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SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

FEBRUARY, 1901.

MILLAIS AND HIS WORK.*

BY HARRIET FORD, A.R.C.A.



MOST of us know the now doubly interesting story of how Thackeray said to Millais: "I met a clever young dog in Rome, who will one day run you hard for the Presidency," of how the prophecy came true in the election of the late Lord Leighton, whose place was afterward filled by his ancient rival.

That there may be, perhaps, better painters in England than either of them has had little to do with their election. The popular voice, no doubt, endorsed the Academic choice; and in that of Sir J. E. Millais, they placed at the official head of the artists of England not only a great painter, but a representative Englishman. Millais was always essentially English in feeling. Even in his "Pre-Raphaelite" days, when he seemed so *bizarre* and foreign to his fellow craftsmen brought up upon the falsities of an effete system, and to his fellow countrymen at large, unable to judge for themselves, he seemed as "beyond the mark of painting," he, nevertheless, perhaps unconsciously to himself at first, certainly unconsciously to them, interpreted a phase of the national sentiment.

Sir John Millais was born in Southampton, on June 8th, 1829.

His father was a native of Jersey. In 1834 the family removed to Dinan in Brittany, where Millais showed a precocious talent for drawing, by sketching the officers of the garrison. After a return to Jersey, the final move was made in 1838 to London, principally on young Millais' account. His father decided to consult Sir Martin Shee, the then ruling President of the Academy, as to his son's possible future if he made painting a profession. Fortunately, Sir Martin, by his instant recognition of the boy's genius, made a successful bid for the grateful remembrance of posterity, which he had hardly succeeded in doing by his Academic labours. Accordingly, Millais, at nine years of age, was placed under the care of one Henry Sass, who kept the most widely known preparatory school for entrance to the Academy course of the London of his day. "Several of his contemporaries are still living, who remember him as quite a little boy, with a holland blouse, a belt and a falling collar."

Two years later Millais entered the academy schools. He took all possible honors, and when he was seventeen he made his *debut* upon the Exhibition walls as the much belauded painter of a certain picture called "Pizarro," painted after the Academic fashion, and quite in keeping with the sentiment of that body and the condition of affairs

* By courtesy of the "Massey Press."



"CALLER HERRIS'."

in the art world of 1846. Then came that quaint movement, already forestalled by Ford Madox Brown, whose influence, through Dante Rossetti, largely contributed to it. I mean, of course, "Pre-Raphaelitism," which with autocratic intolerance the Academy, followed by the critics and the public, shrieked to annihilate: little know-

ing it was to be the salvation of English painting. Whether we agree with its principles or not, we can hardly doubt its influence.

Millais was without question the strongest of those five young men: himself, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Woolner the Sculptor, W. H. Hunt and F. S. Stephens, who, like the knights of old, set out to regenerate

the world by the power of "truth." Broadly speaking, the aim of the Society of the "Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood" as they called themselves, was "objective truth," as a necessity thereto a frank return to nature; in a word, a revolt against Academic formalism.

Of Millais' contributions to the Society's efforts, the greatest are the "Isabella and her Wicked Brothers," a subject taken from Keats' "Pot of Basil," and that called "Christ in the House of His Parents," or "The Carpenter's Shop." The "Isabella" painted in 1849 is the finest of Millais' "Pre-Raphaelite pictures—the finest, in fact, illustrating their special faith by any of the "Brotherhood." As I remember the picture as I saw it some years ago, I have again the enthusiastic feeling roused by its splendid powers. That it is strange, curious, with its nervous intensity of purpose, one must admit; but its audacity, earnestness and uncompromising veracity, carry conviction with them. It has the supreme quality of imposing upon the observer the condition of the artist's mind, and establishing for the time being, a reciprocity of intellectual attitude. None of the other members of the "Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood" were able to do so with such force. It may be just that touch of the practical, which Millais developed—overdeveloped later—which gave to his work of this period a certain inevitableness, a something of brutal—in the artistic sense—positiveness. We submit ourselves to the glamor of Rossetti without intellectual conviction, we feel that with Mr. Holman Hunt his combative insistence is often nearly akin to absurdity, latterly a hobby which has dulled his artistic judgment. But in the "Isabella" of Millais, we wonder if there is not a touch of atavism, in it we turn to the sweetness, the naivete, the curious and subtle se-

lection, the boldness and delicacy of line of the fifteenth century.

The "Lorenzo and Isabella," as it is sometimes called, of course, raised a whirlwind of abuse. A more remarkable and daring piece of composition has rarely been attempted. A double row of people sitting at a low table running at right angles to the spectator, was an outrage upon all the proprieties of composition to people accustomed to the balance of Academic rule. The clever concentration of the drama in the principal figures is thrown into strong relief by the happy plan of making the subordinate figures calmly eating and drinking, with the stiff and somewhat formal primness of people at their superiors' table. The tones and colours are so carefully studied that it seems to me, with all its conscientious elaboration of detail, the picture, artistically, as dramatically, is a consistent whole. The charm of delicate yet brilliant colour is added to magnificent draughtsmanship. Lorenzo's head, I think, is forced beyond the necessary limit—the one weak point. We can almost sympathize with the irritation of the brothers, if he looked so woe-begone. Nevertheless, the "Isabella" is, as Mr. Holman Hunt says—and I take him as an authority—"The most wonderful painting that any youth under twenty ever did in the world."

The other important pictures of this period are "The Carpenter's Shop," the "Ferdinand and Ariel," and "Ophelia." They were all received by unmitigated and unintelligent abuse. But Ruskin, by this time, had taken up the defence of the movement, and sympathizers multiplied, though slowly. An interesting incident was the appreciation shown by the Directors of the Liverpool Academy; already familiarized as it was with the principles of the "school" by Ford Madox Brown. Several pictures by mem-



“PARTING OF EDGAR AND LUCY OF LAMMERMOOR.”



“THE ANSWER.”

bers of the “Brotherhood” were bought by the Directors, which Ruskin declares to be “The first instance on record of the entirely just and beneficial working of the Academic system.” But the final result was, that the opposing Philistines triumphed, and upon the purchase of Millais’ “Blind Girl” the factions were so strongly opposed that

the Academy resigned its charter. It is curious to note that the Walker Art Gallery of Liverpool now possesses Millais’ “Isabella” as one of the priceless pictures of the collection.

For several years Millais was faithful to his youthful love. Still under its influence he painted the celebrated “Huguenot.” But in



“PRINCESS ELIZABETH IN PRISON AT ST. JAMES’.”

it we feel that his grasp is loosening. He has still the manner of the "Pre-Raphaelite," but the spirit is lacking. There is a touch of conscious mannerism in it: a mannerism, I mean, as an end, not as a means; a feeling of a somewhat commonplace sentiment, dear to the popular heart, unfortunately rarely to be lacking in his subsequent compositions. The "Ophelia," of the same year, seems to me, however, to once more reach the broader suggestiveness and adequacy of his earlier work.

His work was in 1862 transitional, but one picture called "Autumn Leaves" has in it something of the conviction and the quality, that firm grip of the poetic interpretation underlying the immediate facts of form and colour, for which he was earlier remarkable. In 1857 was painted, among others, "Sir Isumbras at the Ford." Ruskin, with his fondness for one form of expression, remarks of it, "I see with consternation that it was not the Parnassian Rock that Mr. Millais was ascending, but the Tarpeian. The change in the manner from the year of Ophelia (1852), and Mariana to 1857 is not merely fall, it is catastrophe; not merely a loss of power, but a reversal of principle." We then take the "Sir Isumbras," as the final turning point in Millais' attitude. His interpretation was henceforth to be from a personal standpoint, that of "truth to his own sensations." That in Millais' case the change has not always resulted in satisfactory artistic conclusions we must admit; but the belief that the principle is sound is but in accordance with modern ideas. To have prolonged his "Pre-Raphaelite" days beyond his youthful enthusiasms would have finally resulted in a weariness to the sympathetic public. Millais' limitations now became apparent. We feel that the imaginative quality of his mind was

not of a high order. The sustained effort needful for the accomplishment of a great composition without outside influence was lacking.

In 1862 was painted "The Black Brunswicker," which repeated the theme of "The Huguenot," with slight variations. It is the last of Millais' romantic pictures, the subjects of which are taken from another society and another period than his own. Henceforward, his pictures are to be of modern people and things, landscapes and portraits. He is to paint the life of the people about him; the somewhat limited life of the drawing-room the well-dressed children of fashionable society: occasional landscapes, but, above all, portraits. His inventive faculty was not often called upon to fulfil the requirements necessary to satisfy a now-applauding public. The mild suggests of drama in such subjects as "Yes or No," the appeals to national sentiment as in the "North-West Passage," and the "Boyhood of Raleigh," gave him sufficient opportunity for personal expression and broad, dexterous handling. He is now a painter "par excellence." We can only wish that he had sometimes a keener sensibility, a more subtle, delicate rendering.

In 1864, Millais was made an Academician, and painted for his diploma picture, the "Souvenir of Valasquez." For artistic unity, skilful though slight handling, it is equal to anything Millais has done, and in the force and modeling of the head is not unworthy of comparison with the great Spaniard.

In 1871 was painted "Chill October," the best of Millais' landscapes. But it is not the work of a great landscape painter. It has not the concentrated suggestiveness of, as it were, the stored up knowledge of a man who has delved below the surface. It is but the work of a good observer; of a man who loves to be in the open air and occasion-



“CHERRY RIPE.”

ally likes to tell his friends with great intelligence what he has seen and felt there.

For the last twenty years Millais' most important works were all portraits. In them he took rank among the great portrait painters of England. Gladstone, Beaconsfield, Newman, have sat to him among a host of others. The fam-

ous “Red Cardinal,” that is, the “Newman” of 1812, is a most wonderful performance. Millais' enthusiasm was aroused by his subject, with the result that the fine features and hands—such spiritual hands—of the cardinal show as jewels of splendid workmanship and psychological insight in the powerfully painted and daring col-

our scheme of the pink and red ecclesiastical robes. Millais has done nothing finer.

It is with the memory of such things as these that we can forgive the lapses of artistic integrity, the oftentimes careless handling in the stress and needs of a dominating popularity. That he painted too often, as it were, upon the surface of things we cannot deny. That he has never grasped or felt the tendency of modern art, is but perhaps to say that a man's life, although with wealth of days, is not long enough to be both at the beginning and the end of a movement. In thinking of his Pre-Raphaelite work and some dozen portraits we should be content. I, for one, am grateful and rejoice

that the highest official honour fell to his lot.

I have no space to touch upon Millais' black and white work, his illustrations to "Barry Lyndon," his "Parables," and others. They are often full of a most subtle line, dramatic force and expression.

As to the man Millais, there is little to say. His life is in his work. A sturdy Englishman, manly, fond of out-door sports; an enthusiastic fisherman, a genial companion, without anxiety or search for the subtle refinement of ideas in either life or art. Typical of the positiveness of the average Englishman, to whom he was for more than a quarter of a century the exponent and interpreter of his artistic sympathies.

BRITANNIA.

BY LOUISE M. DITHRIDGE.

"Longa oblivio Britanniae etiam in pace."—*Tacitus.*

Low-browed, haughty and dark, with his foot on the shore of the island,

Stood the Roman avenger and trampled the pride of his foe.

Sullenly frowned the sky and thundered the foaming ocean

From its dashing spray on the rock to the pearl-bright caverns below.

Dark 'gainst the cloudy sky upreared the crests of the forests,

Pale clung the mistletoe mystic on the swarthy limbs of the oak.—

Paler the ashen lips laid low on the Druid altar.—

Dark rose the mist and the storm like the blackness of battle smoke.

Stern he stood and proud, the Briton, the lord of the island,

Long he battled, unblanched, with hate in his deep, dark eye;

Mingled the Roman purple with his dreams of puissant freedom,

And woke from exultant slumbers in bravest battle to die.

Forget for awhile your hatred; forget your dreams of possession;

Turn ye, proud Roman eagles, back from the rocky shore;

For the conquered conqueror slumbers, to awake to a prouder glory

When the march of your vanquishing armies shall threaten the world no more.

Rest on your well-earned laurels, O vanquished tribes by the ocean;

Turn to your home foes, Romans, there is peace on the starlit sea,

And the fiery Briton warrior dreams of the coming Saxon,

And turns in a trance prophetic to the centuries yet to be.

—*The Independent.*

"To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language."—*Longfellow.*

TENNYSON'S MINISTERS.

BY THE REV. T. E. HOLLING, M.A.



ERHAPS there is no class of men to whom the poetical works of the late Lord Tennyson have been a greater help than to ministers of the Gospel, and no poet of our time has so many clerical characters in his poetry as the late Poet Laureate. This is not surprising when one remembers that he was the son of a clergyman of the Church of England, and spent the early years of his life in the rectory of Somersby, Lincolnshire. The associations of his alma mater, together with strong love for Church as well as State, brought him into contact with the various types of clerical life which he has portrayed in his works. Nor are evidences wanting to show that, especially during his younger days, he had opportunities of studying the many characteristics of Nonconformist preachers and their theology, particularly Methodist ministers and Methodist doctrines. The "Methody chap" of "The Northern Cobbler" is probably a reminiscence of the Laureate's early days.

It ought not to be forgotten that Tennyson's ministers reveal to us not only his own opinions, but also how the parson is regarded by men and women in different conditions of mind and various walks of life. He was well aware of the struggles of the hard-working curate, who has to keep up appearances in the social world on a slender salary.

"Why? fur 'e 's nobbut a curate, an' weänt niver git hissen clear;
An' 'e maäde the bed as 'e ligs on afoor 'e coom'd to the shere.

"An' thin 'e coom'd to the parish wi' lots o' Varsity debt,
Stook to his taail they did, an' 'e 'ant got shut on 'em yet.
An' 'e ligs on 'is back i' the grip, wi' noän to lend 'im a shuvv,
Woorse nor a far-welter'd yowe; fur, Sammy, 'e married fur luvv."

The "Parson and Squire" in the agricultural districts of England together bore almost absolute rule over the tenants and parishioners, and are closely associated in social life. In "Aylmer's Field" Tennyson tells of a village,

"Where almost all the village had one name;
Where Aylmer followed Aylmer at the Hall
And A verill Averill at the Rectory
Thrice over; so that Rectory and Hall,
Bound in an immemorial intimacy,
Were open to each other."

The esteem and reverence in which the villagers held the kindly-hearted, silvery-haired vicar who is a minister of comfort to them in sickness and sorrow, is well expressed by the dying May Queen:

"O blessings on his kindly voice, and on his silver hair!
And blessings on his whole life long, until he meet me there!
O blessings on his kindly heart and on his silver head!
A thousand times I blest him, as he knelt beside my bed."

The good man, who baptizes the parishioners' children, marries their young people, buries their dead, must of necessity gain an influence over their lives ecclesiastically, which accounts for the predominating influence of the State Church in the agricultural districts of England. The gratitude which many a parishioner has felt to the clergyman who has "given him a wife," is well expressed by Tenny-

son in playful verses (not published in his poetical works), which he wrote to his friend, Drummond Rowsley, who married him to Emily Sellwood, in Shiplake church, on June 13, 1850. I give two of the four stanzas:

"Vicar of this pleasant spot
Where it was my chance to marry,
Happy, happy be your lot
In the vicarage by the quarry;
You were he that knit the knot.

"Sweetly, smoothly flow your life,
Never tithe the unpaid perplex you,
Parish feud, or party strife,
All things please and nothing vex you,
You have given me such a wife!"

Tennyson's respect for ministers was not the blind reverence some men show to "the cloth," regardless of character and belief. He had such a high regard for the sacred calling of a minister of the Gospel that the unworthy occupancy of so holy an office never failed to rouse his anger.

His cordial invitation to the Rev. F. D. Maurice to visit him in the Isle of Wight gives us some idea of the type of minister most admired by him. Ever of broad theological views himself, he found in the humanitarian Maurice a minister after his own heart.

"Should eighty thousand college councils
Thunder 'Anathema,' friend, at you;
Should all our churchmen foam in spite
At you, so careful of the right . . .
Come, Maurice, come."

He had scant respect for the

"Sabbath drawler of old saws,
Distilled from some worm-canker'd homily."

In his sonnet to J. M. K., he is impatient of

"The humming of the drowsy pulpit-drone,
Half God's good Sabbath, while the worn-out clerk
Brow-beats his desk below."

But if the perfunctory performance of the beautiful liturgical service of the Church of England excites his indignation, the "wordy storm" of the "heated pulpiter"

in "Sea-dreams" is no less caricatured and chastised.

"Not preaching simple Christ to simple men,
Announced the coming doom, and fulminated
Against the scarlet woman and her creed;
For sideways up he swung his arms, and shriek'd
'Thus, thus with violence,' ev'n as if he held
The Apocalyptic millstone, and himself
Were that great Angel; 'Thus with violence
Shall Babylon be cast into the sea.'"

To a man like Tennyson, who believed in the State no less than in the Church, and who gave us



ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

the Ode on the Death of Wellington, and the Charge of the Light Brigade, it was repulsive to hear

"One who came to the country town
To preach our poor little army down. . .
This broad-brim'd hawker of holy things,
Whose ear is stuff'd with his cotton and
his rings,
Even in dreams to the chink of his pence,
This huckster put down war, can he tell
Whether war be a cause or a consequence?"

One can almost imagine the fiery lines Tennyson would have written had he heard the pro-Boer preachers of the past year at the "Stop-the-war" meetings held in England. His advice is to

“Put down the passions that make earth
Hell,
Down with ambition, avarice, pride.
Jealousy, down! cut off from the mind
The bitter springs of anger and fear;
Down too, down at your own fireside,
With the evil tongue and the evil ear,
For each is at war with mankind.”

Tennyson has seen the temptation to become obsequious before wealth yielded to by ministers, and hits off this evil in “The Goose”:

“The goose let fall a golden egg
With cackle and with clatter.”

And now the

“Old wife, lean and poor,
... feeding high, and living soft,
Grew plump and able-bodied;
Until the grave churchwarden doff'd,
The parson smirk'd and nodded.”

Tennyson's poetry is characterized by a bracing optimism. He believes in

“One far-off divine event
To which the whole creation moves.”

He trusts

“That good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.”

Consequently, pessimistic Parson Holmes, whom he found settled down

“Upon the general decay of faith
Right thro' the world, at home was little
left,
And none abroad: there was no anchor,
To hold by—”

wearies him with his dismal doc-



TENNYSON'S BIRTHPLACE, SOMERSBY RECTORY, LINCOLNSHIRE.

Edward Bull, the fat-faced curate, who “was fatter than his cure”—a type of well-fed, ease-loving parsons—comes in for a touch of scorn and sarcasm. His doctrine is,

“God made the woman for the man,
And for the good and increase of the world.”

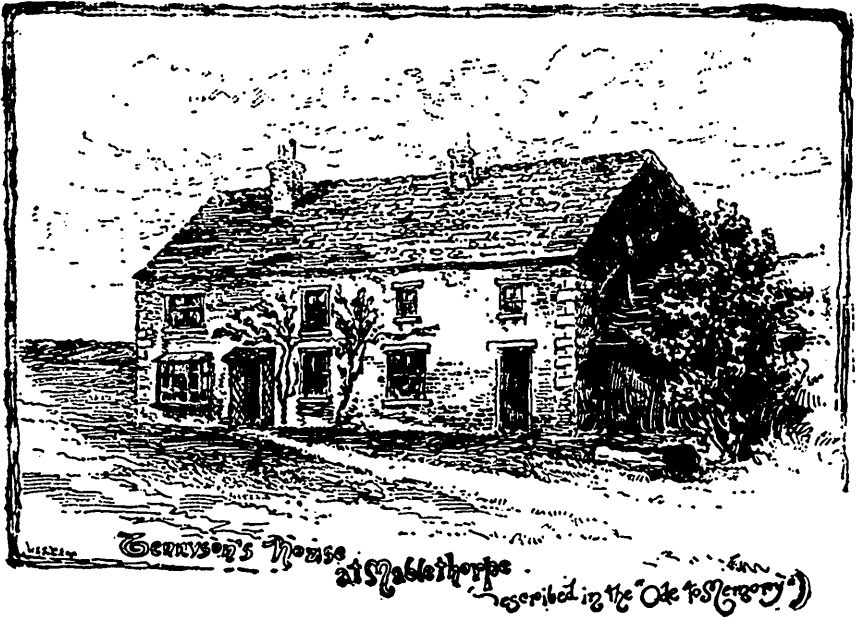
His boasted admiration for the fair sex, being the result of such a doctrine, jarred on Tennyson, and “scarcely hit his humour.”

“There seem'd
A touch of something false, some self-conceit or over-smoothness.”

trine. Of all men, a pessimist has no right in the pulpit. A man without a message of hope had better be without any message at all.

It is not a long step from pessimism to despair, and in one of Tennyson's poems he shows the sad effects of the dark creed of fatalism.

A man and his wife having lost faith in a God and hope of a life to come, and being utterly miserable in this, resolve to end themselves by drowning. The woman is drowned, but the man is rescued by a minister of the sect he has



abandoned, and in talking to his deliverer, whom he upbraids for not letting him drown, he says:

“ See, we were nursed in the dark night-
fold of your fatalist creed. . . .
Where you bawl'd the dark side of your
faith and a God of eternal rage,
Till you flung us back on ourselves, and
the human heart, and the Age.”

It is perfectly plain that Tennyson's theology was a revolt against the literal hell-fire theory which was so fervidly preached by the Evangelicals of the first half of the present century. His own views, expressed in his “In Memoriam,” have not, however, the ring of certitude, which was a marked feature of the belief he could not accept; he could only

“ Stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And faintly trust the larger hope,
And wish, that of the living whole
No life may fail beyond the grave.”

Without a doubt there is a place in our theological systems for the great fact of future retribution, and men are not driven to despair by it if it is preached as Muggins. “the Methody chap” in “The Northern Cobbler,” preached it.

“ An' Muggins 'e preached o' Hell fire, an'
the loov o' God to men.”

Muggins was a local preacher and a farm labourer, and was evidently more effective in the pulpit than the parson under whom the Northern Farmer sat

“ An' a 'eered 'im a bummin' awaäy like a
buzzard clock ower my 'ead,
An' I niver knawed whot a' mean'd.”

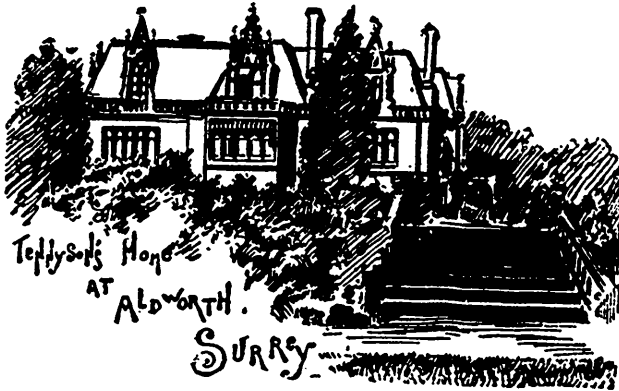
The cobbler knew perfectly well what Muggins mean'd, and though he preached of hell fire he never forgot the love of God to men. His was no hard Calvinistic doctrine like that of “John Ward, Preacher.” The milk of human kindness, as well as the glory of divine compassion, was in it. If you preach a man to hell, be sure you preach him out—tell of God's hell, but tell of God's love, as Muggins did, and the mercy of God will be magnified, if the awful nature and consequence of sin are proclaimed in this way. There is deep meaning and profound truth in the words of the dying May Queen, who has already been referred to. Speaking of the

good, gray-headed minister, she says:

"He taught me all the mercy, for he
Show'd me all the sin."

I cannot close this article more appropriately than by relating a circumstance which occurred on the 26th of December, 1886. It was a stormy day, and Isaac Porter, a Wesleyan local preacher of fifty years' standing, was appointed to preach at Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight. Along with three other local brethren, Mr. Porter proceeded on his journey. He had

conversation, at once demanded to be taken to the spot without delay. With his own hands he helped to carry Mr. Porter's body to the coach-house at Heathfield Lodge, and then took charge of the dead man's watch, notes of sermons, and other papers. The Poet Laureate was profoundly impressed with the circumstance that the two texts selected for that day's sermons were, "And Enoch walked with God; and he was not, for God took him;" and, "The Lord God is a sun and a shield." The following letter, addressed to a rela-



some distance to walk after alighting from the carriage; the rain was pouring down, the wind blowing half a gale, and Mr. Porter was somewhat late, and unduly hurried along the road. Feeling faint, he turned in by the gateway leading to Heathfield Lodge. It was here that Isaac Porter, the veteran local preacher, fell dead. At that moment Lord Tennyson and Professor Ralston, who was Lord Tennyson's guest, were approaching. A good woman, well knowing how such a sight as that would shock the sensitive nature of the poet, who was just recovering from the sorrow occasioned by the death of his son Lionel, called Professor Ralston aside and advised him not to go farther in that direction, explaining her reason. Tennyson, overhearing the

tive of Mr Porter, will be read with interest:

"FARRINGFORD, FRESHWATER,

"ISLE OF WIGHT,

"Jan. 1st, 1887.

"DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your kind letter and the photograph of your good uncle. Altho' his death must needs have been a great shock to those that loved him, I cannot but look on it as a happy one—sudden, perhaps, while he was on his way to his chapel to render thanks and praise to his Maker. Our Liturgy prays against 'sudden death,' but I myself could pray for such a sudden death as Isaac Porter's.

"Believe me, yours very truly,

"TENNYSON."

Alfred Tennyson himself has also "crossed the bar," and if "In Memoriam" alone remained as his legacy to the world, he has left behind one of the most fruitful poetical productions that can engage the thought of any minister of the Gospel.

A CENTURY OF ACHIEVEMENT.

BY JAMES H. COYNE, B.A.,

President Ontario Historical Society.

II.



WHEN we again consider the achievements of the century in science and invention, the memory and the imagination become bewildered and intoxicated.

In the earlier half of the century there were no reaping nor mowing machines, no self-binders, no drills nor horse-rakes.

none of the machinery now in use upon farms. In England, until quite recently, if indeed the practice does not continue to this day, grain was cut with a sickle, bound by hand with a wisp of straw, and threshed with a flail. American inventiveness early substituted the cradle for the sickle. The lost Roman art of tile draining was just coming again into use when the Queen ascended the throne. In domestic economy the sewing machine had not been heard of, nor the carpet sweeper, the washing machine, the rotary churn, nor the creamery. Flint and tinder were necessities in most houses for lighting fires. Candles were employed for illuminating purposes—tallow or wax, according to the need of economy. Shops and larger buildings were lighted with whale oil. Coal oil, as an illuminant, is of recent introduction. The electric light is of yesterday. Acetylene and the Auer mantle are just coming into general adoption. Lucifer matches are an inventor of this century.

In the matter of locomotion, whilst steamers and railways began to be known early in the century, the later developments have left Fulton and Stephenson far behind. The invention of the screw propeller, of iron plating for ships, the marvellous extension of light-houses and fog signals, the use of revolving lights, the construction of floating palaces of 17,000 tons, the perfection of railway roadbeds, the express steamer, the lightning express train, the use of the telegraph and cable in connection with train and steamboat service, the improvement of highways, steel bridges, the bicycle, the steam and electric motor—these are all later innovations, adding to the rapidity, the comfort or safety of travel, to a degree unimagined even a generation ago. Wireless telegraphy and the dirigible airship are accomplished facts of the closing years of the century.

In our houses and offices the telephone, first publicly exhibited in 1876, has become a necessity.

The phonograph surpasses, in actual every-day life, Baron Munchausen's story of the frozen words dropped from the mouths of Arctic travellers, and afterward picked up, thawed out, and reproduced by later visitors. Edison would have been burned as a wizard a few centuries ago. His later invention reproduces by telegraph one's actual handwriting a thousand miles away. The cinematograph parallels with its realities the wildest dream of the Arabian Nights. The poet of the earlier 40's,

“Nourishing a youth sublime
With the fairy-tales of science and the long
results of time,”

must have been, at least, startled by the rapid and miraculous realization of his day-dreams when he looked back upon them "sixty years after."

Military and naval science has been revolutionized. Mere muscle and brute courage have been relegated to a subordinate place. The battles of the future are to be contests of science, of wealth, of cool heads rather than fiery hearts and brawny muscles.

In the Napoleonic wars and our own war of 1812, men fought with flint-locks and on wooden ships. During the last generation the navies of the world have been replaced with steel-armoured ships, whilst nickel-plate is beginning to be employed. Explosives of immense destructiveness have come into general use. The range of artillery has increased to ten or twelve miles or more. Torpedoes and torpedo destroyers are of very recent invention. Search-lights bewilder the enemy and expose them to destruction by night as by day. Gatling, Hotchkiss, and Maxim's inventions enable one man, by the pressure of a button, or the turn of a crank, to destroy a regiment in a few minutes with a continuous hail of bullets from a simple machine. Old fortifications are worthless to-day. Infantry rifles will kill at two miles. All the conditions of warfare are changed. Terrible beyond conception will be the next war between great military or naval powers. The terrors and the uncertainty of warfare under such conditions are a mighty factor in the preservation of the peace of the world.

Turning from these nightmare dreams to more peaceful aspects of science, we find that the century has witnessed the rise of sciences previously unknown, and the revival of others in new forms so as to be practically new sciences.

I can only mention in passing the advances made in chemistry, astronomy, microscopy, acoustics; the transformation of electricity from the amusing-experiment stage to that of a science of amazing and transcendent importance; the birth of the science of bacteriology, the growth of anthropology, with its kindred or subordinate sciences of archæology, craniology, ethnography, and comparative philology. Electricity as a modern science dates from the Centennial Exhibition of 1876. It has necessitated in its practical operation such additions to the English language, that at the time of publication of one of the recent dictionaries 8,000 new words belonging to this science alone had to be included.

Science in general may be said to have been revolutionized during the last half of the century. The whole field of antecedent science is but a sand-heap in value compared with the vast domain conquered by the researches of Lyell, Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley, Spencer, Haeckel, Helmholtz, Brewster, Koch, Pasteur, Roux, Lister, Koller, Kelvin, Maxwell, Edison, Bell, Kitasato, Roentgen, and others, during the reign of Queen Victoria.

The doctrine of evolution, spectrum analysis, the conservation of energy, the germ theory, the function of the white corpuscles in the blood, the X rays, belong to the Victorian era, and distinguish it from all that have preceded it. The discovery of anæsthetics belongs to this era. Chloroform, ether and cocaine have taken away the terrors, and the employment of antiseptics, and, later, the adoption of aseptic surgery, has destroyed the dangers of surgical operations.

