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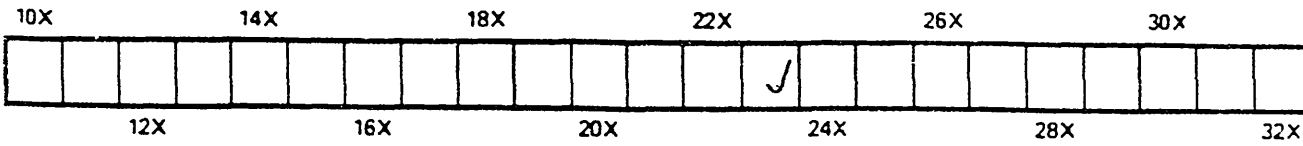


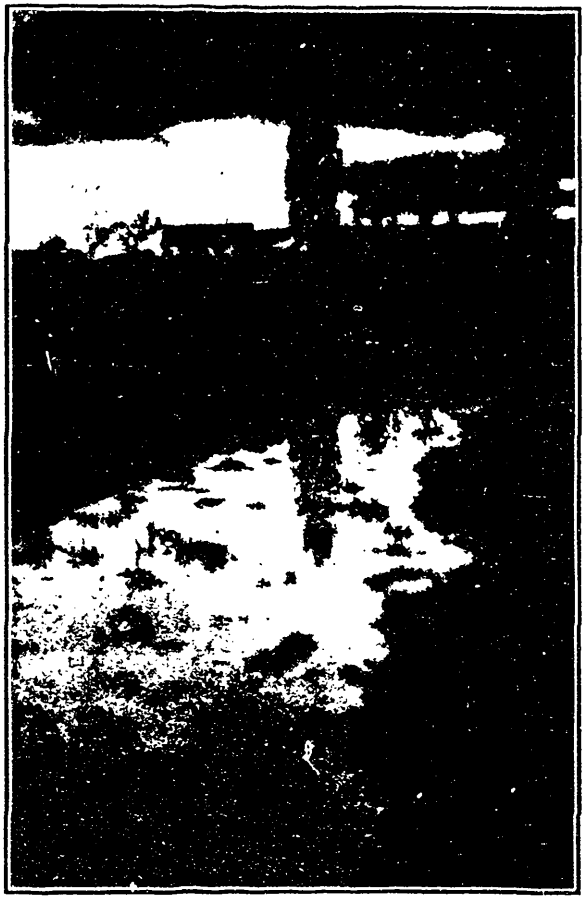


Photo by Sidney R. Carter.

"EVENTIDE."

RECESSIONAL.

Now along the solemn heights
Fade the Autumn's altar-lights;
  Down the great earth's glimmering chancel
Glide the days and nights.

Little kindred of the grass,
Like a shadow in a glass
  Falls the dark and falls the stillness;
We must rise and pass.

We must rise and follow, wending
Where the nights and days have ending,—
  Pass in order pale and slow
Unto sleep extending.

Moth and blossom, blade and bee,
Worlds must go as well as we,
  In the long procession joining
Mount, and star, and sea.

Toward the shadowy brink we climb
Where the round year rolls sublime,
  Rolls and drops, and falls for ever
In the vast of time;

Like a plummet plunging deep
Past the utmost reach of sleep,
  Till remembrance has no longer
Care to laugh or weep.

—*Charles G. D. Roberts.*

. . . . . .

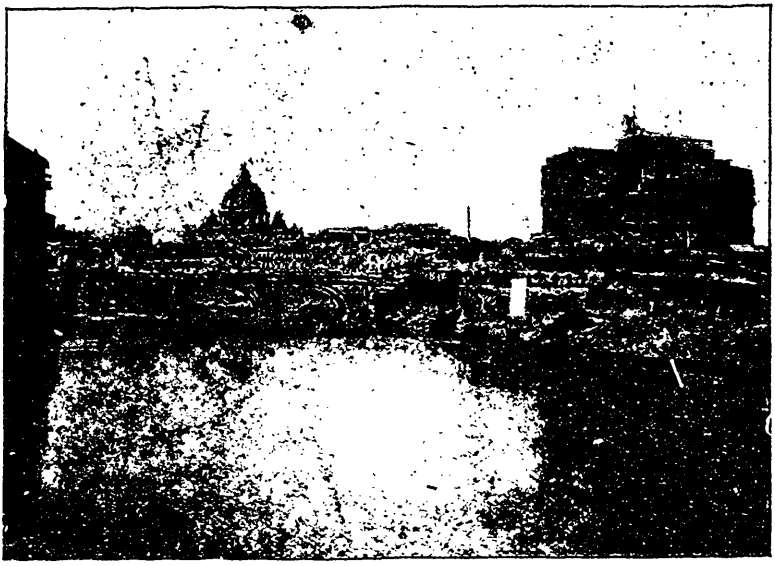
THE APPIAN WAY, ROME.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

OCTOBER, 1903.

ROME REVISITED.

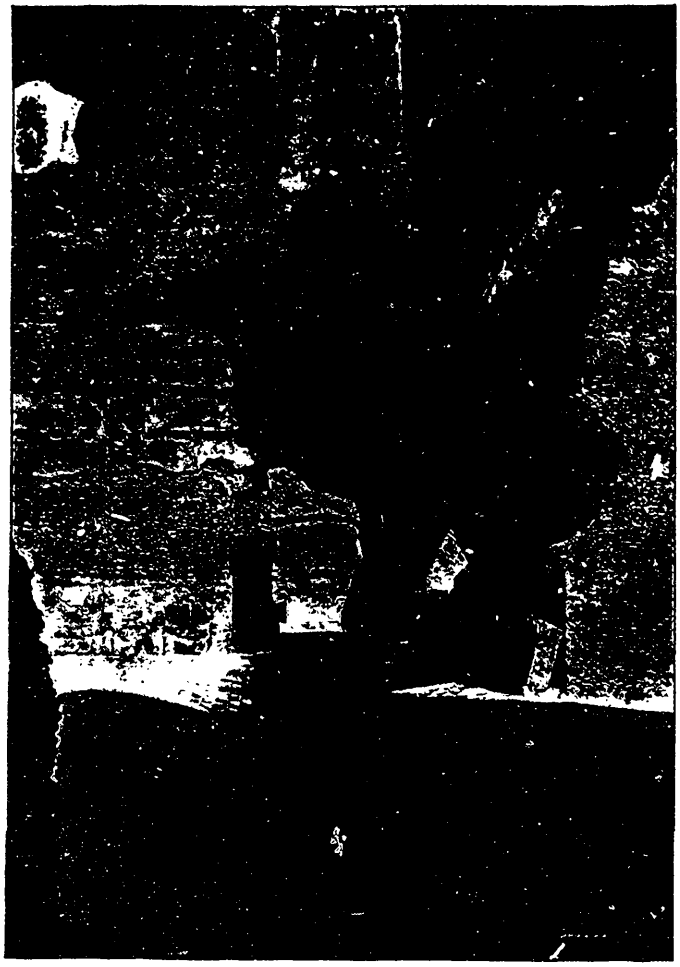
BY THE EDITOR.



ST. PETER'S AND CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO, ROME.

ROME is in many respects a changed city. It has felt the throb and thrill of the new life which is pulsing through all the veins of Italy. The breach in its walls through which Garibaldi and his red-shirts marched is yearly decorated with wreaths. It is significant that the first man to enter that breach was not an armed soldier but a Bible Society colporteur. The fact is significant of much; especially that the principles of soul liberty taught in the Charter of the Christian's faith and hope are to be the guiding star of new Italy. Under the papal regime the Bible was a banned book, and Protestant worship could only be observed in the upper room of a ruinous house behind the cattle-market without the walls.

All that is now changed. The Bible Society has a depot under the very shadow of the Vatican. The Methodist and Presbyterian Churches have two of the most magnificent buildings on the Via Nazionale. A Methodist Ladies' College is patronized by many of the highest classes, and has won the commendation of the King. Upon one of the most conspicuous of Rome's seven

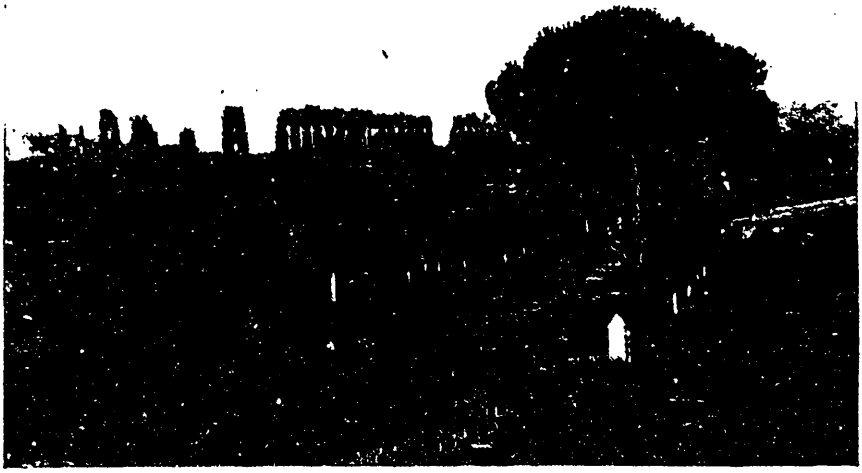


BATHS OF CARACALLA, ROME.

hills is one of the most magnificent monuments in the world, that of Garibaldi, a colossal equestrian statue looking proudly over the city which he did so much to deliver.

We were in Rome on the occasion of King Humbert's funeral. The atmosphere was electric. The Italian Methodist preacher was announced to give an address on the occasion. The chief of police was afraid of some outbreak of violence, so great was the tension of feeling. He was invited to be present to hear the address. He did so, and was so pleased with its patriotic spirit that he gave warm commendation to the Methodist orator.

A new Rome is being built upon the ruins of the old. New streets and squares are being everywhere constructed. The Tiber, that periodically overflowed its banks, is now confined between embankments more magnificent than those of London or Paris. Electric cars traverse the streets, electric lights make night like day. No city in the world has



THE APPIAN WAY AND AQUEDUCTS.

a more plentiful and wholesome water supply. The old Roman fever that haunted the city under the papal regime is now abolished, and Rome is one of the most healthful cities in the world.

Yet in sharp contrast to this new Rome, and far more attractive to the visitor from western lands who scarcely can see anything much older than himself, is the old Rome, the Rome of the middle ages, of the early Christian centuries, of the classic times. Of these he sees the mouldering monuments on every side. Nothing so strikes his imagination as he drives through the ruins of the Forum, the Colosseum, and the Palatine on the hill as the desolation of those once proud abodes of imperial splendour. The scene of some of the most heroic achievements of the Republic and Empire is now a half-buried chaos of broken arch and column. Here stood the rostrum where Tully fulmined against Cataline, and where, after death, his eloquent tongue was pierced through and through by the bodkin of a revengeful woman. Here the Roman father slew his child to save her from dishonour. Here, "at the base of Pompey's statua," the well-beloved Brutus stabbed the foremost man of all this world. Here is the *Via Sacra,* through which passed the triumphal processions to the now ruined temples of the gods. But for a thousand years these ruins have been the quarries and the lime-kilns for the monasteries and churches of the modern city, till little is left save the shadow of their former greatness.

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. . .

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood, and Fire,
Have dealt upon the seven-hilled city's pride;
She saw her glories star by star expire,
And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride,
Where the car climbed the capitol; far and wide
Temple and tower went down, nor left a site.

More utterly desolate than aught

SISTINE CHAPEL, ROME.

else were the pleasure palaces of the proud emperors of the world—the Golden House of Nero, the palaces of Tiberius, Caligula, the Flavii,—monuments of the colossal vice which called down the wrath of Heaven on the guilty piles. All are now mere mounds of splendid desolation, amid whose broken arches I saw fair English girls sketching the crumbling corridors where ruled and revelled the lords of the world.

Cypress and ivy, wind and wallflower grown
Matted and massed together, hillocks heap'd
On what were chambers, arch crush'd, column strown
In fragments, choked-up vaults, and frescoes steep'd
In subterranean damps, where the owl peep'd,
Deeming it midnight.

Near by rise the cliff-like walls of the Colosseum, stern monument of Rome's Christless creed. Tier above tier rise the circling seats, whence twice eighty thousand cruel eyes gloated upon the dying martyr's pangs, "butchered to make a Roman holiday." Ten thousand Jewish captives were employed in its construction, and at its inauguration five thousand wild beasts were slain in bloody conflicts with human antagonists. The dens in which the lions were confined, the gates through which the leopards leaped upon their victims, may still be seen; and before us stretches the broad arena where even Rome's proud dames, unsexed and slain in gladiatorial conflict, lay trampled in the sand.

A ruin—yet what ruin! from its mass
Walls, palaces, half-cities have been rear'd;
Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass,
And marvel where the spoil could have appear'd.
Hath it indeed been plundered, or but clear'd?

Beneath the walls of the Colosseum rises one of the most interesting monuments of ancient Rome—the Arch of Titus, erected to commemorate the destruction of Jerusalem, A.D. 70. On the crumbling frieze is carved a relief of the triumphal procession bearing the spoils of the Temple, with the table of shew-

bread, the seven-branched candlestick, and a group of captive Jews. To this day, it is said, the Jews of Rome refuse to pass beneath this monument of their national degradation. A drive through the Ghetto, or Jews' quarter, reveals the squalor and degradation in which these long-suffering and bitterly-persecuted people dwell.

CLOISTERS, ST. PAUL WITHOUT THE WALLS, ROME.

Nothing, perhaps, in Rome, gives a more vivid conception of the boundless wealth and pomp and luxury of the Roman emperors than the vast public baths, of which the very ruins are stupendous. The most notable of these are the baths of Caracalla, covering several acres of ground. They contained not only hot, cold, and tepid chambers, large enough to accommodate 1,600 bathers at once, but also vast *palestrae* or gymnasia, a racecourse, and the like. Solid towers of masonry crowned with trees and matted foliage rise high in air; vast chambers once cased with marbles or mosaic, with hypocausts for hot, and caleducts in the walls for cold, air, bear witness to the Sybaritic luxury of the later days of the empire.

ST. PAUL WITHOUT THE WALLS, ROME.

Matthew Arnold vividly depicts the Roman society of the day:

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

In his cool hall, with haggard eyes,
The Roman noble lay;
He drove abroad, in furious guise,
Along the Appian Way.

He made a feast, drank fierce and fast,
And crown'd his hair with flowers—
No easier, nor no quicker, pass'd
The impracticable hours.

The most notable of the churches of Rome is, of course, St. Peter's. We shall not attempt to describe what defies description. Its vastness awes and almost overwhelms the beholder. Its mighty dome swells in a sky-like vault overhead, and its splendour of detail deepens the impression made by its majestic vistas. The interior effect is incomparably finer than that from without. The vast sweep of the corridors and the elevation of the portico in front of the church quite dwarf the dome which the genius of Angelo hung high in air. But the very harmony of proportion of the interior prevents that striking impression made by other lesser piles.

THE HOLY STAIRS, ROME.

Enter: the grandeur overwhelms thee not;
And why? it is not lessened, but thy mind,
Expanded by the genius of the spot,
Has grown colossal.

It is only when we observe that the cherubs on the holy-water vessels near the entrance are larger than the largest men; when we walk down the long vista of the nave, over six hundred feet; when we learn that its area is 26,163 square yards, or more than twice that of St. Paul's at London, that the dome rises four hundred feet above our head, that its supporting pillars are 230 feet in circumference, and that the letters in the frieze are over six feet high, that some conception of the real dimensions of this mighty temple enters the mind.

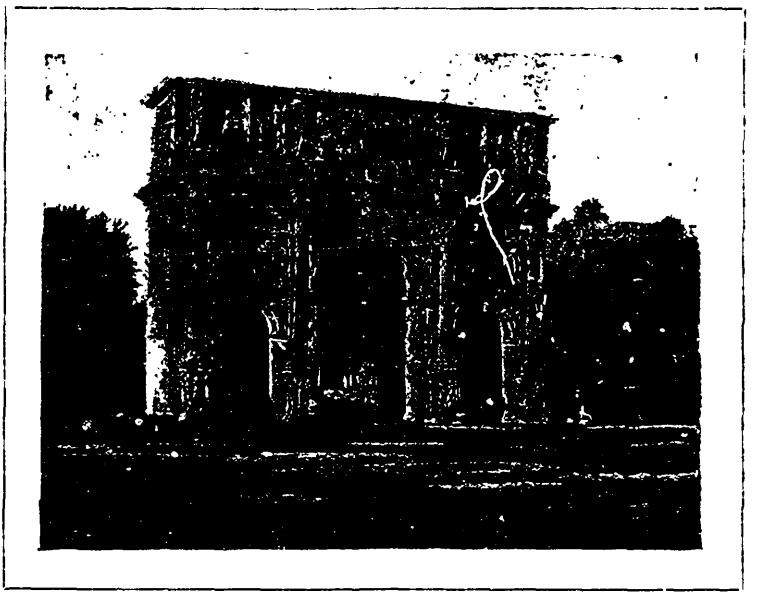
No mere enumeration of the wealth of bronze and vari-coloured marbles, mosaics, paintings, and sculpture can give an adequate idea of its costly splendour. The view from the summit of the dome or the gardens of the Vatican, of the winding Tiber, the modern city, the ruins of old Rome, the far-extending walls, the wide sweep of the Campagna, and in the purple distance the far Alban and Sabine hills, is one that well repays the fatigue of the ascent.

It was our fortune to witness once the celebration of the feast of St. Peter and St. Paul in this very centre of Romish ritual and ecclesiastical pageantry. The subterranean crypts, containing the shrine of St. Peter, a spot so holy that no woman may enter save once a year, were thrown open and illuminated with hundreds of lamps and decorated with a profusion of flowers. Thousands of persons filled the space beneath the dome—priests, barefooted friars of orders white, black, and gray; nuns, military officers, soldiers, civilians, peasants in gala dress, and ladies—all standing, for not a single seat is provided for the comfort of worshippers in this

MICHAEL ANGELO'S MOSES, ROME.

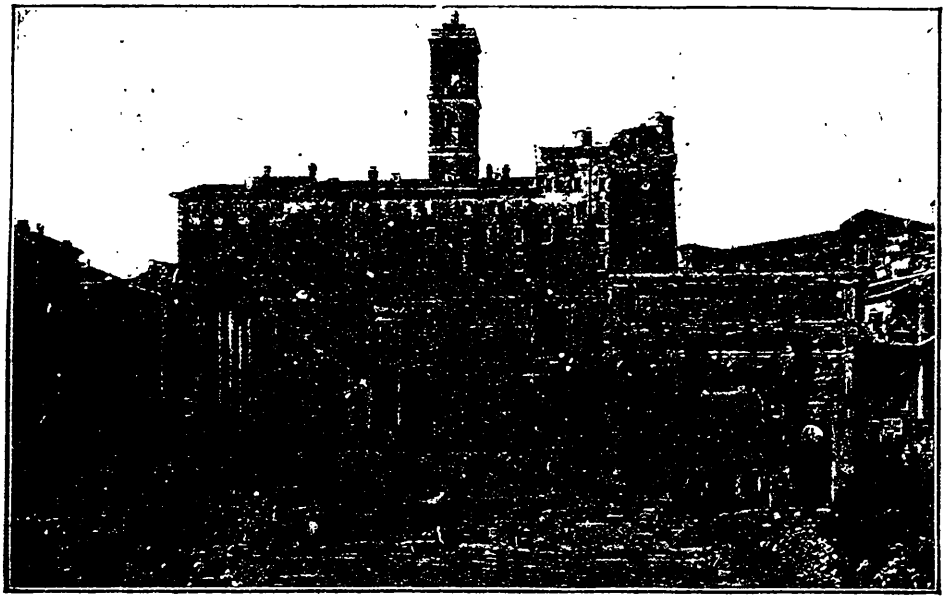
grandest temple in Christendom. High mass was celebrated at the high altar by a very exalted personage, assisted by a whole college of priests in embroidered robes of scarlet and purple, and of gold and silver tissue. The acolytes swung the jewelled censers to and fro, the aromatic incense filled the air, officers with swords of state stood on guard, and the service for the day was chanted in the sonorous Latin tongue. Two choirs of well-trained voices, accompanied by two organs and instrumental orchestra, sang the majestic music of the mass. As the grand chorus rose and swelled and filled the sky-like dome, although my judgment could not but condemn the semi-pagan pageantry, I felt the spell of that mighty sorcery, which, through the ages, has beguiled the hearts of men. I missed, however, in the harmony the sweet tones of the female voice, for in the holy precincts of St. Peter's no woman's tongue may join in the worship of her Redeemer. "Well," said my companion in travel, as we turned away, "this is the sublimest fraud in Christendom," an opinion in which I heartily concurred.

The bronze statue of St. Peter in the nave, originally, it is said, a pagan statue of Jove was sumptuously robed in vestments of purple and gold,—the imperial robes, it is averred, of the Emperor Charlemagne, a piece of frippery that utterly destroyed any native dignity the statue may have possessed.



ARCH OF CONSTANTINE, ROME.

It was a very notable day in my experience that I drove out to the Abbey of the Three Fountains, the Catacombs, and the Appian Way. On the route we stopped to visit the Protestant cemetery, where sleep the remains of many pilgrims from a foreign land, for whose return their loved ones wait in vain. Overshadowed by a melancholy cypress, we found the grave of the erring genius Shelley. On his tombstone are the simple words "Cor cordium"



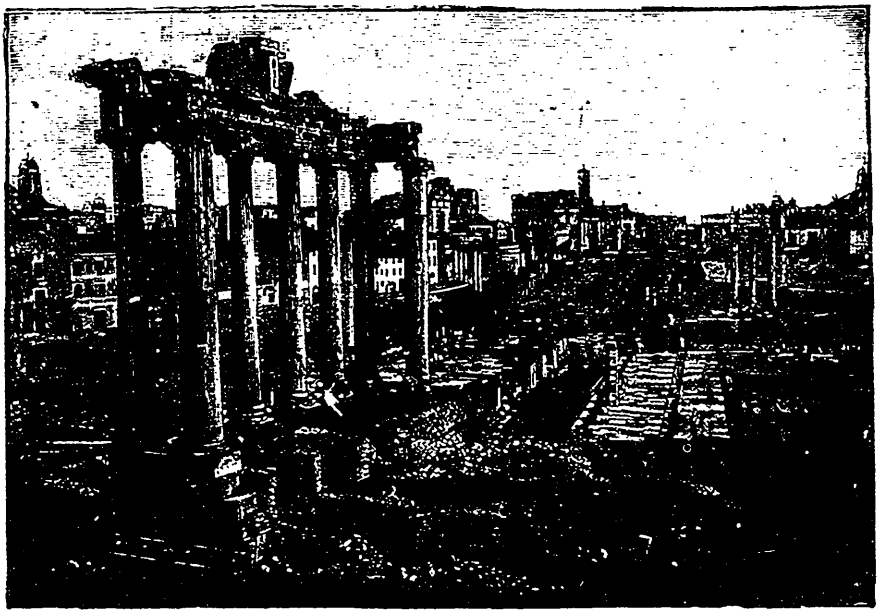
ROMAN FORUM, AND ARCH OF SEPTIMUS SEVERUS.

—only his heart is buried there. His body was burned in the Bay of Spezzia, where it was washed ashore.

The church of St. Paul's without the walls is a restoration of an early basilica built by Constantine. According to tradition, it covers the crypt in which the body of St. Paul was buried. It is now a vast and sumptuous structure, supported on eighty monolithic columns, and paved and walled with costliest marbles—in striking contrast to the lowliness of the humble tent-maker whose name it bears. Of still greater interest is the church of the Three Fountains, on the alleged scene of the Apostle's martyrdom. According to the legend, the martyr's head made three leaps on the ground after its decapitation, and at each spot where it touched the earth a fountain gushed forth. These are now walled with marble, and covered by a stately church. A Trappist monk recounts the story, and offers the faithful water from the fountain, which is supposed to possess great spiritual efficacy. The brotherhood long occupied the position as a sort of forlorn hope, so unhealthy was the site on account of malaria; but its sanitary condition has been greatly improved by planting the eucalyptus or Australian gum tree. Some have attained a large growth and diffuse an aromatic odour through the air.

The following description of the Roman Campagna and the aqueducts, by John Ruskin, is said by Frederick Harrison to be a "piece of word-painting hardly surpassed by anything in our literature":

"Perhaps there is no more impressive scene on earth than the solitary extent of the Campagna of Rome under evening light. Let the reader imagine himself for the moment withdrawn from the sounds and motion of the living world, and sent forth alone into this wild and wasted plain. The earth yields and crumbles beneath his foot, tread he never so lightly, for its substance is white, hollow, and carious, like the dusty wreck of the



THE ROMAN FORUM.

bones of men. The long knotted grass waves and tosses feebly in the evening wind, and the shadows of its motion shake feverishly along the banks of ruin that lift themselves to the sunlight. Hillocks of mouldering earth heave around him, as if the dead beneath were struggling in their sleep. Scattered blocks of black stone, four-square, remnants of mighty edifices, not one left upon another, lie upon them to keep them down. A dull purple poisonous haze stretches level along the desert, veiling its spectral wrecks of massy ruins, on whose rents the red light rests, like dying fire on defiled altars; the blue ridge of the Alban Mount lifts itself against a solemn space of green, clear, quiet sky. Watch-towers of dark clouds stand steadfastly along the promontories of the Apennines. From the plain to the mountains, the scattered aqueducts, pier beyond pier, melt into the darkness, like shadowy and countless troops of funeral mourners, passing from a nation's grave."

A drive across the Campagna soon brings one to the church of St. Sebastian—the only entrance to the Catacombs which remained open during the middle ages. In an adjacent crypt is shown the very vault in which tradition affirms that the bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul lay for forty years, till stolen away. Unbolting a side door of the church, a serge-clad monk, giving us each a taper, led the way down a long steep stairway to the dark and gloomy corridors of the Catacombs. Through the winding labyrinth we advanced, our dim tapers shedding a feeble glimmer as we passed, upon the open graves that yawned weirdly on either side. Deep shadows crouched around, and the unfleshed skeletons lay upon their stony beds to which they had been consigned by loving hands in the early centuries so long ago. Much more interesting, however, on account of its greater extent and better preservation is the adjacent Catacomb of Callixtus. Here are large and lofty chambers, containing the tombs of St. Cecilia, virgin and martyr, and of several of the persecuted bishops of the early Church. The fading frescoes, pious inscriptions, and sacred symbols on

the walls all bring vividly before us, as nothing else on earth can do, the faith and courage and moral nobleness of the primitive Church of the Catacombs.

Great was the contrast between the cold, damp crypts of the Catacombs and the hot glare of the Italian sunshine as we rode along the Appian Way. But greater still was

There is a stern round tower of other days,
Firm as a fortress with its fence of stone,
Such as an army's baffled strength delays,
Standing with half its battlements alone,
And with two thousand years of ivy grown,
The garland of eternity, where wave
The green leaves over all by time o'erthrown;
What was this tower of strength? within its cave,
What treasure lay so locked, so hid?—A woman's grave.

AUGUSTUS CÆSAR, ROME.

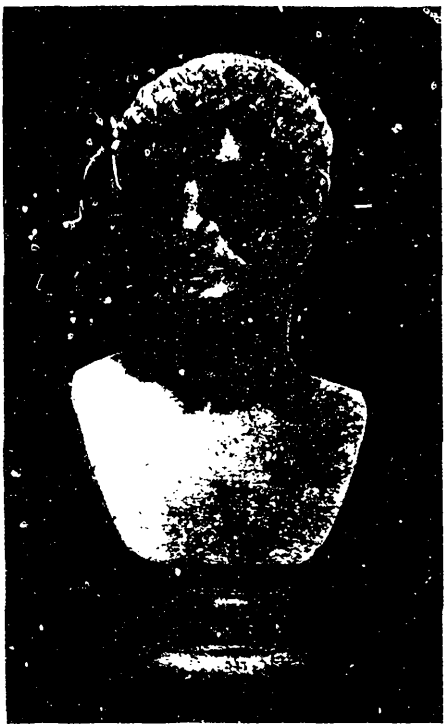
the contrast between the lowly tombs of the early Christians and the massy monuments of pagan pride that lined that street of tombs. Most striking of all is the stately mausoleum of Cæcilia Metella, wife of the triumvir Crassus.

Often mere vulgar wealth exhibited its ostentation even in death by the magnitude and magnificence of these tombs designed to perpetuate the memory of their occupants for ever. But as if to rebuke that posthumous pride, they are now mere crumbling ruins, often devoted to ignoble uses, the very names of whose tenants are forgotten. Many of them,

during the stormy period of the Middle Ages, were occupied as fortresses.

More recently that of Augustus, on the Campus Martius, was used as an arena for bull-fights, and as a summer theatre, where Harlequin played his pranks upon an emperor's grave. Some of the tombs have been converted into stables, pig-sties, or charcoal cellars. The cinerary urn of Agrippina, wife of Germanicus, was long used as a measure for corn. In many a vignarolo's hovel in the Campagna swine may be seen eating out of sculptured sarcophagi, and in the imperial halls, where banqueted the masters of the world, they hold their unclean revels. "Expende Hannibalem," says the Roman satirist, "Quot libras in duce summo invenies?" "Weigh the dust of Hannibal. How many pounds will you find in that great leader?"

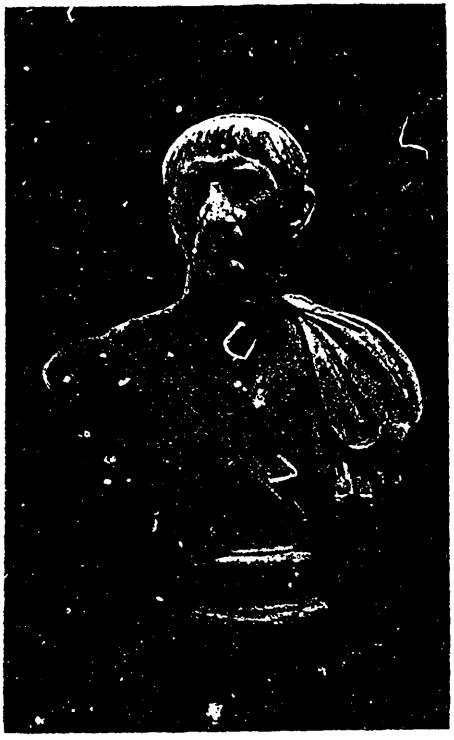
These proud patrician tombs exhibit naught but crumbling arch and column and shattered marble effigies of their former tenants. Over this lava pavement once thundered the legions that conquered the world, and by this very way St. Paul and his companions entered the great Imperial City. Now the gardens and villas which studded the Campagna are a desolation, and only ruins rise, like stranded wrecks, above the tomb-abounding plain. The most conspicuous and beneficent monuments of the power of ancient Rome are the vast aqueducts which bestride, like a Titan procession, with their long series of arches the undulating Campagna. Most of these are now broken and crumbling ruins, but some of them, restored in modern times, still supply the city with streams of the coolest and most limpid water from the far-off Alban hills. No city we have seen has such an abundant supply of pure water as Rome. It leaps and flashes in the great fountains of the public squares, and ripples and gurgles in its mossy channels in almost every courtyard and quadrangle. In several of these we observed ancient sarcophagi, which



THE EMPEROR HADRIAN, IN THE VATICAN GALLERY, ROME.

once perhaps held the body of a prince, converted into a horse-trough.

One of the most striking structures of Rome is the Mamertine prison. It consists of two chambers, one below the other. The lower was originally accessible only through a hole in the ceiling. In this dismal dungeon Jugurtha, the British king Vercingetorix, and other conquered enemies of Rome perished. Here also tradition affirms St. Peter was imprisoned, in confirmation whereof is shown the fountain averred to have sprung up miraculously that the Apostle might baptize his jailers. It being the anniversary of the Saint, a constant stream of devotees passed through, to whom a priest in much-soiled vestments



THE EMPEROR TRAJAN, IN THE VATICAN GALLERY, ROME.

was giving draughts of water from the sacred fountain.

