress is the sceptre of Jesus Christ that rules India." We have always maintained that the British Government in India is an undoubted dispensation of God. Its influences are Christian influences which penetrate us deeply, and I trace the effect thereof not only in our higher religious and moral life, but in our educational and public life. And, most of all, is this unseen hand traceable in the movement for religious and social reform. If such be the indirect and remote effect of Christian influences, how much deeper must

be the effect of direct Christianity imparted through its literature, its schools, its pulpits, and its devoted missionaries.

*Montreal Gazette*: In 1875-76, the year of the great union (of the four Presbyterian Churches of Canada), the givings of the people to the Church's objects were \$982,672. Last year they were \$2,250,600, which represented an average contribution per family of \$21.35. There are reported 941 pastoral charges, and 471 mission stations in the Church, and 1,071 ministers. The Church has six colleges under its care for the training of young men for the ministry, and several institutions for the higher education of young women, as to which generally, and of the other institutions under its care, the committee of statistics are able to declare that the Church has manifold reasons to bless her Head for what He has been to her.

Methodists in France, says *Work and Workers*, are few in number, and for the most part poor. They realize, however, the sacredness of their trust as witnesses to the power of the Protestant Christian religion. The most prominent of the recently converted priests, the Abbe Bourrier, states that he heard the Gospel for the first time about twelve years ago in the Wesleyan chapel in the Rue Roquepine, Paris. He then purchased in the small Book-room the Bible, which, through the Spirit of God, enlightened his mind. He has now taken a pastorate near Paris, and is seeking to establish a temporary home for priests who are longing to be delivered from the papal thralldom.

The foreign missionary force of the world has grown from 421 in 1820, to 6,369 in 1895, and unmarried women missionaries, represented by one in 1820, are now 3,390. In fifty years the number of native missionaries increased twenty-fold, and in the last five years the number of communicants in mission fields has increased by 200,000, and the number of Christians has increased faster by ratio than the population. So says Dean Vahl, the greatest missionary statist in the world and president of the Danish missionary society.

The *Mission World* quotes several remarkable statements on good authority, among them: "There are in the Christian Church over 100,000 proselytes from Judaism, and in the Church of England alone 250 of the clergy are either Jews or the sons of Jews. As each Lord's day

comes round the gospel is proclaimed in more than 600 pulpits of Europe by Jewish lips. Over 350 of the ministers of Christ in Great Britain are stated to be Hebrew Christians."

The Board of Managers of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church has decided to appoint a committee of five, "which shall have power to confer with like committees or representatives of other boards concerning the occupancy for missionary effort of the Philippine Islands and the islands of Cuba and Puerto Rico." The Presbyterian Church has adopted similar resolutions.

*Interior (Pres.)*, Chicago: The *United Presbyterian* thinks its Church can show a clean pair of hands: "We do not believe there is one saloon-keeper or bartender in the United Presbyterian Church. And no member of the Church can own a saloon, or rent property to be used for saloon purposes, without violating the law of the Church."

The Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions has closed its financial year most successfully. The debt with which it commenced the year, amounting to \$97,454, has been wiped out and the total receipts have fully covered the expenditures. To meet the debt, appropriations for the past year unused and cancelled were applied, amounting to \$17,715. Churches and individuals gave \$36,741, women's boards and societies, \$20,417, and the missionaries on the field contributed \$10,533. The remainder was made up from other sources.

In Kucheng, China, where occurred the awful massacres in 1895, at a recent communion service in the city church, 150 persons partook of the sacrament, twelve babies were baptized, and sixteen persons received baptism and were taken into the Church.

Bishop H. M. Turner, of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, has returned from his episcopal visitation to Africa. He reports that the membership of his Church in South Africa is already over 5,000, and is growing fast. He says that the negroes there are improving rapidly in all respects.

Dr. Maclaren, who has made a special study of the statistics of the great missionary societies, states that none of them surpass and few, if any of them, equal the success and economy of administration of our own.

## Book Notices.

*The Faith of Centuries: Addresses and Essays on Subjects Connected With the Christian Religion.* London: James Nisbet & Co., Ltd. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. Price, \$2.50.

