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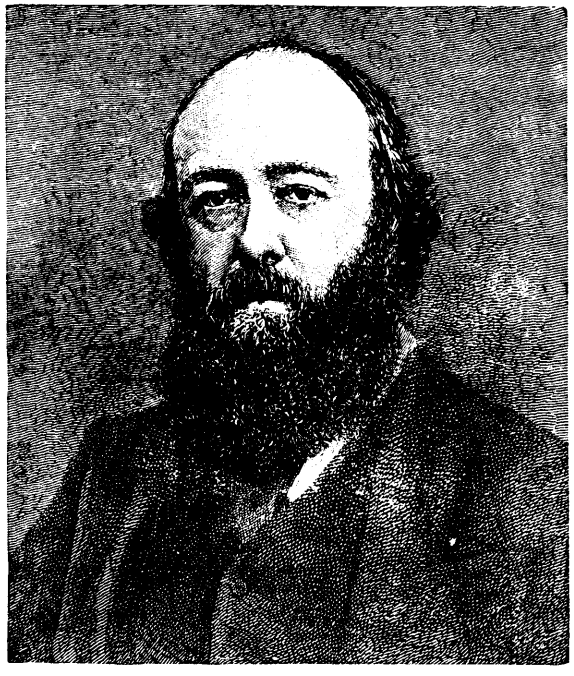

THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.

(See page 249.)