Listerism, it would perhaps not be too much to say, surpasses in importance all previous discoveries in medical science.

It is pathetic and almost incredible, in these days, to read Lord Lister's statement that in his earlier years, Mr. Sime, the safest surgeon of the day, was of the opinion, on the whole, that in all cases of compound fracture of the leg, the wise course was to amputate the limb without attempting to save it. Surgical operations were fatal in very many cases. To-day in every hospital in the world operations are performed with almost uniform success, which until Lister's discovery, no surgeon would have dared to attempt; or if he had, the patient would have died as the result. It has been asserted that more lives have already been saved during the last quarter of a century through antiseptic and aseptic surgery than have been lost in battle in all the wars of the century. Amongst the benefactors of the human race, through all the centuries, whom shall we compare with this man?

In the domain of literature the century will bear comparison with any past age.

In poetry, the great names of Wordsworth, Keats, Byron, Shelley, Scott, Tennyson, Browning, Fitzgerald, Matthew Arnold, Swinburne, Morris, Rossetti, Watson, and Kipling, in England; Bryant, Longfellow, Poe, Lowell, Whittier, Emerson, Holmes, Whitman, Aldrich, in the United States; Hugo and Alfred de Musset, in France; Goethe, Schiller, Heine, in Germany; Leopardi, in Italy—would confer distinction upon any epoch.

Canada, too, has its singers, and William Kirby, Roberts, Mair, Valancey Crawford, Lampman (whose recent death we lament), Bliss Carman, Wilfred Campbell, Duncan Cameron Scott, Drummond, Bengough, Pauline Johnson, Frechette, Dewart, Jean Blewett, are names of which we may well be proud.

Macaulay made history interest-

ing. It has become a new science in the nineteenth century. We can only mention a few names: Macaulay, Carlyle, Grote, Buckle, Froude, Mommsen, Niebuhr, Guizot, Michelet, Duruy, Lecky, Freeman, Bancroft, Parkman, Motley, John Fiske, John Richard Green, Justin McCarthy. In Canada we have Garneau, Scadding, McMullen, Withrow, Kingsford, Brymner, Sulte, Casgrain, Bourinot.

In fiction, the novel is a nineteenth century product. The Wizard of the North still outranks his successors. But the art has reached a wide and wonderful development since his death, in 1831. It is only needful to name the following, as among the many representatives of the Victorian era: Dickens, Thackeray, Bulwer-Lytton, George Eliot, Lever, Lover, the Brontes, Charles Reade, Wilkie Collins, Stevenson, Barrie, Mrs. Steele, Ian McLaren, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Hall Caine, Kipling, in Great Britain; Balzac, Dumas, Hugo, Flaubert, Daudet, Maupassant, Zola, in France; Manzoni, in Italy; Tolstoi, Turguenieff, Pushkin, in Russia; Sienkiewicz, in Poland; Emil Franzos, in Galicia; Jokai, in Hungary; Bjornsen, in Norway; Cooper, Irving, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Holmes, Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Charles Egbert Craddock, Dr. Weir Mitchell, James Lane Allen, in the United States; William Kirby, Robert Barr, Gilbert Parker, Roberts, Ernest Seton Thompson, Joanna Wood, Ralph Connor, W. A. Fraser, Jean McIlwraith, Wm. McLennan, and Drummond, in Canada, where the rich mine of history and tradition relating to the French regime has begun to be worked with most satisfactory results.

In the domain of art are such names as Constable, Turner, Landseer, Leighton, Doré, Millais, Lady

Butler, George Frederick Watts, Holman Hunt, Whistler, in Great Britain; Jean Francois Millet, Gerome, Meissonnier, Rosa Bonheur, Bouguereau, Tissot, in France; Bierstadt, Church, Sergeant, Marx, Kenyon Cox, in the United States; Israels, in Holland. Germany, Sweden, Spain and Italy have a splendid record for the century. Russia startled the visitors to the World's Fair by the power displayed by its artists of to-day: Canada need not be ashamed of Berthon, Jacobi, Forbes, O'Brien, Wyatt Eaton, Reid, Wyly Grier, Brynner, Patterson, Bell-Smith, Atkinson, William Smith, Forster, or Mrs. Schreiber. Ruskin's rank and precedence as an expounder of art, its critic and interpreter, are undisputed.

Music is represented by such names as Beethoven, Rossini, Verdi, Gounod, Balfe, Schumann, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Wagner, Liszt, Rubinstein, Mascagni, and Svorak.

In oratory there are the names of Gladstone, Disraeli, Bright, Webster, Castelar, Spurgeon, Punshton, Simpson, Phillips, Hyacinthe, Brooks; and in Canada, Howe, McGee, and Chapleau, besides a number of distinguished speakers amongst those of our own day.

If we leave out of view Columbus' achievement, no previous century can show such a record as our own in regard to the discovery, exploration and opening for settlement of vast unknown regions. By the side of the great and daring discoverers of the past may be placed, without disparagement, such men as Moffat, Livingstone, Stanley, Emin Pasha, Speke, Grant, Baker, Barth, Schweinfurth, Karl Peters, Marchand, in Africa; Burnaby, Kennin, Sven Edin and Landor, in Asia; and on our own continent, Lewis and Clark, Sir Geo. Simpson, Douglas, Evans, George and John McDougall,

Petitot, Lacombe, Ogilvie, Bell and Tyrrell. In Arctic and Antarctic discovery we have Franklin, Kane, McClintock, Ross, Greeley, Nansen, Peary.

I am only too conscious of the utter inadequacy of these catalogues to convey any fair idea of the achievement of the century. In philosophy and theological and biblical learning and exposition, what century can compare with ours?

On account of the limited space at my disposal, whole classes of subjects have been omitted from the list. To those included, many names might be added worthy to be placed in the same category. We may, however, venture to sum up the general result in a few words. It is true that former ages produced immortal names, whose supremacy none can question—such names as Homer, Plato, Demosthenes, Virgil, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon, Newton; but, taking the century's production as a whole, and with due regard to the great masters of old, it may be asserted, with some degree of confidence, that no preceding age has surpassed, if it has equalled, the nineteenth century in the departments of literature, painting and music. Never, moreover, have the fruits of civilization been brought within the reach of so large a proportion of the human race. Never has the gospel of altruism or practical Christianity been preached and practiced more earnestly, more effectually, or over anything like so wide an area; and although many are disposed to pessimistic views, there are ample grounds for affirming that the mental, moral and religious outlook has never been so bright, so clear, so full of hope for the future, as in the closing years of the century. Perhaps it may be profitable to dwell for a little upon this feature of our subject.

It is nearly three hundred years since Bacon suggested the modern scientific method of investigation and reasoning. Its greatest triumph was reserved for our own day, under the banner of Darwin, his co-workers and successors. At the present time, the doctrine of evolution dominates every system of thought and every phase of inquiry. It has included the entire circle of knowledge in its all-embracing sway—not merely biology in all its departments, but astronomy, philosophy, philology, history and jurisprudence.

Theology and religion itself, to some extent at least, have acknowledged the universality of its influence. The fact must be admitted, whether we approve or not. Comparative theology and comparative religion and folk-lore are new departments of systematized knowledge, treated from the scientific and historical standpoint, and by the inductive process of reasoning. So indeed are cosmogony and teleology. The long warfare between religion and science has not been closed, it is true; but there are indications of a common standing ground, of at least a *modus vivendi*. A basis of armistice may be found. There are reasonable grounds for predicting that, in the not distant future, religion and science as allies, not enemies, each supplementing and inspiring the other with its special revelations of the everlasting purpose of the Creator, will march together side by side to encounter and overthrow the hosts of ignorance, superstition and evil. That common standing-ground is Evolution, which John Fiske has so tersely and aptly described as being merely "God's way of doing things."

Philosophers tells us that, besides our ordinary consciousness, our lives are largely controlled or influenced by what they call sub-

consciousness, acting as far as appears automatically and independently of conscious effort on our part. The problem that appeared so difficult at night has solved itself by the morning, we know not how: for we slept through the process. And there is a sub-consciousness of nations. The spirit of the age differs essentially from generation to generation. We feel it, like the wind, but know not whence it cometh or whither it goeth. Questions insoluble to-day in the minds of the profoundest thinkers are to-morrow settled and clear to the untrained intellects of the masses. The intellectual atmosphere, the language itself, changes; new forms of speech and thought come into use; old thoughts assume meanings undreamed of by our fathers; words and the ideas they strive to represent act and react upon each other;

"Nothing of them that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange."

In a few years the entire civilized human race becomes suddenly aware, without having been conscious of the process, that its outlook upon life is essentially and widely different from that of the former time; its ideas of life and death, of time and eternity, of space and infinity, of duty and responsibility, have been revolutionized, and solutions of the profoundest problems of human thought accepted universally, which had been, by the experts of the former time, rejected with contumely and contempt.

The general route of the voyage of mankind from the old to the new world of thought may be indicated by a few landmarks. We talk knowingly of the causes of modern civilization, and we catalogue the fall of Constantinople, the Renaissance, the Reformation, the Council of Trent, the discovery of America, and the route to the

Indies, Bacon's *Novum Organum*, the English, American, and French Revolutions, Napoleon's wars, reform and education bills, the expansion of the Empire, the confederation and consolidation of states, trades' unions, socialism, modern science, atomic and germ theories, Darwinism, and other great facts of history, as explaining its origin. They accentuate, illustrate and describe its course, but only in a very limited sense do they explain it. The spirit of the age carries mankind along in its predestined course in spite of wind and rudder. A nation suddenly awakes to the fact that it has been born again. That is the meaning of the word Renaissance, and it may be appropriately applied to the new phase of human thought which renders the Victorian era one of the great landmarks of history.

The immensity of the stellar universe is in these later days revealed by telescopes, powerful beyond the imagination of former ages, stationed on prairies or mountain tops by them undreamed of. Along with infinite vastness is revealed the infinite divisibility and minuteness of space, matter and life, now at length made known by the progress of microscopic investigation. The outlook upon creation is enlarged. The mind strives to grasp at once the infinitely great and the infinitely little—the atom and the universe. And now we know, as never before, that there is no great and no small; for the small is infinitely great, and the great is infinitely small.

The sciences of archæology and geology are the creation of this century. They have come as special revelations of God to dispel clouds of ignorance that have long hung like a pall over the human intellect, obscured its vision and misled its thought and action. The testimony of the rocks has carried

the history of life upon this planet back through countless ages. Clay tablets unearthed in the Euphrates valley extend the written history of mankind to a period six or seven thousand years before the Christian era. Even in that early period, we find organized nationalities, provided with customs, systems of government, and appliances of civilization, which necessitate a long previous history of development, involving a long series of ages; and ancient memorials even then existed of æons long anterior, in the form of great cities and temples, and old traditions. The investigations of Layard and Rawlinson, Burgsch and Maspero, Palmer and Sayce, Schliemann, and the various Exploration Funds, have furnished overwhelming evidences of the immensity of time required for the full development of man upon this planet; and old established misinterpretations of sacred and other historical records have vanished before them like mist before the sun.

The study of primitive races in their various stages of savagery and barbarism has led to the fascinating sciences of comparative mythology and folk-lore and comparative religion, and we are enabled to trace in some measure the successive steps by which the idea of man's relation to the Infinite has been evolved by progressive revelations from the crudest pantheism and fetichism to the purest monotheism.

Reverent and learned scholars, imbued with the age's inquisitive spirit, have studied the sacred writings with a zeal and insight and intensity never before known. They have investigated with vast research and erudition the development of the human agency in their composition. Illustrative facts have been collected from many nations and kindreds and tongues;

words and phrases have been carefully collated and critically examined, the styles of writers and dialects and periods of time distinguished and characterized: archæological remains have been unearthed as if by miracle at opportune moments, to disprove or confirm theories, and the result is one of the crowning achievements of the century; in the domain of biblical learning. Many mistakes have been and will be made by higher critics, as by evolutionists, working hypotheses must be re-adjusted to harmonize with wider knowledge; but the rapidity with which the world's mind has adapted itself to new ideas and new revelations is shown by the changed attitude, during the last ten or fifteen years, of the religious world to these new phases of thought. By an almost unconscious process, men of the most intense convictions find themselves accepting as of course new principles of interpretation and new methods of historical research, whose expounders they ostracised a decade ago.

Tennyson, contemplating two generations ago the conflict between religion and science, saw with prophetic vision the "long result of time." In his prayer we may join, with hope and confidence of its progressive realization:

"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,
But vaster."

Science and learning have made wonderful advances, but never has religion reaped harvests so great. Into what country on the surface of the globe has Christianity not been carried? What age of the world has produced missionaries more devoted? Let Africa, India, North-west Canada, Fiji, Erromanga, Japan, and China answer. Many heroic names have been added to the martyr-roll. Great religious

movements and organizations have been initiated, and have extended their influence over many lands. The Bible Society spans the century. The Oxford Movement has profoundly affected the religious thought of England and the world. The successful missionary societies, the Young Men's Christian Association, the Salvation Army, the Christian Endeavour, Epworth League, and other young people's societies, are the product of these hundred years. In the erection of churches, schools and charitable institutions, no century has equalled this. Human nature has never shown itself in a more favourable light, whether we demand integrity, self-sacrifice, devotion to duty, sincerity of purpose and conduct, or any of the other moralities. Religion, as the motive power of the good that is done in the world, has never been more active or efficient.

It is true that theological formulas have gone down beneath the waves of controversy. Some were largely the product of storm and stress periods of national life in the east or west. The causes have ceased to operate. Dogmas based on them have naturally and necessarily disappeared. The pessimist deploras the days when "the sea of faith was at its full," and in fancy hears only "its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar." But this is illusion. Non-essentials in creeds may perish. The faith that removes mountains, that shows itself in its works, has put its hallmark on the century. There is high authority for the proposition that true religion and undefiled consists in altruism and clean living. In the light of such a definition, if we compare the century's closing years with its beginning, how enormous is the advance shown?

Nor is it necessary to close our eyes to the vice and immorality

that prevail. They have always prevailed, especially as now in the larger centres of population. On the other hand, the moral forces were never so well equipped or organized for the long warfare. They were never more resolute or devoted. Never were they more widely victorious.

What, then, is the final equation? What is the resultant of all the mighty forces, religious, political, scientific, literary and social, that for the last hundred years have interacted upon each other, affecting the destinies of mankind for weal or woe?

The wider outlook, the more open mind, the deeper insight, the broader sympathy, the more earnest reaching after truth; these, in their influence upon both the present and future of mankind, are—shall we say it?—the sum of the achievement of the nineteenth cen-

tury, and it is in its nature essentially religious.

The religious, like the scientific, thought of the future will be widened with the process of the suns. The stars in their courses fight for the newer learning. There can be no real warfare between the revelation of God's footprints on the rock and in the stars, and the true interpretation of revelation in the written word. Their harmony entered into the soul of the Psalmist of old, and has been caught by the attentive ears of the poets of every land. It must ever appear more and more clearly to each succeeding age, until in fullest splendour it is revealed to

“The crowning race,
Of those that eye to eye shall look
On knowledge; under whose command
Is Earth and Earth's, and in their hand
Is Nature like an open book.”

St. Thomas, Ont.

THE CENTURY TO THE CENTURIES.

BY MISS EDITH M. THOMAS.

Yonder the last of thrice ten thousand days,
Through drift of the ethereal flame wide blown,
On phoenix plumes descends the evening haze,
And as from embers and from ashes strown,
Rose on keen wing the Arabian wonder lone,
And shaped swift flight to Heliopolis,
And there did sleep an age-long sleep unknown;
So thou, far in the under world's abyss,
Shalt slumber unrecalled by prayer or vow from this.

O lapsing Year—of years Imperial Year!
Pass in extreme of glory to that bourne.
We who now mourn thee never mourned thy peer,
Nor one of thy great race again we mourn:
Yet—mortals of brief stay!—we have outworn
A century's date, and Vale, vale, sigh;
While mourners of like greeting, half forlorn,
Faintly and faintlier from the gulf reply—
The gulf where thou art fled, with thy dark peers to lie.

O thou our Century, with yet radiant front,
Candid and fearless their tribunal greet;
To question and to answer was thy wont,
While on this earth thou held'st a regal seat;
For thou hast seen retreat, and still retreat,
Those outposts men had deemed were fixed for aye,—
Hast seen that none might bind the flying feet
Which bear world-messengers upon their way—
That arrows aimed at Truth do but return to slay!

—*Critic.*

FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.

THE POET OF FREEDOM IN MODERN GERMANY.

BY PASTOR FELIX.



WE have here inscribed a name worthy of honour wherever men prize liberty, wherever noble aim and uncorrupt manhood are respected — the name of the Poet of Freedom in modern Germany; a man who could brave the displeasure of royalty and the sons of privilege, that he might lift the lives and fortunes of the commonalty of his country, and teach her peasantry the worth of that for which the brave of all ages have striven and offered up their lives. He has been spoken of in America as "The German Whittier," and not without reason, since his ringing fiery lyrics are akin to the Quaker Poet's "Voices of Freedom;" for both have had their part in breaking the chains of slavery—political, social, and intellectual,—and of hastening the time when

"Man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that."

He is also known as "The Friend of America," because he was so keenly alive to the progress and triumph of the great Abolition movement there, and so ardently desired to see its full prevalence in that Southland where so long the negro race was enslaved; and also, because he longed to see a measure of civil liberty, like that enjoyed on this side of the Atlantic, conceded to his own beloved land. So, when he was obliged to hasten from his own country, Longfellow invited him to come to the United States, an invitation appreciated by him, though circumstances arose that prevented its acceptance.

Like Uhland and Herwegh, poets of his own nation, he was not only a writer of stirring lyrics, but a man of action and of an adventurous spirit—a patriot, whose bold notes, and resolute deeds as well, made tyrants tremble. His songs were regarded as incendiary by the Government, and, upon publication of the book entitled "My Confession of Faith," action was taken against him, and he was obliged to fly to Brussels. There, in 1846, he issued his "Caira," containing songs that were like the sounding of a trumpet. The poet then found it necessary to move farther away; so he went to London, and remained there until the outbreak of the Revolution, when he returned to his country and put himself at the head of the Rhineland Democracy at Dusseldorf. Inspiring as a singer, and brave as a leader, he was incautious; and, upon the publication of an inflammatory lyric, "The Dead to the Living," he indiscreetly exposed himself to arrest and imprisonment; but, upon trial, a jury of his fellow-countrymen acquitted him.

Yet he began his poetic career a spinner of soft and silken lays, that won him easy acceptance and applause; while, according to the spirit and fashion of the time, he borrowed his subjects from abroad, and wrought them elaborately, as did Bodenstedt in his dainty songs of "Mirza-Schaffy," as did Platen-Rupert, and the great Goethe himself—with all the richness and splendour of oriental colouring. One reading such a poem as "The Lion's Ride," full of splendid vigour as it is, would hardly anticipate the after poems, which, causing his

harshest rebuffs, procured him at
last his highest distinction.

THE LION'S RIDE.

What! wilt thou bind him fast with a
chain?

Wilt bind the king of the cloudy sands?
Idiot fool! he has burst from thy hands
and bands,

And speeds like storm through his far do-
main.

See! he crouches down in the sedge,

By the water's edge,

Making the startled sycamore boughs to
quiver!

Gazelle and giraffe, I think, will shun that
river.

Not so! The curtain of evening falls,
And the Caffre, mooring his light canoe
To the shore, glides down thro' the hushed
karroo,
And the watch-fires burn in Hottentot
kraals,

And the antelope seeks a bed in the bush
Till dawn shall blush,

And the zebra stretches his limbs by the
tinkling fountain,

And the changeful signals fade from the
Table Mountain.

Now look through the dusk! What seest
thou now?

Seest such a tall giraffe! She stalks
All majesty, through the desert walks,—
In search of water to cool her tongue and
brow.

From tract to tract of the limitless
waste

Behold her haste!

Till, bowing her long neck down, she buries
her face in

The reeds, and kneeling, drinks from the
river's basin.

But look again! look! see once more
Those globe-eyes glare! The gigantic
reeds

Lie cloven and trampled like puniest
weeds,—

The lion leaps on the drinker's neck with a
roar!

Oh, what a racer! Can any behold

Mid housings of gold

In the stables of kings, dyes half so splendid
As those on the bridled hide of yon wild
animal blended?

Greedily fleshes the lion his teeth
In the breast of his writhing prey; around

Her neck his loose brown mane is wound.
Hark! that hollow cry! She springs up

from beneath,

And in agony flies over plains and
heights.

See how she unites,

Even under such monstrous and torturing
trammel,

With the grace of the leopard, the speed of
the camel!

She reaches the central, moon-lighted plain,
That spreadeth around all bare and wide;

Meanwhile, adown her spotted side

The dusky blood-gouts rush like rain—
And her woeful eyeballs, how they stare

On the void of air!

Yet on she flies—on, on—for her there is
no retreating;

And the desert can hear the heart of the
doomed one beating:

And lo! a stupendous column of sand,
A sand-spout out of that sandy ocean, up-
curls

Behind the pair in eddies and whirls;
Most like some colossal brand,

Or wandering spirit of wrath

On his blasted path,

Or the dreadful pillar that lighted the war-
riors and women

Of Israel's land through the wilderness of
Yemen.

And the vulture, scenting a coming carouse,
Sails, hoarsely screaming, down the sky;

The bloody hyena, be sure, is nigh,—

Fierce pillager he, of the charnel-house!
The panther, too, who strangles the

Cape Town sheep

As they lie asleep,

Athirst for his share in the slaughter, fol-
lows;

While the gore of their victims spreads like
a pool in the sandy hollows!

She reels,—but the king of the brutes be-
strides

His tottering throne to the last: with
might

He plunges his terrible claws in the bright
And delicate cushions of her sides.

Yet hold! fair play! she rallies again!

In vain, in vain!

Her struggles but help to drain her life-
blood faster;

She staggers, gasps, and sinks at the feet of
her slayer and master!

She staggers, she falls; she shall struggle
no more!

The death-rattle slightly convulses her
throat;

Mayest look thy last on that mangled coat,
Besprent with sand, and foam, and gore!

Adieu! The orient glimmers 'far,

And the morning-star

Anon will rise over Madagascar brightly—
So rides the lion in Africa's deserts nightly.

The publication of this book, in
which there was so much to charm
and so little to offend, elevated him
to popular and to royal favour
alike, and secured him recognition

of literary and scholarly men; so it was no chagrin arising from any failure or disappointment which in any degree determined his subsequent course. Like Charles Sumner and Wendell Phillips of America, he forsook the blandishments of a social and intellectual aristocracy, to encounter the danger and odium that always attends the devotees of an unpopular or a persecuted cause. He was described by Gutzkow—with more propriety than he knew—as “the German Hugo;” for like the Frenchman he became an inflexible hater of tyrants, and like him he became an exile from the land he so passionately loved. At last, and before he had forfeited the royal favour, through the influence of Alexander von Humboldt, he obtained from the King of Prussia a pension, which rendered him independent of the Amsterdam Bank, in which he had begun a career which accorded poorly with his taste and disposition. This windfall enabled him to marry.

But the time in which he was to declare himself and to assume his proper vocation ripened. The call came from without, which found response in another rising within his breast, to utter himself as he saw and felt the public need required. The revolutionary poets had been already disappointed by his acceptance of royal bounty, which might have been supposed a bribe effectually to silence him; for in him they discerned the qualities of a leader, and they desired to see him in the van of Liberty. In this they were not deceived; nor was their disappointment to be of long standing. No complaining brother-bard should ever be permitted to say of him,

“Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a ribbon to stick in his coat.”

Freiligrath had in him the great-heartedness, the active yet discern-

ing spirit, the martial force and fire and the fundamental manliness, which enabled him to overcome the handicap of his early literary success; and which, when he was stirred to it by Hoffmann von Fallersleben, caused him to renounce his pension, and announce and define his position, and which brought him over on the side of popular government, as its most uncompromising champion. He was unfit to speculate and dream, with Goethe, while the Fatherland was torn and rent in pieces, and the liberties of the people were trodden underfoot; so he exchanged the reed for a sterner-sounding instrument, while in his hand the lyric became what Wordsworth declares the sonnet was in that of Milton,—

“A trumpet, whence he blew
Soul-animating strains,”

that caused all Germany to ring “from side to side,” so that the echoes are not yet done sounding.

As a specimen of his political songs we will give Lewis F. Starrett's version of his “Black, Red, Gold,” which we wonder not had an ill relish for the tyrants of that time. Would the stanzas be more pleasing to the czars and kaisers of to-day?

BLACK, RED, GOLD.

How long, in grief and darkness, we
Obliged were to conceal it!
Now from its grave we set it free,
And to the world reveal it.
Now shines and rustles each fair fold!
Hurrah, thou black, thou red, thou gold!
Powder is black,
Blood is red,
Golden the bright flame flickers.

It is the flag our fathers knew,
The same old colour showing,
Young wounds to gain, brave deeds to do,
Beneath it we are going;
The conflict now so well begun,
Shall cease not till the field be won.
Powder is black, etc.

Maidens whose dainty fingers wrought
The flag we are upholding,

While we the stock of lead we brought
 Were into bullets moulding,—
 Not where men meet to dance and sing
 The banner that you made shall swing.
 Powder is black, etc.

Think you the land we can persuade
 To be for freedom grateful,
 Whose towns, with each its barricade,
 Your laws denounce as hateful?
 Electors, heed these words of ours,
 Lest we usurp grand-ducal powers.
 Powder is black, etc.

Freedom with us means something more
 Than childish pastime—breaking,
 With foolish rage, an arsenal door,
 And sword and musket taking.
 Marching a little while, and then
 Bringing the weapons back again!
 Powder is black, etc.

'Tis not, within a house of glass,
 To draw distinctions pretty,
 And judgment overstrained to pass
 Upon offences petty,
 And then down unconcerned to lie
 Without while stones and bullets fly.
 Powder is black, etc.

That will not stand for freedom long
 Which makes the strange condition,
 That subjects must endure a wrong,
 Or fight with—a petition.
 Good God! petition, and then wait,
 Parley and then—illuminate!
 Powder is black, etc.

Freedom!—where men their rights must buy,
 Or take them as a favour;
 Where kings yield what they would deny,
 If stronger or if braver;
 Where men the thing they most do hate
 Upon the throne will tolerate!
 Powder is black, etc.

Away with freedom such as that,
 Which rules but by compelling:
 Of each poor petty prince's hat
 Does freedom mean the selling.
 Away with spite, and craft, and wealth!
 Freedom means one great commonwealth.
 Powder is black, etc.

A great republic, firm and free,
 None better and none stronger,
 Where chain, and whip, and gallows-tree,
 Shall be endured no longer;
 The time has come to do or die:
 Fly out, good German banner, fly!
 Powder is black, etc.

To battle, then, thou German flag,
 To battle do we take thee;
 And com'st thou back a tatter'd rag,
 Then new again we'll make thee.
 See our fair German maidens smile—
 That would be sewing worth their while.
 Powder is black, etc.

And he who makes for thee a song
 Trusts that its fate will let it
 The master find, who shall ere long
 To stirring music set it;
 Then shall ring out a chorus grand
 From our united German land.
 Powder is black,
 Blood is red,
 Golden the bright flame flickers.

If in dignity of style, and in that ethical grandeur which distinguished the best of Whittier's "Voices of Freedom," it excelled. as in sincerity, energy and martial fire it does, as a lyric it must have been irresistible. Indeed, so bold are Freiligrath's assaults upon royalty, that we marvel he did not perish by bullet, axe, or halter, or at least languish out his life in a dungeon. He wrote another spirit-rousing piece, entitled "The Free Press," in which he describes the printers of some revolutionary journal as they are engaged in melting their types to mould them into bullets. The opening stanzas may give some notion of the whole:

"Sternly to his fellow-workmen, thus the master-printer said:
 'Muskets will be used to-morrow, and there will be need of lead.
 Well our types will serve the purpose, be it ours to spend the night
 Melting them and making of them metal messengers of right.

"Here the crucible and forms are; now the fire is burning clear;
 All the doors are barricaded, none can interrupt us here.
 Now, compositors and pressmen, lively to your labours spring:
 Help me Freedom's manifesto to its feet to-night to bring.

"Even to the prince's castle, O my molten types then fly,
 Soaring, sing the song of freedom till it ring against the sky.
 Strike the slaves and mercenaries—strike the men bereft of wit,
 They who would a free press throttle—fools, although they highest sit!

"Perish they and all their workings! Freed from interference then,
 When their mission is accomplished, we can get our types again,
 Gather up the tatter'd bullets, cast them clearer than before—
 Hark! I hear the trumpet sounding!
 There's a knocking at the door!"

He has a poem in which the world is compared to a chess-board, upon which he is moved from point to point.

"Ever," he says, "this game goes forward, in which Freedom contests with Tyranny; blow after blow is given, move follows move, and never comes the order for resting. Lately I dwelt in Holland; anon I found myself in Switzerland; but even from the land of Tell I feel that I shall soon be hounded. But I am ready. The free waves are dancing around the homes of Norway, making sweet music. I hear now a rattle out of France, that sounds like a breaking of fetters. Never yet did England send away the exile who fled into her shelter; and if she could, the hand of one who would befriend me is extended from the far Ohio. Plenty of moves! Then what need I care how far or how fast I am fated to go? Though they try it they cannot checkmate me: *Only the king can be checkmated!*"

A certain nobleness of feeling is mingled with the bravery of this strain—rising toward the close almost to bashfulness—and an undertone of pathos also; for with all his feigned indifference to time or place, this absence pained him, and his exile heart was ever longing for his German land. Like our American poet, Longfellow, he gave a large place to the domestic affections, and some of his choicest lyrics express these native emotions and sentiments common to gentle hearts of every age and clime. In one of his best pieces he addresses a band of emigrants who, with their goods and chattels, are about leaving their native country for "the far wooded West," beyond the great ocean; and we can read his own heart in the words with which he questions them:

"O say, why seek ye other lands?
The Nectar's vale hath wine and corn;
Full of dark firs the Schwarzwald stands;
In Spessart rings the Alp-herd's horn.

"Ah! in strange forests you will yearn
For the green mountains of your home;
To Deutschland's yellow wheat-fields turn,
In spirit o'er her vine-hills roam.

"How will the form of days grown pale
In golden dreams float softly by,
Like some old legendary tale,
Before fond memory's moistened eye."

Bayard Taylor declared—

"The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring;"

and so it proved in the case of Freiligrath, for some of the tenderest, sweetest heart-songs in the German language—a language abounding in terms of affection—are from his pen.