This is a very timely and important book. It is designed to enable lay readers "to confront some of the more common difficulties of belief, and at the same time to realize with less insufficiency and inadequacy the nature of Christian doctrine." It consists of sixteen essays by men of light and leading of the Established Church of England, discussing the great verities of the faith. Among the contributors are the Hon. W. E. Bowen, M.A., on "The Divinity of Christ," Canon Girdlestone on "Sin," and "Atonement," Canon Newbolt on "Temptation," and "The Punishment of Sin," the Bishop of Rochester on "The Preparation in History for Christ," Canon Holland on "Faith in Jesus Christ," Prof. Ryle on "The Resurrection." In an able essay on "Christ in History," Bishop Barry says, "We see clearly what are the transcendent claims implied in this assertion of himself as the King and the Light of the world; and, unless with the Jews we cast stones at Him as a blasphemer, we must cry out with St. Thomas, "My Lord and my God!" Professor Bonny shows the reasonableness of miracles—of a departure from the usual course of nature, if the evidence is satisfactory, and especially when the occasion affords a *dignus vindice nodus*. The book is on a high plain of evangelical faith, and is a distinct addition to popular evidences of Christianity.

*Studies in Comparative Religion.* By ALFRED S. GEDEN, M.A. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

The study of comparative religion may be said to be almost a new science. Yet it had its germ in the declaration of St. Paul, "Whom, therefore, ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you;" and in that other saying, "In every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him." It would argue a poor faith, says our author, in the religion which Jesus Christ established and maintains, to refuse to submit it to the quiet testing light of history,

of reason, and science. The false religions of the world are, in many cases, but "broken lights" of the true revelation of God. It is a truth of widest meaning,

That in even savage bosoms  
There are longings, yearnings, strivings,  
For the good they comprehend not;  
That the feeble hands and helpless,  
Groping blindly in the darkness,  
Touch God's right hand in the darkness  
And are lifted up and strengthened.

As the Law was a schoolmaster to bring men to Christ, so also God hath not left the heathen nations without a witness concerning Himself. The Monotheistic religion of Mohammed was a great advance on the paganism which it supplanted, and the purer aspects of Buddhism contained some strange foregleams of the light of the Gospel. "There is a soul of goodness even in things evil." The recognition of this is often a ground of appeal in setting forth the teachings of Christ. St. Paul thus quotes the writings of the pagan Cleon, "As one of your own poets has said, we also are his offspring."

Professor Geden has chapters on the religions of Egypt, Babylonia, Persia, and Moslem lands. As an introduction to this important science this book will be found very helpful and instructive.

*English National Education. A Sketch of the Rise of Public Elementary Schools in England.* By H. HOLMAN, M.A. London: Blackie & Son. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

The educational question is one of the most important questions before the world. When the English Franchise Extension Bill passed the Imperial Parliament, Mr. Robert Low said "We must educate our masters." To that task England bravely set herself. The development of the Public School system, which had long lagged behind that of other nations, has been very great. It was heavily handicapped by the High Church traditions and institutions, which had little sympathy with the democratization of learning in these modern times.

Yet upon the intelligence of the people rests the welfare of the commonweal. The ballot, not the bullet, has become the true arbiter of destiny. Not less are brains at a premium in the industrial



world. "Not a machine," says our author; "but the creative and guiding intelligence is the greatest economizer. Therefore, the best capital of a nation is the brain power of its people."

"What did Prussia do," he adds, "when humbled to the dust by France? Reformed her schools. What did France do when crushed by Germany? Reformed her schools. The competition of nations is a battle of minds. Not the mere fighter, but the thinker, is victor to-day. It would appear that the French were not less heroic, but worse organized, in their last great war. Germany is our rival in trade because she is our superior in schools. Just as Waterloo was said to have been won in the playing-fields (and class-rooms—epigrams are always incomplete) of Eton, so the world's commerce is being won and lost in our schools."

The book is full of much curious information and records, much noble progress and hopeful outlook. The chapters on "The Days of Doles," "Codes and Cram," "Retrospect and Prospect," and others, will be read with special interest.

*Northward Over the "Great Ice."* A Narrative of Life and Work Along the Shores and Upon the Interior Ice-Cap of Northern Greenland in the Years 1886 and 1891-97. By ROBERT E. PEARY, Civil Engineer, U. S. N., Member of the American Society of Civil Engineers and of the American Geographical Society. With Maps, Diagrams and about Eight Hundred Illustrations. Two Vols., 8vo, pp. lxxx., 521 and 625, with Index in each Volume. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, \$6.50.