Of still greater sanctity are the so-called *Scala Santa* or Holy Stairs. These consist of twenty-eight marble steps, said to have been those of Pilate's house, which were ascended by our Lord. They were brought from Jerusalem, so runs the legend, by the Empress Helena, A.D. 326. No one may ascend them except on his knees. It was while Luther was painfully toiling up their long incline, just like a bare-footed monk whom I saw repeating, with many prayers, the same act, devoutly kissing each step, that there flashed through his mind the emancipating message, "The just shall live by faith." "*Non est in toto sanctior orbe locus,*" says a marble legend,—"There is on earth no holier spot than this."

The subject of fine art in Rome is too large to treat, however cursorily, in these brief notes. As we lingered for hours in the corridors of the Vatican and Museum of the Capitol, entranced with the treasures rescued from the *debris* of the old Roman world, and wondered in mute amazement how great was the glory of its mighty prime, we felt that ancient sculpture had never been equalled by the work of the modern chisel. Most impressive were the portrait busts and statues of the emperors, senators, and orators of ancient Rome, and the ideal statues of the gods and demigods of eld. The achievements of Canova, Thorwaldsen, Gibson, and other masters, however, almost rival in our humble judgment the finest works of antiquity. With painting it is otherwise. We cannot feel the enthusiasm that many express concerning the great Italian masters. Even the celebrated "Last Judgment" of Michael Angelo, in the Sistine Chapel, failed to impress us as other than a grand *tour de force*, whose chief object seemed to be the display of the master's skill in the foreshortened representation of the human figure in every possible attitude of contortion. These dimly-lighted pictures, blackened with the smoke of centuries, are, however, an unfavourable exhibition of his powers.* We liked much better the works of Raphael in the Stanze and Loggie, which bear his name; although our untutored taste cannot subscribe to the dictum which pronounces them "unquestionably the noblest works of modern art in exis-

* The Moses of Michæl Angelo, however, impresses one profoundly: "Why don't you speak?" asked the master on its completion, and it does speak with a might and majesty beyond that of any pagan statue.

tence." We have seen many paintings that impressed us more.

The Vatican itself, in which these much-prized art treasures are housed, is the most extensive and magnificent palace in the world. It is said to contain eleven thousand halls, chapels, saloons, and private apartments, besides extensive courts and gardens. Here the Papal power is supreme. The successor of the humble fisherman of Galilee is attended by a guard of armed soldiers, accoutred in a singularly bizarre-looking uniform of yellow and red, like one of earth's proudest monarchs. Yet we read of "the prisoner of the Vatican," and Peter's pence are collected from the poor throughout Catholic Christendom for the maintenance of this unapostolic state.

No public resorts furnish so good an opportunity for the study of Roman life and character as the gardens of the Pincian Hill and those of the Villa Borghese. The former is on the site of the famed gardens of Lucullus, where the Empress Messalina afterward celebrated her orgies. It is now the fashionable evening drive of Rome, where the gay and pleasure-loving aristocracy pay and receive visits in their open carriages. The long arcades are adorned with busts and statues; a curious clepsydra or water-clock marks the hours, and a moving multitude of promenaders give life and variety to the scene. The sunset view from the terrace is magnificent—St. Peter's dome, the round castle of St. Angelo, and many a stately campanile are defined like a

MARS REPOSING, ROME.

THE VATICAN LIBRARY.

silhouette against the glowing western sky. A long range of the engirdling wall of the city, rising in places sixty or seventy feet, is also brought into view.

The gardens of the Villa Borghese are without the walls. They have a strangely antique appearance. In the grounds is a ruined temple, its pillared portico half broken down, and the statue of an unworshipped goddess standing on her deserted shrine. Marble seats, fountains, and statues—chipped, moss-grown, and time-stained—are seen beneath the vistas of venerable trees. The stately villa itself, the property of one of the noblest families of Rome, contains a superb art gallery and museum.

One other church in Rome we must mention on account of the unique and extraordinary character of its burial crypts. This is the church of the Capuchins. Its vaults are filled with sacred soil, from Jerusalem, in which the monks were buried. After several years' interment the skeletons were exhumed and arranged in architectural devices—columns, niches, and arches—a figure of Justice with her scales, a clock-face, and the like, all in human bones. In several of the niches stood the unfleshed skeletons, wearing the coarse serge gown and hood the living monk had worn, with his name, Brother Bartholomeo, or Brother Jiacomo, written on his skull—a ghastly mockery of life. In all, the remains of 6,000 monks are contained within these vaults. The Government has forbidden the continuance of this revolting custom.

Conditions of time and space forbid further account of the innumerable objects of antiquarian interest in the City of Seven Hills, "that was eternal named." New Rome, under the vigorous administration of its constitutional government, is fast asserting its place and influence as the political centre of United Italy. But its chief and imperishable interest to the pilgrims from many lands who visit its storied scenes, consists of the memories of its mighty past, and while time endures these memories shall never lose their power.

SOME DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE I HAVE MET.

BY MRS. DE TOUFFE LAUDER.

II.

SINCE I have already written of my presentation at the Royal Court of Italy in Rome, of my private audiences with Queen Margherita, and of the two autographed portraits of herself which her Majesty gave me, of the now martyred King Humbert I., and their only son, now King, also of the Papal Court, and of my presentation to Pope Leo XIII., and of my interesting meeting with the late deeply lamented Crown Prince Frederic, after the three months Emperor—and the Crown Princess Victoria—our beloved Princess Royal of England—and the present Kaiser William, a lad beside his noble father, I must, for want of space, pass all this over at present.

There is a group of three contemporaneous writers, German, whose faces I delight to recall—Fanny Lewald, Marlitt, and Frau von Hillern.

I met Fanny Lewald in Rome. She was a Jewess, but became a Christian in her seventeenth year. She was the daughter of a wealthy merchant and banker at Königsberg, in Prussia, where she was born in 1811, and she died in her seventy-ninth year in Dresden in 1889. She travelled with her father over nearly all Europe until his death, and published her travels in England, Scotland, and in Italy, which latter are particularly interesting. She was a large, dark woman, with black hair and eyes, a keen, intellectual face, but no claims whatever to beauty, save of expression. She told me of her cousin, John Lewald, who was an author of some note, and editor of a magazine. She must have written forty books, including many novels and other works, and her autobiography, some of which attracted much attention. On the whole she may be called a strong writer, and some of her characters will live, notably her "Maiden of Hela," a splendid figure. Fanny Lewald frequently manifests a clear insight into the deeps of the human soul.

When we heard Verdi's "Requiem" in Leipsic, we promised ourselves that we would visit him if we ever went to Italy. Giuseppe Verdi was born the 9th of October, 1813, at Le Roncole, a cluster of labourers' houses, some three miles from Busseto, which place was the Saxe-Weimar of the Duchy of Parma. His father kept a small inn at Le Roncole. The entire country was a flat plain, and there was nothing in his environment to awaken the poetic and musical vein in the boy's soul. His is a striking instance of the awakening of genius of itself, through its own power, without outward influences. His father had faith in the lad's musical abilities and bought him a spinet when he was seven. This "*spinet emeritus*" is at the villa of Saint Agatha—no strings, its lid lost—as Liszt would say, "quite respectable." Verdi has written twenty-nine operas and other works besides his masterpiece. When wealth came he built his home, Saint Agatha, near Busseto, and he had a farm which he superintended himself, but not until he had lost his beautiful first wife Margherita, and their two children, between April and June,

and was left "alone ! alone !" He married later Madame Streppone. Verdi usually spent the winter in Genoa. His "Requiem" was produced at Milan for the anniversary of the death of Manzoni, May 22nd, 1874.

It was in the fresh springtime when we made our détour to see the world-famed tone-poet, who welcomed us very cordially as coming directly from the immortal Liszt. As we entered the library, the piano stood open, there was a portrait of his first wife Margherita, and two of his orders, of which he had many. Verdi delighted in his farm, fruits, flowers, horses, and enjoyed his simple life. We were not only invited, but kept, for luncheon, and Verdi spoke much of Liszt, and his marvellous power, also of Wagner and Von Bülow. Verdi had a massive head, a finely chiselled forehead, and a cordial, graceful, sincere manner. When he died, it was found that he had left a large sum for benevolent objects.

We met, at a brilliant entertainment of music and elocution, the great tragedienne Ristori, a woman of a superb physique, tall and stately, a regal head, a royal manner, a noble countenance, a flashing black eye, imperial gestures, a glorious voice, who commanded admiration and esteem whenever she appeared. She had consented to give a scene from her "Mary Stuart," and also from "Elizabeth," her two great roles. She was both the queen, the victim, and the queen in power, and in both she laid bare the awful soul-struggle. The passion of Mary Stuart swept irresistibly on like an Alpine avalanche, or rather like an eruption of Vesuvius, flaming, raging. The dread scene where Elizabeth, in her soliloquy, finally decides, yields to the evil, and signs Mary's death-warrant, was a masterpiece of tragic art—overwhelming and terrible.

We met at the same time Ristori's beautiful daughter, who spoke many languages. Ristori owned a palace in Rome, her home, and she travelled through the principal countries in Europe and also visited America.

On the northern slopes of the Harz mountains is situated the town of Quedlinburg, and there resided a very charming German family, our intimate friends. Herr Schellwien, the father, had married an English lady. He was a barrister, had written a work on "The Will," had published a volume of poems, and had translated "Enoch Arden" into German. We saw much of them when in the mountains, made numerous mountain trips together, and were invited to spend the Christmas and New Year's holidays at their home. There were two daughters; the younger, Anna, a beauty, had married a gentleman of wealth in Frankfort-on-the-Oder, but they came to the mountains for the summer, and likewise for Christmas time. We were invited to pass a fortnight with them, and thus we came to know the great sand-plain of the north, with its Huns' graves, its pine forests, and its broad and noble river. The poet Von Kleist received his death-wound at the battle of Kunersdorf, near the city, and we walked through two great fields to the hollow on a hill-side, where the wounded poet was found by a humane Russian officer, who sent him to the city, and had him carefully nursed till his death. In the park there is a monument to the poet's memory.

We visited the celebrated fortress of Küstrin, situated on the vast plain about eight miles from Frankfort. The Commandant was a tall, magnificent soldier, and he possessed a splendid Mount St. Bernard dog of pure race—no money could have bought that dog. He was an old friend of my friends the Lienaus, and he accompanied us and did the honours of the fortress. I

must only linger to relate one fact of the history of this grim stronghold. Frederick the Great, when a youth, made an attempt to flee to England in order to escape the severity of his father, King Frederick William I., and the prince's friend Katta helped him in the attempt. Of course the plan failed, and Katta was sent to Küstrin for high treason. The King sent his son also to the fortress, where he was compelled to witness the execution of his unhappy friend. We stood on the spot of this awful tragedy, which inflicted an incurable and, to the young prince, an unforgivable scar on his character.

At the home of the Schellwiens we met Julius Wolff, who was then a resident of Berlin, and Frau Wolff. He was then bringing out his poem "Tannhaüser" in two volumes. He was a pure Saxon, fair, blonde hair, blue eyes, and very pleasing manners.

Baron von Tauchnitz, the great publisher, resided in Leipsic. He had distinguished himself by the publication of all the English classics in Germany, each volume costing only one shilling, but these books might not be taken out of the country. The late King of Saxony —one of the strong empire-builders —knighted him for his great service to literature. They were a delightful family. At our first dinner with them I met the ambassador of France and his wife, also the ambassador of Spain. The wife of the latter was dark, with flashing black eyes; she was very bright and witty, spoke German, played the mandolin and sang. Miss Tauchnitz was a splendid type of a German maiden; but, to her great annoyance, she was almost six feet in stature.

Who has not heard of the beloved Professor George Ebers, of Egyptian renown, who died about a year ago? He contracted the disease which caused his death in Egypt, and lived for weary years in a roll-chair. He had a charming wife and two lovely daughters, all most helpful to him in his literary work. I sent him my "Legends and Tales of the Harz Mountains," and received from him in reply a very laudatory letter, and a beautiful copy of his "Sisters" in green and gold. And I was permitted to send him my "Poet's Album," in which he kindly wrote.

Previous to this I had met Gustav Freytag, another truly great author, and I had a very interesting correspondence with him. He sent me, in return for the book I have mentioned, his autographed photograph. He has written a small library too, all of which I am glad to say I read in Germany. His best book is said to be "Soll und Haben" —"Debtor and Creditor." Freytag had a villa in Thuringia, where he summered. He married a lady-in-waiting of the late Empress Frederick, but she was dead.

Several of the noted professors of the Leipsic University were preachers also, among whom was the world-famous converted Jew, Delitzsch,* who, subsequent to his conversion, translated the Greek Testament into Hebrew for the Jews. His first cry, when he saw the Christ as the true Messiah, was, as he leapt to his feet—"What can I do for my people?" The aged Lutheran pastor, who was the instrument in his conversion, was still living in Leipsic—but very feeble. Professor Delitzsch was a foundling of the ancient street, the Brühl—picked up by a member of a wealthy Jewish family, who brought him up and gave him his splendid education. How wonderful are God's ways! Whether Delitzsch ever knew who he really was, is not known—and no one dared to ask him.

Professor Fricke was teeming with beautiful and profound

* The present Professor Delitzsch is his son.

thoughts, and his brother translated Milton's "Paradise Lost" into German. "And what shall I more say? for the time will fail me if I tell of Gideon, Barak, Samson, Jephthah; of David and Samuel and the prophets" of old Leipsic. But I must add that Professor Ranke, author of "The Popes of Rome," was still living.

Marlitt was of a poor family, her father a painter, her mother a beauty. Her true name was Eugenie John. She was born in Arnstadt, in Thuringia, in 1825, and she died there in 1887. She was not beautiful, but she was bright, had dark, curly hair, very expressive eyes, and a pleasant and musical voice. And she, too, lived long in a roll-chair. She attempted a musical career, but failing in that, she finally took to her pen, and made such a brilliant success in her "Gold Elsie"—which seized the people—and sold for such a large sum that she built "Marlittheim" on elevated ground, with a belvedere commanding a lovely view over the wooded Thuringian hills. She was good to her family when wealth came, and she had a favourite brother from whom she was inseparable. I have not space now to relate her history through which she became so embittered. In all her books there is a *kranke seele*—a sick soul—a morbid, revengeful spirit, and she does not rise and grow, but rather deteriorates. She has delineated no character that will live, for a great character must rise above itself. Her heroine is always Marlitt bemoaning her fate.

I drove through the charming valley of the Wipper, among wooded hills, past the huge castle with towers, to Marlitt's home. The study or "work-room" was on the ground floor. On her writing-table was an inkstand, a gift from the Princess, her friend, and there was an inlaid cabinet of much beauty. We went into the flower-garden, a favourite retreat, where she loved to construct her plots under a lovely tree. She spoke of the Princess Matilda, whom she loved, but she "*hated*" the courtiers. Finally her brother conducted me to the belvedere for the view. Marlitt had to be carried to the tower when she went up, and once they dropped her chair and she was seriously hurt.

Frau von Hillern was born in Cobourg in 1836, and died in 1882. She was a brilliant woman and a good conversationalist, but she has written some very weak and foolish books; but she wrote at least two strong books, "A Physician of the Soul," and "Geier-Wally." This title is a proper name, and is translated "Vulture Maiden," which has been dramatized.

We spent from May to September in the German city of the Muses, at the court of the great Maestro Liszt, and hundreds of artists came to Saxe-Weimar to play before him, or to hear him play. And Von Bülow came for a fortnight.

At a musical reunion in the Stahr House, Liszt and a young Hungarian countess played a duet of his own composition on two grand pianos. What music! What skill, with no apparent effort! What a tale all in tones! Now the storm of wild passion, rumblings, rolling thunders, then a calm, soft whispering, then wild roarings of billows, ravings, howling winds, again soft notes, silvery, bell-like cooings of the nightingale, sighing zephyrs, mysterious moonlight and then a rippling river, and a lovers' boat finally gliding to the shore.

After this performance Liszt came and seated himself beside me and asked me if I did not think the young countess fascinating, and we chatted in French as he loved to do.

The widow of the great pianist and composer, Hummel, was still living, then over eighty, and with her I enjoyed two pleasant interviews. Frau Hummel was a fascin-

ating lady, with lovely silken white hair, soft grey eyes and a very musical voice. She had known all the "great masters," from "Vater Haydn," Beethoven, and Mozart down, and they had all played on the piano in her drawing-room. When I went to say good-bye on the eve of leaving for home she took me in her arms, and saluting me on both cheeks, said *"Travel with God!"*

We frequently met the dark, powerful countenance of the late Grand Duke Karl Alexander at these musical reunions, sometimes with the young Princess, who strongly resembled him. He was the only brother of the late Empress Augusta, mother of the noble but unfortunate Emperor Frederick. Karl Alexander was the last link with the great poet Goethe, who was the friend of his childhood, and supervised his education. He was, like the late King of Saxony, one of the great empire-builders in Germany's hour of need and mighty struggle.

At a Liszt concert given at Jena, all the artists went, and there was a special train. There was a gala dinner before the concert, and I had the honour of being seated next Liszt, with Miss Stahr at his left hand. We had supper in a large and beautiful garden belonging to one of Liszt's friends, and returned in the evening to Saxe-Weimar. How could I forget those pleasant days among those musical souls? I might write a volume and not finish the story of the noble and kind acts of the great Liszt to the artists of the world, dead and living. His was a truly great—a royal soul. And I might talk of meetings with Frau Schumann, with Rubinstein, Wagner, Greig—but they must wait time and space.

The Emperor-King, Francis Joseph I. of Austro-Hungary, is justly called "the Beloved," as also "the Father of the land and of his people." Whether on horseback, where she was superb, at Schönbrunnen, or in the Prater, the Hyde Park of the Continent, there was always for me a deep fascination in the regal personality of the Empress Elizabeth. Alas, what a tragic fate was hers!

> Beside her Rudolf calm reposing in her unwaking sleep,
> Her home is in that country where the dwellers never weep.

The Empress was a poetess of no mean order. She was intrumental in establishing the "People's Kitchens," where a breakfast and a supper were served at a groschen, a little less than three cents, and dinner for five cents. The vast numbers only made this possible. They told me in Vienna that ten thousand people dined daily at these cheap restaurants. Some ladies of the court circle were always present, and even members of the Imperial family sometimes dined at some one of them.

The Emperor looked much as he did in Paris; the same clear, fair complexion, the same sky-blue eye; the two great sorrows of his life were not yet stamped upon his noble countenance. It is my ambition to see the now venerable and saddened face once again. Francis Joseph, since his accession to the throne, has devoted a part of every Monday and Thursday to give audience to any of his subjects who may desire it. All are welcome—the poorest, the most distressed. It is a remarkable fact, that the awful disasters of Solferino and of Sadowa never lost him the love of his people. And now he has left his seventy-second birthday behind, and still he is strong to govern and to bless. God save the Emperor! *"Es lebe der Kaiser!"*

> They pass me by with silent tread,
> These friends of happy days.

I close with a noble name, and one of the grandest men of all time,

I mean the great and imperial Rev. Dr. Charles G. Finney, late President of Oberlin University. I would fain embalm the memory of my favourite teacher, and raise a monument to my beloved Alma Mater. An imperial presence in the pulpit, six feet in height, straight as an arrow, a massive, grand head, a lofty brow, a noble countenance, an eagle eye, penetrating the very secrets of the soul, a superb voice, not to be described (though I hear it ringing yet), akin to that of Spurgeon and Beecher and our own Punshon, yet unlike them all, Dr. Finney's superior it were difficult to find, and few are his peers. His whole being was bathed in the spirit of his Divine Master, and his prayers were thrilling displays of deep spirituality. His recollections of his life, written from memory, after much urging, for he never kept a diary, is very precious to me, and I think I have heard him relate every incident in the book. His conversion was as remarkable as that of Saint Paul, in that his Lord appeared to him, for he too was a slave to unbelief, and were they not both "chosen vessels," "separated for a mighty work"?

TROUBLE-TOSSED.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Dear Lord, I greatly need Thy help to-day;
And yet, so weak I am, I cannot pray;
So weak and so unworthy,—when I try
My thought is like an infant's wordless cry.

But as that cry the mother's heart doth move,
By my distress is stirred Thy deepest love;
Discerning naught beside, I know this much
As knows the child the tender parent touch.

And, as that soft touch stills the baby woes,
To feel Thee near can bring me calm repose.
Sin-weary, sorrow-laden, sore perplexed,
By suffering wasted, and by trial vexed,

All these am I—but Thou from each giv'st rest
To those who seek the shelter of Thy breast:
No soul too trouble-tossed can ever be
For the blest succour of Thy sympathy.

"Come unto Me," Thy voice doth sweetly sound,
"And let My strength thy feebleness surround"!
And so I come—powerless, 'tis true, to plead;
But sure that Thou canst compass all my need.

Toronto.

'Neath His pinions if He hide thee,
Storms may cross the way;
Safely through them He will guide thee
Into cloudless day.

—Ps. xci. 4.

A GREAT PURITAN.*

RICHARD BAXTER.

BY THE EDITOR.

II.

FTER his ejection from his parish and parsonage, Baxter preached as occasion offered, in town and country. In one London parish, he writes, were 40,000, and in another, St. Martin's, 60,000 persons, with no church to go to. He felt that the vows of God were upon him, and he might not hold his peace. His heart yearned over these people as sheep having no shepherd; and in spite of prohibition and punishment, he ministered, as he had opportunity, to their necessities. During this period occurred the awful events of the plague and fire of London, like the judgments of the Almighty upon a perverse nation. Yet persecution raged with intense fury. A High Church pulpiteer, in a sermon before the House of Commons, told them that "the Nonconformists ought not to be tolerated, but to be cured by vengeance." He urged them "to set fire to the faggot, to teach them by scourges of scorpions, and to open their eyes with gall."

Baxter was several times imprisoned for his public ministrations, for privately preaching to his neighbours, for having more than the statutory number at family prayer, and for similar heinous offences. If but five persons came in where he was praying, it could be construed into a breach of the law. So weary, he writes, was he of guarding his door against vile informers, who came to distrain his goods for preaching, that he was forced to leave his house, sell his goods, and part with his beloved books. For twelve years, he complains, his books, which he prized most of all his possessions, were stored in a rented room at Kidderminster, eaten with worms and rats, while he was a fugitive from place to place, and now he was forced to lose them for ever. But with pious resignation he adds, "I was near the end both of that work and life which needeth books, and so I easily let go all. Naked came I into the world, and naked must I go out."

He was once arrested in his sickbed for coming within five miles of a corporation contrary to the statute; and all his goods, even to his bed beneath him, were distrained on warrants to the amount of £195 for preaching five sermons. As he was dragged to prison he was met by a physician, who made oath before a justice that his removal was at the peril of his life; so he was allowed to return to his rifled home. On one occasion, finding him locked in his study, the officers, in order to starve him out, placed six men on guard at the door, to whom he had to surrender the next day. Had his friends not become his surety, contrary to his wish, to the amount of £400, he must have died in prison, "as many excellent persons did about this time," naively remarks his biographer.

Although he enjoyed the friendship and esteem of Lord Chief Jus-

* The life of Richard Baxter, their "companion in tribulation and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ," will be a fitting bicentenary study of the brave brotherhood of Christian confessors who illustrated the history of their native land.

tice Hale, of whom he wrote an interesting Life, yet even Hale's influence was powerless to resist the persecutions of the Government. If he might but have the liberty that every beggar had, of travelling from town to town, Baxter somewhat bitterly remarked, so that he could go up to London and correct the sheets of his books in press, he would consider it a boon.

"I am weary of the noise of contentious revilers," he plaintively writes, "and have often had thoughts to go into a foreign land, if I could find anywhere I might have a healthful air and quietness, that I might live and die in peace. When I sit in a corner and meddle with nobody, and hope the world will forget that I am alive, court, city, and country are still filled with clamours against me; and when a preacher wants preferment, his way is to preach or write a book against the Nonconformists, and me by name."

But perhaps his most scurrilous treatment was his arraignment before the brutal Jeffreys, Lord Chief Justice of England—the disgrace of the British Bench, and the original of Bunyan's "Lord Hategood"—for his alleged seditious reflections on Episcopacy, in his Paraphrase of the New Testament, written for the use of the poor. The Latin indictment sets forth that "Richard Baxter, a seditious and factious person, of a depraved, impious, and unquiet mind, and of a turbulent disposition and conversation, has falsely, unlawfully, unjustly, factiously, seditiously, and impiously, made, composed, and written a certain false, seditious, libellous, factious, and impious book;" and proceeds by garbled extracts and false constructions to bring it within the penalties of the law.

The partisan judge, of the brazen forehead and the venomous tongue, the mere tool of tyranny, surpassed his usual vulgar insolence. He stormed and swore, he roared, and snorted, and, we are told, he squeaked through his nose with uprolled eyes in imitation of Baxter's supposed manner of praying. "When I saw," says an eye-witness, "the meek man stand before the flaming eyes and fierce looks of this bigot, I thought of Paul standing before Nero." Jeffreys' conduct, says Bishop Burnet, would have amazed one in the bashaw of Turkey.

The accused asked for time to prepare his defence. "Not a minute to save his life," was the amiable reply; and, pointing to the infamous Oates, who stood pilloried in Palace Yard, Jeffreys thundered. "There stands Oates on one side of the pillory, and if Baxter stood on the other, the two greatest rogues in the kingdom would stand together. This is an old rogue, a schismatical knave, a hypocritical villain."

When the counsel reminded the judge of King Charles' esteem for the accused, and his offer of a mitre, he shouted, "What ailed the old blockhead, the unthankful villain, that he would not conform?—the conceited, stubborn, fanatical dog!" "My lord," said the venerable old man, "I have been much censured by dissenters for speaking well of bishops."

"Ho! Baxter for bishops!" jeered the ermined buffoon, "that's a merry conceit indeed; turn to it, turn to it." The proof being given, he exclaimed, "Ay, that's Kidderminster bishops, rascals like yourself, factious, snivelling Presbyterians. Thou art an old knave," continued the browbeating bully, "thou hast written books enough to load a cart, and every book as full of treason as an egg is full of meat. Hadst thou been whipped out of thy writing forty years ago it would have been well. I see many of your brotherhood waiting to see what will become

of their mighty don; but by the grace of God Almighty, I will crush you all. Come, what do you say for yourself, old knave? Speak up! I am not afraid of you for all your snivelling calves," alluding to some of the spectators who were in tears.

"Your lordship need not," replied Baxter, "I'll not hurt you. But *these things* will surely be understood one day; what fools one sort of Protestants are to persecute the other." Lifting up his eyes to heaven, he said, "I am not concerned to answer such stuff, but am ready to produce my writings for the confutation of all this; and my life and conversation are known to many in this nation."

After Jeffreys had passionately charged the jury, Baxter inquired, "Does your lordship think they will pass a verdict after such a trial as that? "I'll warrant you they will," he sneered, "don't trouble yourself about that;" and bring in a verdict of guilty they did, without retiring from the box. Baxter was fined five hundred marks, to lie in prison till he paid it, and bound to his good behaviour for seven years; and but for the remonstrance of his fellow-judges Jeffreys would have added the sentence of whipping at the cart's tail through the city. "My lord, there was once a Chief Justice," said Baxter, referring to his deceased friend, Sir Matthew Hale, "who would have treated me very differently." "There's not an honest man in England but regards thee as a knave," was the brutal reply.*

The old man, bowed and broken with seventy years of toil and suffering, penniless, homeless, wifeless, childless, was haled to the King's Bench Prison, where he languished well-nigh two years, hoping no respite but that of death. But the celestial vision of the Lord he loved cheered the solitude of his lonely cell; and sweetly falling on his inner ear, unheeding the obscene riot of the gaol, sang the sevenfold chorus of cherubim and seraphim on high. Pain and sickness, bereavement and sorrow, persecution and shame, were all forgotten in the thrilling anticipation of the divine and eternal beatitude of the redeemed before the throne. The rude stone wall seemed to his waiting soul but the portals of the palace of the great King, the house not made with hands in heaven. "He talked, said Calamy, "about another world, like one who had been there."

But persecution and sickness had done their work. His feeble frame broke down beneath his accumulated trials. After his release he lingered about four years "in age and feebleness extreme," preaching as opportunity and strength permitted, till at last the weary wheels of life stood still. "In profound loneliness," writes a sympathizing biographer, "with a settled reliance on the Divine mercy, repeating at frequent intervals the prayer of the Redeemer, on whom his hopes reposed, and breathing out benedictions on those who encircled his dying bed, he passed away from a life of almost unequalled toil and suffering" to the rest that remaineth for the people of God.

The malice of his enemies sought to pursue him beyond the grave, by asserting that his last hours were darkened by doubt and despair.* But his dying words are the best re-

* When Baxter was on this or some previous occasion brought before Jeffreys, "Richard," said the brutal Chief Justice, "I see a rogue in your face." "I had not known before," replied Baxter, "that my face was a mirror."

* Among the phrases applied to Baxter in a scurrilous Latin epitaph by the Rev. Thomas Long, prebendary of Exeter, are the following:—"Reformed Jesuit, brazen heresiarch, chief of schismatics, cause of the leprosy of the Church, the sworn enemy of the king and bishops, and the very bond of rebels."

futation of this posthumous slander. To Dr. Increase Mather, of New England, he said the day before his death, "I have pain; but I have peace, I have peace. . . . I believe, I believe." To a later inquiry of how he was, he replied, in anticipation of his speedy departure, "Almost well." His last words were, speaking of his Divine Master, "Oh, I thank Him! I thank Him!" and to a friend by his bedside, "The Lord teach you to die."

Thus passed away, in his seventy-seventh year, on the 8th December, 1691, one of the noblest and bravest spirits of the seventeenth century. In primitive times, says Bishop Wilkins, he would have been counted a father of the Church. He rests from his labours, but his works do follow him. Being dead, he yet speaketh. His words of wisdom can never die. In camp and court, in his parish, and in his prison, in pain and sickness, in poverty, and persecution, his busy pen and copious mind poured forth a flood of written eloquence—of argument, counsel, entreaty,—that, still living in the printed page, is his truest and most enduring monument—*aere perennius.*

His collected works amount to no less than one hundred and sixty-eight volumes, many of them ponderous folio tomes of forgotten controversy, or of superseded ecclesiastical lore. We know of no parallel instance of such intense literary activity, conjoined with such a busy life, save in the kindred character of John Wesley. Baxter's "Methodus Theologicæ Christianæ," written, he tells us, "in a troublesome, smoky, suffocating room, in the midst of daily pains of sciatica, and many worse," and his "Catholic Theology" are now left to the undisturbed repose of ancient libraries —the mausolea of the labours of the mighty dead—the prey of the bookworm, insect or human.

His "Holy Commonwealth, or Plea for Monarchy under God the Universal Monarch," was condemned to the flames by the University of Oxford, for the assertion of the constitutional, but, as then thought, seditious principle, that the laws of England are above the king. In a Dantean vision of hell, one of his clerical opponents represents the pious Puritan as enthroned in perdition, crowned with wreaths of serpents and chaplets of adders, his triumphal chariot a pulpit drawn by wolves. "Make room," exclaims the amiable critic, "scribes and pharisees, hypocrites, atheists, and politicians, for the greatest rebel on earth, and next to him that fell from heaven."

The tumult of the strifes and controversies in which Baxter was engaged has passed away. Most of the principles for which he contended have long since been universally conceded. But even in sternest polemical conflict his zeal was tempered with love. "While we wrangle here in the dark," with a tender pathos he exclaims, "we are dying and passing to the world that will decide all our controversies; and the safest passage thither is by peaceable holiness."