Full of tenderness is his lyric-letter, addressed "To Wolfgang in the Field"—his own dear son, who had taken up arms in his country's cause, and who was then on service in the hospital:

"Be strong, my Wolf, be earnest,
As well thou mayest be;
Whichever way thou turnest,
Sad sights thine eye may see.
Be glad thy help to render,
For those thou helpest feel;
Nor let thy heart so tender
The sight of suffering steel."

Full of the same tenderness also is his "Rest in the Beloved," beginning—

"Oh, here forever let me stay, love!
Here let my rest forever be."

And tenderness is mixed with regret and sorrow in his "Oh, Love, so Long as Love Thou Canst," which seems like a versification of Washington Irving's beautiful Sketch-book essay, imprinted on our heart and mind in our childhood:

"Oh, love so long as love thou canst!
So long as love thy soul can need!
The hour will come, the hour will come,
When by the grave thy heart shall bleed!

"Thou kneelest down upon the grave,
And sink'st in agony thine eyes;
They nevermore the dead shall see,—
The silent churchyard hears thy sighs.

"Thou mourn'st: 'O look upon this heart
That here doth weep upon thy mound!
Forgive me if I caused thee pain—
O God! it was not meant to wound!'"

"But he—he sees and hears thee not;
He comes not, he can never know:

The lips that kissed thee once say not,
'Friend, I forgave thee long ago!'

Freiligrath was a fond lover of friends, of home, and of wife and children; a passionate lover of his country; a hater only of oppression, wrong, tyranny, injustice and all unkindness and unrighteousness—for these man ought to hate. He won the reward at last of self-sacrifice and self-denial, in the love and esteem of his countrymen. He became accepted at last, restored to his beloved home, and died in his own land, having seen the desire of his heart in a larger measure of liberty granted to the German people. The odium attaching to his name amongst the aristocratic classes gradually faded, and he lived to know himself one of the acknowledged masters of German song. He is distinguished as a translator; and some of the masterpieces of French and English literature have by him been rendered

into the language of the Fatherland—the grand speech of Luther and Goethe—as only one true poet can render the thought of another. Longfellow appreciated his muse; and he has reciprocated that appreciation by his translation of "Hiawatha," which is described as "a marvel of fidelity and beauty."

Freiligrath was what Heine claimed to be, and what Burns and Whittier really became, "a soldier in the war of the liberation of humanity;" for when a true man strikes a blow for human liberty in any age or country, he does it for all succeeding ages and for all mankind.

This great-hearted poet was born in the home of an obscure schoolmaster, at Detmold, June 17th, 1810; and he died at Cannstadt, in Wurtemberg, March 18th, 1876—a devotee of fame and freedom—

"One of the few, the immortal, names
That were not born to die."

COULD WE BUT KNOW.

BY MISS FRANK L. DAVIS.

Did we but think that after pain comes ease,
And after conflict gentle peace broods o'er
The scene of battle; would we not the substance seize
And after shadows vain reach out no more?
Could we but feel that darkness precedes light,
That day must die to bring sweet afterglow,
We'd clasp God's hand that reaches through the night,
That never fails,—could we but see and know.

Would it not give fresh courage for to-morrow,
To know there's not one wasted hour of pain?
That God has joys proportioned to our sorrow,
And earthly discipline will not be borne in vain?
Had we but faith to trust Him with to-morrow,
—Our Father's smile makes up for many a tear,—
The joys He has in store will compensate for sorrow,
One golden day with Him redeem a weary year.

When mourning lost ideals and faded hopes,
When life's sad failures fret and shame us so;
The tortured mind amidst dense darkness gropes
And yet grasps nothing—then if we could know,
What seem like failures to our finite minds,
God marks as patent efforts for the goal,
He is directing, and our scattered sheaves He binds
Into one grand, complete, successful whole.

Hamilton, Ont.

A PECULIAR PEOPLE.

BY THE REV. ROBERT WILSON, D.D.



ABOUT one-third of the inhabitants of Prince Edward Island are Presbyterians. Included in this number is a small denomination generally spoken of as "Macdonaldites," who, while in full accord with the others in doctrinal matters and general policy, are entirely independent. They are the followers of the late Rev. Donald Macdonald, who for nearly half a century played an important part in the religious life of the Province, and whose memory is still held in high repute by the people that bear his name.

This remarkable man was born in Scotland on the first day of January, 1783, was educated at the University of Saint Andrew's, and entered the ministry of the Scotch National Church in the year 1816. After labouring as a missionary for some years in the Highlands, he came to America, and in 1826 took up his abode in the Garden of the Gulf. Circumstances which need not now be narrated led to his separation from the church of his fathers, and, according to a statement I heard him make in his own pulpit, for some time his life was somewhat irregular.

Suddenly all was changed, he became intensely religious, and entered upon the work of an evangelist with a zeal and earnestness that drew upon him the eyes of the public. As the churches were not open to him, he preached in private houses, halls, school-rooms, barns, or in the fields, and always had crowds to hear him. He was

looked upon as a wonder, and while warmly endorsed by some was unsparingly denounced by others. But with a zeal that knew no abatement, and with a courage that nothing could daunt, he pursued the not always even tenor of his way, and at length found himself the head and leader of a people who would have died in defence of his opinions and person. Amid the coldness and unspirituality of the times, such a course as his was regarded as unwarrantably sensational, and certainly some of his methods were sufficiently strange to be open to criticism.

In the pulpit he had wonderful power, and, under his ministrations, the wildest excitement was frequently witnessed. Many who came to scoff remained to pray, and would leave the meeting his fast friends. As he would look out upon his hearers, fixing his keen eyes upon their faces, as if reading their very thoughts, the boldest would cower before his glance. Some declared he was in league with the devil and consequently a most dangerous character; some regarded him as skilled in some occult art which enabled him to wield the wild democracy at will, while others hailed him as another Luther raised up to do a special work for God.

In many respects he resembled that wonderfully eloquent man, the late Rev. Edward Irving, whose strange career excited so much attention in the British metropolis some years ago. But there was this difference between the London preacher and the Prince Edward Islander, that while the former claimed to be specially inspired and supernaturally endowed along the lines indicated in the

Epistle to the Corinthians, the latter made no such pretensions.

I have a very vivid recollection of the first time I came in contact with Mr. Macdonald. It was on a glorious Sabbath in July when nature looked her loveliest, and the holy hush of the sacred day was only broken by the sounds of feet or of carriage wheels on the way to the place of meeting. As he only visited this neighbourhood semi-annually a great crowd came to hear, representing all ages, classes and creeds. A few minutes before the time announced for the service to begin, a short, stout, strongly-built man of some sixty years slowly walked up the aisle, ascended the pulpit, and quickly ran his eye over the congregation, as if to ascertain if any of his own were missing. The faces of those before him were a study—some were radiant with joy at being again permitted to see “the old man eloquent;” some looked curious, as if wondering what would be the outcome of the gathering, and who that day would be won over to his side; while not a few seemed to be bracing up their nerves in order to resist any pressure that might be brought to bear upon them.

As the day was very warm and the church literally packed, he threw off his coat, unbuttoned his vest, and otherwise prepared himself for the work of the day. After opening in the usual Scotch manner, he spent nearly an hour in commenting on some of the more remarkable events that had transpired in the world since his last visit. He was particularly severe on the then recently organized Free Church, with which he evidently had no sympathy, but spoke in very kindly terms of the old Kirk, and of the minister then in charge of the Scotch Established Church in Charlottetown. After baptizing a number of children, and attending to some minor matters, he preached

a powerful sermon from the words, “For the wages of sin is death.” And to the great delight of quite a number of aged Highlanders, to whom the English language was not very familiar, he conducted an afternoon service, which was wholly in Gaelic.

During the morning service both preacher and people became greatly excited. The theme dwelt upon gave ample opportunity to arouse the fears of the unsaved, and his looks, tones and manner lent a terrible earnestness to his words. A young woman sitting near me “took the work,” as it is called, and writhed and moaned in a most distressing manner. The first act in the strange drama was a twitching and jerking of the head, then the whole body became convulsed, and bent backward and forward, and then came prostration and apparent unconsciousness. Others were similarly affected, strong men seemed as if in convulsions, and all felt themselves in the presence of a power concerning the character of which there was a great diversity of opinion. I have seen strange things in revival services in different denominations, and on both sides of the Atlantic, which either at the time or afterwards I have been enabled to explain, but for these manifestations I can offer no solution.

Mr. Macdonald has long since passed away, but his work remains. Efforts were made at the time of the union of the several sections of the Presbyterians to induce his followers to cast in their lot with the others, but the efforts failed, and here and there throughout the Island Province congregations are still found where his name is revered, his memory lovingly cherished, and where “the work” is reproduced in all its original phases and with no abatement of its old-time earnestness.

St. John, N.B.

A FAMOUS ENGLISH PRISON.

THE OLD BAILEY.

BY JOHN CHARLES THORNLEY.



THE Old Bailey, doom-hall of thousands of most wretched wights, is itself doomed. I mean the building, not the institution. After twenty years of negotiation and contention between the British government and the city corporation of London an arrangement has been completed for the building of a new Sessions House, wherein to hold the monthly sittings of what in modern legal parlance is called the Central Criminal Court—the highest crime tribunal for London and the surrounding district. As Newgate has ceased to be used as a regular prison, one of its wings will be pulled down and a new Sessions House erected in its place. Old Bailey is the name by which the present building and its predecessors have been popularly known for centuries, and for hundreds of years to come, I doubt not, the ancient designation will cling to the new Sessions House and any that may follow it.

Many readers of this magazine have doubtless walked along the curious, wedge-shaped street called the Old Bailey, which connects Ludgate Hill with Newgate Street, under the shadow of St. Paul's Cathedral. But only a few of these I venture to say, have stepped from Old Bailey the street into Old Bailey the court-house and there witnessed a trial. Indeed, one may easily pass by and miss the Sessions House altogether. Like a prisoner in the dock, it seems to shrink from the public gaze, turning a dingy

flank to the street, and presenting its best facade to a walled courtyard, into which judges, civic dignitaries, and other privileged folk are driven in order that they may alight from their carriages in privacy. The building is often confused, too, in the public mind, with the adjacent Newgate Prison, though the two are administratively distinct, the jail belonging to the imperial government and the court-house to the city corporation. Neither of those buildings is much more than a century old, but both stand on, or very near, sites that have been consecrated these five hundred years or more to the purposes of investigating and punishing crime.

Well, then, imagine yourself seated betimes one Monday morning in the box reserved for distinguished visitors. You are, I see, surprised and disappointed. I can, for the nonce, read your thoughts like a book, and this is their purport: "Can this low ceiled, ill ventilated, unadorned chamber, this big square box, with every inch of its floor panned, pewed, and gangwayed, this dingy third-rate justice hall, inferior to nearly every assize court I have seen in my tour through England, not to mention our courts at home—can this be the famous Old Bailey?" Yes, such it is; or, to be quite accurate, the chief portion of it. However uncomfortable and undignified it may be, it has somehow served the purpose for which it was built, and during 113 years more sentences, whether of death or imprisonment, have rung across from that dais on



NEWGATE PRISON TO-DAY, THE SESSIONS HOUSE INDICATED BY A CROSS.

our right to yonder dock on our left than in any other court that I can call to mind in the whole world.

Examine this dais. It monopolizes one side of the hall and is strewn with sweet herbs to prevent a recurrence of the jail fever—pray do not laugh—which carried off some of the bigwigs on two occasions in the 18th century. At the rear is a continuous cushioned bench, faced by half a dozen movable desks and partly overshadowed by a canopy supporting the royal arms.

In front of the dais, on a slightly lower level, is the table used by the clerk of arraigns and his subordinates. Right opposite us is the jury-box, and on our left the dock, above and behind which is the cramped public gallery. Down below, in what is called the well of the court, lies truth—so the bewigged barristers and unadorned solicitors who sit there would have us believe. On our side of the court seats reserved for the press, for privileged visitors like ourselves, and for jurymen in waiting, rise tier above tier from the well to the level of the dais.

While we have been looking

round, barristers, solicitors, reporters, officials, and loungers have well-nigh filled the body of the court. Half-past ten strikes and simultaneously two or three loud knocks are given upon the outer side of one of the doors opening upon the dais. Then every one stands up, and from time immemorial that sound has heralded the approach of the dignitaries constituting the court. The lord mayor, attended by his sword-bearer, the city marshal, the sheriffs, the under-sheriffs, some of the aldermen, and the recorder, enters the court, and, after an exchange of bows with everybody present, takes the seat of honor under the royal arms, below which has been fixed one of the ceremonial swords of the city, with point studiously upturned in token of his nominal supremacy. The recorder takes the seat immediately to the right of his titular superior, and the aldermen and sheriffs spread themselves out on the left, according to seniority, while such officials as the sword-bearer and the city marshal disappear. Each member of the commission, as it is called, besides wearing the robes of his rank or

office, carries an exquisite bouquet of flowers, welcome alike for color and fragrance in such drab, stuffy surroundings.

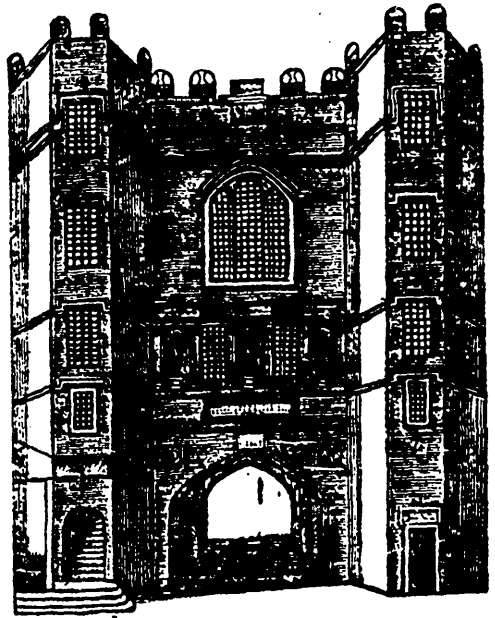
"Oyez, oyez, oyez," begins the black-gowned usher, in the only Norman-French he knows, and he goes on, in unmistakable cockney English, to declare the court open, concluding his formula with "God save the Queen!" Then the lord mayor considers the excuses of, or objections to, persons summoned to sit on the grand jury, and, this duty accomplished, he has nothing more to say or do beyond looking ornamental. Nor does he do that long, for he suddenly remembers, in accordance with the usage of recent years, that he has a pressing engagement, and resigns his chair to the senior alderman present. Meanwhile the recorder, who is the highest law officer of the city corporation, charges the grand jury; some true bills are returned; the common jury is sworn; a prisoner pops up through a trap-door into the dock from the cells below; and the first trial of the Sessions commences. The recorder, a greater man in reality than the silent magnates who pay him his salary, adjudicates solely in the cases brought up on this and the following day.

On the Wednesday one of the judges of the High Court of Justice makes his appearance and takes the seat hitherto occupied by the recorder, but never that of the lord mayor, who remains chief commissioner throughout the Sessions. While the Queen's judge commences to try the graver cases, the recorder moves to the New Court (new only by comparison) and there takes good second-class indictments. Another of the corporation's law officers, the common sergeant, presides over a third court, and when the calendar is exceptionally heavy a fourth court is formed by Mr. Commissioner Kerr. The High Court judge continues to

preside over the chief tribunal until the end of the Sessions, which last about ten days, though they have been known to extend over six weeks, overlapping the succeeding Sessions.

"How comes it," asks the intelligent stranger, "that the notables of the one square mile of central London, commonly called 'the city,' have so much to do with the ceremonial part, at least, of a court that

NEW GATE



NEWGATE PRISON IN THE EARLY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

takes cognizance of all serious crimes committed in the metropolis or its environs?" It is a privilege that dates back to the fourteenth century, when it had become customary to lodge all the felons of the city of London and of the county of Middlesex in one of the gates that pierced the city wall—New Gate. These prisoners were



CHARLES MATTHEWS, A LEADING OLD BAILEY BARRISTER.

court which had condemned Charles I. to death eleven years before, and city opinion, which was still republican in the main, was scarcely reflected at all on that commission. The chief prisoners, notably Major-General Harrison, Sir Hardness Waller, Colonel Carew, Hugh Peters, and Harry Marten, offered a grand Ironside defence devoid of legal subtleties, and were hanged. Only the weaklings, who expressed insincere contrition, were spared. Harrison had been one of the narrowest of the Puritans, and had even quarrelled with Cromwell when the latter spoke of toleration, but who can fail to admire him for

those last words of his? "If I had ten thousand lives I could freely and cheerfully lay them all down to witness to this matter!" As a blow to constitutional liberty the hanging of Charles' judges was as futile as the burning of John Milton's "Eikonoklastes" and "Defensio Primo" by the common hangman at the Old Bailey in the same year.

Many "legal murders" have been perpetrated at the Old Bailey, and one at least is known to every student of English history. William, Lord Russell was a man of heart rather than of great intellect, whose sturdy Whig instincts revolted against the corruptions of Charles



JUSTICE HAWKINS, WEARING AN UNDRESS WIG.

II.'s court. He associated himself with a movement for purging the government of the day of its grosser faults. About the same time the Rye House Plot, which was really directed against the king's life, was exposed, and unscrupulous people linked Russell with the conspiracy, of which he knew nothing. The government sent orders down to the Old Bailey for a conviction at any price. To their lasting shame, the sheriffs packed the jury; the attorney-general, Sir Robert Sawyer, obstructed the defence, and the president of the commission, Sir Robert Pemberton, only grudgingly allowed the prisoner's wife to take notes of the evidence. Sentence of death was

passed, and not even the £100,000 offered by the Earl of Bedford for his son's life mollified the king, who probably did not happen at that time to be hard up. Lord William was beheaded in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

The people sentenced to death at the Old Bailey in the eighteenth century were for the most part scoundrels who richly deserved punishment. Prominent among these were Jack Sheppard, a burglar who raised himself into vulgar heroism by escaping twice from Newgate; Jonathan Wild, who posed before the authorities as a police spy, but was in reality a receiver of stolen goods, and Dr. Dodd, a brilliant clergyman, who ran into



JUSTICE WELLS, WEARING A FULL-DRESS WIG.

debt and forged the name of young Lord Chesterfield (to whom the famous "Chesterfield Letters" were written) on a bond for £4,200. Then there was the poet Richard Savage, sentenced to death for killing a man in a drunken brawl, but pardoned on the intercession of influential courtiers.

Until 1783 most of the murderers and felons sentenced at the Old Bailey were hanged at Tyburn, then a lonely spot on the great highway to the west. Hogarth's eleventh plate in the "Idle Apprentice" series is worth columns of description. There we see the culprit riding in a cart, sandwiched between his own coffin and a Wesleyan preacher, while the state-paid chap-

lain is gloriously isolated in a coach, and the crowd is holding a sort of fair. Later on the hangman, having finished his pipe, will descend from the triple gallows and tie the rope around Tom's neck; then the cart will be drawn away, and his legs will dangle in the air. In 1783 the gibbet was removed to the Old Bailey, in which thoroughfare thousands upon thousands of people crowded to see the hangings until 1868, when public executions were abolished in England. The present jail and court-house were built shortly before the close of the Tyburn days, and the gateway formed part of the former until 1816. The Sessions House has been added to at subsequent dates,

and has become uglier and uglier. Within its walls have been tried Hadfield, for shooting at George III., in 1800; Bellingham, the assassin of Prime Minister Spencer Perceval, in 1812; the Cato Street conspirators, for plotting to murder the whole cabinet, in 1820; Oxford and Francis, for shooting at the Queen, in the early forties; and the scum of London during the last 113 years. In one week, some few years ago Justice Hawkins, popularly known as "the hanging judge," sentenced to death three men and a woman.

In 1834 the jurisdiction of the Old Bailey sessions was extended to the nearer portions of the counties of Surrey, Kent, and Essex,

and at the same time the constitution of the court was assimilated somewhat to that of the provincial assize courts, though the civic authorities were allowed, as they still are, to have the semblance of power. Down to the days of Charles Dickens Old Bailey advocates had an unenviable reputation for bullying and trickery, but that is all changed now. The tone of the whole court is higher than it ever was before, and the leading practitioners there to-day—men like Mr. Charles Matthews, Mr. Gill, Mr. Horace Avory, Mr. Bodkin, and Mr. Geoghegan—have demonstrated that it is possible to be keen in a gentlemanly way and lucid without being superficial.

"A GLAD NEW YEAR."

BY AMY PARKINSON.

"A glad New Year"! Fit greeting this—
While Joy doth by the portal stand,
And many an eye with gladness glows
To see her beckoning hand.

"A glad New Year"? But fits it still,
Though other eyes so bound must be,
With bands of grief, that they no sign
Of earthly joy can see?

Toronto.

"A glad New Year": yea, even souls
Its threshold in the dark who cross
May in their Lord's great love rejoice,
'Mid sorrow, suffering, loss.

"A glad New Year"!—glad with His cheer!
God grant it, though all else we miss!
Until with His own hand He bid
To heaven and its years of bliss.

Out of the chill and the shadow,
Into the thrill and the shine;
Out of the death and the famine,
Into the fulness divine;
Up from the strife and the battle,
Oft with the shameful defeat,
Up to the palm and the laurel—
Oh, but the rest will be sweet!

Leaving the cloud and the tempest,
Reaching the balm and the cheer;
Finding the end of our sorrow,
Finding the end of our fear;
Seeing the face of the Master,
Yearned for in "distance and dream;"
Oh, for that rapture of gladness!
Oh, for that vision supreme!

Meeting the dear ones departed,
Knowing them, clasping their hands,
All the beloved and true-hearted,
There in the fairest of lands!
Sin evermore left behind us,
Pain nevermore to distress;
Changing the moan for the music,
Living the Saviour to bless!

Then we shall learn the sweet meanings
Hidden to-day from our eyes;
There we shall waken like children
Joyous at gift and surprise.
Come then, dear Lord, in the gloaming,
Or when the dawning is gray!
Take us to dwell in Thy presence—
Only Thyself lead the way!

BELGIUM: ITS HISTORY, ART, AND SOCIAL LIFE.*

BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS, D.D.



THE delta-lands at the mouths of the Scheldt, Maas, and Rhine—three of the most important rivers in Western Europe — have been, from the dawn of history, among the most populous on earth. It is no wonder that they have long been called “the cockpit of Europe,” for in these Low Countries politics have always churned plenty of war, and on these plains armies have met ever since history has had a record. Even before the lamp of written annals had shed its light, this was bloody ground ; for here Celt and Teuton were ever struggling for mastery, but neither was able to annihilate the other. To-day, after unnumbered centuries, they abide, not as enemies, but as rivals ; in peace, though separate and distinct.

When in 1815 “the Dutch took Holland” from their French masters, a European congress joined ultra-Roman Catholic Belgium and ultra-Protestant Holland together in one ; but the soldering did not last. In 1830 the revolution which overthrew the then Bourbon king, Charles X. of France, communicated its force to the adjacent land. Apparently by a spontaneous movement the population in Brussels rose against the Dutch Government. The blue blouse of the Belgian workman, worn as the uniform of generals as well as of privates, became the emblem of freedom and associated with Belgium military life. A new era of prosperity began.



LEOPOLD II., KING OF BELGIUM.

Long before, in 1648, when the Dutch had conquered peace from Spain after an eighty years' war that exhausted Spain and reduced her from a first to a third-class power, they had closed the Scheldt to navigation, thus paralyzing Antwerp as a commercial city. The Belgians in regaining their freedom in 1830 won also the navigation of the Scheldt. Under the fertilizing rain of commerce, Antwerp, so long commercially like a desert, became green and flourishing, and is now one of the imperial seats of the world's commerce. One of the noblest of the Belgians' modern triumphs of sculpture commemorates in gorgeous allegory this decisive event in their history. The inscription on the City Hall, “Peace begets art : art ennobles the people,” is heartily believed in by these lovers of beauty. Antwerp enjoyed the honour of a successful international ex-

* Abridged from “The Chautauquan.”

position in 1894. The grounds, including over one hundred acres, covered the site of the citadel once erected by the noted Spaniard Alva to overawe the city.

The Netherlands are rich in civic symbols and heraldic designs, the inheritances and interpreters of their past, all of which throw a glamour over the travail and struggle of ages gone. Some of these are but illustrated myths which show how "the disease of language"



ANTWERP CATHEDRAL.

takes on a hectic flush, which makes even decaying things beautiful. Let us note this as we walk out into the great square of Antwerp. From the City Hall we see the

national flag flying. These stripes, red, yellow, and black, placed perpendicularly beside each other, are the old colours of the duchy of Brabant. That fertile province in the



EVEN THE DOGS MUST EARN THEIR LIVING IN ANTWERP.

centre of Belgium, so long a state by itself, containing over twelve hundred square miles and a dense population of over a million souls. has Brussels for its star and crown. even as of old (when not divided. as now, into two portions) it had Antwerp for its seaport. The Belgian national symbol is the standing lion of Brabant, with the national motto, "Union makes strength" (*L' Union fait la force*), which we see on all the coins, nickel, silver, and gold.

In the great square, with its imposing City Hall of Antwerp, which fills all of one side, we see, not a piece of lace-work in stone, as in Louvain, nor the marvelous facade and daring spire of Brussels, but an edifice well suited for municipal business. To the right rise quaint and massive old edifices which have looked upon the stirring scenes of the sixteenth century. These were the old guild halls of those mediæval trades-unions which so powerfully dominated local politics. They existed until the French Revolution, which swept away these strongholds of privilege in its flood-tide of democracy. Here in this square the very first martyrs of the Reformation, Heinrich Voes and Johannes Esch, were burnt by order of the great ecclesiastical corporation whose centre was in Rome.

This square has again and again been the burning-point of politics and of war, even as the city has repeatedly been the prey of foreign robbers and oppressors, or as Belgium has been coveted, seized, or like a shuttlecock, knocked to and fro by its various owners.

Now, however, in this great space rises a work of art that sends fancy flying back of the looking-glass of history, turns the face to smiles, and provokes merry laughter. It is the colossal bronze image of the prostrate giant from which Antwerp gets its name. Standing over him, victorious, is the young hero after whom, according to popular etymology and mythology, Brabant is called. Ancient local folk-lore delights to tell that long ago there was a tyrannical giant who had his castle by the banks of the river Scheldt, and who laid heavy toll upon all ships and captains passing his castle. The men who would not pay had their hands cut off and thrown into the Scheldt. From the giant's custom of casting hands (*hand werpen*) into the river, Antwerp got its name. The young hero Brabo, having attacked the castle and killed the colossus, cut off his big hand. Here in bronze he stands to-day holding in his right hand the giant's lopped-off member, and about to



OLD FISH-MARKET, ANTWERP.

fling it into the Scheldt. It is the Flemish version of Jack the Giant Killer. Aloft on a huge rockery, above and on which are various marine monsters, mermaids hold above their weed-robed heads ancient and dragon-prowed boats, whereon rests a castle with four towers. On each tower is a severed hand, and on top of all is Brabo, the hero of all the small boys of Brabant.

Prosaic etymologists, however, derive the name Antwerp from the Flemish *an t' werf*, that is, "on the wharf," where traffic first began. To-day the splendid city has overflowed far beyond the limits of its old wall lines. With forests of masts at its docks, steamers from the ends of the earth unloading or anchored in the stream, and the quaint, historic edifices still standing, there are also rows, blocks and squares of new houses, with high-priced vacant lots inviting the builder out toward the vastly extended fortifications; all of which remind us of a "booming" western city.

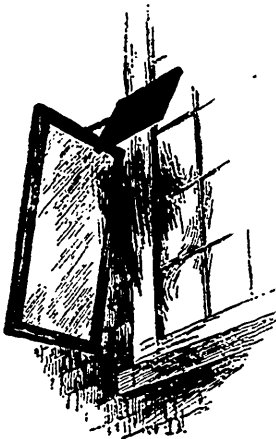
Even with the lands of art and

song enticing him southward, the tourist lingers in the Antwerp galleries, glowing with acres of pictured canvas, and rich in groups of almost breathing marble. The great Antwerp cathedral is the gem of Netherlands' ecclesiastical architecture. In the Middle Ages the art and devotion, the genius and the consecrated wealth of Fleming and Walloon made the ocean yield up its treasures, and every land its cunning art to adorn this fane, in which the mine, the sea-caves, the forest, and the starry skies seemed transfigured in fretted roof, glorious statuary, carvings, sculpture, painting, and all the splendours of religious symbolism. Here also the fury of the fanatical iconoclasts burst and swept like a storm, cleansing the edifice with the besom of destruction. When, after two centuries the church, "all glorious within," had again put on new robes of colour and gold, incense and light, it was again inundated and left like a devastated landscape after the recession of a tidal wave, by the outbreak of the French Republicans in 1794. To-day, thrice

renewed in splendour, it again challenges the admiration of sightseers and the devotion of the multitude, and is the shrine of art lovers. As Holland is the land of Rembrandt, and Amsterdam the place to study the marvellous creations of this realist and wizard-king of light and shade, so Belgium is the land of Rubens, and Antwerp is the treasure-house of his triumphs in colour. Wise were those rulers, Albert and Isabella, who, in the early days of the sixteenth century, knowing the genius of the southern Netherlanders, covered the scars of war with the canvases of this mighty colourist. For two centuries, yea, for three, the world has been delighted with Rubens. In this city Motley the man who, above all others who



PETER PAUL RUBENS.

A COMMON DEVICE IN ANTWERP
TO SHOW WHO CALLS.

had ever attempted to do it, not only told the story of the Netherlands in truest form, but also made it most fascinating, drew inspiration not only from historic archives, but even more from the splendours of Rubens' art. For Motley, himself a colourist in words, is an artist and dramatist, even more than an historian. To those who are surfeited, it may be even to disgust, with Rubens' many flesh tints and exuberant women, there is "The Descent from the Cross" and "The Annunciation" to show the nobler side of the great Fleming's genius.

THE LORD'S APPOINTMENT.

I say it over and over, and yet again to-day
It rests my heart as surely as it did yesterday :

"It is the Lord's appointment ;"
Whatever my work may be,
I am sure in my heart of hearts
He has offered it for me.

I must say it over and over, and yet again
to-day.
For my work is somewhat different from
that of yesterday :

"It is the Lord's appointment ;"
It quiets my restless will
Like voice of tender mother,
And my heart and will are still.

I will say it over and over, this and every day,
Whatsoever the Master orders, come what
may,
"It is the Lord's appointment ;"
For only His love can see
What is wisest, best, and right,
What is truly good for me.

CHARLES GARRETT—"THE BEST-LOVED MAN
IN BRITISH METHODISM."

AN APPRECIATION.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL WILKES.



THE REV. CHARLES GARRETT.



