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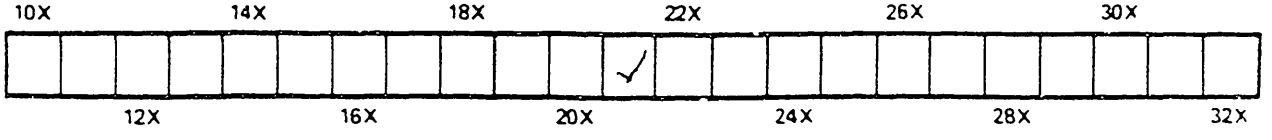
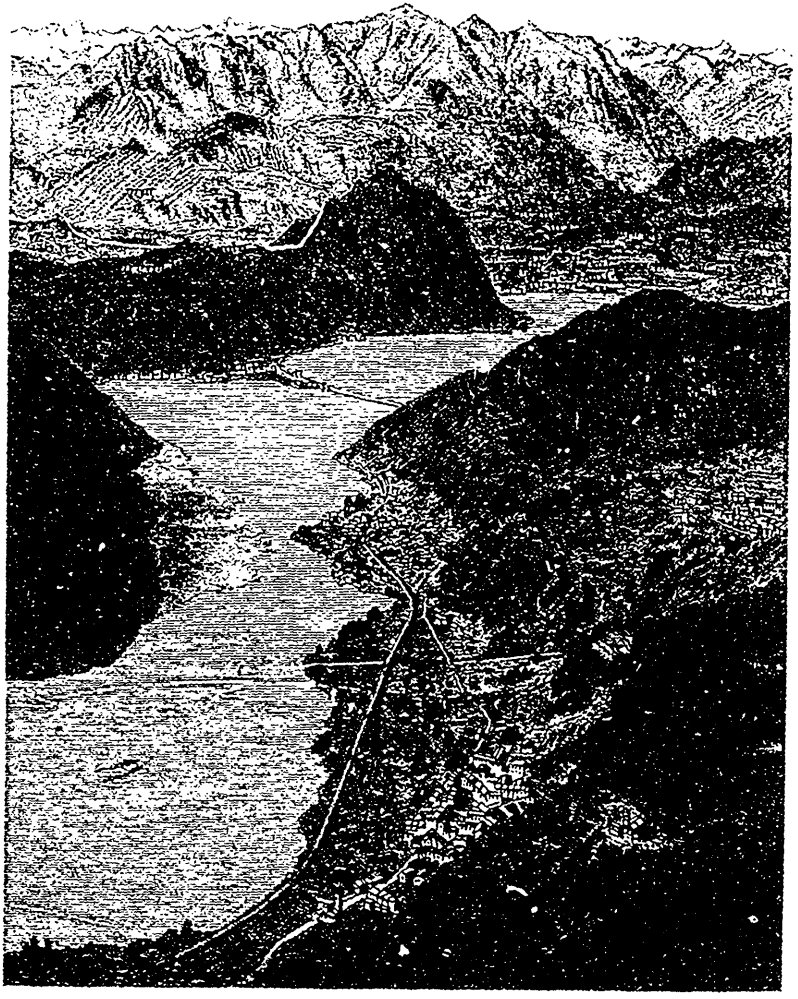




LAKE LUGANO AND THE ALPS—FROM SUMMIT OF MONTE GENEROSO.

THE

Methodist Magazine.

MARCH, 1894.

THE ITALIAN LAKES.

BY W. H. WITHROW. AND J. HARDMEYER.

ITALIAN PEASANTS.

THE Italian lakes, Como, Lugano, and Maggiore, have challenged the admiration of poet and painter from the days of Virgil to the present time. Less sublime in their environment than those of Switzerland, they are far more beautiful. The surrounding foliage, also, is much richer; the orange and myrtle take the place of the spruce and the pine. The sky is of sunnier blue, and the air of a balmier breath, and the water of a deeper and more transparent hue.

Lake Como is only an hour's ride from Milan, through a fertile and hilly country. *En route* we pass the ancient town of Monza, where is preserved the iron crown with which Constantine, Charlemagne, Charles V., and Napoleon, beside two-score of Lombard kings, have been crowned. Como, which lies amid an amphitheatre of hills, was the birthplace of the elder and younger Pliny. The mountains rise in verdurous slopes, clothed to their

summits with chestnuts and olives, to the height of 7,000 feet. At their base nestle the gay villas of the Milanese aristocracy, embowered amid lemon and myrtle groves. Lovely bays, continued into winding valleys, run up between the jutting capes and towering mountains. The richest effects of glowing light and creeping shadows, like the play of smiles on a lovely face,

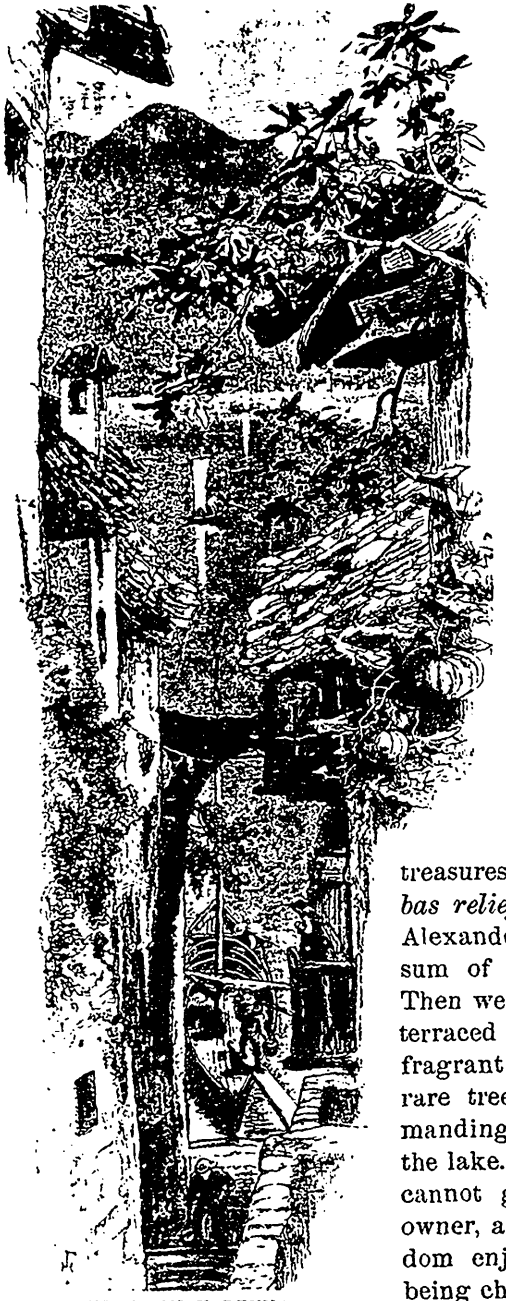
LAKE COMO—LOOKING SOUTH FROM BELLAGIO.

give expression to the landscape. Like a swift shuttle, the steamer darts across the narrow lake from village to village. The glowing sunlight, the warm tints of the frescoed villas, the snowy campaniles, and the gay costumes, mobile features, and animated gestures of the peasantry, gave a wondrous life and colour to the scene.

On a high and jutting promontory is Bellagio, the culminating point of beauty on the lake. After dinner at the Hotel *Grande Bretagne*, whose windows commands one of the loveliest views I ever beheld, I set forth with a companion for a sunset sail on fair Como. Softly crept the purple shadows over wave and shore. Gliding beneath the lofty cliffs, our boatman woke the echoes with his song. Snowy sails glided by like sheeted ghosts in the

deepening twilight. At nine o'clock the Benediction rang from the village campaniles—one after another taking up the strain—now near, now far, the liquid notes floating over the waves like the music of the spheres. As we listened in silence, with suspended oar, to the solemn voices calling to us through the darkness,

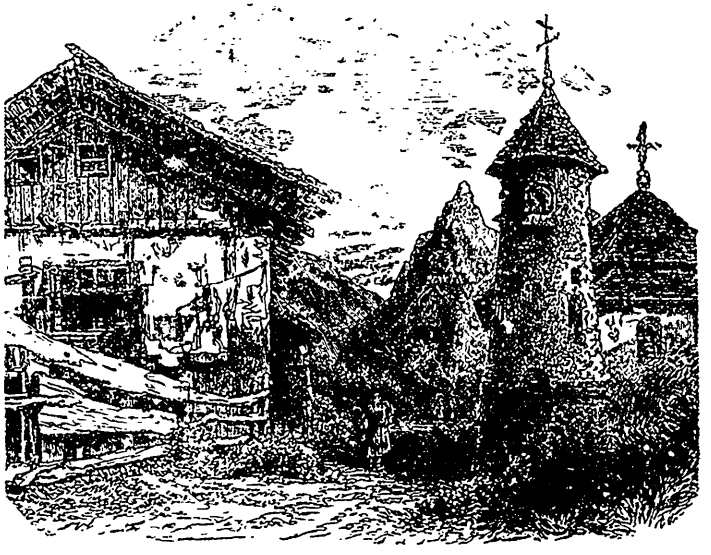
> We heard the sounds of sorrow and delight
> The manifold soft chimes
> That fill the haunted chambers of the night
> Like some old poet's rhymes.



STREET IN VARENNA—ON LAKE COMO.

We made a boat excursion to the famous Villa Carlotta, at Cadenabbia. Landing at stately marble steps, we were led through lofty suites of rooms filled with costly art treasures. For Thorwaldsen's *bas reliefs* of the triumphs of Alexander alone, was paid the sum of nearly 375,000 francs. Then we wandered through the terraced garden, studded with fragrant magnolias and other rare trees and plants, and commanding exquisite views over the lake. Yet all this splendour cannot give happiness, for its owner, a bereaved widower, seldom enjoys it, its associations being chiefly of sadness and sorrow.

Next day we crossed by private carriage, with jangling bells and quaint harness on our horses, from Lake Como to Lakes Lugano and Maggiore—a delightful drive, up hill and down, through romantic scenery and picturesque villages. At the top of one long, steep slope, commanding a map-like view of the winding Como far beneath, our driver stopped beneath an iron-grated window of an ancient church. Behind the grating were about a hundred skulls, and just opposite, a receptacle for money, with a petition for alms for the repose of the souls of the former owners of those skulls. It was the most extraordinary appeal *ad misericordiam* that I ever saw. Two or three times during the day we crossed the frontier between Italy and Switzerland, with its inevitable guard-house and knot of soldiers.



ON THE FRONTIER.

When the late Rev. Charles Spurgeon and a party of friends were crossing this frontier in a carriage they had a small basket of fruit on which the customs officers demanded payment of duty. "We will settle that," said the renowned preacher and with his friends soon sent the fruit to its natural destination. "I presume it is not dutiable now," said he, as they smilingly crossed the frontier.

At Lugano we lunched at our hotel—once the monastery of St. Mary of the Angels—and very fine comfortable quarters those old monks had, with large, cool corridors, lofty rooms, and a lovely garden. In the old chapel are some very quaint frescoes by

CLIMBING MONTE GENEROSO.

Luino. A stroll through the arcades of the town, where nut-brown women sold all manner of wares, and where the airs were by no means those of Araby the blest, was extremely interesting.

In mid-afternoon we took a steamer for Porlezza, over the

placid waters laving the vine-clad hills, crowned on their apparently inaccessible heights with churches, each with its square campanile. It is apparently a point of religion to make access to the churches as difficult as possible, that there may be the more merit in attendance at the sacred functions. Elegant villas, gaily frescoed, arcaded and embowered amid terraced gardens, gave a rare charm to the scene. The handsome Italian customs officer in the steamer, brilliant with gold lace and epaulettes, quite won the hearts of the ladies by declining to inspect their luggage, which was piled up on deck for that purpose. If he could have understood all the complimentary things they said about him, it would have quite turned his head.

HERMITAGE OF SAN NICOLAO.

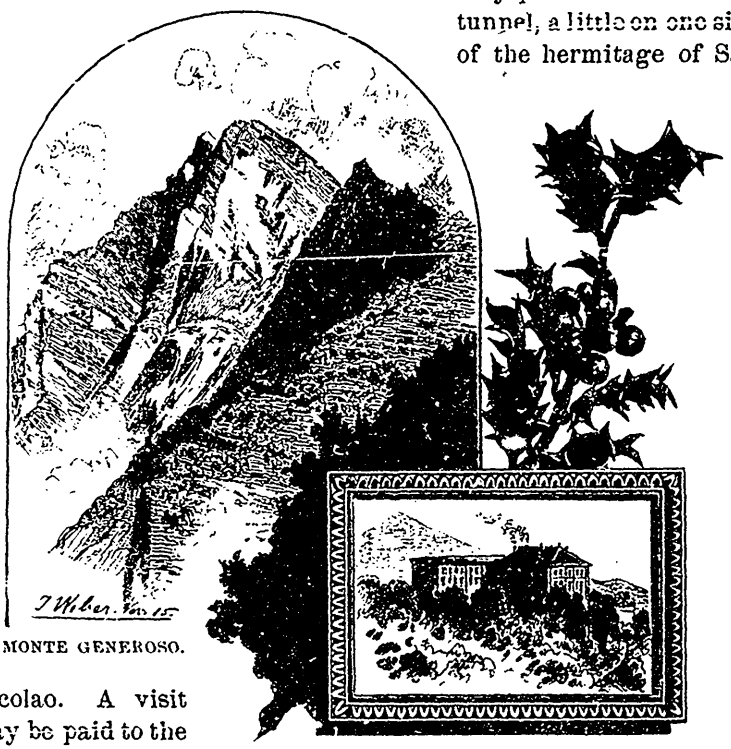
We here give Mr. Hardmeyer's sketch of climbing Monte Generoso:

"Soaring abruptly from the shores of Lake Lugano rises a steep and rugged mountain, known as Monte Generoso. This eminence, which is a spur thrown out by the Alps towards the plain of Lombardy, is often called the Rigi of Italian Switzerland. This mountain region combines in a wonderful manner all the charms of an Italian landscape with the grandeur and sublimity of the Alps. A luxuriant southern vegetation adorns the lower slope, while on the heights a magnificent Alpine flora delights the eye. An azure sky overarches the lovely landscape, and is reflected with remarkable intensity in the waters of the lake that lends so much animation to the scenery; and especially at sunrise and sunset colours of magic beauty are poured over hill and dale.

"But the paths are long and steep, the Italian sun darts fiery beams from the cloudless sky—and, in short, travellers have become accustomed to railways and shun the fatigue of mountain-climbing. So a cog-wheel railway has been constructed, whereby,

without fatigue, the tourist may be conveyed to the summit of Monte Generoso.

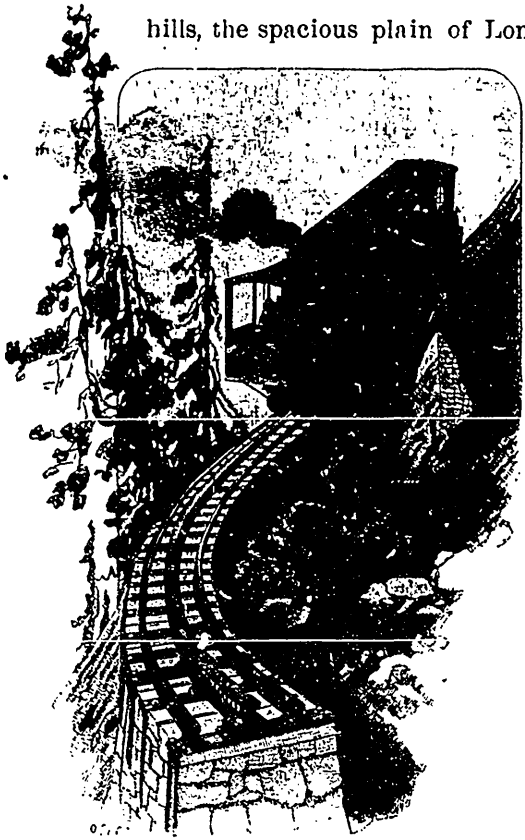
"The mountain-railway leaps pertly over its older sister—the St. Gothard line—and begins its climb. The cog-wheels work evenly and steadily, and soon lift us above the houses, above the church steeple, higher and ever higher. At our feet spreads, like a vast garden, the southernmost territory of the Swiss Confederacy. The railway is cut in the rocky slope, the strata of which are obliquely bedded, and below it the mountain falls off steeply to the valley. On arriving at a perpendicular precipice, the railway pierces it in a loop-tunnel, a little on one side of the hermitage of San Nicolao. A visit may be paid to the neighbouring hermitage and pilgrimage chapel of San Nicolao. A path leads down through thick bushes, past the ruins of an old tower, which formed one of the series of mediæval watch-towers. Beacon fires kindled upon them proclaimed the approach of the dreaded hosts of warriors descending from the Alps, and called together the peasantry to fight for the defence of their homesteads.



MONTE GENEROSO.

HOTEL AT SUMMIT.

"We resume our journey; the train climbs quietly but steadily upwards. Towards the south-east we can see, beyond the lower



THE TRACK AND THE TRAIN.

hills, the spacious plain of Lombardy. High up on the left is the point of view called Bellavista, which well deserves its name.

"The rugged rocks fall off almost perpendicularly towards Milan; at their feet lies the deep-blue lake. The trees now disappear. The zone of forests lies below us and we have reached the region of Alpine pastures, with their luxuriant herbs and brightly-coloured flowers. The engine makes a last strenuous effort as it climbs the steep slope leading to the terminus just below the summit.

"From the station we can reach the summit of the mountain in about ten minutes, and here a grand prospect opens. At the foot of the fearful precipices bounding Monte Generoso lies the beautiful lake of Lugano, its different arms embedded between the projecting ridges and promontories. Then the Alps with their snowy summits and peaks rising in unsurpassed grandeur above the lower grassy heights; and lastly, our gaze is attracte' by the wide expanse stretching away to the south, the plain of Lombardy—the garden of Europe.

"The large whitish patch, standing out plainly from the grayish-green of the plain, is the city of Milan, and still farther to the right is Pavia; on the left Lodi, Cremona, and Piacenza. Beyond the broad valley of the Po, which is studded by hundreds of towns and villages, the long chain of the Apennines is seen on the southern horizon. Towards the south-east the prosp.:t is open and uninterrupted, the plain stretching as far as the Adriatic. Northwards this magnificent landscape is bounded by the splendid ramparts of the distant Alps. Of overpowering grandeur, domi-

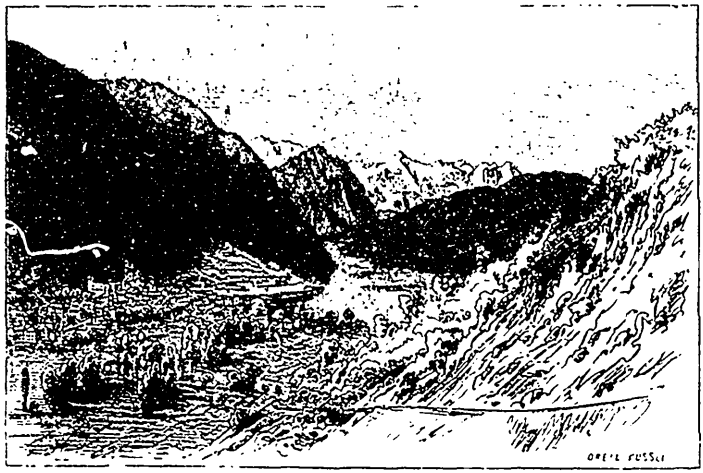
nating all the other snowy heights, the Monte Rosa group is seen rising before us. The splendour of its snowy mantle dazzles our eyes, and seems to impart its own radiance to all the lower peaks that surround it."

Returning to Lake Maggiore, a charming sail, with magnificent views of the snow-clad Alps, brought us in the evening to Isola Bella—"the beautiful island." In the seventeenth century, a famous Count Borromeo converted this barren crag into a garden of delight. It rises in ten terraces a hundred feet above the lake; and is stocked with luxuriant orange and lemon trees, cypresses, laurels, magnolias, magnificent oleanders, and fragrant camphor trees. Fountains, grottoes, and statuary adorn this lovely spot. We found the château and gardens closed; but by dint of perseverance we effected an entrance, and, by a judicious fee, obtained permission to explore the beauties of the scene. Near by is the many-turreted château of Baveno, where Queen Victoria was an honoured guest when she visited Italy.

ABOVE SAN NICOLAO.

In the after-glow of a golden sunset, we were rowed by a pirate-looking boatman to Stresa. On a lofty hill near the lake, overlooking the country which he loved so well, is a colossal statue of St. Charles Borromeo, one hundred and twelve feet high, his hands stretched out in perpetual benediction upon its hamlets and villages.

Traversing the entire length of Lake Maggiore, between towering mountains on either side, we took the train for Biasca, then the terminus of the railway. The scenery was a blending of Alpine grandeur, with soft Italian beauty. From the dining-table of the hotel at Biasca, I looked up and up to a cliff towering hundreds of feet above my head, making at night a deeper blackness in the air, from which leaped with a single bound a snowy water-

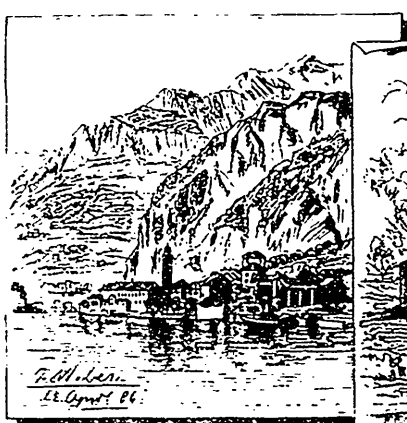


RIVA SAN VITALE AND THE LAKE OF LUGANO.

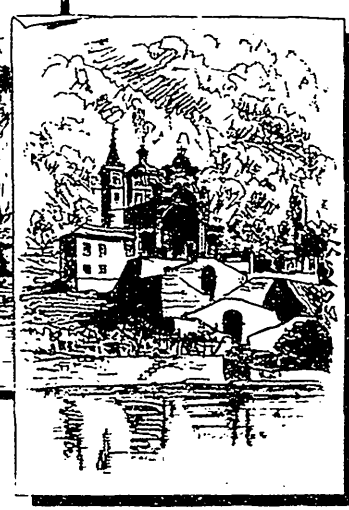
fall. A very old Romanesque church crowned a neighbouring height, with a giant St. Christopher frescoed on the wall; beside it was the quiet God's acre, in which for long centuries—

"The peaceful fathers of the hamlet sleep."

From this point we climb

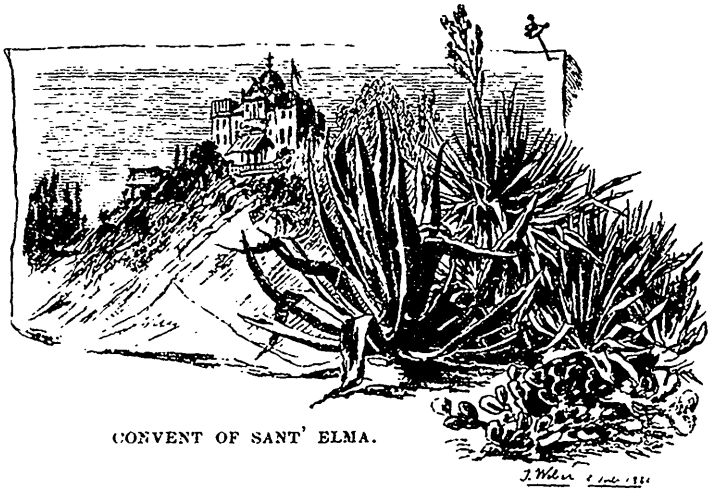


CAMPIONE—ON LAKE LUGANO.



MADONNA DI CAMPIONE.

to the summit of the pass by zig-zags, drawn by seven horses which can advance no faster than a slow walk. Ever wider horizons open on every side. The vines and chestnuts, the mulberries and olives are left far below. The trees of my native land, the pines and spruces, assert their reign. They climb in serried ranks; and on lone, inaccessible

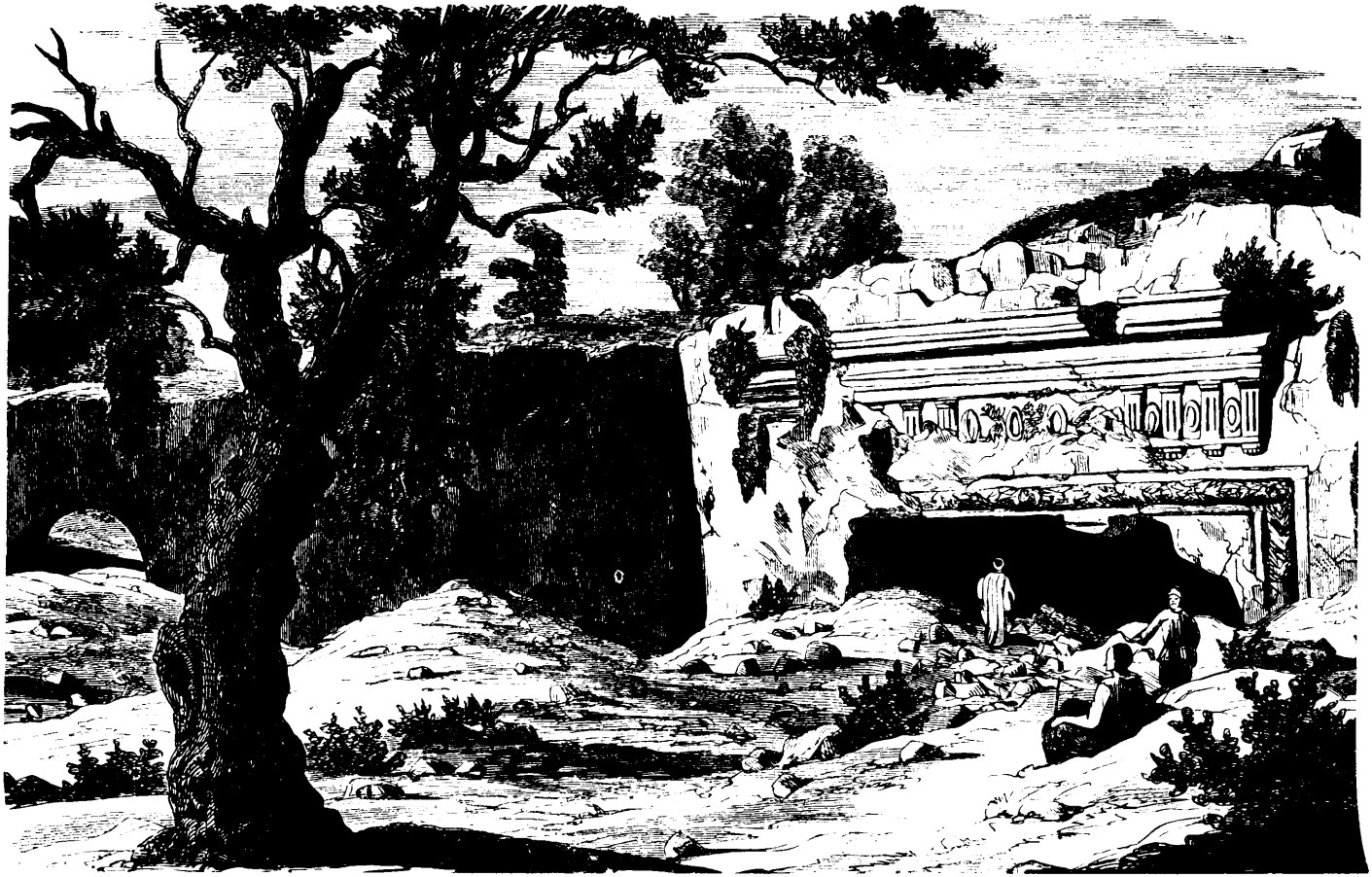


CONVENT OF SANT' ELMA.

heights stand majestic and sublime,
grappling firm foothold on the rocks, and bidding defiance to the winds. These in turn become dwarfed and disappear, and only the beautiful Alpine rose clothes the rocks, like humble virtue breathing its beauty amid a cold and unfriendly environment. Vast upland meadows and mountain pastures are covered with these beautiful flowers. At last even these give way to the icy desolation of eternal winter. We passed through snow-drifts over thirty feet deep, and from the top of the *diligence* I could gather snowballs; and once the road led through a tunnel in the snow. Only the chamois and the mountain eagle dwell amid these lone solitudes. The change from the burning plains of Lombardy to these Alpine solitudes—from lands of sun to lands of snow—was very striking. I thank God for the revelation of His might and majesty in those everlasting mountains. They give a new sense of vastness, of power, of sublimity to the soul. After busy months spent in crowded cities—the work of men—it is a moral tonic to be brought face to face with the grandest works of God.

RESURRECTION.

COME to the tomb, the empty tomb ;
Here let us cast our sins away ;
Christ's power can turn our dross to gold,
From bitter buds sweet flowers unfold ;
Rise, live anew, this Easter day !

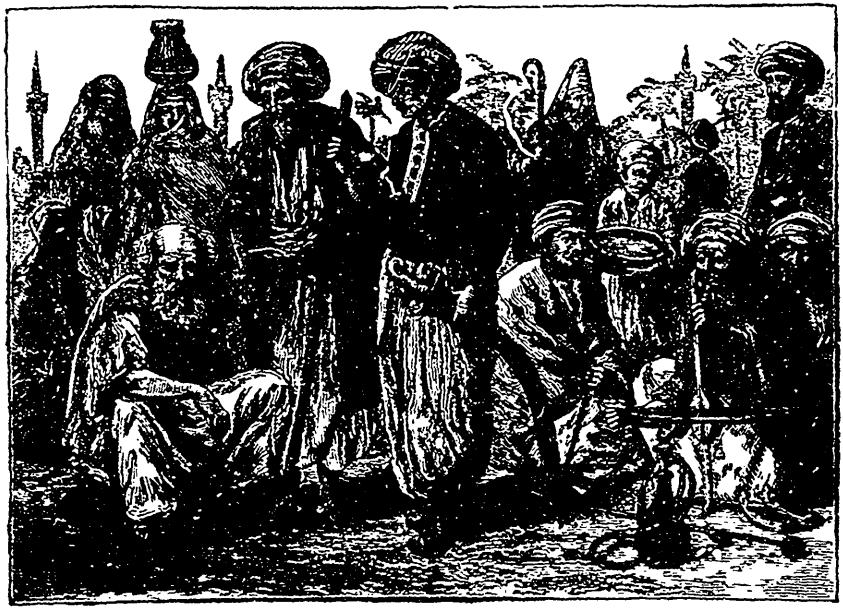


"TOMBS OF THE KINGS."

