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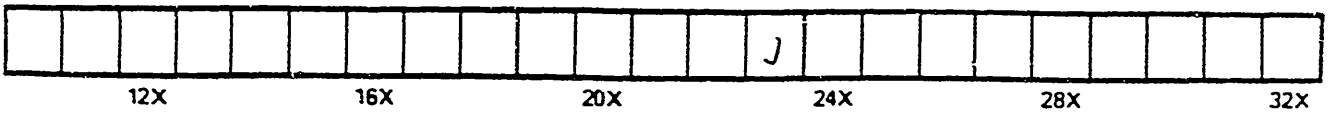

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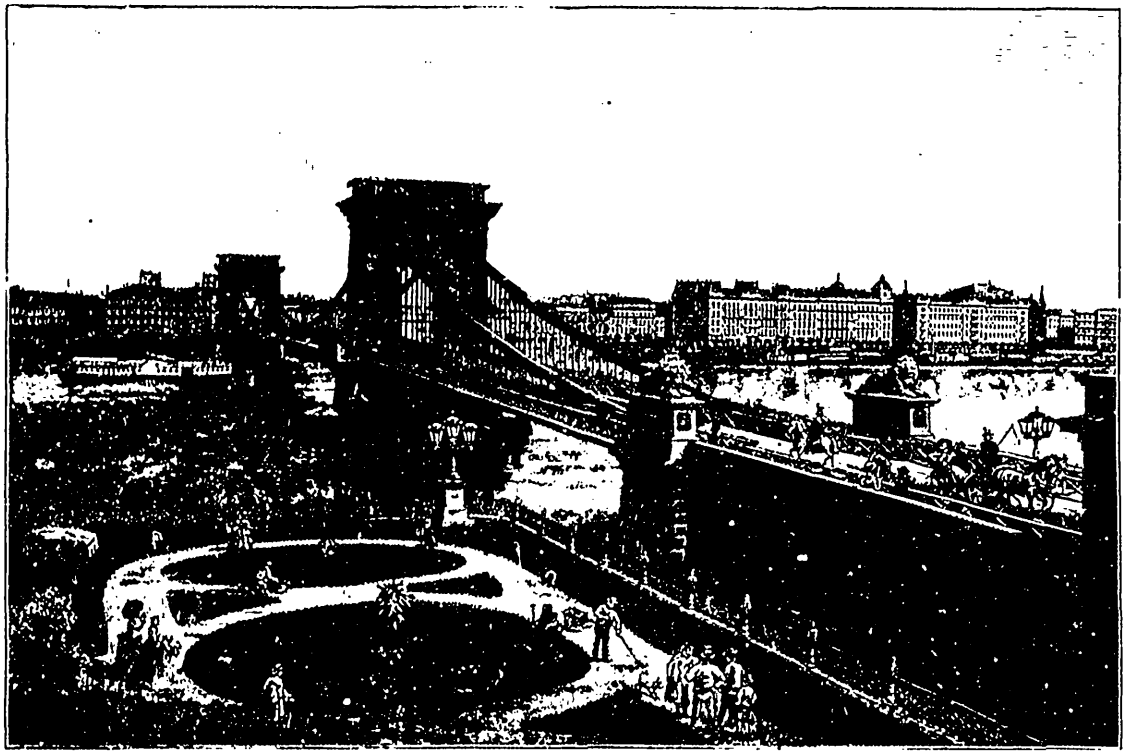


THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE ACROSS THE DANUBE, FROM FRANCIS JOSEPH PALACE, BUDA-PESTH.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

FEBRUARY, 1899.

THE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH OF AUSTRIA.

BY THE REV. JAMES COOKE SEYMOUR.

THE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH OF AUSTRIA.

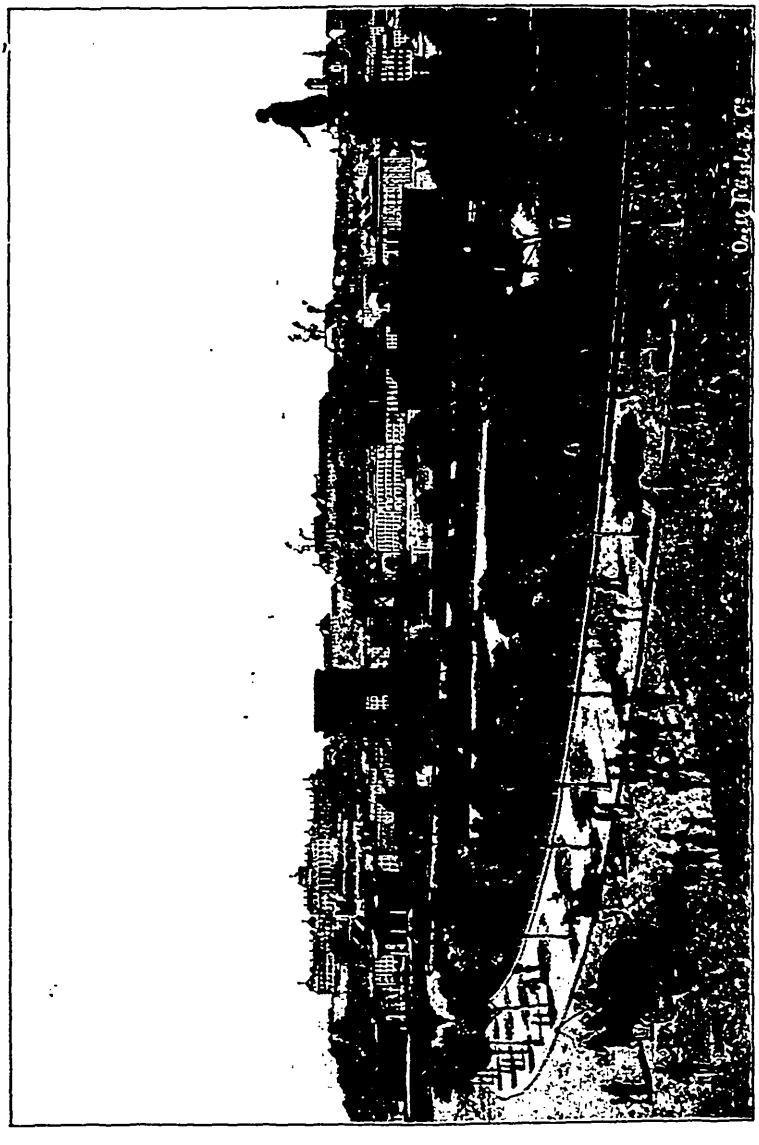
Bismarck once said, "If there were no Austria, we would have to invent one." He himself did help to invent one—an Austria that still serves as a buffer State between Russia and Germany—such as he had in view—but an Austria vastly different from what it was fifty years ago.

No country in Europe has, within that time, undergone such immense changes, and run such risks of disintegration without losing its autonomy. Certainly none to-day is face to face with more intricate and perilous national problems.

The aged Emperor, whose jubilee was so recently celebrated, has been the most conspicuous and interesting figure in all the mighty changes of these fifty years. His accomplished and amiable consort, the lamented Empress Elizabeth, so recently the victim of the assassin's dagger—who was fond of the sea—used to sit for hours on the captain's bridge watching the

storm, and no persuasion could induce her to go below. So, Francis Joseph has been on the bridge of the ship of State for fifty years, watching the storms that have so often threatened to engulf both him and his ship. He has, so far, outridden them all, and he is on the bridge yet.

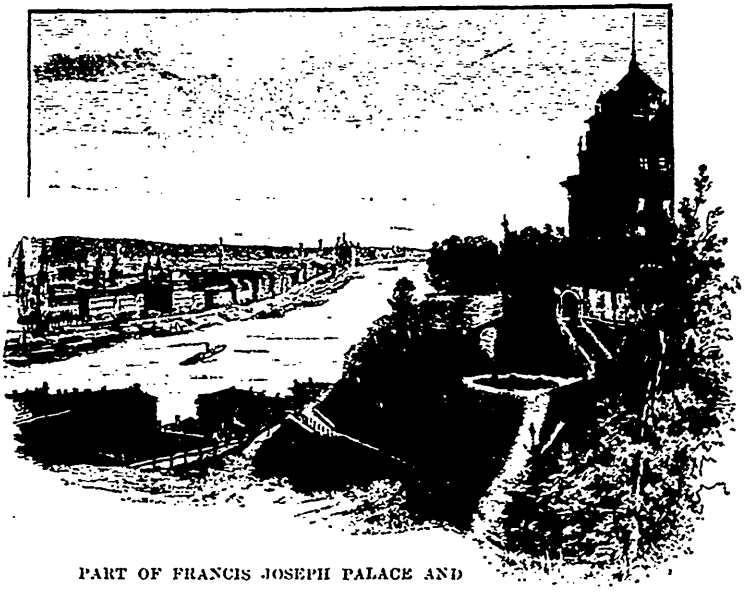
On Dec. 2, 1848, a great stir was observed in the archiepiscopal Palace in Olmutz. All the members of the Imperial family, the Cabinet ministers, Prince Windischgratz, and other high personages, were assembled. The Emperor Ferdinand got up from his seat, and read the following words



VIEW OF THE FRANCIS JOSEPH PALACE, BUDA-PESTH.

from a paper which he held in his hand : " For very weighty reasons we have decided irrevocably to lay down the Imperial crown in favour of our beloved nephew, the most serene Archduke Francis Joseph, whom we hereby declare to be of age."

The weightiest reason of all was his own utter incapacity to govern in so turbulent and perilous times. The astute Archduchess Sophie, mother of Francis Joseph, saw no hope for Austria, but in the immediate accession of her bright and resolute son, then in his nineteenth year.



PART OF FRANCIS JOSEPH PALACE AND GARDENS, BUDA-PESTH.

It was no bed of roses on which the young Emperor sat down. Troubles as numerous as the polyglot tongues of his subjects, and centuries old, stared him in the face.

" The Magyar kingdom of St. Stephen and the Czech kingdom of St. Vaclav, had offered their crowns early in the sixteenth century to the House of Hapsburg as a protection against the Turks, stipulating that their old rights of self-government should be preserved to them.

" The Hapsburgs accepted the crowns, but neglected to observe the other provisions of the compact. Bohemia they treated as a conquered province, quartering upon its northern borders a large German colony, under orders to stamp out the very idea of Czech nationality. Hungary, they allowed the Turks to ravage at pleasure, and disregarded the appeals of the Magyars for assistance." Absolutism on the throne, and German domination in the empire, have been the fruitful sources of Austrian troubles ever since.

The wave of revolution which in 1848 rolled over Europe, swept violently over every part of Austria. The Lombardo-Venetian provinces were in revolt. The Magyars of Hungary—a chivalrous, intellectual, and lofty-

spirited race, full of the fiery patriotism of Kossuth—were in the throes of civil war, fighting for national hegemony. The Czechs

"A complete Chinese wall separated Austria at this time from the rest of the world. Of newspapers there were none, ex-

VIEW FROM FRANCIS JOSEPH PALACE, BUDA-PESTH.

of Bohemia—one of the finest branches of the great Slav family —were with the utmost difficulty restrained from open rebellion. Vienna itself was under martial law.

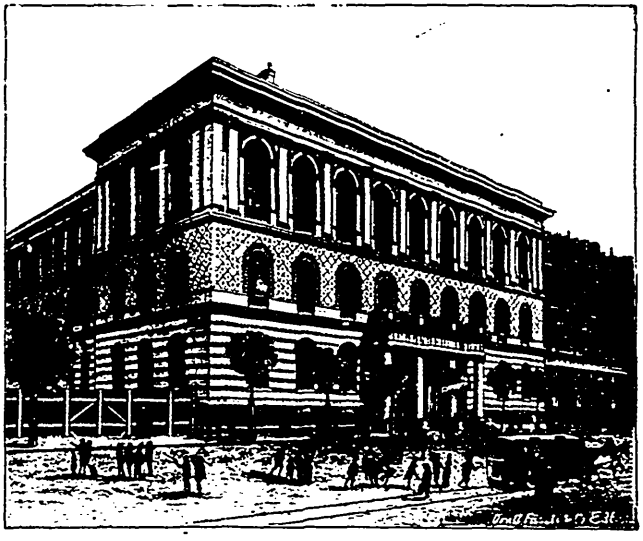
cept the official gazettes of the several capitals in the provinces, and some theatrical gossipy journals. The entire literature consisted of school-books, which were printed and published under the

supervision of the Censor, and of the several religious orders, in whose hands the entire lower, middle and university education of the empire was concentrated."

Newspapers, pamphlets, and books from abroad were often, indeed, smuggled into the country, by the most varied and sometimes ludicrous devices. "The first copy of the London Times I ever saw," one writer relates, "was carefully hauled out from a big tea-caddy late in the evening, after the servants had gone to bed, and the doors of the drawing-room had been locked."

The young Emperor's first manifesto contained the following declaration: "Fully recognizing and convinced of the necessity and the high value of free institutions, we set out with confidence on the road which shall lead us to the happy reconstruction and rejuvenescence of the whole monarchy. On the basis of true liberty, on the foundation of equal rights for all peoples of the monarchy, and of the equality of all citizens before the law; on the basis of the participation of representatives of the people in legislating for the empire, the fatherland will rise again in rejuvenated power." Noble words! But little did he imagine how hard it would be for him to learn something of their real meaning.

The war in Italy ended successfully for the Austrian army, under Radetzky. Lombardy and Venetia were again subdued, and the diabolical General Haynan, could, with impunity, flog on their bare backs, in public, noble ladies in Brescia. This is the general to whom, a few years afterwards, the London draymen gave a most unmerciful beating, and tore out every single hair of his moustache.



ROYAL POLYTECHNIC SCHOOL, BUDA-PESTH.

The Imperial forces did not fare so well in Hungary. In every engagement with the Hungarian army, under Goergey, they were badly beaten. The Emperor, in his dire necessity, sought the aid of the Tsar Nicolas. A large

Russian army was at once sent, and the still unbeaten Goergey, for some reason, surrendered to the Russian general.

The Hungarians were treated with a severity which was terrible. The hangman and the "shooting squad" were kept busy during the autumn and winter of 1849.

CUSTOM-HOUSE AND MARKET-PLACE, BUDA-PESTH.

On one morning seventeen Hungarian high army officers—some of them scions of the noblest families—were hanged on the gallows or shot. Hungary was declared to be a mere province of Austria. Its old constitution was forfeited and its Parliament declared non-existent. Its ancient laws—civil and criminal—were abrogated, and Austrian codes introduced. "The German language was forced upon the public schools in Bohemia, Hungary, Transylvania, and Croatia, upon those who had joined in the rebellion, and upon those who had not. Every race was called upon to forego its own tongue and customs, to forget all its traditions, and submit to be measured out by the foot-rule of German officialism."

The young Emperor travelled several times through Hungary with military pomp, between the years 1852 and 1857, but he never initiated any really conciliatory measures—never gave the Hungarians back the slightest part of their former political rights or institutions."

"In Austria proper, things went from bad to worse. The constitution of 1849 was abrogated; a sham constitution was forced upon the country, and this in turn was abolished. From 1853 to 1859 Francis Joseph governed as the absolute monarch of his 'beloved peoples of Austria.' The sword and the crozier became master of all the territories under the sceptre of the Emperor."

On April 24th, 1854, the Emperor married the Princess Elizabeth, with whom he had fallen in love the year before. She was the daughter of Duke Max of Bavaria and the Duchess Ludovica, his own mother's sister.

In 1859, largely through the consummate statesmanship of Cavour, the war with Italy was begun—Napoleon being an ally of Victor Emmanuel. From the first the Austrian army was defeated. The Emperor himself hastened to Italy and became commander-in-chief. But the battle of Magenta, on June 4th, and of Solferino on June 20th, were utterly disastrous to the Austrian arms. Francis Joseph was compelled to cede Lombardy to Napoleon, who immediately made it over to Victor Emmanuel—the "upstart" King of Sardinia.

In a very sad and dejected mood, Emperor Francis Joseph returned to Vienna, only to find that the "peoples" of Austria did not at all share his sadness. Half his kingdom were rejoicing in the success of the French arms, and it was even said that several Czech and Magyar regiments had to be broken up to prevent their desertion to the enemy.

This proved to be the beginning of governmental reform in Austria; and the Emperor himself was the first to see its necessity. The reactionary ministers were dismissed. The Emperor issued a "diplom" that Austria should be again governed by a constitution. A parliament was to be assembled. But all these concessions were evidently half-hearted, and neither the Czechs of Bohemia nor the Magyars of Hungary would send representatives. The Emperor had to do the best he could with a mere "Rump Parliament," opened on May 1st, 1861.

Schmerling, the new Minister of the Interior, advised the Emperor to call together all the Princes of Germany to a congress—called the Fuerstentag—in Frankfort-on-the Main. The design was to raise the prestige of the Austrian Emperor in Germany. Bismarck, however, defeated the project. The German Fuerstentag met under the presidency of the Austrian Emperor, but without the King of Prussia it was like a performance of "Hamlet" with the Prince's part omitted. The Fuerstentag was the last appearance of an Austrian Emperor as a political leader in Germany.

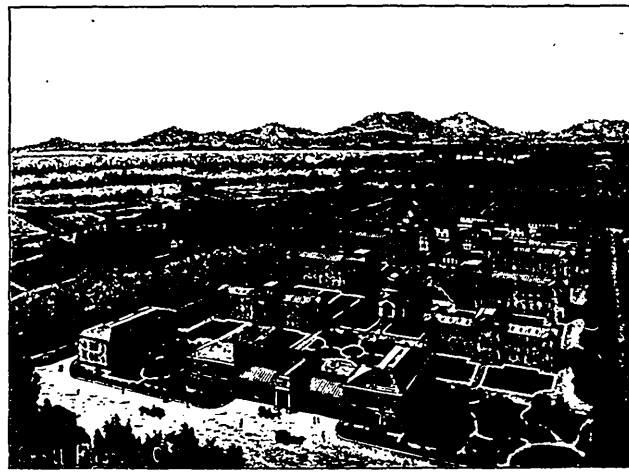
In 1866 came the war with Prussia and Italy. Within one week after the first serious fight the battle of Sadowa was won by the Prussian army. It decided the war. Austria sued for peace, which was concluded at Prague, August 23rd, 1866. The result was the final overthrow of Austrian rule in Italy and the expulsion of the Hapsburgs from the German confederation.

Austria was left face to face with her recalcitrant nationalities, her credit gone, her army disgraced, and her international position at its lowest ebb.

But, unlike the Bourbons of Italy—who never learned anything—Francis Joseph was willing to learn. The mighty changes enacted before his eyes were not more disastrous than the equally mighty change they wrought in his own mind was beneficent. He became a new man, with a

governmental policy, the exact reverse of the traditional policy of the whole Hapsburg dynasty. His first task proved beyond a doubt that he had become a genuine constitutional monarch.

Hungary got back its ancient constitution, obtained complete home rule, independence in all its internal affairs, and Austria henceforth became the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. In Austria proper, the old absolutism was swept away, and in 1867 the Reichsrat passed the "Fundamental Laws of the State," which included everything considered essential to constitutional government.



FRANCIS JOSEPH HOSPITAL, BUDA-PESTH.

The wisdom of Francis Joseph was nowhere more signally demonstrated than in his choice of advisers in accomplishing these extremely difficult undertakings. Two persons, more than any others, were his chief assistants—Francis Deak, the greatest, the most unselfish patriot of Hungary, and his own wife, the Empress Elizabeth.

The consummate skill and lofty patriotism of Deak were everywhere known and acknowledged; but it took a long time to discover that to the Empress Elizabeth, more than even to Deak, Hungary owed the recovery of its liberties. Up to this period, the life of the Empress had been far from happy. Long before the Emperor got his eyes opened, the Empress saw clearly that absolutism was doomed in Austria. Her efforts to influence the Emperor and his advisers were met with such coldness, and even insult, that life in the capital became almost unendurable, and for several years she passed much of her time abroad, especially at her beautiful palace in Corfu. But the Magyars found out at last who their best friend had been.

On June 8th, 1867, the Hungarians crowned their new king and queen at the capital, Buda-Pesth. Never had Magyar enthusiasm reached such fever-heat—perhaps not even at the ever-memorable scene at Presburg, with their Queen Maria Theresa. And their greatest of all demon-

strations of joy and loyalty were for their beloved new Queen Elizabeth.

The conciliation between prince and people was complete. So was also that between Francis Joseph and his wife. They continued to reside for some time in Buda-Pesth, where on April 2, 1868, Princess Marie Valerie, their last daughter, was born. All over the country the child was lovingly called the "conciliation baby."

Austria began to recuperate. Trade and commerce revived. The Emperor interested himself in every possible way in the material and intellectual development of the people. Educational and industrial reforms received his cordial support, and the means of intercommunication have been greatly increased. Buda-Pesth, which in 1867 was more like a great Asiatic village, has become one of the finest capitals of Europe. Vienna, which in 1858 was an antiquated fortress, possesses the most magnificent street in the world—the Ring Strasse. Like Augustus, the Emperor can claim that he found his capital a village, and left it a city of palaces.

More and more has it become evident that the greatest leader of Liberalism in Austria has been Emperor Francis Joseph himself, and by far its greatest statesman in fifty years has been its own Titular Head. Seldom has a monarch in history ever lived to see such widespread and beneficent changes in his dominions, and so largely attributable to himself, and at the same time had such numerous and terrible sorrows in his own family.

In one of the most joyous years of his reign, 1867, came the news that his brother, the Emperor Maximilian of Mexico, was shot by order of a court-martial in Mexico. His wife, the Empress Charlotte, became hopelessly insane, and so still remains at the chateau of Lacken, near Brussels.

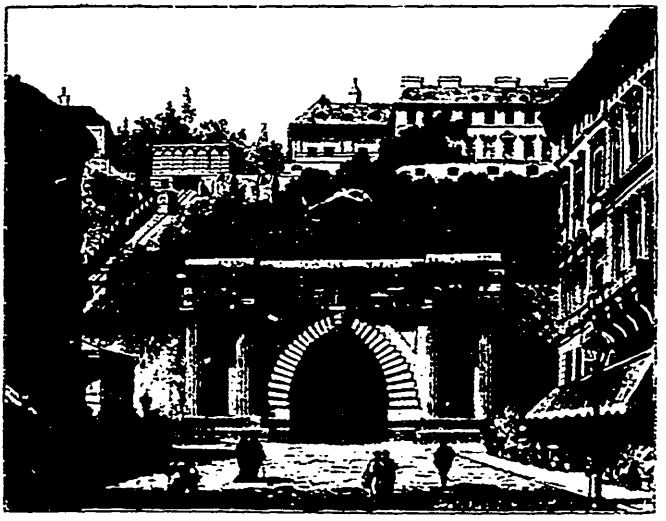
Ten years ago the Crown Prince Rudolf, his only son, died under the most humiliating, mysterious, and distressing circumstances. The Prince, who was married to the daughter of the King of the Belgians, had formed a liaison with the Baroness Marie Vetsera. "The Prince addressed a letter to the Pope asking for a dispensation to enable him to get divorced from his wife. The Pope sent the Crown Prince's letter and his own reply direct by special messenger to the Emperor Francis Joseph. The Emperor sent for the Crown Prince, and handed the Pope's letter to his son, and demanded his word of honour that he would give up his liaison. The Prince fell upon his knees, and gave the promises. Deeply touched, the Emperor conducted his son to the Crown Princess. In her joy she sent on the same day the following telegram in cipher to her father: "I send a triumphant hallelujah to heaven. Your daughter is happy again. Happy beyond measure.—Stephanie."

But the Crown Prince wanted to bid farewell to Marie Vetsera. Next day, all Vienna was horrified to hear that the two were found dead—Marie Vetsera with a bottle of strychnine by her side, and the Crown Prince with his skull smashed. The details of their awful end, whether by suicide or murder, have been wrapt in mystery ever since.

Only two years ago the Empress Elizabeth's sister was burned to death at a charity bazaar in Paris. And in September last, the Empress herself came to her tragic end, at the hand of Luccheni, an Italian assassin. The anguish of this last blow may be faintly imagined when we recall the words of the heart-broken Emperor, after the funeral of the Crown

Prince : "How much I owe," he said to the Speaker of the Reichsrat, "how much I have to thank, in these sad days, my dearly beloved wife. The great support she has been to me during this terrible time, I cannot describe. I cannot thank heaven deeply enough for having given me such a consort in the path of my life."

As if to pile the pelion of mountainous trouble on the ossa of all former griefs, the lonely old man is just now confronted with an empire convulsed with racial



THE BUDA TUNNEL AND WIRE-ROPE RAILWAY.

strifes and complications that seem interminable and insoluble. It looks as if the dream of his life was vanishing into thin air.

"The claim of the Czech to home rule in Bohemia rests on the same historical basis as that of the Magyars in Hungary. But the German colony in Bohemia is unalterably opposed to any system that would place them at the mercy of a race whom they despise and fear. Sooner than hand over a body of their fellow-countrymen to Slav domination, the Germans of Austria, if their protestations are to be believed, would change the Hapsburgs for the Hohenzollerns, and join the great German Empire across the border. And rather than consent to such an increase of Slav influence as Bohemian autonomy would bring with it, the Magyars of Hungary would break loose from Austria and set up a kingdom of their own."

So intense is the character of this political struggle now proceeding within the monarchy, that the "new German Liberal party of Austria threaten to form a pan-Germanic association," with the immediate object of inducing the German Roman Catholics of Austria to turn Protestant en masse! The ultimate aim of the pan-Germanic party is to preserve the race ascendancy of the Austrian Germans over the Slav populations. By the wholesale conversion to Protestantism, the German Liberals desired to punish the Roman Catholic clergy for the support given by them to the Slavs.

The fact that such a Utopian scheme could be seriously enter-

tained at all shows the desperate straits to which the racial conflict has brought Austria in general, and its distracted Emperor in particular.

But the majestic old hero holds on his way. Neither external disasters, nor internecine strife, nor his appalling domestic sorrows, have served to divert him in the least from the calm, dignified, faithful discharge of duty. To quote the words of a recent writer:

"In an easy, indolent society, the Emperor has worked as very few day-labourers would care to work. Bismarck, who was a good judge, put him down as the most industrious man he had ever known. In a peculiarly haughty and highly exclusive aristocracy, the Emperor has mixed freely with his people, meeting them as man to man, without condescension and without formality.

"One day in each week has, for years past, been set apart for a public reception, the callers, down to the poorest in the realm, being shown one by one into the Emperor's presence, and encouraged to talk as to a friend, whose age and kindly nature fitted him to advise and succour.

"While performing with exactitude all the ceremonial duties of his office the Emperor's private inclinations run on quieter and more homely lines. Simple in all his tastes, direct in speech, frank in manner and nature, patient and methodical in his work, his whole character is got up in good, plain black and white. Everybody can sympathize with him, because everybody can understand him."

Next to the most venerable and most venerated monarch now living—Queen Victoria—Emperor Francis Joseph is, with scarce a doubt, the best beloved sovereign in the world. The immediate future of Austria no man can foresee. The last monarch to wear the crown of the Holy Roman Empire may prove the last to hold together the rival nations of Southeastern Europe. The old monarch's demise—which it is to be hoped is far off yet—and the crucial test of a successor to his troubled throne, may be the deluge which will sweep the existing Austria from the map of Europe. Even the mighty personality of the Emperor may not be able to avert that catastrophe in his lifetime. But whatever may happen, the work of Emperor Francis Joseph will live. It can no more die than that of Gordon in the Soudan.

Paisley, Ont.

A MORNING HYMN.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

"Deliver us from evil."—Matt. vi. 13.

Guardian invincible! unerring Guide!
Friend in whose loving-kindness we confide!
Protect Thy people through the coming day;
Nor suffer from Thy paths their feet to stray.

Arm Thou the strong, in the front ranks of life
Who walk,—that they may conquer in the strife,
If powers of evil shall their souls assail,—
For panoplied by Thee they must prevail.

Be to the weak, whom Thou apart dost lead,
A tower of refuge for the time of need;
Since it is often at the feeblest heart
The craven tempter aims his poisoned dart.

All need Thine aid: not one, alone, can be
For aught sufficient: each depends on Thee:
Hear Thou the suppliants this morn who pray—
And keep from hence to everlasting day!

Toronto.

THOMAS CHALMERS—THE APOSTLE OF THE NORTH.

BY THE REV. A. W. NICOLSON.

I.

THOMAS CHALMERS.

Brains, culture, piety, ambition, opportunity,—these made Thomas Chalmers. Without brains he would have been a good-natured dunce. Without culture, his brains and piety would have produced another of the world's thousands of Ephraims,—"a cake not turned." Without piety, his other great qualities might have added to the Darwins, Tindalls, and Huxleys, doing much good to science and tremendous harm to religion. Without ambition, Chalmers would never have attained to fame. And without opportunity—what? Such men help to make the opportunity. Somewhere he would open a door wide enough to take in his own massive personality, and such hundreds as followed in that glorious "Disruption."

Take this combination—the five prominent elements just mentioned, and trace them through his life, character, power, distinction, and leadership.

First, then, Brains. Skulls grow and are filled from several sources. Like all good natural products, they must begin far back with pure elements of life, and certain advantages of soil, sun, atmosphere, care and patience. Every race of savages has its own skull formations. Greek and Roman civilizations produced other types. Modern Christianity and culture pack the brain cells with what we call genius and talents, the dynamos of the world's energy and marvellous achievements to-day.

Body goes with brains. There have been exceptions. Men and

women souls have inhabited bodies like fractured vessels which always threatened to break under the weight of the treasures they contained. Such people as Robert Hall, Thomas Carlyle, and Mrs. Browning, were tortured by diseased constitutions. Watts, Wesley, and similar samples of diminutive manhood were sent to show how mind can rise superior to matter. But the great orators—the Punshons, Simpsons, Chalmers—of the ages are usually "from the shoulders upward higher than any of the people."

Thomas Chalmers was born in Fifeshire, Scotland, on the 17th of March—the day that gave birth to another Scotchman, who became the most famous of Irishmen, St. Patrick—and in the year 1780, eleven years before the death of John Wesley. His father was "dignified and handsome, highly honourable, courteous and kind." He was "of the business class, and related to some of the clergy and a sprinkling of the landed gentry." Dignity, honour, courtesy, clerical and semi-aristocratic relationship—there we have the origin of great body and brains.

Secondly, Culture. Till twelve the common school of the parochial system which John Knox planted in Scotland, from which have risen many poor men's sons to eminence in science, literature, and religion. Here he was "one of the idlest, strongest, merriest, and most generous-hearted of the boys." Then—at twelve be it noticed—the university of St. Andrew's adopted him. He was "volatile, boyish, and idle." No wonder! The home mother would have suited him better for a few years longer. But he laid the foundation here for that mathematical skill which was to make his tutorship and astronomical lectures the wonder of the age. He devoured mathematics. The passion carried him and not he it.

Thirdly, Piety. Like too many young men, Chalmers had not thought out the question of his adaptation to any special life-work. No very serious apprehensions of responsibility troubled him. He had always been noted for a love of the Bible, but chiefly because he delighted in its majestic passages, some of which he repeated while still in the nursery, walking the floor while he declaimed. This love of the sublime was one indication of what he was to become at maturity, when the thunders of pulpit and platform would reverberate throughout the land.

Calvinism, the creed of his training, was sufficiently sturdy and rugged to challenge his analytical powers. Here, too, broke out another glimpse of the coming giant—he insisted on looking into and discussing decrees which he was taught to regard as hidden from human knowledge. He found contradictions. "His mind was clouded with doubts and scepticism," as whose has not been who has stood at those granite portals and attempted to follow the labyrinths beyond? Butler's "Analogy," truth in a vast jungle to little minds, was a stately forest to Chalmers. Edwards' "Freedom of the Will" gave him clearer views of human responsibility. Now came his year of jubilee—the first of his emancipation. Like Adam Clark, Chalmers gave little promise of eloquence in earlier years; but unlike Adam Clark, whose style became smooth and flowing as a summer rivulet, Chalmers' address grew to be turgid and overwhelming—a Niagara of delivery. At college prayers he addressed the Deity with surprising humility, vivid views of the divine character and awful consciousness of human depravity.