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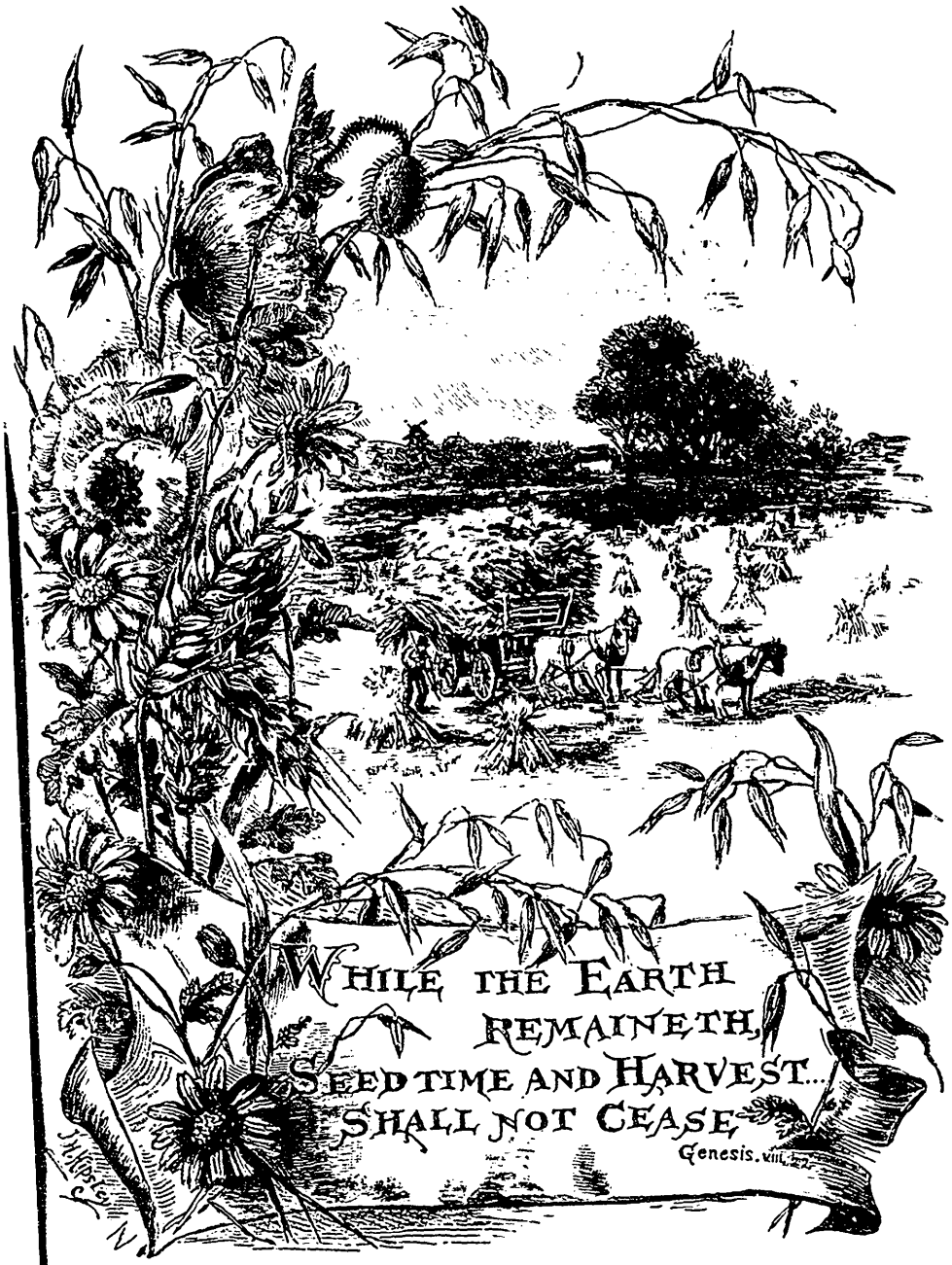
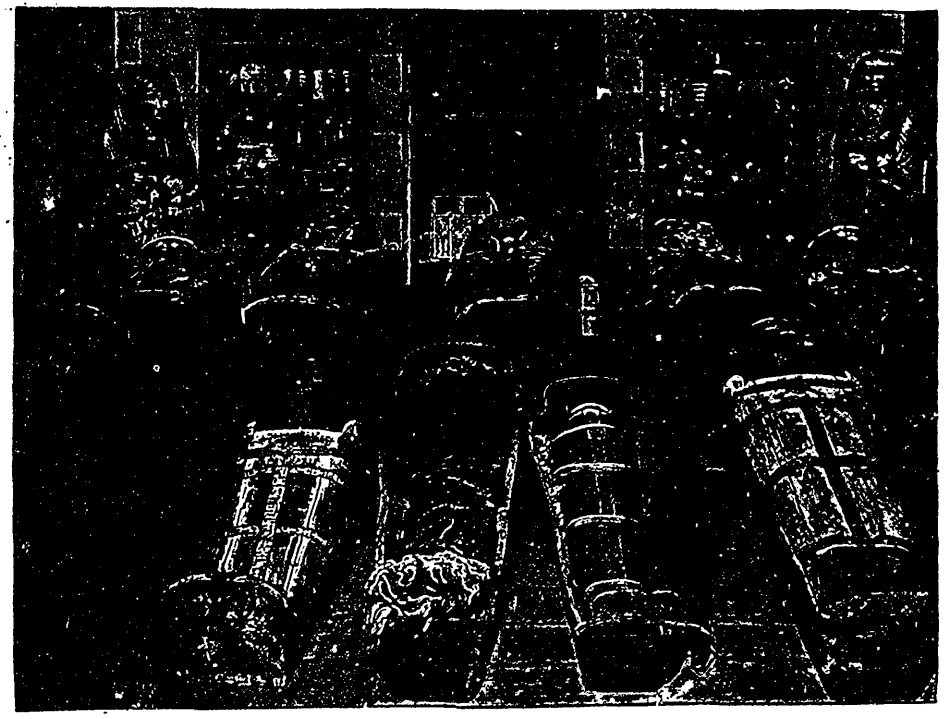

WHILE THE EARTH
REMAINETH,
SEED TIME AND HARVEST...
SHALL NOT CEASE
Genesis. VIII.