TENS of thousands Charles Garrett's death is a sore personal loss. almost a calamity. How often we sought his advice and asked for his sympathy, turning to him as naturally as a child to his mother, for comfort in trouble and help in

need. And whoever was denied if worthy, and if the aid asked for was in the generous-hearted man's power to give? "I'll walk to Liverpool and go to Charles Garrett to be told what I can do. If he refuses me, I don't care how soon I die, for this world don't hold another friend." So said a poor

wretch in a country lane in the West of England, with a sob that told almost of heartbreak. Ah! how many more have felt the same. It is not too much to say that Charles Garrett was the Father Confessor of the Methodist Church and of multitudes outside its borders. It is credibly stated that he wrote in a year 20,000 letters! They were often short and written on only half a sheet of paper, thus economising both time and money; but they were precious as gold, for in a few terse sentences there would be "a world of sanctified common sense," as the late Dr. Osborne said of Mr. Garrett's ordination charge. Nor were his kindnesses spoiled by reproaches; if he erred at all, it was in a too-ready confidence, and an uninquiring responsiveness to appeals. That he was imposed upon goes without saying, but it did not "freeze the genial current of his soul."

"I felt that this Christmas I should go mad if I did not try to make more people happy than I had ever done in any Christmas before, and I chose to do the last thing, and by God's grace I have succeeded." So said the veteran in Pitt Street Schoolroom last January to a company of lodging-house tenants, who had had a good time with the bounties his generosity provided. And children's eyes glistened with gladness as new six-pences, shillings, and half-crowns came for a Christmas-box.

While sympathy was his predominant characteristic, it would be a mistake to suppose that Charles Garrett's was a very simple character. In truth, it was a very complex one, and included absolute contradictions. Said he to me one day, "I am Conservative by nature, and Liberal by conviction"; and the knowledge of this opposition of qualities explained much. "If I could not be firm and say 'No' sternly, where would my Mission

have been?" was the explanation on one occasion of what seemed hardness. Kindness itself, when needed, he could flame with indignation against what he considered wrong. Indeed, it may be surmised that the greatest victory of religion in him was the subdual of anger, and the conversion of one who would otherwise have blazed with hot feeling into "a son of consolation." The transformation of a constitutionally impulsive temperament into a cautious, even diplomatic one, was remarkable. "I have never failed in anything I fairly undertook, for I always look over the hedge before I leap." This, in great part, was the secret of an experience perhaps unparalleled in our Church—that for twenty-five years he superintended a great city mission, at ever-increasing cost, and never closed the year with a debt!

Few ministers of our Church have rivalled Charles Garrett in visitorial influence. How extensively he travelled! And with what a rapturous welcome he was everywhere received! In city, town, or village, Charles Garrett's name drew a crowd on any week evening; and cultured and untutored alike were charmed and blessed under his colloquial sermons replete with wit and wisdom, and throbbing with pathos. Homes were brightened by his presence, and their dwellers have life-long memories of brotherly kindness or of fatherly counsel. Men and women all over the land were bound to him by the cords of love; and his eagerly-expected visits to familiar spots ended in informal "receptions" as the multitudes pressed to clasp his hand and catch his smile. His keen faculty for remembering faces then served him well, and not a few have been startled into thought and reformation by his recognition of them even in sinful guise, and by his words "fitly spoken."

What a fruitful ministry was his! His children in the Gospel are in every circuit and in many a land. He clung to the old methods of evangelism, and preferred the Communion rail or the penitent form to the inquiry-room. Like Dr. Dale, Charles Garrett considered that in these days men lacked a true perception of and sorrow for sin. Hence his pungent, powerful, persuasive appeals for its abandonment.

Rochdale, Preston, and Hull realized Pentecost under Charles Garrett's ministry, for "believers were the more added to the Lord, multitudes both of men and women." His usefulness was somewhat limited by the fact that he never travelled to other lands; for, while he loved the sea, he loved not to be on it. Official duties took him to Ireland, but farther, I believe, he was never induced to go. Our Australian brethren sent him an urgent invitation. "I would go," said he, "were there a bridge all the way." But his addresses and sermons were reproduced in the world's press and multiplied his ministry.

Of his temperance toils and triumphs it were superfluous to speak. His name is a household word in every temperance home throughout the world, and the man whom no one would entertain when sent to Conference for ordination because he was such a hot teetotaler, had been for many years now a welcome guest in homes of every degree. It was an inspiration to weary workers to see Charles Garrett's reception at great temperance demonstrations, and to hear his optimistic, enthusiastic advocacy of the principles he held so dear. It is on record that ten years ago he exclaimed: "I anticipate that when the next Conference Temperance meeting is held in Bristol every Methodist will be a teetotaler, and the drink traffic be swept away as

a foe to God and man." With tact, conciliation, kindness, and zeal he sought to win the day, and it will yet be won, for though Charles Garrett's body will lie mouldering in the grave, "his soul goes marching on."

Charles Garrett was eminently a pioneer. His shrewdness and quiet pertinacity largely helped to found the Methodist Fire Insurance Company, The Methodist Recorder newspaper, and The Methodist Temperance Magazine. Out of his own personal afflictions sprang the Homes of Rest for Ministers, and the Invalid Ministers' Rest Fund, for which ministers and circuits alike will bless his memory. His presidential year was made memorable by the erection of the Wesley Memorial at Epworth, the funds for which he largely helped to raise.

Very few men have I ever known who equalled him in the magnetic manner of obtaining money in personal interviews. The present Lord Mayor of Liverpool, himself a Jew, called him "my dear friend," and facetiously added, "for he never called to see me but he went away with something." And people were delighted to be asked to give by Charles Garrett.

But his greatest work as a pioneer was done in Liverpool, the city in which he lived for more than twenty-eight years, and where he became a power in civic life. He was consulted and trusted by members of Parliament, by mayors and magistrates, and by chief constables, by merchants and philanthropists, as well as by bishop and clergy, and ministers of all the churches. He suggested the formation of the Vigilance Committee, which has so nobly aided the Watch Committee and the police in the surveillance of the drink traffic and the enforcement of the licensing laws. That the Liverpool Licensing Bench is in the van of temperance reform

to-day is largely the result of his work. The story of the establishment of "The Liverpool British Workman Cocoa-Rooms" is well known. Charles Garrett spoke in Mr. Moody's convention in Liverpool in 1875 on "How to Reach the Masses," and propounded his scheme which, while he spoke, the practical Moody converted into an accomplished fact, by obtaining, in £1 shares, a subscription list of £10,000. That company has been the parent of many similar ones throughout the land.

But his magnum opus is the Liverpool Mission, known everywhere as "Charles Garrett's Mission," which he founded a quarter of a century ago. He was the first Wesleyan minister appointed to establish and superintend a modern city mission, and to be emancipated from the three years' rule. It was confessedly an experiment; but, aided by his incomparable wife, he succeeded in conciliating opponents, winning friends, and making his way. With real sagacity his helpers were chosen, the locales of his efforts selected, and his methods adopted. Some of his earliest workers have only just predeceased him, and some continue to this day.

So assured did Liverpool men feel of his probity and power that almost without the previous knowledge of committee and subscribers he carried out his own plans. From one chapel, Pitt Street, ill adapted and burdened with a huge debt, Charles Garrett's Mission has branched out into eight chapels and halls, besides houses for men, women, youths, girls, and children, and into many another ingenious method of doing good; and all without debt! This was all only a natural sequence to his untiring zeal and unquenchable sympathy for the poor of Preston during the terrible times of the Cotton Famine, when, literally, he kept many from

death by starvation. No wonder that Prestonians almost worshipped him! In Manchester, during a six years' residence, he so endeared himself that a cheque for £1,000 was presented to him in the name of many subscribers by Bishop Fraser in the Free Trade Hall.

But a life crowded with service for God and man has ended, and he will be mourned by multitudes in both hemispheres. Few men have been more universally beloved, and he will be held in everlasting remembrance. The date-marks of his eventful and useful life can now soon be chronicled. He was born in Shaftesbury seventy-six years ago. When fourteen years old he became a Sunday-school teacher, and made his first public speech, strangely enough, at a stirring political meeting. Soon after he signed the total abstinence pledge at a meeting addressed by John Cassell, the founder of the great publishing firm, and he kept it for sixty years. As a youth he was a corresponding secretary for the Anti-Corn Law League, and assisted, *con amore*, some of the Chartist leaders. Converted through the wise and kind words of a godly woman, his name soon came on the Local Preachers' Plan, and in 1846 he was accepted for the ministry. Sent as a student to Richmond, he inaugurated the Students' Missionary Anniversary, and distinguished himself by loveliness and by evangelistic zeal and success.

I may be permitted so far to lift the sacred veil of his domestic life as to say that in the late Mrs. Garrett he found an ideal wife. He and she were the perfect complement of each other; theirs was a marriage made in Heaven. When she died, sixteen months ago, the light of his life went out; the strong man bowed himself, and he mourned for her and could not be comforted. When he resigned the superintendency of his mission it

was plain to those who looked closely that the last tie to earth was riven. And now he has rejoined her to whom his soul was knit, and sees "Him whom having not seen" he loved, and, like Naphtali, he is "satisfied with favour." He has left ten children—three sons and seven daughters, two of whom bear names honoured in our Church.

A dark cloud fell over Liverpool when it became known that Charles Garrett was no more. How unique was the influence of this Methodist preacher on the varied public life of this great city! In the police court the stipendiary magistrate paid a warm tribute to the character and work of Mr. Garrett. The Lord Mayor of Liverpool expressed warm admiration for his character. And the tributes of the press have been as generous as they were well deserved. The Liverpool Daily Post described "the magical touch of Charles Garrett's infectious, exuberant, exhilarating philanthropy. There was something in the very gleam of his countenance that would have shamed indifference to human forlornness and spiritual need, only that such a glance of kindness and universal affection and believing charity shamed nobody, but won everybody." "The story of his labours reads like a romance of benevolence."

At a great gathering of representatives of the Free Churches, held in St. George's Hall, Rev. Dr. Watson ("Ian Maclaren") said he could not forget that one was absent from that place that night, who was in Liverpool, beyond every other man, by his age, by his devotion, by his unselfishness, by his brotherliness, the very type among the Free Churches of a minister of Christ. They all learned with deep regret that it had pleased God to receive Mr. Garrett from earth to heaven, the regret being for earth, which was poorer; not

for heaven, which was richer. Those of them who had seen his work there, his abounding charity, his pity for the poor and needy, and had heard his tongue of eloquence in pleading for all that was good and tender and true, would be stimulated to follow in his steps, seeking grace to be as true, both to the faith and to charity as their father was, who had now entered into his heavenly rest. By such men as Mr. Garrett a city was made richer, its life purified and cleansed, its ideals lifted above what was gross and material, and to the whole Church of God was brought home a living example of Christian faith and of Christian service.

If any man in that city was entitled to be called a Bishop of Liverpool, Charles Garrett was not less entitled. A counsellor, a trusty friend, a great-hearted citizen, and a loyal preacher of the glorious Gospel of the blessed God, Charles Garrett's life was an inspiration, and in his death he greatly lived. He had shown how a man could blend the largest philanthropy, the most passionate zeal for civic purity, the most determined insistence on national righteousness, the whole wide social Gospel with the most fervent evangelical piety. Charles Garrett was a social gospel walking about the city streets, and his evangelical fervour was the evangelical fervour of them all. Charles Garrett has done more than any single man to change the reputation of the "black spot on the Mersey." One of the most pathetic and moving incidents in the memory of the writer was witnessed a few months ago in Norwood Congregational Church at the meeting which inaugurated the ministry of Rev. Thomas Yates. Mr. Garrett began his address, speaking in his simple fashion, wise and shrewd counsel to the Church, when suddenly he faltered, and stood silent with deep emotion. The old man

had turned, and looked into the eager, boyish face of the young minister taking up that night a great pastoral charge. All the assembly saw that suddenly the sense of the contrast between his own fast-closing labours and the fresh onset of a new life-work in his young friend had come upon the old man, broken in upon the thought of his address and left him silent and in tears. In the solemn stillness Mr. Garrett took the hand of the young minister, and, with trembling voice, said: "Dear brother, I have listened to you, and I look into your eager face and thank God. You stand in the beautiful dawn. For me there is the curfew bell, and it will not be long until I shall hear it. Yet I would that I could begin again, and go with you freshly into the battle. I am old, and presently shall answer humbly, yet without fear, to the Master's call, which cannot be long in coming. But I do not want to die yet. I would rather live and labour for my Lord and for His poor in a Liverpool slum than sing with angels." As the feeble old man spoke thus brokenly the whole congregation was moved to tears, and many who loved him felt that night as if they should see his face no more. And so it was.

Charles Garrett was one of the few Methodist preachers known by everybody everywhere. The whole British Press with most unwonted unanimity agree in describing him as the "best-loved man in Methodism." That is the true, spontaneous, immortal epitaph of our sainted friend. Himself the incarnate heart of Methodism, he won the love of the "people called Methodists," and of immense multitudes of all sorts and conditions of men of all creeds and no creeds throughout the English-speaking world.

Naturally the first sphere in which Garrett's deep sympathy exhibited itself was the Temperance

Reformation. He was one of its earliest advocates, and became before the end its most venerable and beloved patriarch. Above all other men, he was the great Methodist leader of the temperance party. A striking evidence of the universal love he inspired was the fact that no one ever called him "Rev. Charles Garrett," or "Mr. Garrett." He was always, everywhere, simply "Charles Garrett," as in another sphere the great Tribune of the English people was always "John Bright." To use the language of a temperance hymn which Charles Garrett wrote, he was a striking illustration of the fact that "Love shall be the conqueror." Where reason, rhetoric, and all other influences failed, the love which inspired him was more than conqueror. He simply laughed at impossibilities, and cried, *It shall be done.* And it was done.

The late Charles Haddon Spurgeon once exclaimed, "You think I shall reach you through your head. I know a shorter, surer, and better road. I will go straight to your heart!" That was the eloquent secret of Charles Garrett's illustrious career. He was a man of much natural ability, and quite remarkable shrewdness. But his great weapon was not intellectual or academic, it was Christ-like tenderness. When he made his first speech in Exeter Hall the witty Dr. Waddy exclaimed, "It may be Garrett, but it is not Attic." Yes, but it achieved what has never been done by Attic salt or Attic wit. His pathos melted the hearts of his audience; they wept and they yielded their wills to his. His was a supreme illustration of the profound remark of Sir Walter Scott that the heart is immeasurably greater than the head.

Cardinal Newman in his greatest works emphasized again and again the fact that our Lord never eulogized the human intellect, never

took any notice of the extravagantly praised brain, but made the heart the centre of all that is best in man. Charles Garrett was a most impressive justification of the central and distinctive feature of the Great Master's moral philosophy. The first lesson which we

all should derive from this great loss is that ability, learning, culture, eloquence are nothing without love, and that, on the other hand, as even the heathen Latin poet declares. "Love conquers all."—Methodist Times, October, 1900.

MISSIONARY OUTLOOK FOR THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR T. PIERSON, D.D.



WITH this new century we confront a new crisis in missions, and the question is, Who is to meet it, and how is it to be met? At least four

factors combine to constitute this a new and critical emergency in missions, quite beyond any previous one in importance and appeal; those factors are the vast unoccupied area, the entire inadequacy of the army of occupation, the lack of a proper standard of giving, and the lack of proper spirit of prayer on the part of the Church at large.

Devout students of missions urgently appeal in behalf of immense areas and populations thus far unreached or neglected. Two great Oriental empires are each a world in itself. India and China contain half the total population of the world. Yet, what has so far been done among these seven hundred millions is comparatively insignificant. When, in 1865, J. Hudson Taylor organized the China Inland Mission, eleven vast provinces of inland China had no resident Protestant missionary. Notwithstanding the hundreds of missionaries in India, the Decennial Conference of Bombay, in 1893, appealed to the Christian Church at large for help in meeting "an opportunity and responsibility never known before." Each of the great native states has

been occupied by a missionary or two, but many smaller states have not yet been entered even by a single preacher, teacher, or healer, Nepal alone being shut to the Gospel. Bengal has a non-Christian population vaster than the whole population of the United States, and Bahar has but thirty missionaries, one-half being women, for twenty-five million souls.

Lands to be Possessed.

Besides India and China, five great districts are as yet totally unreached by Protestant missionaries: three of them in Asia, one in Africa, and one in South America:

1. There is the vast territory of inner and lower Central Asia, including Tibet, and reaching over the entire heart of that vast continent. Tibet is not therefore the only unoccupied country in Asia, but only a small part of what Cole-ridge called the "vast undone."

2. Upper Asia, or Russian Asia, is an immense field over most of which only Greek priests have access to the people.

3. Arabia, with its nomadic tribes and shrine of the false prophet, is practically unreached. There are only four stations on the border.

4. The Sudan, reaching from the Kong Mountains to the Nile Valley, three thousand miles in length, east and west, has a population greater than that of the United

States, and estimated at from seventy to ninety millions, held under the Crescent's sway.

5. The central portion of South America, the Amazon basin, with millions of natives, is still marked by paganism or has only a corrupt papal system, as bad as paganism.

We need to feel the inadequacy of our present working force and working funds. The labourers are few. Protestant Christendom represents two hundred million members, identified with the reformed churches, yet has less than fifteen thousand missionaries, one-third being unmarried women. With these are labouring a force of about fifty thousand native ministers and helpers, less than one-tenth of whom are ordained. If we liberally estimate the number of the total force at work for Christ abroad at sixty-five thousand, we have one labourer for about twenty-five thousand souls. Surely it would be a small thing for the Church of Christ to supply one white missionary for at least fifty thousand of the unevangelized.

The gifts of the Church are sadly, inexcusably small. The late Dean Vahl, who erred on the side of caution in his estimates, reckoned the total income of missionary societies in 1891 at less than fourteen million dollars. Yet, year by year, embarrassment with debt is the almost universal fact with missionary societies; and, as a consequence, the fatal cry of "retrenchment" compels expenses to be cut down, in some cases one-third. This means nothing less than the stoppage and blockage of all advance and aggressive movements; and, still worse, the actual abandonment of advantages already gained, as if an army of occupation were forced not only to halt, but actually to give up strategic points, occupied after much loss of blood and treasure, and to retreat in the face of a jubilant foe.

The Wealth of the Church.

There can be no apology for any lack of ample gifts to the cause of missions. The Church can no longer say, like Peter, "Silver and gold have I none." Of the wealth of the world a very large proportion is in the hands of Christian disciples.

We can not withhold our deep conviction that the principle of the believer's stewardship in property needs to be re-examined in the light of the Word of God. Immense sums, in the aggregate, lie like a dormant power, in the purses even of God's poor. Leaving out of account all the resources and responsibilities of the wealthy, if the little that God's poorer saints possess could be so administered as to economize for His cause what now runs to waste, a great river of beneficence, never dry but always abundant, would overflow with blessing to all mankind. From time to time God gives us the secret biography of some poor saint, like that needlewoman of Norwich, Sarah Hosmer, who out of a few dollars a week five times saved enough to put a native convert of Armenia through a theological school and prepare him for the Gospel ministry; or like that crippled rheumatic widow of Dr. A. J. Gordon's church in Boston, who, having a small income of twelve hundred dollars, saved two-thirds of it for God, and for herself and her son reserved only the other third! There is no greater reproach to the Church of Christ than her low standard of giving. It is a shame that God's cause should ever have to make even an appeal.

Examples from Canada.

We need to learn a lesson as to the possibilities of proper effort. A singular example of the effectiveness of energy, self-denial, and prudence in human enterprise is found in that episode of Canadian

history, known as the Red River Expedition, about which few, even of Englishmen, know. When the mercerial and excitable people of Northwest Canada, the French and French halfbreed of the population, refused to concur in that transfer of the Hudson's Bay Company's proprietary rights to the Canadian Government, which they construed as hostile to their interests; when they rebelled and actually took up arms, erected a provisional government with Louis Riel at the head, and gathered six hundred armed men to sustain the dignity of the new republic; when, furthermore, they proceeded in defiance of all justice and righteousness to put to death, after sentence by a mock tribunal, a British subject, Scott, for no worse crime than opposition to their rule of usurpation—all hope of amicable adjustment was gone, and no alternative remained. The Canadian Government must punish such rebellion and vindicate rightful authority. But Fort Garry, where the insurgents made their stronghold, was twelve hundred miles from Toronto, and but half this distance could be crossed by any railcar or steamboat; the rest of the way lay through a pathless wilderness of forest, through which ran a chain of lakes and rivers, with perilous rapids and precipitous falls, and on such waters no boats larger than an Indian canoe had ever yet been seen. An adequate force must make its way over such a region with all the needful equipment of modern warfare and suitable provisions for a long journey to and fro.

Lord Wolseley, as he is now known, was the officer who undertook to lead this band of soldiers against the rebels in Fort Garry. He both organized and commanded

the Red River Expedition, and won himself a high reputation for skill and persistence. This has been pronounced to be the one solitary example of an army advancing by a lengthened and almost impracticable route, accomplishing its task, and returning home without the loss of a single life either in battle or by disease.*

Twelve hundred fighting men he led, and they had two hundred boats, besides artillery and provisions for two months. To pass along the great lakes until they reached Thunder Bay in Lake Superior, was a comparatively easy task. But it took six weeks to get from Thunder Bay fifty miles to Lake Shebandowan, toiling up the steep ascents to the ridge of the watershed. Then they rowed along the chain of small lakes, disembarking at the portages, and carrying on their shoulders what they could not drag across the intervals of land. Before they got to Lake Winnipeg they had thus disembarked nearly fifty times, and performed these labours. Yet they did the work, and after three months they reached their terminus. Twenty-five times were the stores unshipped and the boats drawn ashore while going along the Winnipeg River, to avoid the numerous and treacherous falls. No spirituous liquors had been dealt out, and not only was no life lost, but order perfectly reigned, and the fort was evacuated on their approach without firing a gun.

What results might crown mission enterprise if into our spiritual service more of such daring, energy, persistence, and heroism were introduced!

* McKenzie's "America," p. 418.

"A foot of sky thro' a dusty pane,
Yellow with sun, or grey with rain;
Yet you never need look for the sky in vain.

DAVID HILL: MISSIONARY AND SAINT.

Christian biography is not so much read now as formerly. "Light literature" and adventures absorb our young people, aye, and our older people, too. This is to be deplored, because contact with the Christly self-sacrifice and heroic deeds of good men and women not only quickens the intellect and stirs the soul to its depths; it excites emulation and imitation. No one can read this life of David Hill, Wesleyan Missionary to China, written by the competent hand of Mr. Barber, without being refreshed in soul and saying, "would that I were like him."

We could wish for our young men (and young women, too) few better things than the sympathetic reading of this fine biography of a saintly man—a man that for over twenty years gave his means, his powers, his very life to the Central Chinese Mission, and was to it a tower of strength. He was not only a Yorkshire man, he was born in the "hub" of the county, the old Archiepiscopal city of York, in December, 1840, and was over fifty-six years of age when he died in Hankow in 1896. To come of a "good stock" is an important factor in any human life; to be not only robust physically and of vigorous mind, but strong and devout in spirit. In this David Hill was highly favoured; he had a godly ancestry. His grandfather was a noble specimen of early Methodism, known as "Dicky Burdsall"—(as Samuel Hick was called "Sammy Hick," and William Dawson, "Billy Dawson"). He was a Methodist of the primitive type, as was also his mother, of the well-known Lyth family. Not to make too much of this, it is clear that his Christian forbears, his upbringing, and his home environment, were influential factors in the making of the man.

The parting of the ways, however, came when he was sixteen, in his (to use the old phrase) "sound conversion" at a prayer-meeting in the old Centenary Chapel, York; then and there he irrevocably gave himself to God and his service.

With an intellect of native vigour, an energetic character, and a sympathetic soul, he was well dowered. In addition to this, he was born into a home of ample means, and had the great advantage of thorough scholastic training, so that, making the best of his opportunities and his powers, he was not ill-equipped for the battle of life. When he was eighteen he began to exercise his gifts of public address as a "local preacher," in which capacity he, by his fervour and winsome speech, was not only popular but useful in turning men from the error of their ways. All this fully warranted his being sent as a student to the Richmond Theological Institution.

One thing is worth noting, and even emphasizing here—he adopted a practice from which he never in any circumstances swerved, the daily reading of his Greek Testament for devotional purposes. Many men read it for study or criticism, but David Hill read it for spiritual good. Had we the ear of our young men we would distinctly say, "Do likewise." His intellectual achievements, his strong personality, his courage and fixedness of purpose, and his intense religiousness, impressed everybody at college, but no one more than the Principal, the revered Benjamin Hellier, who discerned his outstanding gifts of mind and character. His daughter, Miss Hellier, says that he was the only student who ever spoke to her of her soul's salvation. He all his life "button-holed" people about their spiritual

welfare, yet no one thought him a bore; many gave no heed to him, a few scoffed, but not a few were arrested and won for Christ.

The Wesleyan authorities foresaw the making of the right type of a foreign missionary in him, and designated him for China, where he was appointed to assist that veteran, William Scarborough, in the establishing of a mission in the heart of that wonderful land. Remaining in Hankow for a time to familiarize himself with the strange language and the equally strange life of the people, he met with a check in the serious break-down of his health. To recuperate, he went to Japan for a time, and with the most beneficial results. He was full of energy and enthusiasm wherever he was and whatever he had in hand. His gifts and his energy attracted no less a man than Sir Harry Parkes, who pressed him to enter the service of the Japanese Government, with the sure prospect of high pay and promotion. His reply to the intermediary was in this characteristic fashion, "Thank him for his kind consideration, but at the same time say that David Hill's work is to

"Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb!"

With returning health he was sent as a pioneer missionary to the prefecture of Wuchang, the chief city of the immense basin of the king of rivers, the Yangtze. What a field for one man! What was he among millions? A man of less courage, faith, and prayer, would have sunk into despair. That he was depressed for a time was only human, but how bravely he toiled and how nobly he succeeded is told in the biography before us. His first headquarters was a native dwelling, a mere hut. In a year he had a colleague and coadjutor; then came his first convert, and shortly after, the conversion of his

teacher. Alike in his work, his sufferings, his successes and failures, prayer was his refuge and strength; he prayed about everything. He founded the Central China Prayer Union with now 800 members, all uniting in supplicating power and blessing upon the work.

It would be interesting to describe some of Mr. Barber's graphic descriptions of his methods of work, his difficulties, his journeys and privations, did space allow. With the arrival of helpers he struck out into virgin fields, going 200 miles up the river, evangelizing the regions of Kwang and Wusueh. Over this region, with occasional excursions into other cities across the river, he continually tramped, preaching, visiting, book-selling, mostly by himself. All this was no small demand upon his stock of nervous force, as well as of physical energy, with not a soul to consult or to sympathize. But the work was not in vain; the good seed then sown "appeared after many days," for the Wesleyan Report of this year says: "At Kung-tien the good foundation laid by David Hill has been tested and proved secure." "At Kwangchi the witness-bearing of individual converts has resulted, in more instances than one, in the ingathering of whole families. Good fruit is also appearing at Wusueh and Ta-ye."

The terrible Shansi famine of 1877-8, was appalling beyond description. Into "relief work" David Hill threw himself with unrestrained devotion. He organized a band of relievers, which he himself led (giving a large sum himself and getting larger from others); they were their own almoners and distributors; he sought out and verified every case and gave succour with his own hand. How many lives he was the means of saving is impossible to say. His custom was to "dive into the awful, fetid, half-subterranean dens where the

streaming, naked, filthy, starving people were, and bring them out." The recital of this tale of woe has a grim fascination about it. No wonder that afterwards all kinds of honours were offered him, and no wonder, when you know the man, that he promptly refused them all.

In 1880 he was called home on important business, not on furlough, for, practically, he knew not the meaning of the term; he worked as ceaselessly at home as in China, chiefly in deputation work. Mr. Barber says that, "Directly or indirectly, for the next ten years, nearly every one who went to Central China was a direct volunteer for that field through that visit home." Like another Peter the Hermit he went through the length and breadth of the land calling for self-denial, for young men, for money, for regular prayer, worth more than money, and that would multiply the money many-fold.

By 1882 he was in China again toiling with his old enthusiasm, for his ardour was not a fitful thing, and increased rather than died down. His senior colleagues fell out of the ranks, some were invalided home and some taken to the eternal home, which served to swell the burden of his responsibility till he became chairman of the district. Nowhere does he appear so heroic as in the Tehngan riot. He stood in the midst of the wild yelling mob, never fearing, never flinching, till his angel face and calm bearing cowed the infuriated mob; when, however, his back was turned, they renewed their violence and dashed in the doors, smashed the windows and broke the furniture. On his return, as he stood surveying the wreck, one of the ruffians struck a blow at him with a stick which almost broke his arm; he beared his arm and showed it to him, quietly saying, "Don't you think you've done enough now?" They were abashed, and retired.

In a subsequent outbreak at Wu-

such one of his colleagues was done to death. But though his life was full of troubles and worries, and his toil unceasing (which aged him prematurely), yet his faith, the passion of his whole nature, never failed, nor did his spirit ever flag; self was never present; he deliberately lived a celibate life for his work's sake; he was lenient to others, but he was strict with himself, and yet he was no morbid ascetic.

In 1888 the Conference conferred its highest honour, save one, upon him by making him one of the Legal Hundred. But on and still on he pressed with apostolic zeal and enterprise in his work—visiting and dealing personally with all sorts of people, erecting churches, tramping over hundreds of miles of country, sailing up the river in native boats, preaching wherever he saw a crowd, bookselling, putting new heart into different colleagues, for his "presence was like a benediction."

The end came all too soon and all too suddenly; the messenger of death was malignant typhus, brought to Hankow by a band of starving refugees. Inside of fourteen days he succumbed. His ruling passion was strong in death. In delirium he was often preaching, either in Chinese or English. "We want more of the Spirit's power, we can do nothing without this," was one of his unconscious utterances. Soon delirium gave way to coma, and on Saturday, April 18th, 1896, while the mission circle were holding their weekly meeting for prayer, God took him to himself.

In all that constituted a missionary hero, in forgetfulness of self, in moral courage and sustained enthusiasm, in broad, strong sympathy, in hunger for the salvation of men, in prayerfulness and toil, he had few equals and no superiors.—H. E. G., in *Primitive Methodist Magazine*.

WHY GO TO CHURCH?

We go to church, first of all, because, so going, we leave outside its doors our cares and perplexities and burdens. There is something beautiful, if there is also something distasteful, in the Roman Catholic symbol of the holy water in the church porch; in that which it symbolizes, if not in the symbol itself; in the idea that we enter the church with a bath that takes away the grime and soot of the common toil; the idea that we enter with a new consecration and in a new spirit, and, leaving the world outside, into a new a divine fellowship. This was at the heart of the Puritan term "meeting-house," and of the Puritan custom of coming with a cordial greeting to one's friends and neighbours.