He began teaching as tutor in

a private family. The pompous lord of the home accused him of being proud. "Sir," answered Chalmers, "there are two kinds of pride: there is the pride that lords it over inferiors, of which I have none; and there is the pride which rejoices in repressing the insolence of superiors. In this pride I glory." Wonder? Did the accuser live to hear Chalmers thundering throughout the land? And, if so, what did he think of himself?

So profoundly impressed was his Presbytery with this "youth of pregnant parts," that they licensed him at nineteen, evading their own law. He was now under full pressure. At the end of his second year in the university, he spent much time with his mathematical text-books and very little with the Bible. He seldom preached. When called to assist a parish minister for a time he sighed for the text-books. When called to a parish of his own he scandalized the profession by teaching classes in geometry and chemistry in the manse parlour. He was above public opinion. His classes expanded. His name stood among several candidates for mathematical chairs.

Here came the turning point of his life. A brother was killed by privateers. A sister died devoutly resting on the Saviour. This was the second stage in his religious life. He went to London, attracted attention, and returned to write pamphlets on political economy, and articles for the Edinburgh Cyclopedia. His name was now famous, when the third great event of his life occurred. For six months he was laid aside by critical illness; looked through the portals of eternity; discovered that he was in need of saving mercy. From that bedside began a devoted life of service after his characteristic methods, and in his own herculean way. Mathematics went down to the basement; the Bible was brought up to the parlour, there to stay during a busy life, doing a mighty work. Instead of scientific classes now came Bible drill and evangelistic sermons. Converts came in; his soul was made glad; the parish woke up and the regions beyond began to whisper that a mighty man of God had made his appearance.

Fourthly, Ambition. To aim at supremacy in the pulpit is as justifiable as to strive for mastery in law, medicine, or politics. "Covet earnestly the best gifts." Chalmers had lofty ideals; his target was higher than that of common marksmen. He had impediments, but he was determined to master them. Wild and uncouth in delivery, broad in pronunciation, impetuous as the downward rush of his native mountain torrents, he set about training, restraining, controlling himself by every painstaking measure. To this cause may be attributed his life-long use of the manuscript, of which he made such unique and wonderful use in many ways. There are traditions of Chalmers and his gown and manuscript in Scottish cities to-day that give a listener some idea of how the echoes must have been awakened under the old rafters. Everything in Chalmers was elephantine. His description of his proposal to the young lady whom he married is in ponderous humour, much like the laugh of a hippopotamus. If the young lady listened to such Doric as Chalmers recounts, she must have felt that she was bombarded with such forms of love as maidens seldom listen to. The married life, however, was one of much happiness.

Now came the fifth of the elements named at the head of this article:

His opportunity. His fame was

wide-spread. Sought for many public occasions, the great orator spent a busy life. As an author, too, he was making a wide circle of admirers. Some compared him to Demosthenes. Robert Hall wrote him warm congratulations on his success in London pulpits. Nine editions of his astronomical discourses went off in one year. With a population of twelve thousand in his parish, he set about reaching the multitude. Within two years there were 2,000 scholars in his schools. Pauperism was brought under control. System prevailed, and much machinery was at work. To show how much of Chalmers there was in all this, it is enough to say that when the giant's shoulders were removed from supporting the pillars the great structure went to pieces.

In the General Assembly there was much enthusiasm over his fervid speeches. When large collections were needed in the churches, it became a standing suggestion, "Send for Chalmers." From his "alma mater," St. Andrew's University, he received a D.D., and was offered a Chair in Philosophy. He accepted. St. Andrew's was to be the arena of his best achievements. On historic ground, associated with strong men, and surrounded by admiring students, vigorous work became a constant joy. Intimate friends wondered how, with all this combination of gifts, he was usually much excited and trammelled when looking to a great public effort. To the writer of this article nothing was more surprising than to see the hands trembling, with sheer nervous apprehension, on the neck of Dr. Richey, and the faltering steps of Dr. Ryerson, as he literally "groaned in the spirit" while waiting in the vestry for a large meeting. It was years ago, and the surprise was deepened as he saw how the excitement in each instance went off in mighty eloquence. The giant shook the castle when putting on strength for warfare.

Of Chalmers in Edinburgh and during the Disruption we have no space to write, but must devote a second article to circumstances away beyond the common range of history. It is ground, moreover, somewhat peculiar to this writer, from the fact that he had an uncle—"the Apostle of the North," whose work has familiarized us with scenes which have not been put upon paper; extraordinary scenes, burned in upon the memory in boyhood, to be forever stimulative of pride and gratitude.

PRECIOUS FAITH.

"The trial of your faith, being more precious than gold." (2 Peter ii. 7.)

The faith that never has been tried
May shrink in times of fear,
Like Peter, who his Lord denied,
With little danger near;
A precious faith will bear the shock
Amid all wreck and tear,
And find beneath a solid rock,
Though stepping on the air!

A mind that asks the reason why
Is unbelief confessed;
Assured faith makes no reply
Howe'er severe the test;
It never stops to count the foes,
But, harnessed for the frav,
With bravest front and sturdy blows,
It surely wins the day.

The faith that fears the raging blast
When wild the billows rave,
Will cry in vain when drifting fast
It buffets with the wave;
A tested faith but waits to hear
The bidding, "Come to me!"
And straightway, with no thoughts of fear,
Steps out upon the sea!

If cheeks grow pale when death is nigh,
A feeble faith has fled!
To precious trust 'tis gain to die;
All mortal wrappings shed,
On wings of joy it soars above,
With saints and angels blest,
Where faith and hope absorbed in love
Give everlasting rest.

—*Sidney Dyer.*

AN ANGLO-AMERICAN BROTHERHOOD.*

BY THE REV. HUGH JOHNSTON, D.D.

II.

Our closing argument for this alliance is from our material interests and possessions. Look at the enormous wealth of these peoples. The United States leads the nations with the stupendous amount of seventy-seven billions of dollars, an average of a thousand dollars for every man, woman, and child. Next comes the British Isles with sixty billions, an average of about two thousand dollars per head. She is the world's banker, and even the Church of Rome makes that Protestant country the guardian of her great fiscal resources. Every religious order in France, where the Dreyfus scandal is the outcome of Jesuit ethics, the whole gang of military rascals having been trained in Jesuit schools, and the whole plot, as demonstrated in a recent striking article in The Contemporary, being an anti-patriotic Jesuit conspiracy, has recently transferred all its available means to English banks.

The annual income of the British Empire is $1,275,000,000; of the United States, $335,000,000 Federal, and $270,000,000 State, a total of $625,000,000. These two nations control the world's communications. As the old Roman roads, that rayed out from the golden milestone in the Eternal City, were the great highways that facilitated the intercourse of the nations, so the railway trains, the ocean greyhounds, the light outspeeding telegraph, make the most distant lands accessible. Two-thirds of the world's merchant ships, one-half of the world's telegraph lines, and sixty per cent. of all the railways belong to the English-speaking people.

The total mileage of railways in France, Germany, and Russia is 79,500. The British Empire has 76,000 miles. The United States has 182,000 miles. The coast line of the United States is 8,000 miles. Of the British Empire, 54,000. The total of France, Germany, Russia, and all their possessions, is only 17,000 miles.

The coming power is electricity. If Emerson could say that steam is almost an Englishman, we can say that electricity is almost an American. Witness Morse with the electric telegraph, Cyrus W. Field with the submarine cable, Thomas A. Edison with his telephone, phonograph, and microphone. The English are by far the most inventive people of the Old World. Herbert Spencer says, "In mechanical appliances, the Americans are ahead of all nations." The Rev. Dr. Hall, whose recent death is mourned by all denominations, says one of his congregation assured him that the Yankees could make better "hens' eggs and cheaper than the hens themselves could lay."

Then look at the international trade. The total annual trade of the British Empire amounts to 60,000 millions of dollars. The annual trade of the United States to 1,900 millions of dollars. The total annual trade of France, Germany and Russia combined amounts to 8,000 millions of dollars. England buys from the United States as much as all the rest of the world, that is, her market is worth all the other

*Substance of a lecture by the Rev. Hugh Johnston, D.D., given in Carlton St. Methodist Church, Toronto.

countries put together. Why, the five millions of people in Canada buy annually more of her goods and merchandise by $142,000,000 than the thirty-six millions of South America. The United States exports to Great Britain five times as much as to Germany, ten times as much as to France, and seventy-five times as much as to Russia, "our traditional friend." The magnitude of these trade relations shows that the two nations should be united in closest friendship.

Great Britain stands before the world as the champion of free markets. Her policy is unrestricted trade. The union of these two nations means for the United States the pulling down of tariff walls and all barriers of trade; and the sailing of her merchant ships as far as winds blow and oceans roll.

Our very possessions show our real interdependence and the necessity of this international intercourse and friendship. For Britain this alliance offers the great advantage of keeping open the Atlantic for her food supply; and for America the protection of her Atlantic and Pacific coasts. Look also at the territorial possessions of these two nations. Take Uncle Sam. The United States occupying the belt of power, the magic zone between the 23rd and 50th parallels extending from ocean to ocean, presents the spectacle of a nation of seventy millions speaking one language, with an invigorating climate, with exhaustless treasures of coal and iron, silver and gold, with unlimited agricultural resources, all under one Government, throbbing with the same hopes and aspirations, bound by common sympathies and interests, the richest, freest, most majestic republic this globe has ever borne. These possessions have been widening, and Brother Jonathan, long represented as tall and thin, nothing but skin and bone, is now sketched by cartoonists as getting fatter and fatter after four months' use of the "great humanitarian expansion specific;" and little Hawaii and Porto Rico in the National Art Gallery looking at the picture of Washington, the father of his country, are overheard saying: "I reckon he must be our stepfather."

Hawaii is annexed. Porto Rico is annexed. Cuba is held in trusteeship. The question of the Philippines is still unsettled. We are hearing a great deal about Imperialism and departure from the traditional policy. But the tendency to expansion is irresistible. It is the instinct of the race. It seems manifest destiny that the flag raised over the Philippines by Admiral Dewey is there to stay.

In spite of the expense and the dangers involved in holding these fifteen hundred islands, with their fine assortment of volcanoes and earthquakes, there are immense advantages in ownership. They are the southern key of the Far East. They are to the south what Japan is to the north—an unsurpassed point from which to extend the commerce of the United States and to gain its share in China's trade. They are themselves one of the great undeveloped opportunities of the world; a group of islands matchless in wealth and location, with exhaustless resources and possibilities awaiting exploitation. The present situation creates the necessity of having a naval as well as a commercial base in Asiatic waters. But especially the growing importance of the commerce of the Pacific, and the impending opening of China, demand that America shrink not from its duty nor fail to play a leading part in these developments. It is to the interest of Great Britain and the United States that the latter hold the

Philippines as a permanent possession.

Great Britain is struggling for the "open door." Both in commerce and in religion she not only wants to retain free access to the markets of the Orient, but she is willing to open the gates of every country that she enters to the free competition of the world. The narrower policy of France, Russia, and Germany, is to shut up their colonies to their own commerce, and they would carve up China for the same purpose. In the East, England's interests and those of the United States coincide. England's commerce with China is six times greater than that of Russia, Germany, France, and Belgium combined. America's share in China's foreign trade is already next in value is that of Great Britain, and with an open market, and China's new development, it is destined to attain immense proportions. The United States would be blind and stupid indeed not to recognize that her place is side by side with the Motherland in the re-assertion and re-establishment of British influence at Pekin; for that means China's recovery of political independence and territorial integrity as well as a vast and ever expanding outlet for American manufactures and American goods in the Far East.

We have looked at Uncle Sam's territorial possessions. Now glance at John Bull's. Begin with the British Isles. They seem of geographical insignificance as the seat of such imperial influence. But here is the workshop of the world, with its bustling cities and busy marts, with London, the capital, its mighty pulse-beats throbbing to the ends of the earth —the greatest city this globe has ever borne. Go over Scotland and Ireland, and as you sail away from the white cliffs of Albion, you have not yet seen the British Empire. Sail over the Atlantic to the West Indies, then up to the Bermudas as far north as Newfoundland. Now start from Halifax, and travel by rail across the continent, touching at Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, Port Arthur, Winnipeg, speeding day after day over a territory larger than the continent of Europe, over the prairie, over the Rocky, the Selkirk and Cascade ranges to far-off Vancouver, and the great harbours of Victoria and Esquimalt. You have not yet seen the British Empire. Sail away for many days over the lonely Pacific across to China and Japan, and find British quarters prominent in every seaport, and Hong Kong, a British Key of Empire—a mountain island, with a beautiful city on a magnificent harbour, which is full of British warships. Sail down through the East Indies, and you are scarcely ever out of sight of the Union Jack.

Linger in Singapore, at the foot of the Malay Peninsula, visit lovely Ceylon. You now reach Continental India. Look down from the snowy Himalayas over that empire where Britain rules twice as many people as Caesar governed when his empire stretched from the shores of the Indus to the Pillars of Hercules, and from the walls of Antoninus to the Mountains of the Moon. Study Calcutta, the most cultivated city of Asia. Visit Madras on her burning sands, and cross to queenly Bombay, the second city of the British Empire, with its delightful shores and stately temples, its great buildings and proud fleets. You have not yet seen the British Empire.

From these purple and azure seas sail southward on until the shadows begin to fall northward at noon, the days grow gradually cool, strange constellations rise out of the sea, and in July the

blasts of November and December come up from the icebergs of the Southern Pole, when, lo! from the ocean there lifts itself up an island continent, four times as large as China, with its forests and pasture lands, its mineral wealth, and thriving cities. See verdant Tasmania and green New Zealand, and the Fiji Islands. You have not yet seen the British Empire.

Sail away for days and days until you reach South Africa. Then up the coast past Aden into the Red Sea. Think of British influence at the Congo River, in the Soudan, in the heart of Africa, and along the whole course of the Nile, and of the brilliant taking of Khartoum, which has established English supremacy from the Cape of Good Hope to the mouth of the Nile.

Through the Suez Canal, you enter the Mediterranean, visiting Cyprus, Malta, and other British ports, until you reach Gibraltar, that impregnable rock of military might that frowns defiance on the world. Now sail outward again into the Atlantic. You have circumferenced the globe, and with a mighty mental effort summoning up all you have seen around the wide wide world, its continents and islands,—only then can you have a faint conception of the might and majesty and splendour of the British Empire.

The prosperity of this great empire means the prosperity of the United States. The union of these two nations of opulence and strength would mean a balance of power for the world—power to strike peace on one-half of the continents and on all the seas, a union of Christian forces for the speedy evangelization of the nations.

Who oppose this alliance?

First. Many millions of Roman Catholic Irish-Americans. They have left their country for their country's good. They are powerful and aggressive political agitators, playing upon traditional animosity, harbouring old grievances and feelings of revenge, and seizing every opportunity for "twisting the lion's tail." The Irish have an instinct for journalism. They are represented on every great paper in the United States. So you will see protests against this treasonable and alien alliance of the Stars and Stripes with the blood-stained flag of oppression and tyranny which represents the corrupt and rapacious English.

But even Irish grievances are being removed. The present system of local self-government in Ireland is not Home Rule, but it is a substitute for it and an instalment of justice. One of these days the only ground of Irish complaint will be that the perfidious English have removed every cause of complaint.

Allied to this is the power of Jesuitism and political Romanism, which feel that the union of these two great Protestant, Bible-loving and missionary nations would be the death knell of Latin Christianity and the decadence of the Latin nations.

Then there are politicians who cannot read the signs of the times, who are ready to trifle with the nation's interests, who have grave fears of entering into political entanglements and international diplomacies.

This union is not a jingo alliance. That would be a menace to the world. It is not for war but for peace, a supreme force making for righteousness, law and order, carrying out heaven's design of blessing the race in the solidarity and brotherhood of man.

The United States has had enough of the horrors of war. Though she has come off victorious, and the flag of Spain has gone down never again to rise on

this hemisphere, and though one hour at Gettysburg cost the American people more lives than the entire death list by bullet wounds and disease, yet the sufferings of the American troops in transport ships, on the soil of the Antilles, and in the hospitals and camps at home, have shown the whole nation the bitterness of war.

"Did your son get safe home from Cuba?" asked a neighbour.

"He did better than that," was the answer. "He got safe home from camp."

"Lest we forget, lest we forget," God's providence has shown the Americans within the space of four months that General Sherman uttered the truth when he said, "War is hell."

These two peoples have been settling their differences by arbitration and not by the sword, and when General Grant, who led greater armies and had more uninterrupted victories than Napoleon, was asked on what he depended most for his fame, he answered, "The Treaty of Washington, where we settled the Alabama claims by arbitration."

And now the very breath of the world is taken away by the appeal of the Czar of all the Russias for universal peace. The Russian Bear looks odd but interesting in his suit of sheep's clothing. The growing "rapprochement" between England and America, and the appearance of Brother Jonathan on the scene of the Far East has no doubt helped on this overture from this greatest of military despots, who each year has 280,000 conscripts join his army, which in times of peace numbers one million, while the war footing rises to two and a half millions of men. The curse of militarism, with its vast expenditure of money and men, lies heavy on the nations. If an international agreement to disarmament can be made it will be the most momentous and beneficial movement in modern history, a blessed presage of the twentieth century.

The high mission of the English-speaking race, with its language, its literature, its institutions, its spirit of adventure, its gift of colonization, its open Book and evangelical creed, is to be a spiritual blessing to the world, and to lead the nations to Christianity. God's voice would seem to say, "I have a purpose concerning you, the Anglo-Saxon people. I led you out from your early home in the low marshes of the North Sea. I gave you a second home in sunny England, and a third home on the virgin soil of America. I held Australia in reserve for you, and have put into your keeping India, Africa, the Isles of the Sea. I have given you the best soil of all the world and the wealth of all mines, that you may have might and majesty and dominion. I have scourged and chastened you, baptized you with blood and fire, washed out the curse of slavery and made freedom, law and order the heritage of all, that you might proclaim liberty throughout all the earth to all the inhabitants thereof.

"You are to become the world's evangelizer. My purpose concerning you is written in letters of light in your grandeur, your wealth, your power, your liberty, your religion. Go forth on your high and holy mission, and you shall stand in your lot until the last fires shall blot out the sun; and the Holy City, the New Jerusalem, shall come down from God out of heaven."

We do not attempt to define the terms of this alliance. A heart union is of more importance than a formal treaty. An alliance offensive and defensive between these two almost irresistible powers might develop a too aggressive policy and alarm the European

nations. It is rather an alliance of hearts, an era of good will and affection between these two countries. We simply want a solidarity of sentiment, a partnership of the English-speaking race which shall be for the good of civilization and humanity, the enthronement of justice, civilization and freedom throughout the world, and be the dawn of a new day in the world's history.

Poets have sung of the "parliament of man, the federation of the world." This Anglo-American union is the beginning of the reign of universal peace, the preparing of the way for the coming of the King, when the clouds shall roll away and this planet shall like a garment wear the beauty of the morning. Then with Tennyson let us sing:

"Gigantic daughter of the West,
We drink to thee across the flood,
We know thee most, we love thee best
For art thou not of British blood?
Should war's mad blast again be blown,
Permit not thou the tyrant powers
To fight thy mother here alone,
But let thy broadsides roar with ours.
Hands all round!
God the tyrant's cause confound."

OF THE POET.

BY WILLIAM R. WOOD.

Who singeth in this modern age should know
What air he breathes, what spirit he is of,
What sounds, upon the myriad-pulsèd air,
He welcomes to his lyre and weaves anew.
Our time demands no stunted heart, no mind
That follows but because one says: "I lead."
A man with soul-step firm and steadfast life
That dares to stand alone amid the fray,
And 'mid the sophist's triumph, and the shriek
Of men despairing, still his Lord's behest
Remembers, and to brace his soul repeats:
"This know to-day, consider in thy heart,
That God is Lord within the heavens above,
And on the earth beneath." Sublimest thought
For man's consideration! 'Tis enough,
When lowers the tempest, all the soul to calm;
When sinks the spirit, hope inspire and peace;
When death approaches all its dread to quell.
A man our time demands, who not alone
The majesty of ancient themes has seen,
The glory of the sunset, and the spell
Of ebon night, the grandeur of the dooms
We have imagined for the mighty dead,
The dim and awful splendour of the woods,
The still enchantment of mid-desert calm,
And Ocean's changeful, changeless, boundlessness;
Yea, and a thousand such, for ages sung,
And all the charm of chivalry and eld:
But who, likewise, beside his path beholds
A glory all new-born, and all unsung;
The thrill of hidden power that all the soul
Electrifies, when from the trackless blue
The ocean racers forge ahead and pause;
The tremor of the earth that awes the heart,
When from the vast the fire-fed Iron Steed
Rolls like a harnessed thunderbolt and stops.
One must he be, whose far-extending soul
Has pierced the roar of commerce, and the jar
Of mighty wheels that grind the lives of men,
And, deep amid the tumult and the crash,
Has heard, serene, and musical, and clear,
The anthems of the Universe of God.

Riverbank, Ont.

THE CHURCH AND WORKINGMEN.*

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER SUTHERLAND, D.D.

Jesus Christ—I speak it with reverence—was a workingman; his kingdom was founded among workingmen; his first ministers were workingmen; a large part of the world's population are workingmen. If, therefore, the Church is in any measure identical with the kingdom which Christ came to establish, and desires to be true to its origin and divine ideal, there should be everything in the Church to attract the world's toilers, and nothing to repel them. But is this the case?

Are workingmen attracted to the Church in the present day as they were to Jesus Christ when "the common people heard him gladly"? The most pronounced optimist will scarcely venture to affirm that they are. At the same time I cannot bring myself into sympathy with extremists who declare that there is a mighty chasm between the Church and workingmen that never can be bridged over. The statement has a measure of truth when applied to the unchurched masses of the old world, and to considerable numbers in the great centres of population on this continent; but it is an utter exaggeration when applid to the working population as a whole. But although there is as yet no broad chasm, there is a narrow rift, and unless timely steps are taken this may widen until it becomes a "great gulf fixed," too deep to be fathomed and too wide to be crossed. It will be far easier to close the rift now than to bridge the chasm fifty years hence.

The Church and the workingmen ought to be firm friends and allies. Alienation of confidence and sympathy, leading to antagonism, would be an unspeakable calamity to both. The workingmen have need of the Church, and the Church has need of the workingmen. Rather let me say, the workingmen should be the Church. It was theirs at the first; and if they have suffered it to slip out of their hands, the duty of the hour is to claim back their inheritance and insist that the Church shall be what Jesus intended it to be—bread for the hungry, clothing for the naked, protection for the friendless, a refuge for the oppressed; above all, that it should be the one place where arbitrary social distinctions shall disappear, and where, on the foundation of a common brotherhood, rich and poor shall meet together, acknowledging that God is the Maker and Father of them all.

I do not think that any real antagonism exists between the Church and the workingmen as such, but only with that class (a small one, I hope) of sceptical and irreligious men who antagonize all religion, or that other class who make the assumed delinquencies of the Church an excuse for the habitual neglect of religion. The fact that in every Christian congregation workingmen are to be found, sometimes constituting the bulk of the membership, is proof positive that there is no insuperable barrier between the two. Multitudes of workingmen have found in the Church a congenial spiritual home, and are not slow to acknowledge the benefits derived from the association. At the same time there are vast numbers of working people, neither sceptical nor irreligious in any strong sense

* From "The Kingdom of God and Problems of To-day" (Toronto: William Briggs, $1.00), by kind permission of the author.

of those terms, who are not in cordial sympathy with the Church, who stand aloof from it to the mutual disadvantage of the Church and themselves. If this is true, it is a serious matter, and demands serious attention in regard to both cause and cure.

Such antagonism as does exist between the Church and a certain class of workingmen is not to be altogether accounted for on the ground of natural depravity or the enmity of the carnal mind. Neither would it be wise to assume that the blame is all on one side. The alienation of sympathy which does exist is due to causes for which neither party is entirely responsible. There has not been any violent reaction on the part of workingmen against religious teaching as such, nor any supercilious "passing by on the other side" on the part of the Church; but gradually a feeling of estrangement has crept in, as though the interests of the workingmen were entirely distinct from those of the Church, and could not be combined. This has arisen, in part, from the growing wealth of some, and consequent changes in social position. The thoughts of the average workingman run in one channel, those of the successful business or professional man run in another; and this tends to produce a class feeling, which sometimes shows itself in the Church as well as out of it. Nor is there anything which can overcome this tendency save that unfeigned Christian sympathy which recognizes the real brotherhood of all believers in Christ Jesus.

Another cause of the lack of sympathy for the Church on the part of workingmen is the old strife between capital and labour. Strictly speaking, there can be no strife between capital and labour—they are natural partners and allies, and the one is comparatively useless without the other; but there has been strife between capitalists and labourers, and as capitalists are sometimes members of the Church, not a few labourers have jumped to the conclusion that the Church on the whole is on the side of the capitalist. I do not regard the conclusion a just one, but the deference sometimes paid by the Church to wealthy men has given grounds for the suspicion that she is not altogether free from the sin of having "respect of persons."

Moreover, the relative rights and duties of employers and employed are questions on which the pulpit is usually silent; and thus the very person to whom the workingman should naturally look as his friend and champion is regarded as neutral at the best, if not positively unfriendly. From all this it comes to pass that, although the Church may have ready welcome for all who come within her pale, and does what she can to minister to their spiritual needs, the conviction exists that she holds herself aloof from the struggles and aspirations of workingmen as a class; that she does not champion the cause of the poor against the rich, or the weak against the strong; and thus the workingman is led to seek in trades unions and fraternal societies the sympathy and moral support which he does not always find in the Church.

Among the minor causes which keep many workingmen aloof from the Church are such as the following: "The churches are too fine for ordinary working people to attend." "The system of renting pews at high figures puts churchgoing beyond our means." "Average churchgoers dress so finely that we feel out of place among them in our common clothes." And last, but not least, "When we do go to church no one takes any notice of us; we do not feel as if we were made wel-

come, and do not care to go again."

Now, admitting that there is some truth in all this; admitting that it might have been better if the various denominations had not built so many costly churches, burdened with heavy debts, necessitating high pew rents and many other evils; admitting that costly raiment is not only out of place in the house of God, but that it shames the face of the poor; admitting that with most of us there is a foolish reserve which hinders us from giving a welcome to the stranger within our gates that will make him feel entirely at home; admitting that all these hindrances exist in some measure, yet the experience of those who are in the Church shows that they are not insurmountable, and that, as hindrances, they are larger in imagination than in reality. The chief difficulty here, as elsewhere, is in the man himself; for no matter what may have been his complaints against the Church, no matter how strong his dislike of its ministers, teachings, or methods, only let that great spiritual change pass upon him which we call conversion, but which Jesus calls being born from above, and instantly suspicion, dislike, antagonism, vanish away; his complaints are hushed, and in the Church, which once he hated and despised, he finds a congenial spiritual home.

In seeking to promote more cordial relations between the Church and workingmen it is essential that the representative men of the Church—the ministers and influential members—should learn to look at a great many questions from the workingman's point of view, and thus, as it were, put themselves in his place. And this is the more important because not a few who claim to speak on behalf of workingmen do not always fairly state their views. We must learn to distinguish between the glib utterances of the labour agitator and the deep and often unuttered feelings of the average workingman. To accomplish this, the wisest and best men in the Churches should seek to mingle with the workingmen in their places of business, in their homes, in their association meetings (where that is possible), with a sincere desire to learn their needs, to help in their struggles, to sympathize with their aspirations and hopes.

In the next place, the Church needs to learn what this meaneth, "Man shall not live by bread alone"; no, nor even by religion alone. No one thing—not even religion—can fill the whole round of man's needs, and the Church must learn to champion the cause of the toiling masses in regard to many things which lie outside of the spiritual realm. She has done what she could to teach men those truths of religion which relate to inward experiences and a future state, and has not been unmindful of the great rules of personal morality outlined in the decalogue; but the broad domain of social ethics has been until recently a virtually unexplored territory. Touching the wide range of man's social needs, we have too often said, like the disciples at Bethsaida, "Send the multitudes away"; and where this has been the case we have no right to complain if many of them have taken us at our word, and have gone away to their lodge rooms and their trades unions for the things they needed but could not find in the Church. The Church must correct this. She must make the world's workers see that she is their staunch friend in everything that is "true, and lovely, and of good report"; and that all they need of sympathy, of encouragement, of co-operation for the promotion of their intellectual, industrial, social, and spiritual interests,

they can find in the Church of Jesus Christ.

Let it not be supposed that nothing has been done in this direction. In great centres of population, like London and New York, agencies for the relief of poverty, and for the educational, moral, and social advancement of the working classes are multiplying every day. One of the most notable of these agencies had its origin in the universities. Groups of refined and cultured men and women have gone into the poorest quarters of London and New York, not to distribute condescending charity, but to live right among the poorest people, sharing their sorrows, sympathizing in their trials, opening avenues of hope for the future, showing the way to a better life here and hereafter. Speaking of such work in the East End of London, a recent writer observes: "Hence have come Toynbee Hall, with its sane and sagacious belief in the value of art for the squalid East End, and its brave endeavour to educate the university by means of Whitechapel, and to save Whitechapel by the culture of service of the universities; Oxford House, with its intense conviction of the mission of the Church to the masses, though of a mission that the ordinary ecclesiastical agencies and methods are quite unable to fulfil: Mansfield House, with its strong practical spirit, seeking to improve the houses, the amusements, the minds, the relationships, and the lives of the workers in the farther East End; the Wesleyan Settlement at Bermondsey, with its noble religious zeal and broad philanthropy, attempting at once to heal the bodies and save the souls of those it can reach; University Hall, with its intellectual energy and its belief in knowledge as a saving and civilizing power; and besides these, a multitude of houses and missions independently and separately maintained by colleges and public schools."

And these are but samples of countless Christian agencies that are at work all over the world for the moral, social, intellectual, and spiritual uplifting of the race. Notwithstanding all that has been said in disparagement of the Church and its work, it remains true that in all that has yet been done for the betterment of human conditions, especially those of the poor and the toilers, the Church of God has been the most potent factor.

But if workingmen desire the friendship and co-operation of the Church, there is something for them to consider. If the workingman has a claim upon the Church, the Church has a claim upon the workingman. Let mutual duties and responsibilities be recognized, and the way to co-operation is made plain. It is most important, too, that Christian workingmen who desire to promote harmony and good will between the Church and the labouring classes should learn to speak for themselves, instead of being spoken for, as they often are, by irreligious and even sceptical men, whose real object is not to heal the breach, but to widen it. To sum up, let me repeat that the workingman needs the Church, and the Church needs the workingman. There is every reason why they should be close friends and allies, none why they should be strangers, much less foes. Let them approach each other with mutual confidence and respect, talk over their differences, if such there be, unite their efforts for the promotion of right and the suppression of wrong, and we may rest assured the time is not far distant when it will be felt and seen that the workingman's best friend is the Church, and that the Church's best friend is the workingman.

MOSES AND MYTHOLOGY.

BY C.

I.

Fact is father of fiction. Tradition originates in truth, or is suggested by it. Many of the myths of heathenism have their foundations deep in the verities of divine revelation or sacred history. In no way can those myths be satisfactorily accounted for but by regarding them as corruptions of the historical records found in the early chapters of the book of Genesis.

If, in the cosmogonies and mythologies of the older heathen nations, there are some fables that cannot be traced directly to the facts narrated by Moses, it is only because they are offshoots of "fables less fabulous," of whose parentage there can be no reasonable doubt. Or, if the myths of the heathen are not corruptions of the Pentateuch, they must constitute a separate and independent line of traditions dating back to a time far anterior to that in which Moses wrote. On this theory they must furnish much stronger evidence of the truth of the Mosaic history than if they were but corruptions of the history itself. If the fables are older than the book of Genesis, they all the more strongly corroborate the truth of Genesis, for truth and fable are traceable to the same class of facts.