THE ROYAL MUMMIES IN THE MUSEUM AT GIZEH.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

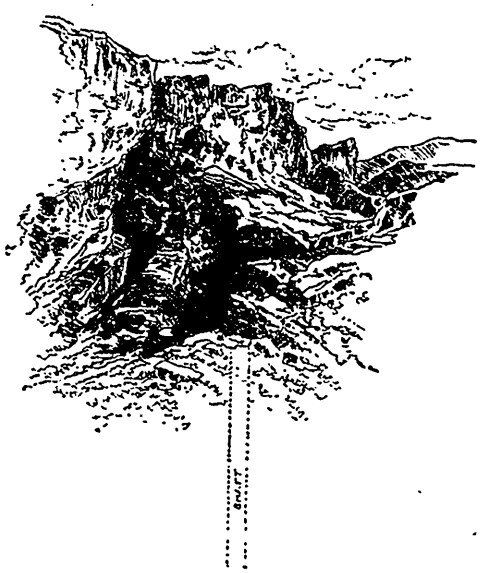
SEPTEMBER, 1902.

LYING IN STATE IN CAIRO.

"Egypt is only the façade of an immense sepulchre."—PAUL DE SAINT-VICTOR.

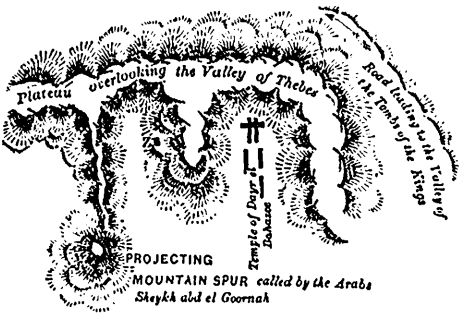
IN the Central Hall of the Museum of Egyptian Antiquities, ranged side by side, shoulder to shoulder, lies a solemn company of kings, queens, princes, and priests of royal blood, who died and were made imperishable flesh by the embalmer's art between three and four thousand years ago.

These royal personages are of different dynasties and widely separate periods. Between the earliest and the latest there intervenes a space of time which may be roughly estimated at seven centuries and a half. This space of time (about equivalent to that which divides the Norman Conquest from the accession of George III.) covers the rise and fall of the XVIIIth, XIXth, XXth and XXIst dynasties. During these four dynasties occurred the expulsion of the Hyksos invaders, the Asiatic conquests of Thothmes III., of Seti I., of Rameses II., the oppression and exodus of the Hebrews, and the defeat of the allied Mediterranean fleets of Rameses III. In a word, all the military glory and nearly all the architectural splendour of ancient



TOMBS OF THE PHARAOHS—EXTERIOR OF THE CAVE.

Egypt are comprised within the limits thus indicated. When, therefore, it began to be rumoured that the mummied remains of almost all the mightiest warriors and builders of this supreme epoch, together with the relics of kings and queens of a still earlier and a still later date, had been found at the bottom of a pit in one of the loneliest nooks of the western cliffs at Thebes, it was felt that a discovery of immense importance had indeed been made.



SCENE OF THE DISCOVERY.

Professor Maspero writes thus:

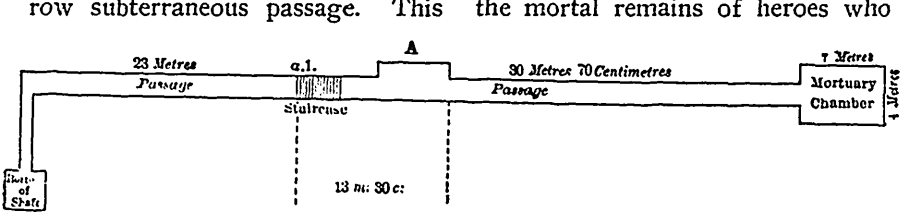
"Having noted how Egyptian antiquities of every description were constantly finding their way to Europe, I came to the conclusion that the Arabs had discovered a royal tomb. I caused to be arrested at Luxor one Ahmed Abder-Rasoul, an Arab guide and dealer, to whom a mass of concurrent testimony pointed as the possessor of the secret. For two months this man lay in prison at Kench, obstinately silent; when, prompted by jealousy and avarice, one of his brothers decided to tell all. In this wise we were enabled to put our hands, not upon a royal tomb, but upon a hiding-place wherein were piled some thirty-six mummies of kings, queens, princes, and high-priests."