Baxter was not exempt from a touch of human infirmity and a tinge of superstition, incident to the age in which he lived—a superstition that was shared by Sir Matthew Hale, and Sir Thomas Browne, one of the ablest judges and one of the subtlest intellects of Europe. In the remarkable witchcraft delusion of Old and New England he saw unquestionable evidence of the certainty of the world of spirits; and wrote a treatise commemorating the fact.

But it is by his "practical works" that he is best known; and these will never grow old nor lose their spell of power. As long as weary hearts and bruised consciences ache with a sense of sin and sorrow; as long as

heavy-laden spirits struggle, often baffled and defeated, with the ills of earth, and yearn with an infinite longing for the repose of heaven,—so long will the "Call to the Unconverted," the "Dying Thoughts," the "Saint's Rest," continue to probe the wounded spirit to the quick, to point out the inveterate disease of the soul and its unfailing antidote, to quicken to a flame of devotion the sluggish feelings of the mind. Throughout all time will the "Reformed Pastor" be a manual of ministerial conduct and duty, an inspiration and example of pastoral diligence and zeal.

The secret of this power is the intense earnestness of the man. He poured his very soul into his books. They seemed written with his heart's blood. He walked continually on the very verge of the spirit world. The shadows of death fell ever broad and black across his path. All his acts were projected against the background of eternity. The awful presence of the king of terrors stood ever with lifted spear before him. Chronic and painful disease grappled ever at the springs of life. A premature old age — *præmatura senectus,* as he himself called it,—accompanied him through life from his very youth. "As waves follow waves in the tempestuous sea," he writes, "so one pain and danger follows another in this sinful, miserable flesh. I die daily, and yet remain alive."

His spirit gleamed more brightly for the extreme fragility of the earthen vessel in which it was enshrined, like a lamp shining through an alabaster vase. He walked a stranger on earth, as a citizen of heaven. The evanescent shows and semblances of time were as nothing; the fadeless verities of eternity were all in all. Like a dying man, dissevered from the ephemeral interests of life, he wrote and spoke as from the borders of the grave. Each day must be redeemed as though it were the last. "I live only for work," he says.

The worst consequence of his afflictions was, he considered, the loss of time which they entailed. He, therefore, wasted no midnight oil in minute revision, for he knew not if to-morrow's sun would permit the completion of the task he had begun. Each sermon had all the emphasis of dying words. Indeed the last time he preached he almost died in the pulpit. Therefore, he fearlessly administered reproof and exhortation alike before King or Protector, before Parliament or parishioners. He feared God and feared only Him. He had no time or disposition to cultivate the graces of style, the arts of rhetoric. He sought not to catch the applause nor shun the blame of men, beyond both of which he was soon to pass for ever.

Hence he poured the tumultuous current of his thought upon the page, often with impassioned and unpremeditated eloquence, often with thrilling and pathetic power, sometimes with diffuseness or monotony, but never with artificial prettiness or fanciful conceits. "I must cast water on this fire," he exclaims, "though I have not a silver vessel to carry it in. The plainest words are the most profitable oratory in the weightiest matters. The transcript of the heart has the greatest force on the hearts of others." When the success of his labours was referred to, he meekly replied, "I am but a pen in the hand of God; and what praise is due to a pen?"

Well were it for each of us who read the record of this noble life, if similar lofty principles and solemn sense of our duties and relationships inspired each thought and act, and moulded our daily life and conduct.

PROVIDENCE AND PALESTINE—THE RETURN OF THE JEWS.*

BY ISRAEL ZANGWILL,

Author of "Children of the Ghetto," etc.

WHEN, after the suppression of the Stuart Rebellion of 1745, the grateful Hanoverian Government (which, like almost everything in history, had been largely financed by the Jews) wished to give its loyal guests naturalization rights, Pelham was denounced for opposing the hand of Providence. Providence, it was contended, desired that the Jews should remain without a fatherland till such time as Providence should restore them to their own fatherland.

Now that a great international Zionist movement exists to restore them to their own fatherland, the Zionists are told that they are forcing the hand of Province. It were a much more plausible reading of contemporary history to say—adopting the dogmatic phraseology of these pseudo-theologians—that Providence is forcing the hand of the Zionists. In fact, within the last few days far separate threads of history have knitted themselves together into a strikingly significant pattern.

Let us examine in barest outline the existing factors of the problem of the Wandering Jew in relation to the great hope that has comforted his wanderings. These factors are the position of the Jewish people, of Palestine, and of the ruler of Palestine.

The position of the Jews, despite superficial appearances, is now worse than it has been for centuries. Their very emancipation, where it is real, has only prepared their dissolution; for it is impossible for a small minority, devoid of the dike of the Ghetto wall, to escape being battered out of all recognition, if not altogether sucked up by the great waves of Western life perpetually beating upon them. The mere industrial impossibility of keeping two Sabbaths in the week destroys the Jewish Saturday, the very pivot of their religion, while all attempts at throwing the ancient sanctity over the Sunday have been miserable failures.

But this destructive emancipation touches only a minority. More than half of the eleven million Jews in the world find themselves in Russia, and for the most part congested in the Pale, severely bruised and chafed by that planing policy by which holy Russia is to be smoothed into a religious unity. In Roumania a quarter of a million of Jews are being legislated away, with remorseless defiance of the treaty of Berlin.

The one million Jews of America are free, but not socially equal. The slums of the great cities of the States have reached saturation-point as regards their capacity to receive the streams of migration of starving Russians and Roumanians.

London itself begins to protest, through the British Brothers' League and a Parliamentary Inquiry, against their continued inflow. Germany, Austria, and Hungary have their Antisemitic parties, and France is no longer the country in

* The recent outburst of *Judenhetz* and persecution in Russia and Roumania gives special interest to this article by the foremost Jewish writer of the age. Condensed from The Christian Endeavour World.—ED.

whose capital it would be supremely pleasant for a Rothschild to remain as ambassador.

Looking around the world, we see to our astonishment, of all the countries inhabited by a large Jewish population, only one country free from Antisemitism, only one country in which the Jewish inhabitants live at absolute peace with their neighbours, and that is the Ottoman Empire. In European and Asiatic Turkey no less than 450,000 Jews are already resident under the sway of the Sultan. Perhaps they get along so well with Mohammedans because of the affinity of their religious practices.

How stands the particular portion of the Ottoman Empire to which the eyes of the Jewish people have been turned for eighteen weary centuries? Palestine might have been densely populated by Turks or Arabs or Europeans; it might have been already exploited by the industrial forces of modern civilization. It might have passed into the hands of France or Germany or Russia, all of which have been trying to establish spheres of influence therein. But no; it remains at this moment an almost uninhabited, forsaken, and ruined Turkish territory.

Nevertheless, its position in the very centre of the Old World, its relation to the Mediterranean, the Suez Canal, Egypt, and the Persian Gulf, point out for it a commercial and strategical future of high importance. The land is not beyond recuperation: it is ready to flow again with milk and honey; and, if treated on a great scale like Egypt, will equally repay the capital sunk in it.

The streams of Jewish migration, which are so unwelcome in other countries, would here find their natural channel, and would restore the whole country to fertility and prosperity. For these Jewish refugees are not beggars: most are artisans and some are agriculturists. The labour so necessary in new colonies is thus provided by the centrifugal force of persecution and the centripetal force of the Holy Land.

The Zionist societies, which the Jewish refugees hasten to establish as soon as they find their feet in Cape Breton or South Africa, testify how willingly these hard-working emigrants would have gone directly to Zion. Zion is indeed much nearer to the Pale, and the journey from Odessa across the Black Sea costs only thirty shillings. If the British Government would but co-operate with the British Zionists, it might dispense with its Parliamentary Commission and keep unsullied its glorious, hospitable tradition as the Liberty Hall of the world.

But in order that the immemorial love of the Jew for the Holy Land may lead to a reunion with it, the Jew must do more than merely plead his affection. He has the choice between marriage by capture and marriage by purchase.

The former is obviously impossible. Not even Cæsar or Napoleon could marshal the warriors of the Diaspora, the rallying of whom in any and every country would be an act of aggression against its Government, or at least against a power with which the Government was at peace; while, even if all the Christian Governments cheerfully sanctioned this paradoxical Jewish crusade, its forces would be annihilated before the onset of the highly effective million of Turkish soldiers. This is even without taking into consideration that a good many Jews live under Mohammedan regimes, and that all Islam, white, black, and negroid, would rise against an attempt that would seem aimed at the Holy Places. No, the absurdity of conquest is so monstrous as scarcely to be worth mentioning.

There remains the marriage by purchase, or rather by such delicate

financial operations as those which in actual modern matrimony cover up the ancient reality. Has Providence prepared the path in this direction? Is there a sufficient dearth of money in Turkey to make such a union tempting? Is there sufficient command of money in Israel to supply the necessary temptation? At this historical moment both these questions are answered by an emphatic "Yes."

One need only quote from an authoritative article in The Scotsman to demonstrate how deep is Turkey's necessity:

"The Turkish Government has already pledged about every tangible asset it ever possessed. It has hypothecated well-nigh everything except the very atmosphere. In the meantime its immediate necessities are most pressing; floating-debt creditors are every day waxing more insistent and clamorous for a settlement, and the army and civil servants are heavy and noisy claimants for arrears of pay. Unless something is done, and that quickly, to deal with the demands of the military department, serious trouble is to be feared. Signs have not been wanting of late of an increasing spirit of discontent verging on insubordination. Affairs have reached a critical condition, which will no longer permit of neglect. They are not made easier of treatment by the growing activity of the Young Turkish party.

"What is, above all else, wanted at the moment is hard cash. Every source has been tapped over and over again, until they have one and all about run dry."

"Man's extremity is God's opportunity." What has the hand of Providence done toward equipping Israel to intervene at this crisis, and to redeem not only itself, but the Ottoman Empire, the integrity of which is still a great necessity for the peace of the world?

Walk in the Bornestrasse in Frankfort, and you will see a tall gabled house standing solitary amid its modern neighbours. This house is almost the sole relic of the *Judengasse* in which the Jews of the town were penned for generations, and it is preserved because it was the cradle of a Jewish family of financiers whose operations—under Providence—influenced the destinies of Europe.

This brotherhood of barons, scattered throughout the leading capitals, working loyally together, and with a network of other friendly houses, exercises a unique power, a power which, while the new American plutocrats confine themselves to their own hemisphere, has no rival in this. This power, without spending a penny, by its mere nod, by simply indorsing Zionism, could solve the problem of the wandering Jew—and possibly even make a profit of millions for itself. Manifestly prepared by Providence for the salvation of Israel, this great power can refuse its destiny only at the cost of its present headship of Jewries of Europe.

But would the Sultan condescend to treat with Israel? Very recently Dr. Herzl, the leader of modern Zionism, was in Constantinople, summoned thither by imperial fiat. For His Majesty trusts Dr. Herzl, with whom he has already held long and friendly conference. He realizes that Dr. Herzl cherishes no designs against the unity of his empire, but merely desires some simple form of self-government for the colonies of immigrants.

Nor is Dr. Herzl entirely unbacked by money; for the poor Jews of the world have of themselves subscribed more than a quarter of a million pounds, and there are not a few magnates of finance, both in England and South Africa, ready to rally round him if he can bring back any solid concession or even option from the Sultan. It is quite probable, too, that the Hirsch trustees, taught the lesson that outside Palestine their money is fruitless, will ultimately put their millions at the disposal of his movement. But had he gone armed with the credit of

the Rothschilds, the return to Palestine could, beyond question, have begun to-morrow. It is one of the many misfortunes of Israel that at this dramatic crisis of its history, when the hopes of eighteen centuries have come to the verge of consummation, three persons who were alive together in the last generation—George Eliot, Baron Hirsch, and Lord Beaconsfield—are all dead. George Eliot would have been inspired by her own success as a prophet to become the muse of the movement, Disraeli would have disentangled all the political complications, and Hirsch would have recalled his millions from their futile employ in the Argentine, and transferred his scheme of salvation to Palestine. In those days Zionism would have had its poet, its politician, and its paymaster. Now, fallen on more materialistic days and punier souls, it may suffer shipwreck almost in sight of port.

Lord Rothschild is president of the Council of the United Synagogue, the orthodox synagogue in whose doctrine the restoration to Palestine is a cardinal dogma ; and the notion that this restoration can be achieved without human cooperation is disavowed by all sensible rabbis and by The Jewish Chronicle itself. The curious question arises, therefore, will Lord Rothschild fly in the face of Providence ? And, if he does, will he, as president of the synagogue, continue to countenance prayers for that restoration which he will have deliberately prevented ?

In any event, Zionism is sure of a unique place in history. Success will add to the scroll of the ages the story of how a people cherished the memory of its lost fatherland for more than eighteen hundred and thirty years, and made the dream a fact at last ; while failure will give Zionism an equally exceptional place as the only movement not financed by the Jews.

Christian Writers on the Jewish Problem.

Interest in the Jewish problem, stimulated by the Zionist movement, has been even more intense and general of late by reason of the restrictive policy steadily pursued by Roumania and Russia toward their Jewish citizens. The action of the United States in the case of Roumania may or may not have immediate effects, but it has given an impetus to the discussion of the right solution of the problem of the future of the ancient race. A recent symposium on Zionism from the standpoint of European Christians (statesmen, authors, professors, etc.) is a timely contribution to this discussion. It appeared in a Russian review, Rousskaye Misl ["Russian Thought"], and has been widely commented upon in the Russian press.

Among those who have expressed definite opinions on the remedy presented by Zionism are : Lord Salisbury ; Leon Bourgeois, ex-Premier of France ; Professor Heman, of Basle University ; Maxim Gorky, Korolenko, Russian novelist and editor, and several other writers of note. A few of these expressions are quoted in the subjoined translation :

"Zionism," says Lord Salisbury, "is destined to succeed, in spite of the opposition it encounters. The Jews are capable of establishing a model government in Palestine, and raising the commerce of Asia Minor to an unprecedented height. If but forty per cent. of the Jews were converted to the project, it would become an assured reality. There is no reason why the Sultan should object to the establishment of an autonomous Jewish government within his dominions. There is enough energy and perseverance in the race that has resisted oppression for 2,500 years to accomplish the purposes pursued by Zionism."

Prof. F. Heman, of Basle, says, "If the Jews, with their glorious and historic past, abandoned their national aspiration, it would be tantamount to the suicide of

a nation. They not only have the right, but are in duty bound to struggle for the restoration of their national integrity. Zionism is no idle dream. History shows other instances of rebirth and revivification of apparently dead nations, and why should not this be possible for so richly dowered a people as the Jews? Their case would be hopeless if they attempted violent and warlike methods of recovering their own, but as their method is pacific and moral, success is not at all impossible."

Maxim Gorky says: "I have profound sympathy with the Jewish people—great in their suffering; I bow before the strength of their spirit, bold and unconquerable in spite of ages of injustice. There is red, ardent blood in the veins of this people, and while Zionism may be Utopian, the fact that it has taken hold and aroused enthusiasm is to me a welcome sign of vigour, reality, life, idealism. With all my heart do I wish them to devote themselves to this high, great task, and to overcome meanness, baseness, and iniquity."

A Russian philosopher, critic, and editor, N. K. Michailowsky, says: "It seems to me that the realization of the ideal of Zionism would require such vast material resources as could never actually be controlled. It also seems to me that it is not desirable that Europe should lose so gifted and energetic an element of her population as the Jews constitute."

Many others contribute to the symposium, and but few oppose Zionism either on ideal or practical grounds, though none display the slightest leaning toward Antisemitism. The Antisemitic press of Russia scoffs at Zionism as a fraud and means of benefiting a few vain agitators, while frankly wishing that a solution were possible.—Translation made for The Literary Digest.

REST.

"Come ye yourselves apart and rest awhile."

O thou who feel'st life's journey long,
And fain wouldst with a listless song
The time beguile,
Leave now the world—its gain, its loss,
Come sit beneath the Saviour's cross,
And rest awhile.

O thou poor, weary, anxious one,
Toiling from morn till set of sun,
Nor yet one smile
To soothe that dull and aching heart;
Oh, come now from yourselves apart,
And rest awhile.

Thou child of pleasure, bright and gay,
Happy and thoughtless day by day,
Thou, too, need'st rest,
Lest in thy joy and selfish pride,
Thou shouldst forget the One who died
To make thee blest.

And thou, e'en though thy life hath been
One long, unpardoned, unrepented sin,
So dark, so vile!
Though all the world oppress and hate,
He calls thee now, ere 'tis too late,
To rest awhile.

To every true and faithful heart
Christ says, "Come ye yourselves apart,
And rest awhile."
He knows the labourers are few,
And surely thou hast much to do,
Yet, rest awhile.

Rest now from all thy toil and care,
Rest 'neath the Saviour's cross, for there
Shalt thou be blest.
O God, when life's long day is done,
When through time's glass the sand has run,
Oh, grant to every weary one
A heavenly rest.

—*Grace S. Brown.*

AMONG THE SPONGE FISHERS.

SUNRISE OFF THE BAHAMAS—WITH THE SPONGE FISHERS.

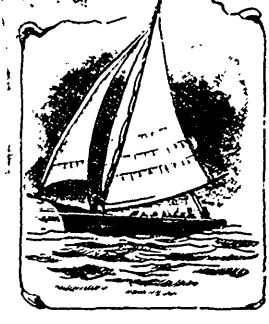
THE sun stretches in long reaches over the deep green foliage of the land. It is morning. But the atmosphere has a mellow richness suggestive of afternoon. There is a "swish" of waters and the little schooner glides out of the harbour of Nassau into the Bahaman seas. You look back a moment to landward where the cocoanuts wave their feathery fronds high in the air, and the broad-leaved plantains half screen from view the limestone houses with their broad piazzas.

You turn to the emerald seas again. A tepid breeze falls soothingly on your brow. Eight tall, strapping negroes are manning the little schooner, while a ninth sits singing at the prow. You can hardly yet believe it is morning. The golden light all round you must surely belong to afternoon. You are going out on an angling expedition. Angling! What a restorative for tired nerves! It takes our hearts away back to the days when we sat with our freckled bare feet dangling from the big log by the old mill-dam, as we waited the coming of a round, fat sucker to snap the fish-worm from the hook.

But this angling is of an utterly different nature. The hook and line and the fish-worm are relegated to the caverns of memory. Our only weapon now is a long pronged fork. On board the little vessel is some six weeks' provision, and now there is nothing to do but to drift care-free through the sunny south sea, while the ebony-faced fishermen collect their cargo of sponges.

It is not a deep-sea voyage before

NASSAU HARBOUR.
SPONGES, CORALS, AND PINEAPPLES.



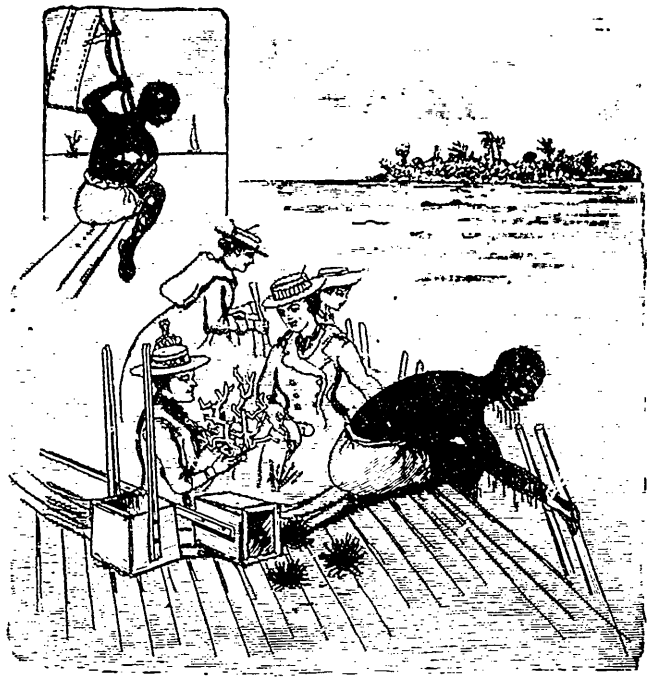
you. For though there is six weeks' provision on board, the little boat will be most of the time in sight of the island shores. On the one hand the emerald sea quivers against the sky-line; on the other the heavy foliage of the tropics marks some faintly outlined shore. Though the dangers of the deep do not confront the little craft, there are other dangers with which to reckon, dangers equally great and twice as cunningly concealed. Of navigation among the sponge-fishers, a writer in The Canadian Magazine says:

"About a thousand small schooners are employed, manned by blacks. These men are born sailors, of superb physique and hard as nails. They are not navigators in any sense of the word, but have a *local* knowledge required to traverse those waters which no seamanship can replace. They sail and steer among the dangerous reefs and sunken islets as if they bear charmed lives. There are few lighthouses or sea marks in the Bahamas, but on the darkest night the darky is perfectly at home on the sea; he can *smell* land, and knows when to lay-to in the 'white water,' but in the 'bold water,' as he calls the ocean, he puts on all the sail his little craft can bear."

"What is that queer thing?" you ask when you have tired of watching the coast-line.

"Dat de sponge-glass, sah," and the subservient darky scrambles to hand you a box about a foot square and some twenty inches in depth, with a glass bottom.

This is lowered so that the glass end is several inches below the surface of the water, by which means the effect of the ripples is overcome.



SPONGE GLASSES.

You then take your first look into the gardens of the deep. And, oh, those worlds of beauty in the bed of the rolling sea! Through this primitive water-glass it is all as clear as a reflection in a mirror. The water seems but a few feet in depth. In fact, you almost fancy you could get out and wade, or reach down for yourself and grasp the treasures you see.

"Five or six fathoms deep," is the disconcerting reply of the negro sailor, when you comment on the shallowness of the water.

But the shifting panorama of another world is all spread there before you on the clear sand-bottom. There are little castles, and reefs, and hills, and grottoes, all of coral. Tiny coral headlands with mosses and lichens of various shapes and forms. Everywhere the beautiful purple and green sea-fans spread themselves, and the delicate pink and mauve sea-feathers wave in the crystal depths. Sea-pebbles with bright scintillations, lazy drifts of brilliant sea-weed, unnamable clusters of scarlet, and yellow, and purple, and topaz, and in and out amid it all, tiny darting fish, some like marine humming-birds, others more like butterflies—bright blue fish, fish dressed in purple and gold, shoals of yellow fish, like gay little canaries of the deep, and gorgeous angel-fish in their robes of sable and gold! Here a cluster of sea-lilies, there of sea-anemones, and yonder, again, the coral hills and headlands, some clear and distinct, others faint and far, and half outlined in the tumbling world of waters.

They recall the lines which describe

> "the coral grove,
> Where the purple mullet and goldfish rove."

DIVING FOR CORALS.

And Mrs. Sigourney's apostrophe to the coral-builders:

"Toil on! toil on! ye ephemeral train,
Who build in the tossing and treacherous main;
Toil on! for the wisdom of man ye mock,
With your sand-based structures and domes of rock,
Your columns the fathomless fountains' cave,
And your arches spring up to the crested wave;
Ye're a puny race thus to boldly rear
A fabric so vast in a realm so drear.
Ye build—ye build—but ye enter not in,
Like the tribes whom the desert devoured in their sin;
From the land of promise ye fade and die
Ere its verdure gleams forth on your weary eye;
As the kings of the cloud-crowned pyramid,
Their noiseless bones in oblivion hid,
Ye slumber unmarked mid the desolate main,
While the wonder and pride of your works remain."

A small boat passes and the black head and shoulders of a diver emerge from the water as he hands up one of the wonderful sea-fans.

"But where are the sponges we came to see?" you ask.

The darky nearest you laughs, but the scientist of our party looks

gravely down through the glass with you.

"Do you see that one right there?"

The little schooner has shot past the object indicated before you get breath to answer.

"No, I saw no sponge. I saw a scarlet thing like a great hand with a finger broken off."

"That's sponge. The glove-sponge. See there's another."

And Mr. Scientist proceeded to explain to your unsophisticated mind that their brilliancy is derived from the sponge-making animal, which still adheres to them. Afterward you see the same sponges washed white hanging over the sides of the boat. Your attention is next drawn to the great velvety masses of yellowish-brown sponge, the armfuls like sheep's wool, and the great patches all covered with a dark rubber-like substance. Then, lo! a great mossy submarine bank, all teeming with life! And the bank, too, is just one great sponge like the rest.

Then the work of the "spongers" has begun in earnest. As you watch, armed with a long pole pronged at the end, they loosen the sponges from the coral reefs, and lift them up to the decks. In many sponge fisheries this work of securing sponges is done by divers. The diver is helped to sink by a stone weight attached, for its recovery, by a rope to the boat. He tears the growing sponges from their bed, and pulls the rope as a signal to be hauled into the boat. But in the Bahamas, though diving is sometimes practised, it is unnecessary, owing to the crystal clearness of the water.

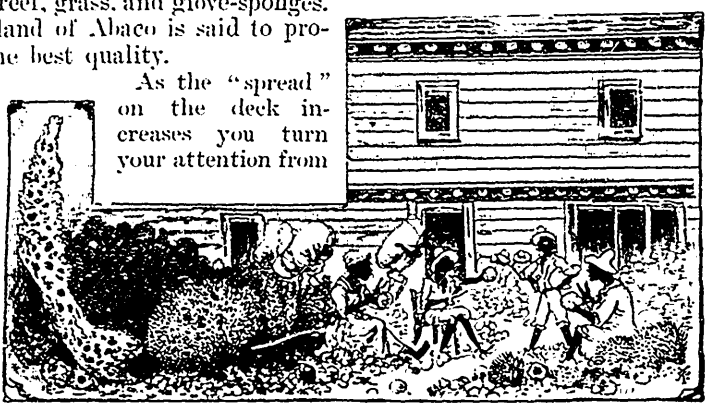
"The value of the sponges gathered annually is about $300,000. The sponge trade gives employment to several thousands of persons and some hundreds of vessels. The sponges are divided into coarse and fine, of which the former brings about $5.00 per cwt., and the latter double that sum. The boats employed in sponging are small, with crews of from six to twelve men. When first drawn from the water the sponges are covered with a soft gelatinous substance as black as tar and full of organic life: the sponge, as we know, being only the skeleton of the organism. The day's catch is spread out on the deck, so as to kill the mass of animal life, which in expiring emits a most unpleasant odour. Then the spongers go ashore and build a pen, or 'crawl,' of stakes, close to the water's edge, so that the action of the tide may wash away the black covering; the process being aided by pounding the sponges with sticks. As soon as this operation is completed, the sponges are strung upon small palmetto strips, three or four to a strip, which is called a 'bead;' after which they are taken to Nassau to be sold in the sponge market, under certain conditions and regulations: nobody being allowed to sell his cargo otherwise than through this sponge-exchange. On the conclusion of the sale the sponges are taken to the packing-yard, where they are sorted, clipped, soaked in tubs of lime-water, and spread out to dry in the sun. They are then pressed by machinery into bales, containing one hundred pounds

DIVING FOR SPONGES.

each, and in this state are shipped to England or the United States, the latter of which countries has become of late years almost the largest consumer of Bahama sponges."

The trimmings and cuttings from these sponges are used in the orange-groves, where they are placed at the depth of several inches under the trees. By means of these the moisture is retained, and evaporation impeded. There are several varieties of the sponge crop, as the wool, velvet, reef, grass, and glove-sponges. The island of Abaco is said to produce the best quality.

As the "spread" on the deck increases you turn your attention from



SPONGE YARD, NASSAU.

the sponge-taking to the sponge taken. It might be a pleasant study but for the odours exhaled. Classical students will remember that one of Horace's odes wherein he promises a guest a treat of costly perfume, which he says will make him wish he "were all nose." Sitting on the deck of a sponging schooner with the spoils of the day spread all about, one does not make that wish. The sponges when first taken exhibit lively colours, from iridescence, and from the presence of colouring matter. They are of varied forms, some globular, some cup-shaped, others top-shaped, others conical, cylindrical, thread-like, branched, and so on.

Mr. Scientist, leaning over your shoulder, begins to discourse in those measured tones of his on the life of the sponge. At one time scientists were disagreed as to whether the sponge belonged to the plant or animal kingdom. It was referred to the Protozoa, and then to the Coeleuterata. Finally it was decided that it was entitled to a separate sub-kingdom known as Porifera, and characterized by a multitude of mouths. The sponge requires both air and water for its livelihood.

In spite of the fact that it is a creature of very low organization, there is in its simple organism evidence of the same careful and systematic planning that everywhere characterizes the handiwork of the Divine Creator. As in the higher animals, the body of the sponge is composed of two layers of cells, the outer layer, or epidermis, and the inner, or endodermis. To supply the necessary nutriment, the living sponge is covered with minute pores. In some species these pores, or little mouths, are perma ent, but on others they open only for the occasion, open anywhere and everywhere, and apparently never twice in the same place. The water imbibed by these pores is emitted often by a single channel, which serves for the whole mass. Others have several channels, which permeate the

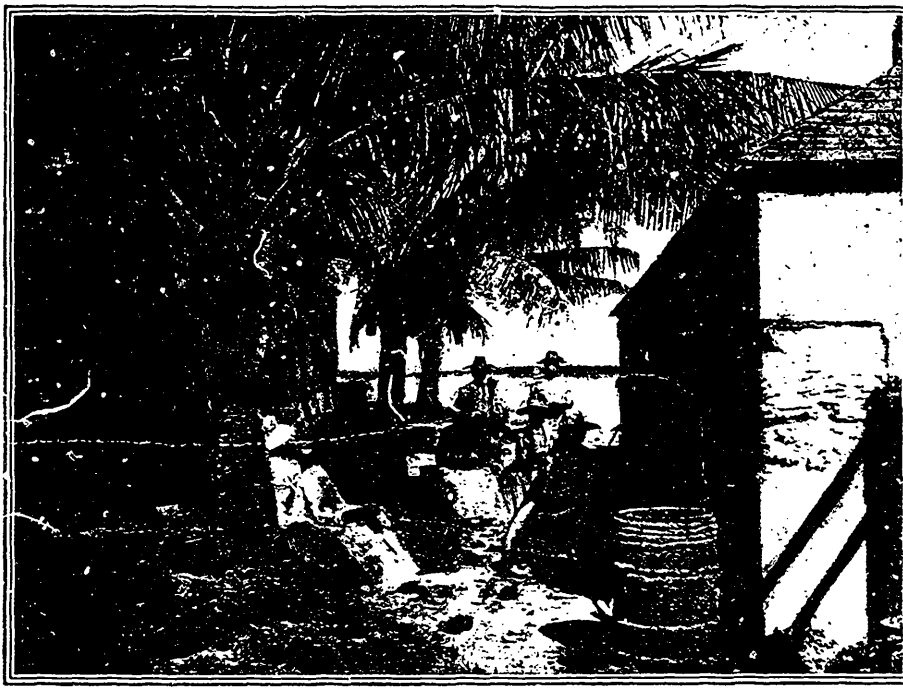
A SPONGE SHIPPING-YARD, NASSAU.

entire mass. Through these passes a constant stream of water, bearing the food on which the sponges live, and the germinules and ova by which reproduction takes place.

Much of the beauty of the sponge is due to the presence of calcareous spicules. These spicules are of varied shapes, some straight, some curved, some shaped like needles, pins, grapnel hooks, etc. One variety in the Bahamas is covered with a fibrous network of these, so fine and transparent that it is very like spun-glass. The Bahaman sponges are for the most part larger and coarser than the products of the Ottoman sponge-fisheries. But very large quantities of them are gathered. In fact, it is the chief industry of these islands. The fisheries are controlled by Jew firms of New York. The schooners are fitted out at Nassau, and worked on shares by the owner, captain, and crew.