Foolish as the myths of the classic heathen nations appear to us, and impure as many of them are, they none the less have a profound interest for the believer in divine revelation. We cannot dismiss them as the crazy fancies of a fevered brain. The more closely we study their general character, as well as their particular features, and the further back we go in the effort to trace their origin, the more striking and wonderful will appear their resemblance to the facts narrated in the writings of Moses.

The subject under consideration is one on which we cannot dogmatize. Some of the fabulous stories of the heathen poets cannot be traced to any supposable source, and they must therefore be treated only as matter of speculative inquiry. There are some others, however, of whose paternity we may speak with a degree of confidence amounting to definite and positive belief. And even the myths of classic heathenism may be laid under contribution as aids to inquiry in the search after truth, since everything that can tend to the elucidation of the sacred writings, or that can strengthen our faith in the historical verity of the Pentateuch, must be to us of greatest practical value.

Our belief in the truth of the Pentateuch does not rest on the traditions of the heathen writers, and yet it is an interesting and deeply significant fact that, as an able writer has expressed it, "vestiges of the truths affirmed by Moses are found in the traditional teachings of the world at large." In the mythologies of the ancient heathen especially, we find many fables that are so remarkably like the facts related by Moses that we cannot account for the existence of those fables except on the theory that the great events described in the book of Genesis actually occurred, and indelibly impressed themselves on men's minds, and were retained in memory as themes of story and of song, in all after

ages. And the nearer we approach to the Mosaic period the more closely do we find the fictions of heathenism to resemble the facts of sacred history.

Many of the fables of ancient Phoenicia, Egypt, Greece and Rome, are silly and obscene, the sheer inventions of a barbarous and impure age; but many others most evidently had their origin in great historical facts. They present the appearance of hideous distortions, —gross exaggerations—monstrous absurdities. And yet they are no more unlike the verities that gave them birth than the appearance of a human face, as seen through wrinkled glass, is unlike the reflection of the same face as seen in a smooth and even mirror.

May it not be taken as an axiom that all tradition originates in truth, or is suggested by it? Facts give birth to fables just as the religious element in human nature, when falsely or imperfectly educated, gives birth to superstition. An idol is the idolater's gross conception of the Divine Personality. The endless multiplication of imaginary deities is the unconscious attempt of the heathen mind to realize the truth of the Divine Omnipresence. Idol worship is a monstrous perversion of the truth of the Divine Spirituality. All these had their birth in the terrible corruption of the verities of revealed religion. And as in matters of religion, so also in matters of history. The fictions of to-day are but distortions of the facts of a bygone and half-forgotten age.

The original defection from historic truth must have been slight, but it became greater as the ages rolled on. Ever since men departed from the primitive simplicity of patriarchal faith and worship, the chasm between truth and error has grown wider; yet impressions of the facts recorded in the book of Genesis have never been totally obliterated from men's minds. Not only among the classic nations of antiquity, but also among the barbarian hordes of Asia, Europe, and Africa, who knew little or nothing of the Greek and Roman types of civilization, there were many traditional recollections of the stupendous facts and incidents narrated by Moses.

To confirm and illustrate what has been stated in general terms, let us now look at some of the more striking myths of the classic nations, and see how far they can be traced to historic sources, or can be shown to be corruptions of the accounts given in the inspired records; how far, in other words, the fabulous stories of heathenism —even "classic" heathenism— bear unconscious and unwilling testimony to the stupendous facts described in the opening chapters of the Bible.

At the start, our inquiries will take us back to a point anterior to historic time, when matter was in a state of universal confusion and disorder. The statements of Moses are made in the most brief and simple terms. Those of heathen writers are given much more in detail, and with many embellishments. It will be sufficient for our present purpose to select a few of the more striking facts described by Moses; and then to show how those facts are confirmed by the fictions of the poets, philosophers, and historians of Greece, Rome, and other heathen nations of the remote past.

1. Chaos. The statement of Moses as to the chaotic condition of primal matter is embraced in seventeen words, and all of them, except three, words of one syllable each: "And the earth was without form, and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep."—Gen. i. 2.

We now turn to a heathen poet

for presumptive evidence of the truth of the Scripture statement. The early Greek and Roman writers represent Chaos as the oldest of the heathen deities. She is described as a infernal deity, or goddess of the lower regions, and her empire embraced the boundless range of physical Confusion and Disorder. She was mother of Erebus and Nox, or Day and Night, and the parent from whom all other beings sprang. The sentiments of the heathen respecting the reign of the goddess are thus forcibly expressed by Ovid:

"Before the seas, or this terrestrial ball,
And heaven's high canopy that covers all,
One was the face of nature, if a face,
Rather, a rude and indigested mass;
A lifeless lump, unfashioned and unframed,
Of jarring seeds, and justly Chaos named."

This opinion of Ovid was also held by Sanchoniathon, the Phoenician historian. He lived about the time of Joshua, the successor of Moses, and not long, therefore, after the death of the latter. Or, if we may suppose that Sanchoniathon was an altogether fictitious character, there can be no doubt as to the fact that the heathen notions ascribed to him were held by the great leaders of heathen thought from a very remote period.

Here, then, at the very outset, we see a most striking resemblance between Mosaic history and heathen tradition. When we remember how, in many cases, the facts of sober history come to be distorted by the self-interest or gross ignorance of men, and how rapidly truth may be dimmed by distance of time till it becomes mere traditionary legend, our only real cause for wonder is that the fictions of Sanchoniathon and Ovid are so remarkably similar to the history recorded by Moses. And we cannot feel a reasonable doubt that the theories of these early heathen writers were but traditionary recollections of the inspired records of Genesis.

2. The Order of Creation. The account given by Moses respecting the order that was followed in God's creative work is very terse, and yet very exact and full. It is all embraced in the first chapter of Genesis. And one could almost imagine that the heathen poet wrote his account with the first few paragraphs of Genesis spread before him, so exactly does he follow the order of succession in which the various parts of creation, animate and inanimate, came into view.

We turn again to Ovid:

"But God, or nature, while they thus contend,
To these intestine discords put an end.
Then earth from air, and seas from earth were driv'n,
And grosser air sunk from th' ethereal heav'n.
Thus when the god, whatever god was he,
Had formed the whole, and made the parts agree,
That no unequal portions might be found,
He moulded earth into a spacious round.
Then every void of nature to supply,
With forms of gods* he filled the vacant sky.
New herds of beasts he sends the plains to share,
New colonies of birds to people air,
And to their oozy beds the finny fish repair.
A creature of a more exalted kind
Was wanting yet, and then was Man design'd.
Conscious of thought, of more capacious breast,
For empire formed, and fit to rule the rest."

In the writings of Megasthenes, a Greek historian, who lived about 300 years before Christ, we find the statement that all the doctrines of the Greeks respecting the creation, and the constitution of nature, were current among the Brahmins in India and the Jews in Syria. But where did the Greeks learn the event and the order of

* The heavenly bodies, worshipped by the heathen nations.

creation? With no authentic history of themselves older than about B.C. 750, and with no system of chronology that could be relied on, they could derive their information, such as it was, only from tradition, and that tradition a manifest corruption of the account given in the first chapter of Genesis. Or, again, supposing that the cosmogonies of the Greeks and Romans were not distortions of the Mosaic account, they must have taken their rise in an age much more remote than that of Moses, and must have come down to subsequent ages in mythical form, and along national lines quite outside of the Hebrew people; and thus they would the more strongly prove the truth of the Mosaic cosmogony.

3. The Garden of the Hesperides. Reversing now the order in which we have presented Mosaic history and heathen myth, let us look first at the fabled garden of the heathen poets. According to the mythological story, this was an indescribably beautiful garden, in which grew every variety of most delicious fruit. The birds made it vocal with their songs by day, and its atmosphere made it a place of delightful repose by night. In this garden resided three female divinities who were appointed to guard the golden apples which Juno presented to Jupiter on the day of their marriage. This sacred enclosure was guarded from intrusion day and night by an enormous dragon that never slept.

In reading this strange and fascinating story, the question forces itself on us,—In what fact or incident of human history did it originate? Hesiod, Homer, and others of the great period of classic poetry, were rich in poetic fancy and invention; and yet it can hardly be supposed that the fable was a mere creation of some writer in the field of imagination, and that it had no foundation in any fact of the world's early history. Beneath the outer garb of the myth we can detect all the main features of the original account of the Garden of Eden. Let any one read the simple and unadorned description given by Moses of the "garden" which "the Lord God planted eastward in Eden;" of the once sinless and happy pair who dwelt there; of the trees that were "pleasant to the sight, and good for food;" and of the relation of man and woman as husband and wife: and then say if the heathen fiction can be accounted for on any other hypothesis than that it is a corruption of the historical fact related by Moses.

The very name given to the garden, "Hesperides," has the same meaning as our Anglicised Greek word, "Paradise"—a place of happiness. And the thought which it suggested to the ancients was one to which they fondly clung, and to which man still clings, even in his widest alienation from God, and in all his wanderings and want and woe,—the thought of Eden restored, of "Paradise regained," of the "fulness of joy," the supreme felicity of a pure and heavenly life.

4. The Birth of Minerva. The heathen myth relates that Jupiter married Metis, whose superior prudence and sagacity above the rest of the gods caused him to fear that the children of such a union would be of more exalted nature, and more intelligent and powerful than himself. To prevent this he devoured Metis; and some time afterward, to relieve the violent pain in his head, he ordered Vulcan, the god of fire, to split his head open with a cleaver. Vulcan obeyed the command, and immediately Minerva sprang, full grown and all armed, from her father's brain. She was at once

admitted to the Assembly of the gods, and became one of Jupiter's wisest and most trusted counsellors. The power of Minerva was very great. She could hurl the thunderbolts of Jupiter! prolong the lives of men; bestow the gift of prophecy; and assume the same authority and importance as Jupiter himself.

Now, let it be remembered that, in the absence of authentic historical records, any fact or incident soon becomes veiled in obscurity; that the love of the marvellous is so strong in man that the heathen nations very soon transmute the simplest facts into the most absurd fables; and that the heathen readily deify their heroes and heroines; and it will require no stretch of the imagination to suppose that the above myth had its origin in the Mosaic account of the creation of woman. The Roman mythology takes Minerva from Jupiter's head to be his wisest and best counsellor. She was held to be the representative of thought, calculation, invention, possessing unbounded mental resources; the safest guide in peace and in war. Inspired history takes woman from man's side, to have the protection of his arm, the love of his heart, and the place of equal, adviser and friend. Mythology makes Minerva hurl the thunderbolts of Jupiter. Inspired history makes woman to be man's vicegerent, "bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh," a ruler with him in the Kingdom of Home. Mythology gives to Minerva the power to prolong the lives of men. Sacred history gives to Eve the honour of being the mother of us all. Mythology gives to Minerva the power to bestow the gift of prophecy. Revelation, reason and experience all proclaim the lesson that man's first and tenderest and wisest teacher is woman.

GRATITUDE.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Filled are our hearts with thankfulness, O Lord,
That not to finite minds dost Thou commit
Infinite interests. Our wavering feet,
Prone as they are to stray, would turn aside,
And we should wander from the heavenward road,
Didst Thou not guide. Our eyes incompetent,
If we were left to make unaided choice,
Would sure deceive us; so that we should take
Some glittering bauble—tarnished in an hour,
And nothing worth - to be a rich combining
Of precious stones with gold unchangeable.
But Thou, Thou canst not err. And when we walk
According to Thy counsel, verily
We tread the one safe path; when we receive
What Thou hast chosen, we possess, indeed,
Jewels unpriced and fadeless; though the way
May be mysteriously dark, the gems
Concealed, awhile, in caskets strangely wrought.

O Guide infallible! O true Discerner!
We grateful render Thee adoring thanks,
While journeying still over this mist-wreathed road,—
And ere we yet the imperishable beauty
Of Thy fair gifts behold;—for confident
Are we that we shall come, in Thy good time,
Where dwells the glory of Thy radiant presence,—
And view our gleaming treasures in the light
That cloudless shines for aye.

Toronto.

AMONG THE FILIPINOS.*

FILIPINOS, MANILA.

History is being made fast at this close of the century. Any man who would have predicted a year ago that the Philippine Islands would now be a colony of the United States would have been thought either visionary or insane. The centre of gravity of the American Republic has been changed from the Atlantic to the Pacific slope, and she is now one of the world's great maritime and colonial powers. "New occasions make new duties." A wider horizon expands before her. She must face new problems and share new burdens.

It seems to be the destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race to go forth civilizing and Christianizing the waste places of the earth. This has been pre-eminently the work of the mother country. It must now be shared in by the daughter land. The new responsibilities will call forth new energies. She may make mistakes, but she will correct them, and her rule will unquestionably be for the uplifting

* The people of the Philippines receive the designation both of Filipinos and Philippinos. We adopt the more common spelling. For some of the cuts illustrating this article we are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. W. E. H. Massey, of the Massey-Harris Co., also for quotations from *Massey's Magazine*.

of the long oppressed Filipinos and enlightening of the strangely mixed population of her new possessions. The privileges of the Habeas Corpus and the Bill of Rights will take the place of the feudal tyranny and priestly oppression.

We heard a coloured preacher last summer state that Providence had a brilliant future in store for the people of those islands, for had not the great Apostle of the Gentiles written an epistle to the Philippines! The brother in black was a little astray as to the fact, but we doubt not was perfectly correct in his prediction. It is strange how little most of us knew about the Philippines till the search-lights of Dewey's ships were turned upon them. The principal idea suggested to the present writer by their name was that of Manila hemp, which, when he went to buy a summer swing, he found, on account of the war, had doubled in price. A brief resume of what is known about these islands may be of interest to the readers of this magazine.

The Philippines are the most northern group of the Indian archipelago, stretching a thousand miles from north to south, and six hundred miles from east to west. They make almost a continuous link between the great islands of Borneo and Formosa, and form the eastern border of the Chinese Sea. They almost equal in extent the empire of Japan. There are over fourteen hundred altogether, but many of these are little more than bare volcanic rocks. Nine of them, however, are large and wonderfully fertile islands.

MAIN STREET IN BUSINESS QUARTER, MANILA.

Luzon, the most considerable, has an area of forty-one thousand square miles, and a population of about 5,000,000. The others aggregate about 60,000 square miles,

with about 5,000,000 more of population. Luzon is exceedingly rugged, although its mountains nowhere exceed 7,000 feet. Some of its volcanoes are still active, issuing dense volumes of smoke and steam and sometimes lava. One of these, at the extreme south, serves as a continual beacon to navigators.

MANILA WASHERWOMAN.

The volcanic soil is exceedingly fertile, producing rich crops of rice, wheat, indigo, tobacco, coffee, cotton, sugar-cane, bread-fruit, oranges, and citrons. The mountains and plains are clothed with magnificent forests of palm, bamboo, ebony, mahogany, and other valuable woods. Tobacco has long been a Government monopoly, 20,000 "hands" being employed at Binondo in the manufacture of cigars. Gold, copper, iron, and coal are among its mineral resources. The principal rivers are the Apari and Pasig, both of which are navigable for vessels of considerable size.

The Philippines were discovered by Fernando Magellan in 1521. He was subsequently killed on one of them. In 1564 the cruel bigot and persecutor, Philip II., sent a fleet which captured Cebu. Six years later Luzon was subdued, and Manila proclaimed the capital. Two hundred years later Manila was captured by the British, but was ransomed at a cost of $5,000,000. Of the population, about 7,000,000 are Romanist, 1,500,000 are pagan, and nearly 1,000,000 Mohammedans.

"The Philippines," says F. de P. Castells, formerly agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society in these islands, "have always been a dependency of the Pope rather than a Spanish colony. Not only is the Roman Church here established by law, to the exclusion of all others, but her clergy are under a charter which makes them inviolable, while each individual priest is a monarch in his parish, where he keeps reaping the only benefits that ever come of colonizing the country.

"The general character of the islanders exhibits, in a striking manner, the ruinous effects of sin, and manifests the failure of Romanism as a moral force. For among those people we see much licentiousness and drunkenness, witchcraft and idolatry, lying and stealing. But yet the same people are naturally endowed with qualities, and present traits which, under the sanctifying influence of the Gospel, should make them a great blessing to that part of the world. For instance, they are grateful, sensitive, and hospitable; have a most remarkable aptitude

SCENE ON THE RIVER PASIG.

for the fine arts, being 'the Italians of the East.' Though commonly accused of indolence, they are a great improvement over all the other branches of the Malay race. The priests testify of their liberality in giving for the erection of churches and the support of religion generally. Hardly a town is without its band of music, and they delight in using their talent in the service of their superstitions. The ladies are also very musical; the harp is their favourite instrument. In their simple-mindedness they are very credulous, and mix the Divine name with most profane and foolish things. They still retain many of their old heathen customs, but in a modified form and tinged with Romanism. The word Evangelio, 'Gospel,' is by them employed to signify a small bag made of cloth, containing a scrap of paper, with the first fourteen verses of the Gospel of St. John in Latin. This is worn by nearly every woman and girl, hung around the neck for an amulet, the idea being that it wards off sickness. These people live on simple food, chiefly rice and fish, and dress in light clothes. The Spaniards have introduced bull-fights, but the natives prefer their own cock-fights. These latter are the general pastime on Sundays and all feast days.

"Quite a variety of dialects are spoken in the islands; and it is interesting to see how the farther we travel southward the clearer becomes their affinity with the Malay."

Mr. Charles B. Howard, a Canadian gentleman who has travelled much in the Philippines, writes as follows of those islands:

The aboriginal Filipino, still to be found in the mountains and forests of Luzon, is a black dwarf

A NATIVE PLOUGHING.

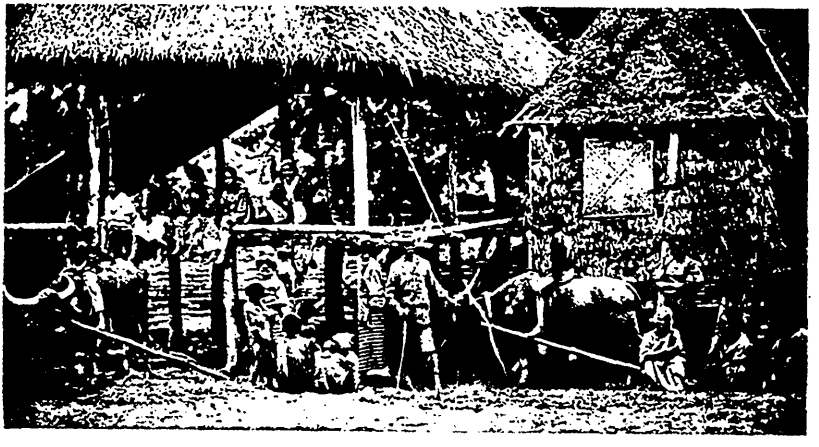
with an enormous head of "frizzy" hair, and represents the lowest race of savages. Treacherous, cowardly, with animal instincts, these little creatures, known to the Spaniards as "Negritos" (little black men), wander in bands through the forests, sleeping under a few boughs wherever they happen to be at nightfall, and subsisting by means of their bow and arrows, and upon what fruit and cocoanuts the forests afford them. In the vicinity of the settlements and towns, however, centuries of intercourse with other races, particularly Malays, who long ago invaded the islands in thousands, have obliterated all traces of their original characteristics, and the Filipinos are a race of stalwart, muscular fellows, ranging in colour from the dark chocolate of the Malay to the light yellow of the Mestizos (half-castes).

The dress of the native men in and around the towns, when on duty, consists of a white bosom shirt—more or less embroidered, according to the wearer's standing—worn with the skirts flapping outside of a pair of white linen trousers, presenting an appearance of greater comfort than dignity. A pair of chinillas, or heelless slippers, constitutes the foot-gear, when any is worn. The head is protected by a bowl-like structure of matting, which frequently does service as a fruit or vegetable basket.

The dress of the women is the same among all classes, differing only in quality and texture. It consists of a long skirt of the most brilliantly coloured plaid or check that can be obtained for money; a short black over-skirt, caught up at one side; a white waist, with flowing sleeves extending to the elbow; and a stiffly-starched, embroidered mantilla, folded corner-

wise and worn over the shoulders with the ends crossed on the breast. The effect of this is very agreeable, and not all all unbecoming. The hair, when dressed, is drawn smoothly back from the forehead, without a suspicion of a curl, into a knot at the back of the neck, and decorated with a huge comb. Often, however, for the sake of comfort, the hair is worn loose, being naturally soft, wavy and glossy, often falling to the feet in a raven-black mass.

The native huts are curiosities. Built of bamboo, inside and out, than a nipa hut, and a fire once started among a collection of them does not stop, as a rule, until all are consumed. On Easter Sunday, 1893, some 4,000 were burned in the "pueblo" of Tondo, near Manila. At the same time, this style of architecture has its advantages. If the owner wishes to move from one neighbourhood to another, all he has to do is to take his house to pieces, pile it upon a "caraton" or buffalo-cart, with his pots, kettles and family atop, and transfer it to the new locality; and the sight of a domestic establish-



A GROUP OF NATIVES.

they are raised from the ground by stout posts of the same material, which serve as a safeguard during the floods, and also as a protection or preservation from earthquakes, as they are very springy, and allow the hut to sway back and forth when one of these unpleasant disturbances occurs, instead of tumbling to pieces like a pack of cards. The sides and roofs are thatched with the long, slender nipa leaves, and altogether their appearance is very much that of magnified, hairy bugs. It would tax man's ingenuity to construct a building more inflammable

ment thus "moving" is worth seeing. The motive power is supplied by a "carabao," or water-buffalo; a huge, mouse-coloured brute, with enormous horns, possessed of amazing strength and phenomenal deliberation of movement; these creatures in a wild state are utterly ferocious, but when domesticated may be guided by a child. All heavy draught work is done by them, as the little, stunted native pony is equal to nothing more than pulling light carriages or serving as a hack under the saddle, thereby resembling the natives themselves, who

NATIVE RESTAURANT BY THE WAYSIDE.

gracefully yield all "coolie" labour, such as lifting and carrying, to the Chinamen.

The principal and all-absorbing amusement of the natives, in fact, what may be called their national sport, is cock-fighting; and his fighting rooster is as much, if not more, an object of solicitation and care to every Filipino, as his family itself. In Manila there is a large building of bamboo and nipa, erected solely for this diversion, and the uproar which arises from it every Sunday afternoon can only be compared to that heard at a league baseball game at home. A native so unfortunate as not to own a fighting-cock would be an object of scornful pity to his neighbours; and it is difficult to walk the streets in the native quarter without stumbling at every few yards over a pair of feathered combatants, having a trial battle under the watchful care of their owners.

The population of Manila is about 270,000, including natives, Chinamen, and Europeans; the Chinese forming a very large proportion. Naturally, of the Europeans, the greater number are Spaniards, and there is also a large colony of Germans and Swiss; the Englishmen and Americans are in the minority.

There are churches on every corner, of all sizes and descriptions, generally in a state of dilapidation owning to earthquakes; and also an English club, which includes most of the Americans among its members.

Picturesque as life may seem in the islands to one who has never tried it, with these strange scenes and people, and the lazy, luxurious ways of living, there is a sense of monotony and loneliness about it which cannot be overcome by one from northern climes. Out of the track of the great steamship lines, the islands are seldom visited by

"globe-trotters," partly on account of their reputation for cholera, typhoons and earthquakes, and a new face was seldom seen in the little Anglo-American colony. No form of out-door recreation except driving, could be indulged in from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. on account of the deadly heat, and horse-back riding, tennis, etc., could only be undertaken early in the morning or late in the afternoon, and even under these conditions the exercise was too violent.

"The Filipinos," says Mr. Howard W. Bray, an English merchant who has long been resident among them, "are far from being the uncivilized race of anthropoids generally supposed, but in culture and those nobler qualities which adorn the human race quite the equals, man for man, if not the superiors, of their Spanish masters. Of the entire population of Spain only about seventeen per cent. can read and write, whilst among the Filipinos only about the same percentage cannot read and write. Another fact must not be lost sight of: the Filipinos have been Christians for about three and a half centuries; and although under the Roman form, still the principles of its great civilizing influence have been so indelibly inculcated into the mass that no other Eastern race can be in any way compared to them in civilization according to our Western ideas. Those Filipinos who have had the opportunity of studying in Europe have eminently distinguished themselves, and even become notables. In the legal profession many of the Filipinos have distinguished themselves, foremost of all being Arellano, considered to be one of the leading lights of the Spanish bar: and last but not least, General Emilio Aguinaldo, the man who above all others holds an extraordinary sway over his countrymen, also a pure native, but who has not even had the advantage of a European education.

"The country has further produced inspired sculptors and excellent engineers, and it is a significant fact that the Manila and Dagupan Railway is entirely and most satisfactorily run by native engineers, the locomotive superintendent alone being British. Most remarkable, perhaps, is the cultivation of music, which has attained such a pitch of perfection that there is hardly a native who does not play some instrument, nor a village throughout the country which has not its own band. In the larger towns these are so carefully instructed and the ensemble so perfect that few if any bands in Europe or America surpass them.

"The Filipinos are a charming and courteous race, deferential without that cringing servility so common in the British Indian and other Asiatic races. They are docile and tractable, easily governed, and have a great respect for parental authority and that of their leaders, whom they will blindly follow. They are particularly sensitive to breaches of etiquette or unjust punishment, and whether in palace or hut will always be found to be 'Nature's gentlemen,' and act up to the maxim now so rarely found of 'noblesse oblige.' As soldiers they are brave and intrepid; we have all seen the tenacious resistance they have maintained in the face of overwhelming odds against the Spaniards since August, 1896, until gradually acquiring the sinews of war they have carried everything before them.

"The humane way they have behaved during the insurrection, and in the hour of triumph, has been a magnificent object lesson which some of the most civilized nations might well emulate; and this is all the more creditable after the inhuman, atrocious and brutal

behaviour of the Spaniards and monastic clergy, who, apart from the torture of their prisoners before killing them, simply butchered in the villages they entered old men, women and children seated peacefully in their homes, and then blazoned it forth to the world as a 'glorious victory.'

"Another point in favour of the Filipinos and their tractability must not be overlooked. The Spaniards governed them for 377 years with only a garrison of about 1,000 Spanish troops, and this in the face of the greatest official and sacerdotal corruption the world has ever known."

FILIPINOS AT WORK.

The Rev. John R. Hykes, an agent of the American Bible Society, reports as follows on the social and religious condition of the Filipinos:

Not more than one-third of the arable land in the valleys of Luzon has been brought under cultivation. The mountains are rich in the most valuable timber to be found anywhere in the world. While some of the valleys have been denuded of the forests, Spanish official obstruction has effectually spared the valuable trees in the interior. It is not a bad thing that it required about two years' effort and a large fee in order to get a license to fell a single tree, and a heavy duty before it could be exported.

The climate is a continual summer, and it is not unhealthful for Europeans. The cold or dry season is from November to February, inclusive; the hot season from March to June, and the wet season from July to October. Or, as an old resident said: "We have four months of rain, four months of dry, and four months of anything." The average temperature for the year is about 81 degrees Fahrenheit.

I feel safe in saying that sacerdotal despotism and official rapacity are alone responsible for the present rebellion. Not only has the venality of administration been notorious, but the oppression, the cruelty, the injustice of many of the Spanish officials have called to high heaven for vengeance. Men, from the governor-general down, sought Government positions in the Philippines in order to make their fortunes, and it was a common saying that a governor who could not in three years retire with a competency was a fool. Every man had his price, and it was almost impossible to get goods through the customs without bribing the officers. A business man in Manila imported some cotton goods. He declared them correctly at the customs, but could not get them passed. After nearly two months of vexatious delays a customs officer said to him, "How would you like to pay $300 or $400 to get your goods through?" This was about as much profit as he expected to make on the entire consignment. He said, "I will not give you a cent." The next day he received a notice from the customs that his goods had been examined and found to be silk, and he was fined $5,000. He had his appeal, of course, but he would have to bribe some one in order to get it presented to the higher authorities, and then there was no hope of his ever getting back a cent.

Just before the war the steamer Esmeralda took among other cargo to Manila 3,000 bags of American flour. The customs officers said that thirty bags had a different mark on them from the others, and a fine of $3,000 was imposed upon the ship. The "fine" would have gone into the pockets of the officials.

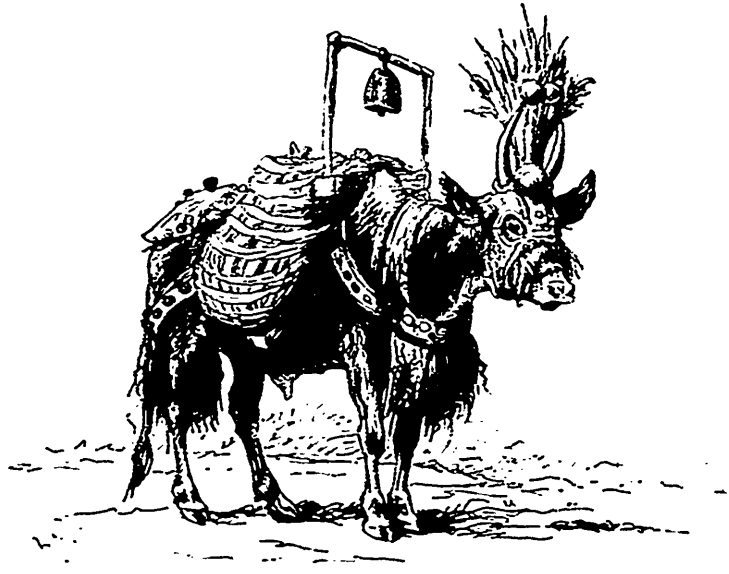
WORKERS IN TOBACCO FACTORY.

The native had to pay tax on everything, the paper on which he wrote a letter, the buffalo that ploughed his fields, his chickens, and even upon the eggs they laid. The governors monopolized the

trade of their districts. They fixed their own purchasing price, and sold, of course, at current market rates. No conscience was shown by any officer in his rigorous exactions from the natives. The expenses of legal proceedings were so enormous that many a wealthy man was ruined by a single case of litigation.

In the present rebellion more than 10,000 men, women and children were massacred by the Spaniards. Men and women were arrested merely on a suspicion expressed by a single individual, thrown into prison without even the formality of a hearing, and allowed to remain there for years without a trial. There was no such thing as trial by jury, no writ of habeas corpus, no right of appeal. When the United States troops took Manila there were 2,900 prisoners in the gaols. Many of these were political prisoners, confined on a mere suspicion. An investigation was instituted, and the result was that 1,100 (24 of whom were women) were released. Some of them had been more than ten years in prison without even a formal commitment. One woman went into gaol with a little boy of four years, and when she came out he was a young man of seventeen.

Every one over twenty years of age paid poll-tax; a man, unless he had served in the Spanish army, $20 per year—for the right to be alive! a woman, $15; a Chinaman, $28; stores, shops, weights, measures, tools, furniture, cooking utensils—all under an annual tax levy. They paid license to pick their own fruit; paid a fee before a man could kill his own hog in his own yard. For every grave that was dug, the Government received seventy-five cents. What wonder this century has witnessed seventeen rebellions! The secret order of Chinese and Malays was sworn to vengeance on Spain; Spain made her usual blood-wet effort to



A BEAST OF BURDEN IN THE PHILIPPINES.

suppress it, and after individual trials of a few minutes each, shot 4,700 persons!

Education is fully in the care of the Roman Catholic Church. By the law everybody is Roman Catholic—no other church service is tolerated. Every town has its church buildings; the finest building in Manila is its cathedral, belonging to the Jesuits; twelve years in being built, and costing $1,000,000, made of blue marble and finest Philippine woods, and ornamented with exquisite carvings.