TENT LIFE IN PALESTINE.

BY THE EDITOR.

NORTHWARD FROM JERUSALEM—BETHEL AND ITS MEMORIES.



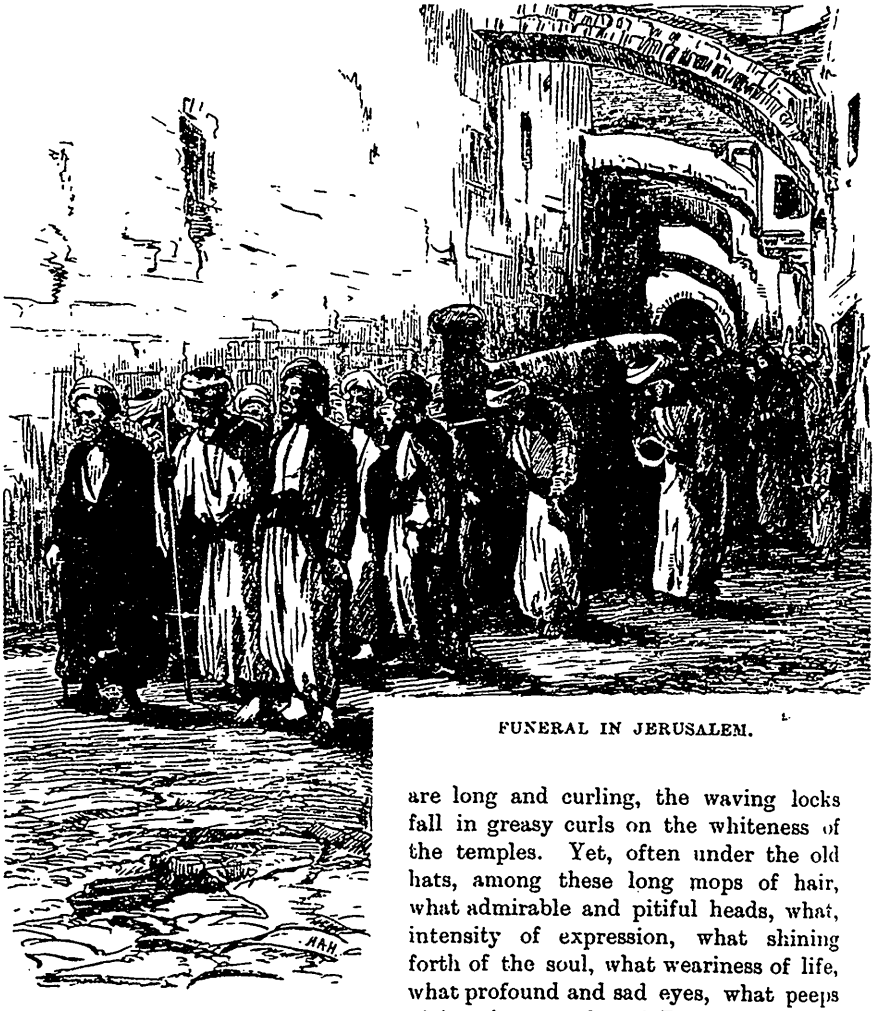
NATIVE TYPES IN PALESTINE.

ONE sees in Jerusalem a greater variety of types than elsewhere in Palestine: fierce Bedouins from Moab, mild Syrians, sad-eyed Jews—those from Poland wearing odious little corkscrew curls—haughty Turkish officers armed with great curved cimeters and daggers, and wearing richly embroidered jackets; the stately patriarchs and clergy of the Greek, Latin, Armenian, Abyssinian, Coptic and other communities; Russian, Cypriote, Frankish and other pilgrims. Several of these types are shown in our initial cut.

M. Chevrillon, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes,* thus describes the Jews of Jerusalem:

"The Jews of Palestine now number forty thousand; all come from Europe. Every year they flow in in greater numbers from Poland and Russia. At Jerusalem they herd together in alleys so narrow that daylight can scarcely penetrate it, and hemmed in by slaughter-houses where the heads of sheep are piled up. There inside is the unsavoury mob,

sickly, tattered, scrofulous, anæmic from their life in the shade; bleareyed, with unhealthy complexions, almost transparent through very paleness. They are dressed in the old costumes, worn by the Jews of the Middle Ages—long Oriental tunics striped with yellow, great mantles with sleeves which fall from the shoulders to the feet, pitiful Western bonnets, all the rags of the old Jewries of Amsterdam or of Prague. The beards

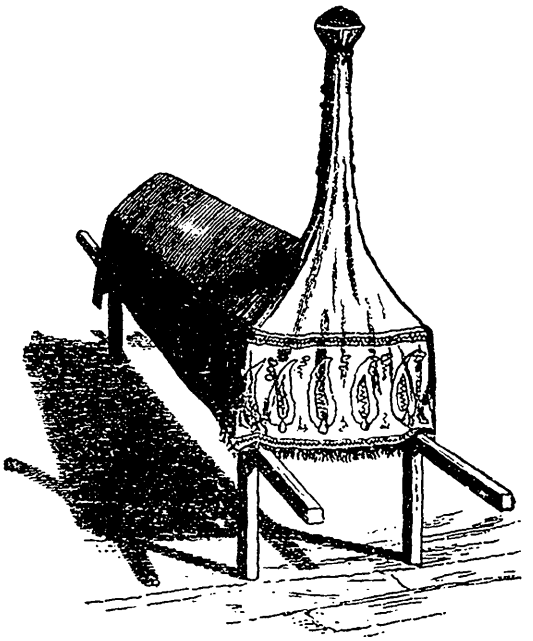


FUNERAL IN JERUSALEM.

are long and curling, the waving locks fall in greasy curls on the whiteness of the temples. Yet, often under the old hats, among these long mops of hair, what admirable and pitiful heads, what, intensity of expression, what shining forth of the soul, what weariness of life, what profound and sad eyes, what peeps of interiors worthy of Rembrandt, who felt the beauty of the Jewries, the tragic life which overflows from that gloom and darkness. Some impassioned heads of young men make one think of Christ. There are old men who seem to embody a whole age of misery. One cannot turn one's eyes away from them, and their figures remained fixed in the memory among the most intense souvenirs that the visitor carries away from Jerusalem, so beautiful with their muffled flame

of interior life, their abysses of suffering grown familiar, of dumb resignanation, such as we see in Rembrandt's old Jew in the National Gallery."

One day, near nightfall, I heard a strange wailing in the street, and soon met a funeral procession. A number of men were carrying on their shoulders an odd-looking bier as shown in the picture (shown more in detail in the smaller cut), going without the city to bury their dead. It was a procession like this, doubtless, that our Saviour met when, entering Nain, he raised the widow's son to life. The weeping and wailing of the mourners was saddening in the extreme. This custom, old as humanity, yet ever new, reminds us how through the ages "man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets."



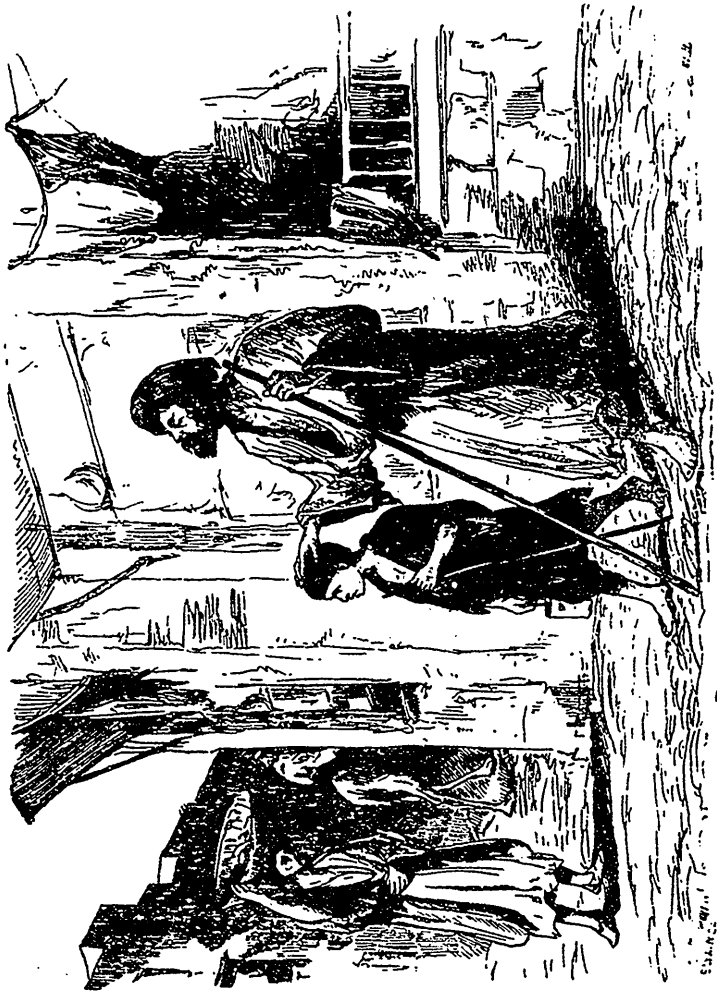
FUNERAL BIER.

The beggars of Jerusalem almost deserve a chapter to themselves, so great is their number, such is their rude persistence, and of such pathos is their story. To say nothing of the lepers without the gates, the halt and blind and maimed appeal to one's sympathies on every side. Near our hotel was an open square, and the first thing to be seen in the morning as I looked from my window was a poor blind beggar being led by a lad, as shown on page 234.

Our last day in the Holy City was busy with taking a final look at many sites of hallowed interest, and in purchasing and packing, for friends beyond the sea, souvenirs of olive-wood, mother-of-pearl, flowers of Palestine and other memorials of these sacred scenes.

And now we turn our faces northward from Jerusalem for our long ride through Samaria and Galilee and over Mount Hermon to Damascus and Baalbec. We rode for the last time beneath the battlemented walls as far as the Damascus Gate. Turning

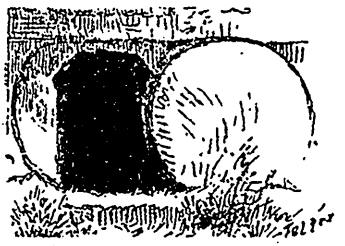
abruptly to the left we climbed the steep ascent of the hill above the grotto of Jeremiah, where the prophet is *said* to have written his Lamentations. This hill, and not the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, is considered by many to be the site of Calvary—*Calvarium,* or "Place of a Skull." We leave the discussion of this interesting question to the Rev. Geo. J. Bond, B.A., of Halifax,



BLIND BEGGAR IN JERUSALEM.

who will treat it fully in these pages. Certain it is that the bare hill-top bears a remarkable resemblance to the rounded dome of a skull. This effect is heightened by two small caves beneath its brow, looking strangely like eye-sockets. This place, according to tradition, was the place of stoning, or place of execution, "without the gates," according to the Jewish law.

Descending from the hill we cantered along a stony lane between broad olive groves. This lane leads through an ancient cemetery lining the slopes of the Valley of Nuts. In places occur great ash-heaps, supposed to be the accumulated refuse for a thousand years of the temple service. We made a short *detour* to visit the so-called "Tombs of the Kings." They have been better identified as the tombs of Queen Helena, a Jewish proselyte of the first century, and of her family. A large court about ninety feet square and twenty feet deep, has been sunk in the solid rock. To this a flight of steps leads from the surface of the ground. On the west side is the open portico shown in frontispiece, once supported by two pillars which are now broken away. The façade is ornamented with a Roman-Doric freize with a decorative moulding around the opening. Within is an elaborate system of catacomb-like vaults and cells.



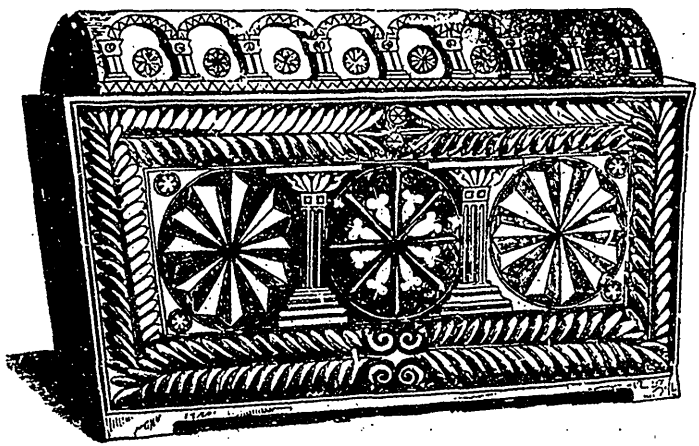
THE STONE AT THE DOOR.

Lighting our candles we descended a short stairway to the entrance to these vaults. It was closed by a large circular slab, which could be rolled backwards or forwards in a groove or mortise in the rock, as shown in the cut, thus illustrating the scripture, "Who will roll us away the stone from the sepulchre?" There are within, seven rock-hewn chambers which bear evidence of once having been closed with stone doors. They are lined with numerous cells opening from them, containing stone coffins for one or two bodies, and in some cases detached sarcophagi of the general design shown on next page. One of these is now in the Louvre in Paris.

About a quarter of an hour's journey farther are the Tombs of the Judges. A small sunken court leads to a vestibule seven feet wide with a gable, as shown on page 237. Behind this another door admits to a series of tomb-chambers with receptacles for many bodies. There are also numerous other rock tombs in the neighbourhood. The myth that the Judges of Israel are buried here is of recent date. At present the peaceful sheep crop the scanty herbage and take refuge from the storms in the rock-hewn "Tombs of the Kings" and of the elders of Judah.

Regaining the road we proceeded on our journey. Road it may be called by a violent figure of speech, for though once a main highway of travel between Damascus and Jerusalem, the road by which age after age invading armies or bands of pilgrims

approached the city is now a ruined causeway, impassable for wheeled vehicles, and difficult to traverse on horseback. Great gaps between the scattered paving-blocks threatened to break the legs of our horses, which stumbled painfully along.



ANCIENT STONE COFFIN, JERUSALEM.

From the crest of Mount Scopus we obtained one of the most impressive views of the Holy City. It was here that Alexander the Great met the high-priest, heading the procession of Jewish elders. Here were pitched the camps of Vespasian and Titus. Here the first crusaders, as Jerusalem burst upon their view, fell upon their knees and kissed the sacred soil. Here countless pilgrims of many lands and many tongues have chanted their greeting:

Me receptet Sion illa,
Sion David, urbs tranquilla,
Cujus faber auctor lucis,
Cujus portæ lignum crucis,
Cujus claves lingua Petri,
Cujus cives semper læti,
Cujus muri lapis vivus,
Cujus custos Rex festivus!

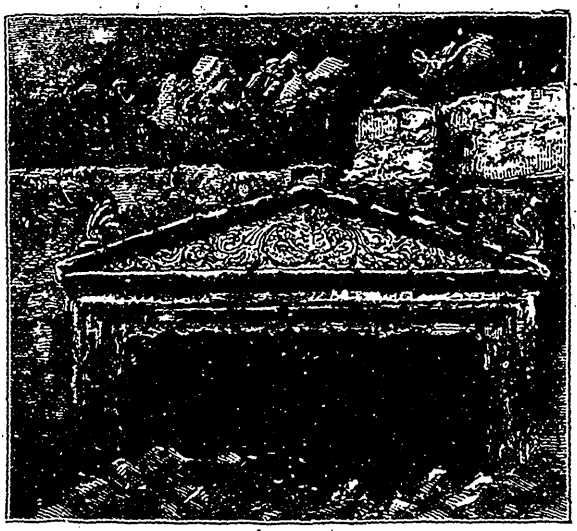
Here we took our last long, lingering look at the gray old walls of the city, with its noble domes of the Holy Sepulchre and Mosque of Omar, and many towers and minarets. As we gazed, the clouds which had covered the sky parted, and a glorious sunburst bathed the scene with a flood of living light, an augury, let us hope, of its future glory.

It is impossible not to be deeply moved as one gazes from this spot upon the Holy City, the object of such impassioned love, the scene of such divine manifestations and of such unparalleled

suffering by siege and sortie, sack and pillage. The old hymn comes to our mind,

Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
Enthronèd once on high,
Thou favoured home of God on earth,
Thou heaven below the sky;
Now brought to bondage with thy sons,
A curse and grief to see,
Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
Our tears shall flow for thee.

O hadst thou known the day of grace.
And flocked beneath the wing
Of Him who called thee lovingly,
Thine own Anointed King:
Then had the tribes of all the world
Gone up thy pomp to see
And glory dwelt within thy gates,
And all thy sons been free.



"TOMBS OF THE JUDGES."

"And who art thou that mournest me?"
Jerusalem may say,
"And fear'st not rather that thyself
May prove a castaway?
I am a dried and abject branch,
My place is given to thee;
But woe to every barren graft
Of thy wild olive-tree!

"Our day of grace is sunk in night,
Our time of mercy spent,
For heavy was my children's crime,
And strange their punishment:
Yet gaze not idly on our fall,
But, sinner, warnèd be;
Who spared not His chosen seed
May send his wrath on thee!"

As we turned northward the scene was dreary enough. The bleak, wind-swept moor rolled away in a series of low, rounded hills, strewn here and there with rugged rocks; in many places the old earth seemed out-at-elbows as the limestone ridges broke

through the meagre covering of soil. Yet this rude region was the home of the tribe of Benjamin, the hardy race of whom it is said, "Benjamin shall ravin as a wolf; in the morning he shall devour the prey, and at night he shall divide the spoil." Gen. xlix. 27.

These hill-tops once blazed with beacon fires. "Almost every hillside," says Dr. Manning, "has been the scene of battle: almost every mound of ruins marks the site of some ancient village memorable for the heroic deeds there enacted. With its barren soil and numerical inferiority it yet won for itself the title of 'Little Benjamin their Ruler.' It gave its greatest king to Israel and the great apostle to the Gentiles boasted with a lawful pride that he was 'of the tribe of Benjamin.'" A little to the left of the road is Nob, the City of the Priests, where David came for Goliath's sword. A little to the right is the city of Gibeah of Saul, the scene of the cruel murder described in Judges xix. On a hill-top to the right is the site of Rameh, the birthplace of Samuel. High to the left rises the conspicious landscape of Neby-Samwil, the highest mountain in Southern Palestine. It has long been identified with Mizpah, the "watch-tower," where the prophet set up a stone and called the name Eben-ezer, saying, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us," and here the people at the choice of Saul raised the shout "God save the king."

The name of the ancient town of Bireh, the Beeroth of the Gibeonites and the home of the murderers of Isbosheth, signifies "cistern" and here is an immemorial spring, near which is the ruinous khan with vaulted arches, perhaps of crusading times. In the midst of a cornfield we found the interesting ruins of a Gothic crusader's church with three apses and a north wall. The place has a touching interest connected with the life of our Lord as the first resting-place on the caravan route of pilgrims going north. "The child Jesus tarried behind in Jerusalem; and Joseph and his mother knew not of it, but they, supposing him to have been in the company, went a day's journey; and they sought him among their kinsfolk and acquaintance, and when they found him not they returned back again to Jerusalem seeking him."

We now climb a bare and bleak plateau. A terraced hill of out-cropping chalk ledges is crowned by a small hamlet of crumbling stone huts with a rude stone tower. This is Beitun, the site of one of the oldest and most important towns of Palestine, the ancient Bethel, or "house of God." Broken columns and crumbling masonry strew the ground, and the remains of a great reservoir, 214 by 317 feet, give evidence of its former greatness. Next to Shechem it is the earliest-mentioned city in Old Testament history.

It was here that Abraham gave Lot the choice of the plain of Jordan and received the promise of heaven, "Lift up now thine eyes and look from the place where thou art northward, and southward, and eastward, and westward: for all the land which thou seest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed forever." The altar erected here by Abraham may have been standing when Jacob took of the stones of that place—the ground is still strewn with myriads of them—for his pillow.

POLISH JEW OF JERUSALEM.

As the weary and troubled eyes of Jacob closed on the terraced slopes rising step on step to the starry sky, there came to him the vision of a stairway set on earth, and the top of it reached to heaven. As the angels of God ascended and descended thereon, to his anxious and soul came the voice of the Heavenly Father, "Behold, I am with thee and will keep thee in all places whithersoever thou goest." No wonder he called the name of the place Beth-el, "the house of God." Mrs. Adams' exquisite hymn beautifully commemorates this profoundly significant event—

Though like a wanderer
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee
Nearer to Thee!

Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee
Nearer to Thee!

A little crumbling chapel of crusading days commemorates the supposed scene of Jacob's vision. In this connection Longfellow's fine poem, "Sandalphon," comes to mind—

Have you read in the Talmud of old,
In the legends the rabbins have told
Of the limitless realms of the air,
Have you read it,—the marvellous story
Of Sandalphon, the Angel of Glory,
Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer?

How, erect, at the outermost gates
Of the City Celestial he waits,
With his feet on the ladder of light,
That, crowded with angels unnumbered,
By Jacob was seen as he slumbered
Alone in the desert at night?

A strange tradition refers to "Jacob's Pillow" as the Lia Fail, or "Stone of Destiny," brought from Palestine to Ireland, thence to Scotland, and by Edward III. from Scone to Westminster, where it now forms part of the throne where for eight hundred years the sovereigns of Great Britain have been crowned.

It was at Bethel that Jacob buried the nurse of Rachel, Deborah, whose name has been handed down with honour through over thirty-six centuries. Here, too, Samuel held his court. Here Jeroboam set up a golden calf as an object of worship for the ten tribes whom he had separated from Judah. No trace remains of the proud temple which he built to rival that of Jerusalem, nor of the altar where his arm was withered at the rebuke of the fearless prophet nor of the altar miraculously overthrown (1 Kings xii. 26–33. xiii. 1–15.) Here, too, the little children mocked Elisha, and here a lion from the wadys of the adjacent Jordan, devoured the disobedient prophet, as described in the thirteenth chapter of 1 Kings. A rock-hewn tomb is also shown as the sepulchre of the prophet Abijah.

The prophets who pronounced the judgments of God upon this guilty city changed its name to Beth-aven, "the house of vanity," referring to the idols there worshipped. "In the high places of Aven the sin of Israel shall be destroyed, the thorn and the thistle shall come up on their altar." (Hos. x. 8.) And so it is to-day.

The prophecy of Amos that "Bethel should come to naught," has surely been fulfilled. A more desolate spot it would be hard to conceive. It seems to have been an ancient Canaanitish high-place, and strange enough, near by the remains of an old historic stone circle, like the cromlechs of ancient Britain and Gaul, have been found.

We climbed a pile of ruins to get a distant view of the ancient Ai, the royal Canaanitish city where the three thousand men of Joshua's army were defeated. It was amusing to watch the group of Arab children who swarmed around us, eagerly alert for backsheesh, like bright-eyed sparrows for earth-worms.

After lunch we rode on through the territory of Benjamin, amid a much more genial landscape. Terraced hills on either side were planted with fig, olive and vine to the very summit. It is marvellous how the trees and vines derive nourishment from

the crumbling *débris* of the limestone rock. The road is bordered in places with low stone walls, like that described by a son of Erin: "so wide that if it fell down it would be higher than before." The fields still seem almost covered with myriads of stones of every size and shape, although the peasant farmers have made the road a receptacle for them till it is more like the bed of a torrent than a public highway. Indeed, by way of relief, we took our stumbling horses through the dry bed of a ravine and soon reached a charming grassy spot, green with fern and dotted with flowers, chiefly the white and crimson anemones, and watered by a trickling spring, bearing the sinister name of the Robber's Fountain.

In the glowing afternoon light we rode on to our camping-place at Singil, where the mountain village is perched like an eyrie on the top of a commanding hill. Mr. Read and the writer were having a splendid gallop ahead of the party, intending to be first at the camp. But we rode far beyond the fork of the road leading up the hill, and had to be brought back by our faithful Abdallah; so we became the tail instead of the head of the hunt. We climbed a long slope through fig and olive groves, and found the camp duly pitched on a grassy spot commanding a glorious sunset view of the distant hills of Samaria and the beautiful valley of Singil spread out like a map beneath us. The tender green of the young wheat, and the pale foliage of the figs and gray-leaved olives, and of some huge sycamores in the foreground were wonderfully beautiful, especially by contrast with the bleak, bare and windy moors over which we had passed.

The memorials of the Crusaders abound all through this land—ancient churches, chapels, ruins and forts, and even the strange Arab names—Kasr Berdawîl, Castle of Baldwin, commemorates the famous king of Jerusalem. This same Singil takes its name from Count Raymond of *St. Gillies,* who encamped here, corrupted to Singil.

Owing to the steep slope of the hill we could step off the ground on to the flat roofs of the Arab houses and thus wander over nearly the whole village. While enjoying a magnificent view with my field-glass some of the natives came up to remonstrate, perhaps, on the intrusion. I mollified them, however, by letting them look through the glass, in whose marvellous power to bring the distant near they were much interested.

I am reminded that I have not yet described our camping outfit. For our party of six persons we had a caravan of twenty-one horses and beasts of burden, and eleven servants, including cook, waiters, and muleteers. Everything had to be carried; the fold-

ing beds, tables, chairs, bedding and great wooden chests, containing, fitted in racks, the dishes and table-ware; even the forage for the horses, and charcoal for the kitchen range had to be borne over these wretched roads on the backs of sturdy horses and mules. We had three sleeping-tents, one large dining-tent, and one for cooking-range and kitchen. These were made of thick, white duck, with straight walls and double roof, lined with *appliquè* work, in green, yellow, red, blue and white, of dragons, griffins, peacocks, and other designs, scarcely less sumptuous, one would think, than the tent of Sennacherib. Our sleeping tents had rugs, two iron bedsteads, table and toilet arrangements.

ARAB TYPE IN PALESTINE.

While in camp our horses and mules were tethered to a long rope fastened by pegs to the ground. They kept up a continual stamping, munching and whinnying during the night, to which the jackals and village dogs added their inharmonious voices, aided by our own faithful watchdog, who accompanied all our wanderings through Syria and Palestine. They disturbed us very little, however, after our long day's ride over these glorious hills. The poor Arab women and girls brought copious supplies of wood and water for the camp, and in the morning were always on hand to gather up the fragments that were left, even the chaff and refuse of the open-air stable.

Our daily programme was somewhat as follows:—At five, or sometimes at four, at the sound of a horn we rose and soon sat down to a substantial breakfast of meat, eggs, vegetables and coffee. While at breakfast, our beds, bedding, furniture and sleeping tents were all being packed on the backs of mules, and in a few minutes more the dining-tent and everything else joined the caravan. We were always in the saddle by six, and sometimes by five o'clock.

Our table supplies came from the ends of the earth. Our tea, pressed in solid bricks, was brought overland from China to

Russia. Our coffee came from Mocha, our butter from Denmark, our condensed milk from Switzerland, our biscuits from London, our canned meats from Chicago, our preserved ginger from China, our apricots from Damascus, our oranges from Jaffa, and our spices from Java. The only things provided locally were the eggs, fowls, mutton and lamb, and our bread, which was baked *en route*. Our veteran cook had quite a reputation, having traversed the country with some very distinguished parties. How he evolved such splendid dinners with such limited resources was a marvel—varied soups, boiled and roast meats, *entrées*, and desserts—all toothsome and appetizing, and enjoyed with infinite zest.

Our noonday luncheon was carried on paniers on a little white donkey, that trotted before us with mincing feet and tinkling bells, from Jericho to Beyrout. He reminded me of the "daughters of Zion who walked with stretched forth necks, walking and mincing as they go, and make a tinkling with their feet." Is. iii. 16.

In some wayside orchard, beneath a spreading tree, or on the cleanly-swept floor of some village khan we spread our rugs and enjoyed our daily picnic lunch. Then came afternoon tea at five, and after a ramble in the neighbourhood our substantial dinner at about seven o'clock. In the evening we gathered around the candles in the dining-tent, read our guide-books, especially the best of all guides in Palestine, the Bible, wrote up our notes, and retired early, to sleep the sleep of the weary, and to waken in five minutes, it seemed, at the stentorian notes of Abdallah's horn.

HIS HAND.