So interesting is your day with

THE SPONGE EXCHANGE.



THE BAHAMAS—TRIMMING SPONGES.

the spongers that you are almost startled at seeing the red March sun drop down into the sea. Then, with that suddenness peculiar to the tropics, night spreads her dark wings over the waters, and the stars gleam through the blue above. The moon hangs like a silver globe over the far-off harbour lights. You stretch yourself on the deck for an evening reverie. The sailors are singing their plaintive negro melodies, and you recall the pictures from their home-life on the shore yonder.

Their friends and kinsfolk, many of them, engage in the sponge industry, too. You have often passed them, those little huts in their luxuriant gardens. Out in the yard, sheltered from the morning sun by the palms and cocoanut fronds, a hearty old negress and the various branches of two successive generations sit chatting together, as they trim the sponges for the market. Several great bulging sacks, leaning against a plantain tree, show the products of the united family effort. In the yard to the rear the varied gabble of ducks, turkeys, and chickens makes a sort of appropriate domestic music for the scene.

"Shuh, dah you!" and the smiling negress throws an untrimmed sponge toward the saucy rooster pecking the sack.

"Heah, honey, han' dat to yo' mammy."

Quiet, care-free scenes such as one sees at many a threshold in the Bahamas!

You resolve when you go ashore again to visit the sponge yards where lie the great mounds of sponges, and where the workmen, clad in cool white linen, are soaking, clipping,

sorting them, and piling up the bales in which they are pressed. You resolve, too, to visit the sponge-market, and then you fall to thinking of the lifeless and hitherto uninteresting sponges in your northern home. How little the people there know of the hands that wrested them from the deep for their service; and how little these sailors know of the people whom they serve! And so, amid these reflections on sponges, and sponge-fishers, and sponge-fleets, you fall asleep.

SUNRISE AND SUNSET.

The shadows flee away; the birds awake and sing;
Open thy gates, bright Orient, life waits most sweet and fair;
Breathe through the trees along the shore, oh, balmy, quivering air,
A tremulous glow across Lake Couchiching,
And like the spirits once in prison bound
The mist wreaths rise, yet to the islands cling
Till crimson, golden in the rising sun,
With incense-laden clouds the heavens are crowned.
The eastern shadows lengthen and the grass o'errun,
Great burnished shafts proclaim the day is done;
And girt with living green, the fair lake seems
Like to the chalice of the Holy Grail,
Of one great emerald carved, whose glorious beams
Reflect the "rose-red" colour of the wine,
In legend olden poured by hand Divine.

—*Edith Carter.*

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith; we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
A beam in darkness; let it grow.

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

—*Tennyson.*

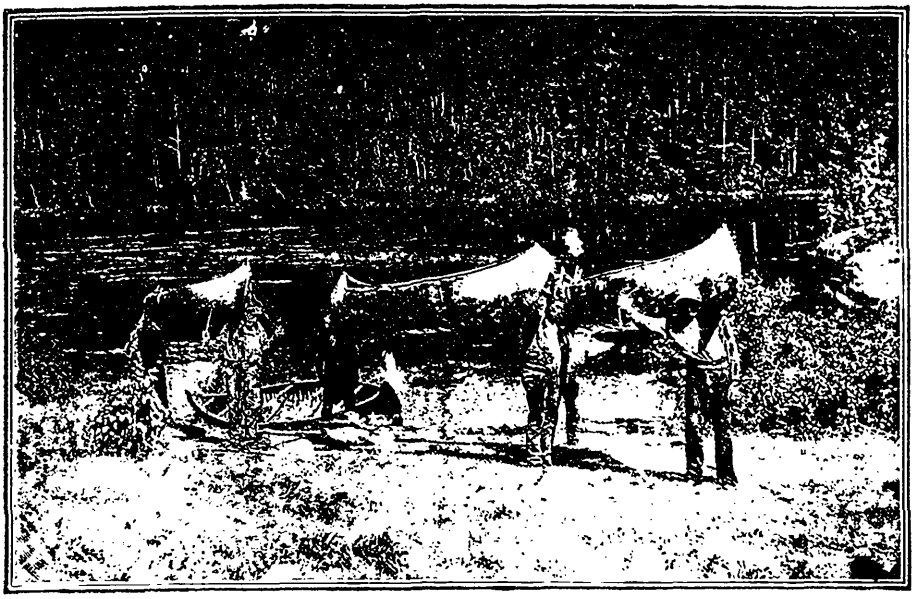
THE ROMANCE OF THE FUR TRADE.

WHAT REMAINS OF OLD FORT EDMONTON.

EW of the dainty dames of London or Paris, or even of Toronto or Montreal, have any conception of the vicissitudes of peril and hardship encountered in procuring the costly ermines and sables in which they defy the winter's cold. About the month of August the Indians of the great North-West procure a supply of pork, flour, and ammunition, generally on trust, at the Hudson's Bay posts, and thread their way up the lonely rivers and over many a portage, far into the interior. There they build their bark lodges, generally each family by itself, or sometimes a single individual alone, scores of miles from his nearest neighbour. They carry a supply of steel traps, which they carefully set and bait, concealing all appearance of design. The hunter makes the round of his traps, often many miles apart, returning to the camp, as by an unerring instinct, through the dense and pathless wilderness. The skins, which are generally those of the otter, beaver, marten, mink, and sable, and occasionally of an arctic fox or bear, are stretched and dried in the smoke of the wigwams. The trappers live chiefly on rabbits, muskrats, fish, and sometimes on cariboo, which they hunt on snow-shoes. The loneliness of such a life is appalling. On every side stretches for hundreds of leagues the forest primeval.

Yet to many there is a fascination in these solitudes. Lord Milton

WITH THE VOYAGEURS.



MAKING A PORTAGE.

and Dr. Cheadle spent the winter of 1863-64 in a trapper's camp with great apparent enjoyment. Their provisions becoming exhausted, they had to send six hundred miles to Fort Garry, by a dog-team, for four bags of flour and a few pounds of tea. The lonely trapper, however, must depend on his own resources. In the spring he returns to the trading-posts, shooting the rapids of the swollen streams, frequently with bales of furs worth several hundreds of dollars. A sable skin, which may be held in the folded hand, is worth in the markets of Europe $30 or $35, or, if of the finest quality, $75.

The Indians of the interior are models of honesty. They will not trespass on each other's streams or hunting-grounds, and always punctually repay the debt they have incurred at the trading-post. A Hudson's Bay store contains a miscellaneous assortment of goods, comprising such diverse articles as snow-shoes and cheap jewellery, canned fruit, and blankets, gunpowder and tobacco, fish-hooks, and scalping-knives, vermilion for war-paint, and beads for embroidery. Thither come the plumed and painted sons of the forest to barter their peltries for the knives and guns of Sheffield and Birmingham, the gay fabrics of Manchester and Leeds, and other luxuries of savage life, and to smoke the pipes of peace with their white allies. Many thousand dollars' worth of valuable furs are often collected at these posts. They are generally deposited in a huge log storehouse, and defended by a stockade, sometimes loopholed for musketry, or mounting a few small cannon. On the flag-staff is generally displayed the flag of the Company, with the strange motto: "*Pro pelle cutem*"—"Skin for skin." These posts are sparsely scattered over this vast territory. They are like oases in the wilderness, generally having a patch of

ARRIVALS AT FAIRFORD, MANITOBA, FOR ANNUITY PAYMENTS.

cultivated ground, a garden of European plants and flowers, and all the material comforts of civilization.

Their social isolation is the most objectionable feature. At one which I visited the chief factor had just sent one hundred and thirty miles in an open boat for the nearest physician. Yet many of the factors are well educated men, who have changed the busy din of Glasgow or Edinburgh for the solitude of these far-off posts. And for love's sweet sake, refined and well-born women will abandon the luxuries of civilization to share the loneliness of the wilderness with their bosom's lord. One of the Hudson's Bay factors on Rupert's River wooed and won a fair Canadian girl, and took her back in triumph to his home. She was carried like an Indian princess over the portages and through the forests in a canoe, supported by cushions, wrapped in richest furs, and attended ever by a love that would not

> Beteem the winds of heaven
> Visit her face too roughly.

There, in the heart of the wilderness, she kept her state and wore her jewels as if a queen of society. In still more remote regions temporary hunting-camps are established.

Almost the sole method of exploring the great northern fur regions is by means of the bark canoe in summer, or the dog-sledge or on snow-shoes in winter.

Mr. W. A. Fraser, in two interesting articles in The Saturday Evening Post, graphically describes the romance of the fur trade. From these articles we quote as follows:

The fur winner is a picturesque character. His lines are cast in a

AFTER ANNUITY PAYMENTS, TRADER'S TENT, LAKE MANITOBA RESERVE.

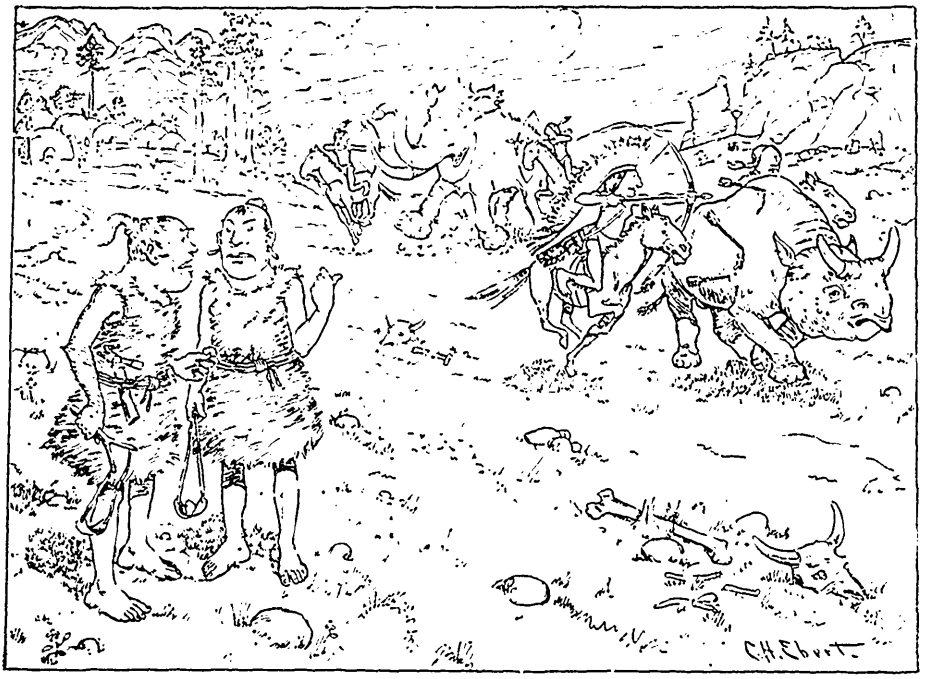
land full of the poetry of Nature. Time was, some three centuries since, when at least half of the North American continent was the theatre of his exploits. From New England to the Arctic Circle he trapped the furred denizens of the forest and traded with the little less savage human inhabitants. At the risk of losing his scalp he navigated unknown rivers, trailed across the trackless prairie, and wandered through the immense spruce forests of the North.

The Hudson's Bay Company was chartered in 1670. They made big profits in those days—twenty-five, fifty, and seventy-five per cent. Graven on their coat of arms were four beavers, and the motto, "*Pro pelle cutem*"—"Skin for skin." That was the keynote of their trading policy—equity, and something for something.

In course of time the redmen came to understand this; and it has been a most important factor in the handling of the "Indian question" in Canada. There were individual cases of wrong—not many; the Indians well knew that what they were promised they got. If they bought cloth, they got good cloth; if they purchased tea with their furs, the tea was of choice quality; the sugar was of full weight; the powder would burn, and the guns would not explode. In an H. B. store one pays a fair price and gets the best that is manufactured.

Notwithstanding false impressions to the contrary there is not much duplicity in the Canadian Indian; a square bargain appeals to him as it does to the most honourable white man.

Under these conditions one may cease to marvel that for over two



PREHISTORIC AMERICA.

Mound Builder: "We will have to move farther west. The new-comers with their modern weapons are killing all our game."

centuries the fur traders and the fur winners have lived amicably side by side, far from the power of the sword.

In the West the air is full of mythical tales as to the purchase price of furs. A favourite one is that a trade musket, or long-barrelled shot-gun, was wont to be stood on end, and the purchase furs piled about it by the Indian until they topped the muzzle. That was the exchange value of the gun, according to this story. It makes a picturesque tale, I admit, but its historic value is utterly destroyed by the records of the H B. Company, which show that the fixed price in fur for a musket was from ten to twelve beaver skins.

In those days the beaver skin was accepted as the unit of trade, practically representing two shillings, and all furs were valued at so many "skins." Even to this day in the far North-West the traders and Indians use the same term in fixing the value of furs—the skin representing fifty cents.

All the old Hudson Bay trading posts were log forts well stockaded; but most of the battles were due to the jealousy which existed between the different companies and traders. At times, it is true, a saturnalia did materialize about these forts when Indians arrived in large numbers with many furs, chiefly buffalo skins. One exchange price for a buffalo robe was a soda-water bottle full of spirits. A trade of this sort tended to excited bargaining, so the trader ensconced himself behind a small wicket in the log fort, and but one or two Indians were admitted within the

UGLY CUSTOMERS IN STORE AT TRADING POST.

stockade at a time. The Indian would pass his buffalo robes through the wicket, receive his liquor and be turned out of the stockade; then another would buy fleeting happiness in the same manner, and be quickly "fired."

It is an everlasting monument to the good sense of the redskins that there are no records of barbarous butcheries of H. B. men on their part. It is indeed a sad retrospect to think what the Indian nations might not have attained to had there been no fire-water—nothing but the otherwise fair dealing of the H. B. Company.

Sixty years ago and more mighty buffalo hunts were organized from old Fort Garry, which is now Winnipeg. A cavalcade consisting of hundreds of carts, accompanied by Indians, half-breeds, and white men, trailed to the West, two or three hundred miles, in midsummer, and when they came upon the herds of buffalo, they killed them with warlike industry. As many as a thousand animals were slaughtered in the course of one day. The robes and tongues were brought back, and also each cart carried its load of buffalo meat—a thousand pounds or so—to Fort Garry.

Even to-day the Crees and other Indians of the North are particularly honest. Very few unpaid debts stand on the Company's books against them. And as for stealing—there is hardly a known case in all the land of the Crees.

The giving of credit, or "debt," as it was called, was a necessary condition of fur trading. It is still in vogue. A small trader, Indian or half-breed, will get an outfit of goods from an H. B. factor in the summer, and go off into the wilds for six or eight moons. His usual mode of conveyance is his loved canoe. Up the Athabasca toward Lesser Slave Lake and the Peace River, or down toward Great Slave Lake, are favourite routes. He will trap, or "kill fur," as he calls it, and trade with the Indians; perhaps living all through the dreary winter months alone in a little shack constructed of small

A NATURAL AVENUE NEAR EDMONTON.

poplar logs, or even in a canvas tepee. The solitude has no terrors for him. He listens to the howl of the wolves, and their weird music speaks only of pelts to be obtained; the trail of the bear is a path to riches and fresh meat for his larder; with his snowshoes he skims lightly over the white waste and tirelessly walks down the long-legged moose. His traps are strung over a "marten road" of probably thirty miles. No sign-posts, perhaps not even a blaze on tree bark, marks the circuit of this long patrol; but he follows it as unerringly as a homing pigeon reaches its cote.

This path-finding is one of the marvels of the Indian's acquirements —it amounts to instinct. He carries no compass; Ursa Major shows him the north by night, and the sun locates the east by day. If storm-clouds intervene he climbs a tall tree and looks over the mighty spread of forest; in the aggregate the tops incline to the south—that is because of the persistent north wind—and on the north side of the tree-trunks the moss grows thick. On the darkest night an Indian will place his hand on the moss-blanket of a tree and locate the cardinal points. "The Dipper," as it swings in silent velocity around the North Star, is the redman's clock. Ask an Indian or half-breed in the depth of any forest where a certain place is that he has once visited, and he will with decisive certainty point his hand straight toward the spot.

The trapper has with him bacon, flour, tea, and, most desirable of all, tobacco. He mixes his flour with water, using his bag as a dough tray, and bakes a bannock in his frypan in front of a fire of red-willow coals. He fries his bacon and dips the plastic bread in the gravy. He will eat any animal but a wolf. Bear tastes like pork, and beaver is akin to beef—the beaver tail is a jar of jellied fat. To him, lynx is a delicate morsel with the full flavour of veal.

But his pipe is the trapper's fetich — his consolation in all troubles. Force him to give up one thing after another and his pipe will the last voluntary sacrifice.

The trapper may come out by dog-train in midwinter with furs, for running behind his dogs for fifty or sixty miles a day is nothing to him. The cold is nothing; he wears no

overcoat. If the cold be intense, sixty below, he may wrap duffel-cloth about his feet. When night comes he builds a fire, wraps himself in one blanket (if he be a Sybarite, of luxurious habit, his blanket may be lined with woven rabbit-skins), burrows in the snow, and, surrounded by his dogs, sleeps like a babe in a warm nursery. The huskies curl their big bushy tails over their noses to retain the animal heat, the trapper pulls his covering over his head, and together they rest in peace.

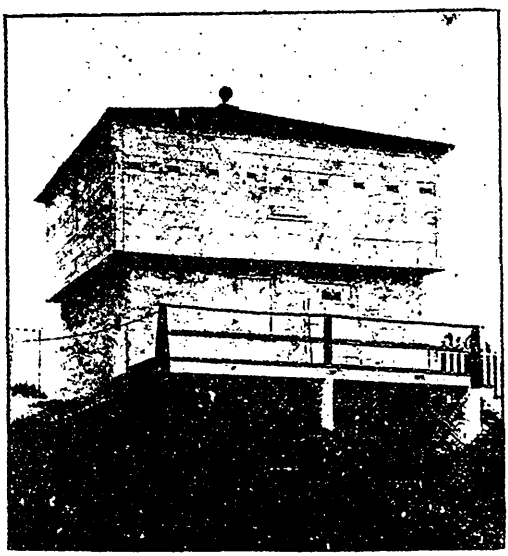
Or perhaps he may wait until spring and come out by canoe. His pelts he will turn over to the factor who outfitted him. The latter will allow him the current price in Edmonton, deduct the amount of his account, and tell the fur winner his balance.

Then the picturesque childishness of the half-breed's nature will assert itself in an ever-recurring form. The sudden acquisition of wealth, a balance on the right side, will trouble him sorely. He will sit beside the box stove in the H. B. store, smoke many meditative pipes of tobacco, which the factor has no doubt given him as a present, take furtive looks at the wealth of desirable possessions decorating the board walls of the shack—rainbow-hued silk handkerchiefs, tin caddies of tobacco, guns and ammunition, sugar and tea.

HALF-BREED TRAPPER AND "HUSKIE" DOG.

Having the power to obtain these things for the mere pointing of a finger, he hesitates; sits for hours thinking out the tortuous problem, and trying to tabulate the purchases that have possessed his mind during months of weary waiting. He acquires raiment, with thoughtful waits between purchases; a blue and white striped sweater, gaudily-coloured underclothing, and a suit of store clothes. Then he runs into nicknacks. A silk handkerchief and boots—not heavy, serviceable footwear, but boots for show.

A brief tally shows that there is still much money due. A silver watch with wondrous chain helps the prodigal out somewhat. Tinned



AN OLD-TIME BLOCKHOUSE.

meats, tinned fruits, at exorbitant prices; tobacco, a pipe, and perhaps a gun; also steel traps for the next season's fur killing; all these he buys.

The drink money he will spend with prodigal velocity; at the bar everybody must drink. He compresses the expenditure of a year into a week, and in the end has a headache of as blaring a nature as his gaudy apparel. Then he longs for the hushed rest of the cathedral-like forest again; the ways of civilization have palled upon him; and he goes back to the haunts of Black Fox and Muskwa, and plays his strategy against theirs.

That is the way of a half-breed fur winner.

If the trapper be an Indian he will buy much bacon and two blankets; he will limit his personal decoration to sleigh-bells, silk handkerchiefs, and beads, and silk for moccasin working. If either of them has a wife she will come in for her quota of cloth, with perhaps a checked shawl. The Hudson's Bay Company has many trading posts in the far North, dominated from the central office in each district. The Saskatchewan, Athabasca, and Mackenzie River country is governed by a chief factor at Edmonton; and he, again, is subordinate to the Commissioner, Mr. Chipman, at Winnipeg.

On the Athabasca and Mackenzie are large flat-bottomed steamers which carry the trading goods down the rivers, even to "the land of the midnight sun," and bring back the furs.

No liquor is allowed to pass into the Athabasca region—this is a Dominion law. A detachment of mounted police is stationed at Athabasca Landing and Grand Rapids to enforce this. It was only during the past year that the Canadian Government made a treaty with the Indians of these wilds.

From Edmonton large "free traders" outfit, men who bring in their ten or twenty thousand dollars' worth of furs in one lot, arriving back from their year of trading in late midsummer.

When the trader returns to Edmonton, his furs, owing to a custom which is really a law, are put up to be sold by sealed tender from the different buyers. They are open to inspection for several days; the buyers from St. Paul, Minnesota, the Hudson's Bay Company, and free traders resident in Edmonton examine them and put in their sealed tenders. These are opened on a certain day, and the highest figure takes the furs. They are baled in Edmonton, and shipped either to St. Paul or London. If shipped to London they are sold at the great semi-annual fur sales.

The buyer does not get his returns until they are sold in England, and in the interval fur may decline or advance. For the past five years marten has steadily gone upward.

CARNIVAL IN THE NORTH.

Arm in arm, their branches twined,
Tall maples drink the mountain wind
Reach out with eagerness to seize
Flagons of cool October breeze.

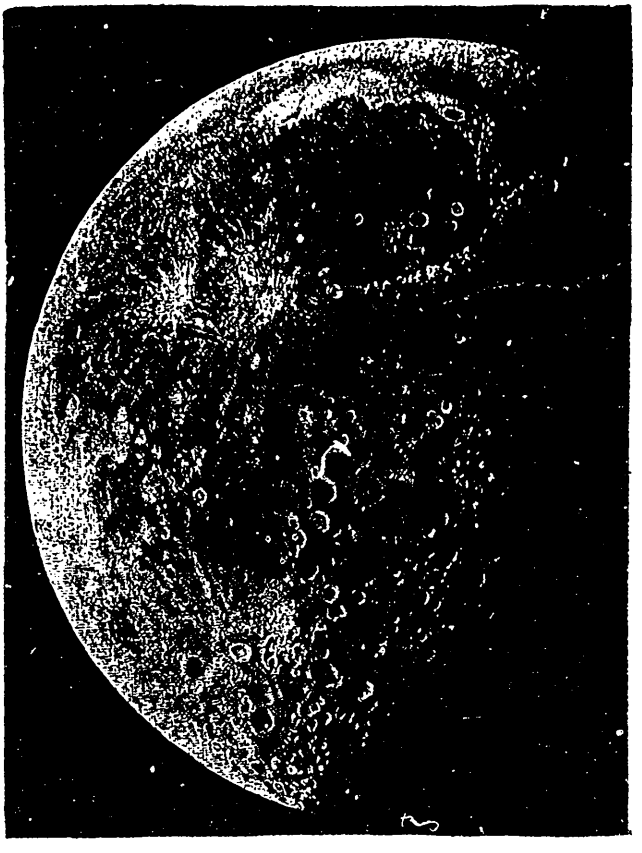
Bravely decked in yellow and red,
Maples stand at the bright throng's head,
And summon the firs to give their aid
To make this forest masquerade,—
Summon even the solemn firs
To join the ranks of roisterers!

Spruceland woodsmen, Pierre and Jean,
Now with your gayest songs lead on!
Join in the revel the trees make here,
For woods will be sad for half a year;
Riot a little,—summer is spent,
And all the winter the woods keep Lent!

—*Francis Sterne Palmer.*

GLIMPSES AT THE MOON.

BY A. D. AUSTIN.



VIEW OF THE MOON NEAR THE THIRD QUARTER.
—From a Photograph.

THE moon is our celestial next-door neighbour, and in comparison with the other heavenly bodies is very close to us indeed, its mean distance being 238,000 miles. One of the ocean liners to the Australasian colonies travels about this distance in ten round journeys to the antipodes and back, and an express train at sixty miles an hour would do the distance in about 166 days if no stoppages were made. Such distances as these are readily grasped by the mind, but when we deal with distances of the stars we are overwhelmed, as a similar train to the above would require no less than forty-seven millions of years to reach Alpha Centauri, the nearest known "fixed" star.

The moon is the only heavenly body with whose surface we are at all well acquainted. Mars indeed presents some features that can in-

distinctly be seen, but the so-called canals are extremely doubtful, although some of these markings are conceivably strips of irrigated land. As to the probability of exchanging signals with its inhabitants, if such exist, we may, in the present state of our knowledge and resources, safely relegate all such ideas to the regions of romance and dreams. Our satellite is 2,160 miles in diameter, and weighs about seventy trillions of tons. It is difficult to form any clear idea of such numbers as billions and trillions, but some facts showing what a trillion really means may here be given. The total wheat crop of the world is estimated at 2,500 millions of bushels annually, and it would take the world's wheat supply for 640 years to amount to a trillion *grains* of wheat of average size and weight!

The visible sailing of the ponderous globe of the moon round the earth produces a grand effect upon the thoughtful mind, and should leave a deep impression of the mighty power and consummate wisdom that ordains its undeviating course from age to age. It is, of course, retained in its orbit by the marvellous balancing of the centripetal and centrifugal forces, but these forces are further complicated by the attractions of other heavenly bodies, which make the moon's actual motions extremely complicated and involved, calling forth for their investigation the highest powers of the greatest mathematicians of modern times. Notwithstanding all these disturbing factors, the moon preserves the even tenor of its way with the utmost regularity and precision.

Magnifying powers of 6,000 diameters have been applied to telescopic observation of the moon, and this means that the views of the lunar disc then obtained are the same as would be seen with the naked eye by an observer placed forty miles distant from the moon's surface. These high magnifying powers can only be successfully applied to telescopes such as those of the Yerkes and Lick observatories in America, and to two or three others in other countries. Were an observer placed within forty miles of the moon he would see the mountains and other features in much detail, and the great telescopes mentioned give nearly similar results.

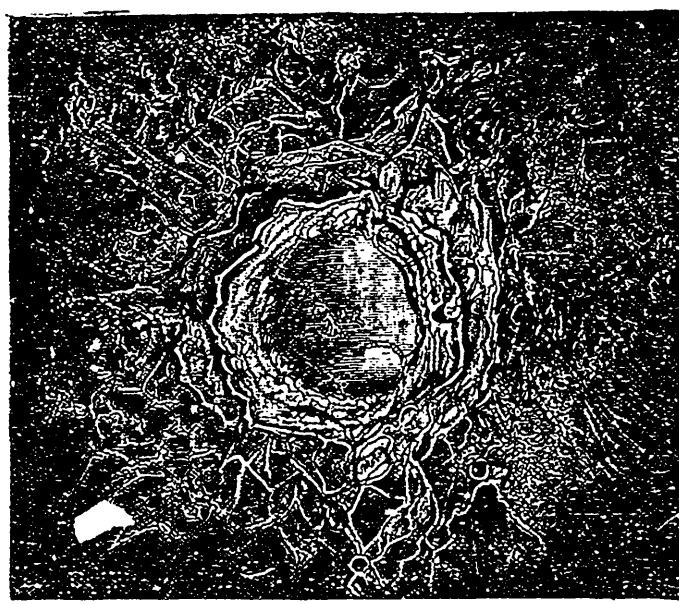
The laws that govern matter and motion must act uniformly throughout the universe, or the whole creation would fall into dire confusion; in short, we should have not an ordered cosmos, but a chaos. If the moon were always at the full, the glorious display of the host of heaven and the magnificent galaxy that spans the sky would scarcely be seen, as every one must have noticed how few stars are seen during full moonlit nights.

The walls of the cup-like crater of Copernicus are fifty-six miles apart, rising to an altitude of 11,000 to 12,000 feet. It has several cones in the centre, one of which is 2,500 feet high.

The large dark areas on the moon were formerly considered to be seas, and they still bear the name. It is not improbable that they are beds of former seas existing at very remote periods of the moon's existence. These *maria*, as they are termed, are now dry, level plains similar to deserts on the earth.

It has long been held that the moon has no atmosphere or water, and consequently no vegetation whatever, but this conclusion is by no means considered final. Professor Pickering arrives at the conclusion that the moon has a slight atmosphere, and that there are indications that water has not yet probably disappeared. He speaks of "rills" and of "river-beds," and enumerates thirty-five of the latter. It is improbable that the moon was

ever a world teeming with vegetable and animal life like our own globe, but probable that it was always, even in its best days, a comparatively barren and arid waste. Looking, however, to the marvellous adaptation of life to its environment that we find on the earth that we live upon, under conditions previously considered impossible, we may reasonably infer that life, at least in lowly forms, in both animal and vegetable kingdoms would be found on the moon.



LUNAR CRATER "COPERNICUS," AFTER SECCHI.

Professor G. H. Darwin has in recent years made a special study of tidal friction, by which it would appear that the tides act as a kind of brake on the revolution of the earth on its axis, thus gradually lengthening the day and the month, and slowly repelling the moon from the earth. It follows that in the past the moon was much nearer to the earth than it now is, and that the action of the tides was consequently greater. It is estimated that the earth falls behind a true clock about twenty-two seconds in one hundred years. It is considered that the earth at an early stage of its existence was a semi-solid, semi-fluid, plastic mass, revolving six to eight times as fast as it now does, and that a wave produced by the action of the sun went round the earth in about three hours. Now if this wave each time it returned received the attraction of the sun, it would be increased in size, and as the earth was spinning at a great rate, the result would be that parts of it would fly off like the rim of an overdriven fly-wheel, and one or more of these fragments formed the moon. The newly-formed moon would continue to revolve with the earth, but rather slower than when it left it. During the countless ages since its birth it has been going farther out, and this is what it is still doing. After a long interval there will be another change, and the moon will again approach the earth. These changes,

however, will take enormous lengths of time to bring about. How marvellous is the infinitely complex system of nature! what delicate balancing of forces, what adaptation of means to ends!

The whole surface of the hemisphere of the moon that is turned towards the earth is more or less covered with the singular mountains, upwards of 33,000 of which have been actually mapped. Although we never see the other hemisphere, there can be but little doubt that it is in all respects very similar. What a scene of desolation the moon presents, and what an inconceivable chaos it must have been when the craters were in full activity, belching forth lava, scoria, and ashes in all directions!

We have not anything on the earth on the same scale as these craters. The craters on the Sandwich Islands—Kilauea and Haleakala, the one a fused, the other a consolidated lake of lava with small cones ejecting cinders and ashes—afford, however, an analogy. Haleakala is oval in form, about thirty miles in circumference, and about 2,000 feet below the summits of the mountains that surround it.

"Although we are in the habit," says Prof. Geare, "of regarding some of our volcanoes as immense affairs, even the largest of them, as already indicated, pales into insignificance before many of these lunar craters. Thus the ring of Tycho is fifty-four miles in diameter, while the crater Clavius, lying to the south of it, is more than 140 miles in diameter. There are still larger ones apparently, for says Ranyard, if the lunar Apennines and the other mountains forming a broken ring around the Mare Imbrium (Sea of Rains), are the remnants of a crater, it must have had a diameter of over 600 miles. By way of contrast, it may be added that our largest terrestrial craters are not more than fifteen or sixteen miles in diameter. So from this it will be evident that such volcanoes as Vesuvius would appear as insignificant hills if dropped into the centre of the crater of Tycho, whose ring-wall towers to a height of 17,000 feet above the plain which it encloses."