Under Spanish rule, the parish priests were the virtual rulers of the provinces, and by working upon the superstitious fears of the natives they often affected a submission to the Spanish crown which the secular authorities could not secure by a display of force. The friars often usurped civil authority and openly defied the civil governors.

It is not surprising that the great religious corporations are enormously wealthy, and that they have a power consonant with that wealth. I was shocked at the stories I was told by men whose word I could not doubt of the flagrant immorality of the Spanish friars. I am aware that this is not Roman Catholicism as it is to be found in England and the United States to-day, and it is necessary that this should be emphasized in order to comprehend the religious condition of the people, and to adequately realize their spiritual needs. They have had more than three centuries of Catholic Christianity; commodious churches are to be found all over the islands, and they are well attended, but practically nothing has been done to educate and enlighten the people. It is astonishing that a lower standard of morals does not exist among the people when we consider the character of their spiritual teachers. Religion is a mere form and not a spiritual life.

As to missionary operations in the Philippines, a writer in Zion's Herald remarks:

Spain has excluded Protestant missionaries from her other dependencies, while her state Church has presented to pagan savages a hideous caricature of Christianity, cruel and rapacious. It is not strange, therefore, that Protestant missionaries along Asia's eastern shore look upon the coming of the American fleet to Manila as the sword of the Lord to smite the man of sin and unbar the gateway for the entrance into those tropic islands of the messengers of the Prince of Peace.

It is not strange, therefore, that some of the missionaries can scarce restrain their eager feet as they stand tiptoe with expectation. Bishop Thoburn, with the vision of a Christian prophet, looks across from Singapore to the opening Philippine fields and sends his call to American Christians to be ready to thrust in the sickle. He writes: "A self-supporting mission could be established at Manila in a year or two at a very slight expense. We ought to see in the startling events of these wonderful days the hand of God, and hear the divine voice commanding the Christian people of that nation which has in so strange a way become responsible for the astonishing change of the past few weeks, to rise up in their strength, enter into this fruitful field, and take possession of it in the name of the Lord."

The odd-looking animal in one of our pictures represents one of the beasts of burden in use in the Philippine Islands. The tinkling bell on his back warns the people of the approach of this peddler of good things. Whether the odd-looking headgear of the animal is worn by way of ornament or not we will leave our readers to decide.

MARY McGEORGE AND THE ZENANA WORK IN INDIA.

BY HATTIE E. WOODSWORTH.

MISSIONARY JOURNEYING, INDIA.

One of those great souls, whose whole being gives itself to lessen the ache and pain and hungry longing of the world's sad heart, was Mary McGeorge. She listened for those spiritual messages that come to sensitive and sympathetic spirits, and as she listened there came a voice of beauty inexpressible, from God, saying, "Go, and tell mankind I love them." There came, too, another voice, a cry, the wail of multitudes of weary, despairing souls, and this was its burden, "Come, come, come, and help us." With these voices penetrating into the depths of her being, she went and told to India's daughters the love wherewith the Father loved them, the power of the Saviour to break their fetters, and to set them free.

Even in childhood, Mary McGeorge's delight was to do something for others. The beautiful home in old Ireland where God had planted this noble nature, was well fitted for its growth and development, well fitted to prepare it for that time when the Father's hand should transplant it to a foreign clime, to bring joy to many a saddened heart. A kind father, a gentle, cultivated mother, created in their home an atmosphere favourable to habits of mental activity, and endeavoured to train the children to love God and all that is good. So, from day to day, from year to year, as Mary

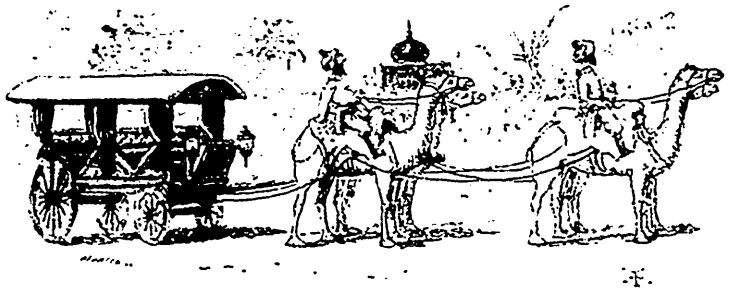
grew from childhood to maidenhood, from maidenhood to womanhood, she was being prepared for the work the heavenly Father had assigned her.

There came into her heart a longing for some special work in the great harvest field, but while for this she waited, the opportunities for usefulness that came into her life were not neglected, but joyfully welcomed. The late Rev. Dr. Fleming Stevenson was a highly esteemed friend of her father, and a frequent visitor at the McGeorge home. On one of these visits, when Mary was twenty-eight years of age, he asked her if she would be willing to give herself for work in the zenana missions of the Irish Presbyterian Church. In these missions she had been for some time deeply interested, and had endeavoured to increase the interest of others. So with delight she responded to this call.

Her application to be appointed zenana medical missionary was forwarded to the Missionary Committee, and she was accepted. But for this work long and careful preparation was needed. Those were days when strong prejudice existed against the entering of women into the medical profession. Mary McGeorge, however, was not one to turn aside from her appointed path because of difficulty. With patient energy and calm determination, she rejoiced in overcoming all obstacles.

WAITING FOR THE MAHARAJA, A NATIVE PRINCE.

Her course of study was most successful. At last, after years of patient, self-sacrificing work, she was ready to leave the home of her childhood for a distant land. But shortly before leaving home, a dark shadow fell across her path-



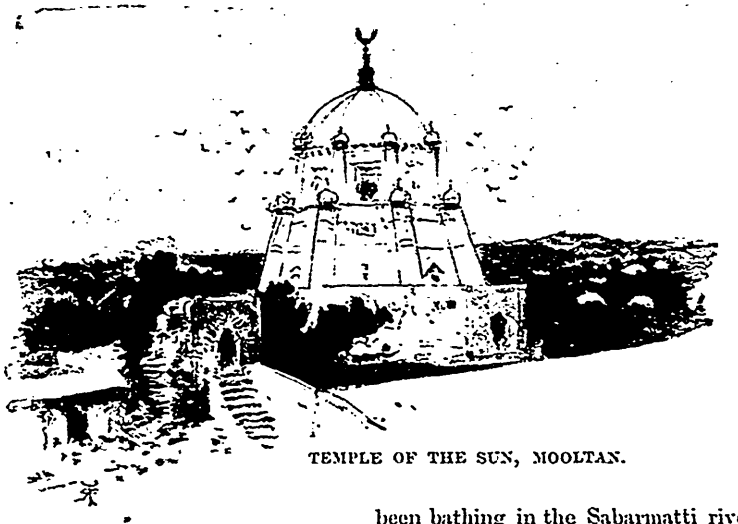
CAMEL-CARRIAGE, AHMEDABAD.

way, a lonely sadness filled her aching heart. The dear mother who had so long looked forward with joy to the time when her daughter would enter on her life-work, was called by the Father to Himself. So, more fully prepared by this new sorrow to reach the sad hearts of those whom she would win, Mary McGeorge went forth.

Late in December, 1885, she reached Bombay, and early in the new year arrived at Ahmedabad, where she had been appointed to labour. The city of Ahmedabad, on the banks of the Sabarmatti river, is the capital of the Gujerat district, and has a population of over 116,000 souls. It was wholly given up to idolatry in many forms. The following extracts from Miss McGeorge's letters give some idea of the intense moral darkness of the people :

"To-morrow at 4 a.m. begins the anniversary of Kreshna's birth, and to-day is also a great holiday. The people have been bathing in the Sabarmatti river for purification. They will spend the remainder of the day visiting the temples, perhaps eight times. They only look at the idol, and give money to the priest.

"Last Saturday was the great Mohammedan festival of Mohurrum—a festival in honour of Mohammed's grandsons, Hossein and Hossan, who died in one day, fighting for the cause of Islam. The observance or festival is called 'The Tabut.' About 150 tabuts were carried along on men's shoulders at intervals of about a

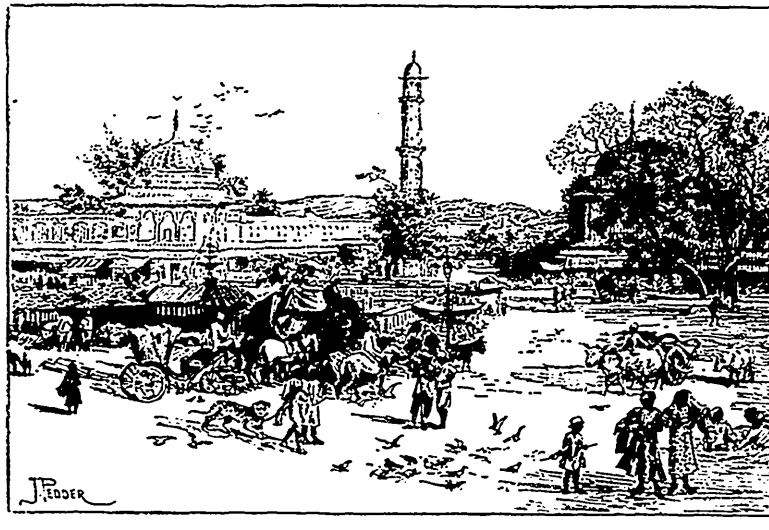


TEMPLE OF THE SUN, MOOLTAN.

minute. These 'tabuts' are like huge toy mosques, made of wood and covered with gold and silver tinsel. Then a wooden elephant was dragged along on wheels, and also a wooden peacock. The streets were densely crowded along the route, and sepoys preserved order. The 'tabuts' are supposed to be thrown into the Sabarmatti river, to appease the gods, and favour the ghosts of Hossein and Hossan. I believe that they cast in only poor little 'tabuts', and reserve the good ones for next year. Men followed beating their breasts and dancing wildly. Although it is a Mohammedan festival, the Hindus take as much part in it as their former conquerors."

came Miss McGeorge's home, and she entered most energetically into the medical work among the women. One of her letters gives us a glimpse of her daily life :

"Every day from 8 to 10.30 I am at the dispensary, and attend from seventy-five to eighty patients. Then home to breakfast at 11 a.m., and very tired. Pundit for two hours, or his wife for Scripture lesson and sewing. At 3 p.m. a cup of tea, study until about 5.30; walk; dine at 7 p.m.; at nine we have prayers, then bed. This is the usual routine."



THE FOUNTAIN SQUARE, JAIPUR.

Surely it were folly for one of little faith in the almighty power of God to enter such an abode of darkness with the idea of making any lasting impression upon the people. But the God of Moses, of Gideon, of David, still lives, and, even in these days of scepticism, will accomplish, through one man or woman of mighty faith, such marvels as shall convince the unbelieving throng. Miss McGeorge had faith in God, faith in the work to which she had been called, faith in humanity, though lost amid the darkness of ignorance and superstition.

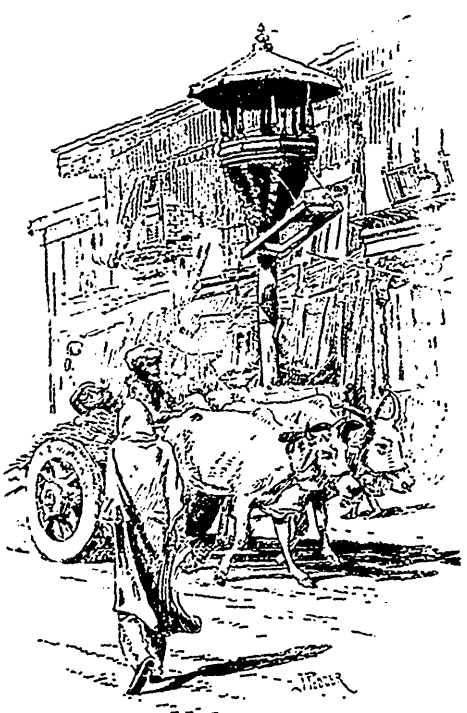
The zenana mission house be-

Thus, day by day, and week by week, the seed was sown. While Miss McGeorge and her native assistant were busy in the dispensary, the Bible-woman, a devoted, self-sacrificing Christian, would read to the waiting patients from the Word of God, sing hymns, and tell them of the Saviour's love. Work crowded in upon them, far more than they could do. Before long they were obliged to open the dispensary doors at seven o'clock in the morning, and from that time until ten, and often eleven, there was a constant stream of patients from far and near. Month after month of heavy work and a trying

climate soon told on Miss McGeorge's health, and at the end of about sixteen months in Ahmedabad she was compelled to retire to the hills for change of air and scene. After resting for a while, she returned to her work, much better able physically to cope with its many difficulties.

Much as she loved the medical work, however, she felt that it was only a means of reaching the hearts of the people, so that she might point them to One who could heal the soul. The work, though in some respects cheering, brought many discouragements. Some of the women who came to the dispensary heard the story of Jesus with joy and gladness. Some believed in their hearts, but had not sufficient courage to avow their faith openly, fearing the persecution that would follow.

MOSQUE AT LAHORE.



STREET SCENE, AHMEDABAD.

Miss McGeorge writes thus :

"The women I am most interested in are the village women. They are very simple in their manner, and have such implicit faith that they believe by drinking one bottle of medicine they will be cured of all their diseases, no matter how serious they may be. Then they listen so attentively. The story of the Gospel seems to go straight home to them, and they receive it, and believe it with great joy. One morning three women came, and after their bodily ailments had been treated I sat down to talk to them. I told them I had something to say to them. They replied in their simple, direct manner, 'Speak, sister!' After telling of God's love to sinners, and His sending His Son to die and suffer for us, I saw the tears flowing down the faces of two of the women. I talked to them for some time, and when I stopped they pressed me to go on and speak more. On going away they asked if they might bring me some butter and milk the next time.

"Another very poor woman, who had walked a very long distance, after listening to the Gospel for the first time, was so pleased, that on going away she took an egg out of her basket and gave it to me, saying, 'You have told me good news to-day. I am poor, that is all I can give

you in return.' The dispensary work is very cheering, and opens the hearts of all the women to listen to the Gospel as nothing else can."

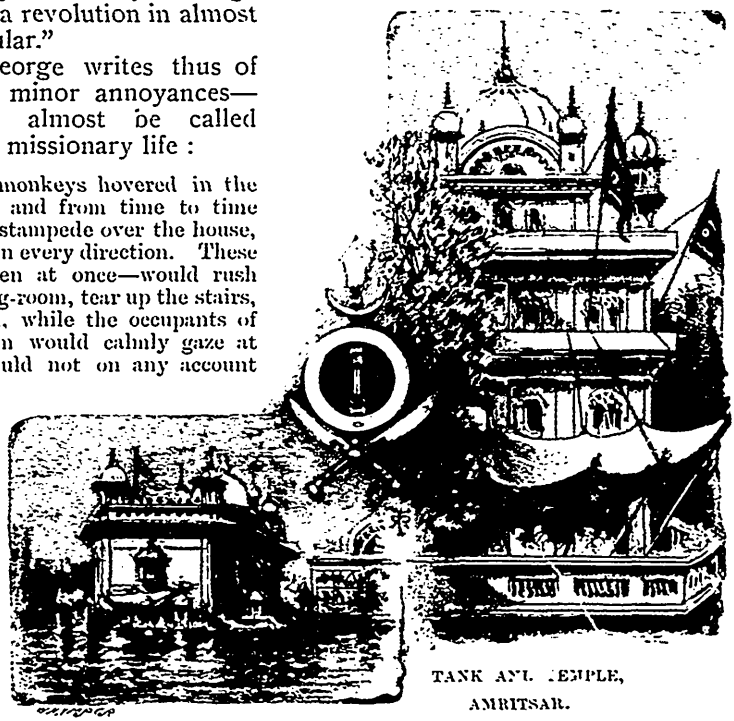
Referring to one of the hindrances to satisfactory work, she says: "The difficulty with Hindus is, that their religion is so interwoven with every detail of their social life, that the embracing of Christianity is not only a change of creed, but a revolution in almost every particular."

Miss McGeorge writes thus of some of the minor annoyances—they might almost be called humours—of missionary life:

"Troops of monkeys hovered in the neighbourhood, and from time to time made a general stampede over the house, scattering tiles in every direction. These animals—a dozen at once—would rush across the sitting-room, tear up the stairs, and down again, while the occupants of the sitting-room would calmly gaze at them, and would not on any account attempt to interfere with their vagaries. Occasionally a scorpion would be found by the wall, close to where a member of the mission band had been sitting, and sometimes it would creep about on the floors at night, making its presence known by striking the floor with its tail, keeping rhythmic time to its own steps. Occasionally, too, there would be an alarm in the compound (or yard) on account of the presence of an invading snake, creating alarm, and even terror.

"The doors must be kept open at such times as the monkeys make their inroads, and this is chiefly during the rainy season, unless the deluge of rain compels them to close doors; but in this case it would be very dark, as there are no windows in the mission house. It is not so very much cooler during the rains, but rather a different kind of heat—'a steamy, muggy kind of atmosphere,' certainly one which would be extremely unhealthy."

For some time Miss McGeorge and a companion missionary, Miss Moore, had been desirous of visiting some of the villages in the vicinity of Ahmedabad. In the early part of 1888, they started on their tour, Miss McGeorge prepared to attend to the medical work, Miss Moore to the evangelistic. Large numbers were



TANK AND TEMPLE, AMRITSAR.

reached during this trip, but the workers' hearts were saddened by the thought that their stay must be so brief, and that to hungry, starving souls they could give only a taste of the spiritual food so sorely needed.

Miss McGeorge speaks thus about their trip:

"To reach the heathen, we go to a village every morning, accompanied by a Bible-woman. We gather the women around us, and, they having provided Miss Moore and me with a native bed to sit on, the Bible-woman first sings a hymn.

A BRAHMIN WOMAN.

and then talks about the subject of it a little. Afterwards Miss Moore addresses them, and they listen attentively, and seem to comprehend. During the day patients come to me ; I have had 424 so far. Last week we went to Pandoli. A little brick building had been arranged as a dispensary. It was carpeted, and had flowers on the table. The gate was closed to all but women, and a sepoy kept order, for outside there was a great crowd of men. We hope soon to have visited the whole seventeen villages."

For nearly five years this self-sacrificing woman laboured among the people whom she had learned to love so dearly. But it was evident that she could not continue thus to work much longer. Nature clamoured for rest and change, and though the work was opening up as never before, she was forced to lay it aside for a time.

In writing of the advantages of medical work and the increasing opportunities, she says :

"All doors open to a doctor, for sickness comes alike to all. 'Why do you take all this trouble?' is often asked ; and when we tell them it is God who has had pity on them, and has put it into the hearts of people at home to send us out to them whom we regard as sisters, they are pleased and not a little astonished. After having been in a house in a time of illness, one is ever afterwards a welcome visitor. Occasionally they ask one to go even when they themselves feel convinced that the end is close at hand. This is a very welcome invitation, because the general rule among the natives is that where hope is excluded no effort is made. In such rare cases it has once or twice been possible to turn the scale in the sick one's favour. For instance, in a fever patient who is being allowed to die merely from starvation owing to ignorance, a timely giving of suitable nourishment has carried her over the critical period, and then this unexpected result is proclaimed as a miracle.

"It was only after three years of work among caste and outcast women that Mussulman women at last invited us into their homes. This we attribute, under God, to the labours of a zenana missionary who devoted as much as possible of her time to the neglected Mussulmans. Only those who understand the pain of having to refuse much-needed help can enter into the feelings of such as have to leave the happy work in the city, knowing that there is no one left behind to carry it on."

In November, 1890, Miss McGeorge bade farewell to India's shores, and was welcomed in the home land by delighted friends. After reaching her brother's home in Belfast, she was prostrated by malarial fever. On her recovery, she made use of every possible means in furtherance of the work so near her heart. She addressed many missionary assemblies, and by her heartfelt and earnest words

HINDU TYPE.

greatly deepened the interest in the zenana missions. Arrangements were made with the Missionary Committee for several new departures in connection with her work in India, but the great Father, whose purposes are often so inscrutable, did not, in His infinite wisdom, permit her to realize these plans.

During the latter part of the two years' furlough, she seemed to come nearer than ever to the great loving heart of the Eternal, and a richer, deeper, more abundant life was hers. The time drew near for her return to the land where her thought and interest were centred.

On October 22nd, 1892, she sailed from Birkenhead on the fated steamer Roumania. Less than a week of the voyage was over when, amid a wild and angry sea, the Roumania, with all but nine of her precious freight of human souls, was lost. That self-sacrificing woman, who counted not her life dear unto herself, but who in life and death served Him whom she loved most dearly, was buried in ocean's depths, as if the boundless sea alone were a fit grave for one of such heroic spirit.

Thus suddenly, in seeming cruel guise, the angel of death cut off a life so full of promise, put out a light that seemed so needed amid the darkness of India's ignorance and sin. But that life so suddenly removed from earth still serves the all-wise Father with a fuller service. That light still shines with brighter, clearer radiance in the infinite realms above.

Woodstock, Ont.

THE LAND OF LIFE.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Where the west wind ever bloweth,
Where the land no shadow knoweth,
Where each sound in music floweth,
There I long to be;
Where fresh flowers each day are springing,
Where the air is full of singing,
There my thoughts are ever winging,
There friends wait for me;
Where the River clear is flowing,
And God's wondrous Tree is growing,
To that land of life I'm going—
Friends will follow me.

Where no treachery can harm us,
Where no terrors will alarm us;
Where each day new scenes shall charm us
'Neath the cloudless dome;
Where the Lord of Life is dwelling,
Where from loving hearts are welling
Praises far beyond our telling
Is my happy home.
Where the glad light shines so clearly
In the land I love so dearly,
Jesus, Saviour, have I nearly,
Nearly reached my home?

Toronto.

MICHAEL FARADAY.

BY H. BONIS.

"Who looked through Nature up to Nature's God."

In Highgate Cemetery, in one of the suburbs of London, may be seen a simple stone with the following inscription engraved thereon :

"MICHAEL FARADAY

BORN, 22nd SEPTEMBER, 1791.

DIED, 25th AUGUST, 1867."

There is nothing about it to suggest that underneath lie the mortal remains of one of Britain's—aye, of the world's—greatest scientists. Yet to those who have gained a knowledge of his character, there is much in this simple inscription to strengthen and confirm their belief in the true greatness—in the highest sense of the term—of the man whose life-history is thus so briefly epitomized on his monument. For it might truly be said of Michael Faraday that he was one of those over whom "that last infirmity of noble minds, the love of fame," had little influence.

The son of a blacksmith who had removed from Yorkshire to London with his family, consisting of a wife and several children, about the year 1788, Michael Faraday had few of the advantages which go to make up a liberal education. Indeed, he tells us himself that he learned at the common day-school, which he attended up to the age of thirteen, but "little more than the rudiments of reading, writing and arithmetic." If the secular part of his education was thus meagre, the moral and religious part was, we have reason to believe, more carefully attended to. His father belonged to the sect known as the Sandemanians, or Glassites, an offshoot from the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, and appears to have been an upright and God-fearing man. His mother was a noble-hearted woman, who called forth from her eminent son the unremitting attention and filial devotion which he lavished upon her in her declining years.

Thus, at the age of thirteen years, we find him, equipped with a very moderate amount of learning, but with a goodly quantity of mother-culture, going forth, like other English lads of the humbler classes, to take up the duties and responsibilities of life in the busy workaday world of London.

His first engagement was as errand-boy for a Mr. Rieban, a bookseller. For a year, as Professor Tyndal, in his memoirs, puts it, "he slid along the London pavements, a bright-eyed errand-boy, with a load of brown curls upon his head and a packet of newspapers under his arm." In after years he was wont to feel a special interest in newsboys, and might often be seen stopping to speak pleasantly to them on the street.

When the year for which his employer had taken him on trial was ended, the former was so well pleased with him that he agreed to take him as an apprentice without the usual premium required in such cases. This employment afforded his opportunities for indulging his taste for reading, and the young apprentice must have often astonished his employer by the character of the reading matter which he, a boy of fourteen, was wont to prefer. Even at this early age he showed a deep interest in

the sciences, especially chemistry and electricity, and as he tells us himself, began to make "such simple experiments in both of these as could be defrayed in their expense by a few pence per week."

In 1809 he began a note-book which he called, "The Philosophical Miscellany." In it are to be found notices of many of the questions agitating the scientific world of that day, including notes on such papers as "A Description of a Pyro-pneumatic Apparatus," and "Experiments on the Ocular Spectra of Light and Colours." Evidently the bookseller's apprentice had tastes more in sympathy with philosophical investigations than with the aims and aspirations of a London newsdealer. At the expiration of his seven years of apprenticeship, we find him writing a letter to Sir Humphrey Davy, in which he states his desire to enter into the service of science. Faraday had before this attended a course of lectures given by this great scientist at the Royal Institution, and in addressing the great man he sent at the same time a carefully written set of notes on these lectures.

The Royal Institution, with which the journeyman bookbinder and would-be scientist was afterwards to be so closely identified, had been founded a short time before with the object of furnishing lectures on scientific subjects to the masses. Sir Humphrey Davy was at this time the head of the institution, and here in the laboratory of the society, at 21 Albemarle Street, most of the discoveries in chemistry and other departments of natural philosophy, which have made his name so famous, were made. The eminent professor was rather pleased with the spirit displayed by the young aspirant to a life of scientific research, and shortly after, being in want of an assistant in the laboratory, engaged Faraday to act in that capacity, at a salary of twenty-five shillings a week, and the use of two rooms at the top of the building. Though the duties of the position were of a humble, almost menial, character, young Faraday entered cheerfully upon a course which promised the opportunity which he had so long desired, of serving in ever so lowly a capacity the "science which he loved."

The life upon which he now entered was not without its trials, which he bore with that patience and self-control which were so characteristic of him throughout his whole life. Amid his general satisfaction and gratification at the thought of being now able to indulge that taste for scientific investigation which amounted almost to a passion, we find in his letters at this time indications that the proverbial thorns of such a life were not wanting. During a trip on the Continent in company with his chief, undertaken in the year 1813, he appears to have acted as Sir Humphrey's valet as well as valued assistant in the scientific investigations. These anomalies in his position did not fail to strike forcibly the minds of some of the eminent scientific men with whom they met, and who were led to appeal to Sir Humphrey for more considerate treatment of his subordinate. But Madam Davy continued to look down on the humble laboratory assistant. Faraday's deep love for science, however, led him to smother his feelings of pride. This was characteristic of the man: he seldom failed in anything which he attempted to do.

Some years after, when Faraday was proposed for fellowship in the Royal Society, Sir Humphrey Davy, although in general wont to show him much kindness, strongly opposed the motion, which, however, carried, only one black ball

being found in the ballot-box. Perhaps the truth of the matter was that Faraday was now coming to the front as an original investigator in science, and, indeed, bade fair to rival Sir Humphrey himself.

After his return from the trip on the Continent, Faraday resumed his work at the Royal Institution with an increased salary and a somewhat better position. Step by step he kept advancing, as his remarkable abilities and original investigations and discoveries forced themselves on the attention of his superiors. In 1816 we accordingly find him engaged to deliver a course of lectures before the City Philosophical Society, and in the same year appeared his first printed scientific paper.

Although Faraday's early education had been of a very limited character, he had by dint of constant study of the art of expression attained a style which left little to be desired in the way of ease, perspicuity, and precision. His published writings are models of scientific composition. In 1826 he began to lecture at the Royal Institution, being now "Director of the Laboratory," and was the life and soul of the institution. Sir Humphrey Davy had suffered a paralytic stroke, from which he never recovered, and this opened the way for Faraday's appointment as Professor of Chemistry in the Institution in 1833.

Many other appointments to high positions, among others that of Professor of Chemistry in the University of London, were offered to him, but he preferred a life of original investigation in the laboratories of the Royal Institution. He might have made a handsome fortune by devoting himself to the commercial branch of chemistry, but to all such inducements he turned a deaf ear. His was the true scientific spirit, loving knowledge for its own sake.

No better example of that class "whose work is wrought for love and not for gain" can be found than Faraday, living in the rooms at the top of the Institution building, and contenting himself with the comparatively meagre income of one hundred and fifty pounds a year. Honours were showered upon him as he continued to dazzle the scientific world with his discoveries in magneto-electricity, his favourite field of investigation, and in the other departments of physical science. He was made a member of nearly every scientific society in Europe. He received the offer of a pension of £300 a year from the Government. This he refused to accept, owing to some disparaging remarks of Lord Melbourne in regard to the granting of pensions to scientific men. It was not till his lordship had made an ample apology that the sturdy Englishman would accept the pension.

The life which Faraday led at the Royal Institution was seemingly uneventful, though no doubt there were times of thrilling interest, when he had succeeded in laying bare some hitherto hidden law of nature, pregnant with grand possibilities in the future. For over forty years he toiled on; now delivering a course of juvenile lectures before a delighted audience of little folks, and now addressing the British Association for the Advancement of Science; and with an equally felicitous manner and style in both cases.

When not engaged in lecturing his time was devoted to experimental research in his favourite subjects, chemistry and electricity, and students of these subjects know how much these sciences are indebted to Faraday for the establishment of foundation facts and

principles in both. In electricity, in particular, he was among the first to investigate the correlation of the chemical and the electrical forces. He established the principle of electro-chemical equivalents by applying the galvanic current to the decomposition of chemical compounds. His discoveries in Induced Electricity laid the foundation of our present system of generating electricity for the electric light by means of dynamos. The mere enumeration of his important discoveries would require too much space in a sketch like this. His successor in the Royal Institution, John Tyndal, in his memoirs, gives a full account of this aspect of his life.

In his domestic and social relations, Faraday was no less worthy of our admiration than as a man of science. He was married at the age of thirty to Miss Sarah Barnard, the daughter of a silversmith who lived in Paternoster Row. It is said that the young lady did not at first favour his advances, and that the love-smitten philosopher evinced the same pertinacity in pressing his suit that characterized him in his pursuit of scientific inquiries. However, love conquered, and Faraday took his young bride to his rooms at the top of the institution, where they enjoyed the pleasures of a happy though frugal, home for forty years. Then, at the instigation of the Prince Consort, the Queen placed at his disposal a suite of rooms at Hampton Court, where the declining years of the great scientist and his partner were passed in more pleasant surroundings.

In the year of his marriage, Faraday joined the Sandemanian Church, to which his father had belonged, and continued a devout and faithful member of it to the end of his life. For some years he was an elder in this body, and regularly preached in their chapel in Redeross Street, exhibiting the same earnestness, thorough preparation, and simplicity of manner and style of expression that marked his lectures in science. He loved the society of children (he had none of his own), and when thrown into their company would enter into their games with all the playfulness of a boy. In short, he seems to have possessed that well-balanced union of the moral and the intellectual faculties which make a well-rounded character.

This sketch would be incomplete without more definite allusions to the religious convictions of Faraday. The attitude of such a man toward the fundamental principles of the Christian religion must awaken keen interest in these days when so much is heard of the conflict between religion and science. It is no small consolation to find such an example of the complete harmonizing of the two as the life of Faraday presents. In a letter to his niece he writes as follows, in view of the approach of death (he was then nearly seventy): "I cannot think that death has to the Christian anything in it that should make it a rare or other than a constant thought: out of the view of death comes the view of the life beyond the grave, as out of the view of sin (that true and real view which the Holy Spirit alone can give a man) comes the glorious hope: without the conviction of sin there is no ground of hope to the Christian. . . Though the fear of death be a great thought the hope of eternal life is a far greater."

The beautiful lines of the Poet Laureate very appropriately describe his feelings in regard to the proper relations of religion and science:

"Let knowledge grow from more to more,
And more of reverence in us dwell.
That mind and soul according well
May make one music as before,
But vaster."

Port Burwell, Ont.

"THE QUEEN OF HEAVEN."*

BY ROBERT FOSTER.