Here in the meeting-house we meet our fellowmen and fellowwomen on a higher than the business or the social plane. Every man is at least two men, and most of us are half a dozen. We not merely wear different clothes and different faces, but we carry in ourselves different heart-experiences. The same man is a business man and a father; here his life is industry, there it is affection. In the church it is reverence and faith and hope and love. The same man is one man on the exchange and another man in the family or at the club. In business we meet for the interchange of our business thought; in society for the interchange of our social life; in our homes for the interchange of our higher domestic affections; but in the meeting-house we interchange our spiritual life, we know one another as all seeking for righteousness and goodness and truth and God. In the stress of business it seems to

us as if every one was selfish and grasping, and as if we must be selfish and grasping in self-defence.

But on Sunday morning the jangle of the factory bell is exchanged for the sweet chime of the church bells, and we come into the church, and, lo! the man that we brushed against in the exchange, the man that we encountered in the competitions of trade, is in the adjoining pew, joining in the same forms, singing the same hymns, uniting in the same prayer, turning a face heavenward toward the same God, really has says to himself, I am not alone; this man that I thought cared for none of these things has the same spirit in him that I have, wrestles with the same temptations, looks toward that same God, really has at the heart of him the same divine purpose and ambition. Men who never go to church are natural pessimists; men who go to church, and breathe its atmosphere of reverence, of fellowship, of love, go out from church with a better thought of their fellowmen and a better expectation for themselves and for their fellows.

But there are higher and more sacred associations in the meeting-house. We come into fellowship, not only with those whom we call the living, but with those whom we call dead. If the church walls could only speak, what strange, sweet voices should we hear! If the congregations that have sung these psalms and hymns and joined in these prayers could be heard again, what a choral would stir the heart with celestial chords! We have come unto the mount that cannot be touched, and unto the city of the first-born, and unto the holy and sainted dead. Not in the cemetery where we stand in

the presence of the decaying dust kindly covered by the grassy mound, but in the sanctuary where we were wont in olden times to meet those that walk with us no more—there do we meet our loved ones.

We come here to the sanctuary also to hear these voices of the present and the past interpreted to us by the ministry of the choir and the preacher. The music in a church is not, or at least it ought not to be, like the playing in a theatre, that whiles away the waits, or helps to silence the conversation before the curtain rises; the music of the choir is itself the interpreter of worship, of prayer, of praise. It is not a contrivance to stir our emotions, a dramatic performance to play upon the surface of our feelings; but these thoughts that burn within us, this reverence that worships, this aspiration that reaches for something better beyond our vision, finds oftentimes its very best and noblest expression in poetry married to music. God's two angels on earth to bring us his sweetest messages are poetry and music. There is no such interpreter of emotion as these two conjoined; and no such inspirer of spiritual life. More people have been sung into the kingdom of God than were ever preached into the kingdom of God. And the effect of this sacred song does not depend wholly upon the choir; it depends as much upon the congregation. He who comes to church to listen to music as a performance and to criticise it goes empty away. Such critical hearers know music less than the least. The power of church music is the power of a reverent choir conjoined with a worshipping, a reverent, a sympathetic congregation.

Not less is the preacher an interpreter of the divine. What is a preacher, and what his function ?

Certainly he is not an orator. It is inconceivable that a man should deliver fifty-two eloquent orations in a year. Nor is he a lecturer, to interest the congregation by new information which he gives them—his pulpit a lecture platform and the congregation pupils. The press is a better teacher. If the preacher be at all that which the Old Testament and the New Testament declare he ought to be, he will be one who will gather up the spiritual experiences of his own congregation and interpret them to themselves; he will see in these beating hearts a reverence, a faith, a hope, a love, and their expression.

But, more than this, if he be a true preacher, he will come from communion with the invisible and the eternal Father of us all, and he will bring something of that Father into this worshipping congregation; not, like Aaron, building the golden calf that his congregation ask for, but, like Moses, going up into the sacred mount and coming down his face aglow because his heart is full of God. All the great preachers have this one quality in common; they do not all preach good English, they do not all preach sound theology, they are not all scholars, but they have this in common: they have God in their hearts, and the power so to utter him that gleams of the divine glory flash out on the hearts of their listening congregation.

It is a great and blessed thing to go once a week into a meeting-house and leave the world outside; to go once a week and to see the best side of your neighbour and your friend; and hear the silent voices of the sainted dead; and hear these sacred influences interpreted by voice of choir and by voice of preacher; and have your own better nature interpreted to yourself; and yourself think for a

little while of the highest things, and live in the highest and divinest and noblest light. And yet all these are nothing compared with the one supreme blessedness of meeting with God. Is not God everywhere? Yes! Equally everywhere? That is not so certain. The heaven of heavens cannot contain Him, but He dwells in the hearts of such as are contrite and broken at His word; and if we come into church where are men and women who are contrite, or even have a little contrition, we come into an atmosphere that is divine, we come into the presence of God Himself.

We counsel, then, our readers to go to church: not with laggard and delaying feet, driven by duty,

but with glad expectation that they may meet sacred associations of the past and sacred fellowships of the present, that they may have developed their own higher and better selves, that life, the true life, may be interpreted to them by the voice of poetry, by the voice of song, and by the voice of the preacher; above all, that they may meet the God and Father who is the life of all that is good in life, the secret and the source of hope and faith and love, and we counsel this not as an irksome duty from which a conscientious Christian cannot rightfully excuse himself, but as a privilege which he ought not willingly to forego.—Christian Union.

ASIA.

BY LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH.

We have come back to thee, mother of nations,
 Bringing thy wisdom the strength of our youth;
 Back from our wandering sea and land over,
 Back from pursuit of the day-star of truth.
 Age after age in the portals of silence,
 Mourning the loss of thy youngest and best,
 Give us, returning, a tear-smiling welcome,
 Sign of the prodigal joy in thy breast.

We have come back to thee, mother of nations,
 Bringing thee knowledge for wisdom of thine;
 Knowing the love that grows warm with devotion,
 Knowledge and wisdom at once, and divine.
 Veiling thine eyes with remembrance no longer,
 Mother-love hunger a tear-mist no more,
 Smile through the gloom of the prison of sorrow,
 Waken to laughter and song as before.
 —*The New Voice.*

My place is not amid the battle's brunt,
 Where charging lines are pressing hard the fight;
 For others is reserved the surging front—
 To them 'tis given to storm the gun-crowned height.

The Captain of the hosts assigns to me
 A post to guard, unseen by public eye;
 And though unknown my weary watch may be,
 I'll stand my ground, or like a soldier die.

THE REAL DINAH EVANS.*

BY DR. ABEL STEVENS.

Dinah Evans, wife of Seth Evans, himself a useful local preacher, commenced her public labours in Derbyshire. The hand of genius has portrayed her almost angelic character truthfully, though in a work of fiction; and has won for her admiration and tears wherever the English language is used.* She is described as "one of the most pure-minded and holy women that ever adorned the Church of Christ on earth." In her childhood she was remarkable for her docility, conscientiousness, and sweet disposition. Her early girlhood was consecrated to religion, and when Wesley's travels and labours had raised up, throughout the land, societies, in the social worship of which women were allowed to share, her rare natural talents found an appropriate sphere of usefulness which no other denomination except Quakerism then afforded.

She preached in cottages, and sometimes in the open air; her appearance, her womanly delicacy, and her affecting eloquence subdued the rudest multitudes into reverence and tenderness towards her; and she assisted in an extraordinary degree in laying the foundations of the Church in many benighted districts. She was a constant visitor to the abodes of the poor and wretched, to prisons and almshouses; she penetrated into the

dens of crime and infamy, the charm of her benign presence and speech securing her not only protection but welcome among the most brutal men. She even followed the penitent murderess to the gallows; ministering the word of Life to her till the last moment, amid the pitiless and jeering throng. Elizabeth Fry, the Quaker philanthropist, could not fail to sympathize with such a woman; she became her friend and counsellor, and encouraged her in her beneficent work. Dinah Evans represented, in her gentle but ardent nature, the best traits of both Quakerism and Methodism.

Seth Evans, then a class-leader, heard her at Ashbourne, and has left a brief allusion to the occasion; "The members of my class invited me to go to Ashbourne with them, to hear a pious and devoted woman, from Nottingham, preach. Truly it may be said of her, she was a burning and shining light. She preached with great power and unction from above, to a crowded congregation. Her doctrine was sound and simple. Simplicity, love, and sweetness were blended in her. Her whole heart was in the work. She was made instrumental in the conversion of many sinners. The morning of the resurrection will reveal more than we know of her usefulness."

She became his wife, and assistant in humble efforts for the religious improvement of the rustic inhabitants of Royston, and in neighbouring villages. A great religious interest soon ensued in that town, where there were but few Methodists, and in Snelston, where there were none. Hundreds flocked to hear the Gospel from her

* "Adam Bede." By George Eliot. It will be a satisfaction to most readers of this popular fiction to know that the heroine married, not Adam Evans, as the author represents, but his brother Seth. The sermon of Dinah, on the Green, is no exaggerated example of her talents and beautiful character, if we may judge from more authentic accounts. See "Seth Bede, etc. Chiefly written by himself." Tallant & Co., London.

lips, in the open air or in barns, for the cottages could not accommodate the crowds. Classes and prayer-meetings were established in many houses, the village ale-houses were deserted, and a visible change came over the whole region. Her example of interest for the poor excited the charity of her neighbours, and the afflicted found sympathy and relief such as they never before received.

Seth and Dinah Evans removed from Royston to Derby. It is said that old men, who were then little children, still recall the sorrowful day of their departure, for it was mourned as a day of bereavement not only to the poor but to all. They founded Methodism in Derby by forming a class. They preached out of doors in all the adjacent villages. At Millhouse, about thirteen miles from Derby, Seth Evans organized a society of four members, which soon increased to between twenty and thirty, and afforded two preachers to the Conference, one of whom became a missionary to the West Indies. Seth and his wife frequently walked fifteen miles on Sunday, to preach in neglected hamlets.

"Never," he wrote, years after her death, "did I hear my dear wife complain. On the contrary, she always held up my hands, and urged me to take up my cross and not grow weary in well-doing. A few years after our arrival at Millhouse, a great revival broke out in Wirksworth, and also at our factory. There was a most powerful shaking among the hardest and worst of sinners. These were indeed happy days. There are a few left who witnessed those happy scenes; but the greater part of the converts are gone to their rest."

Dinah Evans died, at Wirksworth, of a lingering disease, during which it is said that sermons were heard, from her death-bed, more "eloquent than ever fell from her lips on Royston Green." She passed away with the meek, unutterable peace which had given so much dignity and grace to her life. Her husband could not but suffer deeply from the loss of such a wife. It shattered his health; his faculties began to fail; and he could seldom allude to her without tears. Unable to preach any more, he spent the remaining years of his life in visiting the sick and the dying, and at last, with unflinching hope, departed to rejoin her in heaven. So exemplary and beautiful with holiness had been their united lives, that one who knew them well, but cared not for his own soul, said he "did not believe that our first parents in Eden were more pure than they."

Such examples of rare character and usefulness, in obscure life, are seldom favoured with the recognition of the historian; but the truer instinct of higher genius perceives their peculiar, their beautiful, and often sublime significance to our common humanity; and Dinah Evans and the Dairyman's Daughter live in our literature, teaching and consoling hundreds of thousands, for whom most of the great names of history have little or no meaning. No history of Methodism that omits such cases can be just; they are among its most genuine historical facts. Lowly labourers like these have not only exemplified its best spirit, but have promoted its progress hardly less effectively than its more eminent representatives.

Were mine the best means? Did I work aright
 With powers appointed me? since powers denied
 Concern me nothing. —*Browning.*

THEOLOGY AND BIBLICAL SCHOLARSHIP IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH RITSON.



THAT the nineteenth century has witnessed considerable modifications in theology none will venture to deny. The changes have been greater in some quarters than in others. Modification will describe the change in some cases; in others, revolution would be a more correct term to employ. But even where there has been the most strenuous opposition to change it has been impossible altogether to escape the influence of the time-spirit. It will be understood that our outlook in the present article has reference to the Church as a whole, and that the writer is not attempting to do more than indicate what seem to him the more important changes which have come over the theological world during the century. That is to say, he is not setting forth his own views, but describing the various trends of theological opinion at the end of the century as compared with its beginning.

Theology is, of course, a science—the loftiest of the sciences, yet still a science. We apply the word science to any department of knowledge, the facts or principles of which have been investigated and arranged as an harmonious whole. Christian theology is the system of Divine truth taught in the Bible. It is not given there as a system, but the materials are furnished from which a system may be formed. The aim of theology is to present the truth of the Bible in such a form that its full significance and relations may be gathered up by the general reader. Its accuracy as a science, therefore, depends on a correct interpretation and synthesis of the original materials. Defect in these respects has led to the deduction from the Scriptures of the most frightful dogmas. Too often the theologian has come to the Bible, not so much to learn what it taught, as to find support for some preconceived theory or doctrine, and has thus read into the text what it was never intended to teach. Or into the original materials he has cast an assumption which, like an acid in chemicals, has changed the character of the final result.

This method could not long find acceptance in an age like our own. Every-

thing is brought to the test of criticism. Men no longer take on trust the beliefs of their fathers; they must examine everything for themselves, and what is unsupported by sufficient evidence will be discarded. In such an age we should naturally expect some considerable theological modification. And, as a matter of fact, it has long been not a question of what theology teaches, but of what is taught in the Bible. Authority will not secure the acceptance of any theological system, if it be found to be out of harmony with the Word of God. Methods of interpretation which passed muster at the beginning of the century have long since been discarded. Under these circumstances some modification in theological statement was inevitable. The searching criticism which has successfully assailed so much, was bound to have some effect upon systems built up under widely different conditions, and in times when the Church possessed less critical and historical knowledge.

Perhaps the most revolutionary change of the century, so far as theology is concerned, is that which has made the Fatherhood of God the keystone of the arch of this loftiest of the sciences. While the Divine Sovereignty occupied that position, it was difficult to resist even the most frightful conclusions of Calvinism. The most pitiless elements of that cast-iron creed have their origin there. Having accepted the premise, the Calvinist of the olden time might wince in assenting to the inevitable conclusion, but he assented all the same. The shifting of the centre has modified the entire circle of the sacred science. Reaction has, no doubt, played its part here, and possibly the pendulum has swung too far in the opposite direction; but the most potent influence has been the new starting-point furnished by the rediscovery of the Divine Fatherhood.

That change of emphasis which is one of the modifications which the century has effected, is especially noticeable in relation to the person of Christ. At the beginning of the century the emphasis was all laid on the Divinity of Jesus; His humanity was largely lost sight of. This was no doubt due in good part to the controversies of the time; but it was

mischievous all the same. The century has undoubtedly corrected this error. The humanity has been emphasized, not to the extent of depreciating the Divinity, but in the measure which was necessary in order to give each its true place. In this, as in nearly every other respect, theology has been humanized. The clearer apprehension of Christ's true humanity has, along with the realization of the Divine Fatherhood, given a new tenderness and sympathy to theology and religion. If we hold substantially the creed of our fathers, that creed has lost much of its undue sternness and severity. Our conceptions have been greatly humanized and broadened.

But if there has been gain there has also been loss.* That terrible sense of sin which Calvinism fostered, was one of the sources of its extraordinary moral power. Men almost invariably began the Christian life in an agony of conviction which powerfully influenced their whole after-life. This had its influence even on those who did not accept Calvinism; it was an atmosphere insensibly affecting the entire religious thinking of churches. It cannot be denied that a great change has taken place in this respect during the last fifty years. That deep sense of sin which was such a prominent element in the religious consciousness, has been largely lost. We remember hearing the late Professor Drummond refer to this as having struck him greatly in his dealing with penitents in the inquiry-room. With the modification of that awful sense of the Divine Sovereignty which filled the Puritan with such unspeakable awe and reverence, there has come a type of Christian character which, if less severe, and stern, and forbidding, is also apt to be lacking in the strength and grandeur of an earlier time. There are also signs of a reaction, and perhaps the next swing of the pendulum will bring us nearer the golden mean. There is, after all, a certain truth at the bottom of Calvinism, the clear apprehension of which might serve as a wholesome tonic to the religious thought and life of the time, and produce a stronger and more robust type of Christian character.

In passing, it may be observed that Calvinism must not be supposed to be no longer existent as a living force in the churches. It is true you hear little of it in the pulpit, even in Scotland; and the last of the Puritans, Mr. Spurgeon, robust Calvinist as he was, presented his creed in a somewhat sugar-coated form.

Still, formally, at least, Calvinism remains the creed of Presbyterianism; and although the change in the method of its presentation has been great, it still exercises a potent influence. But it must be admitted that the Rabbi Sandersons of the first half of the century would scarcely recognize their terrible creed in its modern pulpit forms. Whether any revision of that creed will be seen in the near future it is impossible to say, but it is certain that it does not harmonize with its pulpit expression, and is a stumbling-block to many who cannot feel themselves at liberty in the matter of creed subscription, to read into the ancient forms a modern interpretation.

In relation to the doctrine of the Atonement there has also been some modification. With that lessened sense of sin to which reference has been made, this was inevitable. Compared with the early part of the century the doctrine does not hold as prominent a place in religious thought. But theological controversy has had regard, not so much to the fact of the Atonement, as to the various theories that have been advanced in relation to it. There is, however, a growing disposition to recognize that, after the human intellect has done its utmost, the nexus between the death of Christ and the forgiveness of sins is a mystery kindred with the mystery of God; and that it is not on the acceptance of a theory, but the acceptance of a fact, that salvation depends. The century has produced a considerable literature on the subject, in which Dr. R. W. Dale's great work holds a deservedly high place.

The doctrines of grace stand practically where they did. Our statement of them has been necessarily modified with the changing times, but the doctrines themselves remain the same. The Methodist doctrine of sanctification is no longer confined to Methodism. Thousands outside its pale hold the doctrine in one form or another; and influential associations of Christians belonging to all the Protestant churches, exist for the spread of holiness through the land. That of Keswick is specially notable.

Perhaps the century has witnessed the greatest amount of change and unsettlement in the doctrine of Last Things. The change, however, is not so much in the recognized doctrinal standards of the churches as in the general attitude and consciousness of the Christian world. At the opening of the century the doc-

trine of eternal punishment was held almost universally, and in its most literal and absolute form. The doctrine was not only in the creed, but very prominently in the pulpit. It is still in the creeds, and in some form is still held by many in all the churches; but it cannot be denied that comparatively little of it is heard in the pulpit. On the future punishment of the wicked there is no uncertain sound. Materialistic descriptions of that punishment may be rare, but the dread reality is all the more realized by the modern preacher. There has been a voluminous literature on the subject in recent years, and while many have argued for the "larger hope," others, and even some of the most recent and the most able, like Dr. Salmond's "Christian Doctrine of Immortality," are frankly orthodox.

The influence of the doctrine of Evolution on theology is undoubtedly growing. It has, of course, modified profoundly our conceptions of creation, and has also afforded side-lights in regard to all the doctrines of the faith; but so far its province has been that of illustration and restatement, rather than of fundamental change. "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" was a brilliant essay towards an evolutionary conception of Christian dogma; but it has not been as revolutionary as was anticipated, and there is reason to believe that many of its positions were abandoned by its author before the close of his life. Things material can, after all, be only types and figures of things spiritual, and any attempt to make a rigid application of evolution to theology is likely to be mischievous and misleading.

Turning to biblical scholarship, we find enormous progress has been made during the century. It would be difficult to exaggerate the extent of the change that has taken place. This change is directly due to the scientific spirit of the time. The application of the scientific method has here produced the most remarkable results. "That method consists," if we may quote the words of Sir William Turner in his inaugural address at the British Association, "in close observation, frequently repeated so as to eliminate the possibility of erroneous seeing; in experiments checked and controlled in every direction in which fallacies might arise; in continuous reflection on the appearances and phenomena observed."

The application of this principle to the Bible as a body of sacred literature, has given us the results of what are called

the higher criticism. The scientific method has not always been pursued, and to this we owe, in large measure, the crude speculations which have awakened so much prejudice against the higher critics. But in the end the movement will serve the interests of truth. "It is not too much to say," to quote the words of Dr. Fairbairn, "that for the first time since the collection of our sacred books was formed, a serious, and on the whole, progressively successful attempt has been made to analyze the process of its formation, to pursue a search into what may be termed the evidences within the Bible as to how the books of the Bible came to be, how they stand related to their contemporary history, and what special message each several part brought to its own age, and has preserved for all time." That this work has always been carried out wisely, or with becoming reverence, none will pretend, still less that the critics have not made innumerable mistakes; but then it is by the blundering of the discoverer that the truth is ultimately served.

While many questions remain unsettled, the points generally accepted among scholars are of great importance, and mark an enormous advance on the position of biblical scholarship at the beginning of the century. It is not surprising that the work of the higher critics is regarded in many quarters with hostility and suspicion. Apart from the fact that every new departure meets with more or less suspicion and opposition, a lack of caution and reverence on the part of some of the critics themselves has tended to discredit their work as a whole. Happily, however, the majority of biblical scholars are profoundly spiritual and truly reverent. They seek only to serve the interests of truth, believing that, after criticism has done its best or its worst, the Bible as a Divine revelation will commend itself with force and intelligibility to the hearts and minds of men.

The modification of the doctrine of inspiration which has taken place in recent years, is one of the results of modern Bible scholarship. That modification has been in the direction of a fuller recognition of the human elements of the Bible. The writer of any book of Scripture is no longer regarded as a mere channel through which the Holy Spirit pours His teaching. The human consciousness and the idiosyncrasy of the writer are recognized as playing their part, and as giving their colour to the result. The modern conception of in-

spiration is less mechanical and more reasonable than that of a former time, and more consonant with the facts.

In accordance with the new scientific spirit, the modern training of the ministry has more direct bearing on the book the minister is appointed to teach. In addition to being trained in those branches of knowledge calculated to aid him in his work, special attention is given to the book which is the basis of all his teaching. This includes a working acquaintance with the original languages, and a thorough grounding in Old and New Testament Introduction, Old and New Testament Theology, and the History of Doctrine.

The century will be seen, therefore, to have left its impress alike on theology and biblical scholarship. The time-spirit has modified the human expression of the great truths of revelation; but the great essentials still remain. The foundation of our God standeth sure. The Bible has nothing to fear from the most searching criticism, and the truer our apprehension of its teaching as the result of the brushing away of the merely human accretions which have obscured its meaning, the nearer shall we approach the standard of intellectual and spiritual perfection towards which it is intended to lead us.—*Princeton Methodist Magazine.*

NINETEENTH CENTURY THEOLOGY—ITS TENDENCIES AND PROBABLE OUTCOME.

BY THE REV. N. BURWASH, S.T.D., LL.D.,
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Dr. Amory H. Bradford, a writer who ably represents many of the best tendencies in our latest theology, has just presented through the Riverside Press (Houghton, Mifflin & Company) a new work entitled "The Age of Faith," which is well worthy of careful perusal. In an attractive volume of twelve condensed chapters, he has so touched on the vital questions in religion as to give us an outline system of Christian doctrine, while we seem to be reading but a few brief essays on great questions of undying interest. His treatment of these questions is so thoroughly in touch with the prevailing tendencies in philosophy and science, and hence in theology, that the work opens up to us a most convenient conspectus of what the century has done and what it has failed to do for the world's religious thought.

He begins, as we think quite rightly, by designating this close of the century as an Age of Faith. This could scarcely be said to be the case of its beginning. After running the gauntlet for the three generations of the century of pantheism, materialism, and historical criticism, the careful observer cannot but see that the world holds a truer, stronger, and more universal faith in Christianity than it did a hundred years ago. The number of living spiritual Christians is multiplied far beyond the increase of the world's population, while in all Christian lands the truth of religion, as set forth in the

New Testament, has a hold upon the hearts, the lives, and the intelligence of men far beyond the past both in power and extent of influence.

But while this is true, it is no less true that the form in which this truth is held has undergone very marked change. This change is manifest in two directions. In the intellectual character of the world's faith there is less of rigid logical definition than in the older time, or as some would say, less dogmatism, or as others would describe it, less clearness. Religious faith is recognized as a matter of the affections and moral nature; and while it may hold with stronger assurance than ever to the righteousness and goodness of God, it is perhaps less confident than of old of its philosophical or rational explanations or definitions. The limitations of reason are far more clearly recognized. Faith is distinguished from science. And yet faith in this new form is perhaps none the less powerful in its influence over human life.

This result of the century is very fully manifest in the work before us. Its moral tone is pure, lofty, and strong. Its religious faith is deep, reverent, and bright with a beautiful optimism. It delights in believing in all the best. Its charity is broad and comprehensive. But when it comes to express this faith as a rational conception of truth, it is satisfied with reasonableness, and rests short of the logical system of the older divines.

The second change which the century has wrought consists in the elimination or modification of many of the elements which entered into the old dogmatic systems. The changes in this direction may be fairly said to have destroyed the Calvinistic system as it existed in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In this theology of a descendant of the Puritans you cannot find a trace of it. All that refuses to be reconciled with the moral sense and religious charity which are so clearly presented in the New Testament seems destined to elimination from the Christian theology of the future. Many conceptions also, which are not completely eliminated, are at least seriously modified by the same influence. God is interpreted in the light of fatherhood rather than of kingship. The doctrine of Providence and the treatment of the problems of suffering and of sin, atonement and the future state, are dealt with in the same spirit.

It would be, perhaps, too much to expect that in the reaction of human thought the pendulum would not swing beyond the exact point of the harmony of right with love; and the student would make a serious mistake who would expect the thought of the future to move indefinitely in the direction of the larger hope so plainly manifest in the work before us, and so marked in the theology of the last few years. An extreme movement in this direction must be followed by a new reaction.

But the danger of the century has not lain in the influence of its ethical spirit and religious charity in the purification of its theology, though there is serious danger in the divorce of these two from each other, or in magnifying one at the expense of the other; but the serious

danger lies in the attempt which characterized some movements of the century to build theology upon the basis of reason alone, i.e., to convert it into religious philosophy. It is now quite clear that many of the elements, which an enlightened conscience and a larger measure of the spirit of Christ are to-day eliminating from our theology, were introduced under the influence of the prevailing philosophy at or after the time of the Reformation.

To all attempts to reconstruct our theology upon the basis of even the latest philosophy, it may be said that the liability to error to-day is scarcely less than it was three hundred years ago; and that in overlooking or neglecting any religious truth which clearly formed a part of the religious faith set forth by Christ and His apostles, we are building upon a false foundation. Reason has indeed done much to purify our theology, eliminating elements of error which have crept into our dogmatic teaching in the course of the ages. But if we trace these to their origin we shall find that a false philosophy is responsible for the greater part of them; in other words philosophy is but undoing its own work.

One of the most remarkable results of the rationalistic tendency of the century has been the reactionary movement which builds faith solely upon ecclesiastical authority and rejects all efforts of either reason, conscience, religious intention or biblical exposition to regain a purer and more perfect form. But in spite of this reaction in one branch of the Church the movement of the century as a whole is certainly towards a more perfect apprehension of the spirit and teaching of our Lord Jesus Christ.

GOD IS NOT DUMB.

God is not dumb, that He should speak no more;
 If thou hast wanderings in the wilderness
 And find'st not Sinai, 'tis thy soul is poor,
 There towers the mountain of the Voice no less.
 Which whoso seeks shall find; but he who bends
 Intent on manna still, and mortal ends,
 Sees it not, neither hears its thundered lore.

Slowly the Bible of the race is writ,
 And not on paper leaves nor leaves of stone;
 Each age, each kindred, add a verse to it,
 Texts of despair or hope, or joy or moan.
 While swings the sea, while mists the mountains shroud,
 While thunder's surges burst on cliffs of cloud,
 Still at the prophets' feet the nations sit.

—James Russell Lowell.

ANNA MALANN.*

BY ANNIE TRUMBULL SLOSSON.

"I don't know how it come about, my taking to dumb creatur's, as they call them—though I must say I never see one that was anyways dumb myself. I lived over to Danvers, in the east part of the State, you know. Pa was a real good man, kind to his folks, a church-member, and one of the select-men of the borough. He was brought up in the strict up-and-down old-fashioned way as to religion, and had some pretty hard notions about some things. He had a good deal of stock—horses and cows and oxen, and so on—and he took good care of them, gave them plenty of food and drink and good sleeping-quarters, and never beat them, or let his hired men do it. But he had views about animals that he'd picked up from his father before him, and from old Mr. Luther, his minister.

"I suppose they was all right, 'cause pa held them, but even when I was a mite of a girl they struck me as qucer and sort of ha'sh. He was good to his stock, as I said before, but he insisted that was only just because they was useful to him, and he wanted to keep them that way. He was kind to Leo, the collie-dog, but he said that was becaus. he was so handy about driving the cows and finding the sheep, and he couldn't spare him. He was dreadful good to the cats, but, according to him, that was because of their catching the rats and mice. But he was pleasant to the squirrels, too, and the robins, and the brown thrashers—fed them, and all—and he couldn't give no other reason for that than this—that he wanted to.

"'But,' says he, 'animals haven't got no rights; that's a well-known fact. The Bible don't give them any; the church don't give them any; the catechism don't give them any. If I'm made so soft like and nervous myself that I can't see a creatur' hurt or abused without its making me uncomfortable and fidgety, why, that's my lookout. It don't go to show I'd ought to feel that way. I tell ye, if folks go to preaching that kind of doctrine, that creatur's have rights, and I'm bound to treat them

as well as I do folks, why, I'll just turn about and abuse them, spite of my creepy, nervous feeling about it. Same rights as folks? Why didn't God make them folks, then?"

"So he'd go on and over with such talk, and I'd listen and bother my poor little head trying to make it sound right and reasonable. 'Why ain't they folks, anyway?' I says to myself. 'What makes the difference? They act like folks; they're good or they're bad; they're lazy or industrious; they're noisy or quiet, pleasant or ugly, selfish or free-handed, peaceable or snarly. In short, they've got ways. There's no two creatur's just alike, no more than there is folks. They take sick like folks, too, and they don't like to suffer no more'n folks do; and, come to the last, they die like folks. And why does pa put them all together, and say none of them haven't got any rights?"