The numerous changes in the moon's surface, observed largely by means of photography, suggest that an evolution has taken place, as marked as on our own planet. It is even claimed that plain manifestations of the circulation of water, of vegetation, and of life at one time, are not wanting. Several theories accounting for the formation of lunar craters have been advanced. One is that the lunar surface consists entirely of ice and that the craters and pit-like depressions are due to the action of hot springs, the water of which melted the ice above the vent. Another writer says that there is nothing incredible in the supposition that they were due to the meteoric rain falling when the moon was in a plastic condition.

We have been viewing the Queen of Night from the realistic or scientific standpoint. Disenchantment frequently dogs the steps of science, and poetry is apt to flee away. Campbell well says—

> "When science from creation's face
> Enchantment's veil withdraws,
> What lovely visions yield their place
> To cold material laws."

The moon majestically sailing through the starry skies must always, however, be an object of supreme beauty to mankind, and no critical scrutiny or cold analysis can ever seriously detract from her charms.

THE FUTURE OF THE AMERICAN NEGRO.

BY BOOKER T. WASHINGTON,

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IT is a deep-seated belief of a large and influential section of the American people that the destiny of the negro element of the citizenship must necessarily be different from that of other elements of the population. This belief disclosed itself in the very earliest stages of Colonial life, after the unfortunate introduction of African slavery, in 1620, and in one form and another it has made itself felt and heard in all departments of the literary life of the nation. Indeed, a considerable body of such literature as we have evolved is based entirely upon this phase of the subject.

The American Colonization Society, established in the early days of the Republic, and with which have been associated some of the best and ablest public men of the country, such men as Benjamin Franklin, Henry Clay, and others of equal reputation, was the direct outgrowth of this sentiment. The Republic of Liberia, on the West coast of Africa, grew out of the idea as propagated by the American Colonization Society. But in spite of the fact that this society and the republic founded and fostered by it have steadily declined in prestige, the idea that the black and white races cannot occupy the same territory as equals without perpetual antagonisms, remains strong.

Mr. Henry W. Grady, of Georgia, the most eloquent apostle of the white new South, was firmly of the opinion that the Anglo-Saxon race would always dominate the Afro-American race, while Mr. E. S. Simmons, a member of the North Carolina bar, has just issued a book in which he insists that race separation is the only safe and possible solution of the race problem; and, *failing to effect this separation*, he thinks "the pages of the future historian will be marred with strife between the races, riotous outbreaks, civil war, Southern soil again drenched in blood, not in a conflict of arms with other sections, but among and between the inhabitants of our own fair southland." "Separate the two races," Mr. Simmons

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

insists. "Cause the negro to move to the land set apart for him, to plant his own vine and fig tree, and the whites living upon the same soil to move out, and make room for his uninterrupted course of self-government."

But the idea that the races cannot live together as equals on the same soil is by no means confined to the Anglo-Saxon people. In this country the idea is entertained by Bishop Henry M. Turner, who has a large following, and in Africa the idea is almost as general. There Dr. Edward W. Blyden, of Liberia, perhaps the best informed man of his race anywhere, leads the thought and advocates segregation as the only possible and safe solution of the race problem. But how this segregation is to be effected, even in Africa, where the European whites have appropriated by far the larger part of the territory of the blacks, bringing the latter into subjection and contact with white colonists, just as they have done in the United States and the West Indies for two centuries, does not appear to worry in the least either the black or the white advocates of the idea. Although the whites have from the very beginning, even unto the present, forced themselves into contact with the blacks, and are doing so to-day more than ever before, the black and white advocates of the policy of separation lose nothing of their cheerfulness and persistency in keeping their idea where it can be seen and heard. They at least deserve credit for sticking to the theory when nothing but the theory remains to them.

But there is another class of people who have a theory that God permitted the Africans to be brought here and undergo a long period of bondage, in order that they might fit themselves by Christian civilization to eventually return to their native land, and help to redeem the millions of their race from paganism and savagery. This view of the matter was long a conviction of the leading denominations of the United States, and is largely entertained now. It deserves more respect than any other view of the matter which has ever appealed to me, as a pure matter of speculation, a theory. There can be no question about it in the mind of any Christian that as a missionary field Africa is one of the most inviting to be found anywhere, and that it should appeal more strongly to the American negro than to any other race of our population. It seems reasonable to suppose that a large percentage of the young negro men and women who have been graduating from our schools and colleges for a quarter of a century, 25,000 of whom are now engaged in the work of teaching in the public schools of the South, would have turned to Africa as the most inviting field of labour, if the theory that the race was brought here by Divine Providence for the purpose of preparing itself to redeem their brethren from moral and spiritual death in Africa is to hold good. This should be the proper and sufficient test of the theory from any point of view.

It would be personally gratifying to me if a large number of these graduates had in the past quarter of a century gone into the African missionary work, or if a more general spirit to do so had been shown, as the evangelization of Africa, or of any other people outside the Christian fold, must appeal strongly to all of us who hope for the winning of all mankind to the true faith. But no great number of them have done so, and no general disposition to do so has been shown. So far, the work of evangelizing Africa has been left almost entirely to the white Churches of America and Europe. White men and women have thus far responded to the call for mis-

sionaries. Response on the part of the blacks of the United States and the West Indies has been of the most discouraging character, and the financial support which negro Churches have given to further the work has been of like character. The advocates of the Divine theory of preparation have been much puzzled and confused by this phase of the case, but mainly because they have been unable to see or to reconcile themselves to the fact that there are other phases of it worthy of consideration, or strong enough to outweigh theirs. In this view they have been as persistent and insistent as the advocates of the theory that the two races cannot live together in the same territory on terms of friendship and equality.

No well-defined plan of colonization in Africa, or anywhere else, by whomsoever proposed, has met with any general favour among educated negroes in the United States or the West Indies. The masses in this country have been worked up to some sort of enthusiasm from time to time, but the enthusiasm has always been short-lived. Reports from those who have gone to Africa on the wave of the enthusiasm of the time, some of whom have returned to this country, have always been such as to discourage others from "seeing for themselves and not for another." Indeed, it has been a growing conviction among the masses of our race in this country that their condition and opportunities are vastly better in the United States than in Africa, or anywhere else. I believe this to be the case, and I further believe that the conviction will grow stronger with the years, as European subjugation of Africa shall proceed and develop upon the lines that it has long proceeded and developed upon in the Pacific Islands, in Australia, and in the East Indies.

And this is true because the Afro-American race has been so long removed from the African fatherland, and become so imbued with American civilization, that it has at most but a sentimental interest in Africa and the African people. In their language and religion and customs they are American, as much so as the Europeans who have come here from the earliest days to the present time. As a matter of fact, the African has become as thoroughly engrafted upon American life as the European, and loves his country with equal devotion, and clings to it with equal tenacity, and resents as promptly any insinuation that he is an alien, an intruder, and that he should return to Africa or anywhere else.

The Europeans came to America of their own determination, at great personal and financial sacrifice; but the African came here *by special invitation,* in ships provided for him, and in the early stages of his residence here, down to 1860, he was forcibly restrained in any desire he may have had to return to his fatherland. Indeed, he was considered so valuable a personage that it was long a difficult matter to restrain white men from adding indefinitely to his numbers by force and fraud. Up to 1860 no considerable number of people advocated that the African was an alien, an intruder, here and should be made to go back to his home beyond the seas. He represented nearly $4,000,000,000 of wealth as slave property; he was the basic industrial force in eleven of the richest agricultural States in the Republic. He was regarded as the best and safest labour force in the world, and perhaps he was.

It required an agitation covering a period of sixty years and a bloody civil war to kill him as a slave and to recreate him as a freeman: and it was only after this was done, after he was made "a man and a brother," that it was discovered that he was

an alien, an intruder, and that he should go back to Africa. It was all right for him to remain here as a slave, but it was all wrong for him to remain here as a free man! It was all right for him to remain here as a degraded creature, without morality, without family ties, barred out of the Christian Church, but it was all wrong for him to remain here as a Christian, with home ties and growing stronger and stronger every year in moral force! All this reasoning has had the changes rung upon it in all departments of discussion since slavery was buried beneath a monument of black and white bayonets on a hundred battle-fields. It is very strange reasoning, all must agree.

But there is still a third class of persons, by far the largest and most influential, who have not worried at all over the speculative theories of the possible inability of the races to dwell together harmoniously and upon terms of equality, and upon the possible purpose of God in permitting the race to be brought here and enslaved in order that it might the better fit itself to return to Africa and take upon itself the work of evangelizing its people. These good people had no pet theory about the matter. They belonged to the great Christian army who believed, as William Lloyd Garrison expressed it, that slavery was "a league with death and a covenant with hell," and who buckled on the armour of righteousness and created the sentiment that led to the abolition of slavery and the enfranchisement of the freeman. When they had accomplished this much, instead of resting from their labours, they recognized that the late slave population must be fitted for good citizenship, and that this could be done only at the expense of a great deal of personal sacrifice and financial outlay. The missionaries who laid the foundation of the educational work among the freedmen of the South, were no less heroic than the brave men who followed Grant and Sherman to victory. Indeed, these missionaries only continued the work where the disbanded armies of the Republic laid it down at Appomattox.

These missionaries were not concerned about the speculative questions that beset the race problem. They had a condition and not a theory to deal with, and right nobly did they deal with it. We shall search the history of philanthropic and missionary effort in vain for a parallel to the response which the Christian men and women of the nation gave to the cry for help that went up from the Southern Macedonia immediately after the war. Men and women and money poured into the Southern States, so that of a truth might it be said that a school-house was planted upon every spot where a slave auction block had stood. And the splendid Christian sentiment which grasped the practical and pressing need of the moment, and planted these schools of learning in all the Southern States, has sustained them with lavish expenditure of personal service and money for a quarter of a century, so that to-day they represent a greater outlay than that which is contributed for the support of educational and evangelical work in any other quarter of the globe. It is impossible to estimate the value of this work upon the future of the negro race, because it has made any reasonable future possible. Without it all the dark forebodings of those who "see through a glass darkly" would have been possible. The church and the school-house have made the future of the negro race identical with that of every other race element of our population.

It has been with an abiding faith that the negro has an honourable future in this country and that that

future depends almost entirely upon the church and the school, that I have sought to make the school and the church as strong in mental and moral force as the conditions would permit, and to do what I could to make the race as strong as possible in other directions necessary to successful manhood and citizenship. I have been unable to reach the conclusion that the Afro-American has a future in this country in any way different from that of any other of the many race elements that go to make up our heterogeneous population. Hence my thought and effort have been directed to the supreme business of preparing the race to meet the demands made upon them in the condition of freedom, demands essentially different from those made upon them in the condition of slavery; and it is gratifying and encouraging to all interested in the future of the negro people that the best sentiment of the Southern States has joined forces with the best sentiment of the Northern States to sustain those engaged in this necessary work of preparation.

The negro is not only given an opportunity to get a public-school and academic education, such as was never before given to a people in similar circumstances, but he has been given advantages for material development such as proves beyond a shadow of doubt that there are more people in this country, in the North and in the South, who wish him well and desire him to succeed than there are who wish him harm and desire that he may fail. Indeed, we hear much more in one way and another about the enemies of the negro race than we do about its friends; but the fact remains that the negro has friends and plenty of them in all sections of the country, and that if he should not succeed finally, it will not be because opportunity was denied him, but because nature withheld from him the elements of character that make for success.

I think I understand the needs and limitations of my race, and am not given to drawing a picture of what it has accomplished, which would not stand the severest test, or of underrating what it needs to accomplish; with the facts of the situation before me, I am convinced that the race will continue to grow in mental, moral, and material force with the years, and that it will become a valuable and indispensable factor of the American citizenship. When all the facts of the race's condition at the close of the war are considered, it must be conceded by all candid men that in the condition of freedom it has not failed at all, but has made splendid use of the opportunities it has enjoyed, and that, having laid in some sort a foundation in the first quarter of a century of its freedom, so that everywhere it is a self-depending and self-supporting race, in the next quarter of a century it is fair to conclude that it will make better use of those opportunities, so that more and more it will justify the expectations of those who have stood by it in the sunshine and in the shadow, in the calm and in the storm of life's struggle.

The future of the negro race depends more upon the negro himself than upon any other agency. He was brought to this country to serve a purpose, and he will serve it, in the time and in the manner which God designed. When the negro has changed his condition, as he is doing, from one of ignorance and poverty to one of general intelligence and wealth, his colour will cut a much smaller figure than it has done in the past, in affecting him in all directions in his manhood and his citizenship.—*Missionary Review of the World.*

JERRY McAULEY'S PRAYER-MEETING.

BY GEORGE KENNAN.

THE LATE JERRY M'AULEY'S MISSION, NEW YORK.

ON a recent Sunday afternoon, in the old mission-house on Water Street, in the lower part of New York City, several hundred persons assembled to commemorate, by means of appropriate services, the twenty-eighth anniversary of the founding of Jerry McAuley's prayer-meeting. As I read in The Sun to-day a report of the proceedings, I could not help wondering whether, among the people who thus met to do honour to Jerry and his work, there were any of the men and women who helped him to carry on that work in the early days, and who bade me welcome when, attracted by curiosity, I strolled into that mission-house for the first time, one close, warm evening in the summer of 1876. Does "Happy Charlie" still meet incomers at the door with a face aglow with friendliness, helpfulness, and love, as he once met me, or has he given place to other and later converts? I have not had an opportunity to visit the Water Street mission since Jerry McAuley's death; but I still vividly remember the impression that it made upon

me when he conducted it, and I am still of opinion that, regarded merely as a psychological and spiritual phenomenon, it was one of the most remarkable things to be seen at that time in the City of New York or in any other city.

I purpose to write, from notes made at the time and from recollection, a brief sketch of it as it appeared to me in 1876, and as I saw it at short intervals thereafter until I left New York in the fall of 1878.

My point of view at that time, in religious matters, was the viewpoint of a doubter, if not a confirmed sceptic; and I was attracted to the Water Street mission, not by interest in religious or philanthropic work *per se*, but by simple curiosity. I mention this fact merely to show that I was not then in a state, mentally or emotionally, to be carried off my feet by a wave of religious enthusiasm and excitement.

My first visit to the mission was made at the invitation of an artist friend named Metcalf, who came to my room in the University Building, one warm evening in the summer of 1876, and said: "George, I want you to go with me to-night to Jerry McAuley's prayer-meeting."

"Prayer-meeting!" I repeated in surprise; "I don't go to prayer-meetings."

"I know you don't," he replied; "neither do I, as a rule; but this isn't a common prayer-meeting—it's Jerry McAuley's."

As I had never heard of Jerry McAuley, the fact that it was his prayer-meeting meant nothing to me whatever; but, knowing that Metcalf visited a lot of queer places, and occasionally discovered people or things that were worth seeing, I asked, with languid interest: "Who is Jerry McAuley, and how did he come to have a prayer-meeting?"

"He's a thief and river-pirate," said Metcalf, cheerfully, as if this fact were a sufficient recommendation. "Two or three years ago, after he got out of Sing Sing, he was converted, and since then he's been running a prayer-meeting."

"I don't feel much interest in prayer-meetings," I said, "and still less in river-pirates and thieves; but if you say it's worth while, I suppose I'll have to go. Where is the prayer-meeting?"

"Over in Water Street, next door to Kit Burns's rat-pit," Metcalf replied, coolly.

"That's a nice, cheerful place to go at night!" I remarked.

"There's nothing the matter with the place," he said. "It's safe enough—women go. Take off your watch-chain and put on an old suit of clothes, and nobody'll pay any attention to you."

"All right!" I replied, "I'll go; but I give you due notice that I don't take any stock in the cheap clap-trap of your revival meetings. They work up a lot of excitement, but it doesn't last, and what's the use of it? Character isn't made or changed in that way."

"Isn't it?" he remarked, drily. "Perhaps Jerry'll give you some new points on character-changing. Anyhow, if you can stand one of his prayer-meetings, you can stand anything."

Fifteen minutes later we were on our way to the place. It was not yet entirely dark, but the Bowery, into which we turned at Houston Street, was already brilliantly lighted and crowded with people. The concert-halls were all in full blast; the "Volks" and "Atlantic" beer-gardens were rapidly filling up with pleasure-seekers; and here and there, on the street corners, might be heard the peculiar, mournful summer cry of "Ho-o-ot co-o-orn!"

At James Street we left the Bowery and crossed over into Baxter Street, which runs through a densely populated and very low part of the city. Great changes have doubt-

less taken place in that region since 1876; but at the time when I first made its acquaintance it was one of the filthiest slums on the East Side.

As we approached the East River and turned into Water Street, a short distance north-east of the pier of the Brooklyn Bridge, we found ourselves in what was then, perhaps, the lowest haunt of vice on Manhattan Island—a foul, neglected slum made up of low tenements, "sailors' homes," rum-shop gambling-hells, panel-houses, and dance-cellars of the worst possible description. Everything was "wide open;" there was an ever-increasing din of cries, oaths, and laughter, mingled with the discordant notes of drums, horns, violins, and frantically turned hurdygurdies; and when we passed Roosevelt Street and approached the scene of Jerry McAuley's labours, we seemed to be entering a perfect pandemonium.

I could not understand, at first, why this particular slum should be so much worse than other slums in point of noise, tumult, and disorder. We saw two fights—or sham fights—in as many minutes; and the scraping, tooting, and banging of musical instruments, in the immediate vicinity of the mission, were at times almost deafening. I subsequently learned from Metcalf that a concerted and organized effort was being made, by the rum-sellers and dance-house keepers of the neighbourhood, to break up Jerry McAuley's prayer-meeting by overwhelming it with noise, and frightening decent people away from it. But the effort, thus far, had evidently failed; because just after passing Roosevelt Street we heard distinctly, above the blare of horns and boom of drums, the familiar strains of the Moody and Sankey hymn—"What a Friend We Have in Jesus!"

Strange enough seemed the contrast between the plaintive appeal of the sacred melody and the vicious snarl of the strident hurdygurdies—between the words of the Christian hymn and the foul language of the street-walkers around us. "I'll bat ye in the snoot ef ye call me 'Bob'!" shrieked a thirteen-year-old girl from the doorway of a dimly lighted saloon, and then, with a fierce outburst of personal abuse and profanity, she rushed across the narrow street in pursuit of another girl as dirty and ragged as herself. But high above the oaths and cries, the charivari of the discordant instruments, the shuffling of feet in the sailors' dance-houses, and the varied noises of the crowded slum, we could faintly hear twenty or thirty blended voices in Jerry McAuley's prayer-meeting, singing in unison the familiar words:

> Have we trials and temptations?
> Is there trouble anywhere?
> We should never be discouraged:
> Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Near the intersection of Water Street with some street or lane whose name I cannot now remember, we entered a door which opened directly from the sidewalk, and found ourselves in a large room, or small hall, which would hold perhaps two hundred people. It was plainly furnished with wooden benches, a reading-desk, and a small cabinet organ; its walls bore a few illuminated Bible verses, on cards or in simple frames; and it looked, generally, like the Sunday-school room in a country church.

Just inside the door, Metcalf, who was evidently well known to everybody, introduced me to a blue-eyed, light-haired young man—apparently a German—whom he called "Happy Charlie." What his real name was I never knew, although I met him there afterward three or four times a week. He was one of Jerry's first converts, and "Happy Charlie" was the name by which he seemed to be generally known. He did not ap-

pear to me to be a man of much education or culture; but in his face, when at rest, there was a peculiar expression of contentment and serenity, as if he had found the peace that passeth understanding, and was happy because he couldn't help it. I did not then know what shrewd, practical good sense he had, nor what depths of affectionate sympathy and fraternal helpfulness there were in his warm-hearted, thoroughly sincere nature; but I liked his face and I liked his manner; and when Metcalf told me that he was one of Jerry's chief assistants and co-workers, I felt more hopeful of the prayer-meeting.

A moment later, while still standing at the door, I was introduced to Jerry McAuley himself. The only things about him that I liked were his kindly, steady eyes and his straightforward, simple manner.

After a moment's conversation, "Happy Charlie" showed us to seats at one side of the room, and while another Moody and Sankey hymn was being sung I looked over the audience. I could see at a glance that it was recruited from the slum. Only four of the men present had the appearance of gentlemen, and two of these were helping Jerry in his work. Scattered here and there about the room were a few men and women whose bright faces and clean apparel indicated recent conversion and recovered self-respect; but even they were denizens of the slum, and had recently come up out of the gutters. The rest of the audience was composed, apparently, of sailors, stevedores, coal-heavers, poor mechanics, drunkards, loafers, tramps, street-walkers, and plain, simple "bums." A more hopeless and unpromising representation of the "submerged tenth" I had never seen.

At the end of the hymn, one of the four well-dressed gentlemen—a man who looked as if he might be a Wall Street banker—read a chapter from the Gospel of St. John, and made a short prayer. Jerry McAuley then took charge of the meeting, and talked to that audience, for five or ten minutes, very much as one man would talk to another on a serious matter of business, in an office or bank. His language was simple and not always grammatical; his figures of speech were homely and drawn from every-day experience; his manner was quiet, but animated enough to engage and hold the attention of the most indifferent listener; and he was in dead earnest.

"Why do you come to this prayer-meeting?" he asked that crowd of criminals and outcasts. "Is it to thank God because you're happy? No! You come here because you're wretched and miserable. You know you're living in the gutter, and you know it's your own fault. God didn't put you in the gutter—you went there of your own accord. You gave yourselves up to the service of the devil, and you've got his wages. How do you like 'em? Is he a good paymaster? Are you satisfied? Of course you're not! I know, because I've tried the devil's service myself. I've been a thief—I've been in jail—I've played checkers with my nose on a prison grating, just as some of you have. I've been as low down as any man or woman in this room. I crawled up out of the gutter at last, with God's help, and now I want to get you out. You feel that you're sinners. You feel, deep down in your hearts, that you're low, miserable, and degraded; and I tell you that you'll never feel any better, or be any better, until you stop sinning and come to Christ. Now, if there is any one of you who has manliness enough left to say to me, to this company, and to Almighty God, that he's going to try to stop sinning and live a new life, let him get up and say so."

Before the last words were fairly out of the speaker's mouth, two or

three men were on their feet; and then began one of the most extraordinary and thrilling "experience meetings" that I had ever seen. In less than ten minutes I had forgotten who I was, how I came there, what I thought about religion, and what had been my attitude toward prayer-meetings. I forgot all my scepticism; surrendered my judgment; and finally lost all consciousness of myself in the absorbing interest of the proceedings. I had brought along a note-book and pencil, with the intention of getting material for a description of a revival meeting in a Water Street slum; but I forgot all about that, and was surprised, an hour later, to find my note-book lying on the floor at my feet.

Every man who took part in that prayer-meeting was stirred with emotion to the very bottom of his heart; and he spoke, not only with frankness, but with the fiercest, most impassioned sincerity. For the first time in my life, I saw human souls naked; and if there be anything more interesting, on this round globe of ours, than the self-revelation of a human being who has forgotten all conventionalities, abandoned all pretences, and lost all self-consciousness in a fiery, passionate impulse to do right and speak the truth, I have yet to discover it.

Thirty or forty men and women, many of them criminals or reclaimed criminals, rose, one after another in quick succession, and either described what that prayer-meeting had done for them, or asked, in voices shaken with sobs, for the sympathy, the help, and the prayers of those who stood a little nearer than they to God. Only one minute was allowed to each speaker; but in that one minute many a wretched outcast managed to set forth, with the most graphic realism, the tragedy of a whole life. It was extraordinary to see how much a man could get into two hundred words when he let everything go except the most significant, telling, and vital facts.

"If you'll only *look* at me," said an elderly man with dishevelled iron-gray hair and a refined but worn and dissipated face, "if you'll only *look* at me, you'll see all I want to tell you. I am a confirmed drunkard. I have lain out all night in the gutter. I have spent for drink all I had in the world. My wife died of a broken heart. I have sunk to the lowest depths of degradation. God help me!"

His voice choked with sobs, and for a moment he stopped; but recovering control of himself, he said: "A week ago last Tuesday night I came to one of these meetings—and since that night not a drop of liquor has passed my lips. Only God and myself know what I've suffered!"

Here he broke out into passionate weeping, like a great child, and in an entreating voice broken by gasping sobs, exclaimed, "Help me! Pray for me! I'm afraid I can't hold out. I suffer the tortures of the damned without liquor. I will try to be strong—if God will only help me—if—if—"

He could say no more for sobbing; although he still stood there, with an expression of terrible struggle and agonized entreaty on his face.

In an instant "Happy Charlie" was beside him, with one arm around him, and Jerry McAuley, rising at the desk, said quietly: "God *will* help—and *we* will help. Let us first ask the pity and the help of God." Then, in a few simple words, he prayed the Heavenly Father to strengthen and support this weak, tortured man in the fight that he was making for freedom, for manhood, and for righteousness. That was all of the prayer; but it was enough. The confirmed drunkard, still sobbing, sank into his seat, with "Happy Charlie's" arm around him; another man rose; the curtain went up on another human tragedy; and with wet eyes I listened to the

cry for help of another drowning soul. It was pitiful, it was painful, at times it was almost unbearable; but it was interesting and absorbing beyond anything that I had ever heard or witnessed.

Before I went to Jerry McAuley's prayer-meeting, I might have asked, almost in Maeterlinck's words, "What can my soul possibly have in common with the soul of an East River thief, of a confirmed and degraded inebriate, or of an abandoned woman from the slums?" And yet the emotions that lived and died in that Water Street mission more mightily stir my heart, even now, than any royal tragedy ever represented on the stage or recorded in the history of humankind.

About half-past nine Jerry McAuley closed the meeting with a few affectionate words of sympathy and encouragement for those who were beginning a "new life;" and then, standing in our places, we all sang together:

He leadeth me! O blessed thought!
O thought with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

Stopping for a moment to speak to the "confirmed drunkard" with the iron-gray hair—just to show him that he had touched my heart and awakened my sympathy—I followed Metcalf out of the room. As we stepped into the street, I became suddenly conscious of the charivari of drums, horns, and hurdygurdies. I suppose it had been in progress throughout the meeting; but I could not remember having noticed it. When we turned into a quieter street, I said to Metcalf: "You have apparently been there a good many times; why didn't you tell me about it before?"

"I don't know," he replied, thoughtfully. "I wasn't quite sure, at first, that you'd be interested in it."

"Interested in it!" I echoed, indignantly. "Who wouldn't be interested in it? It's the most interesting thing I ever saw. The mere revelation of human character would interest me, even if I didn't believe anything from the roof up."

Metcalf laughed and said: "If you like it, you'll have plenty of chances to see it. It's open every night."

"All right," I replied. "I do like it and I will see it. Do you want to go there again to-morrow night?"

"I don't mind," he said. "I generally go two or three times a week, anyway."

We went the next night, the third night, and many other nights. In fact, during the remainder of that summer I was more often to be found at Jerry McAuley's prayer-meeting than anywhere else. Apart from the moral uplifting that it always gave me, I became so interested in certain individuals, and in certain particular cases of sin, suffering, and repentance, that I couldn't stay away. I wanted to know what happened to the "confirmed drunkard" with the iron-gray hair—whether he fought his way up to self-respecting manhood, or went back into the gutter. I wanted to know what became of half a dozen other men and women, whose inner lives I had seen laid bare, and whose personalities had become profoundly interesting to me.

Of course, to such a prayer-meeting, in such a place, there came all sorts of people. Some, even of the denizens of the slums, were men and women of education who expressed themselves fluently in forcible and idiomatic English. Others were illiterate waifs and strays of half a dozen different nationalities, whose attempts to describe spiritual experience in a language which they had only half learned, or to express religious emotions in the vocabulary of Water Street, would have been irresistibly ludicrous if they had not been so tragically pathetic.

When an old German woman, with desperate earnestness, told us in queer broken English how she had kicked her kitchen stove because it wouldn't bake, and then thrown a lighted kerosene lamp at her husband because he laughed at her, or when a Water Street "tough," whose face was wet with tears and convulsed with emotion, tried to describe in graphic but inappropriate slang the awakening of his dormant moral nature, I hardly knew whether I felt more like laughing or crying. Many of the auditors and spectators did both; but in the laughter as well as in the tears there were comprehension, sympathy, boundless pity, and infinite love

I hope I have not failed to make it clear that the keynote of Jerry McAuley's prayer-meeting was sincerity—not ordinary sincerity, not a mere formal correspondence of the statement with the fact, but an impassioned outpouring of the whole soul in speech, without concealment, evasion, reserve, self-consciousness, or pretence. Unless a man was ready and eager to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, he had no business to get on his feet there. And even the truth was not enough—it must be truth white-hot from a flaming heart. Unless you understand and realize this, you can form no adequate conception of that prayer-meeting. The proceedings were never outwardly demonstrative, and there was never any attempt to "work up" the feelings of the unregenerate by revival methods. If a man said what he meant, and meant with all his soul every word that he said, the more quietly he behaved the better; but he *must* feel deeply, and he *must* express his feelings honestly.

More than one prosperous, self-respecting, self-satisfied Christian gentleman from up-town, moved by rumour and attracted by curiosity, strolled casually into that prayer-meeting, watched and listened for an hour or an hour and a half, and then went out of it with a broken spirit and a contrite heart.

One Sunday afternoon in the winter of 1876-7, as I sat in the mission room, watching the people assemble, my attention was attracted by a good-looking, rather portly, fashionably dressed gentleman, about forty-five years of age—evidently a stranger to the place—who came in with an air of some embarrassment, as if ashamed to find himself in such company, looked about for a moment, apparently in expectation of being shown to a reserved seat, and finally took a chair, apart from the audience, near the little cabinet organ. In the language of Water Street, I "sized him up," and mentally classified him as a gentleman, a church member, a good husband and father, and a most worthy and estimable citizen. He belonged, I thought, to that class of complacent Christians who do business honestly, attend church regularly, pay their pew-rent promptly, go to prayer-meeting occasionally, contribute to foreign missions liberally, and think they have done their duty fairly well to God and man.

The meeting happened to be an unusually interesting and absorbing one, and when the outcasts and drunkards began to speak I forgot all about this visitor from up-town, and never even looked his way. At the end of an hour there was a momentary lull in the proceedings; everybody seemed to be waiting for something; and when I turned toward Jerry McAuley's desk, I was surprised to see the portly, fashionably dressed gentleman on his feet. His eyes were red and swollen, and, although he had a handkerchief in his hand, he had forgotten to use it, and his face was streaming with tears. He evidently intended to speak; but he seemed wholly unable to get control of himself, and for half a minute he stood there, with quivering lips and tear-wet face, a

most striking and pathetic figure. But at last the words came.

With the directness and simplicity of the Water Street method, he said: "My name is Richard Roe. I am a deacon in the Rev. Dr. John Doe's church on ———ninth Street. I came down to this meeting out of curiosity, and because this afternoon I had nothing else in particular to do. Now, I want to confess, in the presence of Almighty God and this company, that I am a liar and a hypocrite. I have pretended to be a Christian—perhaps sometimes I thought I was a Christian—but now I see that the truth was not in me. I have had my lesson, and I am going back to my church. With God's help, I will say to them what I have just said to you. Pray for me, that I may have courage enough and strength enough to show to them there the honesty and sincerity that I have learned from you here. So help me God, I will henceforth live the real Christian life if I can!"

That, as nearly as I could afterward remember it, was the whole of his speech. Jerry McAuley made no comment, but simply asked all present to join him in praying God to strength and confirm the purpose of "this our brother," and to keep him always a Christian in spirit and in truth.

The meeting was then dismissed; the deacon in the Rev. Dr. John Doe's church went back to his place of duty, and I saw him no more. Whether he made confession to his church or not, I never heard; but I do know that in the Water Street mission he learned the difference between profession and practice—between mere assent to a Christian doctrine and sincere imitation of the life of Christ.