A Neapolitan girl is said to have let down her bucket into the well from an upper story of a lofty house in Naples. Somehow she was dragged out of the window or overbalanced herself, and fell into the courtyard below; but, marvellous to relate, she was not injured. It was a miracle. Floating in the water of the well she saw a picture of the Madonna. That picture explained her escape. It became the property of the family, and through many stages found its way into a public shrine in one of the squares of Naples. This is the central object of interest in the shrine known as that of the Pignasecca. The picture is a black one. The Madonna is called "Mamma Schiavona"—the "Black Mother." The explanation is said to be found in the Song of Solomon, in the passage, "I am black, but comely," etc. The shrine is surrounded by votive gifts—silver, waxen, painted hands, arms, legs, feet, breasts, eyes, rudely sketched scenes of deliverance from danger, and of direst peril escaped, reminding us of the votive offerings in heathen temples of old. So paganism lives under a new name and cult. The scandals connected with this shrine are exposed by Mr. Jones, who also introduces other matters of interest into his book.

The last superstition that will perish in the Church of Rome is that associated with the worship of the Virgin Mary. Public squares, city streets, the highroads, village lanes, forest paths, as well as private houses, shops, and churches, abound in shrines dedicated to her. It would be difficult to say how many public images of her there are in Naples—some three hundred at least; and each has a distinctive picture or bust, and conveys a different idea to the mind of the worshipper. Each, too, is credited with (special) supernatural power. At present this Madonna of the Pignasecca seems to be the property of some of the members of the "Camorra"—one of the terrible secret societies of Naples. They farm it, and share the proceeds. The income is said to be about three thousand pounds per annum. The Camorrists are amongst the most devout worshippers of the "Mamma Schiavona." In some provinces of Southern Italy, after all that has been done, eighty per cent. of the people can neither read nor write. On the ignorance of such people, and on their superstitions, the priesthood works, and studiously fosters the worship of the Virgin. One result is seen in the alliance of religion with crime. The Virgin becomes the guardian mother of the population, who use her shrine as a means of livelihood and of vice.

"Like priest, like people." Mr. Jones quotes from an Italian writer who well knows the Neapolitan people. He says: "I do not think there is any people at the same time so religious and so superstitious. . . . The lost woman, the thief, the man of the knife, the criminal classes, all carry quite a load of rosaries and scapulars, placed with all veneration between their undervest and their skin, a tape or little chain holding as many as thirteen amulets as a preservative against bad luck;

* "The Queen of Heaven." By the Rev. Thomas W. S. Jones, of Naples.

amongst these, generally, you will find the vest of the Madonna del Carmine and the medal of the Immacolata. Our populace has an unpardonable weakness for the priest of the olden times, of whom for centuries it has been the slave. The priest has such an ascendancy over the lower and middle classes that in many homes and families no one moves a finger, not a step is taken, nothing is determined on without the consent of le prevete, of the rector, or of the padre provinciale." What a picture of a priest-ridden people, with its madonnas and its vices!

Attempts have been made by the authorities to remove the shrine from the Pignasecca: nay, it was once so removed; but it had to be restored. This fact is a revelation. The morality of the press on this question is higher than the morality of the priest. In other words, natural religion is a purer and nobler thing than the religion of the priesthood, than the faith of the religious leaders of the people.

Very sad and pathetic is the chapter which records the story of poor Nina. She is in deep distress because of her brother's illness, but in almost greater distress because she knows not to which of the multitude of madonnas she should go for help. In the development of this cult Rome has scarcely pretended to any historic basis for her teaching; she has simply asked what dogmas would deepen the devotional feeling of the people. But in so doing we discover how thoroughly the Queen of Heaven has dethroned Christ, and how terribly debasing is the result intellectually and morally. Mr. Jones quotes from leading authorities in the Romish Church sentences which speak for themselves. The Archbishop of Naples is reported thus: "Mary is our hope, our love. We live day and night in her arms." These sentences reveal to us the tendency of this mariolatry and the secret of all its promulgation. It puts power into the hands of Pope and priest. We thus read: "Our supreme intention is to bring back the peoples to Mary and the Pope."

To know what Romanism is we must study it, not only where it stands face to face with a strong and healthy Protestantism, but also in those parts where it has full sway over an imaginative people. —Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.

WAY TO VICTORY.

BY MAJOR JOHN COMPLIN.*

I have tried, and I have struggled,
From my sin to be set free;
But my trying, and my struggling,
Never gave me victory.

Constant effort, constant failure,
Rising but to fall again;
Often doubting if I ever
Should in Heaven with Jesus reign.

Then I ceased my vain endeavour,
And to Jesus yielded all;
Then He came, the Overcomer,
Conquering foes both great and small.

Now by faith I live in Jesus,
And by faith He lives in me;
Not by trying, but thro' trusting,
Jesus gives the victory.

Glory to Him who "so loved us,"
Glory to the One who died,
Glory to our Sanctifier,
Three in One, be glorified.

REFRAIN.

Oh, it's glory, glory, glory,
Now the Saviour lives in me;
I am trusting, He is keeping,
This is perfect victory.

*Mr. Complin, late editor of the *War Cry*, which he made a power for righteousness, is now General Secretary of the Salvation Army in Canada.—Ed.

THE ORIGINAL OF DINAH MORRIS.

BY J. W. DICKINSON.

In the quaint, old-world town of Wirksworth, in the county of Derby, England, there is a very plain, somewhat barn-like structure, in a street to which it has given the name, "Chapel Street." This is the Wesleyan chapel, bearing on the front this inscription, "Ebenezer, 1810." Inside this somewhat unlovely specimen of architecture there is a memorial, with the following inscription :

"Erected by numerous friends to the memory of Elizabeth Evans, known to the world as Dinah Bede, who during many years proclaimed alike in the open air, the sanctuary, and from house to house, the love of Christ. She died in the Lord, Nov. 9th, 1849, aged 74 years."

Much controversy has been indulged in as to whether the character of "Dinah Morris" was purely the creation of a literary artist, or whether the original existed ? If any weight can be attached to the inscription of the memorial spoken of above, there is very little doubt as to the fact that the person there spoken of is really the original of that fine character. And not only so, but the literary artist was indebted to this individual for at least the ground-work of that wonderful story, and many of the facts contained therein were a part of Elizabeth Evans' life experience.

Elizabeth Tomlinson, for such was her maiden name, was born in the county of Leicester, at a place called Newbold, in the year 1779. Her early advantages were somewhat restricted, for she had no mother's care to guide her youthful steps. She was brought up under Methodist influences, and these never left her. The impressions made were deep and lasting. At fourteen years of age she went out into the world to make her own way. This she sought to do in domestic service in the town of Derby.

Here she was brought in contact with a very different state of things to what she had been accustomed to. Lots of prayer-books, and saying of prayers, and very little religion. She, however, remained for seven years as a faithful servant with this family, but all the time was exercised in her own mind with regard to sacred things. Then she removed to Nottingham. Here she entered on scenes of pleasure, to drive away or overcome the convictions she felt so strongly. Dancing, cards, the theatre were indulged in, but still she was unhappy.

In this state of mind she attended a Methodist service, and at that service experienced that change of heart known as conversion, and receiving the vitalizing power of a new life. She sought for a yet deeper work of grace, and if ever it was found, she found it. Her life henceforth was one of devotion. Her first Christian work was to visit the sick. She cared for one family through a malignant fever, and was herself stricken down. But the Lord had yet other work for her to do, and she was restored. After her restoration she went back to Derby to reside.

But whilst at Nottingham another event took place which left an abiding influence upon her life, and which has been handed down to posterity in a masterpiece of literature.

A poor girl named Mary Boce

was convicted of child murder, and was sentenced to death at the Nottingham assizes in 1801. The Methodist people of the place felt deeply for the girl, and one of their number having obtained permission to visit the girl, chose Elizabeth Tomlinson as her companion. All night they watched by the side of the unhappy convict in the condemned cell, deeply sorrowing in her sad fate, and striving to lead her to comfort and peace. After long weeping, their sorrow was turned into joy, and their mission accomplished. But with the morrow came the execution. The good Methodist women were allowed to accompany her to the place of execution, which was in Sherwood forest, a mile out of town, and to this spot, as was the custom of the times, they were conveyed in an open cart. The sentence was carried out in the presence of a number of Methodists, who sang hymns to cheer the unfortunate woman.

This was the commencement of an extended ministry. Elizabeth Evans longed to do good, and sought opportunities of usefulness, and these came to her in large numbers. She travelled up and down the country gathering the people together in cottages and telling them of the secret of her own life, and striving to lead them to a knowledge of the same Saviour.

At Roston, a little p'ace on the Derbyshire side of the river Dove, a favourite preaching place of Dinah's, Samuel Evans (Seth Bede) heard his wife first preach. He was a staunch "Methody," even in those days.

Samuel Evans was the brother of Robert Evans, who was George Eliot's father. It was in this way that George Eliot came into contact with the remarkable woman whom she made one of her characters. Some fifteen years after their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Evans went to live half a mile from the town of Wirksworth, near to the Haarlam Tape Works, of which Samuel Evans was the manager. Here they lived in a rude, thatched, stone-built, four-roomed cott. ge, standing sideways to the road, with a bit of potato garden in front. In this cottage, in 1837, when a girl of about seventeen years of age, George Eliot visited with her aunt for a period of two weeks. Nor was this a solitary occasion, for the relations between the brothers were of a most cordial and intimate character, and were maintained as long as life lasted.

George Eliot was always much interested in her aunt's preaching adventures, and delighted in getting the old lady to recount for her edification selections from her experience along these lines, and not only so, but often took down in a note-book the words used in such narration. Whilst the scenes may not be historically correct, or even the words used not the same, the tenor of Dinah's sermon on the village green may be regarded as the same as some at least given by this good woman in her travels throughout the country seeking to extend the Master's kingdom. And it is undoubtedly to this inspiration that we owe "Adam Bede," a masterpiece of English literature, and that this person is the original of Dinah Morris.

Macleod, N.W.T.

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again;
Th' eternal years of God are hers;
But error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

—*Bryant.*

POTTERBEE'S FIRST SERMON.*

BY THE REV. W. J. DAWSON.

It was always remembered in Barford that when the squire lay dying he had sent for Potterbee to pray with him, and had said to him, "You dear little man, I believe I can die easy now."

Some men might have been puffed up at such a speech, and there was certainly no other man in Barford to whom public opinion would not have grudged the honour of such a compliment; but everyone felt that Potterbee had fairly earned it. He was, in truth, "a dear little man." He came out of a long ancestry of Quakers, and though he had become, by force of circumstances, a deacon at the meeting-house, he never lost the Quaker mould. He usually wore a high white cravat, with a black coat of antiquated cut. His hair was of a silvery whiteness, and his face had the peace of quiet waters in a sunny pool. He lived in a small house at the end of the High Street, and behind it stretched a long garden of old-fashioned flowers. He had means of his own, although they were very much less than was generally supposed, and had he cared to lead an idle life there was no one to say him nay. But Potterbee was one of those who are visibly ordained for the comfort of the world, and he had long ago recognized his mission. Every morning on the stroke of ten, he went down the street to visit the sick, and there was no day when he did not carry a little of his sunshine into some place of darkness. I, for one, can bear witness that when I first made acquaintance with death, I found no peace till Potterbee prayed in that dark room where the coffin stood; I left as though I had seen an angel sitting in the tomb when he finished.

Now the Potterbees had only one son, and it was he whose first sermon occasioned so much sensation. Paul Potterbee was a shy and retiring youth, and from his birth his parents had prayed that he might become a minister. It was to be feared that on many a dull Sunday at the meeting-house, when old Mr. Shannon was not quite at his best, the two innocent old people in the big corner pew had wandering thoughts, through which there ran like a bright thread the fancy of how Paul would look in the pulpit. Many times Rachael Potterbee would say to her husband, "I begin to fear that it is not the Lord's will, William." But he would reply, "Well, we can pray about it, Rachael;" and Paul never knew how often at dead of night these two old folks knelt in the room next to his, holding one another's hands, and praying softly that it might please the Lord to make their boy His messenger.

At length, on one happy spring morning, Paul, who was now eighteen, with many blushes told his father that he would like to preach. The old man kissed him on the forehead, and went out into the garden quite pale with joy. Rachael saw him standing with clasped hands beside the bed of yellow jonquils near the blossoming apple-tree, and with a swift divination of what had happened ran out to him with a face as pale as his own. "Is it Paul?" she whispered, and the shining in the old man's eyes gave her eloquent reply. They fell back, as they always did in moments of great excitement, into the sweet Quaker tongue, "the single language," as it is called, and began to "thee" and "thou" one another in soft voices. Paul, looking out of the window of the little room he called his study, saw them, and never forgot the sight. Years afterward, when he got adrift on strange seas of doubt for a time, the memory of that spring morning came back to him like a holy vision, and it held within it the light by which he found his way back to faith. Men often forget many things that learned theologians teach them, but they never forget that their parents knew what the gate of heaven meant.

But, if the truth were told, Paul on that morning had only the vaguest ideas of what preaching meant. He had but lately found his tongue in the debates of "the society" at the meeting-house, and was somewhat intoxicated with the pleasure of his newly-discovered gift. The fact was, his desire to preach owed a good deal to the conviction that he was capable of doing quite as well as Mr. Shannon, who had began to fail lately. It is not an unusual thing for a shy youth to hide under his diffidence a quite pre-

* "From Thro' Lattice Windows." London: Hodder & Stoughton. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $2.10.

posterous pride. Paul had lately read by stealth certain modern books which sounded quite a new note a note not found in any of the solid and respectable volumes on old Mr. Potterbee's shelves. He felt a conviction that he was born to grapple with great problems. He had attentively surveyed his forehead in the glass, and was inclined to argue from its contour the possession of genius. He was perfectly aware of the hopes with which his parents regarded him, although he was quite incapable of measuring the profound deeps of spirituality from which they sprung. On that April morning when he saw his parents under that blossoming apple-tree, his first sermon lay completed on his desk. He knew every word of it by heart. It was an elaborate vindication of the ways of God with men, founded on the saying of Elihu that "men see not the bright light that is in the clouds."

The place where aspirants for pulpit honours were accustomed to exercise their gifts was a small red-brick chapel on the edge of a common that went by the name of Plumridge Green. It lay about three miles to the south of Barford, and its people were notorious for the bluntness of their speech. Many a candidate for the pulpit had buried hopes on Plumridge Green, to the unfeigned satisfaction of its inhabitants, who made light of all genius that came from Barford. Even Mr. Shannon dreaded the impassive faces of a Plumridge audience. There were half a dozen old men who used to sit near one another in the front pews, and they had a most disconcerting habit of pretending to be asleep, which might have imposed upon a person not observant enough to remark that at any error of doctrine twelve white eyebrows were simultaneously lifted, in what seemed like patient scorn. It was at Plumridge Green that young Paul Potterbee preached his first sermon.

It was a solemn moment when he left the small house in the High Street to go upon his momentous journey.

"O, my dear boy, preach Christ," said his mother as she drew him to her breast and kissed him; "there's nothing else worth preaching."

It made him a little uncomfortable, for he knew there was nothing in his sermon about Christ. His father walked with him a mile upon the road, and would have liked to have gone with him all the way, but dared not. They parted at the point where the road strikes the open moor, and the dear old man stood bare-headed in the spring wind and prayed for Paul. At that moment Paul felt the strongest impulse to turn back. He was oppressed by a miserable sense that, after all, he had nothing to say.

"Dear Lord, be good to my boy," pleaded the old man. "Give him utterance and knowledge. Help him to preach the grace and truth of Thy Son, our Saviour."

He took his son's hand, and asked timidly what text he was going to take. Paul told him with a blush. He dared not tell him that he had learned his sermon by heart.

"Yes, yes," the old man replied, "it's a good text. I can read God's truth in it. But don't forget that the only true light in the cloud is 'the bright and morning Star.' O, my dear boy, preach Christ."

There was no one near, and he kissed the youth. At that moment each had an unspoken misgiving in his heart. The old man was afraid that Paul had taken a wrong text, and Paul had begun to doubt the excellence of his elaborate sermon.

"Won't you come with me, father?" said Paul, with a sudden rush of affection. There was entreaty in his voice too, for he was growing afraid of the ordeal. He had never before realized that it is a terrible thing to preach.

"I can't, I dare not," said the old man. "But I won't go home. I shall walk up and down the road and pray for you. You'll find me waiting for you here when you come back."

He felt in his pocket, and drew from it a packet of jujubes, which he solemnly placed in Paul's hand."

"Your mother forgot to give them to you. They're good for the voice, I believe."

It sounded oddly enough, but neither recognized the oddity. It was a relief to both to smile with simple human kindness just then.

"And you must wrap your throat up after preaching. Have you got your silk neckerchief? Your mother was very particular about that."

Paul produced it and there were tears in his eyes as he said, "Mother's always thinking of me, isn't she? I hope she'll pray for me."

"We shall be both praying for you, my son. We prayed for this night eighteen years ago, when you were born.

Paul moved slowly away, looking back from time to time to the small black figure silhouetted against the amber sky. He already discerned in the distance the two

"chief men" of Plumridge Green Chapel, whose custom it was to meet the preachers from Barford half-way, in order that they might talk to them for their good during the latter part of their journey.

They were two of the six old men who sat in the front pews. They walked slowly, with their shoulders sloped forward, for their backs were bent with forty years of outdoor work.

"Be you the praicher?" said one.

Paul modestly admitted the fact.

"Well, you be a little 'un, to be sure. Let's look at 'ee, now."

They surveyed him slowly, as though he had been a natural curiosity. Paul felt that they were quite capable of walking around him and poking their fingers into his ribs, to ascertain if he was in condition. He smiled feebly and blushed vividly.

When they had completed their survey they addressed one another on the subject.

"Well, he be a little 'un, sure enough, bain't 'ee?"

"Do look as if he have somethin' in him, howsoever."

"Bigness ain't everythin'."

"No. 'Tis said David were a little 'un."

"We shall know by the time we've done wi' him."

"An' so will he."

Whereat they smiled grimly, remembering the fate of many other promising apostles who had found martyrdom at Plumridge Green. They established themselves one on either side of the blushing Paul, as though they had been commissioned to take him into custody. In that order they proceeded along the road in silence for about half a mile.

At last one of them said, rather unjustly, "Well, young man, you haven't much to say for yourself."

"What do you expect me to say?"

"Well, talk to us—tell us what you're goin' to praich about. Be 'ee goin' to praich to us about Peter, now?"

Paul meekly observed that he was not.

"But you must. We're fond o' Peter up hereabouts."

"But I can't," said Paul, with a touch of irritation. There was silence for a few minutes, and then his persecutors began again.

"Do 'ee praich about Peter now. Tell us what do you think of his character."

Paul could not understand this unreasonable obstinacy. It was a positive relief when one of the old men turned to personal questions again by asking how old he was. Paul made confession to his eighteen years, whereupon the other remarked, "Well, 'tis true you're but a little 'un."

Plumridge Green was in sight, and at the fourth cottage on the Green his conductors stopped. There was an hour before service, and Paul was expected to take tea. The other four "chief men" had already arrived, and were carefully scrutinizing him. They began to talk about him with the most elaborate disregard of his presence.

"Potterbee's son?"

"Yes."

"Well, he ought to be fairish. But it ain't good fathers as make good sons. I knew a man at Saint Colam once who had the cleverest headpiece anywhere round about—Romford his name were—an' his son were a fool."

"Last one we had up here praiching broke down. He'd learned his sermon, an' when Johnny Flint pushed the form over it upset him so he forgot ivery word. So we singed a hymn and went home."

"Seemed like a good sermon too, if he only could ha' remembered it."

"No doubt, no doubt. The eggs as is never laid is always the finest."

"'Tis a pity to learn sermons. They do never sound the same. 'Tis like water from a pump; the water's good enough, but you hear the pump-handle a-creaking."

"'Tain't given to iverybody to have his words flow from him nateral"

Paul felt more and more uncomfortable. He suddenly realized that he must be alone. He wanted once more to consult that excellently written discourse which lay in his breast pocket. He was certain that he had forgotten the passage in which he treated of life as a cloudy day, and of the natural phenomenon that there was always a blue sky somewhere behind the cloud.

"I should like to be alone for half an hour," he said, apologetically. "I think I'll go out for a walk."

"Certainly, certainly," said his host. "Bless you, I'll go with 'ee. I'll show you round the village now."

"But I'd rather go alone."

"O, but you'd get lost. You'd never find your way about. I'll go with 'ee."

The six old men looked at one another significantly. They quite understood that Paul wanted to reread the elaborate production in his pocket.

"'Tis so," one said, sadly. "He've learned it for certain. 'Twill be very fine, no doubt, but that sort won't bind up no broken hearts."

The words caused a curious vibration

in the mind of Paul. For the first time he closely looked at these six old men. It was not only labour that had written all those lines on their faces; the relentless graver of sorrow had been busy there also. Those deep furrows on the cheeks had been the channels down which tears had rushed. And in their eyes there was a look that troubled his young heart, that suggested a hunger not of the body, a yearning for visions not of the earth.

"You'll praich about Peter, won't 'ee?" was the last word of his host as he led him to the pulpit stair. "There's a many of us here as wants comforting and we allers feels better when we hear what the dear Lord said to Peter. I wish 'ee well, young man. Don't 'ee be afeard."

He shook Paul's hand with clumsy cordiality, and the next moment the youth found himself face to face with his audience. The "chief men" sat in their pews, sad and monumental; a few dozen people were sprinkled over the place. In a pew near the door sat a woman in black, with five small children; her husband had been buried the week before. The tall, consumptive looking man at her side was her husband's brother, who had walked over from Saint Colam with some vague idea of a funeral service. The only smiling face in the little chapel was that of Solomon Gill, the ploughman, who acted as precentor. But then Gill was always happy. He glowed under the dullest sermon. The mere name of his Lord made his face kindle.

It was only by degrees that Paul saw all this. A mist was before his eyes, and a great terror clutched his heart. His voice sounded to him like the voice of some one else. It seemed like the thin echo of a voice in a dream, an attenuated voice, the ghost of a voice. He could not believe it possible that any one but himself could hear it. It was with genuine relief that he heard the people join in the singing of the hymn he had given out; it was an assurance that he could not have been quite inaudible, after all. "Hark, my soul, it is the Lord;" yes, they were really singing. Solomon Gill looked up at him with a grateful smile it was his favourite hymn. He began to breathe freely again.

The hymn was sung, the Scripture was read, and he had contrived to pray. But now a new terror confronted him. He was certain that he had forgotten every word of his sermon. He had forgotten where the text was. A terrible suspicion seized him that it was not in the Bible at all. In his agony he boldly dragged his manuscript out of his pocket, but his agitation was so great that he could scarcely read a word of it. They were singing the hymn before the sermon. In another moment or two preach he must. He turned the Bible over with feverish hands to find the Book of Job. He could not find it. There seemed to be nothing but Psalms in the Old Testament. It was perfectly ridiculous; Job must be in the Bible. An absurd thought occurred to him, that the Bible used at Plumridge Green Chapel must be some other edition of the Scriptures. Job had been cut out of it, as the Apocrypha had. He would have to give his text out without saying where it was. But then he did not even know the text; it was something about clouds, and that was all he knew. Darkness seemed to settle over his mind; it fell like a curtain. And then he was suddenly aware of a terrific silence. The hymn had ceased, the people were waiting for him to preach.

"You'll praich about Peter, won't 'ee? There's a many of us here wants comforting."

Who was it had said that? It was a long time ago—perhaps when he was a boy. And with it there sounded, like a far-away bell, another sentence: "Preach Christ; there's nothing else worth preaching."

Half mechanically his hand turned to the New Testament. It was quite useless to search for the Book of Job any longer; he was certain that it was not in the Bible; at least, not in the Plumridge Green edition.

His pride hung in tatters. It was all a bitter blunder, he could not preach. All at once a light broke upon him. He was at the last chapter of St. John's gospel. He was actually reading out a text: "So, when they had dined, Jesus saith to Simon Peter, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these?" The mist lifted, and he saw the people sitting hushed. The "chief men" were wide awake, and their impassive faces were lifted eagerly to his. A warm rush of love, pity, sympathy, filled his young heart like a tide. He felt borne along by a wind of God; the sensation was like that he had experienced when he had dreamed he was flying. Yes, he was preaching, but he could not have told how. He was only conscious of a keen passion for souls. He felt as though he was passing into the lives of these people by some sort of miraculous instinct. The woman in black near the door was smiling through her tears; the consump-

tive-looking man beside her was bent forward, listening. As for Solomon Gill, his face shone like the face of an angel.

It was over. He had descended the pulpit, treading delicately, as with winged feet. He walked down the aisle in a kind of rapture, vaguely conscious of friendly faces shining on him through a heaven-tinted mist. At the door the woman in black laid her hand in his, and said something which sounded like thanks, and he saw the eyes of the five small children raised to his in solemn awe. It astonished him as he passed into the open air to find the world unchanged. A cuckoo was calling in the woods, and the first stars of evening hung in the pale blue sky. He hurried over the Green with the blood surging in his veins. He could not contain himself. His whole experience had been so extraordinary that he found himself talking of it to the very trees as he walked. He wanted to take the whole world into his confidence.

At the crossroads, on the edge of the moor, he met his father that night

"Father," he said, breathlessly, "I didn't preach it. I couldn't."

"What did you preach, then, my son?"

"I tried to preach Christ," said Paul, in a low voice.

The old man put his arms around the boy's neck and kissed him.

"I knew you would, my dear boy. For eighteen years your mother and I have prayed for this night, and God is too good to disappoint us. You'll be an old man some day, Paul, and when you are you'll be sorry to think that you ever preached anything but Christ. If ever you are tempted to do so, don't forget this night."

And Paul never did.

ANTON VESTER'S REVENGE.

BY REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON.

Author of "In His Steps."

"John, did you see this letter? It was brought here this afternoon while you were out," said the minister's wife to her husband as he was going up-stairs to his study.

The minister took the letter, and started to go on again, but at the sight of the address on the envelope he stopped and opened the letter where he was. He read it through, and then went into the dining-room where his wife had gone.

"Mary, do you know what this letter is?" Then, without waiting for an answer, the minister went on: "Let me read it to you. I need your advice.

"'Mr. John Glenning,—My dear Pastor: I dread to tell you the news again which so often before has caused me anguish and you trouble and vexation. But I cannot help coming to you once more. I do not know where else to go. Some one in town has been selling George liquor again. Last night he came home reeling! Is the law powerless to convict those who, contrary to the law of our State, sell the poison secretly? How long shall I pray and weep that my boy may be spared going the way of his brother? For the sake of the Father in heaven, Mr. Glenning, search out the guilty parties and bring them to justice! This is my prayer and the prayer of many another heart-broken mother in this town. I do not need to sign my name. You know who I am, a mother praying day and night that her youngest boy may be spared from a drunkard's fate.'"

The minister looked up from the letter, and his wife's face was full of sympathetic question.

"It is terrible, John, this great curse of intemperance. But what can you do in this case?"

"I can try to find the man who is selling the liquor to George."

"I don't see how. But what if you do find him?"

"Then I will bring him to justice. We have a right to defend our homes and our church from such awful danger."

"Do you think, John, it is your business as a minister to undertake this kind of work?"

"Mary, any kind of work is my business that will save life. If no one else in this town will get the evidence against this person who is selling intoxicants contrary to law, then I will do it myself."

The minister's wife was silent a moment. Then she said, "John, I have faith to believe you are right; but I cannot help feeling that you are about to undertake a very difficult and dangerous duty."

"It is no more than I ought to perform. How else can I answer the appeal in this letter?"

Mrs. Glenning did not reply. She looked forward with intense anxiety to the task her husband seemed resolved to undertake. She had great confidence in

his ability, but she could not help feeling that never in all his parish-life had he faced any duty so serious.

A week after this talk between them, the minister handed his wife the morning paper, and pointed silently to an article printed very conspicuously on the local page. It was headed:

"LIQUOR-SELLER ARRESTED!

ON CHARGES PREFERRED TO THE COUNTY ATTORNEY BY REV. JOHN GLENNING.

The case will come to trial in the District Court in One Month."

The article continued:

"Last evening Rev. John Glenning filed a statement with the county attorney in which he charges Anton Vester with selling liquor in violation of the prohibitory laws of the State. He will appear against Vester as prosecuting witness at the time of the trial. We understand that the evidence is very conclusive."

The minister's wife looked up from the reading, and her eyes were anxious and troubled.

"John, you never told me about it. How did you succeed?

"I did not want to talk about it until I had actually done something. You know that is my way. Well, when I found that the police and the sheriff and the county attorney did not intend to do anything to close up this drinking-place, I went myself and secured the evidence of three sales of liquor."

"How could you? Did not this man know you?"

"No. He is a comparative stranger. I stood in one end of his place while the purchases were being made. The open violation of the law is very bold. There is no doubt of the fact that he is guilty."

"Do you think he will be convicted? Is it necessary for you to appear against him?"

"Yes, I must appear as prosecuting witness. The crisis is a serious one in our town. If some one does not try to prevent the sale of liquor here, our young men will be in danger of being lost, body and soul. You would not have me a coward, Mary?"

"No, no! But, John, I am afraid of what may happen to you. This is a terrible enemy to fight, this liquor enemy."

"I know it, and I believe, Mary, that I have counted the cost. I must go forward now that I have begun. The church people and all the best citizens in town are in sympathy with my efforts. That is a great help. Don't worry over the results. We are in the hands of God."

For answer the minister's wife put her hand in that of her husband, and pledged him her enthusiastic and loving confidence in the battle he had begun.

The month went by, and the day of the trial drew near. But before that date the minister received an anonymous letter, a knowledge of which he carefully kept from his wife until long after the events that followed. The letter read:

"Rev. Glenning,—Sir: If you go on with this case of Anton Vester you will have reason to be sorry for it. Better take warning and have the case dismissed before anything happens to you or yours."

The minister kept this letter a secret from his wife so as not to add to her anxiety. Nevertheless, he felt a little nervous, for it was the first anonymous letter he had ever received.

When the day of the trial came, the court-room was crowded. The liquor men came in a body. The minister's parish was well represented. It was the first time a minister had appeared as prosecuting witness.

The evidence was plain and conclusive. On the day alleged the minister had gone into the place of Anton Vester, the accused, and had there seen him sell, contrary to the State laws, three bottles of whiskey. The closest cross-examination failed to shake the evidence in the least, and the jury after being out less than half an hour returned a verdict of guilty.

Throughout the trial the accused had sat with his wife and little girl close by the jury. The child was beautiful-faced, attractive, and winsome. When her father was on the witness-stand denying the charges against him, she climbed up into her mother's lap. When her father came down again he held her. The minister could not restrain a feeling of pity as he looked at the family. Nothing but his sense of duty owed to that other mother whose boy was in danger of ruin, steadied his purpose as the trial proceeded.

When the verdict was given by the foreman, the court-house was very still. As soon as the foreman ceased speaking, the accused and convicted man jumped to his feet, and, beside himself with rage, shook his fist in the minister's face.

"I will have revenge! If I go to jail, watch for yourself!"

"Silence in the court!" shouted the judge sternly. "Bailiff, take the prisoner in charge!"

The greatest excitement prevailed for

a short time. When quiet had been restored, the attorney for the defence moved for a new trial. The court overruled the motion, and at once proceeded to pronounce the sentence.

"Prisoner at the bar, you stand committed, according to the law of the State, to the county jail for ninety days, and will pay a fine of three hundred dollars."

The guilty man heard the sentence in silence. As he was being taken out of the court-room, he was heard to mutter, "I will have my revenge!

As the minister, surrounded by several of his parishioners, was leaving the court-room, the wife of the accused confronted him. For a moment it seemed as if she had meant to strike him. Her face grew deadly pale; she seemed almost like a wild animal about to spring. Suddenly she turned and went out rapidly, leading the child with her.

The minister went home completely exhausted with the nervous tension of the trial and the scenes attending it.

"Mary," he said that night, "this has been the severest experience of my whole life."

"Do you still think you have acted wisely, John?" His wife put the question more to satisfy herself than her husband.