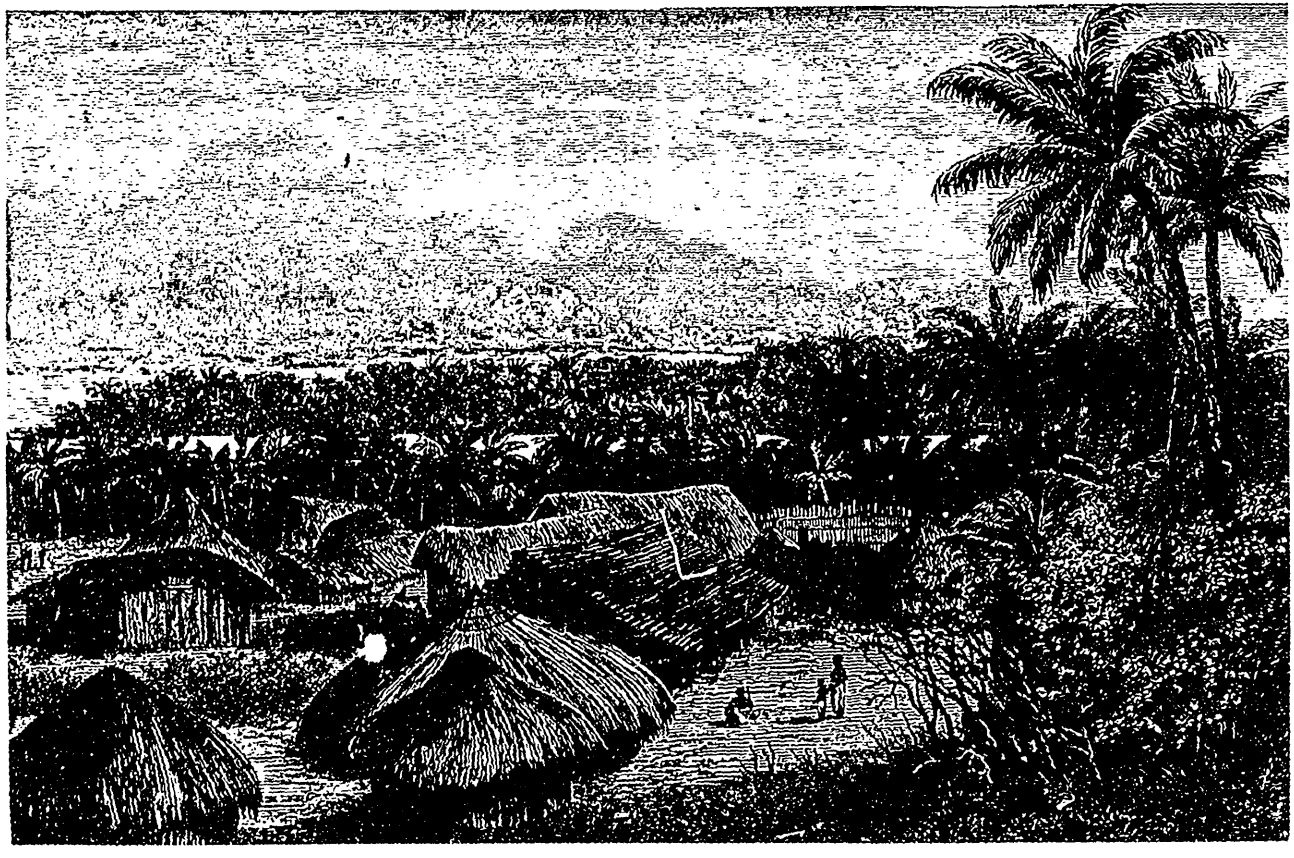
BY ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

His hand was rough and his hand was hard,
For He wrought in wood, by Nazareth town;
With naught of worship, with no regard,
In the village street, He went up and down.

His hand was rough; but its touch was light,
As it lay on the eyes of him born blind,
Or strake sick folk in its healing might,
And gave back y to the hearts that pined.

His hand was hard; but they spiked it fast
To the splintering wood of the cursèd tree;
And he hung in the sight of the world, at last,
In his shame. And the red blood trickled free.

—*Independent.*



UJIJI, LOOKING NORTH FROM THE MARKET-PLACE.—*From a photograph.*

THOMAS J. COMBER, MISSIONARY PIONEER TO THE CONGO.

BY MISS IDA LEWIS.

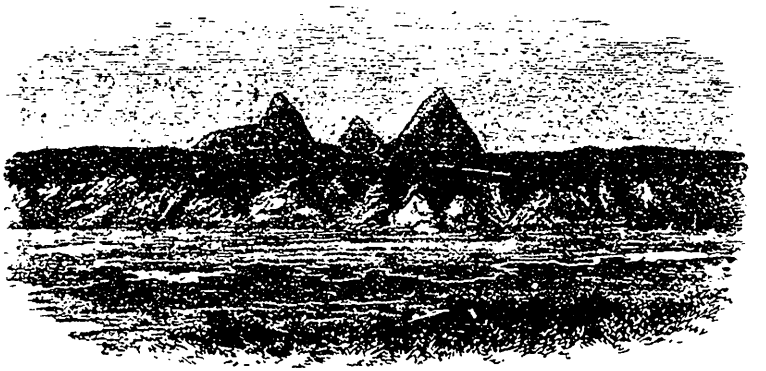
A CONGO CHIEF.

SOME of the greatest sacrifices and achievements in the annals of modern missions have been made on the River Congo. Conspicuous among these were the heroic sacrifices of the Comber family, of whom three brothers, one sister and two wives, six in all, dying on the Congo as missionaries, present a martyr's page not eclipsed by the martyrdom of apostolic days. And yet one thousand miles of the course of the Congo has never been visited by any missionary, and another two thousand only had a passing glimpse. For six thousand miles of interior river navigation the villages and towns are all approachable by the missionary, but the infamous rum traffic is demoralizing the people faster than the missionaries can reach them.

Thomas J. Comber, the pioneer of this heroic missionary band on the Congo, was born in 1852, in Camberwell, England. His father was by trade a manufacturer of jewellery and, at the age of twelve years, Tom, as he was called, was obliged to enter his father's workshop, but the thirst for knowledge had been already kindled, and it was soon evident that a commercial life was not his true field of labour. While going to and from work, and during spare moments, a book was almost always his companion. His early training was especially favourable for the fostering of those ideas, the following out of which, in after years, has indelibly written his name among earth's noblest and best. Blessed with Christian parents, and consecrated Sunday-school teachers, and being naturally endowed with an earnest, thoughtful mind, he early imbibed the spirit of missionary zeal.

To his last Sunday-school teacher, Mr. Rickard, he ascribes the highest honour. He says, "That had it not been for my teacher's earnest leadings to the Saviour; for his gentle, patient teaching,

his forbearance, and long-suffering with me in my foolishness and blindness, I would never have become a missionary." It was the same teacher, who, upon one occasion, when Comber was speaking to him of the many discouragements and obstacles that he had to endure in regard to becoming a missionary, said, "Keep your purpose warm before God in prayer every day of your life. Let nothing prevent your talking with Him about it. If He wants you for a missionary, He will make a way for you." And again, "If you want to be a missionary, you must work hard for it. Even God Himself cannot employ you if you are not fit for it. These great positions in God's army do come to us from heaven, but they come to those who are ready for them."



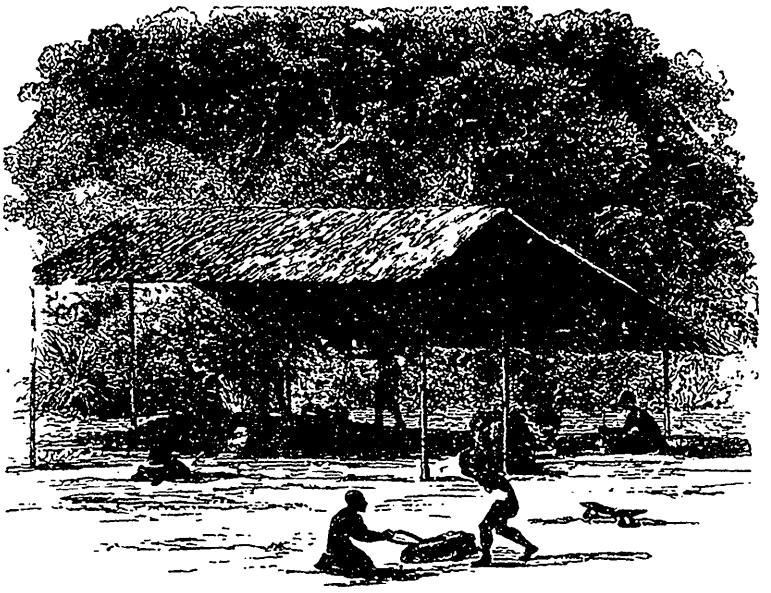
UFUMBIRO MOUNTAINS.

His sole ambition seemed to be to become a missionary. The burden of his prayer was, "Lord, I want to be a missionary—to go into the darkness, and bring the light into it; to tell the heathen of the Saviour, who is waiting to help and save them, as He has saved me." And God did hear and answer that prayer, sending him far into the interior of the Dark Continent, Africa; opening up for him paths that were hitherto unknown, and allowing his voice to be the first to tell the "glad news" to many who were then in heathen darkness. But the preparation must come first.

In 1871, through the earnest advice and assistance of friends, he entered the Baptist College in Regent's Park, and in 1875 was accepted as a missionary to Africa by the Baptist Missionary Society. The following year was spent in studying medicine and surgery, and on the 4th of November, 1876, in company with Rev. W. L. Thomson, he set sail for Africa.

Mr. Comber first engaged in work at Victoria, a mission founded by the then veteran missionary, Alfred Saker, about

thirty years before, and it was here that he first met Mr. Grenfell, whose name is now forever linked with Mr. Comber's in connection with the Congo Mission. But the same spirit that prompted David Livingstone to leave the coast and go far into the interior inspired Mr. Comber, and he, too, wished to find his permanent work among the people of Central Africa, and for this purpose made several important journeys inland. After bearing much discomfort and danger, he settled upon Bakunda, some twenty-one days' journey from Victoria, as a suitable place for a permanent mission. Just at this time, however, news reached him from the Home Circle, that Mr. Arthington, of Leeds, a



A FORGE AND SMITHY, ON THE CONGO.

gentleman much interested in Africa, had promised to defray all expenses of an expedition to San Salvador, the capital of the Congo kingdom, for missionary purposes, and would also provide a steamer for use on the Congo, and that it was the intention of the Society to place him and Mr. Grenfell in charge of the expedition.

This change in his plans can be best understood by his own words: "So long as the earnest and long-cherished desire of my heart to labour for Christ among the real heathens of the interior can be carried out, I do not mind whether it be on the Congo or interior of Cameroons. I must confess that I am a little bit sorry for Bakunda, having had my thoughts and sympathies centred

on that place lately, fully expecting to go there; having chosen ground for house and schools, and made all arrangements with the people for my settlement amongst them, and I most earnestly hope that that district will receive attention in the future. But now I throw my whole heart and soul into the Congo Mission, and earnestly pray for health and strength of body to enable me to do the work there."

San Salvador was discovered by the Portuguese in 1484, and for about fifty years was under the influence of the Roman Catholic Church, but from the time of their withdrawal to the present, no effort had been made toward their further enlightenment. Our missionaries arrived there on the 7th of August, 1878, after forty days' travel, and were warmly welcomed by the King, Don Pedro. On a large baobab tree, they found Stanley's initials, which he had cut there while on his way to find Livingstone. It was the intention of Mr. Comber and Mr. Grenfell to make San Salvador their headquarters, and then from there proceed to work on the Upper Congo. A preliminary expedition was made to gain further information regarding the country, and then Mr. Comber started for England to lay the results of their researches before the Home Committee and make plans for future work.

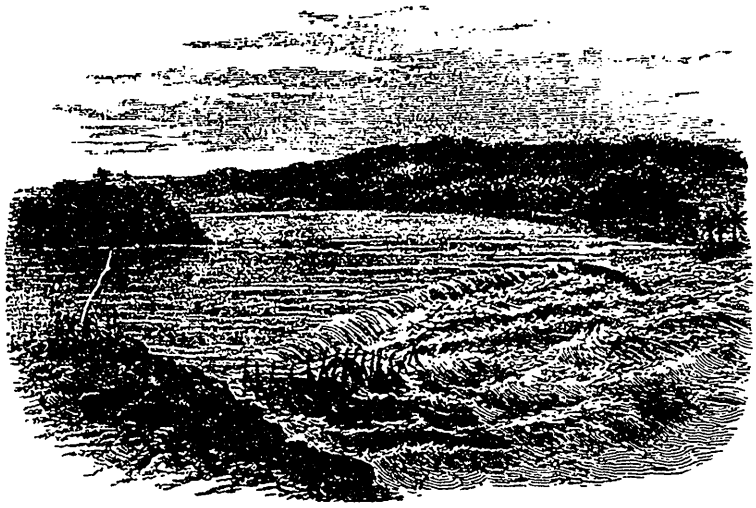
It is impossible in this short sketch to give much of an insight into those qualities that have so endeared Mr. Comber to the hearts of his friends and loved ones, and which are revealed to us through the letters given by his biographer, but it might be well to quote the words of Dr. Stanford at the farewell meeting, held in the large hall of the Cameron Street Hotel, on the eve of Mr. Comber's second departure for Africa, after labouring for about five months in the home land, completing plans and endeavouring, if possible, to get additional workers for the field.

Dr. Stanford says: "A man going on the mission to Africa should be a man. He should have the genius for peace. He should have a head well screwed on. He should have a clear common sense. He should have in him the very patience of a lamb of God. You know we want souls to work and not to faint, or to be discouraged. And our Comber is that man."

At the end of April, 1879, Mr. Comber sailed again for Africa, taking with him his bride, Minnie, daughter of his faithful Sunday-school teacher, Mr. Rickard, and also Mr. W. Holman Bentley, Mr. H. Crudgington, and an old friend, Mr. John Hartland. Active work was now resumed at San Salvador, and many new stations were founded; one of the most important being at Stanley Pool, which was reached after much danger and

toil—Mr. Comber nearly losing his life in the attempt. New missionaries were sent out from time to time from the mother country, but, owing to the unhealthiness of the climate, there was much sickness and many deaths among them; and just now, while Mr. Comber's victories and successes are shining clear and bright on the pages of history, let us spend a little time with him in the valley, and see the faithful trust and noble heroism which characterized him in the hour of trial as well as in that of victory.

Shortly after his return to Africa, his young bride fell ill of fever, and was just recovering when sad news from home caused

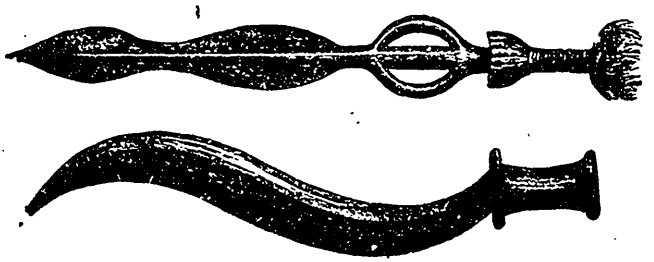


STANLEY FALLS, ON THE CONGO.

a relapse which sapped the springs of life, and in a few days she died. In a letter to her father, Mr. Comber says: "I can't tell you yet what effect my sorrow has had upon me, my spirit and life. I know that heaven is more attractive, and the thought of death more pleasant, and I think I am more in earnest in my work, but I do so sadly miss my darling wife."

In 1882, Mr. Comber writes hopefully to Mr. Rickard about the work and says: "As to Congo here, my very dear colleagues, all 'good men and true,' and myself, have just about completed our difficult first work, and the magnificent thousand miles and more of unimpeded water-way is open to us, with all the great tribes and myriads of dark, sinful souls on its banks, and those of its great affluents;" but a short while after, Mr Dohe died of the fever, three months afterwards Mr. Hartland, and the same year

Mr. Hartley and two engineers, while three others had to return to England on account of sickness. In referring to these losses, Mr. Comber says: "Do people fancy we have made a mistake, and that the Gospel is not to be preached in Central Africa? Let them take a lesson from the Soudan. When Hicks Pâsha and party were cut off, they only sent out a bigger Pasha and a bigger party. . . . I wish I could stay out here until we had a great story to tell of the power of the Cross of Christ in and over the hearts and lives of men; but this is like the sunrise in our own country—slow and gradual, heralded by a slowly perceptible dawn." That same year his brother Sidney came to Africa, and after settling him at Ngombe, the requirements of the mission made it necessary for Mr. Comber to revisit England, but he had not been there for more than a month before he was saddened by the news of Sidney's death.



NATIVE KNIVES.

It was a sad blow, and he thus reviews their life: "Twenty years ago, our dear mother, after commending us to the care of our heavenly Father, was called away, and we were left to comfort our father. One after another we have all given ourselves to mission work in Africa. My brother Sidney and I were on the Congo, my sister Carrie in Victoria, and Percy, my youngest brother is preparing, at Regent's Park College, for the same work. Now has come the first break in our family. Like many other things which have happened in our Congo Mission, we cannot understand it, and we are bewildered. But we know and serve One who said, 'What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.' We have also ventured so far with Him, and trusted so much with Him 'not knowing' or understanding, and nothing shall shake our confidence in Him. He cannot have made a mistake. He has not 'blundered.' Some of us, had we ten lives, would cheerfully lay them all down at our Master's feet for work in Africa."

His sister Carrie, in Victoria, had married a Mr. Hay, and Mr.

Comber was looking eagerly forward to seeing her on his return voyage, but instead of this, the sad news of her death reaches him. In this new bereavement he sends comforting words to his father: "Never mind, dear father, we will learn the lesson that the worries and difficulties, troubles and sorrows of the world are bringing us nearer to the blessedness of the sorrowless life, and not only bringing us nearer, but making us more meet for heaven, I trust."

His brother Percy now came out and settled at Wathen, where Mr. Comber hoped to find his permanent Congo home, but God was working mightily at San Salvador, and on the 29th of March, 1886, Mr. Comber conducted there the first Congo baptism in the presence of a large number of people. But the end was drawing near. The recent trials had left their effect, and when fever came, he had not the strength to withstand it. It was thought the sea breezes would be beneficial, and for this purpose he started on a trip to Mossamedes, but on the 16th of June he became dangerously ill, and on the 27th of June, 1887, while the ship lay anchored at Loango, he died. Thus peacefully passed away one of earth's noblest heroes; one who willingly gave his life-blood for the ennobling of his neighbour, and though the number of years was but thirty-four, yet the intensity with which they were lived, and the noble deeds that were done in them, lengthens them out to twice—nay, ten times that number, when compared to some who, in luxury and ease, listlessly pass their allotted three score and ten.

STRATHROY, Ont.

THE MASTER IS RISEN INDEED.

BY MARY LOWE DICKINSON.

AYE, the lilies *are* pure in their pallor, the roses *are* fragrant and sweet,
The music pours out like a sea-wave, pulsing in praise at His feet;
Pulsing in passionate praises that Jesus has risen again,—
But we look for the sign of His coming in the hearts of the children of men.

Wherever the kind hand of pity falls soft on a wound or a woe,—
Wherever a peace or a pardon springs up to o'ermaster a foe,
Wherever in sight of God's legions the armies of evil recede,
And truth wins a soul or a kingdom, the Master is risen indeed.

—*Union Signal.*

HARD TIMES, THEIR CAUSES AND REMEDIES.

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I.

THE times *are* hard. Painful embarrassments and intense anxieties abound. To spend the day in hard and unremunerating toil, and the night in sleeplessness and dark forebodings, is the experience of many. To see our way hedged up on every side and no open door of deliverance in any direction; to think long and earnestly about our circumstances, and find no way to improve them; to see our dearest ones compelled to share our hard fate, stripped of comfort and crushed beneath a load of care and misery—this is very hard.

But times might be harder. If a man should lose a thousand dollars by some commercial misadventure or some visitation of Providence, it would not be so great a loss as if he had made a like sum of money by some trick of trade to the injury of his credit or the ruin of his character. If his loss, besides, should wear upon his temper and move him to murmur against man and God, the evil sustained is greater far than the loss of earthly good, for it would be not merely a waste of the materials which life collects, but the very powers that constitute life itself. Money is by no means the best kind of property, its chief value being to procure something better than itself. The old proverb runs, "Gold's worth is gold." Machinery, roads, railroads, telegraphs, vessels, schools, churches are more productive property, and measure the wealth of a people better, than their hoarded gold; for in these are invested their industry, enterprise, intelligence, pith, manhood, and their moral and religious character. It is, therefore, to be hoped that while heavy losses are being sustained, they are chiefly in those kinds of property which we can best afford to part with. Yet Aristotle said truly that a certain amount of means, and what amounts in modern speech to a good estate, is necessary in the proper discharge of the duties of a perfect man. Poverty and a mean station are a hindrance to becoming good and useful members of society.

"Slow rises worth, by poverty oppress'd."

The *res angusti domi*, in other words straitened circumstances, must therefore be guarded against, and if possible removed. It

is proposed to consider some of the Causes of, and some of the Remedies for, Hard Times. The writer makes no claim to be a political economist. It does not fall within his plan to discuss those causes over which we have no direct control, such as the famine in Russia, the cholera scare in Europe and America, legislation in silver and the McKinley or Wilson Bills, the effort to escape the doom of hard work in some easier or more respectable kind of labour, the abuses of the credit system, and, as a consequence, the panics which ever and anon sweep pitilessly over the commercial world, and lay in ruin the fine fabric of public prosperity; and the jealousy of the rulers of great states, who in time of peace keep up armies and armaments on a footing of war, and exclude from the field of productive industry millions of able-bodied men. It is proposed to consider, briefly and plainly, some of those causes which originate in ourselves, and which make Hard Times hard for us, as well as some of the remedies which are within our reach.

The first cause of Hard Times to which we turn is Indolence. Boswell relates that a gentlewoman said to Johnson that she had done her best to educate her children and particularly that she had never suffered them to be for a moment idle. "I wish, madam," said Johnson, "you would educate me too, for I have been an idle fellow all my life." It is true that Johnson was indolent. When an armed ship has her upper deck cut down, and is thus reduced to an inferior class, it is said that she is "razeed." As compared with that other Johnson that might have been, and that would have been had he economized his moments and his powers, the Johnson that we know was "razeed." But there are others who throw away life and opportunity, time and talents, with a recklessness Johnson never did. Thomson locates the "Castle of Indolence" in a lowly dale, fast by a river's side, with woody hill o'er hill encompassed round, where the seasons made a listless climate, and where no living wight could work or even play. Everything was there to steep the senses in enervating delight. There dwelt a mighty enchanter who used to entice travellers within his power that he might unknit their joints and drown them in pleasure.

In his wanderings the writer of these papers did discover the dale and river-side and woody hill and will tell you of the motley throng he saw idling there. There was the woman who loved her morning nap and a sleep that lasted till nearly noon. There was her sister, the strange woman, whose feet go down to death, whose steps take hold on hell, and there were those who frequent her house, robbed of their honour, wealth, strength and years,

the victims of terrible and eternal remorse. There was the common beggar, fawning and wheedling for bread, reduced to poverty and misery by vicious indulgence and scarcely less criminal thoughtlessness. There was the man who attends to everybody's business but his own, going daily through a round of busy idleness, accomplishing nothing of worth and getting poorer all the while. There was the man who is shiftless in his habits, with no energy to plan or execute, with a strong desire to be somebody and to do something, but having failed once and again, lying down discouraged, ignominiously to die. There was the gambler, seldom seen, like other beasts of prey, in the day-time, but true to his instincts as a beast of the forest, creeping forth in the night to ensnare and destroy. All these were there, differing in character, but agreeing in this, to live a life of sloth. Drones in the hive are they, adding nothing to the common stock, subsisting upon the labours of others.

Akin to them are they who order goods but do not pay for them, leeches sucking the life-blood out of honest and industrious tradesmen. Perhaps they are a migratory class, who assume grand airs, obtain credit and use it to the utmost in fleecing all who will trust them, and disappear to repeat the process elsewhere. Perhaps they are residents in a community, where by dint of manœuvring they run the round of all who will give them credit, taking up goods without the means, or the probability of having the means, to pay for them—all this to escape the ordinance of heaven: "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread." Call all these classes by what soft names you will, in the vocabulary of heaven they are unceremoniously reckoned thieves. Is it any wonder that, with so many vampires preying upon the body politic, the times should be hard?

When we remember that even in the brute creation all are engaged in hard work to procure a necessary subsistence for themselves and those that are dependent upon them, we see that the slothful man is a kind of monster in creation. Agassiz affirmed that in the animal kingdom deformity had its own excuse for being. But the deformity of the creature that has lost the power of independent life and hangs like a parasite upon the commonwealth is self-procured and inexcusable. Well says Horace Mann: "In a world as full as ours of incitements to exertion and of rewards for achievement, idleness is the most absurd of absurdities and the most shameful of shames. In such a world as ours, the idle man is not so much a biped as a bivalve; and the wealth which breeds idleness is only a sort of human oyster-bed, where heirs and heiresses are planted, to spend a contemptible life of

slothfulness, growing plump and succulent for the grave-worm's banquet." And the poor idle man is like the oyster or lobster left high and dry on the rocks without sense or energy to work his way back to sea, and remaining there to die.

What is to be done to such people, these clogs on the wheels of progress? The best Book says: "If any would not work, neither should he eat." There is reason to believe that the mind of the world is more and more turning in this direction that the State should see to it, that everyone, millionaire or pauper, must work for his living. There is the wastefulness of over-action in things organic. There is also the wastefulness of inaction. Iron rusts. Grain rots. Trees starve. And in human affairs, as poor Richard says: "Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labour wears." Lazy men come to an inglorious end; they rust or rot. Sometimes they come to their end more swiftly. Ben Johnson traces the progeny of Sloth:

> "Of sloth comes pleasure, of pleasure comes riot,
> Of riot comes disease, of disease comes spending,
> Of spending comes want, of want comes theft,
> Of theft comes hanging."

The second cause which makes hard times harder is extravagance. I have referred to the waste of inertia. But iron burns out as well as rusts out. The two processes of slothfulness and prodigality are closely related. "He that is slothful in his work is brother to him that is a great waster." Extravagance leads to ruin as surely as sloth. Money is made that it may be spent. But the miser takes it out of circulation and becomes thereby a great waster. To understand this one has only to consider that a hundred dollars paid to wipe out a debt may serve to pay debts amounting to many hundreds of dollars. So that true economy may be not in hoarding money but in spending it, and the greatest wasters on earth may be those who spend the least.

Money is made that it may be spent, but it should be spent only for what is better than itself. There is an extravagance which should not be condemned. George Peabody's magnificent provision for the poor of London, and the princely givings of other philanthropists to the cause of education, are cases in point. Giving lavishly in a right way and spirit you will get back your money's worth. So did the princess, who sold her pearls to found a hospital. When it was finished and opened, she visited it and was welcomed with so much gratitude by the recipients of her bounty, and with so many tears, that she was profoundly touched and cried: "I see my pearls once more." You may throw away

your wealth in the spirit of Heliogabalus, whose fish-ponds were filled with rose water, whose lamps were supplied with precious balsam distilled from trees in Arabia, whose dining-room was strewn with saffron, and his porticoes with the dust of gold, and it might almost as well be thrown into the sea. Many of the present generation are open to a serious charge. In England and America are to be found probably the most wasteful people on the face of the earth. How many historic families have been dragged into the mire, and how many lordly estates have come to the auctioneer's hammer, through the mere love of pleasure! Many heirs of large wealth are grovelling in sensuality, not always of the grossest sort.

Men live no longer as once they did. Wants have enormously increased in the past thirty years. Paley said truly: "*Habitual* superfluities become absolute wants." Our fathers were content with living over the store, or dwelling in plain, old-fashioned houses, the rent of which was low; but their children at the very outset must have their handsome residences, and, if business improves ever so little, elegant mansions in fashionable quarters. Our fathers were satisfied with plain furniture suited to their condition in life; their children must have, when they set up house-keeping, a stylish equipment. Wealth, the accumulation of which made our parents vigorous and enduring, has bred luxury, which in its turn has enfeebled her children. And in still wealthier circles are splendid private palaces, with all manner of gorgeous equipments and befitting appurtenances.

In this field of display ladies do not come behind the stronger sex. They appear in splendours unimagined by Solomon in all his glory. Silks and satins of autumnal forest dyes, plumes, laces and jewellery astonish us with their beauty and dazzle our eyes with their brilliancy. It is confidently affirmed, by those who seem to know, that the fashionable lady of to-day spends on her dress a sum that would have supported an entire household in her own rank in life in the days of her grandmother. This sort of extravagance deteriorates character, which is our greatest treasure, worth incalculably more than gold or best bank stock. When the Lydians revolted from Cyrus, he told Crœsus that he meditated reducing them to slavery. But Crœsus advised him to command them to lay aside their arms, to dress luxuriously, to sing, drink and play, which would change them to the effeminacy of women and take away all spirit to rebel. And so it turned out.

Extravagance, too, ministers to all sorts of vice—for the prodigal is perhaps always guilty of some other vice than prodigality

—and is often associated with intemperance, impurity and ambition. It alienates the esteem of the worthy. It drives husbands and fathers to excessive toil and often to wild speculations which end in bankruptcy, suicide, or that morbid state of mind which easily topples over into insanity. To begin this course of life draws with it a kind of necessity to go on till the plunge of Niagara is taken to the fathomless depths below. When Roman matrons sank to a similar condition, Rome was on the down-grade to ruin.

They who lead in this course of frivolity and folly are a few well-to-do families, made up of both the vulgar and the refined, having the common sinister bond of sympathy that they are rich, and these, forsooth, are "society," "good society," "*bon-ton.*" It would be amusing, if it were not so sad, to see how readily their claims are admitted, and with what infinite effort those who are not well-off struggle to make their way into this enchanted circle. Precisely within this circle it is that jealousy and superb superciliousness most abound. We read of two society women, one from New York, and the other from Boston, who happened to meet socially. Both were rich, accomplished, and well-descended. The lady from Boston happened to refer to the fact that her ancestors came over in the *Mayflower*. "Ah!" replied the other, with an air of innocent surprise, "I did not know before that the *Mayflower* brought over any steerage passengers." What charming and delicate wit! How infinitely desirable to find the *entrée* to such refined society! Yet really it is true that steerage passengers are able now and again to find their way to the rank of first-class passengers in "the great ship of Time." But is the sport worth the candle, burned in the effort to get there, burned afterwards in witnessing it?

Yet without a doubt, while the number of these aristocrats is not great, their influence is considerable, and by virtue of prescriptive right and conceded status, they give tone to society at large. Their extravagance and vanity are copied till in half the homes of the land more is spent on dress than can be afforded. Nay, the tendency is almost universal, in persons of limited incomes, to live beyond their means and assume outward appearances, which they have not power to keep up in an honest and legitimate manner. The feverish anxiety that is concealed while it preys upon the heart, for, as Confucius says, he who will not economize will have to agonize; the ceaseless efforts to keep afloat, which make life with so many a great struggle; the conflict between conscience and temptation, in which too often conscience is vanquished and moral sensibility stupefied; the unexpected bank-

ruptcies and compoundings constantly occurring are some of the results of this most abnormal state of things.

Another of the causes of Hard Times is the Determination to be Rich. "We look before and after," sang Shelley. To look before is eminently wise. "I labour for to-morrow," said Metternich; "it is with to-morrow that my spirit wrestles, and I am but too happy if I can do something to prevent the evil it may threaten, or add something to the good of which it is capable." Language this that will equally fit the lips of disinterestedness or of unmixed selfishness. Ambition is good. Aspiration is excellent. Only we should take care what we aspire after. It is well to make one's waggon safe and strong and then "hitch it to a star."