In point of doctrine, Jerry McAuley's prayer-meeting always seemed to me orthodox but liberal. It did not bribe sinners with promises of heaven, nor frighten them with threats of hell; but it taught the efficacy of Christ's love as a redeeming, uplifting, and ever-acting force, and it insisted strenuously on personal effort in the culture of self, and personal sacrifice in the service of others, as the only acceptable proofs of a saving faith.

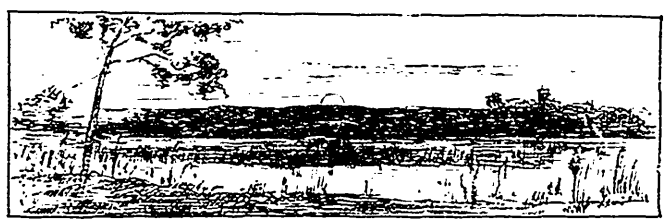
The drunkard or thief who got on his feet in that mission and expressed a desire to become a follower of Christ knew very well that, instead of having "naught to do," he had *everything* to do. The sincere penitent was well aware that new life would be a life of constant struggle for his own salvation, and self-sacrifice for the salvation of others. It was touching, as well as inspiriting, to see the eagerness with which new converts would throw themselves into the practical work of the mission, and the unwavering persistence with which they would follow it up—regardless of time, money, comfort, and personal convenience. One man for a whole year had been coming down to that prayer-meeting from One Hundred and Ninth Street; another was coming there every night from Staten Island; and many more were devoting every hour that they could steal from sleep and labour to the Water Street mission and its work.

One of Jerry McAuley's specialties was the saving of inebriates; and he had a small corps of reformed drunkards—"Happy Charlie" was one of them—who gave themselves up, almost exclusively, to the rescue and redemption of that unfortunate class. When a man like the "confirmed drunkard" with the iron-gray hair, of whom I have already spoken, rose in the Water Street mission, and said he was going to try to live a new life, he didn't have to live it alone. Some of Jerry McAuley's young men were always at hand to cheer and strengthen him in his hours of depression and temptation, and they watched him,

by turns, until he had conquered his appetite and was qualified to become a rescuer himself. And not only that; they often fed him and clothed him as well.

Of course the drunkards who came to the Water Street mission were not all rescued; neither were all of the sinners and criminals converted. So far as a year's observation enabled me to judge, the men and women who reformed in Jerry McAuley's prayer-meeting were all men and women who had had good mothers, or who, at some time in their lives, had been subjected to good influences. I doubt very much whether any hereditary criminal—any man from such a family as that of the Jukes—who had been conceived in sin and nurtured in vice, ever got on his feet in the Water Street mission and asked for prayers. Such men doubtless straggled in there occasionally, to see what it was like; but they were not the men who became converts.

The moral natures of the Water Street outcasts had been shadowed and choked by the dense, rank growths of sin and vice; but deep down in their hearts were the dormant seeds of a better life, in the shape of a good inheritance, the memory of a Christian mother, or the unobliterated impressions of an innocent and happy boyhood. And, as in a codex palimpsestus the verses of an old Greek love poet were often revived under the darker handwriting of a mediæval monkish chronicle, so in Jerry McAuley's prayer-meeting the hopes, beliefs, and aspirations once inscribed on the "sweet-scented manuscript of Youth" were brought out faintly from under the later and blacker record of temptation, passion, and crime.—*The Outlook.*



TO THOSE IN THE VALLEY.

BY A. J. WATERHOUSE.

Not to the world-crowned heroes
Who list to a people's praise;
Not to the ones whom pleasure
Has led through the joyous days;
Not to the men whose treasure
Gives power to gladden or blight,
Nor to those whom the nations cherish,
Would I sing a song to-night.

But to those who toil in the valley
Afar from the hills of peace;
Whose lives are an endless struggle,
Whose labours may never cease;
To those who are stunted and driven
By the day's recurring care,
Who deem that their God forgets them
Nor heeds their pleading prayer;

To the weary, weary toilers
Who work with a purpose dim,
Not knowing that, through the darkness,
The way leads up to Him;
To these—who are still my brothers
Though they walk afar from light—
I would sing, were the singer worthy,
A song of cheer to-night.

Oh, for a song whose music
Might gladden some heart of care,
Bringing one moment's blessing,
Cheering some soul's despair!
Oh for that song!—Though, stricken,
My hand should no longer write,
I would know I had served the Father
And my heart would rejoice to-night.

THE APOSTLES OF THE SOUTH-EAST.

BY FRANK T. BULLEN.

Author of "With Christ at Sea," etc.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SAUL COMES HOME.

E must now return to where Saul is patiently doing his duty on board the "Colorado" in Manila harbour. After a fortnight's uninterrupted peace in Manila, during which time, as the shipment of the hemp only demanded six of the ship's company, the rest of the work of stowage being done by Filipinos and Chinese, the whole ship was overhauled and painted there arose a longing on the part of the majority of the hands for a final run ashore before the long passage home began.

Now, Captain Peck had made a wise rule, for the benefit of all hands, to the effect that he could be interviewed every evening at eight bells, when he was on board, by any member of the ship's company, either for complaints or requests. And this effectually precluded any hole-and-corner work, since he would not listen to anything but from the person directly concerned. So one evening a huge Austrian, deputed by his comrades, slouched aft at the appointed hour and proffered the usual request to the steward that he might see the captain. This being granted, he asked for a day's liberty on behalf of himself and the crew. Captain Peck listened in patience until he had finished speaking, then replied curtly: "Certainly not. You'll get leave finally in N'York, not before. Anything else?"

The man looked non-plussed for a moment, then muttered surlily: "What a for no given leava, Capana? Alla mans plenta work alla time, neva get a drinka, that time fineesh work wanta leetla drinka." He was, I should have explained, from Trieste.

For all answer the captain pointed with his right hand to the fo'csle and said sternly: "Go forrard. And tell the rest of your shipmates not to come aft with any such request to me." The man slouched off, black rage in his heart, and as soon as he reached the fo'csle began to detail all sorts of imaginary insults hurled at him by the skipper. As most of the palaver was in foreign speech, which Saul did not understand, its import troubled him not at all. But during the next few days he could not help noticing that something was afoot that seemed to menace the peace and safety of the whole ship.

Before he had time to realize what it was going to be the storm burst. A large quantity of liquor suddenly made its appearance, and passed freely from hand to hand, refused, of course, by him, but making him marvel mightily from whence it had been obtained. Then, to his horror, he heard muttered outlines of a plan to murder all the officers, fierce recallings of the way in which, during the early days of the voyage, they (the speakers) had been drilled into submissiveness, and their sluggish intelligences quickened by brutal application of force, for all of which things they would now exact the utmost reparation.

Saul's mind was quickly made up. As a keen watch was being kept lest any one should go aft, he lit his pipe and strolled carelessly up on to the fo'csle head. There was no one watching there, so he slipped over the head, down the cable, and swam aft to the accommodation ladder, up which he ran, and presented himself, breathless, at the door of the mate's berth. That officer listened gravely to Saul's warning, then, disregarding his dripping condition, led him before the skipper, who as quietly thanked him and offered him a loaded revolver. Saul refused the weapon, thanking the captain for his confidence, but saying that while he would do all that two honest fists could do to maintain order, he did not feel like taking life; he would rather lose his own. The captain looked at him pityingly, as one not understanding such a condition of mind at all, and was just about to discuss the matter with him when a patter of bare feet, a smothered oath, and a crackle of revolver shots announced that the threatened upheaval had begun.

Saul and the captain rushed up the companion, hoping thereby to gain the upper ground so as to have the ad-

vantage over their assailants. But they were met by the big Austrian and two other men, who had dodged past the officers in the struggle on deck, hoping to take them in the rear. Mattei, the Austrian, flung himself at the captain, his uplifted knife gleaming in the moonlight, and had it not been for Saul there is no doubt the old man would have been slain. But, quick as thought, Saul's left arm flew across the captain's breast, receiving the vengeful downward stab right through the fleshy part, while his right fist shot out like a catapult, taking Mattei on the point of the chin and breaking his jaw. Down fell the big man like a log, and across his prostrate body the skipper and Saul fought shoulder to shoulder against not only the two who had accompanied Mattei, but reinforcements that had arrived from below. But no valour, however fired, can make head against firearms in the hands of men unafraid to use them, and in a very few minutes the discomfited crew were being driven "forrard" like a flock of sheep, all save the luckless ones who lay groaning and bleeding on deck.

The "Colorado" was a good ship, had been made so indeed by the unremitting efforts of the officers at the commencement of the voyage, and only a sudden upheaval of tigerish lust, induced by drink, had led to what might, but for the courage and energy of Saul, have ended in a most terrible tragedy. When the last of the wounded had been attended to, and all those of the crew who could stand were perched aloft in various uncomfortable positions, Captain Peck and his chief officer interviewed Saul and decided that he must be the bo'sun—that is, if he would accept the office. His wages were at once increased by ten dollars per month, and he was given plenary powers of dealing with any man who should perchance meditate revenge.

Saul, however, was no coward, and, moreover, he had so pleasant a way with him that it was almost impossible for a man to be under his orders and not come to like him. And when that motley crowd realized what a splendid specimen of mankind they had got over them; when they found how utterly incapable he was of bearing malice, or of abusing his position in order to pay them out for what they had done, they altered their bearings towards him, and no longer thought, as at first they did, of stabbing him in the back and dumping him overboard the first chance they got. They grew to love him as well as admire him, and before they were round the Cape he could do anything with them; it was admitted by all the officers that a smarter crew or a better bo'sun it would be almost impossible to find.

The "Colorado" made a wonderful passage home, and came into port looking like a new pin. As the ship was towing up the East River, the captain sent for Saul, and told him that if he would only stay with him in the ship he should be kept on full pay while in harbour, and anything in reason in the way of wages should be his for the next voyage that he liked to ask for. Moreover, he (the captain) would make it his special care to teach Saul navigation, so as to fit him for taking the post that he so richly deserved, and for which he was so pre-eminently fitted. But even as he talked, the captain could see that all his kindly efforts would be in vain. The man before him had his face steadfastly set in one direction, from which nothing earthly that he could overcome would turn it. And when the captain had finished, Saul answered him, saying:

"Captain Peck, you've done me a great deal of honour talkin' to me as you have. I've only done what I ought, but I shouldn't ha' been able to do it but for the continual help of God, given to me without any deserving of my own except a deep sense of my utter helplessness 'athout it. But I can't help feelin' too, sir, that I haven't been faithful as I ought to have been aboard here. I 'aven't preached as well as practised. By the help of God I 'ave practised Christianity, but somehow I 'aven't felt able to do as I did on board the last ship I made a voy'ge in as bo'sun. An' it weighs on my 'art very heavy, I assure you. As to your offer, sir, I can't accept it, anyhow. I was just married before I came away. I was wrecked only a few days out of port, picked up and carried off to China. An' I've never heard of her since, and don't know whether she's heard of me or not, although, of course, I've sent on all the money I could get to her from Hong-Kong. But," and here the poor fellow's eyes shone with entreaty, "do please let me know as soon as you can whether there's a letter waitin' here for me. Excuse me troublin' you, sir, but I am almost sick with anxiety, and I have to keep on prayin' to God to keep me from worryin' myself into another brain fever."

"My dear fellow," answered the skipper, hard put to it to keep the tears from his eyes, "count on me to do all I can for you. I'll not say another word about your coming with me; your duty's at home, and to get there with all possible speed. And as for your letter, I'll do all I can to get it off to you at once. I'll send a special messenger with it if it's there." Sure enough or ever the ship was secured, a messenger brought Saul a letter which had been lying in the owner's office for two months.

"My dear husband" (it ran) "I write these few lines hoping they will find you quite well as I am happy to say it leaves me at present. I have been verry ill and very pore, for Carry turned me out almost as soon as you was gone. If it had not been for the doctor I should have died and perhaps it would have been a good job. I thought you had got tired of me and gone away for good, for I have heard that a sailor has a wife in every port, and when the months went by and I heard nothing of you I felt shore I should never have seen you again. When I went up for the second half-pay they told me at the office that the ship was recked and I shouldn't get any more money I fainted in the office. But they didn't give me nothin' an' I was out of work and rent was owin'. And I was livin' all by myself in a room at Islinton where I didn't know nobody though there was lots of lodgers in the place and how I lived I can't tell you.

"Then one day, oh months after, I thought I'd go and see Carrie and she had a letter for me from you with four pounds in it and oh it was a godsend. I'd pawned almost everything but what I stood upright in to get food and pay rent for work's been awful in London since you been away I've been machinist in quite a smart dressmakers at ten shillin' a week and bullied to death almost at that. You never told me ware to write to in that first letter but I give Carrie my address she was that horrified to see how ill I was looking and she sent me on another letter about a month after with about four pounds and I thinks thinks I things is lookin' up with him he's remembered me at last. Then you give me a adress and I set down and wrote this letter and I'm livin' now at 14 Bertha Street Upper Street Islinton. Now——"

But I must not give any more of this letter. In any case, the latter half is sacredly private, as well as quite outside the pale of the story. Poor Saul, who had never had but one letter before in his life, did not know what to make of it. He read and reread it until his eyes burned in their sockets, but the more he read it the less satisfactory did it seem. At last, with a deep-drawn sigh he folded it up and put it away, and sprang into violent energy, packing his belongings for shore. The mate came and found him thus employed, and begged him as a special favour to stay on board that evening and talk with him, pointing out that in any case he could not go home until the ship was paid off, and he would be far better off aboard than ashore. Saul consented, only stipulating that he should go and ascertain when the first steamer left for London. Having found that there was one going in two days' time, and securing a steerage passage in her, Saul came back and was at once invited by the mate into his berth.

When two men get together like Saul and Mr. Fish the relations that have subsisted between them take some little time to get broken down and a condition of equality set up. But the mate was most pathetically eager to learn the secret of Saul's efficient happiness, and Saul was equally eager to tell it, so that in far less time than usual they came to closest quarters over the one eternal question of man's salvation. Here, however, all the conditions were favourable. Tested to the utmost, Saul's Christianity had proved its value, so that all he said came with tremendous force. He was no mere theorist or hireling, who did not believe practically one of the truths he was enunciating. Nor was he actuated by any other motive than that inspired by the great Friend of man, the making of another man into a more perfect pattern of what a man should really be, the image of God, for his own greater happiness and the eternal benefit of those with whom he should come in contact.

Before they parted for the night Mr. Fish had stepped out of his old self, had thrown in his lot with the people of God. And Saul, in spite of his gnawing desire to get home, was comforted.

Wednesday morning saw Saul on the deck of one of the liners homeward bound, his passage having been paid by the grateful captain, who never could forget that but for Saul he would have died in Manila. Moreover, there had mysteriously appeared in the handful of bills the skipper handed Saul as his pay one

for a hundred dollars, which seemed to Saul to have got there in error. When he pointed this out the skipper curtly told him that the money was all right; *he* never made any mistakes in money matters. And Saul's keen wit saw at once that this was just a kindly, unstrained way of making up to him his great loss. He was very grateful, feeling almost guilty at leaving so splendid an opening for good; but nevertheless his heart was like a hound straining at the leash. Oh, but he was eager to be gone! His ship steamed eighteen knots, very much faster than he had ever travelled in his life before, but to him she seemed to crawl. Nor did all the many ways in which he contrived to make himself useful on board do much to shorten the time for him. The last day seemed a month long.

It was over at last, and sobered down now at the nearness of the realization of his long-deferred hopes, he ordered a cab and drove to the address his wife had given him—4 a.m. on a bleak morning in February, but to him it might have been the balmiest day in June for all the heed he took to the weather. The cab drew up at the door, and as luck would have it, to speak popularly, just as Saul was about to knock the door was opened, and out came a railway guard going down to join his train. He stared at Saul wonderingly as he courteously gave him good-morning and asked if he was right in assuming that Mrs. Andrews lived here. "Yes; second floor back," replied the guard, and was gone, for he had no time to waste in conversation. It was enough. Bearing his chest as if it had been a bandbox, Saul stepped lightly up the stairs, tapped at the door, and whispered: "It's me, dear."

"Come in," said a faint voice, and he entered, to find her he sought well and strong. . . .

The misery of that room—nothing in it but the barest necessaries—troubled him not at all. Like a boy he bounded downstairs, gave the cabman a sovereign, and returned, springing like a young hart upon the mountains of Bether.

There was much to tell on both sides, but whereas he had no reservations, all that was in *his* heart came forth as crystal clear, so happy was he in being able to tell all his adventures, his hopes and fears, his long waiting in utter ignorance of what had befallen his dear one. With native art she drew such moving pictures of her loneliness, of her utter helplessness, of her nearness to starvation in the midst of mountainous plenty, that at last Saul was fain to implore her to spare him. As he truly said, he could not see how he was to blame in any way except in marrying at all, yet he could not help feeling that he was. But he could not help asking, why didn't she go or send to the mission friends. Then, feeling that she had no real reason to offer she accused innocent people. All the ribald gossip of the streets she reproduced as if it were attested evidence, and, not content with that, she suggested falsehoods and suppressed truths until Saul, grieved beyond measure, sat and wondered what manner of woman it was that he had linked his life to.

Presently he said: "Well, Lizzie, dear, I'm terrible sorry to hear you talk like that, because I know you are saying what isn't true, although I don't believe you know it. Don't, don't for heaven's sake say such things unless you know they are true. You don't know what harm you may do, not only to the people you are talking about, but to others who trust them and to those who hate them also. Lizzie, dear, let's kneel down and ask God to keep us just and true to Him and all His servants.

But she would not. She said he thought more of the dirty old mission lot than he thought of her, and much more in the same strain, which it would be painful to repeat, and I fear useless also. However, its effect upon Saul was very serious. He went out after breakfast an altered man. He saw a cross ready for his bearing that he shrank from, but to his honour be it said he determined to take it up, in all confidence that sooner or later it would be the great blessing to him that every other trial had been since he had known the Lord.

It was his intention to go down to Rotherhithe and see Jemmy at once, but before he had been out of the house ten minutes his heart smote him for leaving his wife, who had been left so long, and he returned, saying brightly, as if nothing had happened: "Wouldn't you like to have a little outing, dear, this fine bright day? Let's come and do some shopping."

Oh, wise sailor! His invitation was irresistible, for his poor wife really was badly in want of clothes, and it was so long since she had been in the possession of any money to spend on what was not bitterly necessary. So she brightened up, made the best she

could of her appearance (and it is truly wonderful what some young women can do with very little in the way of clothing), and presently they both went out, the passing cloud having apparently quite disappeared.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Of course, any reader who has followed my story thus far will fully understand that it was perfectly unthinkable that Saul should remain for any length of time away from the mission. Much as he loved his wife, he was quite shrewd enough to see that her jealous aversion to the mission was a bad thing for him to defer to, and he did not for one moment propose to himself the possibility of his doing so. Therefore, one of his earliest visits paid alone was to the place of his soul's birth, to the people whom he loved. He was sorely tempted to conceal his destination when he set out, feeling certain that his wife would not only disapprove, but would show her disapprobation strongly. But he was not the man to be overcome by such a temptation as that, and so he said: "Lizzie, dear, I'm a-goin' down to the mission this evenin'. Wouldn't you like to come?"

"I wonder how you can ask me," she replied tartly. "You know I don't hold with their rantin', hypocritical ways. But you go if you like. Never mind about me. You've only been home five minutes, and you're wantin' to get out of my reach an' back t' your mission again. People like you've no business t' get married; you're too fond o' gaddin' about an' hearin' yourselves talk——"

Why proceed further with the poor tortured woman's reproaches. She knew that she had no cause of complaint; she was quite aware that her animadversions upon the mission folks were utterly unfounded. But beneath all was the consciousness of a moral condition that, until her heart was cleansed, rendered her quite unfit for the company of Christians, that had made her nag her husband incessantly, while he was at home, and then, after shadowing him at the meetings as long as she could do so unobserved, she hurried home and awaited his return, when, by every means that a fertile brain could devise and a fluent tongue put in action, she endeavoured to wring from the harassed man an angry word. When she succeeded (and as the days wore on she succeeded, alas! only too often) she felt a perfectly diabolic combination of delight and remorse that it is not possible to explain, but that every one who has ever suffered in this way will immediately recognize.

Meanwhile, unknown to her, Saul had been striving with all his heart and soul to obtain work ashore. Many will think that, having obtained such an insight into the life he was likely to lead with his wife if he persisted in following his Master in the way he felt led to, he would have been anxious to get to sea again. Besides, he was never a man who hated his career, as do the majority of seafarers until they get supreme command. But no, he was so perfectly saturated with the desire for justice that it had become the strongest need of his life. And he felt that it was such a terrible injustice to subject his wife again to the chance of what she had already undergone that he left no stone unturned in his efforts to obtain a shore berth. Day by day his money dwindled, and fainter, apparently, became his prospects of attaining his object. But he prayed continuously, and had strong assurance that he was to be answered in the way he desired.

At last, when his stock of cash had dwindled to a solitary pound, he met one day in the West India Dock Road with his old skipper, Captain Vaughan. Their greeting was most cordial, and turning into the captain's house, which was close at hand, they enjoyed a long, long exchange of experiences since last they had parted. And presently it came out that Captain Vaughan had retired from the sea, and was now the overlooker of a line of ships. When Saul told him of his earnest wish to get a job ashore he was at first disinclined to further Saul's wishes, alleging as his reason that such a man as Saul ought to remain at sea in view of the good that he could do there, far more in proportion than he could do ashore; for Captain Vaughan was convinced of the fundamental truth that the place to missionize Jack successfully is at sea.

However, when Captain Vaughan heard Saul's side of the matter, and considered it fully, he altered his mind as far as Saul was concerned, and almost immediately got him a berth as a foreman rigger, a post he was eminently qualified to fill.

Saul went home quietly, feeling glad indeed that he had been answered by God, although his gladness was of a sober quality, since he could not help feeling that now the real battle of life

was about to begin for him. When he told his wife she was almost delirious with delight. Undoubtedly the uppermost sensation was genuine gladness that she would not again be exposed to the vicissitudes of a lonely life in London ; but she made a mental reservation that she would not, could not, go with him to the mission. She had nourished that unreasonable dislike of hers to the mission people until it was something not far removed from hatred, and the fact that it was unreasonable, that it had no basis whatever, was, I dare say, one cause of its fierceness.

Saul soon settled down to shore life, for sailors are the most adaptable of men. His help, now regularly given at the mission, was a most blessed boon to them. Thrice on a Sunday and twice in the week he gave up an hour or so to the work of God among them, and all the rest of his time he spent at home when not at work. Also out of his wages, which averaged forty-five shillings weekly, he set aside five shillings for the mission. They were now indeed a stalwart band, doing a splendid work in the midst of their own people, a work that certainly could not have been done so well by any other organization whatever. And any one of the principal workers was a host in himself.

Jemmy, mellowing from day to day under the sunny atmosphere of his transformed home life, was noticeably less insistent upon the eternal damnation of literal fire awaiting those who did not come to Jesus while here below. He gave his loving humanity a chance, and began dimly to recognize the great fact of the pre-eminence of love over fear. This reacted healthily also upon his treatment of those Christians who differed from him on minor points of doctrine, softened the asperities that often disfigure the character of the most godly men when discussing the things that do not matter. Brother and Sister Salmon remained, as they always had been, the peaceful light-shedders of the little band, looked up to and most tenderly loved by all the rest.

But Maylie, Paterson, and Harrop were the wonders of the place. Their gifts were so very remarkable, their power over the people among whom they lived and worked so great, that it was no wonder overtures were again and again made to them to get them away into larger spheres of work. Again and again they were told that they were burying their talent in the earth, that they were wasting golden opportunities, and so forth. No such arguments moved them one jot.

Maylie, especially, although he was rising steadily to the head of affairs in the great firm where he earned his bread, and was now in a position that would have made him a decided acquisition to the roll of officers of any great church, treated any suggestion that he should go up higher in the world of Christian work as a joke. He would quietly say to any of his friends outside when they in all seriousness remonstrated with him for still remaining in such a company:

"It's not of the slightest use talking to me. I could not be happy anywhere else. I believe that the work God has given me to do here is exactly what I'm fit for. I feel as if nobody could do it better than I can. And I feel, too, that it is a good thing in Christian work to keep low down. I'll stick to the old mission until God himself shifts me out of it."

Pug and Jack Maskery still maintained their free-lance connection with the mission, Pug being exceptionally happy and contented there, especially as the boy whom he had rescued from the prison-gate had turned out all right, and a great comfort to him in his fast-increasing decrepitude. He had got the lad into a large shop close by the court in which they had lived, where he was always handy, where his hours were good, and he was greatly esteemed. And poor old Pug was never tired of quoting that sublime line: "At eventide it shall be light."

Woody, whose withered old frame seemed to have in it something of the gnarled and knotted fibre of the oak logs sawn from broken-up ships that he sold, still went on his way rejoicing. Never a member of the mission —that is to say, inscribed on its books—he nevertheless came and went freely and much more frequently than anywhere else. He was always most heartily welcome, for he always brought with him a sense of power that lifted whatever was being done at the time on to a still higher plane.

I have before mentioned that Saul, at the cost of very much home trouble, persisted manfully in his connection with the mission, giving up to it a percentage of his time as he did of his money. That proportion, however, could certainly not with any reason be called a large one—say, one hour on Sunday morning for prayer-meeting, two hours for breaking of bread,

four hours for Sunday-evening work in summer and two in winter, two hours on Thursday, and one on Saturday. Ten hours weekly as a maximum. It must be remembered, too, that to get his wife to come with him to all these meetings, Saul would have cheerfully made great sacrifices. That, however, she would not only not do, but by every artifice that cunning could devise or fearless unscrupulousness carry out, she tried to prevent him from going. Occasionally she would burst into such a whirlwind of passion just as he was setting out for the meeting that he felt it unwise to go and leave her, and he had the miserable alternative of sitting at home listening to her railing at all the people at the mission, himself principally.

He was in evil case, for he could not go anywhere out of her way. A weak man would have thrown up the struggle and gone to sea, or thrown up the mission and gone to the public-house. Saul did neither. Occasionally, invited by a friend, he went to spend a quiet hour at some happier home than his own, but his circle of friends was very limited, and after his wife had come and, in vulgar parlance, kicked up a row once or twice, his friends fought shy of his company at home for fear of the consequences. Yet he stayed with her and tried to read while she railed upon him by the hour, using every taunt, every unkind and untrue accusation that her fertile imagination suggested to her. Yet all this only served to harden his moral fibre, to stiffen his back, as it were, while his tenderness and open-heartedness remained as before. What his poor wife suffered herself will never be known.

At length, in a time of severe illness, she reached a saner condition of mind. In an agony of contrition she flung herself at his feet and implored his forgiveness for the way she had been treating him, promising vehemently that she would never, never behave so again, acknowledging that in his behaviour to her he was far, far too good to her, and so on.

Putting both his arms round her neck, he said: "My poor, helpless darlin', of course I forgive you." Then peaceful, happy tears rolled down her wan face, and holding her hand in his she slept. The danger passed away, and, the happy mother of a beautiful boy, she was soon about again, a veritable sunbeam in the house. Very beautiful, very touching was her devotion to her husband. Occasionally she would forget and break out into sharp words; occasionally she would allow herself to speak uncharitably of those about whose motives and of whose services she could not know very much. But that is only saying that she was, like all the rest of us, not yet made perfect.

Years have passed away, but Saul and his wife, hand in hand, are still treading the way of righteousness. Here we must leave them, still plodding along peacefully and patiently in the work of the mission, still doing that which they believe to be the will of God, in a quiet and unostentatious manner; poor as regards what the world values, but rich in the love and ever-growing esteem each has for the other. A family is growing up around them, youngsters whom they fondly hope will in God's own good time take their places, and take up their work as another generation of the Apostles of the South-East.

THE END.

SEA IN AUTUMN.

I know how all the hollows of the land
  Are bright with harvest; how with every breeze
  Her largesse autumn scatters from the trees,
And how the sheaves are piled on every hand.
Basks the brown earth; her toil hath brought her ease.
  Here is the lesson, plain to understand;
  Yet there remaineth somewhat—pace the strand,
And watch awhile the vast, the infertile seas.

Deeper than earth's their calm; from marge to marge
  Wide stretched they lie, untroubled by the need
  Of any fruitage; barren and content,
They know the secret of a hope more large
  Than earth has guessed at; them a richer meed
  Than toil can win th'inscrutable heavens have sent.

—*C. A. Price.*

YON STOUT MAN.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SANDY SCOTT'S BIBLE CLASS."

REMEMBER one night when Jamie Stewart (for he was a surly character) literally growled out:

"I dinna haud wi thae 'vangelistic meetings."

"Na, lad?" said Sandy. "What ails ye at them?"

"What ails me at them? A'thing ails me at them. Gin folk maun hae 'vangelistic meetings they should keep to Bible ways wi' them."

"Nae mistak' but they should keep to Bible ways. Ye've a right to complain, Jim, gin they dinna keep to Bible ways. But we might hae a look at what ye would ca' a 'vangelistic meeting in the Scriptur', and syne we'll ken how to do.

"In the fifth chapter o' Luke, near half-roads through the chapter, we hae a sight o' a great muckle 'vangelistic meeting. It's no like ane o' thae meetings at Inchraig, but an awfu' crowd o' folk, and a' the big folk at it. Pharisees and Doctors o' the Law sitting by frae ilka town far and near. The streets is black wi' folk, gentry and lairds and lawyers and a heap o' ministers forbye.

"And here's a man in a gey awkward fix. He's down wi' the palsy, and isna fit to stir; it's plain he canna get to the meeting. But it's no easy making things plain to some folk, for some o' his friends they've determined to carry him down. Four o' them's bargained to gie him a lift, so after their work's through they mak' themsel's snod, and gang up-bye to his house. And the wife she comes to the door, and she doesna ken what to think. She's used wi' them coming ane or maybe twa at a time to speir after her man and gie him the news, but when she sees the four a' at aince she's some put about, for there isna nae mair than the twa chairs in the ben room. They might hae let her ken their errand aforehand, but they didna, for whiles when folk ken things aforehand they're ready to raise objections. But the wife she sees a kind o' twinkle in their een, and says she, 'What's ado the night?'

"And ane o' the men, he would be a short, stout man, says he, 'We've been scheming to tak' James down to the Master.'

"'James!' cries the wife. 'The doctor tell'd me it would be the death o' James to shift him off o' his bed.'

"'Likely enough,' says the stout man; 'but it would be the life o' James to hae him down to the Master, and we was thinking to tak' bed and a', and to hap him weel up.'

"'Bed and a'!' says the wife, 'you're no blate.' But after she thinks owre it a wee, says she, 'Na, it'll no do, for it's no the best bed he's on, and I wouldna like to be put to shame afore folk.'

"So the stout man cries to the tither three, 'We'll awa hame then, lads. It doesna do for folk to be put to shame afore folk.'

"But they hadna gone nae distance when the wife she cries to them to halt, and says she, 'It's maybe mair shame to let James bide. I hae a right fancy cover that would set that bed fine, and if ye would pay partic'lar attention to keep it aye well happit, the bed wouldna be muckle noticed. And see and no let the cover draggle in the mud.'

"'Oh,' says the stout man, 'but we'll pay attention to that, and we'll study a'thing.'

"Says the wife, 'But James is a' to be redd up yet, it's a pity ye hadna tell'd us at dinner-time.'

"Says the stout man, 'We're no in nae hurry. Mak' ye a'thing snod, and we'll bide or you're through.' And says he to the tithers, 'The meeting doesna commence or half-eight, so we hae plenty time. Ye hae aye to mak' allowance for women folk.