"I have no doubt whatever. It was necessary. I have no question as to the perfect right of my action. I regret the suffering that will fall on the innocent as well as the guilty. But that is always the way with sin. It hurts so many others besides the sinner."

It was on the Sunday night succeeding the trial that the minister awoke about two o'clock in the morning with a nervous start that he could not account for. Something was wrong somewhere. There was no noise in the house. Everything was very quiet. It was a winter night, frosty and still. He arose and dressed hurriedly, under the growing impression that in spite of the absence of any definite danger something was wrong. His wife was frightened.

"John! What is the matter? What are you going to do?"

"Don't be frightened, Mary. I want to look around a little."

He walked to the window looking out towards the small stable at the rear of the yard, and drew up the curtain. As he did so, a strange light flashed up from behind the stable. It grew brighter as he looked.

"I believe the stable is on fire! I must run out and see. Pump some water from the cistern, while I run out with a pailful."

The minister rushed out. It was only a little way. When he opened the stable door, a volume of smoke and flame poured out. He fought his way in, pouring the water upon the flames where they had begun to run up the side of the building. With great difficulty he succeeded in dragging out of the stable his horse and cow. Then followed a fierce fight with the fire. His wife brought water. The neighbours came to the rescue. And at last the flames were put out, but not before the minister's hands were terribly burned.

The neighbours whispered among themselves, "Incendiary fire!" The minister said little. He was thinking of the man in the court-room and his words at the time he was convicted. He was also calling up the look on the woman's face as she left the court-room.

Three months had gone, and it was the evening of the last day of Anton Vester's imprisonment. He was to be released at four o'clock that afternoon.

On the same day Rev. John Glenning, still suffering from the effect of the terrible burning of his hands, had received a note signed by one of his parishioners:

"Dear Pastor: I have learned to-day that Mrs. Vester, the wife of the man convicted for liquor-selling, is suffering for want of fuel and clothing this severe weather. I am sure you will be glad and able to do something for the woman and her little girl. They live down near the old river bridge, the one that has been condemned as unsafe lately. The house is the old brick house standing in the grove of cottonwoods.

"Truly yours, CALVIN CLARK."

This letter roused no suspicion in the minister's mind. He decided to go at once. He left his house a little before five, carrying with him what he thought was necessary.

It was a long, cold walk. The winter day was gone, and by the time he reached the river he could just see the brick house in the grove. He walked rapidly along, and was just passing the end of the old bridge when he was startled by a woman's cry coming from the direction of the bridge and out upon it.

He put down his basket and turned about, setting foot carefully on the old timbers of the dangerous bridge; and, as he advanced, a woman came running towards him. She was the wife of Vester!

She was shrieking: "My child! She has fallen into the river! O God! Save her!"

In a second the minister understood.

Coming across the old bridge in the

dark the child in some way had fallen through a dangerous place.

The mother, who had sent her earlier in the day on an errand, had gone out on the bridge to meet her. No one supposed the bridge was rotten. She had seen the child fall, and turned screaming for help.

The river was filled with great blocks of ice. Some of them were thirty feet across. A heavy fall of snow had covered them. Upon one of these blocks cushioned with snow the child had fallen, and the minister could see her form dark against the white. The current was sluggish, and the ice was moving slowly.

He ran off the bridge and down the bank, watching narrowly for an opportunity to leap out on the moving mass. Near the shore a broad band of dark water whirled. He ran on down farther, and at last, as a cake floated nearer he made a spring and landed on it.

Making his way with the utmost courage to the form of the child, he finally reached her and caught her up. She was unconscious. He made his way back cautiously. Great gaps yawned between the blocks—sure death for him. When within twenty feet from the bank he jumped upon a block that broke under his weight. He went down into the icy water, but to his great joy he felt as the waters closed over him that his feet touched the ground. He struggled with the strength of a giant against the ice that crowded around him, and gradually forced his way to the bank. Dripping and exhausted he bore out of the river the child he had saved.

The mother had followed this heroism with feelings of terror. There was no time now for anything but action. They wrapped the child in a shawl torn from the mother's shoulders, and at their best speed hurried to the brick house.

The minister will never forget the scene as they pushed open the door. There stood Anton Vester, the husband, and with him three other men.

"Well, where have you been?" were the words with which he greeted his wife. "Have you got that preacher?" Then at sight of Glenning and the bundle in his arms the man stammered and stood silent.

"Anton!" screamed his wife as she fell on her knees before him. "Our child! Mr. Glenning has saved her life! Think what we were about to do!"

The man stood stupefied. Then, as the story was told him and he understood what had been done, he sat down and covered his face with his hands, while the other men ran out, obeying the minister's orders to get a doctor with all speed.

When Rev. John Glenning recovered from a long illness caused by that night's exposure, the best friends he had in his parish were Anton Vester and his wife and child. It was not until long after that he learned how his stable had been fired by a friend of Vester, and the note sent was forged by another man to lure him to Vester's house that night, where it was the intention to beat him within an inch of his life. These things are forgotten by the Rev. John Glenning as he goes into Anton Vester's home as his pastor.

"My revenge was a failure, Mr. Glenning, God be praised for it. But your revenge was a success."

"How is that?" inquires the minister as he bends to kiss the sweet child he once saved.

"You heaped coals of fire on my head."

"That kind of revenge is very sweet," replies the Rev. John Glenning, smiling. And he goes his way through his parish, thanking God for victory over evil.—*Christian Endeavour World.*

PRESCIENCE.

The new moon hung in the sky, the sun was low in the west,
And my betrothed and I in the church-yard paused to rest—
Happy maiden and lover, dreaming the old dream over:
The light winds wandered by, and robins chirped from the nest.

And lo! in the meadow-sweet was the grave of a little child,
With a crumbling stone at the feet and the ivy running wild—
Tangled ivy and clover folding it over and over:
Close to my sweetheart's face was the little mound up-piled.

Stricken with nameless fears, she shrank and clung to me,
And her eyes were filled with tears for a sorrow I did not see.
Lightly the winds were blowing, softly her tears were flowing—
Tears for the unknown years and a sorrow that was to be!

—*Thomas Baily Aldrich.*

THE TROUBLE AT ROUNDSTONE.

BY WILLIAM E. BARTON.

Author of "A Hero in Homespun," etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE GROUNDHOG AND THE FAN.

It was a new thing, to be sure, but then Roundstone is not under the sun. The sun belongs on the other side of the Jellico Range. He begins climbing Torkletop early in the morning, and peers cautiously through the Oxyoke Gap some time about the middle of the forenoon, and then disappears again behind Old Baldy, and, when he emerges, goes around. This fact saves the credit of Solomon, for whose veracity there is great concern at Roundstone.

Roundstone is about the last place in which one might expect to find a new thing. Indeed, a thing is likely to grow old making its way from the Jofields, where new things originate. For there the big road ends, over which goods used to be hauled from the railroad terminus at Livingstone, but now the railroad is extended to the Jofields, and its name is changed to Woodbine. From thence, in some manner that those who know the condition of the roads can only conjecture, Larkin Sawyer and Ephraim Whitley imported their new machine, which became the occasion of the trouble.

The machine was listed on the bill which preceded it by mail, as a threshing-machine and fanning-mill, but it was known along the creek as The Groundhog and The Fan. It was not one of those huge contrivances into whose hungry maw whole grain stacks are pitched, to come out at the side as clean grain, while the straw is conveyed by an elongated carrier a furlong away. The thresher itself was only a cylinder, with wicked-looking teeth, made to revolve by means of a horse-power operated by four horses going round and round. The power and thesher were connected by a tumbling-rod, and the thresher had to be depressed in a hole in the earth. There it tore about and growled and angrily did its work as though in quest of something to be obtained by digging.

It looked so wonderful, and then so comical, to the good people of the Holler when first they gathered to see it, that, after watching it for a time, tearing up the sheaves that were given it, and throwing out the straw and chaff and grain in a heap together on the other side, in the funniest possible way, they all burst out laughing, and Moses Davis, to whom the Holler looked to catalogue its infrequent new experiences, declared that it reminded him of a dog digging at a ground-hog's hole and throwing out the dirt between his hind legs. This description seemed at first likely to satisfy the people of the Creek, but they are conservative, and did not immediately accept it, and at length came gradually to the opinion that the machine resembled the groundhog himself rather more than his pursuer. Besides, it gave a more convenient name, so they called it The Groundhog.

The complement of the groundhog, the fanning-mill, had a name easily abbreviated. But it was only when it required separate mention that The Fan was alluded to by name. It was always present in thought when the groundhog was spoken of, and was intended to be included in the designation. It was "sorter lack man and wife," Moses Davis explained, and "hit wa'n't lawful to put 'em asunder." So usually the two, though generically distinct, were included in the family name.

Formerly, and from time immemorial, the threshing of grain at Roundstone had been done with flails. It was a mark of progress on the part of the whole community, and indicated the untold wealth of the two partners in the transaction, that so new and great a thing as the groundhog, which is to be understood as including the fan, should have been imported into the Holler. It also indicated in the thought of some of the older inhabitants a certain degeneracy, as an increased acreage of wheat had originated in an increased demand for hot biscuits. Not that corn pone and hoe-cake were by any means relegated to the background. They were still the staff of life. But hot biscuits, from having once appeared almost solely on meeting days, and when there was company,

had become quite a popular article on the tables of the people of Roundstone, appearing almost every Sunday, and sometimes during the week. Not a few old men spoke of this with sorrow, fearing that the Holler was departing from its historic simplicity, and had given itself over to luxurious living; and, as they moralized, they would take another biscuit, spread it with sorghum, and admit that "when one's teeth got pore, hit did sorter relieve one" to eat bread with a crust less hard and a texture less coarsely grained than gritted corn pone.

Thus Ephraim Whitley and Larkin Sawyer did a flourishing business in threshing wheat, carting the groundhog from farm to farm all the autumn, and charging one bushel in eight for threshing and cleaning the grain. It was cheaper threshing than the flail had done, but it was very profitable to the threshers, and it began to be apparent that, if Ephraim and Larkin desired, they might have biscuits every meal the year round, and still have wheat in the spring, left over from their threshing tolls.

It would shame me to tell how the trouble originated, were it not for the fact that most of the great quarrels in the world's history have come from occasions quite as trivial. It was when they were threshing Ebenezer Frisbee's wheat that they were delayed by the absence of a crowbar necessary to the making of holes for the stakes that were to secure the groundhog and its horse-power. Crowbars are not abundant near Roundstone, and large wooden stakes are not to be driven into the rocky soil until soundings have been made, and smaller perforations effected with the bar. So the threshing could not proceed until the bar had been sent for and brought from the last place where threshing had been done, which was two miles across the sag of Sewanee to Tom Siler's.

It was a hot day, and the climb over the hill had been hard on horses and temper, and there was an ugly-looking cloud gathering on Jellico. It seemed as if Lee Whitley, who had gone on a mule for the bar, would never return, and in an unguarded moment Larkin Sawyer said so; and Lee's father, Ephraim, retorted that Lark had better find fault with himself "for leavin' of the bar than to be a-jawin' at the boy fur not fetchin' it quicker."

That was where the trouble started. For, to tell the truth, both Ephraim and Larkin had been trying to think which one of them it was that had promised to see that the bar was not forgotten, and each had a sneaking suspicion that it was his own fault, and each accordingly was prepared to resent any suggestion of remissness on his part. They both remembered that the bar had been mentioned, as it always was, sometimes Eph charging Lark, and sometimes Lark charging Eph, "You bring the bar," and the other accordingly assenting. Which had assented this time neither could feel sure, but that it had been spoken of and agreed upon, both were certain, and each felt rather more than half sure that he was at fault, and that made both more ready to quarrel; for each thought that the other held him guilty of the oversight, as did his own conscience, and each feared to be told of it.

The few hot words that passed back and forth between these long-time friends were cut short by the arrival of Lee with the bar, and the threshing proceeded, but was soon interrupted by the storm. That led to a dispute about the tolls, for Eb Frisbee held the threshers liable for the wetting of his grain, and the damage ensuing, and demanded a rebate accordingly, and the men had little else to do while waiting for the tempest to pass—and it was long in passing—than to quarrel over the storm and its damage. They were tired and hot and disappointed. The storm, which had been all day in gathering, burst at last with sudden fury, and the men had been working in a hopeless attempt to finish. Now, from the barn they watched the sheets of rain beating into the open stack, and the gully which came down the slope bearing off the unwinnowed grain, and filling to the level of the earth the groundhog hole.

"Hit'll be rusted 'n' ruint," said Lark to Eph.

"Wall, I cyant help it. I didn't bring the rain," retorted Eph.

"You left the bar," said Lark, and then the conflict of words began anew.

If they had been alone, or could have gone to work together, it would have been different, but they were shut up together in enforced in-

activity by the rain, and the neighbours stood about in the barn, deprecating the quarrel, yet curious to see how much each man would endure from the other, and to what lengths the war of words would lead them. And they heard enough to make angels grieve, for these two men were, of all men in the Holler, among the most honoured and upright, and were members together of the Methodist Church, in which Larkin was class-leader, and Ephraim led the singing. But each man had a quick temper and an iron will. And each man hated himself for every word he said, and each longed to stop the unseemly strife, yet each found words ready to hurl back for each retort, and so the quarrel went on.

The heavens grew blacker, and the lightning flashed as the quarrel proceeded, until the neighbours verily thought the violence of the tempest a rebuke from heaven, and gently interposed to separate the men. They drew them to opposite sides of the little barn, whence, with hushed voices they marked the peals of thunder that followed each other, crash on crash, and the flashes of lightning that came nearer and nearer until flash and crash came in unison, and each one brought a shudder, and the comment, "That must 'a' struck mighty nigh," with an occasional attempt, with bated breath, to locate the place of striking. When, just before sunset, the rain ceased, and the darkness that had been almost that of night gave place to a brief period of uncanny light before the night shut down, these two men, each accompanied by a little knot of friends, went to his home without speaking to the other, and the soul of each was hot and sorrowful, for each reproached himself for his own wrong words, and each cringed and nursed his pain at the wounds caused by the words of his friend. It was a sad day for Roundstone, and as the Holler talked over the quarrel and the damage wrought by the storm and the rising of the creek, whose outlet beneath Jellico was far too small for such a freshet, they agreed that between the two Satan had had a busy afternoon.

CHAPTER II.

EPHRAIM WHITLEY'S SACRIFICE.

Martha Whitley, as she prepared the supper, went often to the door, and looked up the creek for the returning men. She knew that they might be expected soon after the storm abated, and presently a group appeared of those who had been engaged in the threshing, but Ephraim was not among them. Larkin Sawyer was there, however, riding in sullen silence, and with him, some walking, some riding, were half a score of the neighbours from below, talking excitedly as they appeared in sight, and lapsing into silence as they neared the house.

"Howdy, Lark!" she called, as they passed the gate in the post and railing before the door. "Is Eph a-comin' thoreckly?"

Larkin looked up with forced cheerfulness, and replied, "Yes; he's a-comin'," and rode on.

"Why don't ye all stop," she asked, "an' eat a snack with us? Ye cyant git over nohow yit."

It was true. Roundstone was running full banks; brooks flowing into it were rivers in volume and in power; foot logs were floating away; and it was evident that any attempt to reach the other side where Sawyer lived would have to be effected by rounding the sinks, and that probably by a wide detour to escape the branches that were full and rapid.

"I reckon we'd best git hum afore dark," replied Larkin, and by this time was nearly out of ear-shot. But then another voice cried after him:

"Uncle Lark! Uncle Lark! Where you goin'? Let me ride! Let me ride!" And then came a peal of happy laughter, which had in it all the joy of childhood with something that belonged to more mature life, and to one who stopped to think there was something pathetic in it, too, that merry laugh of Shoog.

That was more than Larkin Sawyer could bear. He dug his heels into the flanks of his mare, and struck her savagely with the handle of the wooden pitchfork which he carried, and with a leap of the surprised animal went far ahead of his companions and out of sight of the house.

He soon reined in, however, and to his neighbours, who were promptly beside him, he explained with evident embarrassment that he didn't "know what ailed this fool mare to shy at that washout: she never done sich a thing afore." The last state-

ment was certainly true, and no one questioned the first one. But Jake Jeffry and Oliver Cranch, who were riding, and thus were first beside Larkin after the freak of his mare, declared to those who were walking, when later tney talked it over, that when they overtook him he was shaking in his saddle and sobbing as if his heart would break, and that great tears had ploughed their way through the threshing dust upon his cheek. But the neighbours knew Larkin and his iron will, and thought that Jake and Oliver were mistaken.

Poor Shoog! That was what everyone said. The neighbours remembered her as the brightest and happiest of Ephraim Whitley's children, a sunny, sweet-tempered child, and her father's favourite. "Little Lump o' Sugar," was the pet name he had given her as he tossed her in his strong arms or "nussed" her on his knee, or held her close to his heart, and the name had come to have this unique and meaningless abbreviation. Her Christian name had long since been forgotten by all who knew her, except her parents, and Martha even had to go to the family Bible to refresh her memory when the census taker called.

It was twelve years before that scarlet fever came to the Holler, and from that time dated the change, or lack of change in Shoog. There were other times, but that was the time. The row of little graves lengthened in the bleak burying-ground on the slope of Torkletop, and few were the homes that did not mourn in that awful autumn. There were some long graves, too, for the fever that year did not wholly respect age, and the Holler had never known terror as it knew it then. Sickness is ever sad, but to have sickness and to be shut out from human comfort; to have sickness, and to have one's fellow-men shun one's presence and pass one's home in haste and with averted look, and avoid one's breath as though one's very life might have in it for another man the seeds of death,—that is something to make men lonely.

And then the horror of death by pestilence! When the body must be taken from the house or ever the breath has left it, and hastily covered by men who avert their faces, while friends at home wait for those still sick to die, then it is that people suffer, when they fight alone with death and an awful isolation!

Twelve years before, the Holler learned the meaning of this, and in after years it pointed to the long row of short mounds as those that were made "that fall." Larkin Sawyer looked across, as he rode on, and could just discern the little clearing, with here and there an enrailed or rudely picketed enclosure, and a few graves roofed over with split shingles. He had two graves in that long row, on which the grass now had grown green for eleven springs. He remembered how the fever came into his home, and little Willie was taken. He remembered how Katie was stricken down and died almost in a day. He remembered how tne weary days went by without reckoning, when the family ceased to think what day of the week it was, and lived on with alternate hope and dread those weary days that seemed somehow out of the calendar of other days, and not to be marked by their designations.

He remembered how Cynthia, then a child of six, was taken ill. It was after Willie and Katie had died, and Tom, who now was a man and in a home of his own, had been nursed back to life, and they had begun to hope that the angel of death that had slain their first-born and their next, had passed over and left their remaining children, and that little toddling Jim would escape unharmed. It was just then that Cynthia was taken sick, and hope, that after weeks of suspense had begun to rise, was dashed to earth again, for from the first her illness seemed fatal.

Then it was, as Larkin remembered, that that thing occurred which brought his life into contact with other human life again. It had been so long that it seemed an unnatural sound when the latch-string was pulled one morning, and the wooden latch clicked as it rose, and the door opened and Ephraim Whitley came in.

"I've kim ter help nuss," said he.

"Oh, don't!" at once cried both Larkin and Jane, his wife. "Yer mussent come hyur. You've got young 'uns of yer own."

But Ephraim hung his hat on a peg beside the chimney, and said:

"I've kim ter stay and see ye through."

Again they urged him to depart, yet with an insistence that somehow gradually recognized his words as final. The sight of a human face that could share their loneliness

and help them in their need was so like that of a messenger of God they could not but rejoice, while the sorrow that was upon them in the loss of their own children made them shrink from accepting the aid proffered at so great a risk.

"We thunk it all through, Marthy 'n' me," said he, "an' I've kim. Our young uns hain't had it, an' I don't 'low they're goin' ter have it now. I'd a kim afore, only I didn't dast. I dast do anything 's fur's I'm consarned, but I couldn't bar the thought o' fetchin' it hum to the chaps. But I know what you ben a stan'in' up under, an' wen the doctor kim along an' said as how Cynthy had tuck it, an' you was all wore out a-watchin', I jes' looked at Marthy an' she looked at me, an' we didn't say nuthin', but we both knowd wut we was both a-thinkin', an' then Marthy says, says she:

"'Yes, Eph, I reckon you had orter;' an' I says, says I, 'I reckon so, Marthy, or I would ef we was them.' And then Marthy went off out o' sight in the bushes an' I watched her, an' wen she got ter whar she thought I didn't see her, she ketched her apron up ter her eyes an' sot down an' cried. I knowed I'd ort ter leave her alone till she got through and had went ter the spring and washed her eyes in the spring an' wiped 'em with her apron, but I jes' couldn't leave her thar a-cryin', and I went up ter her, an' ketched her around the neck from behind an' went ter tellin' on her not ter cry, an' mighty nigh got ter cryin' maself afore I got through."

Here Eph interrupted himself with a little forced laugh, which was meant to imply that he did not come so very near crying, after all, but which was lost on his audience.

"Oh, wall," he resumed, breaking off his laugh with something that was almost like a sob, "'tain't nothin' wen yer come to think on it, an' I told Marthy so. I hain't a-goin' ter ketch the fever, an' I'm jes' a-goin' ter stay hyur twell yer through, and not go hum ter my own young uns till it's all over,—lessn they git it," he added, with a changed voice. "Ef they shud, matter o' cose I'd hev ableeged ter go back."

Larkin and Jane had listened to this speech, painfully drawn out with evident intent to conceal the depth of his own feelings. For Ephraim Whitley loved his wife and his children, and in these days gone by had counted his little flock daily with her and trembling, and in the morning had thanked God that he had brought them all to see the light "with no visible mark of his displeasure resting upon them," as he had somehow learned to phrase it, and at night he had gathered them about him again and read with increasing fluency, as constant reading made him more familiar with the Psalm, "There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling," and thanked God that this day this Scripture had been fulfilled in his home. And while he pitied his neighbours, and had done not a few things to help the many of those who in these days needed his service, by digging graves, going for the doctor, and carrying provisions, he had shunned, as well he might, all contact with the pestilence itself, not for fear of his own life, but fear for his children's sake.

"Git off ter bed, both on ye!" he said to Larkin and Jane. "Git ter bed an' git rested! Jes' tell me whar the stuff is the doctor left, an' wut ter do an' how orfen ter give it, an I'll see that everything is done all right."

And well did he fulfil his word. For two weeks that seemed years he lived with the Sawyers, looking daily across to his own home, where Martha, to show that all was well, hung at morn and eve a red rag from the dead pine above the house. He divided his care with the parents into three watches, giving each a season of rest and each a season of watching, with a period in which each could attend to other duties than those of nursing, and be within call. He kept up their cheer. He brought back their courage. He was the tenderest of nurses, and with his tenderness had the strongest of arms. Little toddling Jim was taken, and the fight for his life was long and hard; but for Cynthia it was such a struggle as Michael had with Satan for the body of Moses.

Doctor Culvert, who came at such intervals as were possible for him at such a time, opened his pill bags and closed them again when he had looked at Cynthia. "'Tain't no use," he said from the first. And still he said it day by day, modifying it so much as this: "'Taint no use fer me ter do much. Ef anything 'll save hit's sech nussin's she's gettin'. "'Tain't medicine that kin save her,

but human keer an' the power o' the Almighty."

And that was just what saved her life. For she lived. She lived day after day at the point of death, and at last the little spirit that had seemed pluming itself for flight folded its wings and sank back to rest in the home nest. Ephraim always remembered the day that the disease turned. Hot and weak, with a cry that had become constant and faint, she had sought his strong arms in preference to those of her parents, and he had "packed her" for four long hours, up and down the rough puncheon floor, first singing, then humming, and then whistling the weird hymn tunes which he led in the meetings. After an hour or more the little cry that was so pitiful to hear grew fainter, and at times stopped, and Larkin and Jane drew into a corner, weeping silently, for they thought that the end was at hand, and Ephraim continued his walk through what he afterward said seemed to him the valley of the shadow of death, softly crooning:

"My heavenly home is bright and fair,
Nor pain nor death can enter there."

But just when they thought that the end had come, there came over his face while he sang a changed expression, first one of wonder, and then one of hope, and then it changed to one of great and unexpected joy. Larkin and Jane saw it and started to their feet.

"Ye don't mean ——!" cried Larkin, but Ephraim answered:

"Sh-sh-sh!" and kept on with his low singing, while the father and mother fell into each other's arms and wept anew, but their tears were tears of joy. For three hours longer he carried the little form that he had snatched back from the mouth of the grave, fearing to lay her down, Cynthia sleeping quietly while he sang, and the hot, dry skin becoming moist and cool.

Ephraim Whitley had been but a neighbour before all this, a neighbour living half a mile across the bottom of the Holler, on the other side of Roundstone. But these weeks lifted his relations to the Sawyers out of the category of other human relations, and the two families counted themselves thenceforth brethren. The children of each called the parents of the other, uncle and aunt, and the two were almost one household in all mutual interests. Especially tender was the relation between Ephraim and Cynthia, whom he watched year by year until she had now grown to young womanhood, and it was with unusual satisfaction to all, but especially to Ephraim, that it had come to be understood that Leander Whitley would one day bring Cynthia to a new home which he hoped to establish just up the Dryfork ravine from his father's house. Not that there had been a formal announcement of an engagement—such is not the custom on Roundstone, but they had been "keepin' comp'ny" no one could tell how long, and every one thought it settled. "And it had been settled," Larkin bitterly reflected, as he rode toward home through the swollen branches, "it had been settled until to-day, and now there wasn't nothin' settled no more," as he "knowed on."

CHAPTER III.

SHOOG.

All this Larkin Sawyer remembered as he rode toward home, and put out his horse and prepared for supper. Jane and little Ike called to him from the door as he rode in, but he did not turn his head to answer, and when he went into the house to supper he made short answers to the questions as to the storm and the creek and the threshing, until Jane admonished the children, "Don't pester yer pap. He's plumb tired out. Yer mus' go ter bed early, Lark, 'n' git rested."

Satan must have been in him, for he answered curtly, "I hain't tired, nuther. An' I'll go ter bed wen I please."

It was such a speech as his family had rarely, if ever, heard from him, and he left them looking after him in amazement as, pushing back his chair, he went out into the night alone.

For a long time he sat on a gum log where he could hear the roaring of the creek and the whir of the Sinks as they gulped down the flood. For a time he forgot to think, and gave himself up to utter misery of soul and to remorse. But after a time the recollections came back again, called to mind by the voice which he had disregarded in the afternoon, "Uncle Lark! Uncle Lark! Where you goin'?" He repeated it to him-

self now with a groan, and answered savagely, "To the devil, I reckon!" which was not far from the truth.

In his bitterness and wrath he had gone a far cry from the days which he now looked back upon, and which the voice of Shoog recalled. His memory took up the story where his arrival at home had broken it off, and he recalled the sequel which no day since had allowed him wholly to forget.

Ephraim Whitley went back to his own home after the children of Larkin Sawyer were out of danger, and took up his daily work with gratitude and hope. The fever was abating all up and down the creek, and neighbours began to cross each others' thresholds, comforted and comforting, and the world began to seem somewhat the same, yet eternally different, when Ephraim himself was stricken. He declared that he could not have brought the disease from the Sawyers'; he knew that he could not. He had been away from there a fortnight. He had a dozen theories as to the way in which he might have contracted it. And he was not very sick. Nor was Lee, or Leander—for that was his real name—who also had it. But Shoog took it, and seemed to recover, though she was very sick. The Sawyers, both Larkin and Jane, came over daily, and did all that neighbours could do, reproaching themselves ever for allowing Ephraim to enter their home, yet qualifying their reproaches with the oft-reiterated statement that they believed his coming had saved Cynthia's life. But Ephraim declared that he "never got it thar," and he knowed it, and hit didn't matter, nohow, for they was all a-doin' well, thank the Lord." And they all said "Amen" and rejoiced, for it seemed to be true.

It was true of all, unless it was Shoog. The frequent sequelae of the fever seemed not unusually severe in her case. She was neither blind nor deaf, nor lacking in any sense that she had had, but she never grew afterward. She became stouter as the years went by, and stronger, but no taller, and no less a child. Her mind was as it had been. She did not become an imbecile, but seemed to retain her full infantile vigour of brain and power of memory, but her mind remained the mind of a child. To a limited range of impressions she was alert and susceptible; but she lived the passing years in perpetual childhood. Care was a stranger to her, except as it related to the breaking of her toys or like misfortunes, but to all the sunny, merry experiences of life, so far as the little mirror of her mind could reflect them, she was ever open.

It was long before it was discovered that little Shoog had come to anchor, and was really rocking at her moorings in her own little bay, unmoved by the winds and tides of common life. It was only as her companions outgrew her, and she remained contentedly where she was, that it began to appear that she was alone. And certainly she was satisfied, and she laughed when scolded because she could never be quite sure of her letters after A, B, and C, which was as far as she ever got to be sure of them. These she knew, and she knew that there were more, and she was proud of those she knew and cared not a fig for the rest, and that was the way with her life.

Larkin Sawyer had not Ephraim's contagious vivacity, but he possessed keener powers of observation, and it was he who first detected the intercepted growth of Shoog. In the frequent visits back and forth, the two mothers commented with satisfaction on the love of each father for his own and for the other's little girl, and it came to be recognized and expected that when the two families would sit in either porch of a Sunday afternoon or in the quiet of the twilight, Cynthia would climb into the arms of Ephraim, who held and trotted and teased her, and laughed loud and sang merrily, to the enjoyment of all and especially of Cynthia. While holding her thus, Ephraim always remembered again how he had "packed her" back and forth in his arms the day the fever left her, and the soul paused and hesitated before deciding whether to go or stay. Shoog found herself equally happy in the lap of Uncle Lark, who watched her intently and often silently, studying every word and action, and tacitly making comparisons with Cynthia. The mothers also compared, but negatived the force of every comparison with the observation that "Cynthy was a'mos' three year older 'n Shoog," but Larkin began to see that the different in age did not wholly account for the difference in development, and one night the truth, long suspected, burst upon him. The women had been laughing as they were accustomed to do about each

father's regard for the other's daughter.

"Eph keers e'ena'most as much fur Cynthy 's he does fur Shoog," said Martha.

"I tell Lark a heap o' times he keers more fur Shoog 'n' he does fur Cynthy," replied Jane, laughing, "'n' he loves Cynthy so much I'm mighty nigh jealoused."

"I reckon them two men 'll jes' hev to swap darters," said Martha, laughing again. It was an old joke among them, and always considered a good one, but Larkin did not laugh as he rose to go, for he felt that somehow that exchange had been made, and that Ephraim Whitley in his sacrifice had given his daughter for the life of Cynthia.

When, after this, Larkin heard, as he often did, the proverb, "Blood is thicker than water," a proverb which the Holler quoted to justify many a questionable deed where kinsfolk had stood together, as is the custom there, he would reply:

"I hain't shore about thet. Some blood is mighty thin an' mought as well be thinner, fur wut thickenin' hit has got hain't of the right sort. But thar's some warter that's mighty thick, 'n' ef 'twarn't fur wut the Good Book says I'd say that thar's some places whar they hain't no kin nor kin-in-law but whar thar's greater love than that thet makes a man lay down his life fur his friends."

These were the things that Larkin Sawyer remembered as he sat on the gum log in the night, and he could bear no more. Springing from his seat, he rushed along the road across the bottom toward Ephraim's house. The sun had gone down upon his wrath, but it should not rise upon it. The night was dark as the Drip Rock Cave, and more than once he was out of the road, but he hardly sought the way back, so eagerly he tore along. Twice he fell, once into a gully where he was wet to the skin in muddy water, but he scrambled out and rushed along, until, breathless, he stood beside the creek and felt for the foot log. And then he remembered that the foot log had been washed away. In his disappointment he burst out crying.