Now, riches are not an evil *per se*. They are, when held wisely, a good. To have a hand open to every appeal of charity, to have the widow and the orphan for one's special care, to be eyes to the blind and feet to the lame, to have one's private and unknown charities far exceed one's public benefactions, to give not for ostentation's sake, but for pure charity's sake—who will deny that riches used thus are a great public good?

And commerce is a mighty factor in human life, one absolutely essential to produce our world. Trade has a world-wide glory and serviceableness. Our greatest modern states have been built up by it. "Its exigencies compel peace; its resources are the sinews of war. Commerce has recast the modern world and determines national policies." In such a vocation we may well invest all our manhood, our brains and conscience, our sympathies and hearts. Here is an arena where men may exercise a noble spirit, and render to the race a vast and immeasurable service. Of commerce one may say with the old seer, "Her origin is of ancient days." She may be depressed for a time, but she must revive, and endure to the end of time.

But riches may become an almost unmixed curse, and trade may deteriorate into a base, mercenary or venal spirit. The love of money is a passion which exists in various forms. Sometimes it terminates upon money itself, and the dying miser, the *auri fames* raging within, clutches tightly his bag of gold as if he would take it with him. Sometimes it is associated with a longing for the reputation of being rich, and

> "That loudest laugh of hell—the pride of dying rich."

Addison quotes Seneca, who makes a covetous man speak the common sentiments of his class as follows: "Let me be called a base man, so I am called a rich one. If a man is rich, who asks

if he is good? The question is, How much we have; not from whence or by what means we have it. For my part, let me be rich, O ye gods! or let me die." "What a handsome sum," said Lord Erskine, when told of a man who had just died worth a million pounds, "what a handsome sum to begin the next world with!" It would seem as if the covetous think that the next world will furnish a larger theatre for accumulating wealth, and that what they amass here will be the capital with which to start business yonder. In others the pursuit of wealth is in the view of the power and influence which money gives its possessors. Others engage in its pursuit from the dread of poverty. "Worth makes the man," says a character in a modern play, "and the more a man is worth the worthier he is." Sydney Smith once said that in England "poverty was infamous." Carlyle declared that the only state of future torment, much regarded and feared nowadays is Poverty. Wealth and Poverty are respectively the heaven and hell of multitudes, and men are making the most extraordinary efforts to avoid the one and secure the other. Addison, in his Vision of the Temple of Avarice, pictured an assembly gathered there which fell a-trembling because of the incoming of a spectre. The spectre was Poverty. Some miserable mortals possessed of vast wealth have been haunted and harassed by this evil demon, and have reduced themselves and families to the plainest necessaries of life from the fear of some day being reduced to beggary.

The making the attainment of riches the end of our being, so that other motives are subordinated thereto, marks the degraded man. His guiding idea is expressed in the immoral proverb: "Every man for himself," and life becomes to him a mad race for riches. When once this inordinate greed of gain takes possession of a man the descent is easy. There is first an exaggerated and unreasonable value attached to wealth; then a growing discontent with the moderate regular return of plodding industry and thrift; to this succeeds a purpose to take a cross-country cut to riches, and perhaps by very irregular means. The man becomes hardened and selfish, losing little by little sympathy and congeniality. The buttresses of character are slowly undermined. The line between right and wrong becomes less and less palpable. Conscience is trifled with; the covetous man is led to abuses of trust, to perilous adventures in business, to wild speculations which often culminate in awful crimes.

But when in times of prosperity men, stopping short of crime, indulge in undue speculation and unhealthy inflation of prices, they may expect in due course a general commercial crash and

wide-spread individual ruin. And as soon as the wreck has been removed, and the slain carried away, and the wounded betaken themselves from the scene of disaster, people straightway forget the lessons they ought to have learned, property goes up again to fancy prices, prices for everything are enhanced as before, and the saying of another realized that communities like individuals are overtaken now and again with sudden fits of insanity. But if men will persist in running up everything under the idea that if a loss comes it will fall on somebody else, these overturnings must continue to take place.

And when this greed, beginning with speculation, growing stronger and stronger, going on to extravagance and dishonesty, becomes full-grown, it stops at nothing. It stalks straight to its mark, treading down everybody and everything that happens to be in its way. What does it care if men are destroyed, families impoverished and every interest in society wrecked, if only selfish advantages are promoted? It is with the covetous man as in the old proverb: "Over shoes, over boots." Having gone a certain length in wrong-doing, he becomes reckless of consequences. Dishonest courses are taken; moneys are used which belong to others; accounts falsified; notes forged; great swindles and frauds perpetrated. He has fallen into temptation and a snare, as wild beasts are caught in a trap. At last he is detected. How could he expect aught else in this wide-awake world? As little ground for such an expectation, as for Prometheus in the Birds of Aristophanes, when he came down from heaven to betray the secrets of the gods, to dream of escaping the eyes of Jove by holding his umbrella over his head! Detected, he is ruined, and disappears like the lost Pleiad, which no telescope can find, or like a ship that sinks in mid-ocean, an utter wreck of reputation, happiness and virtue, drawing, alas! others with him into the dreadful vortex.

ROSES OF CALVARY.

THUS the sweet legend saith—
As Jesus hung in death
Upon the holy rood,
By crimson drops bedewed:
The briers of Calvary's height
Did blossom in man's sight.
O peerless, priceless flood!
Of Jesus' sacred blood!
Thy ruby fires do shine
Like to the Heart Divine!
Love's symbol true thou art,
Rose of Christ's Sacred Heart.

The briers of sin and care
O'ergrow the mount of prayer,
Contrite 'mid suffering,
If to the Cross we cling,
As clung the thorny vine,
Round it our lives entwine;
Bathed in the blessed flood
Of Jesus' precious blood,
All human joys and woes
Shall blossom as the rose.
Love's symbol true thou art,
Rose of Christ's Sacred Heart.

OUR MOLTEN GLOBE.*

BY ALFRED R. WALLACE.

FEW scientific inquiries excite greater interest than those recent researches which have so greatly extended our knowledge of the stars and nebulæ, whether by determining the direction and velocity of their motions, or ascertaining their physical constitution and probable temperature. In comparison with this considerable amount of knowledge of such distant bodies, it seems strange that so little comparatively is known of the structure and internal constitution of the globe on which we live, and that much difference of opinion should still exist on the fundamental question whether its interior is liquid or solid, whether it is intensely hot or comparatively cool. Yet the definite solution of this problem is a matter of the greatest theoretical interest, since it would not only eludicate many geological phenomena, but might possibly serve as a guide in our interpretation of appearances presented by the other planets and even by more remote bodies; while it is not unlikely that it may soon become a practical question of the highest importance, inasmuch as it may lead us to the acquisition of a new source of heat, in many ways superior to that produced by the combustion of fuel, and practically inexhaustible.

It is only during the present century that facts have been accumulating in various directions, bearing more or less directly on the question of the earth's internal condition. These have been partially dealt with, both by geologists and by physicists; but the problem is such a complex one, and the evidence of so varied a nature and often so difficult to interpret, that the conclusions reached have been usually doubtful and often conflicting. This seems to have been due, in part, to the fact that no properly qualified person had, till quite recently, devoted himself to a thorough study of the whole subject, taking full account of all the materials available for arriving at a definite conclusion, as well as of the various groups of phenomena which such a conclusion must harmonize and explain. But for many years past a good practical geologist, who is also an advanced mathematician —the Rev. Osmond Fisher—has made this subject his specialty, and in a most interesting volume, of which a second and carefully revised edition, with an appendix, has been recently published, he has brought together all the facts bearing on the problem, and

* Abridged from the *Fortnightly Review*.

has arrived at certain definite conclusions of the greatest interest. The object of the present article is to give a popular account of so much of his work as bears upon the question of the thickness and density of the earth's crust and the constitution of the interior.

We will first consider the nature of the evidence in favour of the view that, below a superficial crust, there is a molten or highly-heated substratum. The existence of volcanoes, geysers, and hot-springs irregularly scattered over the whole surface of the globe, and continually ejecting molten rock, ashes, mud, steam, or hot water, is an obvious indication of some very widespread source of heat within the earth, but of the nature or origin of that heat they give little positive information. The heat thus indicated has been supposed to be due to many causes, such as the pressure and friction caused by contraction of the cooling crust, chemical action at great depths beneath the surface, isolated lakes of molten rock due to these or to unknown causes, or to a molten interior, or at least a general substratum of molten matter between the crust and a possibly solid interior. The first two causes are now generally admitted to be inadequate, and our choice is practically limited to one of the latter.

There are also very important evidences of internal heat derived from the universal phenomenon of a fairly uniform increase of temperature in all deep wells, mines, borings, or tunnels. This increase has been usually reckoned as 1° F. for each sixty feet of descent, but a recent very careful estimate, by Prof. Prestwich, derived from the whole of the available data, gives 1° F. for every 47·5 feet of descent. It is a curious indication of the universality of this increase that, even in the coldest parts of Siberia, where the soil is frozen to a depth of six hundred and twenty feet, there is a steady increase in the temperature of this frozen soil from the surface downwards. Much has been made by some writers of the local differences of the rate of increase, varying from 1° in twenty-eight feet to 1° in ninety-five; and also of the fact that in some places the rate of increase diminishes as the depth becomes greater. But when we consider that springs often bring up heated water to the surface in countries far removed from any seat of volcanic action, and the extent to which water permeates the rocks at all depths reached by man, such divergences are exactly what we might expect. Now this average rate of increase, if continued downwards, would imply a temperature capable of melting rock at about twenty miles deep, or less, and we shall see presently that there are other considerations which lead to the conclusion that this is not far from the average thickness of the solid crust.

Before going further it will be well to consider certain objections to this conclusion, which for a long time were considered insuperable, but which have now been shown to be either altogether erroneous or quite inconclusive. In Sir Charles Lyell's "Principles of Geology," Mr. Hopkins is quoted as having shown that the phenomenon of the precession of the equinoxes, due to the attraction of the sun and moon on the equatorial protuberance, requires the interior of the earth to be solid, or at least to have a crust not much less than one thousand miles thick. This view was supported by Sir William Thomson and other eminent mathematicians, and so great was the faith of geologists in these calculations that for nearly forty years the theory of the earth's internal liquidity was almost wholly abandoned. But this argument has now been shown to be erroneous by the more complete investigations of Professor George Darwin, while Sir William Thomson (now Lord Kelvin) has recently shown experimentally that a rotating liquid spheroid behaves under stresses as if it were a solid.

There remain the geological objections founded on the behaviour of volcanoes which is supposed to be inconsistent with a liquid interior as their effective cause. We have, for instance, the phenomenon of a lofty volcano like Etna pouring out lava from near its summit, while the much lower volcanoes of Vesuvius and Stromboli show no corresponding increase of activity; and the still more extraordinary case of Kilauea, on the lower slopes of Mauna Loa at a height of about thirty-eight hundred feet, whose lake of perennial liquid lava suffers no alteration of level or any increased activity when the parent mountain is pouring forth lava from a height of fourteen thousand feet. Again it is argued that if the igneous products of volcanoes are derived from one central reservoir there ought to be a great similarity between them, especially between those of the same district. But this is not the case. Although the molten interior of the globe may be the common source of the heat which causes volcanic eruptions, it by no means follows that the whole, or any large portion, of the matters ejected from volcanoes are derived from it.

It has long been known to geologists that the series of sedimentary rocks, ancient as well as modern, afford repeated examples of great piles of strata, hundreds, or even thousands, of feet thick, which throughout present indications of having been formed in shallow water, and which therefore imply that as fast as one bed was deposited it sank down, and was ready to receive another bed on top of it.

The most reasonable explanation seems to be that the deposit

of matter in a shallow sea directly causes the depression of that bottom by its weight. Such depression is quite intelligible on the theory of a thin crust resting or floating on a liquid substratum, but is quite unintelligible on the supposition of a solid globe, or of a crust several hundred miles thick. It is only reasonable to suppose that depression thus caused must be accompanied by a corresponding elevation of some other area, and as there must always be an adjacent area from which an equivalent weight of rock has been removed by denudation, we should expect the elevation to occur there; and many geologists believe that there is direct evidence of elevation wherever areas are being rapidly denuded.

The physical and geological phenomena, of which an outline sketch has now been given, all point unmistakably to a thin crust of various rocks resting on a molten substratum; but there are certain difficulties and objections which require a fuller discussion. In order to remove these difficulties and answer these objections, we must, with the aid of Mr. Fisher's work, go more deeply into the question, and we shall then find that most, if not all, of the alleged difficulties will be found to disappear.

It is well known that mountains attract the plumb-line, and thus render latitudes determined by its means, or by a spirit or mecurial level, inaccurate in their vicinity. When the mass of the Himalayas was estimated and its attraction calculated, it was found to be more than the observed attraction. Many attempts were made to explain the discrepancy, but that which was advanced by the late Sir G. B. Airy, seems best to account for all the phenomena, and is that adopted by Mr. Fisher. It is, that every mountain mass on a continent has a much larger mass projecting beneath the crust into the liquid substratum, exactly as an iceberg has a larger mass under the water than above it. Sir G. B. Airy argued that, whether the crust were ten miles or a hundred miles thick, it could not bear the weight of such a mass as the Himalayan and Thibetan plateaus without breaking from bottom to top, and receiving support by partially sinking into the liquid mass. The best experiments show that the proportionate densities of most rocks in a solid and a liquid state are approximately as ice is to water, and thus no mountain masses can be formed, whether by lateral pressure or other agency, without a corresponding protuberance forming below to keep the crust in equilibrium. It is this displacement of the denser substratum by the less dense "roots of the mountains" that leads to the total attraction of such mountains being less than they otherwise would be. In our author's words, "the roots of the mountains can be felt by means of the plumb-line."

Before leaving this subject of the "roots of mountains," it will be well to refer to a remarkable corroboration of their actual existence by evidence of a quite different kind. It has already been pointed out that the rate of increase of underground temperature would, if continued downwards till the heat equalled the melting point of rock, give a mean thickness of the crust of about twenty miles. But in places where the crust is so much thicker, as it is supposed to be under mountains, the rate of increase should be much less, because the lower level of the crust in contact with the liquid substratum must always be at about the same temperature—that of melting rock. This is found to be the case; the rate of increase at the St. Gothard tunnel, where the observations were most complete, being 1° F. in eighty-eight feet, and the corresponding thickness of the crust thirty-seven miles. This is certainly a remarkable confirmation of the other observations, and of the theory of mountains being supported in approximate equilibrium by means of vast protuberances into the liquid substratum beneath.

Gravity having approximately its normal value all over the globe at the sea-level, it is evident that there must be some denser matter under the oceans to make up for the much less density of the water, which is at least three miles deep on the average. A very refined mathematical investigation shows that this can only be brought about by the sub-oceanic crust being both thinner and denser than under the continents, the denser portion being the upper layer. This distribution of matter may, it is supposed, be due to extensive outflows of heavy basalt over the original depressions forming the ocean floors, at some early period of their history.

The physical constitution of the liquid matter forming the substratum is the next point to be considered, and is one of the highest importance, since it is evidently what determines both volcanic action and a large portion of the disturbances to which the crust is subject. Many geologists are of opinion that the phenomena of volcanic action can only be explained on the supposition that the molten matter forming the interior of the globe holds in solution enormous quantities of water-vapour and other gases; and there is ample evidence that melted lavas and slags do contain such gases, which they give out on becoming solid.

There can be no doubt as to the fact of the liquid substratum containing in its substance an enormous quantity of gases, the principal being water-vapour, but how the gases came there is less certain; nor does it materially concern us. Some think that these gases have been largely derived from sea-water, which has found

its way by percolation to the heated interior; but there are many difficulties in this view. Others, with whom is Mr. Fisher, think that they form an essential constituent of the primeval globe, and that, instead of being derived from the ocean, it is more probable that the ocean itself has been derived from the vapours which have been always escaping from the interior. Leaving this question as one of comparatively little importance for the present discussion, we have now to point out how the facts, that the fluid substratum is saturated with water-vapour and other gases, and is also subject to convection currents continually bringing superheated matter up to the lower surface of the crust, enable us to explain the special difficulties alluded to in the early portion of this article.

The first of these difficulties is, that neighbouring volcanoes of very different heights act quite independently, a fact which is supposed to be inconsistent with the idea that both are in connection with the same molten interior. It seems, however, to have been assumed that a mere fissure or other aperture extending from the surface to the substratum, or from the substratum to the surface, would necessarily be followed by an outflow of lava, even though the opening terminated at the summit of a mountain many thousand feet above the sea-level. But it is evident that on the theory of a molten interior, with a crust of somewhat less specific gravity resting upon it in hydrostatic equilibrium, nothing of the kind would happen.

When a hole is bored through an extensive ice-field, whether on a lake or in the Arctic Ocean, the water does not spout up through the aperture, but merely rises to the same level as it would reach on the sides of a detached block of floating ice, or on the outer margin of the ice-field itself. The facts that the fluid on which the crust of the earth rests is intensely heated, and that the crust is continuous over its whole surface, can make no difference in the behaviour of the fluid and the solid, so as to cause the molten rock to rise with great violence thousands of feet above its mean level whenever an aperture is made; and this is the more certain when we take account of the fact, which may now be taken as established, that the crust floats on the fluid interior, and that it is so thin and weak, comparatively speaking, that it cannot resist a strain equal to its own weight, but must bend or fracture so as to keep every part in approximate hydrostatic equilibrium. Volcanic action, especially continuous and permanent volcanic action like that of Stromboli and Kilauea, cannot, therefore, be explained by the mere existence of a thin crust and a molten interior; but it is well explained by the

presence in the molten mass of vast quantities of gases existing under enormous pressure, and ready to escape with tremendous force whenever that pressure is greatly diminished, and the molten material that contains it lowered in temperature.

Let us now endeavour to trace what will happen when a fissure is opened gradually from below upwards till it reaches the surface. Owing to hydrostatic pressure the fluid will rise in the fissure, and in doing so will be subject to some cooling and diminution of pressure, which, as we have seen, will lead to a liberation of some of the contained gas. The pressure of this gas will aid in extending the fissure, and the liquid will continue to rise till it reaches the level of hydrostatic equilibrium, which would be somewhere about two miles below the surface. But throughout the whole mass of the liquid in the fissure, and for some depth below the under-surface of the crust, there would be a continual liberation of intensely heated gases. These would no doubt carry with them in their upward rush a portion of the liquid matter which had risen from below, but they would also, owing to their intensely heated condition, melt off some portions of the rocky walls of the fissure, and thus give to the ejected volcanic products a local character.

The phenomena presented by the crater of Kilauea, where an extensive lava-lake remains in a constant state of ebullition while keeping approximately the same level, can only be explained by the upward percolation of heated gases in moderate and tolerably uniform streams, sufficient to keep up the melting temperature of the lava; while occasional more powerful outbursts throw up jets or waves of the molten matter, or sometimes break up the crust that has formed over portions of the lake. Here, evidently, there is no eruption in the ordinary sense, no fresh matter is being brought up from below, but only fresh supplies of intensely heated gases sufficient to keep the lava permanently liquid, and to produce the jets, waves, and fountains of lava, and the strange surging, swirling, and wallowing motions of the molten mass, so well described by Miss Bird, Lord George Campbell, and other competent observers.

So many distinct but converging lines of evidence indicate the existence of a molten substratum holding in solution, in accordance with well-known physical laws, great quantities of steam and other gases, and show that the crust covering it is a very thin one —while the hypothesis of such a substratum and thin floating crust so well explains the curious phenomena of great masses of strata thousands of feet thick, yet from top to bottom bearing indications of having been deposited in shallow water, and the

no less singular fact of a corresponding recent subsidence in all great river-deltas, and also clears up so many difficulties in the modes of volcanic action and the diversity of volcanic products—that we can hardly doubt the correctness of the hypothesis. And though at first sight the idea of our being separated by a thickness of only eighteen miles of rock from a layer of molten lava of unknown depth may appear somewhat alarming, yet the very tenuity and fragility of the crust may itself be a source both of safety and of utility. While sufficiently thick to secure us from any injurious or even perceptible effects of internal heat, except in volcanic or earthquake areas, it yet gives us the possibility and even the promise of an inexhaustible source of heat and power at such a moderate distance that we may some day be able to utilize it. On the other hand, the thin crust so readily and constantly adjusts itself to all the alternations of strain and pressure to which it may be exposed, that we are thereby secure from the occurrence of vast cataclysms capable of endangering the existence of any considerable portion of our race. A solid earth might, possibly, not be so safe and stable as is our molten globe.

JOSEPH OF ARIMATHÆA.

BY WILL CARLETON.

He stood beside the gate to know
His triumph, or his doom.
"What did'st thou for Me, there below?"—
"I gave the Prince a tomb.

"I found Him 'neath the foeman's tread;
And soon, from strife apart,
I pillowed soft His bleeding head,
And stanched His wounded heart.

"From hills of pain His form I bore
To chambers cool and deep;
With whitest robes I clad Him o'er,
And left Him there asleep.

"Although when morns had numbered three
My Guest had gone away,
Yet still I come to beg that He
Will shelter me for aye."

"Behold, good heart, in joyful bloom
The seeds that thou hast sown!
Thou lendest to the Prince a tomb—
He gives to thee a throne!"

THE TEMPERANCE REVIVAL AT QUABBIN.*

BY FRANCIS H. UNDERWOOD, LL.D.

THE new minister was ordained, with a salary of five hundred dollars and the use of a good modern house. He was a slender man, of serious yet pleasant countenance, with soft, engaging, deep-set brown eyes, which could flash upon occasion, and a broad white forehead with full temples that showed a network of throbbing veins. He looked fragile, but was nervous and wiry, and an indefatigable worker. There was enough for him to do.

The state of religion, viewed as a ceremony, was much as it had always been; but the life of religion, which is active piety, with soberness, purity, and godly living, had sadly declined. This was seen in every aspect of society, but chiefly in the prevalent habit of drinking, in the dull formality of prayer-meetings, and in the wretched state of the schools. The new minister soon came to the conclusion that no "revival" would permanently benefit the church, and that no efforts could raise the standard of education, until the excess of drinking was restrained. But he found out, as Dr. Johnson did long before, that moderation was more difficult than abstinence; and he set to work to found a total abstinence society, of which a revived church was to be the nucleus.

The drinking habit had been universal, and though there were not many notorious drunkards, true moderation was rare. People who wanted it, got rum at the store, and kept it at home, or in their workshops. It appeared at the pastoral call; it refreshed the ecclesiastical council at an ordination; it was glorious at a house-raising when neighbours came to give a lift, and indispensable at the annual training. The indications of intemperance among the farms met the eye at the first glance, in dilapidation and ruin. There were carts without wheels, and wheels without carts, and all manner of broken tools, cumbering the yards. The grass-plots were defiled by geese. Petticoats and old hats were stuffed in broken windows. Fences leaned, gates were off their hinges, and walls were tottering. Lean and discontented cows got into the growing corn. Colts went about with manes and tails full of burrs. Pigs disported in the vegetable gardens. Orchards lapsed into wildness, and bristled with

* From "Quabbin," a story of Puritan life in New England, by Francis H. Underwood, LL.D. Toronto: William Briggs.

useless shoots. Untended pastures were nibbled bare, and dotted with clumps of bushes. Mowing fields were overrun with sorrel and white-weed.

Meanwhile there were accidents, woes, "wounds without cause," falls from waggon or cart, stumbles in ditches, and a sorry show of bleared eyes, cracked hands, and unshaven faces. Wives struggled long on the downward slope, striving to keep up an air of respectability, but at length gave way to despair, sank to their husband's level, or lower, and became frowsy, loose-haired, and sharp-tongued. Scolding only deepened the common misery. By knitting stockings they procured tea or snuff, if they used it, or a bit of calico. The boys had a hard time to get their schooling, and were glad to trap muskrats, minks, partridges, or rabbits, and to gather wild nuts or berries, so as to buy hats, boots, and books.

Oh! those farms! what misery did they not witness? Love had flown long before; self-respect was dead, and comfort a rare visitor. Sordid poverty was in possession, with ignorance, ill-temper, and brutishness. But there was always a supply of hard cider and of rum; the store-keeper gave liberal credit, on conditions; and, until the length of the tether was run, the farmer's nose continued to glow like a dull ruby. But the end came sooner or later. The sheriff's officer was no stranger, and sometimes a debtor or trespasser was carried away to the county jail.

The minister saw that half measures would not do; he threw his whole soul into the work of inducing the church to take a stand upon total abstinence, and at length succeeded. Intemperate brethren were warned, and, if necessary, excommunicated. To be a church-member was to be an abstainer. The next move promised to be more difficult. He turned to the parish and the township, and after a time got the authorities to discountenance the excesses that had attended public meetings. He had to wait for a chance to attack the people of the wild and drunken district, but at length one came to him most unexpectedly.

There was a meeting of the able-bodied men of the military company for drill or display, which was followed by a tragic incident. When the show was over the soldiers gathered at the tavern, where rum-punch was consumed by bucketfuls; and at sundown the scattering of bewildered men for their homes, swaying in rickety waggons, or staggering along on foot, was something never to be forgotten.

People had come from far and near to see the training; and among them was a man from a wild district, who, not content with the punch, had procured a small jug of rum to take home.

He was standing near the tavern door, leaning against a pillar of the verandah, and keeping a tight hold of his precious jug. Two men from his neighborhood observed him, and came near.

"Harv," said one, "where yeou goin'? What ye got in thet 'ere jug?"

"My name ain't Harv," said the drunken man, with a vicious assumption of dignity. "Yeou know *thet!* Wher'm I goin'? I'm goin' hum—when I git ready; an' what I've got in this 'ere jug ain't nothin' to nobody."

The friend pursued,—

"Naow, don't yer git furus fer nothin', Harvey. I was 'feard yeou was goin' ter try walkin' home alone; an' the road's rough, an' it's goin' ter be dark ez a pocket 'fore yeou git ther'."

"Thet's so," said the other neighbour. "Don't yeou start alone. Yeou jest go 'long 'ith us."

"I k'n walk," said Harvey, "an' I know the road. I c'd foller it 'ith my eyes shet, an' my han's tied behind me."

"Naow, Harvey, hear tu reason! I don't say yer can't walk, an' don't know the road,—on'y 't 'll be safer fer ye ter hev company."

But Harvey couldn't be "druv," as he said; and, irritated at the imputation of being unfit to take care of himself, he started off, covering a good part of the breadth of the road as he went. It was a long way he had to go, and it was pitch dark when he reached the hilly region. He called for a moment at the house of an acquaintance, and from there, against all persuasion, started across-lots upon a path sufficiently difficult for a sober man in daylight. The event happened which was expected. He strayed out of the path, stumbled, and fell over a precipice, and next morning was found dead, his stiffened hand still grasping the handle of the broken jug.

The new minister went out to attend the funeral. There was a great gathering, especially of the class to which the dead man had belonged. There were far too many for the small and cheerless house to hold; so, while the family sat in the room with the coffin, the neighbours remained outside, and the minister conducted the services in the open air, standing on a log by the wood-pile. When he came to address the mourners, it was said that never a battery with grape-shot threw a crowd into such consternation. He was by nature sympathetic, but he was courageous, and terribly in earnest. He repeated with thrilling emphasis the woes denounced in the Old Testament against drunkards; and never, perhaps, since the days of the prophets, did they appear so dazzling with menace, so mighty in power.

The effect was indescribable. Some were so angry that they threatened violence; but, aside from the respect due to his calling, there was something in the look of the minister that repelled aggression. He told them of their brutal neglect of their wives and children; he described their homes without comfort, their lives without dignity or respect, with the poor-house, the jail, and the pauper's grave before them. He told them of their want of manliness, and the need they had of the sustaining power of religion, and warned them of the wrath to come. Then he painted the delights of home as it should be, when the master of the house is a man, "clothed and in his right mind." He appealed to the women, of whom many were present, and all the tenderness of his heart broke forth. Before he had done there were sobs and groans. Then he prayed. Beyond this point it would not be right to follow him; but the reader can imagine the fervency of that prayer from the simple fact that the children who had heard him pray when he came to visit their school, had more than once at the end of his prayer found the seat of the chair by which he had knelt sprinkled with tears. What a glowing heart he had! It is not often that a strong man weeps! Precious tears they were, not unnoticed, perhaps, by the All-pitying Eye.

The death of Harvey, and the startling scene at his funeral, made a prodigious talk in Quabbin and in the surrounding towns. The tragedy had furnished the ardent preacher with the opportunity and the text with which to reach the consciences of men who stood in need of warning. Such an audience could have been gathered in no ordinary way; and up to that time there had been no man ready and able to stand up, with a wood-pile for a pulpit, and set before a set of drunken reprobates a true picture of themselves and their destiny. It was a scene upon which one might imagine the angels of light and the powers of darkness to be looking as upon a life-and-death struggle; for the future of Quabbin and of its people was to be decided there. Would this courageous young man, who stood up before that angry crowd, be able to reach their hard hearts, and gain entrance for the Spirit of God? Time was to show.

Gradually the Church became a body of total abstainers; and the drinkers, even if they were not scandalously intemperate, were pushed out of the communion. Before many years there was a great change throughout the town; the incorrigible were removed by death, and others took warning. The town-meetings became more orderly; the riotous trainings were given up, and an old race-course, two miles down on the river road, was planted

with corn. After a time, some who had been excommunicated came back, chastened and penitent, and lived godly lives ever afterward.

At these blessed changes all Quabbin smiled with greener fields, and with brighter and purer homes. Even the wild north-west district became peaceable, and the sessions of the justice's court were rare. The dwellers upon the outlying farms, though necessarily poor on account of the sterile soil, and not highly educated then or since, became Sunday worshippers and good citizens. The old savagery was going by.

This was the work of the minister, for the impulse came from him, but it was not wholly accomplished in his day.