These sumptuous volumes give a very graphic account of achievements of peace, more glorious than those of war. Lieut. Peary encountered hardships and perils greater than those of his naval comrades at either Manila or Santiago. His triumphs are the bloodless ones of civilization and science. The book covers four distinct voyages of exploration. His journey over the ice-cap of Greenland, beneath which the country lies buried to a depth from five thousand to nine thousand feet, was one of thrilling interest.

"In the centre of this 'Great Ice,'" he says, "lifted a mile and a half or two miles into the frozen air that sweeps around the pole, separated from any possible effect from the earth's radiated heat by a blanket of snow and ice a mile or more in thickness, and distant fully two hun-

dred and fifty miles from the possible ameliorating effect of the Arctic seas, there is to be found the fiercest degree of cold of any spot upon the surface of the globe.

"In clear weather the traveller upon this white waste sees but the snow, the sky, the sun. In cloudy weather even these disappear. Many a time I have found myself in such weather travelling in gray space, feeling the snow beneath my snow-shoes but unable to see it. No sun, no sky, no snow, no horizon—absolutely nothing that the eye could rest upon."

The accident by which Lieutenant Peary's leg was broken on his way north, the presence of his devoted wife and her loving care in nursing him back to convalescence, the birth of her child within the Arctic Circle, her lonely sojourn while her husband made his long ice journey, give a touch of human interest to the story that few books of science or exploration possess.

We are sorry to note Mr. Peary's inconsequent reasoning on the subject of missions. The presence of bad white men has demoralized some of the Eskimo with whom they came in contact. Lieutenant Peary hopes that the missionaries will not disturb the simple faith and blameless lives of the Eskimo of the far north. Yet the social morality he ascribes to these Northern tribes is of a very low type indeed. The labours of the brave Moravian missionaries who during the last hundred years have endured the hardships of this Arctic wilderness, and have raised many of these savage tribes to the dignity of men and fellow saints, is something he has apparently never heard of, or has forgotten.

*Ideas from Nature.* By WILLIAM ELDER, A.M., Sc.D., Professor of Chemistry, Colby University. 12mo, pp. 202. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society, 1420 Chestnut Street. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 75 cents.

It has sometimes been thought that the old so-called "natural theology," or evidences of religion from design and adaptation in nature, has been destroyed by the theory of evolution or natural selection. This book, by one eminently qualified to speak on the subject, is a refutation of that opinion. Even so uncompromising an evolutionist as Huxley in his "Life of Darwin," (Vol. I, p. 555), says:

"The acute champion of teleology, Paley, saw no difficulty in admitting that the 'Production of Things' may be the result of trains of mechanical dispositions fixed beforehand by intelligent appointment and kept in action by a power at the centre—that is to say, he proleptically accepted the modern doctrine of evolution; and his successors might do well to follow their leader, or at any rate to attend to his weighty reasonings before rushing into an antagonism which has no reasonable foundation."

Tennyson, in his "Higher Pantheism" nobly expresses the doctrine of the immanence of God.

"The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas,  
the hills, and the plains—  
Are not these, O Soul, the Vision of Him  
who reigns?"

"Speak to Him, thou, for He hears, and  
Spirit with spirit can meet—  
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer  
than hands and feet.

"God is law, say the wise, O Soul, and let us  
rejoice,  
For if He thunder by law the thunder is  
yet His voice.

"Law is God, say some; no God at all,  
says the fool;  
For all we have power to see is a straight  
staff bent in a pool;

"And the ear of man cannot hear, and the  
eye of man cannot see;  
But if we could see and hear, this vision  
—were it not He?"

"A master in science," says Prof. Elder, "tells us that the evolution of the universe is not more nor less difficult to understand than the evolution of a bird from the egg. If you are inclined to regard that as touched with the exaggeration of the specialist, listen to this:

"Flower in the crannied wall,  
I pluck you out of the crannies;—  
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,  
Little flower; but if I could understand  
What you are, root and all, and all in all,  
I should know what God and man is."