"Eph, O Eph!' he screamed across the creek, "Eph Whitley! O Eph! Fur God's sake, furgive me! Eph, O Eph! I didn't mean a word of it! Furgive me, Eph! . Furgive me, Lord! O God, have mercy on me, a sinner!" And thus he shouted and shouted, but the creek was a roaring flood, and he knew that Ephraim could not hear, and he doubted if God could answer the prayer of a man who had sinned against such friendship.

GOD—AND I.

BY ADA MELVILLE SHAW.

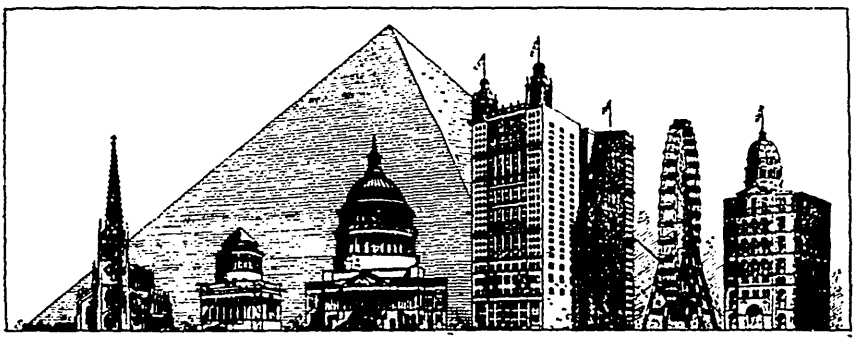
Who stands there at my door
Unkempt, in rags, on faltering feet,
Unsheltered from the noonday heat?
God knows—not I.
Mayhap in other years
A mother's holy tears
Fell in love's shower upon that sin-bowed head;
Mayhap in better days
He won a father's praise.
God knows, not I, how far those feet have fled.

Who knocks there at my door,
In tattered, faded shawl clutched fast,
With eyes half-bold, half-downward cast?
God knows—not I.
Long since, in summer hours,
She gathered joy's sweet flowers,
Nor dreamed that sin was waiting just before;
Those eyes were true and bright,
Not clouded as to-night
She stands there shelterless outside my door.

Who pleads there at my door?
A soul, clad in the dreadful rags of sin,
And saying low, "Will no one take me in?"
God hears—and I.
Soul! My heart-doors are wide,
Here dwelleth One who died,
Whose blood has cleansed me from darkest stain.
Come in, shut fast the door,
Alone thou art no more,
With God we two at last our home shall gain.

—*Zion's Herald.*

Science Notes.



Trinity Church, New York, 288 feet. | Grant's Tomb, New York. | Dome of Capitol, Washington. 287½ feet. | Park Row Building, New York, 390 feet. | The Ferris Wheel, 305 feet. | World Building, New York. 294 feet.

The Tallest Building in the World.

The Park Row Building, New York. Height, 390 feet; number of stories, 29; depth of foundations, 54 feet; height from bottom of foundations to top of flagpole, 501 feet; number of offices 950; estimated number of occupants, 4,000; number of windows, 2,095; total weight, 20,000 tons; cost, $2,400,000.

The modern office building is not to be judged by the usual architectural standards. It professes to be nothing more or less than it is—a strictly utilitarian structure, admirably adapted to its purpose of housing the greatest possible number of business men upon a limited area in the city's busiest centre. The ever-increasing value of property, the tendency of business to concentrate within certain circumscribed areas, and the possibility opened up by the modern fast-running elevator, have conspired to render necessary and possible the stupendous office buildings of to-day.

It will, we think, be admitted that in his treatment of the towering pile of the Park Row building, the architect, Mr. R. H. Robertson, has produced a very satisfactory effect. The bald, tower-like impression which would naturally be conveyed by a façade nearly 400 feet high on a base of about 100 feet is modified by treating these stories in sets of four or five and accentuating the width of the building by heavy mouldings and projecting balconies. This accentuation of the horizontal as against the perpendicular lines is successful, for, impressive as it is, the building does not really "look" its full height of 447 feet to the top of the flagpole.

The area of the lot is 15,000 square feet, and the vast bulk that towers above it, weighing, with the maximum loads that can be placed on the twenty-nine floors, some 54,000 tons, stands (it may surprise some of our readers to know) upon a foundation of sand. The duty of carrying the building is intrusted to some four thousand 12-inch piles, which were driven into the sand by the pile-driver until they refused to budge any further. The average load that is ever likely to come upon the piles is about seven tons, while their maximum bearing capacity is over twenty tons. The piles are spaced sixteen inches between centres immediately beneath the vertical columns, and the rows of piles are about two feet apart. Moreover, as the piles are cut off below the level of ground water, they are absolutely indestructible.

The sketch, which is drawn strictly to scale, shows the relative height above ground level of several notable structures in this country compared with that favourite reference-scale for height and bulk—the Great Pyramid of Egypt. It will be seen that while the Park Row building greatly exceeds the World building, the dome of the Capitol at Washington, and the spire of Trinity Church, New York, it requires all of its 57 feet of flagstaff to bring its highest point within three feet of the top of the

Pyramid. Omitting the Pyramid, however, it is conspicuously the tallest inhabited building in the world.

Although the building admits of comparison in respect of height with the Pyramid, when we come to the question of volume and weight our nineteenth-century effort sinks into positive insignificance. The Pyramid, in its present mutilated condition, has a base of about 746 feet square and a vertical height of about 450 feet. Its present volume is estimated at about 82,000,000 cubic feet and its weight at 6,316,000 tons. The Park Row building has a volume of 3,906,580 cubic feet and a total dead weight of 20,000 tons, so that the ancient structure has about twenty-one times the volume and over three hundred times the weight of the modern building.

Evidently in respect of the bulk and weight of our buildings we cannot compete with the ancients, and as the Pyramid is no longer a popular form of mausoleum, it is not likely that we shall ever attempt to.

It is a curious fact, which will come as a surprise to many of our readers, that for all its great size and mass this building is no heavier than the latest ocean liner, the "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse." The building contains about 8,000 tons of steel and 12,000 tons of other material, chiefly brick and terra-cotta, making a total weight for the building of 20,000 tons. The "Kaiser Wilhelm" displaces 20,000 tons of water, and therefore equals the towering "skyscraper" in weight. The extreme length of the liner is 649 feet, measured on deck, so that she exceeds the greatest dimensions of the building by 148 feet. The total cost of the building was $2,400,000, and that of the ship probably a million or even a million and a half more, the greater cost of the ship being due chiefly to the greater power and weight of machinery, of which about 27,000 horse-power is in the ship as against 1,000 horse-power in the building. Brick and terra-cotta, moreover, are cheaper materials than ship frames and plating.

This extraordinary building, with its modest frontage of 104 feet on Park Row, and of 20 feet and 48 feet on a side street and an alley, will accommodate the floating population of a fair-sized country town. That this is no exaggeration, the following figures will show. There are in the whole building 950 separate offices. As most of these are of generous proportions, a fair estimate of their capacity would be an average of four people to each office. Now, it is reasonable to assume that there will be at any given hour of the day an average of one visitor in the building on business for each person employed. This would make a total number of persons in the building at any period of the day of 8,000. If we assume that on an average five persons would call at each office during the day, for each person employed, we get a total of about 25,000 souls making use of the building in the course of every working-day of the year.—*Scientific American.*

Tesla's Latest.

This noted electrician and inventor claims, by inventions sufficiently worked out to demonstrate their practicability, to be able, without other media than the earth and the air, to transmit great power for hundreds of miles, over mountains and across seas. As stated in *The Electrical Review*, he has invented an apparatus to generate immense power, and to collect and control it at a vast distance from the place of its production, after the electrical current which holds it has traversed without artificial conductors the atmosphere at such a great height that rarefaction has made that stratum a conductor of electricity. The apparatus consists of a coil of fine wire in many layers, surrounded by a lesser coil of heavier wire. The former is the secondary coil; the latter the primary; in the circuit of the primary is included the source of the current. One end of the secondary coil is connected with the earth, and the other with a conductor which carries the current to a terminal high in the upper air. There it is to be maintained by "such means as a balloon." At the receiving point the contrivance is similar, the high terminal receiving the current, the coils performing reverse service, the long one becoming the primary, and the short one the secondary. Tesla says that either of the coils or teminals can be moved from place to place either by vessels floating in the air or by ships at sea.—*Christian Advocate.*

The World's Bread Supply.

Much interest has been aroused by the address of Sir W. Crookes, this year's president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. By an elaborate series of calculations he first showed what is the wheat-eating population of the world, and to what numbers it will probably have grown within fifty years. Next he calculated what is the area of the globe's surface which, by posi-

tion, constituents of soil, and climate, is capable of wheat production. Thirdly, he calculated the present average production per acre of wheat the world over. Putting these figures together, he concluded that in about forty years the wheat-eating population of the world would be unable to obtain a sufficiency of its favourite and most suitable food—that, in fact, there would be a wheat famine, increasing in intensity year after year. A dark outlook for the superior races of mankind! But, having thus alarmed us, he proceeded to allay our agitation. Why is not the wheat crop of the world larger? Because the wheat area is not adequately cultivated. If the average product per acre were brought nearly up to the product of the best areas now known, the wheat famine of humanity would be indefinitely postponed. Can this be done? The only thing necessary is to give to the soil a larger quantity of nitrogen. This is now done in some measure by the use of guano and various phosphates. But the natural supplies of such matters are rapidly being exhausted, and the chemical production of them has necessary limits. Is there, then, anywhere a great natural storage of nitrogen, which only needs to be seized and applied? Yes, says the Professor, the atmosphere is full of it. Even now, by the labours of animalculæ, that nitrogen is being transferred from the air to the earth. But these tiny labourers cannot cope with the task. A mighty force is needed to accomplish this transfer on an immense scale. Then comes in the modern magician, or, I might say, the modern *deus ex machina*. Electricity can do it—can do it fast enough—on a sufficiently huge scale. But where is the motive power for the electric machinery to come from? Sir William says from water-power in various parts of the world, and that Niagara alone could easily do the whole business! Strange, is it not, that perhaps our grandchildren may find old Niagara feeding the world! The case, therefore, is one of enlarged production per acre; not of more land, but of existing land being wrought to a higher fruitfulness; which surely is a parable!—*Christian Advocate.*

Progress in Bacteriology.

The science of bacteriology is comparatively new, but great advances have been made in it since its inauguration by Professor Koch in 1881. In an address before the Royal Institution of Great Britain Professor Klein declared that so far has the study of bacteria developed that it is now possible not only to count but also to weigh them. A postage stamp seven-eighths of an inch long and three-fourths of an inch wide would carry 500,000,000 of the typhoid fever bacilli, and if the layer were made a tenth of an inch deep, there would be 2,000,000,000,000. If fifteen drops of bacteria were let fall in a cup of broth, they would produce in twenty-four hours 80,000,000. The degree of refinement manifested by the bacteriologist in his researches is shown by the statement of the same authority that it is now possible to detect one part of sewage when contained in 500,000 parts of water.

Liquefying Hydrogen Gas.

The leading scientists of London are much interested in Prof. Dewar's successful experiment in reducing hydrogen gas to a liquid. Theoretically this has often been done, but Prof. Dewar has carried his experiment to the very doors of the commercial and industrial world. After working on his apparatus for a year, he succeeded in constructing a liquid air plant, with pipes and circuits and other arrangements dextrously contrived. On the 10th of May of the past year he began his experiment by cooling hydrogen gas to 180 degrees below zero, and working under a pressure of 180 atmospheres soon had the immense satisfaction of seeing the liquid hydrogen begin to drop from one vacuum vessel into another. He watched it until about half a wineglass was collected, when the pipes froze. It is said that this experiment marks the lowest degree of temperature ever attained on this earth, and that it is within 30 degrees of the temperature of space. This opens up an entirely new field of scientific inquiry and may lead to a revolution of all the refrigerating processes.

Healthfulness of the Incandescent Light.—It is said that singers and public speakers find that since the introduction of the electric light they have less trouble with their voices and they are less likely to catch cold, their throats are not so parched and they feel better. This is due to the air being less vitiated and the temperature more even.

It is worth remembering, especially when staying at hotels, that, if the bedclothing is not sufficiently warm, two or three newspapers spread between the blankets will ensure a comfortable night.

ITALY IN TRANSITION.*

The Niobe of nations: there she stands,
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe;
An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago.

Callous as a very clod must be the man who can for the first time tread upon the soil of Italy without emotion. The "lone mother of dead empires" stirs our deepest sympathies and rouses our warmest enthusiasm. The storied past of this land of the Cæsars and the saints, this land of art and song, of classic eloquence and scenic loveliness, exerts its spell of power over every mind.

Dr. Taylor has lived for a quarter of a century in this land of old renown, this "land of all men's past." He has dwelt among its people. He has studied its institutions. He has laboured for its regeneration. He loves it with intense affection and is qualified as few men are to discuss its social and religious problems. This book is the most satisfactory that we know on the stirring story of the unification of Italy, the development of its civil and religious liberty; on the traits and customs, the social and religious aspects of its people.

Several chapters are devoted to the struggle for freedom like the wrestlings of Enceladus beneath Aetna, and to the revived Roman spirit of to-day. The labours of Mazzini, Cavour, Victor Emmanuel, Garibaldi, Gavazzi and other patriot souls are recounted. Then follows a graphic sketch of the country, its chief cities from Turin and Milan, from Verona and Venice to Naples and Palermo, with a special study of Rome.

The greater and most interesting part of the book, however, is devoted to a study of the people, their social and religious life, their traits and customs, arts and industries, language and literature, the strength and weakness of Romanism, and the problems of evangelization of New Italy. The rapid tourist who runs through the country, living in hotels, does not get close to the heart of the people like one who lives and labours among them as Dr. Taylor has done for five-and-twenty years. This gives a special value to his admirable volume. He writes with warm appreciation of the Italians and of their many virtues. He has strong hopes of the moral regeneration of the nation, of its sloughing off the faults and vices entailed by centuries of oppression and misrule.

Nowhere are more marked contrasts of splendour and misery than in Italy. In the Doria palace in Rome twenty crowned heads and reigning princes were present at the silver wedding of the King and Queen. Yet in the vast suite of state apartments there was only one fireplace, and that so deep that a fire would make but small impression on the temperature.

Many of the noble families are very ancient. When Napoleon said to Mazzini, "I hear that your family descends from the Roman Fabius Maximus; is it true?" "Who can say, sire?" was the answer. "There has been a tradition to that effect in our house for two thousand years."

The Italians are the most kind and courteous of people. When an Anglo-Saxon would say, "You have not caught my meaning," the Italian says, "I express my idea badly." "Please," "thanks," "permit me," "excuse me," "pardon," and such words are used at every turn, and probably oftener than in any other country.

This kindness and fidelity are shown in even the humblest classes. A Roman servant lived in Dr. Taylor's house for twelve years, till near her death. "Faithful, affectionate, capable, she was a treasure noble of the best nobility. "I would have trusted her," he says, "with uncounted gold." Her son was killed in the capture of Rome, and she was urged to accept a pension. "I would not take money for my son's blood," she said. "Mother," said the patriot boy, "I may fall, but when the cause is won you must go into the plazza and shout, 'Long live Italy.'" "I went as he asked me," said this Rachel, who refused to be comforted, "and shouted my *Vira*, and went home to weep for my son."

There is really a rage for education in New Italy. Parents are passionately fond of their children. Dr. Taylor knew a man who, after half a score of years, would never walk on the street along which his little daughter was borne to her burial.

The great incubus of the nation is the army. Every man, during two or three of the best years of his life, must serve with the troops for a pittance of two cents a day. Italy has 349 ships of war, of which 26 are ironclad, some of these

* "Italy and the Italians," by George B. Taylor, D.D., with map and illustrations. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. x.-441. Illustrated. Price, $2.00.

QUEEN MARGHERITA OF ITALY.

among the largest in the world. This is an intolerable burden for so poor a country. Another evil is the lottery system, largely employed by the Government itself to raise revenue.

Dr. Taylor's position as head of the Baptist Mission in Italy gives special value to his chapters on the religious problem. In the valleys of the Alps the Waldenses maintained through hundreds of years of oppression and persecution the primitive faith, "when all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones." The persecution of the Protestants has been bitter and relentless. In the early fifties the Madiai were condemned to solitary imprisonment with hard labour; the husband for four years and eight months, and the wife for three years and ten months, clothed in the garb of convicts.

In 1866 Gaetano Giannini, "an evangelist of apostolic zeal and power," was assaulted in his own house, which was robbed and set on fire. Raging like hyenas the mob cried, "Give us the Protestant." His brother was stabbed to the heart and others were barbarously murdered. Where these atrocities oc-

curred Cavour's dream of "a free Church in a free State" is now realized. The first man to enter the breach in the walls of Rome made by Garibaldi's cannon was a Bible colporteur. Beneath the shadow of the Vatican is the depot of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

In 1871 a bomb was thrown into the Wesleyan chapel, and into the Baptist schools stones and knives were hurled. But the civil authority of Victor Emmanuel rigorously suppressed these outbreaks of papal persecution. In 1891 the International Conference of the Evangelical Alliance was held in Florence. There were present members from twenty different countries, and 150 Italian evangelists from all parts of the peninsula. The King even invited the Conference to Rome.

A potent factor in this regeneration of Italy was the ministry of Gavazzi, a Barnabite monk of remarkable eloquence. Revolting from the superstitions of Rome, for two months during the revolution of 1848 he preached daily in the Colosseum to sixty thousand people. Exiled to London, he kept from starvation by giving lessons in Latin and Italian. It will be remembered that his preaching in Quebec caused a tremendous riot. We heard on one Sunday the three greatest orators then living, Beecher, Punshon and Gavazzi. For impassioned eloquence the Italian bore the palm.

The Waldenses have 20,000 communicants in Italy. The Free Church has 1,500 members, the Wesleyans 1,400, the Methodist Episcopal 1,100, the Baptists as many. The difficulties are great, but the progress already made is an assurance of still greater progress in the near future. Dr. Taylor pays a generous tribute to the labours of William Arthur, H. J. Piggott and other Methodist missionaries.

The idol of the Italians is their beautiful Queen Margherita, the Pearl of Savoy. She is one of the most accomplished linguists in Europe, and at her receptions addresses every guest in his own language. She is the patron of schools, orphanages and the fine arts. Her domestic virtues, her gracious presence, her winsome ways have captured the hearts even of those opposed to the king. The admirable portrait given herewith, the frontispiece of Dr. Taylor's volume, shows the queen in court dress, wearing her marvellous pearls, the symbol of her name. A coloured map and forty-seven half-tone illustrations of Italian life, art and architecture embellish the volume.

HUMANITY.

BY HATTIE E. WOODSWORTH.

Through the long and dreary ages,
Through the dense, dark aisles of time,
Comes the wail of mournful dirges,
Echoing of sin and crime.

Faint at first, it breathes of sadness,
Pent-up sorrow, burdened souls;
Now it swells, no tone of gladness
Bearing as still on it rolls.

Ever louder growing, sobbing,
Wild with cries and deep despair,
On and on forever throbbing
Through a thousand years of care.

'Tis the cry of souls despairing,
'Tis the wail of sad mankind,
Weary weight of sorrow bearing,
To the light of life so blind.

Heart-ache, disappointment, longing,
Hope forever lost in woe,
Fragrant flowers of youth's fond dreaming,
Buried deep 'neath winter's snow,

Passion, crime, remorse and madness,
All in that wild wail are told,

Woodstock, Ont.

Filling heaven and earth with sadness,
Jarring, marring, weird and cold.

Hark! Amid these sounds of sorrow
Rises now a brighter strain,
Singing of a glad to-morrow,
Hushing murmur, calming pain.

Still it rises ever higher,
Swells in triumph, shouts with joy,
Telling of a way far brighter
Than sin's paths that e'er destroy.

'Tis the song of angels. Listen
To their words of peace and light;
Gloomy earth begins to glisten.
Darkened ways are changed to bright.

'Tis the voice of a fond Father,
Of a Saviour full of love,
Bidding all mankind to gather
To a home prepared above.

Hark! those loud triumphant paeans.
Conquering darkness, conquering wrong.
Sounding though long endless eons
Harmonies of glorious song.

TESTIMONY OF THE BARONESS VON LANGENAU *

THE BARONESS VON LANGENAU.

The beginning of my life was very brilliant, spent as it was at different European courts, where my husband represented his sovereign, the Emperor of Austria. My home was a happy one. I enjoyed the good things of this world, drinking deeply of its pleasures; yet in the midst of all these gaieties there was a constant void in my heart which nothing could fill. The religious teaching of the Lutheran Church, in which I had been brought up, had left my heart unchanged, and no kind of creed, no doctrine, no Church, can satisfy the craving of the soul thirsting for the touch of the Saviour's hand.

It was not long, however, before the brightness of my life was dimmed. My only child, a lovely and gifted boy, died in my arms; my husband followed him after a few years, and I was left a broken-hearted widow, bowed down with an overwhelming sense of God's wrath—deeply conscious of my worldliness and sinful state, yet not knowing where to find the peace I longed for.

For eight long years I gave myself up to all sorts of religious and social works, toiling like a slave, hoping thus to earn the forgiveness of my sins, but it only served to make me hard and self-righteous. My own Church had given me a stone when I asked for bread; the superstition and idolatry of the Roman Church repelled me; where could I turn to?

But just when the anguish of my soul had become almost intolerable, when life seemed simply unbearable, God in His mercy directed my steps to the small and humble hall where the Vienna Methodists worshipped. There the way of salvation was preached clearly and forcibly; there I heard that Jesus Christ, though willing to save all men, would not save them without their own consent; that we must put ourselves on the altar as a willing sacrifice, trust Him as our Saviour, and then get up and walk in a new light, endowed with strength from above.

I did as I was told. I trusted Jesus, and a new, wonderful peace filled my heart. On this 14th of March, 1890, I vowed to spend the remaining years of my life in my Master's service. I know that He will enable me to keep that vow.

The years that followed my conversion were full of persecutions and difficulties; our hall was closed for fifteen months, and everything was done to crush the whole work; but in the spring of 1897 God inclined the heart of the Prime Minister towards us, and he allowed us to take up our work again, under the protection of the law, being only subject to such restrictions as the Church of Rome lays on all other denominations there, where she is omnipotent. When the persecutions began we had but thirty members, one hall, and one minister; now we have one hundred and thirty members, four halls, and three ministers.

Hungary is clamouring for men to preach the true and simple Gospel throughout the country; they have asked our minister to come over and help them, but how can one man be here and there at the same time? "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He send forth labourers into His harvest."

—*B. Langenau, in Gospel in all Lands for January, 1899.*

* [Baroness Von Langenau is a member and a liberal supporter of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Vienna, Austria. She has founded a Children's Home, and has given a fine house in the centre of Vienna, Austria, for a chapel and parsonage.]

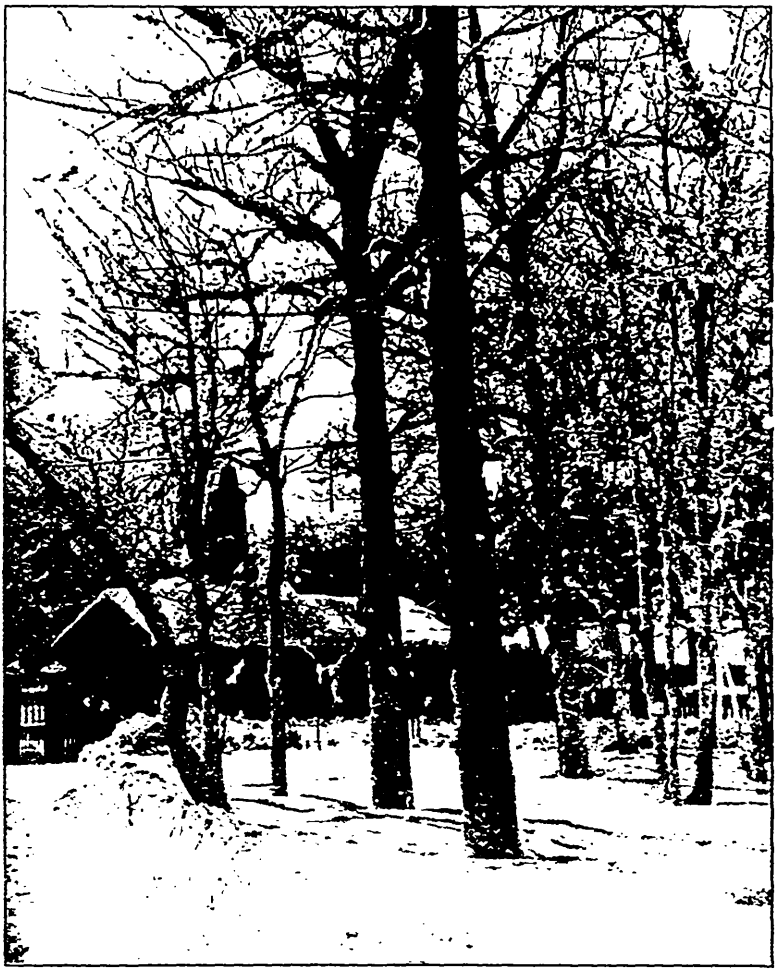
The World's Progress.

THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE, ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

Newfoundland.

Britain's oldest colony, Primavista or New Found Land, has become the focus of attention of the world empire. Not Fashoda but the French Shore is now the political *crux*. The good-natured tolerance or indifference of successive British Governments has encouraged the continual aggressions of the French till they became simply unbearable. They were not merely pin-pricks, but wanton assumptions, far beyond their treaty rights, to the great commercial and political injury of the Island. The French will, of course, yield their untenable claims without fighting, with such good grace as they can. Lord Salisbury, the veteran diplomatist, who has won so many peaceful victories, will make this retreat the more easy by giving some *quid pro quo* in the Niger Valley. The difficulty is not with the French Foreign Minister, but with the reckless boulevardiers and vitriolic journalists.

We trust that soon our Dominion will be rounded out by the addition of the ancient colony. Its harvest of the sea has long been known. Its resources of forest and mine are only being discovered. The new Read railway, the quick communication with Canada and Britain, will make it our mid-continent outpost and halfway house to Europe, will attract large tourist travel, and will give opportunities of development heretofore unknown. Most Canadians have scant ideas of the magnificent scenery, the wealth of sport caribou and other deer, game birds, etc. and other attractions of this too little known country.



ENTRANCE LODGE, GOVERNMENT HOUSE, ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

It will be a surprise to some of our readers to see the beautiful cuts of Newfoundland scenery which appear herewith. We have not seen anywhere views surpassing these in artistic presentation. The Government House, erected seventy years ago, at a cost of $240,000, with its traditions of courtly receptions and British hospitality, is like an old English manor. Its grounds and shrubbery are like an English park.

The view from Signal Hill, the drive to Quidy Viddy, Portugal Cove and Logie Bay, with its wild cliff scenery, the splendid roads, the broad meadows, the fir groves, the deep bays as blue as that of Naples, with perhaps a snow-white iceberg in the offing make up a combination of scenery not elsewhere to be found.

For those who enjoy a Viking-like voyage, the trip in the coasting steamer to Labrador, with its magnificent cliffs, its fishing fleets of hundreds of vessels, and its rushing rivers, is an experience to be envied.

The French Crisis.

A Parisian statistician announces that there have been thirty-nine changes of cabinets during the twenty-eight years of the life of the French Republic, involving 530 ministers. This is at once a cause

A WINTER "BIT" ON THE WATERFORD BRIDGE ROAD, ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

and effect of much of the hysterical vacillation of the French people. There can be no settled policy in such a constantly changing Government. It is like a rope of sand, without unity or strength, or like the ceaseless changes in a kaleidoscope.

It seems to be an infirmity of the Gallic mind that, with all its brilliance, keenness and finesse, it has so little firmness and continuity of purpose. This is seen in the fickle tyranny of the mob in the Reign of Terror, in the successive revolutions, in the madness of the Commune, in the Dreyfus scandal. Almost the only fixed idea in the French mind seems to be antipathy to Germany and to "perfidious Albion." The petty spitefulness of her "pin-prick" policy in Egypt and the Soudan, in Madagascar, in China and Siam, and in Newfoundland have outworn British patience. If France would but drop these antipathies, and would cultivate friendly relations with Great Britain and Germany, she might reduce her crushing armament and become a humming hive of industry. The great mass of the French people are kind and generous at heart, industrious, saving, religious in their way, with many domestic and social virtues. The boulevardiers of Paris, the anarchists of Belleville, the sensation-mongering press and Jew-baiting legislators have brought the nation to the present crisis.

Four Hundred Years of Misrule.

There is something very dramatic in the termination of Spain's four hundred years' colonial misrule. It is fortunate for the United States that the city of Havana yielded without a blow. If the capture of the mere outposts of Santiago involved such suffering and such loss, the siege of the capital would have been a grim tragedy. It would have been taken, of course, but at the cost of untold loss to the besiegers and besieged. Thank God that its cession was a peaceful one!

It was a bitter experience of the Spanish officers to surrender their greatest city and noblest island in the new world. The humanity and good taste of the American commandant was shown by his consideration and courtesy, and by his rigid suppression of Cuban exultation over a fallen foe. The American commissioners will have their hands full in cleansing the Augean stables and in the sanitation of the city. Instead of being the pest-house of yellow fever and home tyranny and corruption, it will become

doubtless one of the greatest of inter-tropical cities in the world.

It will cost, Col. Waring estimated, $10,000,000 to clean up Havana after its scandalous Spanish misrule. But it will be cheap if it extirpates yellow fever, the cost of an epidemic of which is sometimes as much as $100,000,000, besides many precious lives.

In the Philippines.

The situation in the Philippines has been greatly aggravated by the egotism or treachery of Aguinaldo and the insurgents. We do not doubt for a moment the honest purpose of the United States to give good government, the largest possible freedom, just and economic administration, and all the blessings of education and religious liberty to her colonies. Aguinaldo and the insurgents will, of course, be suppressed, we hope without bloodshed. The American people will sympathize more fully with the difficulties and success of the Mother Country in governing her colonies.

The Reign of the People.

Our new national policy, says the *Outlook*, involves our ready co-operation with any people who believe as we do in justice, equal rights, free education, and religious and civil liberty, and who are willing to co-operate with us to secure these beneficent ends. Our most natural ally is Great Britain. From her we have inherited in large measure, not only our political institutions, our language, and our literature, but our religious and political ideals. We are already one people, though two nations. Our natural sympathy with each other has found sudden and almost unanimous expression during the war.

But Great Britain is not our only natural ally. The United States is a nation of the plain people; it believes in the plain people; it is founded on faith in the plain people; it is the friend of the plain people. From Scandinavia, Germany, Italy, Hungary, Poland, Ireland, plain people have crossed the sea, to make here their homes, and find here their fortunes, and write home to their friends and neighbours what here they have found. These plain people in other lands are our natural allies. Their representative newspapers have declared their sympathy with America in this war, while the organs of the Court have sympathized with Spain. It is not only the refusal of England to join the concert of Europe in an endeavour at intervention which has prevented that intervention; the undisguised sympathy of the peasant populations of the Old World has also had its deterrent effect. The United States, which, by its system of self-government, has trusted, and not in vain, to the reason of the common people to perceive justice, and to the conscience of the common people to enforce justice, is in its new national policy to appeal to the reason and the conscience of the common people everywhere to see and to sustain the cause of popular development.

The reply of Commissary-General Charles P. Eagan, of the United States army, to General Miles is as hysterical and virulent as any utterance of a French deputy or Parisian journalist. He denounces Miles' objection to the Cuban rations as being uneatable "embalmed beef" as a scandalous lie. Major-General Miles, he says, "lied in his throat, lied in his heart, lied in every part of his body." General Miles takes these denunciations coolly. It seems the Commissary-General "doth protest too much." *Qui s'excuse s'accuse.* Soft words and hard facts are better than bluster.