Behind a huge fragment of fallen rock—perhaps dislodged for that purpose from the cliffs overhead—the explorers were shown the entrance to a pit so ingeniously hidden that, to use their own words, "one might have passed it twenty times without observing it." Into this pit they were lowered by means of a rope. The shaft ended in a narrow subterraneous passage. This passage, after pursuing a straight direction for a distance of rather more than seven metres, turned off abruptly to the right, and stretched away northward into endless night.

Now stooping where the roof was low, now stumbling where the floor was uneven, now descending a flight of roughly hewn stairs, and with every step penetrating deeper and farther into the heart of the mountain, the intruders groped their way, each with his flickering candle in his hand. Pieces of broken mummy cases and fragments of linen bandages strewed the floor.

Then came several huge sarcophagi of painted wood, and farther on still, some standing upright, some laid at length, a crowd of mummy cases fashioned in human form, with folded hands and solemn faces and ever-wakeful eyes, each emblazoned with the name and titles of its occupant. Here lay Queen Hathor Honttaui, wife of Pinotem I.; yonder stood Seti I.; then came Amenhotep I. and Thothmes II.; and farther still, Ahmes I., and Rameses, surnamed the Great, and others of the ancient Pharaohs.

The men of to-day, brought face to face with the greatest kings of Pharaonic Egypt, stood bewildered, and asked each other if they were dreaming. They had come hither expecting at most to find the mummies of a few petty princes. They found themselves confronted by the mortal remains of heroes who



GROUND PLAN AND SECTION OF THE EXCAVATION.

till this moment had survived only as names far echoed down the corridors of Time.

A few yards farther still, and they stood on the threshold of a sepulchral chamber literally piled to the roof with sarcophagi of enormous size, brilliant with gilding and colour, and as highly varnished as if but yesterday turned out from the workshops of the Memnonium.

To enumerate all the treasures found in this chamber would be to write a supplement to the catalogue of the Boolak Museun. Enough that each member of the royal family was buried with the ordinary mortuary outfit, consisting of vases, libation jars, funereal statuettes, etc. Besides statuettes, libation jars, and the like, the mummy of Queen Isi-em-Kheb was provided with a sumptuous funereal repast, consisting of gazelle haunches, trussed geese, calves' heads, dried grapes, dates, dom-palm nuts, and the like, the meats being mummified and bandaged, and the whole packed in a large rush hamper, sealed with her husband's unbroken seal. Nor was her sepulchral toilet forgotten. With her were found her ointment bottles, a set of alabaster cups, some goblets of exquisite variegated glass, and a marvellous collection of huge full-dress wigs, curled and frizzed, and inclosed each in a separate basket. As the food was entombed with her for her refreshment, so were these things deposited in the grave for her use and adornment at that supreme hour of bodily resurrection when the justified dead, clothed, fed, perfumed, and anointed, should go forth from the sepulchre into everlasting day.

The rest of this strange story is soon told. Without loss of an hour, Herr Emil Brugsch proceeded to remove the treasure. Three hundred Arabs were summoned from the nearest villages, and those three

HEAD OF KING PINOTEM II.*
(From photographs taken directly from the mummy).

hundred, working as Arabs can work, without rest, without sleep, through the burning days and sultry nights of an Egyptian July, not only succeeded in completely clearing out the contents of the hiding-place within forty-eight hours, but in five days from the time when MM. Brugsch and Kemal were first lowered down the shaft, they had packed the whole of the objects in sailcloth and matting, carried them down across the plain of Thebes, and rowed them over to Luxor, in readiness for embarkation. Some of the larger sarcophagi were of such enormous size and weight that it took sixteen men to move them.