"Sometimes I'd ask ma—I didn't quite dast to ask pa; children didn't use to talk so free to their fathers as they do these times—I'd ask ma why animals wasn't folks, anyway. And she'd tell me 'twas 'cause of their not having souls—immortal souls. At first I used to go on and ask how folks knew creatur's hadn't got immortal souls, but she shut me up directly about that, and showed me right off that that was given up to by everybody—'twas one of the doctrines, and wasn't to be argued over; 'twas settled for good an' all. So I never brought up that part again.

"But I'd bother and pester ma to know why, anyway—even agreeing 'twas that way—they wasn't folks just the same, and all the more to be pitied and done good to and made much of because they didn't have everything we had—souls and all them things. So whenever I got the chance I'd treat them that way, and try to make other people do it. But I couldn't make much headway. I had two brothers and one sister, and they all followed pa and ma's lead, and didn't worry themselves about the 'lower beings,' as pa called them.

"Bime-by pa died, and a spell afterwards ma went, too. And we four children had the farm and stock, and

*Abridged from "Dumb Foxglove and Other Stories." New York: Harper Bros.

all to divide even. Well, maybe 'twas foolish, but I'd been thinking and bothering my head so long about animals and the awful things that was always being done to them, I couldn't get on any other track. I suppose I took after pa in being soft and nervous about such things, and seemed to me there wasn't a minute of the whole living day that there wasn't something cruel and unjust and dreadful done to poor helpless creatur's even right around me; and what must it be, take the whole world over? I says.

"I was nigh about crazy, and I'd seem to hear such a noise of whips swishing and sticks pounding and kicks sounding hollow against creatur's sides, and then a whining and moaning and whimpering and crying out of the beings folks calls dumb, and my ears ached and buzzed all the blessed time. I couldn't stand it anyhow.

"I was always a meddler and fusser, different from the rest of the family, and I made up my mind I'd got to have a finger in this pie. I talked to Mary, my sister, and to Elam and John, and tried to explain my views. I wanted—well, I don't believe I had any real settled plan laid out, and I don't wonder now they thought I'd gone clean out of my wits. But I tried to get them to let me try what I could do on the farm and in Danvers generally to make creatur's more comfortable and get people not to put upon them so. But, my! they got dreadful worked up over it.

"You see, the Ellises had always been a respectable, quiet, contented kind of family, holding the same ideas from generation to generation, with nothing upsetting in their religion or politics or schooling. They'd all thought alike for a hundred years or more, and they boasted there'd never been a schismatic or a heretic or a turncoat of any sort in the whole tribe. And now to see an Ellis, and a female one, too, set up for a stirrer-up and overthrower, a sort of a horse-doctor and dog-missionary mixed up, why, they wouldn't have it. We had words, and, to make a long story short, we settled it this way: I was a sort of a mean-spirited, easy-going, anything-for-peace woman myself, and so I just told them I'd give up every bit of my share of the old farm to them three for nothing, and go off somewhere to try my plan. And they agreed to that, and let me go.

"Then I begun to look about to find the right kind of place. I wanted to see if there was such a thing as bringing over a whole community to my way of thinking. If I could be the means of getting everybody in just one town or village to try treating animals as if they was folks, why—well, 'twas something to live for, anyway. I considered and considered, and bime-by this notion came to me: I must find a small enough place so's I could work it all up before I died; the Ellises ain't a long-lived family, and I wanted dreadful bad to see the whole thing done in my lifetime. 'Why,' I says to myself, 'it would be almost like a little millennium of my own.'

"Then I heard one day about Wilson's Gore, and it appeared to me just what I wanted. Six families in all—that's what there was then—and not very big ones, neither. I had a little money besides my share of the farm I'd give up—some left me by the Aunt Ann I was named after, so I'd got something to start with. And here I come, and here I be.

"It's a good many years now, for 'twas dreadful slow work. But it's done. Every single one of the Gore families—and, as I said before, there's nine now—has come to my way of thinking, and yet I ain't reached the average Ellis limit of age yet. So I've got my little millennium, you see. But I must tell the whole truth, and own up to one thing. I don't believe I've had much to do with it, after all. Come to think of it, I believe the Gore folks would have come to the same p'int if I hadn't been here at all. For I've never preached about it or scolded and fretted at them or anything. They must have had a leaning that way themselves, and found it all out without my help.

"Sometimes I wish I'd 'a' taken a harder place, with crueller folks in it; there'd have been more credit in that. For I've had an easy, comfortable time of it, after all, doing for the dogs and horses and cats that was sick or hurt or old or lost or left out some way. You see, I like them, and so it's dreadful interesting. And I like showing them to folks, too, particular the boys and girls. And the boys call me Animal Ann." (This I had mistaken for a proper name.) "And they'll spend hours at a time watching me take care of them and talk to them and treat them my way. But as for preaching at them about it, or to their

fathers and mothers, I hadn't got time for it.

"But there ain't a man or woman or a boy or girl now in the Gore that would do a cruel thing to a horse or a dog or a cow or an ox or any four-footed thing; and, what's more, they wouldn't stone a bird or break up a nest—and children do like that kind of thing, you know; and there even appears to be a feeling among the babies themselves against pulling off flies' wings and squeezing them to hear them buzz, and little amusements like that. They're terrible good children by natur', you see, and I'm afraid I'll have to move. There ain't no satisfyin' field for real missionary work here."

Before this little autobiography was ended we were walking out among the "creatur's," and I had many an object-lesson to illustrate Ann Ellis' mode of treating her friends.

Such odd friends they were, but I would not wish for truer, more loyal ones. Dumb! Why, every soft wistful eye, each pricked-up silky ear, each tail that wagged or thumped the ground at the sound of her gentle football, each pawing eager hoof and quivering dilated nostril, spoke clearly, sharply out of love and trust and willingness to serve. Here in the little pasture-lot grazed a blind horse; there, a little away, an old and grizzled one, passing his last days—his happiest ones, poor fellow!—in peace and comfort. There were dogs with bandaged, splintered legs, dogs that were hurt or ill, lying on soft beds in basket, box, or barrel. There was a lame hen hobbling about on an awkward wooden leg; there was a blind canary in a rough home-made cage, singing his little heart out as he heard the voice of the one he had never seen, but loved.

It was, as the landlord had said, "dreadful amusin'" to hear Animal Ann talk, but it was more. There was to me something strangely pathetic, touching, in the way she spoke of and to these creatures. Certainly there was in her words or tones or looks nothing that could hint to these friends of hers that she thought them anything but "folks."

"Do you know how to talk French?" she asked, suddenly, one day. As I owned to some knowledge of the language, she said: "Oh, I'm real glad. You see, the children come over one day last month to tell

me that the old mousheer, as they called him round here—him that used to learn the young folks to dance over in Danvers—was dead, and he'd left a dog unprovided for. The town had buried the old man, and the poor little creatur' was crying herself to death over the grave. I went over with them, and we fetched her away, dreadful unwilling, but too weak from mourning and going without victuals and sleep to make much fuss.

"I've brought lots of sorrowing young things through their troubles, homesickness and lonesomeness and disappointment and grief, but I never had a worse case than this. 'Twas a poodie; Fan Shong, the old man used to call her; sounds kind of Chinee, don't it, now? And she was the miserablest being! She wouldn't make friends, she was scary and terrible bashful, and she just about cried her eyes out after that old master of hers—an outlandish, snuff-taking, fretful little man to most folks, but the best and dearest in the world to Fan Shong.

"I tried to help her, to make her feel at home, and show her there was something to live for still, but she didn't take any notice. I'd make a good deal of her, praise her up, and call her 'good dog, good dog,' but she didn't appear to care. And then, bime-by, it struck me she didn't understand; she was French, and 'good dog' was no more than foreign talk to her. Of course, I had to do something about it or she'd 'a' died on my hands.

"I inquired about, and found there was a lady over in East Thacherville, about four miles from here, that knew some French—used to learn it to children in the academy. So I went over there. 'Twas a real hot day in July, and there'd been quite a spell of dry weather, and 'twas terribly dusty. I'd been up all the night before with Charley, the old white horse there, and didn't feel very rugged that day, and I thought I'd never get there. But I found Miss Edwards, and she was real good, took quite an interest, and she learnt me to say 'good dog' in French—'bong shang,' you know.

"I practiced it over and over till I said it real good, and then I started home. Well, will you believe, time I got there it had gone clean out of my head. You see, I'd got it mixed up with the poor dog's Chinee name, Fan

Shong, and for the life of me I couldn't say it right. So back I had to go through that dust and all, and learn it again. But my! it paid, for she was so pleased when I told her she was a 'bong shang,' just as her old master done it. She's bashful yet, though, and lonesome, and she'd admire to hear her native language."

You may be sure I aired my best Parisian French for the benefit of the homesick foreigner, greatly to the delight of my good old friend. Noting how careful she was lest any word of ours should hurt the feelings of her proteges, I asked her if she thought they understood what was said.

"Well, I don't really know," she answered; "and so I go on the plan of acting as if they did. It don't do any harm, you see; and just supposing they do know our language, why, they'd be dreadful cut up sometimes. So I act as I do with folks, and mind my words when they're around."

It was a good while before I became used to this peculiarity of the old woman, and I was puzzled and startled again and again by a warning word, look, or gesture when about to speak freely of those about us.

"That looks like a good hunting-dog," I said one day, pointing out a fine Irish setter near by. A significant look from Ann, a loudly spoken—

"Ain't he a nice dog? Yes, Jack's a good dog"—which words set the silky tail of golden-brown waving like a banner—and then the old woman whispered in my ear:

"He's gun-shy, poor fellow. He can't help it; it's born in him. He's tried and tried, but he says he can't stand it. Just the very sight of a gun of any sort, loaded or not, scares him to death. That's how I got him. Jim Merrill had him, and was bound to train that trick out of him. He beat him till he 'most killed him, but it only made him worse. And so I bought him."

I shall never forget the confusion and shame which overwhelmed me one day at a reproof—a pretty sharp one—from the good old philanthropist. Peering out at us from behind a shed was the oddest creature. It was intended, doubtless, for a cat, but was such a caricature of one. One ear stood sharply erect, the other lopped limply down; the eyes, because of an injury done to one of them, had a chronic squint; and there was a twist upward to each corner of the

wide mouth that suggested the grin of the proverbial cat of Cheshire. It was irresistible, and I—laughed.

"Animal Ann clutched my arm. "Stop laughing," she whispered, sharply; "or if you can't hold it in, go away." I was sobered at once.

"Poor Jinny," said the old woman, after we had left the spot, "she's terrible homely, and she knows it as well as we do. Nobody'll have her, she looks so bad. And the worst of it is she's just aching to be made much of and coddled. There's the lovingest heart in that poor outlandish-looking body. She's real touchy about her looks, particular her eyes—maybe you took notice there's a mite of a cast in them—and I do all I can to make her forget about it."

The good woman even attributed to these animals theological creeds of their own, or rather, perhaps, adherence to those of the particular sect to which their former masters or owners belonged.

"Don't say anything about Jews," she once whispered, as we drew near the rough kennel of a gaunt yellow cur; "he don't know any other religion; he's been with them all his days. I took him after Miss Levy died. He set everything by the family, and I don't want him to think we disapprove of their beliefs."

"I suppose I need not ask you," I said, one day, "with your views of animals and their being like folks, if you think there's a future for them after death?"

To my surprise, the old woman shook her head sadly, and the soft brown eyes grew moist. "No," she said, in a low, mournful voice, "I'm afraid there's no chance of that. I've give it up. I did hold to it as long as I could, and it 'most broke my heart to let it go. But so many of the folks I look up to tell me it isn't so that I've had to give up that pint. Even Elder Peters, that's so fond of dogs and horses himself, he always said there wasn't any chance of meeting them anywhere in the next world; and Dr. Church held that too; and good old Mis' Holcombe, that left money to take care of destitute cats. They was all one way, proved it from the Scriptures, you know—'like the beasts that perish,' and all that. They all say there ain't a single word in the Bible that gives them a reasonable hope. There's most everything else spoke of as being there—folks

and angels and martyrs and saints and trees and flowers and fruit and streams and precious stones. But nothing about creatur's, except—well, sometimes I think there's a chance for white horses—just a chance."

"For white horses!" I exclaimed, in amazement.

"Yes; in Revelation, speaking about heaven and the saints, it tells about their being dressed in white robes and riding on white horses. But there's another—a dreadful verse in that book—I never like to think of it. After telling all the beautiful things that's inside of heaven, it says, 'But without are dogs.' Now, ain't that a terrible mournful pictur'? It's as if the other animals all give up when they was told there wasn't any place for them up there, and just died for good, instincts and all—if you don't want to call them souls—but dogs, why, they just couldn't do it;

they must follow on after their masters, room or no room. And so I always seem to see them hanging about the door, waiting and waiting, getting a peek in when it opens to let somebody go inside, and maybe catching sight of their masters—oh! I can't stand it, anyhow. I wish it wasn't writ there, 'Without are dogs.'"

In vain I tried to show the poor woman that the dog of Revelation, banished from bliss with murderers, idolaters, and others of the wicked, was not one of her four-footed friends. She had looked at the harrowing vision too long to be able to banish it at once.

"But there's one thing I won't give in to," she said, "and that is that Scriptur' don't go to show that folks'd oughter be kind and merciful to creatur's. It does—I say it does. There's heaps and heaps of things that shows it."

THE BLANK LINE.*

BY JOHN ACKWORTH.

Everybody who knew anything about the case agreed with absolute and emphatic unanimity, that there never was such a body of trustees as that which built the Floxton Common new chapel.

But after all it was a noble thing these people had done; they were not a rich church nor a very numerous one, yet they had by hard work and wonderful self-sacrifice built a beautiful edifice at a cost of nearly £7,000, which they intended to open free of debt, and the super, in spite of his many troubles with them, was full of admiration for the way they had acted, and was prompted to say, as he had often done before, that there were no people like the Methodists after all.

And just at the time when they thought they had got through all their trials, they were plunged into one that was worse than any they had come through. When the day came for selecting the places they would occupy in the new building, it turned out there were two applicants for one pew—the back pew in the chapel.

Old Mr. Bottoms had sat in the back pew in the old chapel, and thought he ought to have the same place in the new one, and James Higson, who had a deli-

cate wife who sometimes wanted to go out before the service was concluded, had set his heart upon it, and had stated twenty times over, he declared, that he should want that particular seat.

Eventually the matter came before the trustees, and after the usual long wrangle, was decided against Higson. As soon as the decision was announced, he rose to his feet, took up his hat, bowed with mock ceremoniousness to the chairman and then to the meeting, and walked out of the room.

One or two went after him and did not return. Those who remained behind took no further interest in the business, and when a few minutes later the super and his colleague called at Higson's he refused to see them, and next day sent all his books in, and signified that he was done with the Wesleyans once for all and for ever.

The super, though not given much to sentiment, was quite touched to see the distress of the trustees when they found that Higson's defection was serious and apparently final; they refused even to discuss the question of filling his offices, and old Bottoms, in spite of terrible threats from his aggressive daughter, sent at least two notes to Holly Villa, where Higson lived, to ask him to take the pew he wanted. But all was in vain.

*From "The Making of the Million." New York: Eaton & Mains.

As the great day of the opening drew near all sorts of clumsy attempts were made to bring about a reconciliation, and Billy Clipston, the shoemaker, declared again and again that when the time came Higson would not be able to stay away, but would turn up "as sure as heggs is heggs."

But the day came and went, and the offended one did not appear, and the super heard in the vestry and in the aisles of the chapel a great deal more about the absent man's many past services than he heard about the event they were actually celebrating. They told of what he had endured for the sake of the good cause, and altogether the *éclat* of one of the greatest days in the history of Floxton Common Methodism was spoilt by the constant lamentations of the chief men about the place because their old fellow-worker had not taken part. The opening services were continued for three Sundays, and it was confidently prophesied by Billy and others that Higson would never be able to hold out to the end.

But he did; and when they sang the final doxology at the last of the opening services, because it was not only opened, but free from debt, two or three of them told their minister afterwards that they had not enjoyed their great victory at all, and would rather have a thousand pounds debt with Higson than all the triumph of the day without him.

Well, at any rate it was a notable achievement, and the super was more than pleased with the noble way in which the people had carried out and finished their great undertaking.

And then something else began to trouble him. He had said as little as possible about the great Million Scheme whilst the good folk of Floxton Common were straining every nerve and almost punishing themselves to clear their chapel, and now it seemed exceedingly hard upon them to ask them to look at another effort. But circumstances left him no option; he had already made a definite promise of £2,000 for the circuit; they had held the meeting at the circuit chapel, and the contributions had somewhat disappointed him, so that there was now nothing for it but to have the meeting as soon as possible at "The Common." He was almost ashamed to name the matter to them, but to his surprise the good folk expressed a great interest in the scheme, and were not at all inclined to shuffle it. In fact, as old Bottoms said in his sententious way: "We've gotten a grand chapel-church, Mester

Shuper, an' we mun show az we appreciate it, sir."

This was at the final trustees' meeting when the accounts had been presented, and the votes of thanks given to those who had borne the lion's share of the burden, a special resolution being sent to Higson. After all the regular business had been concluded, the super, in a regretful, almost apologetic way, introduced the thing that was just then resting somewhat heavily upon his mind. Yes, they would go into the subject at once, as far as unofficial suggestions were concerned at any rate. Names were mentioned of those who would make the most effective officers for the local fund, and a time was fixed for the holding of the meeting.

And then, Blamires, the youngest trustee, had an inspiration, and suggested that as they had all worked together so harmoniously in this grand chapel building effort, and were all so proud of the finished work, they should have their names down on the roll together in the same order as they came in the trust deed. Coming from this juvenile and impetuous source the proposition was received with hesitation, but presently it seemed to catch their imaginations, and they insisted upon its being so.

The super, whose chief anxiety had been the fear that they would resent being appealed to again so soon, was only too glad to acquiesce, and so the meeting adjourned for a couple of days to enable the super to bring the roll that they might all sign it in order as agreed upon.

Just as they were leaving the vestry, old Bottoms made a loud exclamation of dismay, and then rising to his feet, for he was still sitting at the far end of the room, he said mournfully: "There's one thing az you've forgot, Mester Shuper."

"Indeed! What's that, Brother Bottoms?" and the super stepped up to the table.

"There'll be one name missing."

Everybody looked suddenly very sober, little sighs escaped them, and they glanced at each other in sorrow and disappointment. But the super's train was due, and so he was compelled to ask them to think the matter over until the adjourned meeting should be held.

There was much debate and questioning amongst the trustees about what should be done in this difficulty. The more they thought of it, the more they liked the idea of all signing together, but the less likelihood did they see of getting the missing signature. Moreover, it occurred

to one of them that it would look a very mean sort of thing to try and get Higson back, just in order to get his subscription to the Million Scheme, and so nobody could suggest any way out of the difficulty, and the super could not help them.

The minister had informed them that as they would all give more than the minimum amount, there was no reason why their names should not head the list for Floxton Common contributions, though nobody had as yet named the sum he was intending to give, that being reserved for the great meeting in the church.

It took them half an hour, however, to make up their minds to enrol themselves in the absence of their estranged colleague, and at last it was decided that a line should be left blank for Higson in the hope that something might occur in the meantime to bring the wanderer back. Young Blamires signed readily, but old Bottoms, who was next, hesitated considerably, and then at last put down his pen, and in a tearful voice faltered: "I'll gi' me money, bud I don't want to be on if he isn't"

Whilst the old man was recovering himself and getting persuaded to do his part, the next man signed, and then the old fellow tremblingly followed. The next in order was Higson, and a blank space had to be left, and hard though it had been to sign before, it was much harder now with that blank line staring them in the face.

The super went home that night in a brown study; whatever could he do to reach Higson? for he felt that this effort would be shorn of nearly all its sweetness to the good people if Higson's name were not on the list, and they had really done so nobly that he coveted the pleasure of this reconciliation. And he got up next morning with the same feeling in his mind.

It took him an hour or so to dispose of his correspondence, but when that was done he drew the precious roll out of his safe and began to look once more at the names that had been signed the night before. In a moment or two it dawned upon him that that blank line looked very awkward indeed, and if it were not filled up it would be more eloquent than all the names that went before or came after. What a mistake he had made in allowing those whimsical trustees to have their fad. It would, perhaps, be the only blank line in the whole roll, and how strange it would look. Besides, he had a reputation for neatness and orderliness, and that would be there as a witness against him forever.

The thing bothered him and then annoyed him, and he was just sitting down in a sort of pet with himself when a blessed thought occurred to him. It was not absolutely necessary that a contributor should sign his own name. He liked Higson, and greatly valued him, both for his work and himself. He would keep his own counsel, and if nothing occurred to change the state of affairs, he would write Higson's name in himself and subscribe the extra guinea. He had a large family, and every shilling counted with him, but he would do that, whatever he had to sacrifice in other ways. The super was pleased with the idea, and pleased with himself for thinking of it, and he was just laughing at his own self-complacency, when a knock came at the study door and Brother Bottoms was announced.

The senior trustee shambled into the room in his characteristic manner, and shook hands limply with his ecclesiastical superior.

He took off his hat and placed it shyly on the floor by the side of his chair, and then, taking a red pocket-handkerchief out of the tail pocket of his antique black coat, he commenced: "I thought I would just call and pay my Home Mission Fund collection, sir," and he fumbled in his pocket and produced a little wash-leather bag, from which he drew two half-crowns, which he placed in the minister's hand.

The super reached out a report, which serves in these cases as a receipt, and handed it to his visitor, wondering what was the old fellow's real reason for calling. Bottoms took the report without glancing at it, and then began to discuss the weather. The subject provided an interesting topic for a minute or two, for atmospheric conditions were just then very trying, and then there was an awkward pause.

"I see you've got the great roll there, Mr. Shuper," said Bottoms after a while, and he glanced round as though he would like to look at it.

The super opened it upon the desk, and the old man got up and carefully examined it inside and out. "H-u-m! Ha! wonderful dockyment, Mester Shuper. We must all have our names in that," and the minister noted that his visitor was looking very dreely at the blank space where Higson's signature should have been. He seemed to have nothing further to say, however, and in a few moments rose to go.

"Well, good morning, sir, and thank you; I hope you will get all the names

you want," and then, just as he was going out of the door, "Oh! beg pardon," and he came back and drew out the wash-leather bag again. It took him some time to find what he wanted, but presently he pushed a sovereign and a shilling into the super's palm, saying as he did so: "Just put Higson's name down there, sir; we can't have him off, you know," and before the minister could stop him he was gone.

The super was a little nonplussed and disappointed; but Bottoms was better off than he was, and—well they might make it two guineas perhaps. The same afternoon as he was going to his class he heard some one calling after him, and turning round saw Waites, the corn factor, hastening towards him.

Waites was always in a hurry, and on this occasion he appeared more than usually so. "Here, Mr. Super, take that. It's a fiver; put it into that fund and drop Higson's name in, will you? Ah, here's the tram. Good day, sir."

The super was amused and touched; it began to dawn upon him that Higson's contribution promised to be a pretty large one, if things went on like this, and when he got home that night another of the trustees was waiting for him.

"I've come" he said, "about Higson and that roll. He must be on, sir, he *must*; he's done more for Methodism in this place than any other three of us, and his family is the oldest in the circuit. Why, his grandfather was at the opening of the first Methodist chapel there ever was in the Common."

But the super intended to keep his secret, at least for the present, and so he said: "Yes, but we can't make the man contribute, you know."

"No, but we can do it for him, and we will? I will! Me! Why, sir, he got me the first situation I ever had. He led me to the penitent form, he helped me to get my wife. He's injured his business to look after that chapel. He must be on, whoever else is."

"Well, but how are we to manage it? We've tried everything we could think of."

"Manage it! We *must* manage it. Look here, sir! I'll pay his share myself."

"But I've already got a guinea for him and—"

"A guinea! A guinea for the best man among us! Why, sir, it would be a sin and a shame for Higson's name to only represent a guinea. Look here, sir, it must be twenty at least! Yes, twenty! and I'll find it myself."

When he had gone the super told his

wife, and she put on an air of confidence which was always rather aggravating to her husband, and said: "Neither your money nor anybody else's will be needed. Higson will put his own name in, you'll see."

At last the time for the holding of the Floxton Common meeting came, and the super told his colleagues that they must not be disappointed if the results were not what they might expect, as the "Common" people had really done so well that they couldn't do much more, however good their intentions.

As he had prophesied, the meeting was not largely attended, and even he felt depressed as he noticed how few there were who could give much. The chairman was a "Common" man, and started the meeting with a rousing, confident speech, which he crowned with a promise of fifty pounds.

The super stared from the speaker to his colleagues in amazement as the sum was named. Presently old Bottoms rose to his feet. At last he announced that as the Lord had been so good to them in the chapel scheme, he could not give less than a hundred pounds.

The meeting applauded this to the echo, for Bottoms had a reputation for nearness. Then they sang a hymn, and were just sitting down again, when the man who was acting as temporary chapel steward suddenly opened the inner door and threw up his arms with a gesture of wondering triumph, and the next moment who should walk into the chapel but Higson.

He was a short, ruddy man, and now looked redder than ever. He held his hat in his hand and gazed wonderingly about the chapel, which he had never seen since it was finished, and walked staggeringly up towards the front. Presently he stopped, his hat dropped out of his hand, and he lifted a red, agitated face towards the platform and cried:

"I *had* to come, Mr. Super, I had to come! I've been the wretchedest man in Floxton parish this last two months, but I couldn't miss this. My father laid the foundation-stone of the last chapel, and my grandfather was the first trustee of the oldest chapel of all. Everything I have I owe to this church, and my own bairns have been converted here. I've heard what you are thinking of doing with my name, and that brought me here to-night, that killed my pride. God forgive me. Put me down for a hundred pounds, Mr. Super, if I'm not too bad, and I'll sit in the free seats if you'll let me come again."

DARKNESS BEFORE THE DAWN.

BY LORNE LANDON.



MARJORY ATKINSON

had suddenly awakened to the fact that her life had hitherto been aimless and unsatisfactory. It was not that she had been lacking in her religious duties. She had always been a devout girl, attending to all the requirements of her sacred obligations as they were generally understood and practised by those about her. It is unnecessary to state just what conditions and circumstances brought about this feeling of dissatisfaction. But on this particular day to which we allude, she had resolved that her life should no longer be barren of results. Her energies, which, in the light of her new inspiration, seemed formerly to have been wasted, must henceforth be directed into channels that would bring to her the stimulus of active results achieved.

As she carefully weighed these matters, she could not recall even one life which had received a lasting impression for good at her hands. Marjory had resolved. And when she did, it was no idle turn of mind to be as soon forgotten in gayer moments. The changed purpose was ready for immediate action. She had not yet settled in what particular kind of work she would engage, but, as she moved about this morning attending to some household duties, the enthusiasm of her new resolve found fitting expression, as in a low voice she sang :

- "Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore,
Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once
more."

She wondered what opportunities would present themselves that day to put these thoughts into practice.

Just then came a vigorous ring from the door-bell. Marjory answering the call herself, found a tired and hungry-looking tramp upon the front steps. A slight frown passed over her face, and she was about to close the door with a peremptory command to "Move on," when she remembered her fixed resolve.

It had not before occurred to her that such a creature as this should be a proper

object for her new endeavour. 'She surveyed him leisurely. He seemed a man of forty, rough and forbidding in appearance. Though unkempt, unshaven, with tattered clothes and shoes, he was quiet and respectful in manner, and gave one the impression that his earlier advantages had been above the ordinary. Marjory was still hesitating, when the memory of an event in the past came up and visibly saddened her countenance—but it decided her.

"Will you please step in, sir."

He had only asked for something to eat, and this unusual invitation confused him for a second or two.

With a short "Thank ye, ma'am," he followed her. She led the way directly to the dining-room and seated her protegee, where the breakfast table was still arranged.

She knew that tramps were usually entertained in the kitchen, and there no longer than absolutely necessary, and solely for the purpose of getting rid of them. But new ideas required new tactics. Her plans would never fail for lack of thoroughness. Patronizing charity and glove-handed kindness were unavailing. Besides, was not confidence in those you seek to reach a prime necessity? It was a bold and hazardous experiment, but she had forgotten fear.

Slippery Bill was dazed for a little. It had been several years since he found himself in such an apartment as this. Marjory's return to the room with his breakfast was his first intimation that she had left him alone for a few moments. He now remembered that he was hungry, very hungry, and quickly set to work with more energy than decorum to remedy that state of affairs.

It would be unfair to Slippery Bill not to mention that his first impulse was a resolve not to abuse in any way such unusual kindness and confidence. But then he had a reputation to sustain, and would he ever forgive himself for letting such a fortunate opportunity go? Nobody cared for him, and he had a right to look out for himself.

Marjory sat down opposite to him, and watched with astonishment the viands disappear. Soon there came a lull in this performance, and Marjory seized the opportunity, and sympathetically asked something about his past history.

Slippery Bill was not in the mood to give away confidences, and a story of early neglect and hardships, of a later career filled with disaster and ill-luck, was concocted for the occasion.

"But surely," continued his questioner, "you are not going to spend your life in this way. I would say you had talents that would raise you above the ordinary."

As Marjory looked aside to see what else might tempt his appetite, the tramp's lip curled in scorn at the thought of any one trying to reform him.

"But this kind of life must crush all the good out of a man," ventured Marjory again.

"Ah, madam, it's on occasions like this we pay up for it," said the tramp, as he slipped a silver teaspoon up his sleeve, where two others had already been concealed.

"But you have certainly wished for something higher."

"Fellows like us have to take what they can get and be thankful." A napkin ring had just been safely hidden in his coat pocket.

Slippery Bill's meal was now over, and his eye quickly took in all the valuable articles within easy reach.

Let it not be thought that Marjory was neglecting proper caution. A more wary eye than hers might not detect the dexterous hand of the tramp, which was practised at this art. His attitude was one of concern and attention. He continued apparently in deep earnestness.

"It is all very well for you folks to talk who know nothing about it. Time after time I've tried to stop. You know nothing of the wild tempestuous passion for drink. I've given it up now. It's pretty dark when a fellow loses all hope and confidence in himself."

He meant this. It was all true, and he was reckless as to what he did and what he would come to. Marjory pitied him. But while she did, he contrived to drop a few more articles into his hat by his side.

"Have you ever heard of a Higher Power and trusted in it? Do not despair," protested the girl. Whatever suspicions she had were now completely allayed, and she bowed her head, and Slippery Bill heard the first prayer for him since many long years. He was not slow to improve the time. A hearty Amen even escaped him, as he placed a silver salt cellar beneath his coat.

There was the faintest suspicion of tears in his eyes as Marjory looked up.

The tramp had already put his hat on, and now arose to go. She followed him to the door, and could not refrain from giving him some parting advice, evidently well taken. She even held out her hand to say good-bye, but Slippery Bill was suddenly seized with a violent twinge of pain in his arm which made him grasp it with the other.