Lord Salisbury prudently declined to needlessly irritate the susceptibilities of the French by proclaiming a protectorate of Egypt after the Fashoda incident. The assertion of Viscount Cromer at the laying of the corner-stone of the Gordon Memorial College at Khartoum, announces that the Soudan would be governed directly by the Queen and the Khedive. All reference to the Sultan is omitted, and the entanglements of joint European administration which have obtained in Egypt will be avoided.

The publication of the Madagascar Blue Book shows the tergiversation of the French and deliberate violation of treaty promises. Britain protests against the restricting the coasting trade, the bulk of which has been done in British bottoms, to French vessels. The French prudently rescinded the decree.

THE CITY WILDERNESS AND ITS REDEMPTION.*

The new science of Sociology is nowhere receiving more practical investigation than in Boston. For two centuries this city of the Puritans was the most characteristically American city on the continent. Its population has now become very largely foreign. At the instance of President Tucker, of Dartmouth College, a university residence was established in the South End, the very heart of the foreign district. One outcome of this experiment is this study of methods and record of results. The whole region is mapped, with the race factors, the industrial grades, nationalities and institutions clearly marked. There are chapters on public health, work and wages, the roots of political power, criminal tendencies, amusements, the Church and the people, education, social recovery, etc.

The natives of the State are not one-sixth of the population, scarce one-third of the Irish population. In one school every country in Europe is represented. There are also Syrians, Chinese, Armenians, negroes and Jews. The latter are one of the best elements. They are moral, industrious, charitable, and, in their way, religious, free from intemperance and from sins against the family. Nova Scotians abound, and are the most desirable residents.

The great curse of the district is the drink traffic, the largest single trade interest. The evolution of the political "gang" is traced from the hoodlums on the street corner to the social club, the dance hall, the boss, the ward heelers, the "plug uglies,' and the caucus. In each ward are five or six hundred men controlled by that menace of civilization, the saloon. In this nidus the microbe of criminality flourishes. "Speak-easies" and lawless saloons abound, but much is done to restrain them. All saloon screens are forbidden, and every passing citizen is, in effect, a police officer. Would that we had the same rule in Toronto and Montreal. Loitering is not encouraged. Gambling is reduced almost to the vanishing point.

The Roman Catholic Church in politics is a pernicious influence, but in the sphere of religion it is a bulwark of morality, and its Lenten missions help to uplift the lapsed masses. The Protestant Churches and missions are also accomplishing much.

In the adjacent and once aristocratic North End, overlooking Copp's Hill, with the historic graves of Cotton and Increase Mather, and other fathers of the Commonweal, is a densely crowded foreign population, chiefly Italian. Here is an Epworth League residence, where cultured men and women seek to "lift up" the fallen. Beneath the shadow of Harvard University is a beautiful Epworth Memorial Church. Thus does Methodism seek to minister alike to opposite poles of society.

At Berkeley Temple fifteen hundred persons of fourteen nationalities enter every day. Six slum sisters of the Salvation Army live in some of the meanest streets to help the fallen. This "No Man's Land" is the happy hunting-ground of all kinds of spiritualistic mediums: "clairvoyants, palmists, astrologers, magnetics and inspirational healers, psychometric readers, and Mahatmas."

The public school is a fount of healing in this Arabia Petrea. It touches every family, teaches law, order, obedience, and helps to convert these foreign elements into American citizens.

The kindergarten especially, with its beautiful songs, poems and stories, steeps the child's mind in noble thoughts. Manual training is corrective and uplifting, and turns the destructive propensities of boys into constructive work. Home libraries in tenement quarters, the summer outings for the children, Sunday-schools, and workingmen's clubs, savings banks, bath houses—one has accommodated fourteen hundred persons in a day—"kitchen gardens," and public playgrounds are all doing wonders to improve the crowded tenement-house life. "While relentless influences of evil break in upon the people, unparalleled energies of good are striving to heal the breach. While many have given up religion altogether and carry about a buried life, it is buried but not dead. When it really hears God's voice it will rise."

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*"The City Wilderness: A Settlement Study." By Residents and Associates of the South End House. Edited by Robert A. Woods, Head of the House, South End, Boston. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs, Pp. vii.-319. Price, $1.50.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

The Redemption of Africa.

Bishop Hartzell, Bishop of Africa, the largest diocese in the world, has started on a forty-thousand-mile journey to and through the Dark Continent. In Rhodesia the English Government, says the *Outlook*, has given land and buildings valued at $40,000 for the establishment of industrial and primary schools. Since returning to America, last spring, the Bishop has travelled about 25,000 miles and made hundreds of addresses in the interest of the African field. Six negroes, graduates from Southern educational institutions, sailed for Liberia, and two others started for Angola. Four more will go to Liberia and seven will start for Rhodesia. At the last meeting of the Missionary Board $25,000 was appropriated for the work in Africa, a larger sum than ever before given to this field. In addition to this the Bishop was granted the privilege of raising $40,000, about half of which has already been provided for, and the balance will be raised during the next few months. The Bishop will take two complete printing outfits, including practical printers (negroes), back with him, one to be located at Monrovia, and the other four hundred miles from the coast in Angola.

Fraternity and Co-operation.

Forty clergymen of the Established Church in Hull, England, where the British Wesleyan Conference lately met, appointed a deputation to present an address of welcome to the members. These said that they heartily joined with the Wesleyans in the protest against sacerdotalism, and Archdeacon Hughes-Games, the vicar of Holy Trinity, declared that he deprecated as strongly as they did "the placing of any angel or saint, any man or woman, living or dead, between the soul and the Saviour." He affirmed that this is a time when all Protestant evangelical Christians should unite to repel the common foe. One of the speakers made an appeal to the Wesleyan body "to stand firm upon the authority and inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, the Incarnation, and the instruction of their children in the faith of their fathers." They did "not ask the Conference to join in fighting within the borders of the Church of England," but they did "ask them to join in fighting for their faith and freedom."—*Christian Advocate.*

Leakage of Methodism in Great Britain.

The *Methodist Times* is publishing a number of prize essays on the "Leakage of Methodism" in Great Britain. Official figures show that the loss in British Church membership, leaving out the non-preventable cause of death and emigration (the loss by leakage alone), during the year 1881 1897 totals 645,853. The magnitude of this loss, says a writer in *Zion's Herald*, will be at once seen when we mention that at our last Conference our entire membership only numbered 438,969. So that in seventeen years we have lost by leakage upwards of 206,000 more members than we at present have. Yet notwithstanding this enormous depletion, not only have our present numbers been fully maintained, but we have added 82,281 to our membership. This shows the vitality of our Church system. This interesting inquiry has elicited the fact that the amount of leakage in the other Methodist Churches in Great Britain is as large, in some cases larger, than in our own, and is taken to indicate that its principal causes must be sought in connection with conditions and circumstances common to all Methodist Churches.

Causes of Leakage.

Dr. Daniel Dorchester avers that the small net increase is due to pruning the Church records under the order of the last General Conference. He says we have 25,861 pastoral charges, and if an average of four names were dropped from each, the consequent aggregate decrease was 103,444.

Dr. Daniel Steele gives his ideas in these terse sentences:

I ascribe the decline in numbers to a decline in the spiritual life of the Church through several causes:

1. The failure of the pulpit to dwell upon those truths which are productive of a deep spirituality.

2. The decay of piety in the home, the family altar being now the exception and not the general rule.

3. The worldward drift of the Church, courting the support of sinners instead of seeking their conversion.

4. A subtle spirit of liberalism pervading the ministry and the laity, which regards all men as children of God in the New Testament sense, and comforts wicked men with ample discourse on the fatherhood of God.

5. The falling away from our pulpits of doctrines promotive of conviction of sin, the law and its sanctions, especially the everlasting punishment of the finally impenitent.

6. The extinction, or moribund condition of the training school for young converts—the class-meeting—so that multitudes perish through lack of nutriment and care before the end of six months.

7. The gulf between the Church and the masses made by pew rents, costly classical music gratifying the cultivated few, instead of the congregational singing attractive to the multitude.

8. The lost spiritual balance in our official boards, by reason of the diminishing number of class-leaders, is leaving the Church in the control of those who were chosen for other reasons than their deep piety.

God help us each and all to discover and correct the conscious personal reasons for the apparent decline in power and success of our "Christianity in earnest."

New Methodist Magazine.

We are glad to notice that our American Methodist friends are about to issue an illustrated Methodist magazine. We think they should have done so long ago. The great Methodist Churches, North and South, with nine millions of adherents, with their hundreds of colleges and scores of religious weeklies and high-class reviews, can surely furnish both the brains and the money for a successful monthly. We think they owe it to Methodist households—they owe it as a contribution to the literature of the times. There is, so far as we know, in the United States no religious monthly for the people in English except *Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine*. In England there are many such. The great illustrated monthlies, like *Harper's* and the *Century*, are excellent in their way. With these it would be, perhaps, impossible to compete; they are of high grade in literary, artistic and moral character. But there are a whole shoal of monthlies, many of them sensational in character and out of sympathy with Christian ideals, devoted largely to theatricals, sport, fashion and cheap fiction. Yet they are largely maintained by the patronage of Methodist households. "Ian Maclaren" has shown us with what avidity religious literature will be read by the masses. Yet we believe there are many mute, inglorious Ian Maclarens, who cannot reach the ear of the public because religious stories will not be published in secular magazines.

Methodism owes it to the bright, intelligent young people who are passing through her schools and colleges, and educated in her Leagues and churches, to furnish them with a high-class literature, instinct with Christian principle and presenting loftiest Christian ideals. She owes it to the many bright intellects whose writing talent is undeveloped, and to the brilliant professors in her schools and colleges, to furnish a vehicle for the expression of the best thought of the best thinkers of the Church.

If within the limited constituency of Canadian Methodism a frankly denominational magazine can be maintained for a quarter of century, which, with limited resources and with only a fraction of a busy editor's time, can furnish a vehicle for much literary production of Methodist writers, surely in a community fifteen times larger, and with resources vastly greater, American Methodism will be able to sustain a vigorous religious monthly, one that should be a benediction to many homes and an inspiration to many lives. We wish the new monthly unqualified success.

Rev. Henry F. Bland.

By the death of the Rev. Henry F. Bland one of the best loved and most honoured Methodist preachers in Canada passed away from labour to reward. Such was his vigour of body and mind, as remembered by most of us, that it seems incredible that he had reached the venerable age of eighty-four. His ministerial labours have been largely confined to Eastern Ontario and Quebec. His long life has witnessed great changes in Church and State. He was born in the year of the overthrow of the Corsican despot at Waterloo, and grew to manhood in the Old Land, where he was identified with one of the strongest and most aggressive types of Methodist evangelism. He came to Canada in 1858 and at once took foremost rank in labour and in council. On his various circuits, St. Andrew, Hemmingford, Montreal, Dundas, Kingston, Belleville, Cornwall, Smith's Falls, Quebec, and Pembroke, many hundreds of converts revere and bless his memory. He was an able preacher of the New Testament, a faithful pastor, a sound theolo-

gian, and a true friend. We have as yet received no account of his last days, nor needs there any dying testimony to be added to that of his long, consistent life of Christian fidelity. Two of his sons are in the Methodist ministry in Canada, and three others maintain in secular life the traditions of an honoured name.

Father Chiniquy.

Arrangements were being made to present Father Chiniquy a handsome memorial next July, on his ninetieth birthday. But an all-wise Providence anticipated the gift and called the old man from labour to reward. He was a notable figure,

THE LATE REV. CHARLES CHINIQUY, D.D.

quick, alert in body and mind up to the last. We think of him chiefly as the anti-Romanist champion; but he spent fifty years of his life in the Church of Rome, and won high honour in that communion. He threw himself with zeal into the temperance reform and received therefor a gold medal from the city of Montreal, and a vote of £500 from the Canadian Parliament—a unique reward, so far as we are aware, for any leader of social reform.

He was appointed by the authorities of the Church of Rome the leader of a French Canadian colony at Kankakee, Illinois. This grew rapidly, spreading over an area of forty square miles. He took with him five thousand immigrants and was joined by many more. Trouble arose with the Roman Catholic authorities of the United States. Father Chiniquy protested against the conduct of two "publicly vicious and profligate men" who came to administer the rite of confirmation in his colony. He became the subject of much malicious prosecution, but was successfully defended by Abraham Lincoln, future President of the United States. Soon after Father Chiniquy renounced his allegiance to the Church of Rome, and for forty years continued to be its uncompromising adversary. He was often subject to persecution and violent assault, but was undaunted in his daring to the very end.

Bishop Sullivan.

By the death of the late Bishop Sullivan passed away a soldier of God greatly honoured and beloved in all the Churches. He was a man of saintly character, of apostolic zeal; a man who, as missionary Bishop of Algoma, endured hardship, privation and peril beyond the lot of most. It is said that his missionary labours laid the foundation of the illness which caused his death. He was strongly evangelical in his sympathies, and uncompromisingly opposed to the ritualistic tendencies of the High Church party. His noon-day Lenten sermons were pungent appeals to the conscience, and were attended by great numbers of business men and others. We once crossed the ocean in his company, and were greatly impressed with the saintliness of his character and the moral earnestness of his preaching and conversation.

Rev. Dr. Daniel Wise.

Dr. Wise, a beloved and honoured minister of the sister Methodism of the United States, belonged to all the Churches by reason of his literary labours. He was born in England, 1813, and came to America at the age of twenty years. After twelve years in the ministry he became editor of *Zion's Herald* for four years, and Secretary of the Sunday-school Union and S. S. Editor for sixteen more. From his pen have proceeded nearly eighty volumes of religiously instructive, inspiring and vitalizing books. The aggregate sales have gone beyond half a million copies. He published what is believed to be the first

Sunday-school paper of American Methodism. His labours, even to the close of a long life, were devoted to the welfare of young people.

The late Amasa Wood, of St. Thomas, was not a man who waited till he could no longer use his wealth before employing it in the service of God and humanity. Mr. Wood was, to a large extent, his own executor, and had the pleasure of seeing the result of his beneficence. The hospipital which he gave to the city of St. Thomas, and the church which he built for our Methodist Mission in Japan, and other generous benefactions, brought a personal benediction which no posthumous charity could give. He lived to the good old age of eighty-seven and passed away January 17th.

The many and touching tributes to the memory of the late Dr. Kirkland, President of the Toronto Normal School, are a noble tribute to the man. He helped to mould the character of many hundreds of the teachers of this Province, and thus greatly influenced the future of the commonweal.

Rev. Dr. Moses H. Hodge, who died in January, was one of the greatest of Presbyterian preachers of America. His ministry of fifty-three years was employed entirely in the pastorate of one church. A year ago a Canadian Presbyterian minister, Rev. Donald Guthrie, of Walkerton, Ontario, was appointed co-pastor.

ITEMS.

There are more than 13,000 converts in Java alone from Mohammedanism as the result of the various Dutch societies.

The Church Missionary Society has received permission from the Egyptian Government for three of its representatives to proceed at once to Fashoda.

Bishop McCabe has just sent Rev. O. A. Owens and wife as missionaries to Manila. Mr. Owens speaks English, French and Spanish.

A large hall has been secured by the Salvation Army in Manila, the capital of the Philippines. A large number of English-speaking people have already been brought to Christ.

For the 850,000 people on the island of Puerto Rico there are only about 200 priests The city and district of Ponce, with a population of 55,000, has one church and eight priests.

The Rev. Dwight Hillis, D.D., of the Central Church, Chicago, has accepted the call to Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, in succession to those stalwarts, Henry Ward Beecher and Lyman Abbott.

Bishop Walden declares that every dollar sent to European countries by the M. E. Missionary Society will multiply itself one hundredfold for the purpose of evangelization in heathen lands.

Rev. James Needham, of the M. E. Church, South, observed his ninety-ninth birthday a few weeks ago by preaching an anniversary sermon in Surrey County, N.C. It is said that he preaches quite often, being more vigorous than many a younger man.

There are public services in one of the theatres at Manila every Sabbath evening, attended by hundreds of natives, and the chaplain thinks the harvest field certainly ripe. The Chinese are there also by thousands, and he is sure would afford a promising field of labour.

Zion's Herald prints portraits of our Canadian evangelists, Messrs. Crossley and Hunter, and speaks with strongest commendation of their services in People's Temple, Boston. They have had a wonderfully successful revival campaign in Minneapolis and St. Paul.

Rev. Dr. Buckley forcibly says: "As to home (missionary) work, we are not doing nearly so much as is being done by Congregationalists, Baptists and other denominations. The goose that lays the golden egg for foreign missions is a goose that is hatched on these shores!"

Robert R. McBurney, who for thirty-five years was manager of the Y.M.C.A. of New York, was a Methodist layman. He saw the organization grow from very small beginnings to great results. The magnificent Y.M.C.A. building, costing half a million dollars, is his monument. His counsel led to the introduction of the Y.M.C.A. in Canada.

The nineteenth anniversary of the birthday of Professor Park, of Andover, Mass., was very interesting. Mrs. Professor Churchill presented him with a loving cup filled with ninety pink roses. A hundred letters from former students and friends were also presented. A song service followed, and all united in singing Professor Park's favourite hymn, "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross."

Book Notices.

The Christian Pastor and the Working Church. By WASHINGTON GLADDEN, D.D., LL.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xiv.-485. Price, $2.00.

This book should be the *vade mecum* of every working pastor. It abounds in wise counsels and suggestions, the result of large experience and observation. No sphere of church life or church work is left untreated. There is something sacred in the very name of pastor. He is to be the under-shepherd of the Great Shepherd of the sheep, and to him is committed the special oversight of the flock of Christ. Among the topics treated by Dr. Gladden are: The Call to the Pastorate; The Pastor in His Study, in His Pulpit and at the Altar; Church Organization—The Choir; The Pastor as Friend and Visitor, at Funerals and Weddings; The Sunday-school and the Home Department; The Mid-Week Service—Its Prayers and Experiences; Parish Evangelization—Street Preaching, Shepherding the Poor; The Social Life of the Church; Woman's Work—Deaconesses; Young People's Societies and Brotherhoods; Boys' Brigades and Girls' Guilds; the Pastor and the Children—Catechism, Junior Societies; Missionary and Other Benevolences; Revivals; The Institutional Church; Enlisting the Membership; Christian Co-operation; Social Reform; Care of the Poor; The Drink Traffic, and Other Evils. It will be seen how wide is the field, how comprehensive is the treatment of this important group of subjects.

To a fellow-passenger on an ocean steamer said Mr. W. T. Stead, "If you could district the large cities, and induce the Churches to look after those districts as the politicians look after the voters in those districts, there would follow such an uplifting of the masses as has not been known since the coming of the Master." It was a lady of Buffalo to whom these words were spoken. She put the thought into practice, prepared a map of Buffalo, divided the city into 195 districts, enlisted the aid of the Churches, and in more than one hundred of these districts aggressive work is already organized. In one district 134 families were on the poor books. In a year there were only eight. This change was due chiefly to lessons in self-help. Every city might take up such organized work as is described in the paper on another page on "The City Wilderness and Its Redemption." "United an Army, Divided a Mob," is a motto which applies especially to religious forces.

The lesson of it all is, if we would touch the hearts of men we must come into "close grips" with them, into personal contact. As the prophet stretched himself upon the body of the dead child, face to face and heart to heart, before he could recall him to life; as the Saviour laid his healing hand on the fevered brow of the leper, and on the eyes of the blind, so the Church must show men that with a divine sympathy, with a passionate charity she loves their souls, before she can win her greatest triumphs in their salvation.

The Making and the Unmaking of the Preacher. Lectures on the Lyman Beecher Foundation, Yale University, 1898. By WILLIAM JEWETT TUCKER, President of Dartmouth College. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 224. Price, $1.50.

The preaching of the Word—the proclamation of divine truth by the living voice to the individual conscience—has been God's great method for the conversion of the world. No wonder, therefore, that the preacher and his art are the subject of much counsel and criticism. The present volume is one of the wisest of the many books on this subject. It discusses preaching under modern conditions; the making of the preacher by education; the preacher and his art; what the preacher owes to the truth; what he owes to men; the pulpit and the Church; and the optimism of Christianity.

One of the most interesting lectures is that on the Unmaking of the Preacher. The great enemy of success is unreality. The preacher who intensely believes the half-truth will have more power than the man who half believes the whole truth. Strong convictions—preaching the certitudes of religion—are essential to the success of the Gospel. The preacher must concentrate large energy upon the pulpit. At the same time he must be everybody's servant. "The man who wants to see me," said Dr. Payson, "is the man whom I want to see." "A rule of present

application," says our author, "barring book agents and college presidents." As a college president himself he knows how persistent they can be. He argues strongly for the best college training, since the manual labouring classes are four or five times as numerous as all the other classes put together. He affirms that they have also the preponderance of natural genius, and that it is a criminal waste of God's grandest gifts to the nation not to furnish the opportunity for their highest culture.

Permanency in the pastorate, he affirms, other things being equal, is a tremendous source of power to the pulpit. The short pastorate does much to the unmaking of the preacher. Our author warns against the paralyzing effect of intellectual doubt upon the preacher. His safeguard is the growth of humility. There is no fellowship so great or safe as that to which it leads—the fellowship of the divine. A chapter of grand and courageous optimism closes the book. Christianity, says our author, is in the blood of the races which are moulding the world. This is a grand book for preachers, and for laymen too.

The Religion of Babylonia and Assyria. By MORRIS JASTROW, JUN., Ph.D., Professor of Semitic Languages in the University of Pennsylvania. Boston, 1898: Ginn & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xiii.-780. Price, $3.00.

The comparative study of the religions of ancient times is one of great importance. It shows that in no age has God left himself without a witness among men. There were ever "broken lights" of the true Light of the World. Messrs. Ginn & Company have announced a series of handbooks on the history of religions, to be edited by the accomplished scholar, Professor Jastrow. The first two volumes have already appeared, that on "The Religions of India" and the one under review.

This is an exceedingly able and erudite book. It is of special interest to Bible students at the present time, because it treats of the great nations so intimately associated with the later history of Israel, which during the half of 1899 forms the subject of the world's International Sunday-school Lessons. The book is based largely upon translations of original texts of the history, traditions and religious literature of Babylonia. This literature is of very great importance. One thing very greatly impresses the reader, namely, the intense consciousness of sin, the need of supernatural help and deliverance of these ancient peoples. There are forms of exorcism for the banishment of evil spirits. There are prayers to the Merciful One. There are penitential psalms akin to that in which David poured out his grief before God. In one of these we find such expressions, as follows:

"I, Thy servant, full of sighs, call upon thee;
The fervent prayer of him who has sinned do Thou accept.
If Thou lookest upon a man, that man lives.

"With pain and ache, his soul is full of sighs;
Tears he weeps, he pours forth lament."

"Besides Thee, there is no guiding deity.
I implore thee to look upon me and hear my sighs.
Proclaim pacification, and may Thy soul be appeased."

We read the impassioned cry:

"The sin I have committed change to mercy,
The wrong I have done, may the wind carry off.
Tear asunder my many transgressions as a garment.
My God, my sins are seven times seven; forgive me my sins."

"Instead of food, I eat bitter tears;
Instead of date-wine, I drink the waters of misery;
For my drink, I have bitter waters;
Instead of clothes, I am enveloped in sin."

Sometimes a strangely anthropomorphic expression is employed, as

"Accept my appeal; may Thy liver be at rest."

In the following the words of David are paraphrased, "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow":

"The flowing waters of the stream wash me clean;
Let me be pure like the sheen of gold."

The doctrine of life after death was not so vague and dim and indistinct to those nations of antiquity as some would have us think. "Neither the people nor the leaders of religious thought," says Professor Jastrow, "ever faced the possibility of the total annihilation of what once was called into existence. Death was a passage to another kind of life, and the denial of immortality merely empha-

sized the impossibility of escaping the change in existence brought about by death. The gods alone do not pass from one phase of existence to the other. Death was mysterious, but not more mysterious than life. No divine fiat could wipe out what was endowed with life and the power of reproduction."

The Egyptian Book of the Dead is a strong plea for immortality and an appeal to the eternal justice of God. Some of the hymns to the Assyrian deities have an element of sublimity like that of the Homeric hymn to Apollo.

This book is a very valuable contribution to the study of comparative theology. A pleasing feature is the author's recognition of the share in its production of his faithful collaborator, his wife: "Without her constant aid and encouragement I would have shrunk from a task which at times seemed too formidable to be carried to a successful issue. As I lay down my pen after several years of devotion to this book, my last thought is one of gratitude to the beloved partner of my joys and sorrows."

We note, too, that the volume on "The Religion of Egypt" is assigned to Mrs. Cornelius Stevenson. The new scholarship of woman promises rich fruit, as we have already seen in the skill and patient labour with which Mrs. Lewis has given the world the recently recovered Syriac version of the Old Testament.

South London. By Sir Walter Besant, M.A., F.S.A.; with an etching by Francis S. Walker, R.A., and 119 illustrations. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xii.-332. Price, $3.00.

This is the third of Sir Walter Besant's books upon the eventful history, romantic associations and stirring stories of the great metropolis of the British Empire. South London is less familiar to most readers than either the City or Westminster, but it has scarcely less interest. Sir Walter treats in a fascinating manner the beginnings of civilization amid the sedgy marshes and meres, haunted with wild-fowl, that spread their dangerous bogs where now stretch the miles of stony streets and throbs the busy life of South London. He traces the growth of this amphibious hamlet to a great city, with its churches, abbeys and priories; its royal houses and forts; its shrines and pilgrimages; its palaces and prisons; its schools and colleges and almshouses; its wharves and docks and strange riverside population; its pageants and pleasure gardens; its fairs and show folk; its palmers and peddlers; its sanctuary and "catch poles"; its old taverns, including the Tabard Inn, where Chaucer marshalled his immortal army of pilgrims. Lambeth Palace, with its memories of the Lollards and its line of noble archbishops; St. Saviour's, St. Overies, and many another ancient church are depicted with pencil and pen. Sir Walter makes the old past live again and gives a new interest to the humming hive of South London. Its stirring historic events, as the bombardment in May, 1454, and the all-night battle on London Bridge twenty years later, are vividly described.

That mediæval London, with its bay windows, oriels and overhanging stories; with the many-coloured garb of its knights and friars, lords and ladies, merchants and franklins, weavers and dyers, was much more picturesque than the dreary miles of dingy streets and monotonous dun-coloured crowds, the reeking slums and gin-shops of the modern Borough.

The book is handsomely printed and well illustrated with a fine etching and 119 wood-cuts.

Ashes of Empire: A Romance. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.00.

Few more tragic stories were ever told than that of the collapse of the French Empire before the conquering march of the Germans, the siege of Paris and the madness of the Commune.

"Ashes of years of sin, the sacrifice,
Ashes of oaths and vows and prayers and lies,
Ashes of fool and knave and worldly-wise,
Ashes of empire under ashen skies."

It seems like the fall of the mystical Babylon described in Revelation: "Alas, alas! that great city, that was clothed in fine linen and in purple and scarlet, and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls, for in one hour so great riches is come to naught."

One of the most vivid pictures of the grim drama of the siege of Paris is that told in this story. The flight of the Empress, the tightening of the German cordon, the gathering of the Uhlans like birds of prey, the futile efforts at defence and sortie, the horrors of the siege, the famine, the bombardment, and the anarchism and treachery and factions of Belleville, are strikingly set forth. There runs a vein of romance through the grim story like a glint of sunshine through a

sombre sky. But we have an objection to make. American newspaper correspondents are generally gentlemen in act and speech. One of the two described in this book forgets his manhood, and both are recklessly profane. These are marked blemishes on a strongly written tale.

David Hill, Missionary and Saint. By Rev. W. T. A. Barber, B.D. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

The life-story of David Hill recalls that of St. Francis of Assisi, who divested himself of all his worldly wealth to become a servant of Christ and of his poor. The sturdy Yorkshireman, however, had more shrewd common-sense than the mediæval mystic. He employed his considerable fortune in missionary and philanthropic work, declining to accept a salary. Like St. Francis, too, he espoused poverty and celibacy, living in the simplest and even barest manner, that he might devote himself more exclusively to the service of the poor. The toils, privations and perils that he underwent in the famine years, when the mortality in his district reached as high as seventy-three per cent., shame into nothingness the courage of the warrior "who seeks the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth." For over thirty years he laboured on in this heroic toil. The story of his life is like a chapter from the Acts of the Apostles, and will be an inspiration to the Christian Church. We shall make this noble life the subject of a special character study in the near future.

The Church of the West in the Middle Ages. By Herbert B. Workman, M.A. Vol. I. From Gregory the Great to St. Bernard. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

This little book covers a very important period in Church history. The rise of the Papacy and development of monasticism are two potent factors in moulding the civil as well as religious character of Europe. The conversion of the heathen in England, in Ireland, in Germany, in Norway and in Russia is a story of apostolic zeal and apostolic success. No revolt from the later evils of monasticism should blind our eyes or deaden our sympathies to the heroism of the monkish missionaries and martyrs who carried the Gospel to remotest and most inhospitable climes. The part borne by these scholastic monks in the preservation of learning in the Dark Ages and in the intellectual development of Europe, command the perpetual gratitude of mankind. Another volume will describe the corruption and decay of the institution which had so much to its credit in its early years.

Denis Patterson, Field Preacher. A Story of Early Methodism and John Wesley. By Kate Thompson Sizer. Illustrated. London: Charles H. Kelly.

This book takes us back to the days of persecuted Methodism, with its field preaching, its mobs and its almost miraculous deliverances. It is the best story of the days of Wesley that we know. It will make an admirable supplement for our Epworth Leagues to the volume on "The Makers of Methodism." It should be in every Sunday-school library. Mr. Tressider's pictures catch the very spirit of the times.

Neil McLeod: A Tale of Literary Life in London. By David Lyall. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company; William Briggs. Price, paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.25.

This is another story of the aggressive Scot who comes up to London to conquer the world. His first book, "The Mist of Hills," is the success of the season, and the young Highland schoolmaster's head is completely turned by his sudden celebrity. Lady Grantham, a literary lion hunter, still further befools him and makes him almost forget the Highland lassie to whom his troth is plighted. The wholesome influence of Angus Fraser, a Scottish minister, and of other members of the Scottish colony in London, rescue the man from his folly, and all ends well. The glimpses of literary London are very clever.

Godward: A Record of Religious Progress. By Paul Carus. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company. Toronto: William Briggs.

This little book of verse is a spiritual autobiography. It describes the progress of a soul from faith to doubt, and back to stronger faith. It is a surer testimony of the certitudes of religion than that of those who have never doubted. This is the author's testimony:

"Thus in this turbid world
Firm stands God's Name and Word.
My heart knew not of rest;
Through storm and mist it erred,
Until it refuge found
Here, like a frightened bird."

The Methodist Magazine and Review FOR 1899

GOOD as the MAGAZINE has been in the past, it is proposed to still further improve it in 1899. With the November Number is commenced a bright original story entitled, "**A Princess in Calico,**" by EDITH FERGUSON BLACK, a popular writer and favorite contributor of the *Ladies' Home Journal.* The story describes in a graphic manner the heroism of common life, and will be read with great interest by young and old.

Arrangements have been made for a series **Character Studies** of men of thought and action. **Missionary Sketches, Stories of Travel and Adventure, Short Stories** by such popular writers as Emma E. Hornibrook, Mary S. Daniels, Wood Smith, S. J. Underwood, Mark Guy Pearse, J. Hyslop Bell, etc., etc. Many of the articles will be profusely illustrated.

The Popular Science Papers so interesting in the past will be continued, as well as monthly Reviews of the **World's Progress, Current Thought,** and **Book Notices.**

Special Inducements to New Subscribers.

New Subscribers for 1899 will receive the NOVEMBER and DECEMBER numbers of 1898 FREE. They will thus receive the beginning of the serial story.

TO ALL SUBSCRIBERS.

The following Special Premiums are offered for only **25c.** additional:

"**Barbara Heck.**" A tale of Early Methodism.
"**Lawrence Temple.**" A story of Canadian Backwoods Life.
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