The minister had fought the good fight almost single-handed, and would have been entitled to adopt as his own the triumphant words of the Apostle Paul. He had accomplished much, and it had cost him dear. The church was awakened from formalism, and was a moral force to be counted upon. Public sentiment was becoming strong against drunkenness, and the sale of spirits had ceased, except at the tavern bar,—a place to which few respectable men ventured to go for drams. The meeting-house bore witness to the general improvement, shining in fresh paint without, and newly decorated within. The advocates of better schools began to take courage, and the main roads were a trifle less stony. Altogether, Quabbin was looking up. Of course much remained to be done. It was only the dawn that appeared, not the new day. But as long as Quabbin exists, those who know its history will do honour to the memory of its brave and devoted minister.

The strain had tried his spirit and broken his health; in nine years he was "worn out," and he resigned his charge. It might have been poetical justice if he could have remained to enjoy the grateful love of a people for whom he had sacrificed so much. The salary could not have been a temptation, as it never exceeded one thousand dollars. And then a man of decided character is always liable to wound the sensibilities of some, without being aware of it; and besides, he necessarily makes enemies by engaging in contests. Those whom the minister had faced with such intrepidity, and whom he had blistered with denunciation, would never have been heartily reconciled to him. No; after the hard work of the pioneer was done, some milder-mannered and more plausible man, with not one-half of his intellectual and moral worth, would succeed to the territory he had gained, and be far more popular, "Other men have laboured, and ye have entered into their labours."

A SINGER FROM THE SEA.*

A CORNISH STORY.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

Author of "The Preacher's Daughter," etc.

CHAPTER III.—THE COTTAGE BY THE SEA.

JOHN PENELLES was one of those strong, religious characters whose minds no questions disturb, whose spiritual aspirations are never put out of breath. He had not yet been a yoke-fellow with sorrow. Hard work, the cruelty of the elements, the self-denials of poverty, these things he had known; but love had never smitten him across the heart.

When he rose that Easter Sunday he rose singing. He sang as he put on his chapel broadcloth; he was trying over the different metres and the Easter anthem as he walked about the sanded floor of his cottage, and thought over the heads of his sermon. For he was to preach that night in the little chapel of St. Swer, a fishing hamlet four miles to the northward; indeed, John preached very often, being a local preacher in the circuit of St. Penfer, and rather famous for his ready, short sermons, full of the breath of the sea and of the savour of the fisher's life upon it.

Denas had gone to a neighbouring farm for milk. He heard her quick step on the shingle, and he stood still in the middle of the floor to meet her. She lifted her face to her father's, and he forgot in a moment all his fears. He saw only Denas, and not any of her faults; if she had faults, he buried them that moment in his love, and they were all put out of memory. John's heart was full of holy joy; he could feel it singing: "Bless the Lord, O my soul!" And though he was only a poor Cornish fisher, he was sure that the world was a very good world and that life was well worth the living.

"Joan, my dear," he said, "the Bible do tell us that there shall be a new earth. Can it be a sweeter one than this is?"

"Aw, John, it may be a sight better, for we be promised 'there shall be no sea there,' thank God! no freezing, drowning men and no weeping wives. I do think of that when you are out in the frost and storm, John, and the thought be heaven itself."

"My dear, the sea be God's own highway. There be wonders by the sea. Was not St. John sent to the sea-side for the Revelation? 'Twas there he heard the angels, whose voices were like the sound of many waters. Heaven will be wonderful! wonderful! if it do make us forget the sea. God's tabernacle will be in it. Aw, my dear, that will make everything new—sea and land, men and women; and then there will be no more tears."

* Abridged from volume of same title. Price $1.50. Toronto: William Briggs.

"Father, you are preaching and not eating your breakfast; and I want to get breakfast over and the cups washed, for I have to dress myself yet, and a new dress to put on, too," and Denas smiled and nodded and touched her father's big hand with her small one, and then John smiled back, and with a mighty purpose began to eat his fish and bread and drink his tea.

The whole day took its colour from this happy beginning. In after-years John often spoke of that Easter Sabbath; of their quiet walk all together up the cliff to St. Penfer Chapel; of the singing, and the sermon, and the Sunday-school in the afternoon for the fisher children; of the nice supper ready for them, and how they had eaten and talked till the late moon made a band of light across the table, and John said hurriedly:

"Well, there now! The tide will be calling me before I do have time to get sleep in my eyes."

Though none recognized the fact at the time, the old life passed away forever when the three rose from that midnight supper.

Yet for several days afterward nothing seemed to be changed. John went to his fishing and had unusual good fortune; and Joan and Denas were busy mending nets and watching the spring bleaching. It was the duty of Denas to take the house linen to some level grassy spot on the cliff-breast and water it and watch it whiten in the sunshine. Monday she had gone to this duty with a vague hope that Roland would seek her out. She watched all day for him. She knew that she was looking pretty, and she felt that her employment was picturesque. Why did not Roland come to see her? Was he afraid for the words he had said to her? Were they not true words? Did he intend, by ignoring them, to teach her that he had only been playing with her vanity and her credulity?

Tuesday was too wet and blowy to spread the linen, and Denas felt the morning insufferably long and tedious. Her father, who had been on the sea all night, dozed in his big chair on the hearthstone. Denas herself was knitting a guernsey, and as she sat counting the stitches Tristram Penrose came to the door and, after a moment's pause, spoke to her. He was a fine young fellow, with an open-air look on his brown face and an open-love look in his brown eyes.

"My dear Denas," he said, "is your father in?"

"Tris, who gave you license to call me dear? and my father is asleep by the fireside."

"Aw, then, the One who gave me license to live gave me the license to love; and dear you be and dear you always will be to Tris Penrose. The word may be shut in my heart or I may say it in your ear, Denas; 'tis all the same; dear you be and dear you always will be."

She shrugged her shoulders petulantly, and yet could not resist the merry up-glance which she knew went straight to the big fellow's heart. Then she began to fold up her knitting. While Tris was talking to her father, she would ask for permission to

go and see Elizabeth. While Tris was present, she did not think he would refuse her request, for if he did so she could ask him for reasons and he would not like to give them.

Denas had all the natural diplomacy of a clever woman, and she knew the power of a fond word and a sunny smile. "Father"—is there any fonder word?—"Father, I want to go and see Miss Tresham. She told me a very important secret on Saturday, and I know she was expecting me yesterday to talk it over with her;" then she went close to his side and put her hand on his shoulder and snuggled her cheek in his big beard, and called poor Tris' soul into his face for the very joy of watching her.

John was not insensible to her charming. He hesitated, and Denas felt the hesitation and met it with a bribe: "You could come up the cliff to meet me before you go to the boats—couldn't you, father?"

"Nay, my dear, I'll not need to look for you on the cliff, for you will stay at home, Denas; it rains—it blows."

"Miss Tresham was expecting me all through yesterday, but it was so fine I took the linen to bleach. She will be so disappointed if I do not come to-day. We have a secret, father—a very particular secret."

It was hard to resist the pretty, pleading, coaxing girl, but John had a strength of will which Denas had never before put to the test.

"My dear girl," he answered, "if Miss Tresham be longing to talk her secrets to you, she can come to you. There be nothing in the world to hinder her. Here be a free welcome to her."

"I promised, father."

"'Tis a pity you did."

"I must go, father."

"You must stay at home. 'Twould be like putting my girl through the fire to Baal to send her into the company there be now at Mr. Tresham's."

"I care nothing for the company. I want to see Miss Tresham."

"Now, then, I am in earnest, Denas. You shall not go. Take your knitting and sit down to your own work."

She lifted her knitting, but she did not lift a stitch. After a few minutes' conversation John went out with Tris Penrose, and then Denas began to cry with anger and disappointment.

"My father has insulted me before Tris Penrose," she said, "and I will never speak to Tris again. Many a time and oft he has let me go to St. Penfer when it was raining and blowing. He is very cross, cruel cross! Mother, you give me leave—do! I will tell you a secret. Elizabeth is going to be married, and she wants me to help in getting her things ready. Mother, let me go; it is cruel hard to refuse me!"

The news of an approaching marriage can never be heard by any woman with indifference. Joan stayed her needle and looked at Denas with an eager curiosity.

"'Tis to the rector, I'll warrant, Denas," she said.

"No, it is not; but the rector is fine and angry, I can tell you.

It was too much for him to speak to Miss Tresham on Saturday afternoon at the church. But won't he be sorry for his disknowledging her when he knows who is to be the bridegroom? He will, and no mistake."

"I don't understand you, Denas. Who is going to marry Miss Tresham? Say the man's name, and be done with it."

"'Tis a great secret, mother; but if you will let me go to St. Penfer I will tell you."

"Aw, my dear, I can live without Miss Tresham's secrets. And I do know she can't be having one I would go against your father to hear tell of, not I."

"Father is unjust and unkind. What have I done, mother?"

"Your father is afraid of that young jackanapes, Roland Tresham, and good reason, too, if all be true that is said to be true."

"Mr. Roland is a gentleman."

"Gentleman and gentleman—there be many kinds, and no kind at all for you. You be a fisher's daughter, and you must choose a husband of your own sort—none better, thank God! The robin would go to the eagle's nest, and a poor, sad time it had there. Gentlemen marry gentlemen's daughters, Denas, and if they don't, all sides do be sorry enough."

"Am I to go no more to Miss Tresham's?"

"Not until the young man is back in London."

"Then I wish he would hurry all and be off."

"So do I, my dear. I would be glad to hear that he was far away from St. Penfer."

Joan rose with these words and went out of the room, and Denas knew that for this day there was no hope of seeing Roland.

The night became blustery after John and the men had gone to the fishing, and by midnight there was a storm. Joan's white, anxious face was peering through the windows or out of the open door into the black night continually. And the presence of Denas did not comfort her as it usually did; the mother felt that her child's thoughts were with strangers, and not with her father out on the stormy sea.

It was ten o'clock next morning before John got home. He had made a little harbour some miles off, and glad to make it, and had been compelled to lay there until daybreak. He was weary and silent. He said it would have gone hard with him had not Tris been at his right hand. Then he looked anxiously at Denas, and when she did not give him a smile or a word, he sat down by the fire much depressed and exhausted. For he saw that his child had a hard, angry heart toward him, and he felt how useless it was to try and explain or justify his dealings with her.

It was now Wednesday, and Denas burned with shame when she thought how readily she had listened to so careless a lover. No word of any kind came from Elizabeth, who indeed was not to blame under the circumstances. Mr. Burrell was much with her; they had a hundred delightful arrangements to make about their marriage and their future housekeeping.

She had not the slightest intention of being unkind to Denas;

indeed, she looked forward to many pleasant hours with her and to her assistance in all the preparations for her marriage. And Roland had introduced the subject quite as frequently as he felt it to be prudent. Finally Elizabeth had plainly told him that she did not intend to have Denas with her until he returned to London. "I see you so seldom, Roland," she said, "and we will not have any stranger intermeddling when you are at home."

"Come, Elizabeth," he answered, "you are putting up your disapprovals in the shape of compliments. My dear, you are afraid I will fall in love with Denas."

"I am afraid you will make love to her, which is a very different thing."

"Do you want Denas here?"

"I shall be glad to have her here. I have a great deal of sewing to do, and she is a perfect and rapid needlewoman."

"Then go to-morrow and ask her to come. I am off to London to-night. In this world no one has pleasure but he who gives himself some. You were my only pleasure at St. Penfer, and I do not care to share your society with Robert Burrell."

"I will go and see Denas. I must ask her parents to let her stay with me until my marriage."

But as Denas did not know of this intention, that weary Wednesday dragged itself away amid rain and storm and household dissatisfaction; but by Thursday morning the elements had blustered their passion away and the world was clear-skied and sunshiny. Not so Denas; she sat in a dark corner of the room, cross and silent, and answering her father and mother only in monosyllables. John's heart was greatly troubled by her attitude. He stood leaning against the lintel of the door, watching his boat rocking upon the tide, for he was thinking that until Denas and he were "in" again he had better stop at home.

"I do leave my heart at home, and then I do lose my head at sea;" and with this unsatisfactory thought John turned to his daughter and said softly: "Denas, my dear, 'tis a bright day. Will you have a walk? But there—here be Miss Tresham, I do know it is her."

Denas rose quickly and looked a moment at the tall, handsome girl picking her way across the pebbly path. Then she threw down her knitting and went to meet her, and Elizabeth was pleased and flattered by her protégée's complaints and welcomes. "I thought you would never send me a message or a letter," almost sobbed Denas. "I never hoped you would come. O Elizabeth, how I have longed to see you! Life is so stupid when I cannot come to your house."

"Why did you not come?"

"Father was afraid of your brother."

"He was right, Denas. Roland is too gay and thoughtless a young man to be about a pretty girl like you. But he has gone to London, and I do not think he will come back here until near the wedding-day."

Then they were at the door, and John Penelles welcomed the

lady with all the native grace that springs from a kind heart and from noble instincts which have become principles. "You be right welcome, Miss Tresham," he said. "My little maid has fret more than she should have done for you. I do say that."

"I also missed Denas very much. I have no sister, Mr. Penelles, and Denas has been something like one to me. I am come to ask you if she may stay with me until my marriage in June. No one can sew like Denas, and now I can afford to pay her a good deal of money for her work—for her love I give her love. No gold pays for love, does it, sir?"

John was pleased with her frankness. He knew the value of money, he knew also the moral value of letting Denas earn money. He answered with a candour which brushed away all pretences:

"We be all obliged to you, Miss Tresham. We all be glad that Denas should make money so happily. It will help her own wedding and furnishing, whenever God do send her a good man to love her. It be a great honour to Denas to have your love, but there then! your brother is a fine, handsome young man, and —no offence, miss—it would not be a great honour for my little maid to have his love or the likelihood of it—and out of temptation is out of danger, miss, and if so be I do speak plain and bluff, you will not put it down against me, I'll warrant."

"I think, Mr. Penelles, that you are quite right. I have felt all you say for two years, and have shielded the honour and happiness of Denas as if she were in very deed my sister. Can you not trust her with me now?"

"'Tis a great charge, miss."

"I am glad to take it. I will keep it for you faithfully."

"'Tis too much to ask, miss; 'twould be a constant charge, for wrong-doing is often a matter of a few moments, though the repentance for it may last a lifetime."

"Koland is in London. He went yesterday. I do not expect him to come to St. Penfer again until the wedding. I assure you of this, Mr. Penelles."

"Then your word for it, Miss Tresham. Take my little maid with you. She be my life, miss. If Denas was hurt any way 'twould be like I got a shot in my backbone; 'twould be as bad for her mother, likewise for poor Tris Penrose."

Elizabeth smiled. "I am glad to hear there is a lover; Denas never told me of him. Is he good and brave, and handsome and young, and well-to-do?"

"He be all these, and more too; for he do love the ground Denas treads on—he do for sure."

Denas was in her room putting on her blue merino and her hat, and while she made her small arrangements and talked to her mother, Elizabeth set herself to win the entire confidence of John Penelles. It was not a hard thing to do. Evil and sin had to be present and palpable for John's honest heart to realize them. And Miss Tresham's open face, her frank assurances, her straightforward understanding of the position were a pledge John never doubted.

Certainly Elizabeth meant all she promised. She was as desirous to prevent any love-making as John Penelles was.

Every hour of the day brought something to discuss, to exclaim over, to wonder about, to select, to try on. On Saturday evening Denas was to return home until after the Sabbath. For Saturday night and Sunday were John's holiday, and a poor one indeed it would be to him without his daughter.

About five o'clock she started down the cliff. Her heart was light in spite of Roland's silence. Indeed, she had begun to feel a contempt for him and for herself because she had for a moment believed in a man so light of love and so false of heart.

She went gaily forward, humming softly to herself. When but a few hundred yards down the path, someone called her. Immediately she heard footsteps and the rustling swish of parting leaves and branches. A moment afterward Roland Tresham was at her side. He took her hand; he said softly, "This way, darling!" and before she could make the slightest resistance he had drawn her into a little glade shut in by large boulders and lofty trees. Then he had his arms around her, and was laughing and talking a thousand sweet, unreasonable things.

"Oh, Mr. Tresham, let me go! Let me go!" cried Denas.

"Not while you say 'Mr. Tresham.'"

"Oh, Roland!"

"Yes, love, Roland. Say it a thousand times. Did you think I had forgotten you?"

"You were very cruel."

"Cruel to be kind, Denas. My love! they think I am in London. Everyone thinks so. I did go to London last Wednesday. I left London this morning very early. I got off the train at St. Clair and walked across the cliff, and found out this pretty hiding-place. And I am going to be here every Saturday night—every Saturday night, wet or fine, and if you do not come here to see me, I will go to Australia and never see St. Penfer again."

He would talk nothing but the most extravagant nonsense, and finally Denas believed him. He gave her a ring that looked very like Elizabeth's betrothal ring, and was even larger than Elizabeth's, and he told her to wear it in her breast until she could wear it on her hand.

Nor was the loving, ignorant girl unaffected by the apparently rich gifts her lover brought her—brooch and locket and bracelet, many bright and sparkling ornaments, which poor Denas hid away with joy and almost childish delight and prideful expectations. And if her conscience troubled her, she assured it that "if it was right for Elizabeth to receive such offerings of affection, it could not be wrong for her to do likewise."

Alas! alas! She did not remember that the element of secrecy made the element of sin. If she had only entertained this thought, it would have made her understand that the meeting which cannot be known and the gift which cannot be shown are wicked in their essence and their influence, and are incapable of bringing forth anything but sorrow and sin.

CHAPTER IV.—THE SEED OF CHANGE.

All fashionable wedding ceremonies are similar in kind and effect, and Elizabeth would not have been satisfied if hers had varied greatly from the highest normal standard. Her dress was of the most exquisite ivory-white satin and Honiton lace. Her bridesmaids wore the orthodox pink and blue of palest shades. All things were managed with that consummate taste and order which money without stint can always command.

In the arrangements for this completely satisfactory function, the position which Denas was to occupy caused some discussion. Mr. Tresham never forgot that Denas was the child of poor fisher people. When Elizabeth included her in the list of bridesmaids, he disputed the choice with considerable temper. He said that on no account would he compel his guests to receive Denas as their equal. Elizabeth gave up her intention, though she had to break an oft-repeated promise.

"Mr. Burrell has two sisters," said Elizabeth to Denas, "and if I do not ask Cousin Flora I shall never be forgiven; and father insists upon Georgia Godolphin, because of his friendship with Squire Godolphin; and I cannot manage more than four bridesmaids, can I? So you see, Denas," etc., etc., etc.

Denas saw quite clearly, and with a certain pride of self-respect she relegated herself to a position that would interfere with no one's claims and offend no one's social ideas.

"I am to be your real bridesmaid, Elizabeth," she said. "Miss Burrells, and your cousin Flora, and Miss Godolphin are for show. I shall be really your maid. I shall lace your white satin boots, and fasten your white satin dress, and when you go away I shall fasten your cloak, and button your gloves, and then go away myself; for there will be no one here then that likes me and nothing at all for me to do."

And this programme, made with a little heartache and sense of love's failure, Denas faithfully carried out. It cost her something to do it, but she did not permit Elizabeth to see that she counted her faithless in heart. She felt keenly enough that there was nothing about her, personally or socially, to make Mr. Tresham's guests desire her.

And when the day drew near and they began to arrive, Denas shrank more and more from their society. She saw that Elizabeth's manner with them was quite different from her manner to herself, and in spite of much kindness and generosity she felt humiliated, alone, outside, and apart. It saddened her beyond reason, and when Roland arrived two days before the wedding and she saw him wandering in the garden, riding, driving, playing tennis, chatting and chaffing, singing and dancing with these four girls of his own circle, she divined a difference which she could not explain but which pained and angered her.

Still, that last week of Elizabeth's maiden life was a wonderful week. The house was in the hands of decorators; the aroma of

all kinds of delicious things to eat was in the air. There was a constant tinkling of the piano and harp. Snatches of song, ripples of laughter, young voices calling through the house and garden, light footsteps going everywhere, the flutter of pink and blue and white dresses, the snowy ribbons and massed roses in every room, the exciting atmosphere of love and expectation—who could escape it? And who, when in the midst of it, was able to prevent or to deny its influence?

Denas gave herself freely to the moment. The presence of Roland made all things easy to her. He contrived many an unseen meeting. Such a week to stir a young heart to love's sweet fever! It passed like a dream, and went finally with the clashing of wedding-bells and the trampling of horses carrying away the bride.

Mr. Tresham took Roland with him to Burrell Court. He seemed determined to keep his son by his side, and the drive to Burrell was an effectual way. No one thought of Denas. She had now no place nor office in the house. But she remained until near sundown, for she trusted that Roland would find out a way to meet her at their usual trysting-place. And just when she had given him up he came. Then he told her that he was going to London in the morning, because his father had suddenly resolved upon a short pleasure-trip, and he had promised to go with him as far as Paris. But he had provided for their correspondence.

"There is a man in St. Clair called Pyn, a boatman living in the first cottage you come to, Denas, he said. "I have given him money, and my letters to you will go to him. Can you walk to St. Clair for them?" It was a foolish question; Roland knew that Denas would walk twenty miles for a letter from him. He then gave her some addressed envelopes in which to enclose her letters to him. "Pyn will post them," he said, "and the handwriting will deceive everyone. And I shall come back to you, Denas, as soon as I can get away from my father; and Pyn will bring a message to St. Penfer and let you know, in some way, when I get home."

These particulars being fully arranged and understood, he talked to her of her own loveliness. He told her she was more beautiful in her plain white frock than the bride in her bride-robes. Denas believed him, believed every word, for the nature of true love is to be without doubt or fear. And Roland thought he loved her quite well enough for their future life together. He kept Denas by his side until the gloaming was quite gone, and then he walked with her down to the very shingle. They parted with tears and kisses and murmured protestations of fidelity. As Denas approached the cottage she saw her mother sitting on the door-step.

"You be long in getting home, Denas. Father went to sea quite put out. Jane Serlo says the bride did go away at two o'clock. Well, then, it be long after nine now, Denas!"

"I had a lot to do after Mrs. Burrell left, mother—things she would not trust anyone else to look to."

"Hum-m! 'Tis no good way, to take such charge. Who knows what she may be saying after-times? I do feel glad she be married at last, and done with. Mayhap we may see a bit of comfort ourselves now."

"She gave me twenty pounds before she left, mother."

"There be things twenty pound can't buy nor pay for; I tell you that, Denas. And to see your father go off with the boat to-night, without heart in him and only care for company! I do not feel to like it, Denas. If your lover be dear to you, so be my old husband to me."

"What lover are you talking about, mother?"

"The lover that kept you on the cliff-breast—Roland Tresham, he be the lover I mean."

"Who told you I was with Roland?"

"I know that you were not at Mr. Tresham's, for one called there to put you safely home."

"I suppose Tris Penrose has been spying me and telling tales to father and you."

"There be no need for Tris nor for anyone else to speak. Say to me, plain and straight, that you were not with Roland Tresham to-night. Say that to me, if you dare."

"I have had such a happy day, mother, and now you have taken all the pleasure out of it—a mean thing to do! I say that."

"Your father and I had a happy day, thinking of your happiness. And then to please that bad young man, who is not of your mind and not of your kin, you do stay out till bad birds and night creatures are prowling; till the dew be wetting you; till you have sent your father off to the deep sea with a heart heavy enough to sink his boat—a mean thing that to do! Yes! yes! a cruel mean thing!"

"Mrs. Burrell gave me twenty pounds. I had to do something to earn it."

"My faith! I'd fling the twenty pound to the fishes. Aw, then, 'tis a poor price for my girl's love, and her innocent heart, and the proud content she once had in her own folk. Only fishers! but God's folk, for all that! But there! What be the use of talking? After Mr. Tresham's flim-flams, my words be only muddling folly."

"I am going to bed, mother."

"To be sure. Go your ways."

Then Joan also rose, and went to the fireside, and drew the few coals together, and lit a lamp. For a moment she stood still, looking at the closed door between her and her child; then she lifted a large book from the window-sill, laid it on the small round table, opened it wide, and sat down before it. It was a homely, work-a-day looking book, and she did not read a word of it, though her eyes were upon the page. But it was the Bible. And the Bible is like the sunshine, it comforts and cheers us only to sit down in its presence.

And very soon Joan lifted her hand and laid it across the open page. It was like taking the hand of a friend. God knows what strength, what virtue, there was in that movement! For she

immediately covered her face with her other hand, and tears began to fall, and anon mighty whispered words parted her lips —words that went from the mother's heart to the heart of God! How can such prayer ever fail?

In the morning John Penelles met his daughter, not with the petulant anger of a wounded woman, but with a graver and more reasonable reproof. "Denas, my dear," he said, and he gently stroked her hair as he spoke, "Denas, you didn't do right yesterday; did you now? But you do be sorry for it, I see; so let the trouble go. But no more of it! No more out in the dark, my girl, either for bride-making or for corpse-waking, and as for the man who kept you out, let him ask God to keep him from under my hand. That is all about it. Come and give father his tea, and then we will mend the nets together; and if Saturday be fair, Denas, we will go to St. Merryn and see your Aunt Agnes. You don't want to go? Aw, yes, my dear, you do want to go. You be vexed now; and not you that should be vexed at all, but your mother and I. There, then! No more of it!"

It was certainly a great and sudden change in the life of Denas. And just now came on the hardest and most distinctive part of the fisher's year. Every wife in the hamlet had her hands full and busy from dawn till dark; and Joan went to the work with an exuberant alacrity and good nature. In former years Denas had felt all the enthusiasm of the great sea harvest. This year she could not endure its clamour and its labour. What had happened to her that the sight of the beautiful fish was offensive and the smell of its curing intolerable? She shut her eyes from the silvery heaps and would gladly have closed her ears against the jubilant mirth, the shouting and laughing and singing around her

Her intense repugnance did really at last breed in her a low fever, which she almost gladly succumbed to. She thought it easier to lie in bed and suffer in solitude than to put her arms to her white elbows in fresh fish and bear the familiar jokes of the busy, merry workers in the curing-sheds. She lay tossing on her bed in the small, warm room, and argued the question out while fever burned in her veins and gave to all things abnormal and extravagant aspects.

She was really ill, and she almost wished she could be more ill. She at this time pitied herself greatly. True, she had her father and mother, and she loved them dearly; but as for Tris Penrose and his tiresome devotion, what was Tris to Roland? Tris did not even know how to woo her. He was stupid and silent. He could only look and sigh, or, if he did manage to speak, he was sure to plunge into such final questions as, "Denas, will you marry me? When will you marry me?" Or to tell her of his stone cottage, and his fine boat, and the money he had in the St. Merryn's Savings Bank.

For three weeks this silent conflict went on in the mind and heart of Denas, an unsatisfactory fight in which no victory was gained. One morning she awoke with the conviction that there

was a letter for her at St. Clair. She determined to go and see. She said to her mother that she felt almost well and would try to take a walk. And Joan was glad and encouraged the idea.

"Go down to the sea-shore, Denas, and breathe the living air; do, my sweetheart!"

"No, mother. There are crowds there, and the smell of fish, and—I can't help it, mother—it turns me sick; it makes me feverish. I want to go among the trees and flowers."

"Aw, my dear, you will be climbing and climbing up to St. Penfer; and you be weak yet and not able to."

"I will not climb at all. I will walk near the shingle; and I will take a bit of bread with me and a drink of milk; then I can rest all day on the grass, mother."

"God bless you, dear! And see now, come home while the sun is warm—and take care of yourself, Denas."

Then Joan went to the curing-sheds. She had a light heart, for Denas was more like her old self, and after going a hundred yards she turned to nod to her girl, and was glad that she was watching her and that she waved her kerchief in reply. Something heavy slipped from Joan's heart at that moment and her work went with her all day long.

It was two miles to St. Clair, but Denas walked there very rapidly; she remembered that Pyn's cottage was the first cottage, and as she approached it the boatman came to the door. He looked at her with a grave curiosity, and she went straight up to him and said: "Have you a letter for me?"

"I do think I have. You be John Penelles' little girl?"

"Yes."

"I knew John years ago. We sat in the same boat. I like John—he is a true man. Here be three letters. At first I thought, these letters be going to bring a deal of potter and bother—maybe something worse—and I will put them in the fire. Then I thought, they bean't your letters, Pyn, and if you want to keep yourself out of a mess, never interfere and never volunteer. So here they be. But if you will take an old man's advice, I do say to you, burn the letters. It will be better far than to be reading them."

"Why will it be better?"

"There be letters worse than death drugs. If you do buy a bottle of arsenic, the man will put its character on the bottle. You see 'poison' and you be warned. But young men do write poison, and worse than poison, to young women, and no warning outside the letter. It isn't fair, now, is it?"

"Why did you take charge of the poison?"

"To be sure! Why did I! Just because it was for John Penelles' little girl, and I thought mayhap she'd take a warning from me. Don't you read them letters, my dear. If you do, let the words go in at one ear and out of the other. Roland Tresham! he be nothing to trust to! Aw, my dear,—a leaky boat—a boat adrift; no man at the helm; no helm to man; no sail; no compass; no anchor; no anything for a woman to trust to! There, then, I have had my say; if this say be of no 'count, 'twould be the

same if I talked my tongue away. If you come again and there be any letters, you will find them under the turned boat—slip your hand in—so. Dear me! You be fluttering and wuttering like a bird. Poor dear! Step into my boat and I'll put you back home. You look as quailed as a faded flower."

Thus Pyn talked as he helped Denas into the boat and slowly settled himself to the oars. Afterward he said nothing, but he looked at Denas in a way that troubled her and made her thankful to escape his silent, pitiful condemnation. Her mother was absent when she reached the cottage, and she was so weary that she was grateful for the solitude. She shut her eyes for a few minutes and collected her strength, and then opened Roland's letters.

They were full of happiness—full of wonders—full of love. He was going to Switzerland with his father. Elizabeth was there, and Miss Caroline Burrell, and a great many people whom they knew. But for him no one was there. "Denas was all he longed for, cared for, lived for!" Oh, much more of the same kind, for Roland's love lay at the point of his pen.

And he told her also that he had heard many singers, many famous singers, and none with a voice so wildly sweet, so enthralling as her voice. "If you were only on the stage, Denas," he wrote, "you could sing the world to your feet; you could make a great fortune; you could do anything you liked to do."

The words entered her heart. They burned along her veins. they filled her imagination with a thousand wild dreams. She put the fatal letters safely away, and then, stretching her weary form upon her bed, she closed her eyes and began to think.