"A fellow that has slept out as often as I can't hope to escape the rheumatiz, ma'am." And bowing his acknowledgments, he proceeded down the steps with a hearty "May the good Lord reward you, ma'am," and was gone.

Marjory went back to her work with a light heart. She had come in contact for a few minutes with something of the world's misery, and she had done her best. She was serious now as she tried to picture to herself the probable life of this man. What effect her kindness could have upon one in whose lot so much of contempt, hardship and brutality seemed to be mixed she could not know, but she was glad she made the attempt.

"Marjory!" came a voice from the dining-room, disturbing these meditations.

"Yes, mother," she said, and hurried thither.

"Where are the rest of the breakfast table set? I cannot find them anywhere."

A horrid suspicion flashed over Marjory's mind, and with it a lessening of confidence in humanity. Could it be possible? She stood confused and flushed.

"Who was that you let out the front door a few minutes ago?" asked the mother.

"It was a tramp, mother."

"A tramp! And what was he doing in here?"

Marjory quickly told her all.

Mrs. Atkinson stood looking at Marjory too surprised to know what to say. Then realizing that if anything was to be done to recover the lost articles it must be done quickly, she hurried out to send someone in pursuit.

When Slippery Bill left the house, he did not follow the street. Wishing to avoid detection, he found an entrance into the lot behind the row of houses, and was making down a lane towards the railway track, inwardly chuckling to himself, and feeling safer every step he placed between him and the Atkinson home.

He soon descried his companion, "Dusky Ben," who had been on a similar foraging expedition to one of the

neighbouring houses. He was now leaning on a fence rail impatiently awaiting his partner's arrival.

"Say, pard, I've struck the biggest snap out," said Slippery Bill in a hoarse whisper, when he got near enough, and burst out into a subdued ironical laugh.

But Dusky Ben did not stop then to inquire the particulars. With a warning cry to his companion he made rapid strides down the lane. Lion, the big mastiff at the Atkinson home, had entered the yard in time to see the tramp disappearing. Seeing this suspicious character hurrying off, with a bound he cleared after him.

When Slippery Bill looked around he saw him in pursuit not three rods off. The tramp, somewhat handicapped with his spoils, had reached the top of a gate in the lane when he was suddenly seized from behind and fell in a heap upon the ground. The naturally savage animal, seeing the articles concealed beneath his coat, became infuriated. Dusky Ben now ventured back, and several others arriving, the brute was driven off. But Slippery Bill was fearfully torn and bitten. Blood was flowing profusely from his wounds. He staggered to his feet, but fell through weakness, groaning with pain. Something must be done, else the tramp would die on their hands. He was carried to a shed near by. A surgeon soon arrived and his wounds were dressed.

In this small town of Westboro', formed at a junction on the — railway in New Brunswick, there was no public hospital. But the leading physician, owing to the unsanitary condition of many of the homes of his patients, had built a small private hospital where they might be treated, with far better chances of recovery. To this place the tramp was taken, because it was the only alternative. To the outward transformation necessary for his reception, Slippery Bill was too exhausted to offer any objections.

Marjory had to submit uncomplainingly to some sage advice from her mother, and was compelled to acknowledge failure in her first attempt. She did not, however, forswear hospitality to all tramps for the future, nor consider herself under no further obligation to treat with any measure of kindness this class of individuals, as many would have felt justified in doing. The following day she even paid a visit to the hospital. Pity for the unfortunate wretch, curiosity to know whether this man was

really past all reach of kind treatment, an opportunity to return good for evil, were among the motives she would have acknowledged in going thither. One other she would not have, the strongest of all with her, unwillingness to admit defeat.

Slippery Bill was busy meditating upon present prospects when Marjory arrived.

"A lady to see you, sir," said the nurse to the only occupant of the ward. When he looked up, he was astonished to see the fair young girl whose hospitable treatment he had abused so shamefully only yesterday. To his credit, be it said, he closed his eyes, heartily ashamed of himself.

Marjory moved quietly about the apartment, and as he apparently did not wish to hold any conversation, she did not venture to break the silence. When she softly glided out again, the tramp looked up, and was surprised to see some delicacies and a bouquet of flowers upon a table close by his side. He was too weak to think much, but he kept wondering why she did it. He could not solve it. But he remembered something about the existence of angels, and concluded she must be one of them.

Another visit two or three days after found him much stronger. It was so long since Slippery Bill apologized in any form, that his attempt this time was somewhat of a failure, but he stammered through and asked the girl's pardon.

Following this man up was all an experiment to Marjory, and she looked forward as eagerly to the results as any botanist among his plants. She had heard over and over again that it was impossible to do anything with such characters. They were hopelessly beyond reform. Gladly, therefore, she noticed that, deep down in this tramp's heart the man was still there and was struggling to the surface.

"Why are you so kind to me, ma'am," abruptly asked the tramp.

Bill was really much impressed with the conversation that ensued. When she left that day, he knew that there was at least one person in the whole world who really cared for him. He could not mistake it now. There were thousands who would scorn him, but one, only one, he knew who felt for him. Marjory could lead him where she wished. He was completely tamed.

When some weeks afterwards, William Woodsward, for this was his true name, left the hospital, he was filled with a new resolve, and trusted in a power not his

own. The tramp fraternity would scarcely recognize him from his outward appearance. A new suit of wearing apparel arrived for him. Whence it came he knew not, nor was he particular to inquire.

Marjory had not informed her mother of these visits until they were an assured success. She even then met with no commendation, only a warning in respect to the dangerous nature of such an undertaking.

"I wonder," continued Marjory, "if someone will ever be so kind to poor John."

Her mother's face certainly showed annoyance.

"Did I not say," she, however, calmly and firmly replied, "that his name was to be no more mentioned in this house?"

Marjory thought it prudent to think the rest of her thoughts in silence. She could not understand this firm resolve on her mother's part. She was not so sure of her own judgment in these matters, however, as to think hard of her mother's course. But she *must* plan, even if it were to end in failure. Then a new idea struck her mind. She spent some few minutes considering its feasibility, and the more she turned it over the more hope she saw in it.

That evening, previous to Woodward's discharge from the hospital, she had a long conversation with him, during which her plan was discussed, and heartily approved of by him. On the morrow he set out, entrusted with a mission he felt as sacred as life. He wondered as he walked down the street what a change a few weeks had really made in his appearance. It was in the early morning, as he desired to leave with the least public notice possible. He looked up with more than usual interest at the house where he was so lately an honored but unworthy guest, but no vision of that angelic form was given him. He soon came to the crossing, where he paused a moment, appalled at the undertaking before him. Months, perhaps years, would pass before he returned. But he felt strong again and determined. With a resolve to be honest and courageous he turned up the track.

It was three days after this, late in the evening, when Woodward had almost reached the Maine border, that he heard a well-known voice behind him. "Say, boss, what time is it?" The speaker was emerging from a clump of bushes by the side of the track.

"I don't know," replied the other.

The unknown now approached. "Say, mister, give us ten cents," was the next modest request.

"Don't own it, sir."

The stranger started and looked scrutinizingly at the man before him.

"By shakes! if it isn't Slippery Bill. How are you, old fellow?" exclaimed Dusky Ben in rapture, as he extended his open palm.

"That hound didn't finish you then. By jinks, he 'was a savage 'un. But, hello! goin' to run for governor, old man? or is it candidate for the legislater? My, but you're a dude!"

Woodward stood quiet and respectful, and then briefly related the events of the past few weeks without acquainting him of his changed purpose.

"Thunder! you struck it rich after all. Now share with your partner in distress, old fellow."

"Have nothing to share," replied the other. "Don't own a dime."

"Huh! but you are soon down to rock-bottom again, I tell you," and he placed his hand in confidence upon his arm. "Over in the hollow yonder is a house all alone, and if we wait till dusk we can scare the old woman and her tenderfoot son into deliverin' up their valuables."

"I'll be partner with you no longer in such disgraceful doings," was the unexpected reply.

"Hello! Fallen in love, eh, with that pretty angel with the blue eyes." And he nudged him with his elbow as he said it.

"Never; that is above the likes of me now," Woodward began. When he was done, Dusky Ben looked sober.

"Oh, going to turn parson, eh! You may keep your sermons and your cant. I know you too well."

The two soon parted. Woodward knew that Ben was too big a coward to enter that house alone, so he passed along.

Several times already Woodward had regretted starting out on this weary, perhaps fruitless tramp, and almost blamed his fair benefactor for imposing it upon *him*, who was yet weak and needed separation from his old haunts. The life was distasteful to him now. The old temptations turned up again and again. But it was to him after all a labour of love, not too much to expect in return for what he received.

He would not beg. Each favour received was paid for with his strong arms. More than once he turned aside from his pursuit to labour for a few

weeks, and then continued his journey to better advantage with the reward of his toil. It was very disappointing and disheartening. Once or twice he had received a clue, but America is a big place, and he was not sure that he was nearer success than when he started.

Late in October found him out in Colorado. Weary with travel, discouraged, much more like a real tramp in appearance than when he set out, he was entering a small mining town. He felt in his pockets and found he had a dime left. In desperation he made for the nearest saloon. The glass was already to his lips, when there arose before him the figure of a fair young woman with earnest blue eyes of tender sympathy, that now reproved him strongly. He dashed the glass to the floor and walked out. The tipplers present looked up for a moment. He was quickly gone, fleeing as if pursued. Outside the town he passed the railway bridge, carefully scanning the approaches at both ends, just as he had done with every railway structure since he left Westboro'. At the farther end his eye caught this: "Arizona Jack, 10/6/97." He fairly jumped with delight. The transition from despondency to the highest hope was sudden, and Woodward's lips moved in a prayer of gratitude. He must go back through the town. But he could face anything now.

Several miles out he had passed a junction. Jack must have gone to the south there. He had almost three weeks the start of him. But for the first time he had a definite clue and must follow it up. He was correct in his surmise as to the direction Arizona Jack had taken. About fifty miles farther, on a water tank, he discovered evidence that Jack had passed that way two weeks before.

Three seedy individuals, who slipped from a freight train that had pulled into the small town of Garden City in Kansas, were hurrying away to escape detection, when one of them collided with Woodward. In a moment he was recognized.

They were old acquaintances. It was Arizona Jack.

Woodward had plans to propose, and Jack accepted them, mainly because he had none just then, and was ready for anything. The two started. Jack had a mind of his own, as was soon apparent, and it required all of Woodward's ingenuity to lead him in the direction he wished. He managed, however, more by skilful suggestion than entreaty to direct him ever nearer the goal.

One afternoon in May two wearied and rather ill-favoured individuals left the railway track, proceeded up the lane behind the Atkinson home, and cautiously, with hand on hip-pocket, entered the yard. The mastiff was securely tied, however.

"John Atkinson," cried Marjory, after casting a look of deep gratitude at Woodward. Arizona Jack was surprised beyond measure when the arms of this beautiful young lady were thrown about his neck, and still more so to find in her his only sister. He completely broke down.

The former Atkinson home was on the shores of Lake Ontario. It was only three years since they removed to Westboro'. John Atkinson had no idea he was nearing the home he left years before. He looked at Woodward, who stood smiling in satisfaction, much elated with the success of his mission.

"And you, Mr. Woodward, how can I ever sufficiently thank you for this great service. I am sure I will always feel grateful to you," said Marjory, grasping his hand with both hers.

John seemed now to understand something of the plan and was deeply affected.

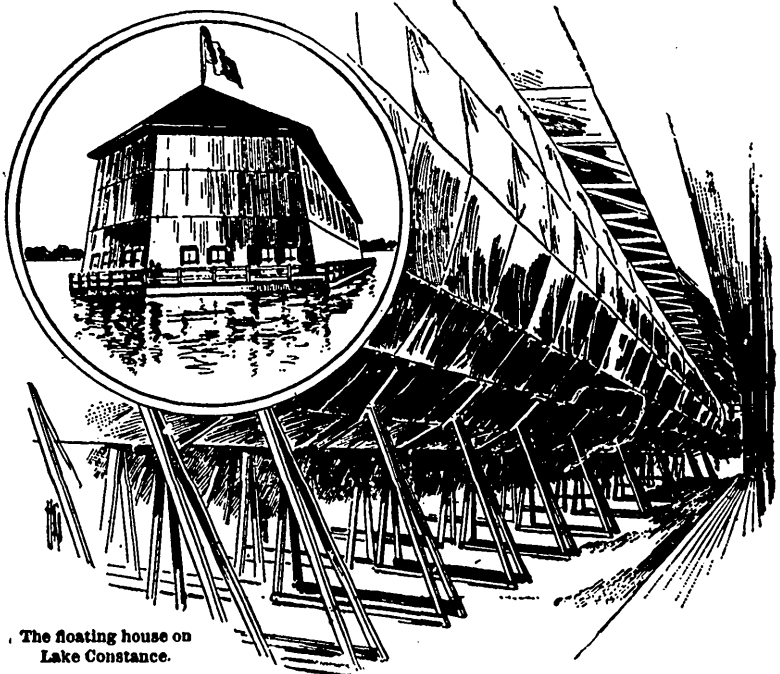
The sign of Atkinson & Woodward is a new one in Westboro', and from present indications the firm seems destined to prosper. Marjory still continues with the same perseverance and success to brighten and make useful the lives of others. Her mother's silent but sympathetic consent is given to her every undertaking.

"Our fathers' God, from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand;
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.

"Oh, make Thou us through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of Thy righteous law,
And, cast in some diviner mould,
Let the new cycle shame the old."

—Whittier.

PROGRESS OF AIR NAVIGATION.



The floating house on
Lake Constance.

COUNT VON ZEPPELIN'S AIR-SHIP.

The chief unsolved problem of the nineteenth century is that of air navigation. There have been many attempts at its solution, many disastrous failures, and some efforts which have approached very near success. To some of the latter we shall briefly refer, collating the information chiefly from an excellent article by Renè Bache in the *Christian Endeavour World*, from which we reproduce a couple of the cuts; from the *Scientific American*, and from other sources.

The most remarkable air-ship ever known, says M. Bache, was built by Count Von Zeppelin on the Lake of Constance. It embodies several important new departures in aërostation, and has so practical an appearance that many level-headed students of such matters are inclined to believe that it will really prove a success. Perhaps its most striking feature is its enormous size, its dimensions comparing with those of the largest battleship. Exactly speaking, it is 410 feet long, and was built in an immense floating house on the lake aforesaid, this situation being chosen because a large space entirely clear of obstacles can be found only on a big sheet of water. The floating house

was anchored, and was made in such a way that the inner part of it could be towed out of the external shell, together with the flying machine itself, so that the latter, when ready, could be easily launched into the air.

Imagine a series of huge rings of aluminum, each one thirty-nine feet in diameter, and provided with steel spokes like a bicycle wheel. Arrange these so as to form the frame of a great cylinder, joining them together with bars running horizontally. Add to this metal framework, in such a way as to give it the shape of a cigar pointed at both ends, and then cover the whole with a gas-tight rubber composition on a basis of cotton fabric. There are sixteen of the rings, and each of the seventeen compartments thus formed contains a balloon. The arrangement is like that of water-tight compartments in a ship, the idea being that, if one or two of the balloons are injured, the others will do the necessary work. This gigantic cigar, 410 feet in length and 39 feet in diameter, is expected to uphold in the air Count Von Zeppelin's apparatus which, for the rest, comprises some machinery and a couple

of aluminum cars. The inventor says that failures to direct air-ships hitherto, have been due to insufficient motive power and inadequate steering appliances, but he claims that both of these faults are remedied in his machine. He will drive it forward or backward with four aluminum propellers, and will steer with rudders, which are placed at the front and rear. The cars hang beneath the

On the day of trial the machine was taken out to the centre of the Lake of Geneva, and anchored to a large pontoon. The inventor, with four companions, entered it, and the order was given to cast off. The machine slowly rose to a height of 1,200 feet, and guided by the steersman, sailed over the lake to the shore. An accident to the steering gear cut short the experiment there, but it



THE ANDREE BALLOON.

One of the best equipped ever constructed, never heard of since Andrée's departure from Dane's Island, of the Spitzbergen group..

great cigar-shaped aërostat; each of them is 21 feet long, and carries a benzine motor of fifteen horse-power, which drive the propellers.

Benzine is considered most suitable as a source of power for aerial locomotion, electricity being out of the question, because of the great weight of storage batteries. Five men compose the crew of this wonderful vessel.

was found that the air-ship had travelled three and a half miles in seventeen minutes, and during that time had been perfectly under control. Count Zeppelin declared himself fully satisfied with the result of the trial, and said that when the steering-gear had been repaired and improved, he would make another ascent. The air-ship is the result of thirty years of study and experiment; it cost a

quarter of a million dollars, of which the German Government has, it is understood, contributed a part. The inventor is enthusiastic over his success, and is convinced that eventually he will solve the problem of aerial navigation. His object primarily is that of turning his vessel to military use, the advantages of balloons having been repeatedly demonstrated in recent campaigns.

The *World* (New York) remarks: "The fact that this huge machine has actually navigated the air in a high wind for eighty-one minutes, does not prove that it will be immediately practicable to establish air-ship lines between New York and Liverpool or Hamburg. That a machine has been constructed capable of being steered at all, however, even for five minutes, against the wind, is an immense step forward. The dream of a century that men should some day traverse the air as easily as they now traverse land and sea, may be within measurable distance of realization."

The *Providence Journal* asserts: "Whatever later accounts may prove regarding the success or non-success of Count Von Zeppelin's air-ship, it is evident that he has made an advance over other inventors, and has constructed a dirigible balloon that sailed six miles against the wind at a great height above the earth. That makes his performance extraordinary."

Hiram Maxim, the gunmaker, has spent immense sums of money in the construction of a huge aeroplane, on the principle of the soaring bird, with an inclined railway track for it to run up and get a start for flight. It is propelled by steam, with great revolving fans, and carries several men. Up to date it has not succeeded in starting on a voyage, the last attempt having resulted in a smash-up. At present Mr. Maxim is waiting for more money to spend on his invention.

The way to success in a matter of this sort must be through many failures and discouragements. Professor Langley, of the Smithsonian Institute, believes that Maxim is on the right track, though his own method is somewhat different. Wonderful things are yet expected from the Langley machine, which was actually flown on May 6th, 1896, on the Potomac River.

Professor Alexander Graham Bell, who witnessed the trial, described it as follows: "The flying-machine was of steel, driven by a steam-engine of one horsepower, the whole contrivance weighing twenty-five pounds. Its light steel framework held, extended horizontally,

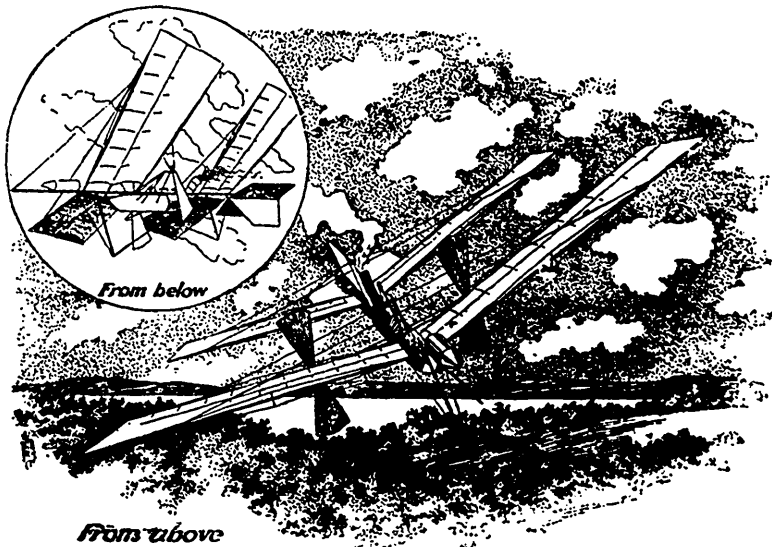
three sheets of thin canvas, one above the other, the length over all being fifteen feet. The engine ran two propellers. The machine resembled an enormous bird, soaring in the air in large curves, and sweeping steadily upward in a spiral path, until it reached a height of about one hundred feet, at the end of a journey of about half a mile, when the steam gave out and the propellers stopped. Then, to my surprise, the air-boat, instead of tumbling down, settled as slowly and gracefully as any bird, touching the water without damage."

Professor Langley says that this machine was only a model; he is now engaged in building a large one, which will carry a proper mechanical equipment and be capable of extended flight. A flyer of this type, eighty feet long, would have a sufficient area of planes to sustain a powerful steam-engine, and a car carrying a number of passengers. The steam may be obtained from liquid fuel, or by burning gas that has been compressed into reservoirs. Such reservoirs can be made to hold one hundred times their ordinary cubical contents of gas, and thus the air-ship is able to take on board a great quantity of fuel in a very small compass. The tiny engine employed on the model was not of the condensing pattern, and had no means of using the same water over and over.

For some time past, theorists in aerial navigation have been divided into two schools, the aeronauts, who believe in balloons, and the "aviators," who reject the balloon altogether and advocate mechanical means in imitation of birds. The latter declare that the gas-bag must go; it is unscientific, unmanageable, and not to be relied upon. Yet the aeronauts assert with truth that cigar-shaped balloons have been run recently on calm days in any desired direction by means of propellers at the rate of fourteen miles an hour. But the bird men reply that, though this may be true, even such balloons could not carry many passengers or much cargo; nor could they go up at all in unpleasant weather. In short, for real practicability, resort must be had to another form of apparatus.

LANGLEY'S METHOD.

Professor Langley is the leader of the schools of aviators, his machine being modelled after the bird. In this line of aeronautic work, the first thing to be studied, obviously, was the various methods of flight adopted by different winged creatures, in order to ascertain



PROFESSOR LANGLEY'S AIR-SHIP MAKING ITS TRIAL TRIP OVER THE POTOMAC.

which was best adapted for a model. The swallow is, perhaps, the most perfect flier among birds. In speed he outstrips the pigeon; as to power, he can rise vertically to considerable heights; as to journeys, he equals other members of the feathered tribe. But his feats of flying are accomplished by an expenditure of energy and skill which man cannot reproduce. Much study of the subject has made it evident that the correct model for man to imitate is the large soaring bird, such as the vulture, which is able to sail all day long in the air without moving a muscle, poising itself like a kite, and using the breezes to support it. It is believed that the vulture sometimes sleeps on the wing.

It used to be supposed that birds were in some degree indebted for their flying powers to their hollow bones, but this idea has been exploded. They weigh as much, bulk for bulk, as land animals, and their specific gravity is the same as that of man. Deprived of their feathers, they sink in water. Mechanical science finds no serious difficulty in equipping a human being with wings as efficient as those of a bird; but the trouble is, that the wearer lacks the knowledge which inherited experience has given the fowl of the air as to how to adapt the angle of the wings to the atmospheric currents. Inasmuch as a start can be made from a height, power to flap the wings is not what is required: it is the knowing how.

Professor Langley's notion is that his

"aërodrome," or air-runner, as he calls it, would have no trouble to uphold itself while in motion if its engineer knew how to deflect the supporting wings. But here lies the difficulty, inasmuch as even the most intelligent human being has no knowledge whatever of the art which the birds have transmitted to their progeny for thousands and thousands of generations. Does this make the problem hopeless? The famous scientist thinks not. He is of the opinion that it is possible for men, with practice and fortified by their superior intelligence, to use wings in this way, just as small boys acquire the art of walking upon stilts, although such members are altogether artificial. Already man has invented, out and out, two new methods of getting about, for which nature offers no suggestion, namely, the skate and the bicycle. Why, then, should he not adapt to his own purposes a mode of locomotion long familiar, being furnished with countless models ready at hand to copy from?

By comparing the progress of birds with that of railway trains, it has been determined that the large sailing birds in full flight get over about thirty-seven miles an hour; thus it may reasonably be inferred that flying man will attain a speed of at least a mile in two minutes.

The start is one serious difficulty. Sailing birds, especially the very large kinds, find this troublesome. Even the tawny vulture has to take quite a run before rising into the air, and so this

king of soarers may be kept a prisoner in a cage without a roof, provided the sides or walls are twenty yards high or twenty yards apart. Similarly, the rapid-flying swift is securely caged in a box without a cover. The birds which have the most trouble in getting a start are the large water-birds, which, in setting off from water or ground, are compelled to run a long distance, using both feet and wings in order to gain the speed required for support. The vulture's preliminary run merges into a series of leaps before it rises.

To come safely to a stop will be another difficulty for flying man. That is always a serious business for a large and heavy bird. The bird stops himself by opposing his wings and body to the wind, which thus brings him to a pause. If there is no wind, he avoids a jar by gliding upwards at a steep slant, thus opposing gravity to speed. By such manoeuvres the eagle is enabled to alight without shock.

Aërial locomotion for human beings, in order to be practical and useful, does not necessarily require that the flight shall be very high. An elevation of one hundred feet would be wholly sufficient, inasmuch as only very tall buildings exceed that altitude. It may be that the air-runner of the future for passenger traffic will be modified on the plan of a trolley for the sake of safety. Suppose a line of poles carrying a trolley wire to be erected from New York to Chicago. The air-ship overhead would be connected by two wires with this trolley-wire below, and the connecting wires would travel along the trolley wire. By means of this arrangement the power for running the propellers of the machine could be furnished from dynamo stations at suitable intervals along the route, and thus all necessity for carrying an engine would be obviated.

One fact that has been discovered only recently is that a flying machine built on the aeroplane principle requires very little sustaining force to uphold it when it goes fast. In fact, the faster it travels, the less sustaining power it needs. This principle is illustrated by the boy who finds that he can skate rapidly over ice which would break beneath him if he went slowly. Here is a very important discovery, obviously, and another one is that, contrary to notions hitherto accepted, the atmosphere is by no means too tenuous a medium for propellers to act upon.

In their way, the most successful ex-

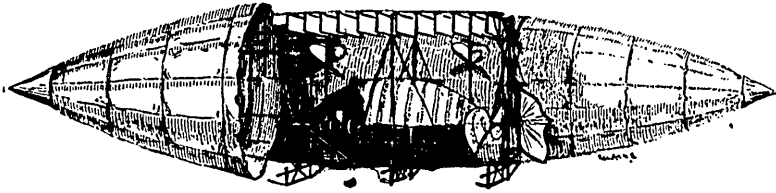
periments in human flight were made by Professor Lilienthal, who lost his life about three years ago while engaged in his experiments. He used wings having a span of twenty-three feet, and with their help jumped from high places, such as steep hillsides. He did not flap his wings, but used them for soaring, and, starting from an elevation of one hundred feet, he made trips of six or seven times that distance. Unfortunately, something happened to his apparatus one day, the wind catching him from an unexpected quarter, and he was thrown violently to the ground, receiving fatal injuries.

A flying-machine patented not long ago in Australia weighed nineteen pounds. Its backbone was a long copper cylinder two inches in diameter, filled with compressed air. The compressed air supplied power for a small engine which worked a fan propeller. To the backbone were attached great wings of light material, so that the whole affair resembled a big butterfly. This contrivance was made to fly horizontally three hundred and sixty feet.

Not long ago one James S. Cowden wanted \$15,000 to build an air-ship on the mechanical principle of the fish. The machine of another genius, R. F. Moore, is a counterfeit of a bat on a gigantic scale, the wings being of aluminum, and the frame covered with gold-beater's skin. Propulsion is accomplished by the flapping of the wings. Yet another inventor proposes to make wings of enormous artificial feathers composed of tin and silk. Lastly may be mentioned the idea of a woman named Margaret Martin, who wants to run an air-line from Dover to Calais. An endless rope is to be suspended for the entire distance, at an elevation of four hundred feet above the sea, and is to be run by steam, carrying passenger air-ships.

THE ROZE DIRIGIBLE AIR-SHIP.

The competition for the Henri Deutsch prize of \$20,000 for dirigible balloons, promises to be of great interest, and next spring will, no doubt, see the first contest, as at present no less than three dirigible balloons are being constructed at Paris, and will probably be finished before the end of the year. M. Roze, who has been occupied with the subject for a number of years, has finally decided upon a type of dirigible balloon, with which he expects to solve the problem. He employs the principle of a balloon



THE ROZE AIR SHIP.

heavier than air, which is lifted by the ascensional power of two horizontal helices driven by petroleum motors, and propelled by two vertical helices. The balloon is thus able to rise or descend at will, and may be placed in the most favourable region to take advantage of air currents. The apparatus consists essentially of two immense cigar-shaped balloons, side by side, joined by a framework in the middle, which supports a car containing the propelling and steering devices. The total weight, including eight persons, is 6,800 pounds, and the ascensional power of the balloons is calculated so as to make the whole apparatus 220 pounds heavier than air. Above the car is a parachute of special construction, which also serves the purpose of an aëroplane. The two cigar-shaped balloons are of considerable size, being about 140 feet long and 22 feet in diameter in the middle. They are constructed upon a skeleton frame of aluminum tubes and rods, made up of a series of circles and longitudinal brace-rods; at each end is a point made of sheet aluminum. This frame is very rigid, and at least 15,000 feet of tubing and rods have been used in its construction. The framework is covered with varnished Pongee silk to form the balloon.

The car, which is divided into an upper and lower part, is made of light wood

and aluminum. The lower part will hold eight persons seated, including the aëronaut, whose station is in front, where he has at hand all the controlling devices. Two or more gasolene motors of light patterns are to be used, giving a total of twenty horse-power, ten for the lifting and ten for the propelling helices. The propellers are formed of aluminum tubing, over which varnished canvas is stretched; they revolve at the rate of two hundred revolutions per minute, and will displace about 450 cubic yards of air per second; M. Roze thus counts upon a speed of forty to sixty miles an hour in calm weather.

Signor Marconi, it is reported, feels confident that, by his system of wireless telegraphy, he will soon be able to speak across the Atlantic. This belief is not based on experience, but must be founded on the speculative theory that a distance of three or four thousand miles offers no further obstacle to wireless telegraphy than as many hundred yards. When gradually increased distances have been successfully coped with, if they ever will be, the foundation of Marconi's belief will have been widened to that extent, and the possibility of talking across the Atlantic, without a cable, may by degrees reach the probable stage, and ultimately become an established fact.

“UNDER THE SUN.”

The men who have gone before us
Have sung the songs we sing;
The words of our clamorous chorus,
They were heard of the ancient king.

The chords of the lyre that thrill us,
They were struck in the years gone by,
And the arrows of death that kill us
Are found where our fathers lie.

The vanity sung of the Preacher
Is vanity still to-day;

The moan of the stricken creature
Has rung in the woods away.

But the songs are worth resinging
With the change of no single note,
And the spoken words are ringing
As they rang in the years remote.