Sir William Herschell, on purely scientific ground, long ago, says that he knows no explanation of the great phenomena of nature, even of the law of gravitation, save the active exercise of the personal will of God. Butler's "Analogy of Natural and Revealed Religion," which has been well called "the Greatest Theological Monograph in Our Language," has for its theme "The Constitution and Course of Nature. These

make known the same kind of divine government as that which revealed religion declares; they present the same kind of difficulties, so 'that he who denies the Scripture to have been from God upon account of these difficulties may, for the very same reason, deny the world to have been formed by Him.' The argument shows that Christianity is wholly reasonable."

Our author well says: "Those modern teachings that would find a shelter for religion from the windy storm and tempest of nineteenth century doubt and criticism in the fact that it satisfies the emotional nature, offer but a doubtful good. Religion does not seek a shelter; it offers one, the only one. It speaks with authority and to the whole man. That it does satisfy the emotional nature, refine and sanctify the feelings is much; but there is more—it also addresses the intellect. Christian faith stands rooted in knowledge.

"Often it seems that the most astounding of miracles is this: the words of Jesus, all we have of them, make together not more than a thin pamphlet, not much longer than an old-fashioned sermon, yet they contain, as Ewald said to Stanley, all the wisdom of the world. Who shall estimate their power in the world? A power greater to-day than it ever was before! The world has not outgrown them, it has not yet grown up to them; if in any period it has neglected them, that has been a period of decline, not advance."

Our author concludes his admirable book in these words:

"The essential unity and inner harmony of all truth from every source have been recognized by the noblest souls in past generations, and are especially enforced in our own age by the rapid progress of investigation which is bringing the boundaries of the various realms of thought nearer together. Sooner or later all these artificial boundaries will disappear.

"The Christian must not hesitate to accept, in the fuller meaning it has to-day, the sublime utterance of the Psalmist,

'The heavens declare the glory of God.'

"The student in the laboratory may find fresh inspiration for his work in the triumphant cry of the devout astronomer, half dazed with the splendour of the laws he had discovered.

'O God, I think Thy thoughts after Thee.'

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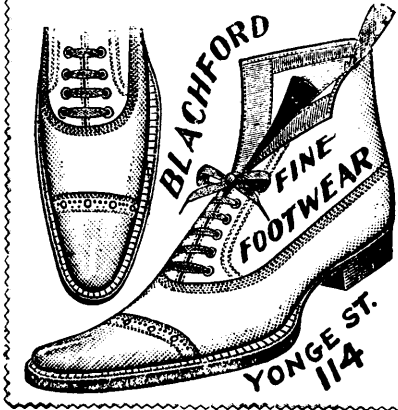
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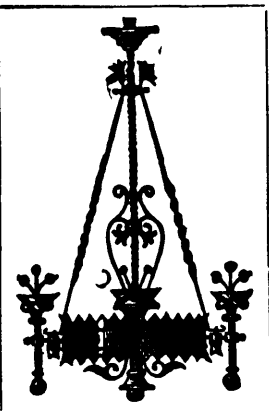
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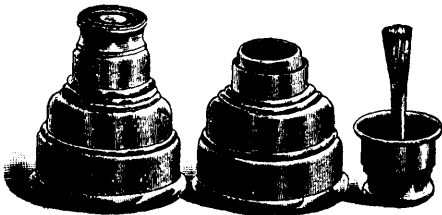
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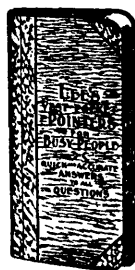


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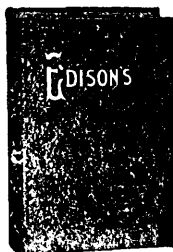
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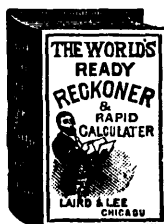
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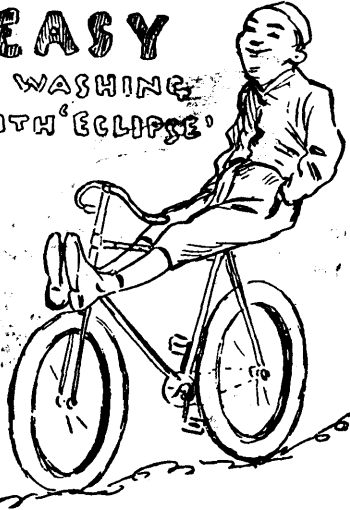
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