Why should she cure fish, and mend nets, and clean tables and tea-cups, if she possessed such a marvellous gift? Why should her father go fishing with his life in his hand, and her mother work hard from dawn to dark, and she herself want all the beautiful things her soul craved? And how would Elizabeth feel? Perhaps they might be glad enough yet if she married Roland. He had always believed in her; always loved her. She would repay his trust and love a thousand-fold. What a joy it would be!

REPENTANCE.

O CHRIST, Who died for men, Who died for me,
I fall before Thy feet and cannot see
Aught else beside my grievous sins and Thee.

How great my work of evil Thou dost know,
Thou Who for me didst grieve and suffer so,
Thou Who for me upon the cross didst go.

Whatever thing I see, or hear or speak,
My sin is still before me; Lord most meek,
Thy strong and gracious help alone I seek.

That help can put my guilt forever by,
And make me strong when sin again is nigh;
Forgiving Saviour, give it or I die!

THE DRAGON AND THE TEA-KETTLE.

BY MRS. JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

CHAPTER IV.—MR. GOLDSPRAY.

ONE very bright week-day evening in the holiday week, we had attended service at Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, and concluded, as we were returning, to take another evening view of the "Dragon and the Tea-Kettle." As we drew near, the merry strains of a violin, pretty well played, fell on our ears, and several people gazing in at the door and windows, indicated that the music came from Miss Chip's eating-house. We also looked in at the window before entering.

As it was Christmastide, Miss Chip had decorated the place with evergreen—a fine pine bough was pinned against the red curtains of each of the private eating-boxes; above the tall old mantle-shelf were pine and holly; two especially large bunches of green were on the long board where penny stews were served out. In the window a huge round of beef was graced with parsley, and two pigs'-heads on platters wore parsley crowns, and had each a lemon in its mouth. On Miss Chip's desk stood a blooming rose-bush, her Christmas gift from Mr. Rogers, and some other of her better-off customers; but above her head hung a wreath of evergreen and immortelles, the private gift, as we learned later, of Mr. Goldspray. Alas, he had never paid for it!

Amid all this Christmas glory sat Miss Chip in her place, wearing an unusually gay cap and collar; the eating-house was well filled, but mouths were less occupied than eyes and ears, which were all intent on Mr. Goldspray.

This beaming youth stood before the fireplace. He wore a suit of blue, with brass buttons; his vest was white; his fair hair was brushed in an elaborate curl, *à la Disraeli,* on his forehead; Mr. Goldspray's head inclined to the left, to rest against the violin held to his left shoulder; he cast his eyes now up, now down, as he played with great gusto. And really Mr. Goldspray was playing very well; he had elicited roars of patriotic applause by "God Save the Queen," and "Rule, Britannia." He had called tears from the eyes of some, by "Home, sweet Home." "Roy's Wife of Alderalloch," had been heard with high approbation. The old lady had nodded time to "Blue Bonnets over the Border" —and now, seated beside the old lady, her eyes in rapt admiration on the self-conscious Mr. Goldspray, was Fanny, listening to the witching melody of "Sweet Afton."

Mr. Goldspray's repertory was not to be despised.

"The Golden Daisy is in high feather to-night," said Mr. Cook, as we entered.

Not to interfere with the hilarity, we went into one of the red stalls, and gratified Miss Chip by asking for tea, baked potatoes,

and raspberry jam and biscuits, articles to be had of the best in any London eating-house. Withdrawing thus a little from sight, our presence was no restraint, and we beheld all that was going on. On the way from service we had stopped at a little thread-and-needle store for a small present for Fanny—two white aprons and two caps; the whole cost but four shillings. We purchased, because we have a weakness for these struggling, small shops, with the anxious, tidy, feeble women who usually keep them, and we also had a weakness for pretty, pleasant, grateful Fanny. Had we understood what a fatal four shillings' worth it was to be, we would have fled home by the nearest bridge, and denied all tenderness either for little shops or pretty Fanny.

But, unconscious of fate, we handed the parcel to the maiden. Fanny, leaving her charge for the moment with Em'ly, returned presently, the scant black stuff dress which she wore, mostly hidden under the ample folds of her new apron, and on her wavy, dark locks, the little white cap with its bit of a pink bow, which—*mea culpa!* I had thought would be becoming to Fanny.

In the kindness and plenty of her new home, Fanny's face had lost its careworn look, her cheeks had filled out and bloomed rosily, her eyes sparkled, and in her kindly waiting on the old dame, her eager gratitude and obedience to Miss Chip, the rescued Fanny was a very pleasing girl indeed. Miss Chip was making a great favourite of her.

Inspired by the clapping and praising of his audience, Mr. Goldspray drew a long breath, and played a medley of his own arranging.

Miss Chip left her desk, and came to our table to see that all was spotless and inviting. We said to her, "Mr. Goldspray handles his bow very well."

"Indeed he does," said Miss Chip; "he could get a guinea and a half a week, in one of the music-halls, for playing, but he had to give it up, there was too much temptation there for him."

"And what does he do now?" we asked.

"He's in a broker's office in the city, at a pound a week."

Evidently Mr. Goldspray could not indulge in so many little foibles of apparel, and pay remunerative board to Miss Chip, out of one pound a week.

The *habitués* of the penny table had been gathering in force, and we noticed that Miss Chip welcomed them, and made room for them, as if they were the most paying customers in the city. One or two who came in quite dirty were sent with Em'ly to the kitchen, and returned after making acquaintance with plenty of hot water and soap. One who had a cut hand had the wound washed and court-plastered by Miss Chip herself; two who were very thinly clad, were quietly pushed close up to the roaring fire, where they basked like kittens on the hearth. One who looked hungry, and it seemed had had only his early coffee and bread that day, got a steaming bowl of pepper-pot from Em'ly.

We left Miss Chip's with considerable interest aroused in her

favourite lodger; so much, indeed, that, calling soon after to see how Mrs. Rogers was getting on, and finding Rogers off his beat, and seated by his tidy fire-side, we asked him particulars about Mr. Goldspray.

"Fellows about London streets, as he has been," said Mr. Rogers, "get from their mates peculiar names. For instance, I've known of 'The Badger,' 'Butterfly Billy,' 'Dancing Jack,' 'Teazles,' and dozens more. Goldspray has after all a kind of boyish, country simplicity and freshness about him, that makes them call him the Daisy, and they have made it 'the Golden Daisy,' for he's so fond of pinchbeck, of gilt buttons, and has such an airy, high-flying way with him, always boasting and talking large. Every-one has their weak point, they say, and Goldspray is Miss Chip's. She is thirty-five, and he is twenty-three—she has known him since he was seven or eight years old. She always took to his easy, cheery, flattering ways, so different from her own. She nursed his dying sister, and was really pleased with the heart Bobby showed there. Then she tried to comfort him when the sister died, and his is a nature always falling back somewhere for comfort and coddling. She had plenty of comforting to do, for presently his brother fell off a river-boat, and was drowned, while drunk, and his father got lung-fever, lying round the streets drunk, and died in a hospital. Bobby drank too, not so hard as the rest, and sometimes he'd disappear for days or weeks, and then come round, ragged, hungry, and penitent, and Miss Chip, out of pity, would mend his clothes, feed him up, lend him money, find him work, and, by degrees, began to feel responsible for him.

"For six months she had him working at her eating-stand, and kept him pretty straight. Miss Chip, for all her sharp ways, has a big heart. She's a woman to want someone to pet, and comfort, and forgive, and work for. She took to Bobby more and more. She could never manage him. She wanted him in a quiet, respectable business, but it was his way to act in theatres, or play in music-halls. He'd go on at these places, and drink, till he was driven off for negligence, or some kind of fooling. I don't expect Miss Chip knows yet how her feelings have grown for him, till her whole heart is set on him—a mixture of mother and sister and lover feelings that she don't unravel. Since she kept the Dragon and Tea-Kettle, she has had Bobby Goldspray there, in her best room, eating the best she has, and in all the four years, I doubt if he's paid her twenty pounds. He tries to hide his misdoings from her, and really does make an effort not to drink, for he sees it will kill him. He has kept straight this six months, and she is delighted. He has at last discovered the influence he has over her, and, I fancy, guesses he could, if he persuaded her long enough, be landlord of the Dragon and the Tea-Kettle. But he knows she'd claim the right to rule him, and would do it too; she seems old to him, and she is plain and bluff; while board and keep are his to command, whether he makes much of her or not, so he holds off, and pays with a little flattery

and some obedience for all he gets. He treats her as a spoiled son treats a fond, foolish mother. It's no easy end for him to deceive or persuade her. No doubt, scores of nights has she gone with Grow and the hand-cart, to hunt Bobby, drunk, and bring him home. When he is late coming in, her heart is in her mouth, and she gets Cook or some of us to look him up. He tells her now he is in a broker's office, and she believes he is doing first-rate. He is clerk to a pawnbroker, that's what he is; but she don't know it. She trusts him, though he has lied to her a hundred times."

"How is this likely to end?"

"In my opinion, it will end by Goldspray's going back to his cups, and dying in consequence; but many things may happen before that—Bobby may fancy he has fallen in love, may desert Miss Chip and marry."

"In that case she would cast him off, you think?"

"She might for a little while, but the motherly element is so large a part of her affection for him, that as soon as, like the prodigal, he began to be in want, she would have compassion on him. Miss Chip is the first and only real friend of poor Golden Daisy's life; she will be the last, and his only mourner. Poor Miss Chip!"

It had always been our intention to see, so far as possible, both sides, all sides of London life. One place which we had desired to visit was a pawnbroker's shop. A pawnbroker's is the barometer of poverty. Enter a pawnbroker's and an observing eye will there divine the quality and status of the surrounding poor, the depth of their want, and the general cause of their misery. Whole histories, not only of individuals, but of families and communities, are inscribed on the shelves of pawnbrokers' shops.

Bent, then, on inspecting "Our Uncle's," we boldly took our way, one winter morning, to those particular three golden balls that hung above the head of the Golden Daisy. Mr. Goldspray recognized us, and great was his consternation. He felt quite certain we had not come to pledge either our watches or our Sunday garb. No doubt we had come on his account—and then—there would be Miss Chip! But the Golden Daisy was nothing if he was not audacious. He might have been very properly named the "brazen daisy."

In spite of his audacity we detected a certain relief when we explained our desire to view thoroughly a pawnbroker's establishment, and learning that Mr. Goldspray belonged to this one, we came hither, feeling sure that he would be ready to show and explain all that was to be seen, and also that he could vouch for us to his chief as American curiosity-seekers, and not police spies.

Mr. Goldspray cheerfully guaranteed our peaceable and praiseworthy characters to his employer, and that worthy extended freely to us his hospitality; indeed, he was effusively civil. Like Mrs. Whaling, he had heard of Americans, and shared the British myth that they are always rich and lavish. He had a number of unredeemed pledges in the jewellery and *bric-a-brac*

line on hand, and he trusted to make that number less on our behalf.

To fully describe our visit to the Golden Balls does not belong to the scope of this book. A little of Mr. Goldspray's fluent exposition, as cicerone, will indicate our questions, what we saw, and what we heard.

"I say, you won't let out on me to Miss Chip, will you? She'd cut up rough, maybe, if she knew I was in a pawn-shop. I don't want to vex her, of course; she thinks I am in a kind of law-office, or straight broking business. She is sharp enough in her sort of work, but in some things she is precious simple. You see, I couldn't get into such a place as she wants—they require *character;* I've had my little adventures with the police-courts, and having been in music-halls, pantomine and threepenny theatres isn't just the recommendation first-class places want. It's my luck. Oh, I'm not down in the mouth over it; I don't mind this kind of a place, it's easy enough. Hard on the feelings? Well, yes, if you cultivate feelings; but one that has knocked about as I have from the cradle—if I had any cradle, which I doubt—gets all the keen edge taken off their feelings.

"Why does Chip hate pawn-shops? Well, there is just one of the points where the dear old soul isn't so sharp. I say the pawn-shop is a blessing to the poor, helps 'em tide over a hard place. It's better to be able to send out a few dishes, and so buy food. than to keep the dishes and have 'em empty. If a plasterer's out of work he might as well spout his outfit and feed his young ones till he gets a job; the kids can't eat his trowels, you see. Encourage idleness and waste to know there is a place where the family possessions can be turned into money easily? Well, no doubt it does. Encourage stealing? Tut! tut! *we're* not supposed to know anything about *that*. No doubt it is so, since the bobbies make sweeps on us, and carry off good fair pledges, and haul the guv'nor up for complicity; but land, he isn't an accomplice! We always ask, Is this yours? Where did you get it? All we ask is answers—it isn't our business to sift answers. If a woman says her missus *gave* her a ring or a pair of sheets, no doubt she did; some missuses are very liberal and careless. Do we give the *worth* of the pledges? St. George, no, indeed! Why, how would we make a living? How could the guv'nor keep a turnout, or how could the Golden Daisy get a vest? Half? Oh, my, no; a quarter or a fifth, that's about the ticket. And the interest we charge? High? Of course it's high; must be high; think how seldom we get it!

"And did you ask how many are redeemed? Oh, not one-quarter; say a fifth in good years, a tenth in bad ones. Some of these pledges come back a dozen times. Sometimes one thing is put in to get another out. The chief cause that brings the pawns here? Why, drink, of course; if there were no whiskey our shelves would be empty, and we'd shut up shop. What do we do with these filthy, ragged bundles of clothes and bedding? Oh, if they ain't redeemed when time's up, they go to the rag and bone

warehouse, and all those old pots and kettles and sad-irons go to the old-iron dealers. Then we have public auctions, and we sell overdue pledges at private sale. All these better things? They tell stories of young men going down in the world, and selling what they had from their friends; or of well-to-do families on the down grade. Sickness does it sometimes; death, business failures, but nine times out of ten it's rum. Can't say too much for the curse of rum; I know it, I've tried it; don't say but I shall try it again, don't say *as I shall; it's all luck. I may turn* into a steady old citizen; may settle down as landlord of the Dragon and Tea-Kettle; have thought of it, but I'm fond of liberty, and Miss Chip, as you see, is bound to hold the reins where she is. Holds 'em well? Oh, very. Trouble? Not the least; delighted. Don't care to buy anything? Too painful associations? Exactly. Good-morning."

CHAPTER V.—MISS CHIP'S BUSINESS HISTORY.

"Miss Chip, when is your birthday?" Thus we to Miss Chip.

"My birthday! Why, bless me, I hardly ever take time to think if I have a birthday."

"But we want you to celebrate it this year if it comes right."

"What, me keep a birthday! Why, that would be a new thing; I never kept a birthday or got a birthday gift in my life."

"It is time then to try the effect of something new. I want you to give yourself a few hours' holiday, and come over to my lodgings and take tea with me. If it is not your birthday soon, why, we'll make it a movable feast and call it your birthday."

"But it would be just the time, for it's the twenty-sixth of January is my birthday."

"That is the very thing; we will then arrange that you shall come next Thursday."

"I doubt I'd better not," said Miss Chip, hesitatingly. "I don't say I shouldn't be proud and pleased, but I am not your company; you are very kind to drop in and take an interest in my work, but you're an educated lady and I'm a very plain woman, not even speaking my own language right, and come out of such straits and depths as you never looked into; not that I was not always an honest woman in every sense of the word."

"We have this in common, Miss Chip, that we both are servants of One Master and children of one Father. We have a common enemy, strong drink, and a common work of fighting him, and we may be a mutual help in our work. Now I shall look for you next Thursday at *half-past four.*"

Having overcome Miss Chip's scruples, I had yet to do battle with those of my landlady from whom we hired [illegible] lodgings. There was no wearer of a title, or owner of a coat-of-arms, man or woman, so vile that this lodging-house keeper would not rise up to do them reverence. To her a velvet gown, a carriage, and

a pair of diamond earrings would cover the breaking of the entire decalogue. She kept tidy rooms, was fairly honest—except in the matters of coals and kerosene—and was an admirable cook, but in her soul dwelt a rooted hate to all poor people, and she would much rather burn up a crust than fill therewith a hungry mouth. Much warfare had there been between me and this hard-hearted dame, on the subject of my idiosyncrasies. She vowed she "could neither abide nor abhor having paupers ringing her door-bell, asking after the lady, an' as for 'avin' ragged skeletings of brats a-sittin' on the 'earth-rug of her first-floor sittin'-room, an' a gorgin' of theirselves with soup, that she couldn't, and moreover she wouldn't."

To this I had valiantly responded, that the suite of rooms indicated belonged to me so long as I paid rent for them, and that any time when my rights were interfered with I would give up the lodgings. I believed I saw cards up, "Lodgings to let," on twenty good houses, in that very neighbourhood.

After this passage-at-arms, my landlady was wont to reflect that we paid her two-and-six a week more than any English possessors of the same apartments would pay; that she got her rent cash in advance; that we had submitted silently to a tax of a shilling a week for carrying up coals; that we never inquired closely into the disappearance of said coals, and that we allowed to pass many little impositions that "were not so nominated in the bond." Mollified by such considerations, she would respond that such and such doings had "never before 'appened in her 'ouse; but she halways knew Hamericans 'ad their own ways, and no one should say her lodgers 'ad to leave the rooms vacant, and take up with them mis'able rooms hover the way."

Now when, with much aplomb, we announced a guest to tea, and indicated fried chicken and muffins as suitable for that repast, our hostess tentatively remarked, "'adn't she better horder a citron cake, and some more horange marmalade; people as went out to tea in their *carr'ages* usually liked hof the best."

We promptly set at rest all doubts as to Miss Chip's social status, by clearly declaring that the person that was coming had "never ridden in a carriage in her life, and would, no doubt, come to the nearest omnibus terminus; but if she did not happen to be able to pay the fare, she might walk all the way from ——— Street, Surrey."

In spite of the melodious tones of our voice, there was no doubt a hint of forces drawn up for combat, drums ready to beat, banners to fly, and Winchester rifles, or even Krupp cannon, to burst forth, at signal of attack. Our landlady, therefore, merely threw up her hands and her eyes, groaned deeply, and hurried back to her kitchen.

We had never seen Miss Chip off duty. Whenever we had met her it was in her eating-house, with eyes, ears, and mouth alert to attend to her business.

Miss Chip at ease, Miss Chip on a holiday, would be a new development, and we anticipated much enjoyment from her

conversation. Miss Chip had made some efforts to educate herself. She was a woman who read, and she wrote a good hand, and kept her accounts in due form. Her language, while in minor points often incorrect, had not the glaring errors and cockneyisms of many of her class. Her native good sense, close observation of what she read, and of all the best that she heard, added to a punctual attendance twice a day at church for almost twenty-five years, had much improved her mind, manners, and language. In reporting her remarks we frequently omit her mistakes and mispronunciations, which, indeed, were not glaring.

Miss Chip came according to appointment. She had left Em'ly in charge of the desk, and Fanny had been especially warned to take care of the old lady. For six hours—from half-past three to half-past nine—Miss Chip was at leisure, an unwonted thing in her history. Miss Chip had on a black silk gown, some folds of bobinet about her neck, and a little black cap, with a purple bow. She always looked ten or fifteen years older than her real age, and made no effort to seem younger—she always appeared thrifty and well-to-do, but a single glance assured one that she had reached her present estate through hard experiences. Seated in a straight-backed chair, Miss Chip took out her sewing. It was a dim, foggy afternoon, of course, and at half-past four we had the gas burning.

"I do love to sew," said Miss Chip. "I sew every chance I get. It seems more woman's work than most other work I do. I often think I was meant for a very domestic woman. Sometimes when I sit and sew, I have fancies. I fancy how it would have been if I had been brought up as some girls are, in a tidy home, and learned housework, and then a trade, and in due time had married an honest, sober man, who would have tried to build up a home with me—and somewheres in the country, or on the outskirts of London, we could have had a little home, and I might have had children of my own to love and do for, and train up to be good and happy. You'll think these are odd fancies for a hard-faced old maid, brought up rough-and-tumble, and whose only home that ever she has had, is this eating-house. But, I suppose, if I am hard-faced and hard-headed, I am also soft-hearted."

"You said you would tell me your history, Miss Chip."

"It's too long to tell in one story—and then, it is truly two histories: my history as girl and woman, and my business history. I think of them apart always. I don't mind telling you my business history to-day."

"I shall be glad to hear whatever you choose to tell me."

"Both my histories have the same preface—the same key. I was a drunkard's child. My father was a navvy, and one of the hardest drinking men in London. Boy and man he had been brought up to drink. He was a big, strong man. Early in his life, my mother says, he was liberal, and very good-natured when he was sober; at that date, too, he was sober the most of the time. Drinking grows on one, you know, and eats up what is good in

them, only I musn't go into that. From the first of my recollections we were terribly poor, and I was in mortal fear of my father. I was the youngest child. To begin my business history: I wasn't more than five or six when I was sent out to sell matches, or pencils, or flowers, when I could get any to sell. I didn't make very much, for I was too small and frightened to press my wares on people; and then my flowers, if left over one day, faded and were a loss.

"Another trouble was that if I sold out my stock, half the time my father took from me the whole returns, and so left me nothing to set up with again the next day. Or, sometimes, when I had only partly sold out, and had hidden my remaining matches or pencils in my ragged straw bed, I would feel myself jerked by my arm upon the bare floor while asleep, and my father would fumble for the hidden property, and carry it off to sell for gin. Many a time Whaling took my wretched earnings, or my last saleable articles for gin. Whaling then kept a little, low, corner shop in the Tower Hamlets. Once, I remember, a cold day, I held up my little wilted stock of flowers to a fur-dressed lady, who was about calling a cab. My pitiful voice attracted her notice. 'Penny apiece!' I shrieked. There were six of them. She thrust a shilling in my hand, crying, 'There, take that, and go home, you miserable little mite!' and seizing the flowers, flung them into the street as she got into the cab. I debated a minute, then picked up the flowers, went and washed them at the hydrant, and, sadly enough, sold them all in an hour! Then I had a shilling that my father could not guess about! I got my mother, brother, and sister, and we went and had a meal of pork-pies and coffee, at a street-stand,—our first good hot meal for weeks.

"I said, while I ate, that when I got big I meant to keep a street-stand. That ambition then woke up and took firm possession of me. I felt dubious whether I should have re-sold the flowers that were once sold, but my mother said it was quite right, if the lady had thrown them away. My mother was a good woman, taught us to be honest, and taught us to read; she did what she could to keep us decent, but she was feeble and worn out, often in hospitals, and when she worked, father took away nearly all her earnings. If she worked for clothes or bedding he sold that.

"My second business came when I was ten years old; some other time you may know the steps leading to it. I had been suddenly freed from the incubus of my drunken father; in fact, for the time, I was alone in the world; I was clean and strongly and warmly clad, and stood in a breakfast-room before a fat, sharp-eyed, white-haired, spectacled old gentleman, who viewed me over the top of his *Times*. I was lean, undersized, but suddenly hopeful.

"'Young woman,' said the old gentleman, 'can you tell me how to make one shilling two?'

"'By tradin',' I piped out.

"'In trade much depends on paying out and taking in the right money. How will you do that?'

"'By countin',' I responded clearly.

"'Can you read, young woman?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'How did you learn?'

"'Mother taught me off of newspapers and signs and 'vertisements on walls.'

"'Very admirable of your mother. You have, then, the alphabet. Have you also the Ten Commandments?'

"'What's them?' I asked; then with a little notion what he meant—'Is it them that tells us what we shall not do? Shall not swear, shall not lie, shall not steal? I've got 'em.'

"'You are then well furnished to make your way in the world. You need now an object and a capital. What is your object?'

"'What, sir?'

"'What do you want to do for yourself?'

"'Keep a eatin'-stand, sir.'

"The gentleman and three young ladies, who were intently listening, shouted with laughter at this.

"'But can you cook? Are you able to defend your stand? Are you even tall enough to serve it, or old enough to get a license?'

"At this I hung my head, but I felt better in a minute. 'I'll have the eating-stand by-and-bye, sir; I can begin, please, by a basket—a basket of eating things, only I haven't any basket, or things to put in it.'

"The young ladies laughed again, but the old gentleman said, 'Young woman, a basket is a very modest ambition; you shall have a basket.' He called a servant, who brought me a nice, large willow basket. He then told the young ladies that his mind had been made known to them, that they should learn to cook. They were now to take turns, day about, filling my basket with pies, cookies, biscuits, sandwiches, whatever I could sell. The cook was to provide material and show them how, and each morning I was to have the basket replenished. They could begin by filling it from the present larder, and next morning the eldest young lady was to fill it again with the work of her hands. With great glee the young ladies put in cheese, bread and butter, cold sliced meat, apples, and some bon-bons of their own, and I went out to make my way in the world. The two clean towels in my clean basket, my own clean person, the good and tastily arranged food, made a way for me. The old gentleman had indicated my prices—quite reasonable ones—and my basket-selling went off grandly. Every morning one of those young ladies filled my basket. They made excellent food to put in the basket, and sometimes even made candy for it. It is true that after the first fun wore off, when I and my sales were an old story to them, they sometimes said they wished they were done with it; but once I heard one say, with a laugh, to the other: 'We *might* as well stick to it. Uncle has laid down the law: no husbands and no dowry until we can cook; and as he does not want to be

poisoned with our practice, we must poison the public through little Chip.' But there—the young ladies were born cooks, and the public was never poisoned by my basket," said Miss Chip.

"And how long was this singular charity maintained?"

"For a year, and by that time I had found regular customers; my basket was popular for the neatness and goodness of the food. Certain clerks, policemen, and cabmen depended on me for a lunch or a breakfast; by the end of the year, also, I had money laid up in the old gentleman's keeping He was the owner of a number of houses, and he gave us a room, rent free, for a year. After the year, when the young ladies served their apprenticeship as cooks while supplying my basket, my mother cooked for me. I carried my wares about for two years. For the next three years I had a regular place near my best customers, and sat there with two or three hampers. I also left the baskets with my mother while I went to cooking-school. My next move in business was to buy out an eating-stall near the Strand. I enlarged it and kept it up ten years. After that I hired a little house on Bird-Cage Walk, and there I kept a Temperance Chop House for six years. Four years ago I took the Dragon House and turned it into 'The Dragon and the Tea-Kettle,' This is my business history. I prove what a little well-directed charity will do for one. Those good friends set me in the way of helping myself and others."

"And what has become of them all?"

"The old gentlemen died full of years and honour; he left me that furniture that is in my bedroom. The young ladies, his nieces, all married. One is dead, one is the wife of a judge in Australia, and one the wife of a major in the army in India. I took into business the intense hatred of drink, born of an intense suffering from drink. I had also the sympathies of one who has suffered greatly. From first to last, I think I have rescued many from the curse of strong drink and that is a comfort to me, although I have seen those dearest to me fall victims. While I have saved strangers, those of my own family and of my love I could not save. But that belongs to my other history, and I do not want to tell that on my birthday. It is not often I get a treat like this, and I must thank God and enjoy it."

OUR EASTER FLOWER.

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

It was the blessed Easter-tide,
When flowers to heaven look,
Pale violets in the pasture wide,
Arbutus on the warm hill-side,
And cowslips by the brook.

We laid her there in blossoms sweet,
With rosebuds on her breast;
In lilies couched from head to feet,
White slept our lovely Marguerite,
With smiling lips, at rest.

How like an Easter flower she lay,
With snowy-lidded eyes—
The flower the white Christ bore away
Upon His resurrection day
To gardens in the skies!

—*Christian Advocate.*

LORD AND LADY ABERDEEN.

BY W. T. STEAD.

LORD ABERDEEN.

THE name of the present Governor-General of Canada is one of the keys which unloose to us the chords of the fairy music of old romance. To-day there lives in the Government House at Ottawa the direct lineal descendant of the warrior whose arrow slew King Richard the Lion Hearted, before the castle of Chaluz in Perigord. A chasm of seven centuries yawns between the fatal shot of Bertrand de Gourdon and our own day, but it is bridged by the history of a single family; and the soughing of the Canadian wind amid the pines seems to bring with it far-away echoes of Blondel's song and the fierce clash of Christian sword on Moslem helm in the Crusaders' war.

If the family history of Lord Aberdeen recalls the ancient glories of the Plantagenets, that of Lady Aberdeen revives memories not less glorious, in the opinion at least of one great branch of the English-speaking world. The Governor-General is a Gordon of Scotland, but his wife claims descent, not only from the ancient kings of Scotland but also from those of Ireland through the O'Neills of Tyrone. In these later days, however, the cause of Irish liberty and Irish nationality has found a representative in Lady Aberdeen, who from her position in the inner arcanum of British rule may be able to do more for her country in the council chamber than any of her stalwart ancestors were able to achieve for Erin in the tented field.

It is interesting to note that the associations between the Gordons and the American continent date back for two centuries, to a period antecedent to the great schism by which George III. rent the English-speaking world in twain. John Gordon, of Haddo, was created a baronet of Nova Scotia by Charles Stuart, King of England, and the baronetcy is one among the many titles borne by the Earl of Aberdeen.

Five years after the first Nova Scotian baronet went to the headsman's block the axe of the executioner was employed on the neck of Charles Stuart, but after a time the whirligig of time brought about its revenge, and the son of the beheaded king, having come to the throne, made the son of the beheaded baronet first Earl of Aberdeen and Lord High Chancellor of Scotland.

Lord Aberdeen also boasts a Grisell among his ancestors, who, by the way, makes him a direct descendant

* The January number of *The Review of Reviews*, American edition, contains a brilliant character-sketch, which would occupy about fifty pages of this magazine, with numerous illustrations, of the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, by Mr. W. T. Stead. That article will repay careful reading. For the sake of many of our readers who may not be able to see it we take the following extracts from it.—ED.

of John Knox. The most notable name among all the ancestors of the Governor-General is that of his grandfather, Earl of Aberdeen, Prime Minister of the Queen in the middle of the present century. How great and good, how ideally perfect a character he was has but recently been revealed to the world.

On the fall of Lord Derby's Government Lord Aberdeen became Prime Minister of the Queen, a post which he afterwards resigned under circumstances as honourable to him as it was discreditable to some of his colleagues. Her Majesty accepted his resignation with unfeigned regret.