"And after maybe a twenty minutes the wife comes out and bids them come ben for she has a'thing in order. And the stout man he tak's the west

* The accompanying Scottish version of the story of the healing of the paralytic, who was let down through the roof into the presence of our Lord, is from that clever book, "Sabbath Nights at Pitcoonans," (American Tract Society, New York).

side o' the head o' the bed, and a slimmer man the east side, and the tither twa's at the foot. And although the Scriptur' doesna mention it, I wouldna be surprised but that the wife hersel' put on her things and took the road ahint them, for she maun be down to hear the upshot.

"But when thae four men gets near-hand the town they're terrible disappointed, for the streets is throng. Says ane o' the four, 'A rat couldna squeeze through that, let alone a bed,' and he sets his end o' the bed down wi' an ill-tempered jerk.

"'Canny, lad, canny!' cries the stout man, and they shift corners, and the stout man gangs to the front.

"It's no an easy job, but the stout man has a kind o' a way wi' him that tak's folk's fancy, and where ither folk couldna win bye themsel's he wins bye wi' the bed. And syne they win up to the door, but the meeting's fu'. The polis has orders no to allow nae mair to come ben, and the polis maun aye be respec'it. The stout man, he's considering what's to be done, when the lad that gied the jerk cries out, 'A' our labour for naethin', that's the end o' it.'

"'It's no the end o' it,' says the stout man, 'for gin we dinna get James to the Master we be to carry him hame again.'

"But the stout man he makes the acquaintance o' ane o' the polis, and speirs is there no nae possibeelity to win in. And the polis he says, 'Ye might try by the close off the nether gate.' And so they're off wi' their bed again, and when they get round to the tither side the crowd slackens, and there's no nae folk in the close.

"'We'll try the roof,' says the stout man, and up they gang. But when he has a' his plans laid he minds on his promise to the wife no to let the bed be seen, so he tak's some pieces o' cord and binds the braw cover fair owre it. Syne he tak's thought o' how the meeting'll be arranged, and whereabouts the Master Himsel' would be. And when he's considered it a', says he to the tithers, 'We'll lift the tiles canny off here, and syne we'll set James down fair in front o' the Master.'

"And ane o' the tithers would say, 'We'll hae to gang down wi him and explain the natur' o' his complaint. But the stout man says, 'Na, we're no fit to explain the natur' o' his complaint, and we might mak' a mistak'. There's mair the matter wi' folk than folk ken, but the Master kens the natur' o' a' complaints. We're safe to trust James wi' Him.'

"But gin we're to hae a right sight o' it a', we maun leave thae folk on the roof and gang round by the door and win ben inside, polis or no. And as we win in, the folk's a' looking to see what's ado wi' the roof, and after maybe a minute or twa here's James let down on his bed! The folk dinna ken what to think, but the Master kens, for the Master kent he was coming. And when He looks up to the four keeking down frae the roof, and sees their satisfied look, as though they would say, 'James'll be a' right now,' He sees they had confidence in Him, and to them that hae that He aye comes up to their expectations. A'body's looking, and ilka ane says to himsel', 'Pay attention now for it's gaun to be a miracle.' But na, it's an awfu' disappointment, it's no nae miracle ava', for the Master just says to the man, 'Thy sins be forgiven thee.' It's an awfu' disappointment; it wasna for that they carried him a' the road. But the man wi' the palsy he doesna look nane disappointed, it's miracle to him. Ye would think he would be like to greet that he's no to get healed after a', and ye would think his face would be black wi' shame to hear his sins spoke about afore folk. Ye would think he would cry to his friends on the roof, 'Haul awa' up, lads, for I'm no to lie here and hae my sins cracked about.'

"But patience, patience a wee, for we haena gotten a right look. Yon's him lying wi' a face like to laugh, and so far frae being shamefaced he's like as he had something to be proud o'—'glorying in his shame' as ye would say. But na, that's no the right sight o' him yet. He's lying yonder and he's like to laugh, and he doesna heed wha sees or hears; he's like as he had been left a fortun'. Ay, that's the truth o' it, he has been left a fortun', for he's gotten the receipted accounts o' a' he was due, and nae wonder he canna look glum. A' the time he's been ill he's been sair troubled about his sins. When he hadna naething to think upon, they were aye there forcing themsel's forrit to his mind, whether he be willing or no. It's an awfu' job to lie on your bed gin your sins bena forgiven, ye canna escape the thought o' them. Gin ye be weel ye mayna tak' time for thought, and Satan aye keeps his folk at the trot for fear they get sight o'

their sins. But set ye a man that hasna got his sins forgiven, set ye him for an hour or twa where he canna work, and canna read, and canna crack, and bid him think about himsel'; he would gie a' he possessed to win out, for there's naething mair fearsome to folk than themsel's. Them that ken what it is, ken what yon palsied man felt when he heard his sins was forgiven. It was a'thing to him and muckle mair than a'thing. It would tak' him a' his time no to sing out in the midst o' them a'. He would aye keep running owre to himsel', 'Thy sins be forgiven thee! Thy sins be forgiven thee!' It's the brawest news he's heard yet, for the Master's settled up a' that was due, and He mak's owre the dischairged accounts. A body can haud his head gey high when he has the dischairged accounts."

"It was grand," said Dave Paterson.

"Nae mistak' but it was grand, and gin I had been yon palsied man I would hae been like to cry to them on the roof, 'Haul awa up now, I can thole the palsy now.' But he had mair patience than me, and it was just as weel. You're never wise to hurry awa when you're near-hand the Master, for ye never ken how muckle mair's to come. So syne he gets healed o' the palsy as weel, for the Master has power to do onything and a'thing. It aye pays to gang to the Master."

"I would hae liked fine to hae been yon stout man," said Tom Duff.

"Plenty folk would like to hae been yon stout man, but it's no ilka ane would hae ta'en as muckle pains to gie a neeber a lift to the Master, or would hae haen as muckle patience. Patience is needed as weel as pains."

"But ane canna redeem his brither," said Dave Paterson.

"Na, ane canna redeem his brither, but maist o' folk can gie their brither a lift gin they're fair determined on it. Ye mind the impotent man lay thirty-and-eight year afore he got onybody to gie him a lift, and that was a gey disgrace to folk. He didna need nae mair than a lift to the pool, but naebody offered it. There's whiles a scarcity o' lifters. It's astonishing how a body can help a body."

"But folk arena aye very willing to tak' help, and it's no an easy job to compel them," said Dave.

"An easy job!" said Sandy, "I'm sair mista'en gin yon stout man had an easy job, for gin ever a body had the door slamm'd fair in their face it was yon stout man. He might hae said it wasna the will o' providence for James to get to the Master, and he might hae said it ten times owre, for naebody would conterdic'; but folk dinna aye read providence right. And gin ye want easy jobs ye've ta'en the wrong trade, Dave; but I ken ye better than ye ken yoursel', for ye're no the lad to stick at a stiff job."

"A body would hae mair heart til it, gin it was intellec'ual difeeculties they was ca'd upon to help. That lifting o' folk's mair machine work. Onybody can do it."

"Onybody canna do it, and what's mair, onybody doesna do it. And gin we're to pick and choose, folk'll be like to speir 'Wha's master?'"

"A body would do their endeavour to get folk down to meetings or ony place where the Master was, gin they kent it would do ony good, but there's heaps o' folk gang to kirks and meetings, and yet they're no nane the better."

"Man, Dave, it's a pity ye hadna been yonder to tell a' that to yon stout man. Ye would hae saved him his labour."

"Na, ye ken fine, Sandy, I would be the first to do it gin I thought it would do ony good."

"I ken that weel, but the fau'ts wi' ye in no thinking it would do good. Yon stout man was positeeve it would do good gin he ainee had James to the Master. Be ye positeeve that it will do good, gin ye get folk to the Master, and wha kens but ye may hae as braw returns as yon stout man himsel'? Dinna be blate to let the Master ken ye're there, and that ye've somebody wi' ye. And there's this, yon stout man hadna nae notion that James was troubled about his sins. There's folk ye ken, and ye think they've never thought about their sins, but tak' ye them down to the Master and ye'll mak' this discovery, that a' their thoughts was about them. Ye think they're heedless, but they're no, for there's twa kind o' hypocrites. There's them that profess to heed about their soul's concerns when they dinna, that's the ae kind, and there's them that professes no to heed when they do, that's the tither kind, and it's no the kind there's fewest o'. Mak' ye up your mind, Dave, that a' 'ill be weel wi' your friends gin they ainee come in contac' wi' the Master. Mak' ye it

your business to hae them where the Master is, He'll mak' it His business to heal them. Dinna believe it possible they'll hae to be carried hame again gin they're aince aside Him. Expec' a'thing and ye'll win a'thing. Expec' things that ye canna expec', for He's the God that does wonders, and wonders are the things folk canna expec'. Yon stout man expec'it wonders, and he got them, too. He's wondering yet he got as muckle.

"But, bairns, there's this, I'm thinking the Almighty wonders at ye and me. He's waiting us wi' His hands fu' wi' blessings, and He's wondering why we dinna come. The wonder is no that He's willing to gie so muckle, though the very angels wonder at that, the wonder is that we're no willing to gang for it. There's muckle cause for wonder."

"Thae Bible meetings wouldna hae been nae mair to my liking than the Inchraig anes," said Jamie Stewart, as we went home.

"Then where does the fau't lie, Jim?" said Tom. "Is the fau't wi' the Bible or wi' your liking?"

Jim did not reply, and the rest of us were quiet. Some of us were wondering who it was whom we should lift to the Master, for we must needs lift some one.

TRANSLATED.*

BY E. J. A.

He was Nature's ardent lover,
Hand in hand they trod,
He heard her softest whisper
And felt her great pulse throb,
From morn 'til eve he wooed her,
Nor spurned she such an one,
But led him to her Father
And to His blessed Son.

A prince she fain would make him,
And he strove to win his crown,
Nor heeding worldly flatter,
Nor daunted by a frown.
When the mountains rose before him,
And the sky grew black o'erhead
He stole away to Jesus
Who e'er his footsteps led.

Earth's laurels lay before him,
Her honours at his feet,
When he caught a fairer vision,
Of the Holy City street.

Then earthly grandeur faded
As he beheld that sight;
He crossed the stream with Jesus,
And gained the Crown of Life.

His comrades whispered "Failure,
His work on earth is done!"
But Jesus answers, "Never!
His work has just begun."
His prayers for every classmate
Still come before the throne,
Oh! hear his gentle pleading,
As he beckons you, come home!

A father's sole companion,
A mother's only boy,
Five sisters loved him dearly,
Our home was filled with joy;
But gladly will we suffer
And smother every groan
If by our loss some other boy
Will gain that Heavenly Home.

*In loving memory of Robert T. Anderson, drowned in Georgian Bay, June 16th, 1903, while collecting for Biological Station, Victoria University.

WESLEY'S DOCTRINE OF CHRISTIAN PERFECTION.*

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

II.

T each of the Conferences during the three years following the subject was considered. There is evidently difference of opinion as to the possibility of being "saved from all sin before death." It is equally evident that they have also before their minds the testimony of persons who are living in the enjoyment of a most vivid consciousness of present salvation from sin. The grace which they enjoy Mr. Wesley wishes fully to recognize. The objection raised is one of definition. On this point he is quite willing to suspend judgment, holding that such suspense is no sin till we have full and strong proof. With Mr. Wesley's high ethical ideals he readily recognized the force of the objections of those who disliked the term, "sinless perfection." In keeping with these conversations at Conference is another fact of this date. In 1748 Mr. Wesley published his second volume of sermons. In the very efront of this volume he placed the sermon on the Circumcision of the Heart, preached before the University of Oxford in 1733. We have already noted the fact that this sermon contains the finest ethical description of inward holiness in our language outside the Bible. This high ideal of pure intention, full consecration, perfect love, making God the supreme centre of all our inward as well as outward life, he still holds fast. But, in the meantime, he has learned the supreme importance, for its attainment, of the definite experience reached by an act of faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. A general faith he had already included in his description of the perfected life, "which is an unshaken assent to all that God hath revealed in the Scripture," and in particular to the fact of the Atonement. But now he adds the following, drawn not from theology, but from the evangelical experience: "The revelation of Christ in our hearts, a divine evidence or conviction of his love, his free, unmerited love to me, a sinner; a sure confidence in his pardoning mercy, wrought in us by the Holy Ghost; a confidence whereby every believer is enabled to bear witness, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' and that I have 'an Advocate with the Father,' and that 'Jesus Christ, the righteous,' is my Lord, and 'the propitiation for my sins.' I know that He hath 'loved me and given himself for me'—He hath reconciled me, even me, to God; and I have 'redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins.'"

Thus, through the first ten years of Mr. Wesley's evangelical experience and work, we have two distinct but not antagonistic or contradictory elements in his ideal of Christian perfection—a theological and ethical conception, formed from his earlier life through his studies of Taylor, Law, a-Kempis, and Scripture, and which he at first expected to reach by a process of growth in the use of means and religious exercises, and by the power of sacramental grace, and by diligent attention to all moral and religious duty—and, added to this, a conception drawn from a distinct religious experience (his own and that of others), of the love of God shed abroad in the heart, an experience reached by faith in the atonement, preceded by deep conviction of sin, and followed by the fulness of a divine assurance. Those who viewed the subject from the side of conscious religious experience and emotion used very strong terms; and, feeling conscious of overflowing love and joy, and of the absence of the old struggle with sin, had no difficulty in speaking of a full salvation from the guilt, the power, and the indwelling of all sin. In the midst of the glorious experience of ten years of revival power, Mr. Wesley was drawn more and more to this view of subjective

* A paper read before the Theological Union of the Bay of Quinte Conference, June, 1903.

experience, and recognized its full significance, even from the theological point of view. It formed the very centre and strength of young Methodism. But under the pressure of the objection and theological controversy raised he guarded himself against all extreme forms of expression, and against a hasty approval of all who, from the ardour of a glowing experience, and sometimes without the clearest moral judgment of themselves, and of their own life, made very high and not insincere professions.

This, we think, expressed his position up to the end of the second decade of the Methodist revival. In 1759 he writes: "I rejoice that that soul is always happy in Christ, always full of prayer and thanksgiving. I rejoice that he feels no unholy temper, but the pure love of God continually. And I will rejoice if sin is suspended till it is totally destroyed.

"Q. Is there no danger, then, in a man's being thus deceived?

"A. Not at the time that he feels no sin. There was danger before, and there will be again, when he comes into fresh trials. But so long as he feels nothing but love animating all his thoughts, words, and actions, he is in no danger; he is not only happy, but safe under the shadow of the Almighty. And, for God's sake, let him continue in that love as long as he can; meantime, you may do well to warn him of the danger that will be, if his love grow cold and sin revive, even the danger of casting away hope, and supposing that because he hath not attained yet, therefore he never shall.

"Q. But what if none have attained it yet? What if all who think so are deceived?

"A. Convince me of this, and I will preach it no more. But understand me right, I do not build any doctrine on this or that person. This or any other man may be deceived, and I am not moved. But if there are none made perfect yet, God hath not sent me to preach perfection."

These are important words. They show clearly that Mr. Wesley placed great confidence in the testimony of the Spirit in the hearts of believers, and in the work of the Spirit in religious experience. It is through this work of the Spirit in conscious experience by faith that perfection of Christian character is attained. On this point he was very clear. "It is received by faith." But his definition of perfection was still an ethical character rather than a conscious religious experience. But it was an ethical character reached through conscious experience, and of which the conscious love of God and the cessation of sinful desires and tempers were the characteristic elements. He now also begins to speak of this character as being attained in a moment by an instantaneous experience. This experience he compares with that of conversion, and describes in these words:

"When, after being fully convinced of inbred sin by a far deeper and clearer conviction than he experienced before justification, and after having experienced a gradual mortification of it, he experiences a total death to sin, and an entire renewal in the love and image of God, so as to rejoice evermore, to pray without ceasing, and in everything to give thanks. Not that to feel all love and no sin is a sufficient proof; several have experienced this for a time before their souls were fully renewed. None, therefore, ought to believe that the work is done, till there is added the testimony of the Spirit, witnessing his entire sanctification as clearly as his justification."

We may add to this the presentation of the doctrine contained in Sermon XLIII., published in 1750. In this sermon he clings to his favourite designation of religion as "Salvation by faith." But this salvation is, first justification, then sanctification. Justification is pardon attested by the witnessing Spirit as the peace that passeth all understanding. And at the same time that we are justified, yea, "in that instant, we are born again," and "in that very moment sanctification begins." "From the time of our being born again, the gradual work of sanctification takes place." "As we are more and more dead to sin, we are more and more alive to God." "It is thus that we wait for entire sanctification, for a full salvation from all our sins, from pride, self-will, anger, unbelief, or, as the Apostle expresses it, go on to perfection."

But this salvation, in both its aspects, is received by faith; and he thus describes the faith by which "we are sanctified, saved from sin, and perfected in love." After describing the continuance in good works and the higher repentance which follow justification, and which prepare the way for this higher faith, he says:

"1. It is a Divine evidence and conviction that God hath promised it in the Holy Scripture. Till we are

thoroughly satisfied of this, there is no moving one step further.

"2. That what God hath promised He is able to perform. 'With men it is impossible, but with God all things are possible.'

"3. It is a Divine evidence and conviction that He is able and willing to do it now. And why not? Is not one moment to Him the same as a thousand years? He cannot want more time to accomplish whatever is His will. And He cannot want or stay for any more worthiness or fitness in the persons He is pleased to honour. We may, therefore, boldly say, at any point of time, Now is the day of salvation."

"4. To this confidence, that God is both able and willing to sanctify us now, there needs to be added one thing more, a Divine evidence and conviction that He doeth it. In that hour it is done. God says to the inmost soul, According to thy faith be it unto thee! Then the soul is pure from every spot of sin; it is clean from all unrighteousness. The believer then experiences the deep meaning of those solemn words, 'If we walk in the light as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ, his son, cleanseth us from all unrighteousness.'"

Wesley has written nothing on the subject of an instantaneous experience stronger than this. And in reviewing this teaching, some years later, he says, "Both my brother and I maintained:

"1. That Christian perfection is that love of God and our neighbour which implies deliverance from all sin.

"2. That this is received merely by faith.

"3. That it is given instantaneously in one moment.

"4. That we are to expect it not at death, but every moment, and that now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation."

If any further evidence of the Wesleyan teaching were needed, we might quote Charles Wesley's hymn, No. 525, in our Hymn-book:

"Father, I dare believe
Thee merciful and true;
Thou wilt my guilty soul forgive,
My fallen soul renew.
Come, then, for Jesus' sake,
And bid my heart be clean;
An end of all my troubles make,
An end of all my sin.

"I will, through grace, I will,
I do, return to Thee;
Empty my heart, O Lord, and fill
With perfect purity!
For power I feebly pray;
Thy kingdom now restore,
To-day, while it is called to-day,
And I shall sin no more.

"I cannot wash my heart,
But by believing Thee,
And waiting for Thy blood to impart
The spotless purity.
While at Thy cross I lie,
Jesus, Thy grace bestow,
Now Thy all-cleansing blood apply,
And I am white as snow."

It was when his teaching had reached this point that the second great outpouring of spiritual power in the Methodist revival took place. This began in London in 1762. Mr. Wesley says: "There was a great increase in the work of God. Many were deeply convinced of their lost estate. Many found redemption in the blood of Christ. Not a few backsliders were healed. And a considerable number of persons believed that God had saved them from all sin."

The outpouring of blessing which thus began in London spread over the whole land, and continued for several years. Mr. Wesley in one place speaks of it as greatly helpful to his own soul. Its effect upon his teaching of the doctrine of Christian perfection was twofold.

1. He was more than ever established in the importance of presenting it as a definite and instantaneous experience of a conscious salvation from all sin, received by faith, and attested by a full assurance of the Spirit. He had now the opportunity of examining carefully many hundreds of witnesses. There was, it is true, much chaff among the wheat. There were in London, especially, many enthusiasts who were carried away with various delusions. Some believed they would never die. Others predicted the end of the world to be at hand. Others thought Mr. Wesley could no longer be their teacher because he did not make profession of a second blessing, as they did, and called him "Blind John." Others began to refine upon their frames and feelings by describing various kinds of higher blessings which they had received. Others looked upon themselves as infallible, both morally and intellectually. They were directly taught of God. But Mr. Wesley was enabled, in the provi-

dence of God, to pass through all this without either being imposed upon by the enthusiasm of the deluded, or, on the other hand, losing his faith in the genuine and scriptural work of the Holy Spirit. His confidence in the direct witness of the Holy Spirit as a firm ground of assurance was unshaken. But he insisted more than ever upon the fruits. He was not disposed either to sympathize with or yield to the wise critics who assumed the attitude of cold scepticism toward all who made an earnest profession of full salvation. In one place where he found thirty or forty who were evidently under enthusiastic delusion, he found several hundreds whom he regarded as genuine witnesses to the blessing of perfect love. A finer example of sanctified wisdom and moderation can scarcely be found than he displayed during this trying period, when some of his most trusted and successful preachers were carried away by enthusiastic delusion, and became leaders of secession. Thomas Maxfield was a conspicuous example of this. In spite of all this, he did not modify his judgment that perfect love is received by faith, that it is given in a moment, and that we should look for it now—and especially that it is attested by the direct witness of the Holy Spirit. But this trying experience led him to review the whole process of the inner life with the most careful scrutiny, comparing all things with the language of Scripture, and no part of Mr. Wesley's writing on this subject is more valuable, especially in our day, than the part of his "Plain Account" written after this date.

Before summing up our study of Mr. Wesley's views on this subject, another point demands a moment's attention. Mr. Wesley never denied that Christian perfection might be gradually attained. In answer to the question, "Is this death to sin gradual or instantaneous?" he answers, "A man may be dying for some time, yet he does not, properly speaking, die till the instant the soul is separated from the body; and in that instant he lives the life of eternity. In like manner, he may be dying to sin for some time; yet he is not dead to sin till sin is separated from his soul. And in that instant he lives the full life of love. And as the change undergone when the body dies is of a different kind, and infinitely greater than any can conceive till he experiences it; yet he still grows in grace, in knowledge of Christ, in the love and image of God; and will do so, not only till death, but to all eternity."

Again, in 1764, he says: "An instantaneous change has been wrought in some believers; none can deny this. Since that change they enjoy perfect love. They 'rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in everything give thanks.' Now, this is all I mean by perfection; therefore, these are witnesses of the perfection which I preach. 'But in some this change was not instantaneous.' They did not perceive the instant when it was wrought. It is often difficult to perceive the instant when a man dies. Yet there is an instant in which life ceases. And if even sin ceases, there must be a last moment of its existence, and a first moment of our deliverance from it.

It is evident from these passages that Mr. Wesley regards the essentials of the way of holiness, whether attained in a supreme moment of wonderful conscious experience, or by such gradual steps that the supreme moment cannot be distinguished, as still the same for all. Perfection is in every case reached, not by a process of education or natural development, but by the exercise of faith in Christ, in answer to which the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost given unto us. It is salvation from sin through faith in Christ. The probability is that Mr. Wesley himself never had the marked second experience which he witnessed in so many of his people. He has at least never recorded any such; and if it had come to him, his emphasis of his first experience makes it very likely that he would have told us of the second. We have seen that this fact led some of his enthusiastic followers to despise him and call him "Blind John." There was perhaps a slight tone of regret in the words, when, about 1750, he wrote: "Perhaps it may be gradually wrought in some; I mean in this sense, that they do not advert to the particular moment when sin ceases to be. But it is infinitely desirable, were it the will of God, that it should be done instantaneously, that the Lord should destroy sin by the breath of his mouth, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye. And so he generally does, a plain fact of which there is evidence enough to satisfy any unprejudiced person." But in his own case either the full salvation came to him on that ever memorable 24th of May, 1738, or he was one of those in whose heart love was unfolded

and sin destroyed so gradually that he was never able to advert to the precise moment, or to speak of it with the strong assurance of a direct witness. And yet few would say of him that the fruit of holiness in his life was less perfect than in any of his followers. In conclusion, we may say that Mr. Wesley's doctrine of Christian Perfection lies at the very heart of the great religious movement known as Methodism. Justification by faith was the watchword of the Reformation, and was not a theological symbol, but a new spiritual life, a gospel of grace to the nations. Mr. Wesley's mission was to enlarge that gospel to a free, full, and present salvation by faith attested by the power and full assurance of the Holy Ghost. Under the Roman Church, the penitent sought forgiveness of sins at the hand of the priest, and his faith, if faith he had, was veiled under the sacramental act of confession and absolution. Luther brought faith out into distinct consciousness, but it was faith for the forgiveness of sins. Wesley, led back again into the twilight of sacerdotalism, through the teaching of the High Church mystics, was led to feel the need, not of forgiveness alone, but also of a new heart and a holy life, and when, by the leading hand of God, he discovered the way of faith, it was as the way, not to pardon alone, but to regeneration, and sanctification as well. He had sought perfection in holiness by sacerdotal and sacramental acts, and ascetic exercises. Now he was led to seek it by simple faith. His age was, thanks be to God, an age of strong, clear, distinct, religious experiences, and out of those experiences came the doctrine which we have endeavoured to place before you. Wesley could point to instances of full salvation by faith wrought in a second experience as distinct as of justification by faith wrought in the first. Both became daily occurrences in the great work of which he was the instrument. The evidence of them was abundant. They distinguished Methodism from an objective, educational, formal Christianity; and if Methodism to-day is to maintain her original distinction, her need of abundant evidence of the second blessing is quite as great as of the first. The heart of each is a clear, strong, Divine assurance of salvation by the present indwelling of the Holy Ghost.

THE VISION OF THE SOUL.

BY IAN MACLAREN.

Author of the "Bonnie Brier Bush," etc.

THERE were many modest homes in the Glen, but the humblest of them all was that of Bell Robb, where she lived with Jean her sister, and blind Marjorie. It had only one room, and that had only one window. A tall man could stand upright only in the centre, and the hearth was so near the top of the chimney that it was a fight in the winter time between the fire and the snow, and the snow used to win the battle before morning. There was a box bed at the back of the room where Bell and Jean slept, and the lowliest of little beds just below the window had been Marjorie's home night and day for many a long year, because she had not only been blind from her birth, but since middle age had also been paralyzed. There was a table and two chairs, and a dresser on which the humble stock of crockery was carefully displayed. From above the fireplace the humblest of oil lamps, called a cruzie, projected; but the cottage had two brass candlesticks which were never used, but were polished like unto fine gold and were the glory of the home.

If Providence had been unkind to any person in the Glen it was to Marjorie, for her birth had been a tragedy, and the helpless child, blind and feeble, had been flung upon the world. She had never known father or mother; she had never seen the primroses in the Tochty woods when spring made her first visit, nor the purple of the heather in autumn time, nor the golden corn in the field before her door, nor the sunshine upon the burn down below. She

had no kinsfolk to take charge of her, she had no claim upon any one except the poor law authorities, and had she been born into a parish like Kilbogie the workhouse had been her only asylum.

But it was a kindly little world into which this poor waif and stray had come—a world which had not many words nor much money, whose ways were curious and whose manner was austere, but whose heart was big and warm. Drumtochty had its laws of public policy which Government itself was never able to override, which every man and woman in the Glen set themselves to enforce. And one was that no native of the Glen should ever be sent to the coldness and bondage of a workhouse; that, however poor he might be and however long he lived, he must be kept in the shelter of our pine woods, where he could see the Tochty run. As a matter of fact, this was not so great a burden on the neighbours, for Drumtochty folk had a rooted objection, which not even the modern spirit creeping up into the Glen could overcome, against being paupers or depending on any person save on themselves and God. Drumtochty had no pity for wastrels and very little sympathy with shiftless people, but Marjorie, poor Marjorie, she had the spirit to work—we judged she had about the highest spirit in the Glen—but what could she do without sight and with her trembling hands? So the Glen adopted Marjorie, and declared in wayside talk and many a kirkyard conference that she had given them more than they had ever given to her.

Bell Robb and Jean, her sister, earned their living by hoeing turnips, lifting potatoes, binding at harvest and gathering the stones off the field—which were ever coming up to the surface in our poor, thin soil—and they made between them on an average, from January to December, nearly twelve shillings a week. They declared that, being two solitary women, Providence had intended they should have Marjorie; and now for thirty years she had been with them, and they spent upon her twice as much as they received in grants from the parish inspector, and declared with brazen effrontery that they were making a little fortune out of her.

They also gave sixpence a month to the sustentation fund of the Free Kirk, and a shilling at a great collection, and if there was any little presentation in the Glen they had a shilling for that also. How they did those things was only known to God. Their faces were lined by labour and burned brown by the sun, but they looked well in the light of the Sacrament, for they were partakers of the Lord's Cross; their hands were rough and hard with field labour, but very gentle and kindly when they waited upon Marjorie. And when Marjorie began to relate the catalogue of her blessings she always put next to her Saviour, Bell and her sister Jean. The two sisters have had their humble funeral years ago, and their tired bodies with Marjorie's body of humiliation were laid to rest in the old kirkyard and theirs was then the reward of Him who said, "I was a stranger and ye took me in."

Drumsheugh, returning from Muirtown market one afternoon by road, dropped in to pass the time o' day with Marjorie—leaving half a pound of tea upon the dresser—and was arrested by the humility of her bed. He was overheard saying "Sall" to himself as he returned to the main road with the tone of a man who had come to a resolution, and next Friday he drove up from Muirtown with a small iron bedstead, arranged in parts over his dogcart, while he sat with dignity upon the mattress. The installation of Marjorie into her new couch was the event of her life, and for weeks the Glen dropped in, partly to see Drumsheugh's amazing gift, but chiefly to hear Marjorie on his unparalleled kindness and its unparalleled splendour. She had felt it over, inch by inch, and knew the pattern to a turn, but she was chiefly concerned that her visitors should observe and appreciate the brass knobs at the four corners.

"Drumsheugh micht have got an ordinary bed for half the money, but naething wud sateesfy him but brass knobs. Ye may say that I canna see them, but I can feel them, and I ken that they're there, and the neighbours see them, and to think o' that I'm lying here like a queen on a spring bed with four brass knobs. And me that has no claim on Drumsheugh or any other body, juist crowned wi' loving kindness. I'll need to ask grace to be kept humble."

According to Marjorie, indeed, her whole life had been arranged on the principle of Drumsheugh's giving; instead of iron, she had received brass, yea, much fine gold, and all things had worked together for her good. When her minister, Carmichael, forgot himself one day and pitied her for her af-

flictions, she was amazed, and had to remind herself that he had only come to the Glen. For was it not her helplessness that had won her so much love, so that from high Glen Urtarch down to the borders of Kilbogie, every man, woman, and child was her friend, dropping in to see her, bringing her all the news, and making her so many little presents that she was "fair ashamed"? And she reminded John Carmichael that if she, Marjorie, had been an able-bodied woman, he would not have paid her so many visits, nor told her so many "bonny stories."

"Mr. Carmichael, I'll have much to answer for, for I've been greatly blessed. I judge masel' the maist priveeleged woman in Drumtochty." And then Carmichael, who had his own troubles and discontentments, used to go away a wiser and a better man.

Marjorie saw the hand of an all-wise and all-loving Providence in the arrangements of her home. For one thing, it faced south, and she got the warmth and the shining of the sun through her little window, and there was an advantage in the door opening straight from the garden into the room, for the scent of the flowers came in to her bed, and she knew when the wallflowers had begun to bloom and when the first rosebud above the doorway had opened. She would have liked very well to have gone to the kirk with a goodly company, but lying alone on her bed through the hours of service she had time for prayer, and I have heard her declare that the time was too short for her petitions.

"For, ye see, I have sae mony friends to remember, and my plan is to begin at the top of the Glen and tak' them family by family till I come to the end of the parish. And, wud ye believe it, I judge that it takes me four complete days to bring a' the fowk I love before the Throne of Grace."