There is no new road to follow, Love!
Nor need there ever be,
For the old, with its hill and hollow, Love!
Is enough for you and me.

—Charles R. Bacon, in January “Century.”

The World's Progress.

A MESSAGE OF PEACE.

BY SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

BRITANNIA TO COLUMBIA.

Daughter and uncrowned Sister Queen
and Friend !
The year wanes, and with that the
hundred years.
New on thy brow the centuries descend ;
On mine the frost and sunlight, tri-
umphs, tears,
Leave trace of many. Look ! what sil-
vered locks
Mingle with gold under my diadem ;
While thy fair braids, unfluttered by all
shocks,
Shine hyacinthine, Great Land ! fasten
them
Fearless, with fresh stars, 'neath thy
Phrygian cap.
I send thee motherly kiss and benison ;
Love me or love me not ; hap what may
hap.
My pride and prayers watch thy bright
course begun ;
Thou dost uphold the lessons learned
from me,
And speak'st my Shakespeare's speech—
God go with thee !

A NATION BORN.

Notwithstanding the clouds and shad-
ows that surrounded the birth of the new
century, it was not without its happy
auguries. One of the brightest of these
is that on that day came into existence,
with the blessing and good wishes of the
Motherland and sister colonies, the
Commonwealth of Australia—the Greater
Britain of the southern seas. With boom
of cannon, blare of trumpets, hymns of
praise and shout, of a loyal people this
great event was heralded. Not out of
strife and bloodshed is this new nation
born, but like our own Canada, as a
peaceful evolution of high statesmanship
and the good-will of the members of the
new commonweal and of the whole
empire.

One hundred years ago Australia was
a penal colony, a name of abhorrence
and disgrace. But all that was long
since swept away. Great cities—among
the greatest in the empire—have sprung
up like magic ; free institutions every-
where prevail. The young giant of the
Antipodes has in many things set a pre-

COLUMBIA TO BRITANNIA.

Mother ! I send thy proud kiss back to
thee
By subtler wire than whatsoever ties
Thy shores and mine, beneath the sever-
ing sea,
The bond of breed, of kindred blood
that flies
Glad to my cheek at this thy salutation,
I have been self-willed—I shall be
again ;
But thine to me is not another nation ;
My knee, not wont to bend, to-day is
fain
To make thee courtesy for all thine
ages ;
For that same reverend silver in thine
hair.
For all thy famous worthies, statesmen,
sages ;
God go with thee ! If thy foes too
much dare
I think we shall no more be kept
asunder
Than two great clouds in heaven that
hold the thunder.

cedent and example for the older col-
onies. Free churches in a free state,
the purest voluntarism and the largest
liberality have made the schools and
universities, the halls of commerce and
the marts of trade among the most note-
worthy in the world. Australia was the
first of the colonies to create a navy for
local defence, and the first of the colonies
to send a contingent to aid the Mother
Country in the South African war.
Canada bids her welcome to the sister-
hood of nations, and sends her Premier
to convey her loving greetings at the
opening of the first Parliament of the
Australian Commonweal.

ANGLO-AMERICAN GOOD WILL.

One of the noblest twentieth century
poems that we have seen is by Dr. George
Lansing Taylor in the *New York Christian
Advocate*. One of its stanzas contains
the following prophecy of the unification
of the Anglo-Saxon race :

“ Roll on, Great Age ! Long ere thy course
is run,

Anglo-America, one race, one speech,
 One vast Republic, vastest 'neath the sun,
 Shall span the globe with its stupendous
 reach;
 And freedom, justice, brotherhood shall
 teach
 To Slav and Mongol! New-found Afric
 then
 Shall prove that right for all is right for
 each,
 And join the song of universal man,
 All races' upward march—the Aryan in the
 van!"

In all but form the Government of Great Britain is more thoroughly democratic than that of even the United States. The ministry of the day is more directly amenable to the will of the people. The great seers and sages of the nation on both sides of the sea breathe only sentiments of peace and good will, as in Mr. Gladstone's noble article on "Our Kin Beyond the Sea," and Alfred Austin and Dr. Taylor's fine poem quoted in this number. Perish the hand and palsied be the tongue that would stir up strife and ill-will between these great and kindred nations. May their only rivalry throughout the century be a hallowed rivalry as to which can most promote the glory of God, peace on earth, good will to men.

KRUGER UNMASKED.

Mr. Paul Botha, a Free State Boer, who has been for thirty years a member of the Volksraad, is publishing at Cape Town a book on the war. The London *Daily Mail* reprints large sections from this book, which would be an eye-opener to Mr. Stead and his pro-Boer friends were it not for the truth of the adage that none are so blind as those who will not see.

"I have been told," says Paul Botha, "that there are people in Europe, in England, and in America who admire Paul Kruger.

"I can understand our ignorant Boers being misled by a man of powerful personality, who, knowing them well, can play upon their weaknesses and prejudices like an expert player on the strings of a violin. But that Oom Paul should dupe well-educated people, that I cannot understand.

"He made the burghers believe that he was a prophet, who, like Moses, was the means of communication between God and his chosen people. This is literally true. In the early days he often vanished for long periods, and when he came back he made the people believe that he had been communing with God.

It was absolutely believed by the burghers that Kruger, who was in Heidelberg at the time, a hundred miles from the scene, knew the result of the battle of Majuba on the very morning on which it was fought.

"Let me tear this veil of false romance from him, and let me try to show the man to you as he really is, and as those Boers whom he has not succeeded in duping always knew him to be.

"We know him—an avaricious, unscrupulous and hypocritical man, who sacrificed an entire people to his cupidity. His one aim and object was to enrich himself, and he used every means to this one end. His ambition for power was subordinate to his love of money. He used the Transvaal as a milch cow for himself and his following.



THE ULTIMATUM.

EX-PRESIDENT.

"I ask his admirers to show me one good thing he did for his country during all his years of power. He spent millions of the country's money in pretended benefits, millions which were in reality expended for the purpose of feeding up a crowd of greedy favourites and *naasvogels* (vultures), men who were necessary to him for the furtherance of his own ends.

"Paul Kruger has been accused of creating many monopolies, but the greatest of all was the monopoly, on a truly impudent and colossal scale, for swindling the Transvaal—at the head of which he himself stood. Are there any institutions for the public benefit in the Transvaal, such as schools, universities, industrial institutions, public works, roads, or railways to justify the vast expenditure of money? No!

"If you want to know where the

money has gone, search the pockets of Paul Kruger & Co.

"When I now see the country around Kroonstad made into a desert, the farms burned, and the Boer men, women and children huddled together in refugee camps absolutely destitute, and living on the charity of the British, then I tingle with indignation to hear that the cruel author of all this avoidable misery, rich, smug, and safe, is on his way to Europe, and going to be received by the Queen of Holland and made a hero of—a hero who was known in the Free State thirty years ago, before he found better means of enriching himself, as a swindling dealer in oranges and tobacco, and one whom we strongly suspected of being a very cute slave-dealer. . . .

"This gang, which I wish to be clearly understood, spread over the whole of South Africa, used the Bond, the press and the pulpit to further its schemes.

"Reitz, whom I believe to have been an honest enthusiast, set himself up as second sponsor to the Bond, and voiced the doctrine of his gang: "Africa for the Afrikanders"; "Sweep the English into the sea." With an alluring cry like this it will be readily understood how easy it was to inflame the imagination of the illiterate and uneducated Boer and to work upon his vanity and prejudices.

"When I come to think of the abuse the pulpit made of its influence I feel as if I cannot find words strong enough to express my indignation.

"God's word was prostituted; a religious people's religion was used to urge them to destruction; a minister of God told me himself, with a wink, that he had to preach at the English because otherwise he would lose favour with those in power. These parsons who snorted fire and destruction from the pulpit, however, carefully stayed at home during the war. I heard one anxious parson in a war sermon urge his burghers, 'Go forth, meet the enemy; I shall remain on the mountain top praying for you like Moses of old;' solemnly adding that his dear wife, who felt for them as much as he did, would take the place of Aaron and support him when he got tired."

Paul Botha exhorts his countrymen to surrender in these wise words: "We have fought for the maggot in the brains of a few unscrupulous politicians, and now we can surrender with honour because we have fought gallantly. I am convinced that the people of Great Britain recognize this, and bear us no ill-will. They are willing to settle down along-

side of us as friends. They hold out their hands, and it is our duty to shake the outstretched hand, and let bygones be bygones." But De Wet, Delarey and their fellow bandits, like reckless gamblers, have staked their all, and fight on not to save their country, but to destroy it.

THE CURSE OF SLAVERY.

Some worthy people have been misled by the so-called "piety" of the Boers, by the fact that Kruger used to preach from the Dopper pulpit. In all the two hundred years this Church has been in Africa it has made not one effort to evangelize the natives, and has not today one native church. Indeed the old Dutch Boers told Moffat he might as well preach to the dogs as to the Hottentots. "Nevertheless," replied the missionary, "even the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from the master's table." According to Boer morality the negroes were fit only to be beasts of burden and slaves, and were treated with the most atrocious cruelty.

But some of us can remember when similar sentiments were held, and even uttered from pulpits on this continent. But the seer-like Lincoln, in a memorable State paper, declared that it might be the purpose of God that every drop of blood drawn by the taskmaster's whip should be expiated by blood shed by the sword. And what an expiation it was when for four long years the besom of war swept over the south, devastated its fairest fields, and at a cost of untold millions of money, and agony, and tears, and blood, slavery was abolished for ever from the American continent. Small wonder that the indignant muse of the Quaker Whittier denounced those who attempted to fling the garb of religion over the great crime of the age. His burning words are equally applicable to Mr. Kruger and the Boer defenders and patrons of slavery. The so-called republic, based on the denial to the native races whose lands they have seized, whose persons they have enslaved, and whose bodies they have scourged with the cruel lash, are already smitten with the blight and curse which has followed every slavery system in the world. Having outworn the patience of Heaven, they have been swept away from the earth, and give place to equal rights, protection and liberty of Boer and Briton, of white and black. In this connection Whittier's indignant words have a marked significance.

What! preach and kidnap men?
Give thanks—and rob Thy own afflicted
poor?
Talk of Thy glorious liberty, and then
Bolt hard the captive's door?

Paid hypocrites, who turn
Judgment aside, and rob the Holy Book
Of those high words of truth which search
and burn
In warning and rebuke.

How long, O Lord! how long
Shall such a priesthood barter truth away,
And, in Thy name, for robbery and wrong
At Thy own altars pray?

Is not Thy hand stretched forth
Visibly in the heavens, to awe and smite?
Shall not the living God of all the earth,
And heaven above, do right?



JOHN BULL (TO THE POWERS): "EYES RIGHT!"

—*Amsterdammer.*

Woe, then, to all who grind
Their brethren of a common Father down!
To all who plunder from the immortal
mind
Its bright and glorious crown!

Their glory and their might
Shall perish; and their very names shall be
Vile before all the people, in the light
Of a world's liberty.

Oh! speed the moment on
When Wrong shall cease—and Liberty, and
Love,
And Truth, and Right, throughout the
earth be known
As in their home above.

A SELFISH CRIME.

We regard Kruger, Steyn and Leyds
as among the great criminals of the age.

They now go from court to court like
firebrands, willing to kindle the flames
of a general war if only this tyranny can
be perpetuated.

A leading Viennese journalist clearly
sets forth this guilt and crime.

"If Mr. Kruger were a prisoner or
refugee, like Themistocles, or Hannibal,
merely seeking safety on foreign soil,
nobody would refuse him the compassion
to which he would be entitled. But that
is not the case. Mr. Kruger is a trader
in politics, who was poor when he took
office, and now possesses several millions,
as was seen at the Brussels trial. The
man who calls the English barbarians
leaves his wife and family quietly in their
midst. The man who, with insane blind-
ness, plunged his country into war, urges
others to fight to the bitter end, but him-
self abandons the land
which he has led to its
ruin. He was not con-
tent with that. Mr.
Kruger did not come
to Europe to end his
days in peace, but to
provoke a general war,
so that he and his
clique may, in the
name of freedom, con-
tinue to tyrannize
over, plunder, and en-
slave the majority of
the Transvaal popu-
lation, which consists
of the energetic Uit-
landers and the hum-
ble Kaffirs."

DE WET'S SAVAGERY.

The reported cruelty and treachery of
De Wet in seizing the persons of envoys
of peace, one of them a subject of the
Queen, of cruelly flogging them with the
dreadful rawhide used for scourging
cattle, and shooting the unarmed British
envoy, is an act of barbarism which puts
him outside the conventions of civilized
war. It was a wanton murder akin to that
of the Boxers of Peking in murdering the
German ambassador. This is the man
whom Mr. Stead would see preferred to
a high place in the colony. He certainly
deserves a high place, as high as Haman's,
and under any but a long-suffering Brit-
ish Government, would in due time
receive it.

General De Wet, it is alleged, not only
flogged and shot peace envoys, but avows
he will shoot Kitchener and Botha, the
latter author of the book "From a Boer

to the Boers," from which we quote. That is De Wet's way of meeting argument—with a bullet; not a ballot. The skill of De Wet in running away is not so marvellous after all. A thousand times has a fox escaped though followed by the whole field of hunters and a pack of hounds. De Wet knows the runs and warrens, and with fleet horses in a friendly country can for a long time evade pursuit, but will be run to earth at last.

We were told that the Boers were too honourable to countenance assassination, but their hirelings in secret service pay—whose expense was greater than the secret service of the whole British Empire—avow that they were paid to assassinate Rhodes. The double attempt on Lord Roberts is another illustration of the same unchivalric conduct. The tools employed were foreign mercenaries, but the crime was theirs.

Another piece of Boer treachery is wearing the khaki uniform and pretending to be British soldiers. Prisoners captured from DeWet say that he has a number of foreign mercenaries whose business it is to ride in the rear and on the flank and shoot down any Boers trying to escape, many of whom would willingly surrender if they were not terrorized into keeping up the fight by this desperado.

The whole conduct of the war by Cronje, Kruger and De Wet, not including the high-minded Huguenot, Joubert, and a few—too few—others, is a survival in the twentieth century of the barbarism of the seventeenth. The Boers have been out of touch with the march of civilization. Their treatment of their native races has barbarized and degraded them. No more blood-curdling atrocities were ever wreaked on hapless victims than those by Kruger and the Boers on hundreds of black ~~whites~~ were corralled in a great cave and ruthlessly shot down as they attempted to procure water to

quench their parching thirst. Some hundreds of men, women and children were thus wantonly done to death.

THE SITUATION IN CHINA.



THE CHINESE EMPRESS-DOWAGER.

From a picture in the Peking Palace.

The representatives of the Chinese Government have at last, after many delays, signed the treaty with the powers, agreeing to pay large indemnities and give securities for the maintenance of peace. Already it is reported this payment has begun. The Empress still remains obdurate, but she has apparently lost her influence, and the Emperor, whom she so long kept under her thumb, seems to be asserting his authority. The only hope for the permanence of peace is the entire suppression of this treacherous and truculent woman. Her portrait, given here, does not indicate philosophy so much as a lackadaisical expression, although there lurks a very sinister look in her narrow, cruel eyes.

A PRAYER FOR THE NEW CENTURY.

Thy will to do, Thy work to make
 More forceful on this fallen earth,
 Thy love in some lone heart to leave,
 Thy word to give where spirits grieve,
 To teach a downcast soul its worth;
 Into some fettered life to take
 Thy freeing power; for some one's sake
 To give of self as Thou didst give,—
 For such a mission let me live!

THE DEATH OF BISHOP NINDE.



BISHOP W. X. NINDE, D.D., LL.D.

After one of our week-night services in the Metropolitan Church we noted a clerical-looking gentleman, and remarked, "If I did not know that Bishop Ninde was in China, I should say you were he." "I am he," was the reply. On his way home over our Canadian Pacific he turned in modestly to worship with God's people. We walked with him to his hotel and had a very pleasant reunion, and enjoyed a very instructive conversation on the subject of Methodist missions in the Flowery Empire.

Bishop Ninde's very countenance, so benign and saintly, was a perpetual benediction. He captured all hearts at the Cleveland Epworth League Convention. He was four years President of the League of the Methodist Episcopal Church. His was the true apostolic succession. His grandfather, James

Ninde, was a circuit-riding preacher under John Wesley in 1775; two of his sons became Methodist ministers, one of them the father of the late William X. Ninde. The Embury's bishop began to preach when he was nineteen. He spent seventeen years' faithful service in the pastorate, eleven as professor and president of Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Ill., and sixteen as a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In the interest of Methodist missions he visited Japan, China, India, South America, and almost every part of the great republic. He laboured on till he had rounded out his threescore years and ten, returned from an episcopal visitation for the new year, on January 2nd attended the funeral of an old comrade in arms and made a touching prayer, returned to his home and retired to rest, and during the

night passed away from labour to reward. He walked with God, and was not, for God took him. Surely his lot was one to be envied in death as in life. He was one of the most saintly men we ever knew, a wise counsellor, a firm friend, a diligent chief pastor and over-shepherd of souls.

A few years ago his son, of the fourth generation of Nindes in the ministry, was accepted by the Conference. "Don't give me an easy appointment because I am the Bishop's son," he said, "but send me to the hardest field you have." The Conference took him at his word and sent him to a remote mission in the heart of

the lumber woods. His sister, an accomplished lady who had been for months the guest of Mrs. Sheriff Lycett, of London, and who travelled Europe from Norway to Naples, from London to Moscow, went to the lumber woods to keep house for her brother. When the good Bishop went to open a church he had to purchase long rubber boots to reach the site through the spring floods. That is the material of which Methodist bishops are made now as in the days of Asbury and Coke.

So may the bright succession run
To the last courses of the sun.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION IN THE SCHOOLS.

An influential deputation waited upon the Ontario Government a few weeks ago to urge upon it this important subject. We have the Bible in the schools, and that is an incomparable boon. The daily reading of the Word of God, as a religious exercise, is a recognition of its place as the foundation of morals; but something more is needed—some definite and systematic instruction. This it ought not to be difficult to secure. The great mass of our Canadian teachers are persons of excellent moral and religious character, indeed it is difficult for any others to gain access to the teaching profession. But they have in the past been handicapped in the endeavour to give religious instruction by the fear of offending denominational prejudice. Thank God these prejudices are less strenuous than they once were.

That great Canadian, Dr. Ryerson, the founder of our Ontario Public School System, prepared a text-book on Christian morality for use in the schools. It received the commendation, we believe, of all the churches of the land, including the Roman Catholic Church, except that of our Baptist friends. The Baptist Church, having strong scruples against any connection between Church and State, even to the extent of teaching the great basal principles of religion, prevented, if we remember the history of the question aright, the adoption of this book. We hope the time has come when such a book of Christian morality as shall be acceptable to all the churches may be adopted in the schools.

At Toronto University over thirty years ago a book of a great Baptist teacher, "Wayland's Moral Science," was on the

curriculum—an admirable book, and no one that we ever heard of objected to its teaching. We think it was a misfortune that it was dropped from the course.

When as a boy we attended the Toronto Academy, the excellent Irish National School series of reading-books was in use. It gave an excellent outline of the books of the Bible and their broad, ethical teachings; and that instruction was an invaluable part of the mental and moral training received.

President Thwing has shown the appalling ignorance of a number of college students on Biblical themes. Our great writers, Shakespeare, Bacon, Spenser, Milton, Macaulay, Tennyson, Longfellow, the Brownings, Lowell, Whittier and Bryant, abound in Biblical phrases and allusions. No one can comprehend English literature without understanding these allusions. Yet large classes of university students, supposed to be the élite of the country, exhibited the most lamentable ignorance of that "well of English undefiled," the Bible. Such ignorance of classical or historical allusions would have been thought unpardonable. *Per contra*, we are glad to note that the coloured students of Tuskegee Industrial Institute and other colleges for the race, many of them brought up in the Black Belt, which was the very heart of slavery, early inured to toil and deprived of almost all early advantages of schooling, yet exhibited a far more intimate acquaintance with the Word of God and its wealth of literary illustration than these élite of the white men's universities. So much for the influence of the almost ubiquitous Sunday-school instruction of the poor blacks.

The best trained group of boys and girls in the Word of God we ever saw, the order of its books, their contents, their spirit, was a coloured Sunday-school taught by black teachers and catechised by a black preacher, in the city of Atlanta, Georgia. On the desk stood a bust of the great hero of their race, the slave-born Fred. Douglass, who became a marshal of the United States Government.

What has been done for the coloured people of the South can be done for the white people of Canada. Our *confrère*, the *Westminster*, strongly urges that religious instruction be imparted, not only in the public schools, but in the high schools, colleges and universities, and especially in the schools of pedagogy. We strongly support the suggestion, but we deem it unwise to wait till a new class of teachers shall have been trained in these institutions. Let the beginning be made at once in them all.

A few years ago Paul Bert, a French Minister of Public Instruction, not only cast the Bible out of the public school, but erased the name of God from all text-books, even from the translation of *Robinson Crusoe*. What religious instruction there was was given into the hands of the Jesuits, and the result is the fierce bigotry and intolerance of the anti-Semites and the low grade of social morality and declining population of the once noble and chivalric French nation.

In the United States the schools are, we believe, thoroughly secularized. To meet the objections of a small minority of infidels, agnostics and Jews, the Bible is ruled out of almost all the schools. This is a tyranny of the minorities that we deem intolerable. A conscience clause would protect them from any contamination by the religious instruction which they seem to dread. The Roman Catholic Church has a great system of parochial schools where they train their young people in the tenets of the Church. Even so sturdy a body as the Lutherans have four thousand parochial schools, many of which, in regions where they are too poor to have a day-school teacher, are taught by the clergy. We think it would be a disaster to have a denomina-

tional school system existing in Canada. But better this than an ignoring of the great principles of Biblical morality.

In Newfoundland, such are the social and religious conditions, you will find in some small villages distinct Roman Catholic, Church of England and Methodist day schools, where the whole school population is only enough for one good school. Such a condition of things maintains denominational fissures in society and lessens the chances for proper school training.

The people of this Dominion and this Province have the remedy in their own hands. They make governments, they can mould them. Let them but rise to a sense of their duty and responsibility in this matter, let them but exhibit large-hearted, broad-minded, catholic liberality, and agree upon the essential principles of religious instruction without sectarian teaching, and they may have it in five years or less. Nothing will so elevate the tone of public and private morality, nothing will so broaden the intelligence of our people; nothing will so strengthen their intellectual faculties and sharpen their mental acumen, as the study of the sublime teaching affecting both worlds of the Book of books.

Three hundred years ago John Knox and the Scottish reformers determined on having a school in every parish and a Bible in every school. The result has been that development of moral and intellectual character which has given the Scot his industrial and commercial supremacy in all lands. Let us lay broad and deep and stable the foundations of our Canadian commonweal in a knowledge of the letter and the spirit of the Word of God, that which liveth and abideth for ever, and the future of our country during the successive decades of the twentieth century shall be assured in largest plenitude. Then shall be fulfilled the benediction of Holy Writ: "That our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth; that our daughters may be as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace. Happy is that people, that is in such a case: yea, happy is that people, whose God is the Lord."

FAITH DIVINE.

O God, how great Thy faith, Thy patience, too,
How great, since Thou who seest all earth's shame,
Its cruel wrongs, its deep unuttered woes,
Its selfish sins committed in Thy name,
Canst wait in hope, without a breaking heart,
Through all the years, and trust that he who came
From thee will conquer yet, will win the fight
And through the pow'r of love set all things right.

Book Notices.

The Story of Nineteenth-Century Science.
By HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS, M.D.
Illustrated. New York and London :
Harper & Brothers. Toronto : Wil-
liam Briggs. 8vo, pp. viii-475. Price,
\$2.50.

No feature of the nineteenth century is more marked than the great progress of physical science. Man has learned more of this wonderful world in which he lives during the last hundred years than in all the previous centuries of the world's history. The sciences of paleontology, geology, chemistry, biology, are almost entirely the creation of the last century. In this handsome volume, Dr. Williams passes under review the most noteworthy of the discoveries of these sciences.

Probably in no department has this progress been more marked than in that now known as physics, and probably to few are we more indebted for this progress than to Thomas Young, who, in the first year of the century, began to practise the profession of medicine in London. He was a precocious scholar who, in his fourteenth year, could write fourteen languages. In 1801 he presented the first convincing proofs of the undulatory theory of light, which has universally taken the place of Newton's corpuscular theory.

Our author describes Michael Faraday, "the man who added to the powers of his intellect all the graces of the human heart," as the "greatest experimental philosopher the world has ever seen." Nevertheless, he just missed the wonderful doctrine of the conservation of energy, which is described as "the greatest generalization ever conceived by the mind of man." This wonderful result was reached by different methods almost simultaneously, by Mohr, Mayer, Helmholtz and Joule. The doctrine of the dissipation of energy, as expounded by Professor Thomson (now Lord Kelvin), also leads to far-reaching results. The theory of an interstellar ether—as rigid as steel, more permeable than the ambient air, so perfectly elastic as to be absolutely frictionless—suggested by Young, has been practically demonstrated by Lord Kelvin and Professor Maxwell. But one of the most important hypotheses of the age is that of Lord Kelvin, namely, the vortex theory of atoms, "that profound and fascinating doctrine which suggests

that matter in all its multiform phases is nothing more or less than ether in motion."

Professor Maxwell's kinetic theory of gases throws a flood of light on molecular dynamics. According to this theory all the phenomena of gases are due to what our author calls "the helter-skelter fight of the showers of widely-separated molecules of which they are composed."

An interesting chapter is devoted to some unsolved scientific problems of the century. One of those is the destiny of the earth and solar system. Lord Kelvin shows that the system is like a clock which is running down, and which must eventually come to a standstill. But it is like a clock with its compensation pendulum. While the sun enormously dissipates its energy in radiation, its heat is in part maintained by its contraction, and in part by the rain of meteorites upon its surface. A comprehensive generalization is, that light, electricity, magnetism and gravitation are conditions of strain, torsion, or quiver of the universal ether which *ex hypothesi* rules the universe.

These sentences but indicate the absorbing interest and profound importance of the problems which are discussed in this book. Of course, in traversing the whole circle of the sciences, very great condensation is absolutely necessary. The progress of scientific medicine, for instance, which is treated in a couple of chapters, might alone fill a volume. The book is illustrated by a large number of portraits of the great scientists of the century and other important illustrations.

Arabia: The Cradle of Islam. Studies in the Geography, People and Politics of the Peninsula, with an account of Islam and Mission Work. By REV. S. M. ZWENER, F.R.G.S. Introduction by REV. JAMES S. DENNIS, D.D. New York, Chicago, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Pp. 434. Price, \$2.00.

It is a curious fact that Arabia, one of the oldest lands on earth, is one of the least known. We have better maps of the North Pole and of the moon than of large parts of this great peninsula. Much of it is "as utterly unknown as if it were an undiscovered continent in some polar sea." It has never been crossed by a European traveller nor entered by an explorer.

Yet this Arabia is the source and centre of one of the great dominant religions of the world. Seventy millions of people speak the Arabic language, and nearly as many more accept the faith of Islam. The muezzin's cry calls to prayer from Peking across "the roof of the world" and plains of India and Persia, and over a greater part of Africa—from the Red Sea to Morocco, from the Mediterranean to the Soudan. The Arabic Koran is the text-book of mosque and school throughout vast regions of island and continent, and Islam is the only rival of Christianity for the possession of the race. The Arabic language is one of the most copious, flexible and richest in the world. It has 5,744 names relating to the camel, 500 for the lion, 1,000 for the sword. It is the Koran which has given unity and vitality to this marvellous tongue.

Our own good Queen Victoria rules over more Moslem people than any sovereign in the world, over vastly more than the Sultan of Turkey. The surveys of the entire four thousand miles of Arabian coast were the work of British naval officers. Britain is the only power which has established lighthouses on these coasts and in the Red Sea. Her deep sea cables, her consuls, her ships make its trade her own. Aden is another Gibraltar. Not a spool of thread, not a jack-knife is used throughout these vast dominions that is not made in Britain and brought in a British ship. Even the rice that supports the life of most of the Arabs comes in British ships from Rangoon. A Euphrates Valley railway will soon shorten the journey between London to India to eight days.

But the special interest of Arabia is its missions. Those among the Moslems are the most difficult and discouraging of any undertaken by the Christian Church. While Islam, in its rejection of idols, was a great advance upon the paganism which it superseded, it yet presents special obstacles to the success of the Gospel. Polygamy, divorce, and slavery are interwoven with religion. "The sword of Mahomet," says Sir William Muir, "and the Koran are the most stubborn enemies to civilization, liberty, and truth that the world has ever yet known."

The forty-five illustrations and eight maps and diagrams of this handsome volume greatly enhance its value. Chapters are given on Arabian art, science, music, commerce, history, pearl fisheries,

and date industries, its problems and its prospects. It is a book full of interest and of those truths which are stranger than fiction.

Forbidden Paths in the Land of Og. New York, Chicago, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Pp. 258. \$1.25.

Thousands of pilgrims every year, chiefly Russian, American, English and German, make the tour through the Lord's land west of the Jordan; but comparatively few visit the little-known country to the east of the sacred river. This lively narrative records the adventures of three Presbyterian missionaries in a journey through the lands of Og, once filled with walled cities, and still abounding with most remarkable ruins of historic and pre-historic times. The fertile region of the Hauran, says our author, produces grain and insurrections. Fully one-half of the harvest is seized by the Turkish official for taxes. No wonder the Druse population are in continual revolt. "The Hauran is one of the few districts in Syria whose chief crop is not stones." Its waving fields of grain in harvest time resemble a great wheat field in Manitoba—more than we expect under Turkish rule.

Our tourists, familiar with the language and ways of the Arabs, were able to visit the most important sites and scenes of this trans-Jordan region, notwithstanding the ban of the Turkish authorities. The whole region has been the scene of battle and conquest age after age. It abounds with ruins of the most interesting character. Not the least stupendous of these are the castles of the Crusaders found at Ajlun and elsewhere. The one we saw at Baniyas we judge is vastly larger than either Edinburgh or Heidelberg castles. The ruins at Jerash have two great Greek theatres, temples, colonnades and forum on a stupendous scale. Thousands of columns still stud the briar-grown waste or lie prostrate in the sand. Some of these are thirty-eight feet high and six feet in diameter. "A forest of standing columns fills the plain. It seemed as if some giant had sown broadcast the seed from which had sprung a plentiful harvest of columns." This gives us some idea of the wealth and splendour of the Greek cities of Decapolis, spoken of in the Gospels. The writer of this fascinating narrative makes a strong plea for Christian missions among these ignorant and wretched people.