The fifth Earl of Aberdeen, the son of the Prime Minister, better known as Lord Haddo, was an invalid, whose last years were spent in the constant presence of death. He took but slight interest in politics, although he was a member of the House of Commons. He threw his whole soul into the work of evangelization. He preached, he taught, he distributed tracts and bibles, built churches, and generally laid himself out to promote as much as in him lay the coming of the Kingdom. He was singularly free from the besetting sin which characterizes most persons of a pronounced evangelical piety. He was not intolerant, and his influence was ever exerted to break down the barriers of sect and the differences which separated good men.

A ROMANTIC CAREER.

On his death, at the early age of 47, he was succeeded by the sixth Earl of Aberdeen, the elder brother of the present Governor-General. Two years after he had succeeded to the earldom, thinking that the resources of the family had been somewhat drained by the generosity of his father and by the necessity of providing allowances to its younger members, he suddenly arrived at a strange decision, to which he was, doubtless, also prompted by an innate love of adventure and passion for a seafaring life. Abandoning his princely domain at Haddo, he crossed the Atlantic, and after a short tour in the United States, abandoned his name and rank at Boston and shipped himself as a sailor on board a merchant ship which was bound for the Canary Islands. No one on board knew him as an earl; they only knew him as George H. Osborn. He was over six feet high, handsome, full of the natural courtesy of a great nobleman, but he served in the forecastle as if he had been an ordinary seaman. He was enthusiastic about navigation, and passed in the Nautical College at Boston as first-class navigator and second-class for seamanship. He had not been long enough at sea to secure a captain's certificate until the next year. He sailed as mate in an American coasting vessel, but shortly afterwards we find him again as an ordinary seaman making a voyage to Mexico. For the next three or four years he continued to earn his living before the mast. Between his voyages he lived for the most part in Maine. He seems to have been very happy. He was a rigid teetotaler, and took an active part in religious exercises, both on ship and at home. During the whole of his sojourn in America the fifth Earl only drew £200 from the revenues of his estates, nor did his mode of living differ from that of an ordinary sea-going man.

In 1870 he started to make a voyage to Australia, hoping from there to complete the circle round the globe. Six days, however, after he left Boston he was caught by the bight of the down-haul as he and his companion were lowering the main sail. Lord Aberdeen was caught by the rope and thrown into the sea. His companion heard his cry for help as he dropped into the water, but he was never seen or heard of since. His death when serving as first mate on board that American ship brought about the accession of the present earl.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

John Campbell Gordon, sixth Earl of Aberdeen, was born in 1847, just before the great revolutionary outburst which shook the thrones of Europe. He is, therefore, forty-six years of age, but does not look more than thirty-six. Lord Aberdeen was only a younger son till 1870, when

the death of his brother George gave him a seat in the House of Lords and brought him in sight of the career which up to the present moment has been one long progress of increasing service to the State. Like most men of his family, he is extremely fond of sport—physical exercise. Both of his brothers were splendid shots with the rifle, having carried all before them at Wimbledon on more than one occasion. It was this extreme devotion to the rifle which led to the sad accident which caused the death of his second brother.

Lord Aberdeen, however, unites with the love of sport, which is common to most landed aristocracy, a passion which among peers is almost unique—from boyhood he has had a delight in locomotive engines; he is probably the only peer who could drive an engine from London to Edinburgh. Through the indulgence of a relative, when he was still a schoolboy he had permission to ride on the engine of a local railway and he never, if he could help it, rode anywhere else. He had no greater delight than to stand in front of the fire-box acting as fireman or starter and occasionally being permitted to drive the engine. He still remembers as one of the proudest days of his life how, when he had finished oiling the engine when at full speed, the old engine-driver said to him: "John, I think I must apply for a day's holiday and let you take charge." He is certainly the first Governor-General who was also an engine-driver. It was this boyish passion which first introduced him to public life. Lord De la Warr had moved for a select committee into railway accidents, and in support of his motion Lord Aberdeen, then a very young man, made his maiden speech in the House of Lords; and when at a later period a Royal Commission was constituted in order to inquire into railway accidents he was immediately nominated as a commissioner.

The only appointment which he received from the Government of that day was the chairmanship of the Commission on Shipping, called for by Mr. Plimsoll's agitation. Lord Aberdeen was entrusted with the duty of acting as Lord High Commissioner to the Church of Scotland. In this capacity Lord and Lady Aberdeen held almost royal court at Holyrood Palace. This was a kind of preliminary apprenticeship qualifying them for their subsequent viceroyalty in Dublin and their Governor-Generalship in Canada. Lord Aberdeen, in this and other positions which he filled in the cause of philanthropy and religion, had proved that he not only possessed capacity, but also that his capacity was recognized and appreciated in the most influential quarters. Hence no one was astonished, unless it was the Earl himself, when in 1886 he was offered the Viceroyship of Ireland. Lady Aberdeen was at Mentmore with Lady Rosebery at the time, when she received a telegram from her husband saying he wished to see her at the railway station that night on her return. To her immense astonishment she learned that her husband was going to Dublin Castle. At that time nothing in the world was further from Lord Aberdeen's mind. He was a Scotchman who had never paid any particular attention to Irish affairs. The position of Viceroy was one of the most important in the whole administration. Lord Aberdeen hesitated to accept so responsible a position without time for consideration. He found himself suddenly Lord of Dublin Castle.

IN IRELAND.

The situation in Dublin when Lord and Lady Aberdeen began their viceroyalty was one of unexampled difficulty. There was in that year a great distress in the west of Ireland, and the Castle had, of course, official intimation of the sufferings of the poorer cottagers on the Atlantic coast. The news had gone abroad that the Castle was going to visit the Mansion House, and an immense crowd was gathered in the neighbourhood to see the vice-regal carriages. It was a critical moment when the carriage drove up in front of the door of the Lord Mayor's official residence, and the Viceroy and his wife, in their capacity of citizens, descended to attend a meeting sum-

moned to consider the distress in the west of Ireland. It seemed to those who were present as if the crowd quivered and hesitated, not knowing whether to hiss or to cheer, when suddenly one of the bhoys gave rein to the exuberance of his enthusiasm and broke out into a hearty cheer. Another second and all suspense was at an end. Amid a roar of cheers, the like of which had never been heard behind a Viceroy in recent years, Lord Aberdeen made his way into the meeting hall.

Dublin Castle, so long the symbol of an alien dominion, became the headquarters of the Nationalist movement. Lady Aberdeen, remembering her Irish descent from the O'Neills, threw herself heart and soul into developing the industries of Ireland. The six months which they passed in Ireland were among the best in Irish history. It was not until that day of leave-taking that the Aberdeens themselves, or the public, had any adequate conception of the degree of passionate personal enthusiasm and devoted loyalty which they had succeeded in six short months in creating in the capital of Ireland. The whole of Dublin city turned out to give the Viceroy and his wife a national Irish farewell. As they drove from the Castle down to the station, through streets filled with cheering and weeping crowds, it was evident, even to the most cynical observer, that the popular heart had been touched to its depths. Everywhere in the streets, banners were waving and flags flying, and strangest of all, for the first time in recent years, the Irish National Band played "God Save the Queen." It was a great moment, and one which made the heart swell high with pride and gratitude, that such an outburst of popular sympathy had been brought about by the simple talisman of helpful sympathy and profound respect. For the Aberdeens had learned to love the Irish people with a whole-hearted devotion, which touched that emotional and appreciative people to the quick. They saw in Lady Aberdeen, especially, one who was more Irish than the Irish themselves, and the enthusiasm and loyalty which her presence elicited did more to reveal possibilities for the pacification of Ireland than all the administrations of all the politicians.

THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN.

Lady Aberdeen is the daughter of Sir Dudley Coutts Marjoribanks, since created Lord Tweedmouth. The family seat is in Berwickshire, but little Ishbel's home was in Guisachan in Invernesshire. It was a wild and romantic spot. The country seat nestled at the head of a lovely mountain strath, twenty-three miles from the nearest railroad station or telegraph office. In this mountain solitude the young girl grew up a strong and sturdy Scotch lassie, passionately fond of reading and of the vigorous outdoor life of the mountain child.

God fanned her with his ripening looks,
And heaven's rich instincts in her grew
As effortless as woodland nooks
Send violets up and paint them blue.

The Scottish girl, with her Gaelic name, nursed on tradition, on romance, and surrounded from infancy with the sound of the stirring melodies of her native hills, was only eleven when she first saw her present husband. It chanced upon a day that a young man of twenty-one, who had been riding across the country, lost his way, and came over the hills with a footsore pony to the entrance bridge of Guisachan. He

was little more than a boy. Slight of frame, although of ordinary stature, with a frank, fearless look in his eye, as he, after many apologies for trespassing, craved permission to put his pony up for the night at the lodge, so that he might the next day continue his journey. Sir Dudley Marjoribanks, on inquiring for the identity of the strange wayfarer, found that he was named John Campbell Gordon, the son of an old Parliamentary friend, the Earl of Aberdeen. He at once gave a highland welcome to the belated traveller. Ishbel, then a girl of eleven, saw the visitor, and soon after she fell in love with him, nor has she from that day to this ever wavered in the whole-hearted devotion which exists between her and the man who afterwards became her husband.

They passed their honeymoon in Egypt, where his father, Lord Haddo, had spent many happy months in the vain pursuit of health. It was while they were going up the Nile in their dahabeah that they had the good fortune to meet Gen. Gordon, then Governor-General of the Soudan. Hearing that boys were bought and sold as merchandise, they sent their man ashore at one of the villages, stating that if they had any boys for sale they would be glad to see them. Without any delay a slave merchant brought four boys on board the ship, and set forth with much detail their various advantages, and discoursed upon the benefits which would accrue to the purchaser who obtained a desirable human article. The merchant then stated the price at which he was willing to part with them. Lord Aberdeen pointed to the British flag which was flying at the masthead and told the slave dealer that the four boys were slaves no longer, as wherever the British flag flew slavery ceased to exist. But in order not to create a hubbub, he stated that he was willing to take charge of the boys and give the slave dealer a present almost equivalent to the price which he had asked. They took the children up to Assiout and handed them over to a mission to be baptized and brought up. Then a difficulty arose. The missionaries refused to baptize them unless their parents or adopted parents would take the responsibility of presenting them for baptism. Lord and Lady Aberdeen at once adopted the four boys as their own children, and they were all baptized and placed in good keeping. Three of them afterwards died of consumption. The remaining one grew up and became an earnest Christian, and is at the present moment a missionary in the Soudan. They put another Egyptian lad to college at Edinburgh, and he is now a missionary in China.

In addition to their adopted children they have had five children, four of whom are living. The second daughter died in infancy. Lord Haddo, the Hon. Dudley and Hon. Archie are the boys, while Lady Marjorie, who is only thirteen years old, is the only surviving daughter. Lady Marjorie has the distinction of being the youngest editor in the world, and her little monthly, *Wee Willie Winkie*, is an almost ideal specimen of what a child's paper should be.

PHILANTHROPIC WORK.

Lady Aberdeen possesses immense energy, together with a capacity to do things and get them done. Her first training in the way of organization was the establishment of the Onward and Upward Society, an association which began on a small scale among the domestics and poor people on their estate in Aberdeenshire, and which has spread until they have about 9,000 members throughout the world. In connection with this, Lady Aberdeen edits a monthly review under the title of *Onward and Upward*.

Another work with which her name is even more prominently associated, is the Irish Industries Association, which was brought more conspicuously before the American public by Lady Aberdeen's Irish Village, with its reproduction of Blarney Castle. It is difficult to estimate the stimulating influence of this association in promoting the development of the domestic industries of Ireland, and in calling attention to and advertising the existence

of Irish manufactures, which are quite worthy to take equal rank with those of any other nation in the world.

Perhaps the most important work on a wide scale with which Lady Aberdeen has been connected, was that which she undertook in the Woman's Liberal Federation, a body of 80,000 women, of which she is at this moment president, although she will retire at the next general meeting. The association has had a great and beneficial effect in stimulating women to take an intelligent interest in politics, and to make their influence felt in all that relates to the moral and social improvement of society. Lady Aberdeen has not been long in the Dominion of Canada, but she has already helped to organize a National Council of Women, the object being to form a body of women representing all phases of women's work in every centre of population in the whole Dominion. It is hoped that such a body will promote unity and charity, both among religious, philanthropic and secular associations, giving all a chance of knowing of what is being done for the good of the world outside their own immediate sphere. Of course, like others who have taken any interest in the amelioration of the condition of life, Lady Aberdeen believes firmly in woman's suffrage. It ought not to be a question of party politics to affirm that a woman is a human being, nor should a Governor-General's wife be debarred from insisting upon the natural corollary of that fundamental truism.

IN CANADA.

At first there seemed some doubt as to whether Lord Aberdeen would have gone to India or would accept the Governor-Generalship of Canada. He had travelled, together with Lady Aberdeen, over the whole of the British Empire, including India. But apart from Ireland, there was no post in the Empire more congenial to Lord and Lady Aberdeen than the Governor-Generalship of the Dominion of Canada. A few years ago they had established a kind of country seat for themselves in the ranching lands of British Columbia. They had repeatedly visited the country, and, as an eminent official said to me, they brought to the Governor-Generalship more personal knowledge of Canada than most Governor-Generals are able to acquire in the course of their office.

Nothing could have been more auspicious than the welcome with which he was received in the Dominion. The post is one of considerable difficulty in difficult times. But when everything goes smoothly the only difficulty is to reconcile the existence of an establishment so regal in a democracy so simple as that of Canada. Lord Aberdeen, however, had hardly landed upon Canadian shores before it became evident that he was much more than a mere Governor-General. He was a living man with wide and catholic sympathies, who recognized that while it was necessary to abide strictly within the constitutional limits in all political questions, in non-political questions, which after all occupy three-fourths of human interest, he was in a position which placed upon him and his family the obligation of exercising all the influence which any highly placed and cultured citizen is bound to exercise. On his landing, in reply to an address of welcome, he sounded the keynote:

"It is indeed an office of high honours, as well as of grave and serious responsibility. But, gentlemen, does the honour and dignity of it exclude the holder from the common lot, the common heritage of service? Nay, it implies, it includes, it conveys this privilege, this grand principle and purpose of life. If and because your Governor-General is in the service of the Crown, he is, therefore, in a literal and absolute sense, in the service of Canada. In other words, aloof though he be from actual executive responsibility, his attitude must be that of ceaseless and watchful readiness to take part, by whatever opportunity may be afforded to him, in the fostering of every influence that will sweeten and elevate public life; to observe, study and join in making known the resources and development of the country; to vindicate, if required, the rights of the people and

the ordinances of the constitution, and, lastly, to promote by all means in his power, without reference to class or creed, every movement and every institution calculated to forward the social, moral and religious welfare of all the inhabitants of the Dominion. Such, gentlemen, I venture to assure you, is the aim and purpose which, in dependence on the one ever effectual source of help and strength, we desire to pursue."

There is no doubt but that Lord Aberdeen will find ample opportunity of proving himself a servant in deed as well as in name. There is plenty to be done in Canada, and few men are so capable of doing it as is Lord Aberdeen.

The visitors' book at Haddo bears many names, from that of Her Majesty the Queen down to some of the poorest of her subjects. Nor have any rested within its walls without experiencing the charm which comes from perfect culture combined with high religious purpose, which is felt all the more because it is never aggressively asserted. Among the later guests who assembled at Haddo House immediately before the departure of the Aberdeens for Canada was Col. John Hay, who left as his autograph in the visitors' book a couple of verses which may be appropriately quoted here:

"Ask me not here, amid these storied halls,
Vowed to traditions of high strenuous duty,
Where faces of dead statesmen deck the walls
With righteous glory's over living beauty—

Ask me not here to turn a careless rhyme,
It ill would suit the solemn place and hour
When Haddo's Lord bears to a distant clime
The Gordon conscience backed by Britain's power."

Lady Aberdeen is an enthusiastic photographer, and her book, "Through Canada with a Kodak," bears abundant testimony to the fact that she has the eye of an artist as well as the pen of a quick and observant writer. As a speaker she is very effective, her voice is full of music and singularly free from the shrillness which sometimes mars the oratory of women. Every morning at Rideau Hall the household assembles for morning prayers, which are conducted by Lord Aberdeen, or in his absence by his wife. They are very simple. A hymn is sung, a chapter in the Bible is read, and then Lord Aberdeen reads prayers, and the household then join in the Lord's prayer.

THE EASTER VOICE.

THE Grave was voiceless once!
Strong men stood helpless, saw their loved ones go,
And rent the air with wild and fruitless cries—
Only the echoes answered to their woe.
Iron seemed the earth, and brass the shining skies,
Deaf to their struggles and their agonies.

The Grave was voiceless once!
But since the Lord arose from deathly strife,
And conquered Death, it speaks and sweetly sings.
"I am the Resurrection and the Life;
Dust unto dust, but dust with hope is rife,
There is a second birth for buried things."

The Grave was voiceless once!
But, listening now where frenzied hearts of yore
Listened, we catch from the dark depth beneath,
Sweeter than voice of larks which sing and soar,
"Weep not, beloved, I have vanquished Death,
And those who live in me shall die no more."—*Susan Coolidge.*

DEATH OF DR. DOUGLAS.

THE death of the Rev. Dr. Douglas came home to the hearts of many thousands throughout this land with a sense of personal bereavement. He was a man greatly beloved and honoured and revered by all who knew him. The very physical disabilities and infirmities from which he suffered, appealed strongly to everyone's sympathies. The Greeks believed that whom the lightnings of heaven scathed they also made sacred. So the pain-worn visage, the sightless eyes, the shattered frame of this son of thunder—who was also a son of tenderest consolation—seemed to clothe him with a dignity and authority akin to that of one of the old Hebrew prophets. His imperial imagination, his deep-toned voice—now rolling in thunder tones—now whispering like a zephyr—his rapt fervour of expression—all conspired to give his sermons and addresses a marvellous power and spiritual influence. Yet no man was less self-conscious than Dr. Douglas. A man more simple in greatness we never knew. Few men learned to grow old so gracefully. Though so compassed about with infirmity, he maintained to the last a sunny cheerfulness. He felt an eager interest in the great movements of the times, and by reading, through the eyes of loving daughters, and converse with many friends he kept in touch with the questions of the day. He not merely looked from loop-holes of retreat at the busy world. He took an active part in the discussions of public issues. Without fear or favour he expressed his honest convictions, trumpet-tongued on the platform or hundred-tongued through the press.

In this brief notice a tribute must not be withheld from the gentle lady, who, like an angel of mercy, ministered to the necessities of her beloved husband in his abundant labours and extensive journeyings. To her love and tender care he owed more than the world will ever know.

The highest claim of our departed friend upon our love and reverence was his sincere and humble piety. His was a close and constant walk with God. His gifts of learning, of broad and liberal culture, of depth and strength of thought, of moving eloquence—all these were laid as loyal offerings at the Saviour's feet.

His spirituality deepened to the last. Brought by his frequent illness to the verge of the other world, he dwelt in the land Beulah, where airs from heaven breathed. He was ready for his departure, and waiting only the severance of the slender tie that tethered him to earth. The eyes, filmed to the sights of earth, seemed, purged with spiritual euphrasy, already to see the King in his beauty and the land that is afar off.

Yet his very blindness had its compensations. Shut in from many of the distractions of the world without, he could hold high commune with the mighty dead, with whose thoughts he had stored his mind, and like the sightless bard who wrote of Paradise Lost and Regained, he could ponder the great themes of life and death and immortality. And best of all, the inner eye was open to the light of the Eternal Spirit, what was dark to illumine, and to enable him to bring out of his treasury things new and old to instruct, inspire, and bless mankind. At the last, surrounded by "love, obedience, troops of friends," he lingered awhile on the shores of time, then passed from the shadows of earth to the fadeless glories of heaven.

Visiting, as he did for many years, nearly all the conferences, Dr. Douglas was better known to even the younger ministers than any other man, except Dr. Carman. These assemblies can never be again, in one respect, what they were. No more shall we look on the stalwart form, "the good gray head that all men knew," nor hear again the

soul-stirring utterances of his deep-toned voice. But their inspiration abides with us still.

> The memory of the just
> Smells sweet and blossoms in the dust.

The following is a brief outline of the life and labours of this valiant soldier of God:

In the beautiful village of Ashkirk, near the romantic Tweedside, and seven miles from Abbotsford, in Roxburghshire, Scotland, was born on October 14th, 1825, George Douglas. He came of sturdy Presbyterian stock, and his youth was nourished on the lofty teachings of the Word of God, the Shorter Catechism, and the Westminster Confession; and doubtless his young soul was often stirred by the heroic traditions of Flodden Field and of Dunbar, which were both near by, and by the ballads of Chevy Chase and of the border wars.

In 1832 the Douglas family came to the city of Montreal, and in an excellent school kept by the Rev. Mr. Black, Presbyterian minister in Laprairie, young George continued his education. In course of time he became a clerk in a book-store, and probably hence derived that love of literature which has been a characteristic of his life. He was in time promoted to the dignity of bookkeeper. But a thirst for knowledge possessed his soul, and he matriculated in the School of Medicine of his adopted city, and pursued part of the prescribed curriculum.

In the year 1843 the great crisis of his life-history took place. Being then a young man, in the eighteenth year of his age, he was led by the providence of God to attend the ministry of the Rev. William Squire, in the old Methodist church on the corner of St. James and St. Francois Xavier Streets. Under the faithful preaching of that man of God, whose memory is even yet fragrant in the hearts of many, he became convinced of sin, and was enabled to exercise that faith which saveth the soul, and feel that love which casteth out all fear. He forthwith identified himself with the Church in which he had been brought to God, and joined a class led by John Mattheson, of which he himself afterwards became leader.

The talents and consecrated zeal of the young convert were such that soon the voice of the Church summoned him to public service for the Master. Overcoming his natural diffidence, he was induced to perform the duty of a local preacher. This he did with such success as to be highly acceptable to the Wesleyan congregations of Montreal, accustomed as they were to the preaching of such men as William Squire, Matthew Richey, William Harvard, John Jenkins, and other men of distinguished abilities. It was evident that God had called this young man to the office of the Christian ministry as his life-work, and he was not disobedient to the Divine call. In 1848, being then in his twenty-third year, he was received as a probationer for the ministry. The following year he was recommended by the Lower Canada District to attend the Wesleyan Theological Institute at Richmond, England. But scarcely had he reached that famous school of the prophets than he was designated to missionary work in the Bahamas District of the West India Mission. He was "specially ordained" at St. John's Square, London, in the spring of 1850, by the venerable Thomas Jackson, Dr. Alder, and others, and sent to the Bermuda Islands. After a year and a half's residence in that semi-tropical climate his health failed, and the germs of his subsequent life-long affliction were planted. He returned, therefore, to Montreal the following year. Of his ministerial life of forty-three years, thirty-four years have been spent in that city—eleven of them in pastoral work, twenty-one as head of the Theological College, and two without a charge, on account of ill-health. His other fields of toil have been Kingston, Toronto and Hamilton, in each of which places he laboured for three years, witnessing many seals to his ministry in the prosperity of the work of God under his charge.

Dr. Douglas is a man whom his brethren in the ministry, and his fellow-labourers in the vineyard wherever he has lived, have ever delighted to honour. He has often been the conscript on whom has fallen the lot to represent his Church in the great ecclesiastical gatherings of Christendom. And right royally has he performed that task, maintaining the honour of his Church and country in the presence of the foremost orators of the day. His manly presence, his deep-toned voice, his broad sweep of thought and majestic flights of eloquence, have stirred the hearts of listening thousands, and done brave battle for the cause of God. Among the great interests which he has thus represented are the Young Men's Christian Association, at the International Conventions at Washington, Philadelphia, Albany, Indianapolis, and Chicago; the Evangelical Alliance in New York; and the General Conference of the M. E. Church, South. He has also filled with eminent ability the offices of Co-Delegate of the old Canada Conference, President of the Montreal Conference, and Vice-President and President of the General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada.

Not the least of the important labours of the Rev. Dr. Douglas is his fostering care and wise presidency of the Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal. To this he has given the energies of his ripest years. The arduous duties of the principal's chair he has discharged with heroic fortitude, even while enduring a martyrdom of physical suffering.

We hope to present a more adequate tribute to his memory, from the pen of some of those who knew him longest and best.

THE FIRST EASTER DAWN.

BY WILLIAM WHITE.

ERSTWHILE He lay in state,
In care of seraphim—
For angels constant wait,
In ministries on Him.

Thus soon! Immortal love
Anticipates the day;
While night is yet above
The stone is rolled away.

Yes, ere the day-dawn shows,
Or human love draws near,
He wakes from death's repose:
The Easter-dawn is here!

The Easter-day has birth!
Was ever day so bright
As this, which breaks on earth
To bless each heart contrite?

With angel hosts attent,
Heaven's glory waits on him,
Nor can Death's power prevent,
Nor hell his honour dim.

Before the lilies ope,
Just as the dawn appears,
He comes! He brings us hope,
He wipes away our tears.

He needeth not love's gifts
Of spices rare and sweet;
Death's robes the angel lifts,
His triumph is complete.

Bright Easter lilies bring,
And deck the holy font
With all the flowers of spring,
And sweetest carols chant.

Sing praise to Him who lives.
Who brought salvation nigh,
Who to us heaven gives,
His praise we magnify.

Dawns the Eternal day!
Our faith looks toward the East,
The sunrise tints the gray,
We hail the Easter feast.

THE ONTARIO REFORMATORY FOR BOYS.*

BY THE REV. S. CARD,

Protestant Chaplain.

INSTITUTIONS, as well as individuals, should have credit for all that they are fairly entitled to. The article in the January number of the METHODIST MAGAZINE, on "The Prison System of Ontario," does the Reformatory for Boys at Penetanguishene injustice. That any injustice was intended we do not for a moment believe, and we, therefore, the more cheerfully undertake the necessary corrections. It is in the interest of Reformatory boys, of the institution, of the Government that controls it, of the country, and of the management, that an accurate statement of the points wherein the article was in error be made. To these points the writer intends to confine himself.

The article states that "the building used as a Reformatory for Boys at Penetanguishene is an old barracks, built about the beginning of the century, but unused for many years." The old barracks was consumed by fire over thirty years ago. The Reformatory was started in the old barracks, when reformatory methods were but little understood; but its work is now carried on in buildings comparatively new, constructed at great cost, and on the most improved plans for reformatory work. The main buildings, which are constructed of stone, are two and three stories high above the basement, are splendidly lighted, heated and ventilated, and they have a frontage of over three hundred feet. Besides these, there are the play-room, the carpenter's shop, the tailor's shop, and the shoemaker's shop, each building being two stories *high*; and *there are some smaller* buildings besides of one story. To the eye of the visitor they present an imposing appearance, and are suggestive of thorough work.

We cordially invite the writer of the article in the METHODIST MAGAZINE to visit the Reformatory for Boys. We can confidently promise him an agreeable surprise.

We have the Dormitory System here. There are two large dormitories, each of two stories, and capable *together of accommodating three* hundred boys. The boys are made very comfortable in their spring beds, with clean bedding, in rooms well aired, heated and lighted. Four guards and a night superintendent, shod with noiseless slippers, walk the well-lighted dormitories all night long, and it is quite impossible for anything bad to be done by the boys where the surveillance is so perfect. Two chaplains, a Protestant and a Catholic, each an ordained clergyman, conduct prayers with the boys every night and morning in their respective chapels, besides conducting services on the Sabbath. The chaplains also teach the boys catechism, have personal conversations, and access to them at all times, and endeavour constantly to promote their moral and religious interests. The Cottage System may be superior to

* We have pleasure in printing the accompanying rejoinder to an article published in the January number of this magazine. That article was written by a gentleman deeply interested in Prison Reform. It was a review of the entire Prison system of Ontario, making sundry suggestions for change and improvement in several of its institutions. It was based largely upon the evidence taken by the Prison Reform Commissioners in 1890. We are glad to learn of the improved manner in which the Reformatory for Boys is conducted. We know that Chaplain Card, an honoured minister of the Methodist Church, has the moral and religious interests of the boys deeply at heart (as have, no doubt, the other officers of the institution), and that he has been highly successful in promoting their spiritual and temporal welfare.—ED.

this, but we confess our inability to see wherein that superiority consists.

To give the reader a reasonably full and accurate idea of the Reformatory and its work, and that in few words, it may be stated that there stands above all, the Superintendent, Mr. Thos. McCrosson, a man of long experience in reformatory management, of unusual sagacity, of admirable tact in the handling of men as well as boys, an expert in penology, and combining in his make-up great kindness with decided firmness. The Deputy Superintendent, Mr. R. H. Steadman, is eminently qualified for his position. He is full of energy, always alert, a thorough disciplinarian, abundant in resources, and with long experience in criminal institutions. Then there are the surgeon, the bursar, the steward, the baker, the laundryman, the visitors' guide, the engineer, the shoemaker, the carpenter, the tailor, the farm-instructor, the manager of the barns and stock, the gardener and horticulturist and the night superintendent and the day and night guards; lastly —but second only in importance to the chaplains—the religious instructors —are the school-teachers, two Protestant, and one Catholic, each giving eight hours a day to teaching, so that each boy may receive a fair education. Nearly all of these officers have their complement of boys under their instruction, and constitute the working force of the Institution. There are two working squads for general purposes not included in the above list. Of these several departments we cannot now speak particularly.

The statement that "no trace is kept of discharged boys," and that "nothing is done to give them a helping hand on leaving," are incorrect. Whatever method was pursued with discharged boys years ago, when the Prison Commission held its investigations, we can speak positively of the present methods and of the work done during the three years that the writer has occupied the position of a chaplain of the institution.

The records of the Reformatory will show where every discharged boy went, and the chief officers endeavour to keep track of them, and they know how nine out of ten of them are getting on. This is by no means an easy work. The Boys' Reformatory is a Provincial institution. Its inmates come from every section of the country—from Cornwall and Pembroke in the east, to Sault Ste. Marie and Windsor in the west. It is not as easy to trace them after their departure, as it is to trace boys from the Industrial School at Mimico, who come chiefly from the city of Toronto. Still we succeed in doing so, probably as well as any penal or reformatory institution in the Province.