As for her darkness of earthly sight, this, she insisted, was the chief good which God had bestowed upon her, and she made out her case with the ingenuity of a faithful and contented heart.

"If I dinna see"—and she spoke as if this was a matter of doubt and she were making a concession for argument's sake—"there's naebody in the Glen can hear like me. There's no a footstep of a Drumtochty man comes to the door but I ken his name, and there's no a voice oot on the road that I canna tell. The birds sing sweeter to me than to onybody else, and I can hear them cheeping to one another in the bushes before they go to sleep. And the flowers smell sweeter to me—the roses and the carnations and the bonny moss rose—and I judge that the oatcake and milk taste the richer because I dinna see them. Na, na, ye're no to think that I've been ill-treated by my God, for if He didna give me ae thing, He gave me mony things instead.

"And mind ye, it's no as if I'd seen once and lost my sight; that micht ha' been a trial, and my faith micht have failed. I've lost naething; my life has been all getting."

And she said confidently one day to her elder, Donald Menzies, in the tone of one voicing for the first time a long cherished secret:

"There's a mercy waitin' for me that'll crown a' His goodness, and I'm feared when I think o't, for I'm no worthy."

"What iss that that you will be meaning, Marjorie?" said the elder.

"He has covered my face with His hand as a father plays with his bairn, but some day sune He will lift His hand, and the first thing that Marjorie sees in a' her life will be His ain face."

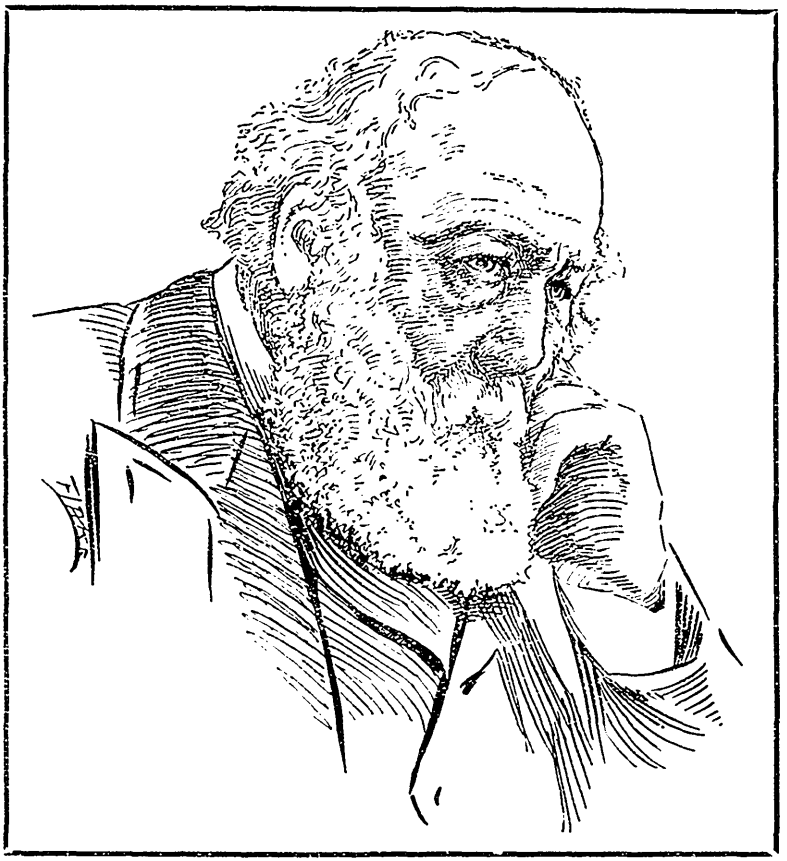
And Donald Menzies declared to Burnbrae on the way home that he would gladly go blind all the days of his life if he were as sure of that sight when the day broke and the shadows fled away.—Frank Leslie's Monthly.

INCOMPLETENESS.

I wonder if ever a song was sung but the singer's heart sang sweeter!
I wonder if ever a rhyme was wrung but the thought surpassed the metre!
I wonder if ever a sculptor wrought till the cold stone echoed his ardent thought!
Or if ever a painter with light and shade the dream of his inmost heart portrayed!

I wonder if ever a rose was found and there might not be a fairer!
Or if ever a glittering gem was found and we dreamed not of a rarer!
Ah! never on earth do we find the best, but it waits for us in the land of rest:
And a perfect thing we shall never behold till we pass the portals of shining gold.

DEATH OF LORD SALISBURY.



THE LATE ROBERT TALBOT GASCOYNE-CECIL, THIRD MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.
Born February 3rd, 1830; Died August 22nd, 1903.

In the evening of the day that marked the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance upon the stage of public life, the Marquis of Salisbury passed unto his reward. In her late premier England loses one of her most remarkable statesmen. Undoubtedly he has had his enemies. Undoubtedly there are those who carry memories of his keen and biting sarcasm. But even among these none can say he was the servant of time and of men. He lived and died faithful to the high ideals that beckoned him upward and onward.

Born in Hatfield in 1830, educated at Eton and at Oxford, a second son of his house, he found himself at an early age facing a world in which it was required of him to carve his way. Then began that training in the school of life's difficulties that was to fit him to be a leader of men. One period of his youth was spent among the cattlemen of New Zealand. Then the Australian gold-fields beckoned him and he worked his claim and lived in a rude shack like other miners. In 1853 he returned to England and was elected to Parliament from Stamford. A few years later he displeased his family greatly by his marriage with the daughter of a judge. Thus cast upon his own resources, he turned to journalism for a livelihood. He con-

tributed to The Saturday Review, The Quarterly, The Morning Chronicle, and The Times.

In 1865 he became Viscount Cranbourne at the death of his eldest brother, and in 1868 he succeeded to the Marquisate. He was three times Premier of Great Britain, during most of these periods being Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs as well. And it was with the foreign affairs of England he was mostly concerned. He it was who determined the boundaries of the various European possessions in Africa and settled the supremacy of England in Egypt. His services in connection with the Berlin Congress, the Fashoda incident, and South African affairs will not be forgotten. He retired from public life in July of 1902, but his influence was felt to the last.

His private life was one of the happiest, and the death of the Marchioness some few years ago was a blow from which he never fully recovered. Much of his time was spent in the pursuit of science and literature, both of which he dearly loved. He was a strict but somewhat narrow churchman. In Hatfield, where he lived, he was regarded with the utmost devotion. Gruff and cynical as he could be at times to the outer world, he was all kindness and love to the people of his native place. The humble folk have many a story of his generosity and kindness. His own words at the death of another a few years before are applicable to himself.

"When a man has done his work, and those whom he loves pass one by one behind the veil," said the aged statesman, "there is nothing better for him than to die as our friend has died, full of years and leaving behind him a memory fragrant with good deeds. He should be able to say in the words of an obscure but beautiful modern poet:

"'When my last hour grows dark for me,
I shall not fear
Death's dreaded face to see,
Death's voice to hear.
I shall not fear the night
When day is done;
My life was loyal to the light,
And served the sun.'"

NOT COMFORTLESS.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Lo, I am with thee! Ere I left Mine own
I promised to return and comfort them
With My abiding presence. And for thee
This word is true—since not with them alone,
But through all time, with all believing souls
I do abide.

And I am with thee now;—
Not visibly, for once beholding Me
Thou couldst not turn again to aught of earth;
Yet I—Myself in very truth—am here,
Close, close beside thee. Never grief doth draw
Her blinding veil of mist before thy sight,
But I, so near, do mark it; and Mine eyes
Mingle regretful tenderness with love
In every look; the while I think how thou
Must tarry, even yet, a little space,
Where tears are shed. No lonely, longing hour
Thou dost encounter, but I bend more near
Above thee; and My brimming heart well-nigh
O'erflows; so strong its yearning to reveal
All that it holds in store for thee beyond
These days of waiting. Not to thee there comes
A time of suffering, but I do long
For that glad day, when these, Mine arms, spread now
Beneath and round thee, swift shall raise and bear
Where pain is not.

And even now thou shouldst
Arise with Me were not My love for thee
Strong as 'tis tender, so that it can choose
Thy present sorrow, knowing this doth tend
To future happiness. The waiting time
On earth not fully told, e'en heaven itself
Would lack its fullest bliss. Thou read'st not now
This mystery aright: but thou shalt read
Hereafter. And, meanwhile, with patient heart
Sure thou canst wait; for lo, I wait with thee
Unto the bright, bright end.

Toronto.

Current Topics and Events.

In the Balkan Peninsula.

At a time when all eyes are directed toward the Balkan peninsula, it may be well to look behind the scenes, and see something of the conditions that have given birth to all this turmoil.

A recent issue of The Congregationalist and Christian World contains an excellent article by the Rev. Henry House on conditions in the near East.

The principality of Bulgaria and the kingdom of Servia have made marked growth and progress along material lines since they gained independence under the Treaty of Berlin. But Macedonia has been left sadly in the rear. The Christian subjects of the Moslems feel themselves in the most galling bondage. It is true the Turkish Government is quite tolerant of religious beliefs in Christians who submit and pay tribute. Nevertheless, when one looks into the iniquities of the courts, of the taxation system, and other like conditions, one does not wonder at the "bondage outcry."

The Court and Prison Evil.

In the courts the testimony of a Christian does not count as against that of a Mohammedan. The accused is treated as guilty until he can prove his innocence. The arrested may be kept in prison an indefinite length of time without a trial. Thus a man may imprison his enemy for a considerable period by simply bringing a serious charge against him. Neither will the accused receive any redress for this injustice when he proves his innocence. One path to freedom is by bribing his keepers. Even before trial, many culprits are freed in this way. Thus the Turkish officers of the law are intent on multiplying cases of arrest by which to increase their incomes. To be sure, imperial clemency may be trusted to greatly shorten the term of imprisonment of the condemned. Neither is imprisonment considered the disgrace there that it is in our own land.

The Taxation Evil.

Another great evil is the taxation system. The taxes are auctioned off to the highest bidder. Often he pays more than their value, and then proceeds to get back his own with a goodly usury. The tax is nominally a tithe, but it may be anywhere up to a half. An apple-tree that bore a crop last year may be taxed for the same amount this year, though it does not produce an apple.

Other Evils and the Outcome.

Of these taxes, however, only a small percentage reaches the Government, which is heavily burdened. But worse than the evils of taxation is the preying upon communities by underpaid officials, and, worse still, the danger to the honour of their women from the Turkish policemen and soldiers.

Nor does even Christianity mean to these poor Christians what the name implies to us. The Eastern Orthodox Church has but a barren formalism to offer her children. The liturgy is in the Slavic tongue, not understood by the people. The prayers to the Virgin are longer than those to the Creator. Evangelical sermons are not permitted by the bishops. Nevertheless these children of the East cling tenaciously to their Church.

From such a nursery numbers of Macedonians have fled to Bulgaria. Many were educated there, and it is they who have instigated revolution. They collected funds. They roused the people. The cry for the freedom of Macedonia became popular to Bulgarian ears. And now all eyes are turned toward the ever-eventful scene of the struggle.

The King and Ireland.

There may be a cynical few inclined to assert that the warmth of King Edward's reception in Ireland was largely superficial, a simple manifestation of the Irish character, and otherwise belittle the affair. But the fact remains that King Edward has manifested a warm interest in the welfare of Ireland, and that her people are not behindhand in their appreciation.

Since the Act of Union between England and Scotland, early in the eighteenth century, British sovereigns have seldom interfered to affect legislation, even when it applied exclusively to Great Britain. King Edward, in his "command" to the Prime Minister announcing to Parlia-

ment his endorsement of the Land Bill, has adopted a course for which we must look far back in history for a precedent. It is not to be wondered at that his tour through Ireland was a veritable triumphal progress. The strains of "Come Back to Erin," when the royal yacht was leaving for Cowes, were expressive of the true feeling of Ireland. It is cheering to all lovers of peace to see England's growing friendship with the people of Ireland, France, and the United States.

THE FATE OF CHINESE REFORMERS.

The Empress-Dowager of China is again strengthening her claims to be classed as one of the cruellest women of history. The path of the journalist in China who would speak the truth fearlessly seems to be often the path of the martyr. Our readers will recall the terrible fate of Shen Chien, the reformer-journalist, who was put to death on July 31st by strangling, after having been beaten with rods for several hours. He was a young

BROTHER JONATHAN SPENDS SO MUCH TIME FIXING HIMSELF THE OTHER FELLOW MAY WIN HER.

—The St. Paul Pioneer Press.

The American Review of Reviews says: "It is hard to see why anything important should stand in the way of a serious and good-tempered effort to draft a mutually beneficial reciprocity treaty. One may venture to guess that it will be a long time, indeed, before Canada will get any practical results from the proposal to provide protective markets for her products in Great Britain; but it is among things easily possible that Canada might within a year or two find a great outlet opened to her products by virtue of an arrangement with her nearest neighbour and her natural commercial partner."

man of thirty-one, and of the highest attainments and connections.

The Empress-Dowager is again anxious to wreak her cruelty on the journalistic class. The victims on this occasion are the editor and staff of the Sufao, a Chinese reform organ at Shanghai, whose extradition is ordered on the ground of seditious utterances. Most of the foreign ministers, however, are unwilling to surrender the journalist-reformers. It is believed they would meet a fate similar to that of Shen Chien. But the easy accomplishment of the opening of the treaty ports seems to incline some of the ministers to grant the

request of the Empress. The better sentiment of Britain and America is however, strong against the surrender of the prisoners.

A School for Journalists.

Columbia University, New York City, has recently received a donation of $2,000,000 for the establishment of a School of Journalism. This fund is the gift of Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, of the New York World. The school will have from the beginning the advice of men like Whitelaw Reid, of the New York Tribune; Victor Lawson, of the Chicago News; Charles H. Taylor, of the Boston Globe; President Eliot, of Harvard University, and others. The course of study will be two years, and if after three years the school is in successful operation, Mr. Pulitzer promises a gift of another million dollars. Certainly the field of journalism is one of supreme responsibility and widespread influence, and a too conscientious training cannot be given those who are to shape so largely the thoughts and views of men.

Foreign Shipping of the United States.

The New York Board of Trade and Transportation have awakened with consternation to the fact that an ever-increasing fleet of foreign vessels is flooding American ports, and carrying more than nine-tenths of the imports and exports of the United States.

It is certainly remarkable that the United States of 1810, with only 7,000,000 inhabitants, owned more registered tonnage for over-sea trade than does the United States of 1903, with a population of 80,000,000. In 1810 the tonnage was 981,000, and it is now 873,000, an actual decrease of 6,000 tons from the year before. In 1810 91.5 per cent. of the ocean trade of that country was carried by her own ships, while last year only 8.8 per cent. was so transported. The United States pays over $100,000,000 a year to these foreign vessels, and in case of war most of them would be used against her. The wonder is that her people have not before been roused to discussion of the problem.

From New York to Paris by Land.

One of the most daring, and to some minds visionary, railroad schemes is that of the Trans-Alaska-Siberian railway. The plan is to connect the railroad systems of the eastern and western hemispheres, and provide an all-rail route from New York to Paris by means of a tunnel under Behring Strait. The plan is, of course, as yet a thing of the future, but for the past year or two it has received the careful study and consideration of Russian and French engineers.

They believe such a tunnel could be constructed at a cost of about $20,000,000. The Strait is about thirty-six miles wide from Cape Prince of Wales to Cape Nuniamo, in Siberia. Over most of the proposed line the water is not more than fifteen feet deep, and during nine months of the year it is solid ice. It is reported that Russian, French, and American capitalists are prepared to invest in the scheme. The difficulties are, however, various. Russia is concerned about the neutralization of such a tunnel in case of war. And there is no even approximate estimation as to the amount of produce and manufactures likely to be transported through such a tunnel.

A Statue of Washington in London.

An instance of the progress of civilization, and of the growing friendliness between England and the United States is the proposal by a committee of Englishmen to erect a statue to the memory of George Washington in London. The committee includes such men as the Archdeacon of London, and the assistant manager of The Times. The proposal is said to be as yet "embryonic," but all approached on the subject have manifested keen interest.

A Museum of Literature.

Mr. J. C. Young, of Minneapolis, has conceived of a unique plan for a library. He proposes to place under one roof in the city of Minneapolis all the best books of the living writers of every country, no matter in what language written. He will have every volume inscribed by the author in a characteristic manner. Mr. Young has now four assistants. He has devoted many of his best years to work and foreign travel for the purpose of adding to his collection. It will be a museum of literature rather than a library. The completion of the plan will depend on the prolongation of the life of its projector.

Religious Intelligence.

Methodist Affiliation.

The recent meeting of the joint Commission on Confederation of the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at Baltimore, says The Outlook, marked a long step in the direction of the closer affiliation of these bodies. It was decided to recommend the preparation of a common hymn-book, catechism, and order of public worship for both Churches ; that measures be taken as soon as possible for the joint administration of the publishing interests in China and Japan ; and that in foreign mission fields where both Churches are labouring co-operative administration is desirable as a means of lessening the expenditure of funds and preventing duplication and overlapping.

As the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, met in Dallas, Texas, on May 7th, and the report of the Commission came before it for consideration, it will devolve upon that body to say what the next step in the direction of federation with the Methodist Episcopal Church shall be. In view of the fact, however, that the relations of the two Churches have never been more cordial, and that a sincere desire for closer affiliation is growing in both bodies, it is altogether likely that the action of the Commission will be ratified, and that a brighter and better era will soon dawn for American Methodism.

The Measure of our Lavishness.

Appleton's Annual Encyclopedia, 1902, calculates that the amount of money given to religious, educational, and philanthropic institutions in the United States during the past year, in gifts of $5,000 or more, amounted to $85,000,000. Dr. Funk makes it $107,000,000. In 1901, it was $124,000,000. The enterprise of a Chicago journal which has kept a similar record is responsible for another computation which makes the total $77,397,167 in gifts of $10,000 or more. In both estimates no account is made of the ordinary gifts to churches or schools, or to the Methodist jubilee fund of $21,000,000, the collection of which has taken three years, although just completed. The distribution of the funds is significant : to charities, $36,519,894 ; to educational institutions, $28,150,803 ; to libraries, $4,979,800 ; to churches, $4,869,700 ; to art galleries, museums, etc., $2,886,000. Charity has one $4,000,000 gift, education several million and half-million gifts, but with the exception of Princeton Theological Seminary's bequest of $1,500,000, on its formal conventional side, religion does not now seem to have been remembered in any lavish way.—Congregationalist and Christian World.

Net Gains of the Churches.

The net gains of all denominations in the United States in 1902 were 720 ministers, 1,261 churches, and 403,743 communicants. These are much smaller than those reported for 1901, particularly of communicants. The increase of communicants in 1901 was 924,675, or considerably more than twice as great as that for 1902. The difference is not due to a decrease of prosperity in the Churches the past year, but to the abnormal increase credited to the Roman Catholic Church in 1901. Leaving the Roman Catholic Church out of the count, the increase for 1902 is wholesome and encouraging. The leading Protestant denominations all had a prosperous year. The Methodist Episcopal Church, which has passed the 3,000,000 line, had a net increase in the United States of 35,384 communicants, and in all the world of about 50,000. All Methodist bodies added over 93,000 to their membership. The Presbyterian Church (Northern) had a notable gain of over 24,000, and all Presbyterian bodies of about 30,000. All branches of Lutherans advanced 49,320, if the returns are not at fault ; the Disciples of Christ, 27,836 ; the Protestant Episcopal Church, 16,355 ; the Congregational denomination, over 13,000 ; the two branches of the United Brethren, over 10,000 ; the Baptists, more than 48,600. The large decreases which appear in connection with the Christians (12,071), the Communistic Societies (926), and the German Evangelical Protestant (16,500) are not the losses of one year, but are due to more correct figures in the first-named instance, and to a revision covering a period of years in the

others. The gain of churches—1,261—does not speak of decline in popular interest. The inference often drawn from reports of church attendance, that the church service is losing its attractiveness for the people, is hardly borne out by the fact of continued enterprise in building houses of worship. Many of the new structures are finer and costlier than those they replace. Rarely or never does one hear of congregations building cheaper edifices for the sake of economy, or smaller edifices because of decreasing attendance. Every year the enormous value represented by church property increases. If the heart of the people is not in the Church, who do they put their treasure there?—Christian Advocate.

The Century of Missions.

Here are a few of the more important figures, says The Independent: Societies engaged in Foreign Missions, 558; income, $20,079,698; missionaries, 18,682; native workers, 79,396; stations occupied, 30,536; churches, 14,364; communicants, 1,550,729; Christian community, 4,523,564. There are 94 universities and colleges, with 35,539 pupils; theological and training schools, 375, with 11,965 pupils; industrial schools, 179, with 9,074 pupils; elementary schools, 18,742, with 904,442 pupils, showing a total of 20,458 schools and 1,051,466 scholars. The mission presses and publishing houses number 159, and there are 379 magazines and papers, with a circulation of over 250,000 copies. The medical record shows 711 physicians, 379 hospitals, 783 dispensaries, and 2,347,780 patients. When we come to the general reformatory work the figures are smaller, but no less significant; 247 orphanages, 100 leper homes; 30 schools for the blind and for deaf mutes; 156 refuges for the victims of vice, opium, the insane, etc.; 118 societies for social reform, etc.

The St. Louis Campaign.

Rev. G. Campbell Morgan has decided not to undertake the special evangelistic campaign at St. Louis in connection with the World's Fair, as was formerly intimated. This is due not to lack of interest, but to a friendly disagreement. At the final arrangements, Mr. Campbell discovered that the committee wished to confine the work to the churches, while he desired a great auditorium to be erected at some central point. The committee also expected him to undertake the responsibility of raising the $100,000 essential as a solid basis of the work. He was unwilling to thus do the preaching and serve tables at the same time.

The St. Louis committee will, however, carry on the campaign under another leader or leaders. It will need a large financial outlay, and the strongest men the pulpit affords, to cope with the forces of evil that will be rampant in that city for the six months of the fair.

The Ambitions of the Vatican.

The beginning of a new reign in the Vatican has naturally directed the eyes of the world to that clutching after temporal power and temporal things that has ever marred and materialized the Roman Catholic Church. The reason for self-imprisonment in the Vatican, as asserted by the last two popes, is that as human affairs are constituted, the preservation of their temporal independency is necessary to the free and full exercise of their spiritual authority.

But the result of a temporal sway even in Rome itself would be more serious than might at first sight be supposed. If such a temporal power existed it would be in a position to meddle with every government on earth. As a temporal kingdom it could demand recognition that it would be difficult to refuse. Its representative would take his seat with the other diplomatic representatives in London, Washington, and every other capital. The ideal of Roman Catholicism would be "a Rome purged," as they would call it, of every trace of Protestant sects. But we rejoice that in the very shadow of the Vatican the voice of Methodism is heard unto salvation. A Church, in so far as it would prop itself on temporal things, must needs see its support crumble.

A Joint Hymnal in Japan.

The first edition of the new Japanese hymn-book goes on sale this month. For the past three years a commission representing Methodists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Baptists, and Disciples has been at work preparing a joint hymn-book which may be used by these various denominations. The new book contains 450 hymns and is being issued from the Methodist Mission Press and a Japanese press in Yokohama.

Another Step Forward—Church Union.

People of broad minds and broad sympathies have read with pleasure of a sort of federation between the Congregational, United Brethren, and Methodist Protestant Churches of the United States. These Churches have for some time been considering terms of union. A joint committee, representing the three denominations, met recently at Pittsburg, Pa. A platform of union and a joint address were unanimously agreed upon. The union is not to be organic, but federative, though it may in time lead to something nearer. A common general council is proposed. The council will only have advisory power; but it will promote fellowship and co-ordination of activity. It will prevent the unnecessary multiplication of churches, and unite weak churches in the same neighbourhood. The basis of representation in the general council will be one for every 5,000 members. The Congregationalists number 659,327, the United Brethren 277,325, and the Methodist Protestants 184,097. They would thus have 132, 55, and 37 delegates respectively. In doctrine the three denominations are practically the same, and the differences in church government are not very marked.

Betterment of Fort Erie and Maisonneuve.

For some time Canadians have felt much indignation that professional sports from Buffalo and other points in the States were resorting to Fort Erie to follow the ring as the law would not permit in their own country. Law-abiding citizens on both sides of the line are gratified to know that the police magistrate has brought judgment against the manager of the International Athletic Club for promoting a fight a short time ago, and has stated his determination to see that the law is observed in future. Also at Maisonneuve, a suburb of Montreal, notorious in the same line as Fort Erie, the chief of the Provincial detective force has taken action to prevent further contests.

A New Educational Effort.

There is a new educational movement on foot in New England. Its object is to stimulate the people living in rural communities to studious work in some one line of a wide range of studies. The work will be directed by a central educational bureau, which will outline courses of reading and send lecturers to the local centres of literary activity. The methods will be closely akin to those of English university extension work. One of the pleasing features of our age is the increasing effort for the spread of educational opportunities in rural districts.

The work of Father Damien in Hawaii, of Mary Reed in India, and of other self-devoting spirits elsewhere, has been inaugurated recently in Surinam, South America, among the victims of the living death of leprosy, who there are numbered by hundreds. Near the Government asylum the combined Protestant Churches of Surinam established in 1899 a leper settlement possessing the attractiveness of a Christian home and named "Bethesda" (the House of Mercy). Friends in Europe and America have given aid, and a tiny village of little houses, each accommodating two patients in separate rooms, is now full. A young married couple, the Rev. H. T. Weiss, a clergyman of the Moravian Church, and his wife, with two deaconesses, Sisters Philippina and Martha, have devoted themselves to this charge, dangerous but divine, and to the naturally repulsive but humane services it requires.

Never was there so much money spent, says Harper's Weekly, for erection of new church edifices and all the apparatus of a modern church as was given last year by the church members of this country. Schemes are now under way by which it is planned to add $40,000,000 to the working capital of the several sects of the country. Methodists, Presbyterians, and Lutherans are especially vigorous in their plans for enriching the treasuries of their mission boards, colleges, and various denominational agencies.

Miss Sarianna Browning, only sister of the poet, died recently in Florence, where she lived with her nephew, the poet's son, at the latter's villa, La Torre all' Antella. Miss Browning had led a singularly unselfish life, devoted first to her mother, then to her father, and finally to her brother after the death of his wife.

Book Notices.

"Life of Isabella Thoburn." By Bishop J. M. Thoburn. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.25.

Having once taken the book up, it is hard to lay it down. Miss Thoburn's is a life over which one marvels as one reads. In these pages we have her early years, her Christian home, her first successes as a teacher, her launching forth into an unknown land and a then unknown work among young women. For it will be remembered she was the first appointee of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

To her it was given to establish the first girls' school in India, starting with but six pupils. To her it was given to see this school expand into a woman's college of widely-known name. She was pre-eminently a teacher, but with her fine literary taste she might easily have distinguished herself as a writer as well. We have seldom, if ever, found more fascinating descriptions of India than those from her pen in these pages. Three terms of service she was given in her beloved India, there finally to die. During her furloughs in America she also did noble service in connection with the opening up of the deaconess work in Chicago and Cincinnati. Hers is the story of a life always crowded, a hand never hurried, a brow ever calm.

"The Hebrew." By John A. Stewart. London: Hodder & Stoughton. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is a story of life in a London slum. "The Hebrew," Jacob Herstein, was once a poor young Jew of the streets, but he had gathered to himself with the shrewdness characteristic of his race, till in our pages he had become a "slum-lord," managing his estates through a heartless agent, and keeping their ownership a secret. He moved in the best society. In his final triumph he was even elected governor of the Standard Metropolitan Bank. But all the while the tale of his oppression of his wretched tenants is one of the most cold-blooded heartlessness. The story is mostly concerned with the sorrows and degradations of these down-trodden lives. But it has at times a sprightliness in spite of its pathos. The writer, however, does not present English character in its most favourable light. We see the slowness of the English continually contrasted with the bright wits of the few wealthy Americans he portrays. But we are indebted to him for such characters as little "Peterj'n," the beautiful Rachel, daughter of the slum-lord, and the two devoted ministers who were toiling to uplift the denizens of Beulah Place.

"A Dream of Realms Beyond Us." By Adair Welcker. San Francisco: Cubery & Company.

This is an imaginative, dramatic poem in four acts. The announcement on the cover, "A book that in all parts of the world is giving to each man more courage to become his brother's helper than have any or all books of the past time," is certainly laying claim to too much honour for this little pamphlet. There are undoubtedly many books that have been productive of more good to more people. But the writer has, nevertheless, the high ideals of one who seeks the eternal before the perishable. He makes a vigorous protest against materialism.

"The Mettle of the Pasture." By James Lane Allen. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co. Price, $1.50.

The author of "The Choir Invisible" and "The Kentucky Cardinal" needs no introduction to the reading world. One is quite safe in prophesying a successful career for "The Mettle of the Pasture." It is one of the clever books of the day—a tragedy dressed in the bright, scintillating robes of wit. The author has given us his richest language, his most picturesque descriptions, his irresistible humour, his burning pathos. He has interpreted with a good deal of faithfulness the high ideals of the heroine, the honourable remorse of the hero, the worldly Mrs. Conyers still plotting and schem-

ing and hating at seventy, the good-souled Anna and the dear, quaint Harriet with her trials. One of the writer's little tricks of success is in letting the hero confess his sin to the heroine in the opening pages, but keeping the reader in the dark as to what that confession really was till near the end. Some critics have questioned the necessity of a confession that entailed so much suffering, but were more men of to-day honourable enough to make such a confession fewer men of to-morrow would be prone to commit such a sin.

"Plain Hints for Busy Mothers." By Marianna Wheeler. New York: E. B. Treat & Co. Price, 35 cents.

This is a little book of practical, common-sense advice to mothers of limited means as to the care of infants. It deals with the food, clothing, bathing, training of the child, and other such topics. Its author is the superintendent of the Babies' Hospital, New York. The book is bound in flexible leatherette.

"The Gospel in Miniature." By Alba C. Piersel. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. Toronto: William Briggs.

This little book is a rich and inspiring exposition on the Lord's Prayer, showing how this wonderful prayer contains the whole Gospel in miniature. It sets forth our relation to our Father and His Kingdom, and to ourselves and others. The book is filled with wholesome food for Christians.

"The Land of Faith." By James Mudge, D.D. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 25c. net; postage, 4c.

This is another of the little books on devotion. It is clear, concise, and forceful. There is beauty of language and thought, without waste of words—short, bright, crisp sentences containing the very meat of the Word. The book is divided into brief chapters on such subjects as, "Be Cheery," "Faith Mottoes," "Saintly Yet Sane," "The Best Armour," and others. The bright little book will do every reader good.

"The Christian Science Delusion." By Rev. A. C. Dixon, D.D. Boston: William Smith. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 10 cents.

In this little pamphlet is set forth clearly and concisely the facts and fallacies of Christian Science, the inconsistencies of Mrs. Baker Eddy and the attempts of her misguided followers to wrest the Scriptures. Much information along this line is to be had here in condensed form. The writer has common-sense views on the subject.

WAITING.

Do they deem it long, those spirits, waiting on the distant shore,
Gazing at the host still crossing, for a kindred face once more?
There a mother yearns expectant, holding out such eager arms,
For the babe she longs to comfort, shielding it from sinful charms.
Can she see her trustful darling, guide it by her prayers aright?
Can she watch its footsteps straying in the darkness of earth's night?
Father! mother! sister! brother! waiting patient all the day.
Can you feel for all our sorrows, sigh that death makes long delay?

Is the brightness of our gladness, sunlight glancing from that shore?
Does it mean that when united, joy shall reign for evermore?
Does it tell the heavy laden, by and by comes rest for them?
Bid sinners in this far dim world, struggle lest sin's waves o'erwhelm?
Do they sing sweet songs of triumph, as each pilgrimage is done,
As the hands that toiled are folded, through the Saviour having won?

—*J. S. C.*