There are no methods of a legislative character, covering this department of work, as the Superintendent stated before the Prison Commission, so we have to adopt methods of our own. There is great need, in all our penal and reformatory institutions, of larger and more generous provision for discharged criminals. What is done by Prisoners' Aid Associations, by generous individuals, by the Salvation Army, and in other ways, justifies the adoption of larger measures in aiding such persons to regain their lost manhood. A shelter, provided and maintained by the Government, and not offered as a matter of charity, where such persons would be kindly received and cared for until they could get employment, would, in many cases, be the means beyond question of preventing their return to a criminal life.

Boys who leave the Reformatory have a helping hand given them, and the chief officers do all they can for them. Twenty homes were provided for homeless boys, during the last twelve months. It must be borne in mind that most of the boys sent to the Reformatory, have homes, although many of them are not what they should be. When the hour for a boy's discharge from the institution arrives, it is perfectly natural that he should be anxious to return to his home. We have no authority to retain him, or to send him to a home that we might select.

Occasionally, with the boy's concurrence, we send him where we think he will be better cared for than at his own home, and where he will be surrounded with wholesome moral and religious influences. We send each boy away with a new suit of clothes, and with a little money in his pocket, over and above the expense of his journey; and we impress upon each one the absolute necessity of getting to work at something right away. Where it is at all possible we assist him to get employment. The superintendent and chaplains, for whom the boys have great respect, and for whom they often manifest sincere affection, have the last words with the departing boy. They give him their parting advice, and dismiss him with their blessing. These last kind words are often wonderfully helpful to the discharged boy. Not a boy has left the Institution, to my knowledge, in three years, without having a helping hand given him. It would be much easier, however, helping discharged boys, were the Reformatory located at the front, near centres of population and industry. With few exceptions, we are separated so far from those whom we try to interest in behalf of boys about to be discharged, that it makes the matter of aiding them a work of considerable difficulty. Nevertheless each boy's case is canvassed, his prospects and necessities looked into. And all is done for him on leaving that we think he needs, so far as we are able to do it. Too much should not be expected of these boys—or of Reformatory training. There is an uncertainty, as to work and success, about the average man; how much less should be expected of the average Reformatory boy.

There is not as much in the large farm theory, in connection with the Reformatory and its future, as some imagine. Two-thirds of the boys here are under my charge, and there is not one full-grown young man among them. They are only boys, and the most of them small at that, What they *wish* is a trade. The principal part of them come from cities, and large towns, and they prefer the work of a mechanic or labourer in such places, to a life on a farm, for which the most of them have neither aptitude or desire.

Doubtless enough boys would always be available to do the work of a reasonable-sized farm. A large farm *might* be worked by the boys, and it might prove a fair success financially. But that any considerable number of such boys could be converted into farmers, we very much doubt. If the Reformatory had connected therewith a reasonable-sized farm of good land: and if there could be introduced, without conflicting with public industries, as seems at present to be the case, a larger number of trades, in which, as well as in those now in operation, thorough work should be done, it would fully meet the requirements of the present and of the future, so far as the livelihood of these boys is concerned.

The Sabbath is well observed at the Ontario Reformatory for Boys. No games of any kind, or yelling, are allowed about the Institution on that sacred day. The law against the use of tobacco by boys is rigidly enforced. Profanity is promptly and severely punished, and as a consequence there is very little of it.

The last word. A Reformatory has a difficult work to do. It is beyond most people's conception how bad a boy may become, and how far he may go in criminality and sin, by the time he is twelve or fourteen years of age. To take such boys, to create in their hearts a desire for a better life, to rebuild their all but ruined manhood, secure them to cleanliness, virtue, honesty, and the fear of the Lord, is an undertaking sufficient to appal one. Still by the blessing of God it can be done. By the blessing of God the Ontario Reformatory for Boys is doing this. We assure the readers of the METHODIST MAGAZINE, that comparatively few of our Reformatory boys return to their former evil practices. The most of them are living honest lives, and some of them are living Christian lives. I receive letters from some of our discharged boys, the reading of which

often fills my heart with joy and my eyes with tears, expressing their deep gratitude, and assuring me that they are endeavouring to live Christian lives. Surely the excellent work that is done by the Ontario Reformatory for Boys, entitles it to the confidence of a generous public, and justifies the corrections that we have felt it our duty to make.

NOTE.—The writer of the article on the "Prison System of Ontario," in the January number of this MAGAZINE, desires to add the following note:

"Granted that the institution above referred to is in a more efficient condition since the Prison Reform Commissioners made their report in 1891, the question in which the public is chiefly interested is this,—'Is the Ontario Reformatory for Boys, with respect to methods and results, fully abreast of the age? Is it at least equal to the best reformatories in other countries?' We boast that the Ontario public-school system is equal, if not superior, to that of any country. Have we not a right to expect that our penal and reformatory system shall occupy the same proud preëminence? The Cottage System, whereby boys in a Reformatory are placed in small groups, with separate sleeping-rooms, under the care of wise overseers, is almost universally accepted as furnishing much better facilities for their moral reformation and training in habits of virtue than the congregate system, in which a large number of boys are housed in one building and sleep in common dormitories. This plan is adopted in the Michigan State Reformatory, and the Ontario Prison Commission strongly urge, in the interest of homeless, and often friendless, boys who have come under the ban of the law, that the rich Province of Ontario shall not be behind the neighbouring State of Michigan in making such provision."

DAYBREAK.

BRING spices sweet; the east is red;
Haste to embalm the precious dead,
With solemn hush the morn is waking:
Their hearts with grief are breaking, breaking
For love and hope forever fled.

O who will roll away the stone?
We are but women and alone.
They know not angels, swift descending,
The guards have smote, the tomb are rending,
And death and hell are overthrown.

Behold! the stone is rolled away.
He is not here, the angels say.
The Crucified has burst His prison;
The Christ is risen! risen! risen!
Come see the place where Jesus lay.

Go ring the blessed Easter bells,
Till every tongue His triumph tells,
Till every knee, in homage bending,
Shall welcome Him in power descending,
While love's eternal anthem swells.

Current Readings.

THE RISEN CHRIST.

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

THE apostle Paul, after having borne his witness and recapitulated the testimony about the resurrection of Christ, goes on to show the horrible consequences that must follow if there be no resurrection of the dead, and if Christ be not risen.

Says one, "Christ might rise, and yet not His people." Not so, according to our faith and firm belief. In Adam all have died. There is no separating Adam from his posterity. Now Christ is the second Adam, and all believers are one with Him, and none can separate them from Him. Because He lives they shall live also, and in His eternal life they must forever be partakers.

Paul's next argument is, "If Christ be not risen, *then is our preaching vain.*" If Christ was not raised, the whole company of apostles were false witnesses. He puts himself in with the rest. When a man bears false witness he has a motive for it. What motive had he? You cannot reckon the apostle Paul amongst those readily deceived or among deceivers of others.

Next, "*Your faith is also vain.*" Believer, I speak to you who have experienced a great change of heart through faith in Christ. If He did not literally rise from the dead on the third day, this faith that gives you great comfort, this faith that you believe is leading you home to heaven, must be abandoned as sheer falsehood. Oh, dreadful inference! There come every now and then times of great testing. Have you ever lain, as I have done several times, upon the brink of the grave, and been looking deep into the abyss? Then, unless you have a firm foundation, your hope will shrink away. But the Lord is risen indeed; and, when you are sure of that, you feel that there is something beneath your feet that does not stir.

Paul says next that if Christ did not rise, "*ye are yet in your sins.*" Can you bear *that thought*, my beloved in Christ? I think it takes hold upon you, terrifies you, chills your blood. A little while ago you were in your sins; now you believe that He has brought you out of your sins, and has so changed you that sin shall not have dominion over you. If He did *not rise again*, you are yet in your sins; for then He never made the atonement. If the atonement of Christ for sin had been unsatisfactory, He would have remained in the grave.

Now follows a more terrible consequence, if possible. All the pious dead have perished. "*They also which are fallen asleep in Christ have perished.*" They died, and they told us they were blood-washed and forgiven; but if Christ rose not from the dead, there has no sinner gone to heaven; they have died in a delusion. Believers rise because of their oneness with Christ. If He did not rise they cannot, for they must share with Him.

Once more, "If *in this life only* we have hope,"—and we certainly have no hope of another apart from Christ,—then "*we are of all men most miserable.*" What, does that mean that Christian men are more miserable than others if they are mistaken? No, it does not mean that; the mistake gives them joy; but take away that comfort, and then they are of all men most miserable, for this reason: they have given up all the joys of the world, they found no comfort in them; but if we consider the mirth of the worldling to be no better than the husks of swine, and there be no

bread for us in the fact that Christ rose from the dead, then we hunger indeed. More than that, we have now learned to love holiness and seek after it, and to seek after spiritual things as more important than carnal things. But, if they all turn out to be nothing,—and they must be nothing if Jesus did not rise from the dead,—then are we of all men most miserable.

The reason for your being saved will be that Christ died for you, and that He rose again for you. You are not to place your reliance in being what you are; put your hope boldly and entirely upon the great fact which transpired nineteen hundred years ago. There is the ground of your confidence, and I pray you keep to it; for you see how Paul insists upon it. Your salvation depends on Him who lived here thirty years a life of suffering and love, and who then, taking all the sin of His people upon Himself, carried it up to the tree, and there bore all the consequences; bore what none but Almighty God could bear, which has made God's pardon an act of justice, and vindicated His forgiveness of sin.

Now, O sinner! leave thy prison, for thy debt is paid; it is discharged if thou believest in Him that was raised from the dead. He has taken up thy sin and discharged it; thou art free. Go thy way, and sing, "The Lord is risen indeed;" and be as happy as the birds in the air, until thou art as happy as the angels in heaven, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

—*Golden Rule.*

THE LARGER EASTER.

EVERY event has its broad and its narrow aspects, its large and its restricted meanings. It is so with the event which Easter commemorates. The resurrection of our Lord appeals in a very different way to different minds. There are those who look upon it simply as a remarkable phenomenon, a miracle well supported by testimony, and therefore an event of historical and scientific interest. Others, viewing it from a merely conventional religious standpoint, are impressed with its significance as a religious fact—with the endorsement which it gives to the universal belief in immortality; with its testimony to the reality and divine character of the Christian religion.

These are legitimate conceptions of the resurrection of our Lord; they are valuable and helpful, so far as they go; but the truly spiritual mind cannot but feel their pitiful inadequacy as interpretations of the truth for which Easter stands. The broad, profound, spiritual aspect of this culminating event in our Lord's earthly history is wholly unapprehended by minds which rest on the scientific, the conventionally symbolic, or the attestory significance of the resurrection. These are mere surface readings of a truth which deepens down into the very heart of the divine thought and purpose. There is a Larger Easter—infinitely larger than the popular conception, even than the conventionally religious conception, of this anniversary of our Lord's resurrection. The Larger Easter is the spiritualized conception and the spiritual interpretation of what to others is a merely spectacular or symbolic event. The truth for which this Easter anniversary stands, and which it should convey to every Christian mind is this: that the resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ means *the impartation of his life to the life of mankind.* He rose from the dead, not only that He might display His power over death, not only that He might vindicate the reality and divine nature of the system of truth which He brought into the world, but that the sons of God might receive, and enter into, and carry forward, that divine life which was in Him, and which He so often de-

clared was theirs as well as His—theirs through Him, as the life of the vine becomes the life of every branch.

Oh, for a more vivid and vital conception of this Larger Easter, for which the historical event and the anniversary of that event form but the framework, the setting, the material enfolding, of this most pure and precious of spiritual jewels? The Christ-life in us—that is the true meaning of Easter; Christ risen, not into the recognition of science, not into the testimony of history, not into the attestation of His own power, not even into the sublime vindication of His own system of truth, but into the receptive, aspiring, expanding spiritual life of the whole race. Think of this as the message which the Larger Easter brings to you—Christ newly entering into your life, Christ newly risen in your soul. He came to give life abundantly, and not to take it away with Him again when He went. And the life which He brought from above passed into the life of mankind when He ascended to His Father. That was the meaning of the unsealed tomb in the garden, the lightning of the angel's face, and the glory of his raiment. There is a deep spiritual significance in it all—Christ risen, but leaving behind Him, as His heritage to mankind, the brightness, the joy, the power, the heavenly comfort and strength, of His own mighty life.

—*Zion's Herald.*

SING AND BE GLAD.

BY THE REV. H. G. PARKER.

SING and be glad, O thou wheeling Earth!
Creation is old and gray;
But starbeams shine on a second birth,
And this is our Easter Day!

Lift up thy head and be glad, O Earth!
Thy tears and sorrowing cease;
A fountain hath sprung in the desert's dearth,
And passionate pain hath peace.

Ah! drear is the charnel-house of sin,
Dreary and cold alway;
But a pierced hand lets the angels in,
And the stone hath been rolled away.

The song goes up and the song comes down,
The earth and the sky are fain;
And the blended note is a cross and crown,
And Paradise won again.

Through the throbbing psalm in undertone
I hear one clear voice sing,
And of all I hear but His alone:
"Behold I am crowned King:

"I have conquered death and sting of death
By the cross in bitter wise;
And thou, poor Earth, that travaileth,
I say unto thee arise."

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

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

Wesleyan Methodist.

In thirty-one years eighty-seven new churches have been acquired in London, and several others have been enlarged.

It is stated that more than half of the ordained missionaries are natives of the countries in which they labour, and that more than half of the entire cost of the work of the Society is met by gifts and contributions on the mission field itself.

The *Missionary Notices* for January contains an account of sixteen missionaries who have recently left England for various stations in the foreign field.

The publishers of the *Methodist Times* have sent a cheque to the Treasurer of the Aged Ministers' and Widows' Fund, for the sum of $1,684.50.

Methodist Episcopal.

Rev. Dr. Buckley and Rev. Dr. Gross Alexander will write the history of the M. E. Church and the M. E. Church South, respectively, for "The American Church History" series, to be issued by the Christian Literature Company of New York.

The Newark Conference is raising an endowment fund of $100,000, for the better support of the superannuated preachers and their widows.

During Bishop Vincent's late visit to Europe, he held the Italian Conference in Rome, where he laid the foundation stone of a building which will be a great religious centre. In digging for the native rock, it was necessary to go to a depth of nearly seventy feet, through the ruins of a Roman Catholic church, and, below that, through the remains of an ancient pagan temple.

The mission of Rev. C. H. Yatman in New York is very successful. The expenditure is nearly $30,000, of which $6,000 was given at the basket collections, and the remainder has come from contributions. Three men have given $5,000 each. There have been more than 1,000 inquirers during the year, and 350 members have been gathered.

A gentleman in Brooklyn recently gave $1,000 for village chapels in India. His gift will provide twenty chapels. Another gentleman gave $500, which will provide ten more.

Secretary Spencer, speaking of Bishop Mallalieu, said that in the South land our coloured constituency call him "Bishop Hallelujah."

Methodist Episcopal Church South.

A correspondent of the Nashville *Christian Advocate* asserts that the very name of the Methodist Episcopal Church South has a "political significance," and he suggests that it be changed to "Wesleyan Episcopal Church." This, he thinks, would give his branch of Methodism a free course in the world and would obliterate the local prejudices now entertained against it.

The agents of the Publishing House want ten thousand additional subcribers, so that the appropriation to the Conference Fund may be increased from $17,500 to $25,000.

Primitive Methodism.

The second triennial Conference of Australia was held at Sydney. Resolutions in favour of organic Methodist union were passed, and the hope was expressed that the Wesleyan General Conference of 1894 will indicate a definite time for the union to take place.

W. P. Hartley, Esq., Vice-Presi-

dent of the Conference, has an extensive manufactory near Liverpool, where preserves are made. Recently four hundred men and women were assembled at the works, to whom $7,200 were distributed as their share of the profits accruing from the business during the past year.

The Methodist Church.

The Rev. Dr. Eby has been compelled to retire from Japan on account of ill health. He intends to spend a few months in Switzerland before coming to Toronto.

The Ladies' College at Hamilton, Ont., has had a marvellous record for thirty-two years. It is thought that it should be expanded to a University. A fine class will graduate next June.

The sons of Methodist ministers in Toronto will have held a grand banquet by the time this number of the Magazine is published. The design is to form closer acquaintance and a recognition of family relationship. Judge Rose, the son of an honoured Methodist minister, takes an active part in the movement. There are 150 of the sons of ministers in the Queen City who will thus be drawn together.

Rev. J. W. Saunby, B.A., has made a successful missionary tour in the Maritime Provinces, and now he is engaged among the Western Conferences. The people, as a result of his labours, will have an increasing knowledge of Japan as a mission field.

Rev. D. V. Lucas, M.A., defrays the expense of the education of a native boy in connection with West China Mission. Actuated by this noble example, another gentleman has undertaken to provide means for the education of another native in the same mission. As the expense is only $50, could not others go and do likewise?

Recently Richard Black, a young Indian of the Alderville band, passed the high school entrance examination at Campbellford, and is now employed as a teacher at Naughton, near Chapleau.

Recent Deaths.

Rev. Leander W. Pilcher, D.D., President of Peking University, died November 24th, 1893. He was formerly a member of the Michigan Conference, M. E. Church. He went to China in 1870 and for twenty-three years did most efficient work. "He was of an energetic and amiable nature, an accomplished scholar, a devout and earnest Christian and proved a model missionary."

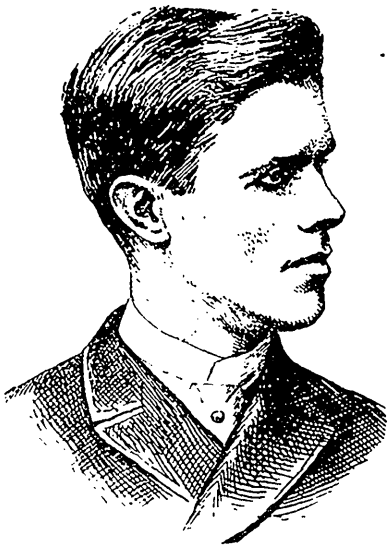
Miss Charlotte Tucker, better known by the initials "A.L.O.E.—A Lady of England," under which she wrote many inspiring volumes which had an immense circulation. For the last eighteen years she was engaged in missionary work in India, where the proceeds of her pen were expended in the support of the mission, and now that she has finished her course, the profits derived from the literary labours are to be expended in the support of the mission which she established. Thus she rests from her labours and her works do follow her.

Rev. C. H. Rice, B.A. This noble young man, son of one of our ministers in the Maritime Provinces, died under very painful circumstances. He had pursued a most successful career at Mount Allison College, where he was beloved by both professors and students, and it was hoped that he had a successful career before him; but, alas! in a fit of despondency he took his own life. Doubtless he laboured too hard, but we do not doubt his eternal safety. His sorrow-stricken parents and friends have the sympathy of the Church.

Rev. Dr. Morrison, Presbyterian, Owen Sound, was one of the oldest ministers in Canada. He was a man of sterling worth, as firm as a rock when truth required.

We regret that by an inadvertence the name of Miss J. Carnochan was omitted from the beautiful "Words of Jesus for Women," dedicated to the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, in the February number of the Magazine.

REALITY *VS.* ROMANCE.*



JAMES JOHNSTON, M.D.

DR. JOHNSTON will be remembered as having preached in several of our churches before going to Africa. He had a successful mission among the blacks in Jamaica, and was impressed with the thought that converted negroes would make admirable missionaries to the Dark Continent. He, therefore took with him a party of six Jamaicans and safely made his journey of exploration.

"During a period of twenty months he crossed South-Central Africa, travelling four thousand five hundred miles, mostly on foot, and alone so far as a white companion is concerned—passing through numerous savage and hostile tribes, traversing areas hitherto reported too pestilential for exploration, surmounting natural obstacles which have been represented as insurmountable, and penetrating regions where no white man had ever gone before. In all that long journey he never once found himself prompted to fire a shot in anger, or compelled to do so in self-defence against a human enemy; while he can say what perhaps no other man who has crossed Africa can—that of the many native carriers who travelled with him he did not lose one by death. He went among the fiercest tribes, not as a conquerer and master, but as a friend, and seeking to leave a trail behind him, not of blood and hate, but of peace and good-will."

The peaceful journeys of such men as Livingstone and Johnston, are in a remarkable contrast to the warlike excursions of Baker and Stanley, and certainly seem to demonstrate that there was no need of the wholesale slaughter of the natives described in Stanley's book. Dr. Johnston is exceedingly outspoken in his criticisms of Stanley. He does not hesitate to pronounce some of his statements as gross exaggerations.

Dr. Johnston traversed the region which has since become famous as the scene of the Matabele war, and visited the strange pre-historic ruins which have been claimed as relics of the lost city of Ophir. He criticises very freely the policy and conduct of the British South African Company, and dispels a good deal of the glamour that has invested part of the Dark Continent.

He is equally frank in his criticism of missionary methods and their successes. While some of these criticisms may be deserved, others, we think, are too sweeping, and founded upon too narrow an observation. He visited, it is true, a

* *Reality versus Romance in South-Central Africa.* An account of a journey across the continent from Benguella on the west, through Bike, Ganguella, Barotse, the Kalihari Desert, Mashonaland, Manica, Gorongoza, Nyasa, the Shire Highlands, to the mouth of the Zambesi on the east coast. By JAMES JOHNSTON, M.D. With fifty-one full-page illustrations and map. Toronto: W. J. Gage Company, Limited. Price $4.00.

few of the missions, but many he did not visit. Africa, a country five thousand miles long and five thousand wide, covering one-fifth of the land area of the globe, with a population of 200,000,000, speaking 438 different languages, presents too vast a missionary problem to be settled by the partial and cursory observation of even so intrepid an explorer as Dr. Johnston. The book, however, is written with such transparent sincerity, and presents such frank first-hand testimony, as to deserve the attention of all interested in the African problem, especially in African missions.

A striking feature of the book is the number of admirable photogravures from negatives taken by Dr. Johnston himself. The book is admirably printed and is a valuable addition to the literature of the Dark Continent. A large folding map shows the route of Dr. Johnston's explorations.

Book Notices.

My Life and Times. By CYRUS HAMLIN, missionary in Turkey, author of "Among the Turks," etc. Boston and Chicago: Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society. Toronto: William Briggs. Octavo, pp. 538. Price, $2.50.

A few months ago we spent an afternoon at Robert College on the Bosphorus, the noblest monument of the venerable Dr. Hamlin. That college may almost be said to have created the Bulgarian kingdom, and other commonwealths in South-eastern Europe. The leading native missionaries, editors and statesmen of those countries have imbibed Western ideas and been trained in Western religion, science and civilization in the halls of this splendid college. The story of its creation, of the seven long years' struggle with the Turkish Government, and of the shrewd Yankee missionary overcoming and evading the fraud and cunning of the Turkish officials, the most corrupt in Europe, and circumventing the Jesuits, the Russians and the Turks, all alike opposed to a Protestant college, is graphically recorded in these pages. Dr. Hamlin's very life was built into these walls, and a monument it is of which kings might be proud. Without his help, the generous gift of Mr. Robert would have been profitless.

Not less interesting is the account of the early establishment of the Bebek Seminary; its early struggles and stories of many of its students surpass those of romance. To furnish work for Armenian converts, Dr. Hamlin organized manufacturing industries, from making stove-pipes and rat-traps to grinding corn and making bread. By means of Ure's Dictionary of Science and numerous experiments, some of which resulted in violent explosion, his mill was started. He recounts, by the way, that an American buzz-saw worked with perfect success, taking off a couple of his fingers and doing its work very thoroughly.

During the Crimean war his bakery was expanded to its utmost capacity, in baking bread for the sick soldiers at the Scutari hospitals. He invented also washing machines for cleaning clothing condemned to be burned. The story is so full of mingled fun and shrewdness that we promise a rich treat to those who will read it. A number of excellent illustrations embellish the book, which is one of the brightest and sprightliest of missionary annals we have ever read. It abounds with humorous incidents and anecdotes, one of the funniest being that of the learned Dr. Duncan, who, invited to dine with two German scholars, went from his garden with earth-stains on his hands. Being shown

to a bedroom to remove them, his host, surprised at his delay, proceeded to investigate, and found that the oblivious doctor had gone to bed.

My Arctic Journal. A Year among Icefields and Eskimos, by Josephine Diebitsch-Peary, with an account of the Great White Journey across Greenland by Robert E. Peary. New York: The Contemporary Publishing Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Illustrated. Price, $2.

This is a book of fascinating interest. It recounts the adventures of the first white woman who braved the terrors of the dark Arctic night, in the vast northern wilderness of snow and ice. Mrs. Peary pluckily accompanied her husband, Lieut. Peary, on his exploring expedition to Greenland. While on shipboard her husband's leg was crushed by a large cake of ice striking the rudder and violently whirling round the iron tiller. She nursed him back to convalescence during weary months at Redcliffe, a wood-stone-and-turf house, in which they withstood the rigours of an Arctic winter.

The hundred days of darkness, with temperature of from 30° to 50° below zero, passed pleasantly. Her husband pays a striking compliment to her courage as she watched by his side all night in the little tent on the beach, while the vessel from which they had landed drifted far out among the ice; and of her helping to keep at bay a herd of infuriate walrus, endeavouring with their tusks to overturn the boat, to which they were so close that she could have touched them with her hand.

In their Arctic villa they made themselves comfortable with plenty of food, books, and by way of diversion, snowshoe walks and dog-sled rides and Christmas and New Year's dinner parties. All this Mrs. Peary describes with charming *naivete*, and also their intimate relations with the friendly Eskimos.

With the spring the Lieutenant set out on his journey across Greenland, a frozen plateau from seven to eight thousand feet high.

Lieut. Peary adds a chapter describing this journey to the extreme north of Greenland. Part of the way they used a strange combination of a sleigh with steering wheel, drawn by dogs and assisted by a sail. On July 4 they reached the north of Greenland, to find, near the eighty-second parallel, yellow poppies growing about them and a herd of musk-oxen browsing on the moss. Their journey extended over 1,300 miles. They slept out of doors, with the thermometer at 40° below zero, without injury.

A chapter is also given to a second visit to Greenland in 1893, where Lieutenant and Mrs. Peary purpose again wintering and completing the explorations of their previous voyage.

The book is elegantly printed by the De Vinne Press and embellished with a number of admirable illustrations, from photos which give a truer picture of Arctic life than, we think, ever before presented. Some of these are of singular artistic beauty, as those of the crystalline glaciers and icebergs in these Arctic seas, especially of one transformed to gleaming pearl by the sunset glow.

Two German Giants: Frederick the Great and Bismarck. By John Lord, D.D., LL.D. New York: Fords, Howard and Hulbert. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.

A few months ago we wandered through the palace of *Sans Souci*—"Without Care"—created by Frederick the Great as a pleasure house in which he might lay aside the cares of State. At the end of a terrace were buried a number of his dogs and horses with funeral tablets. "When I lie there," said the cynical monarch, "I shall indeed be 'free from care'." Dr. Lord, who has been well described as the modern Plutarch, gives here a brilliant character study of the Great Frederick, whose magnificent equestrian statue in the *Unter den Linden* fronts the palace of the late Kaiser Wilhelm I. As a pendant to this sketch he gives

one of the Iron Chancellor Bismarck, just restored to imperial favour, the founder and builder of the German Empire. The striking personality of these rugged chieftains, their great skill in war, diplomacy and statecraft, form a historic story of surpassing interest and importance. A sketch, from personal acquaintance, by Bayard Taylor, and Bismarck's witty and persuasive review of his own career, which carried the Reichstag for national defence, are added. Two strong portraits are given.

Her Majesty's Tower. By WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON, from the seventh London edition. Two volumes. Octavo, pp. x.-359; viii.-391. Price, $2.50.

He who knows the story of the Tower of London, knows in large part the history of Great Britain. Its greatest heroes, its noblest deeds, its most tragic and pathetic episodes are all intimately associated with that grim old tower beside the Thames. It is the oldest historic tower in Europe, going back to the time of the Cæsars. Beside it, all other palaces and prisons appear like things of yesterday. It colours Shakespeare's page and casts gloom over Bacon's story. Within its cells were written Raleigh's History of the World, Elliot's Monarchy of Man, Penn's "No Cross, No Crown," and other famous books. Memories of Lady Jane Grey, Anne Boleyn, Queen Elizabeth, Fisher, More, Cromwell, Sir John Oldcastle, Somerset, Dudley, Strafford, Vane, Lord Lovat, Russell, and many more of England's princes, warriors, statesmen and nobles, haunt, like ghosts, the old tower.

No man has so studied the stirring story of the Tower, with its historic truth stranger than poet's fiction, so thoroughly as Mr. Dixon, or recounted them with such dramatic vividness and fascinating style. This book has been heretofore out of reach of many from its high price. It is now offered in two handsome volumes, library style, gilt top, for the very low price of $2.50. A great historical work like this, without an index, is like a knife without a handle—very difficult to use. The admirable index to these volumes, of nearly fifty pages, is one of the best we have ever seen.

The Wesleyan Methodist Magazine. Edited by THE REV. W. L. WATKINSON. New series.

This venerable Magazine, begun by John Wesley 116 years ago, is renewing its youth in this new series. It has an enlarged page, printed in larger and more open type than heretofore, is handsomely illustrated and has a thoroughly modern appearance. It has among its contents, papers on science, short stories, critical articles, sketches of travel and the like. Some objection has been made to incorporating in this magazine the *Missionary Notices*. We think that a criticism ill-founded. No part should be more interesting than those letters from the high places of the field, and articles on missionary topics. These should be well illustrated and will, doubtless, be helpful to the cause of missions and to the piety of the Methodist people. When Methodism ceases to be a missionary Church, its glory will have departed. By all means give the people plenty of information of the heroism of modern missions!

A Romance of Skye. By MAGGIE MACLEAN. Illustrations by Lockhart Bogle. Edinburgh and London: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.75.

This story takes us back to the troublous times of the two Scottish risings of 1715 and 1745. It is full of stirring incident, of conflict with targe and claymore, and perilous escapes by flood and field. The fealty of the clans to the chieftain and of chief to the clan are well illustrated. A vein of tender romance softens the sternness of the picture, and the deathless hope of the dying Christian glorifies the whole.