The steamers meanwhile had not yet arrived, and for three days and nights the museum officials guarded their treasure in the midst of a hostile population, every member

* The features of Pinotem II. are distinctly of a Nubian cast. The head is shaven; the skull is small and dolicho-cephalic. The flesh of the face is pressed and ridged by the bandages, now removed.

OUTER MUMMY CASE OF QUEEN AHMES-NOFRETARI.*

of which looked upon tomb-breaking as the legitimate trade of the place. On the fourth morning, however, the steamers made their appearance, received their august freight, and steamed for Boolak.

And now a startling incident, or series of incidents, took place. Carried from lip to lip, from boat to boat, news flies fast in Egypt. Already it was known far and wide that these kings and queens of ancient time were being conveyed to Cairo, and for more than fifty miles below Thebes the villagers turned out en masse, not merely to stare at the piled decks as the steamers went by, but to show respect to the illustrious dead. Women with dishevelled hair running along the banks and shrieking the death-wail, men ranged in solemn silence and firing their guns in the air, greeted the Pharaohs as they passed. Never, assuredly, did history repeat itself more strangely than when Rameses and his peers, after more than three thousand years of sepulture, were borne along the Nile with funeral honors.

How comes it, we ask, that so many royal mummies, of periods so widely separated, are found gathered together in a single vault? Were they not originally buried in sepulchres of their own? If so, why were they not suffered to repose "each in his own house"? When were they taken thence, and why deposited en masse in the later resting-place? These are questions

*This huge outer mummy case (in style resembling the colossal Osirian caryatidæ in the first court of the Temple of Medeenet-Aboo) stands 7 metres 17 centimetres high, without counting the lofty plumes upon the head-dress. The plumes measure 1 metre 50 centimetres in height, so making a total of 8 metres 67 centimetres. This mummy case measures 87 centimetres across the shoulders, and in thickness, from the chest to the back, 55 centimetres. The material is what French Egyptologists call "cartonnage." It is made of innumerable layers of linen saturated and hardened together by some kind of glue, and coated outside with stucco. The features, necklace, bracelets, etc., are also picked out in blue. In each hand the queen holds the emblem *Ankh*, which is the hieroglyph signifying "life." Inside this enormous external case was found another of the ordinary size and the same material. The mummy measures 1 metre 69 centimetres in length; and upon its breast, written in hieratic characters, bears the name of Ahmes Nofretari. After nearly 3600 years it meets the light of day.

which need to be answered separately, and at some length.

We do know that most if not all of these personages were originally buried in sepulchres of their own.

It is certain that marauders grew bold as the law grew weak, and that an organized system of spoliation was carried on almost unchecked in the necropolis of Thebes. Still there was one place into which the tomb-breakers had apparently not yet ventured, namely, the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings. This remote and desolate gorge lies at the back of the mountain range which bounds the western plains of Thebes. The way to it is long and wearisome. The gorge itself is not only a cul-de-sac, but it originally had no entrance. Like a coral-reef atoll, it was entirely shut in by mountain walls. Through the lowest of these walls some Pharaoh of old—presumably Rameses I.—caused a passage to be hewn, in order that his sepulchre might be prepared in the appalling solitude within. Inclosed by limestone precipices calcined to a white heat by the pitiless sun, shut away from the breeze of the desert and the breath of the Nile, it is a place utterly without moisture, without verdure, without life. Not a lichen relieves the scintillating whiteness of those skeleton cliffs. Not a lizard makes its home in their crevices. In the palmy days of the new empire, when the treasury overflowed with the spoils of conquest, and the Pharaohs were as gods, the base of the cliffs of the upper end of the Valley of the Shadow of Death became gradually honeycombed with subterrancous palaces of enormous extent and extraordinary splendour of decoration, in each of which a mummied king, with his arms, his jewels, his illuminated papyrus, and all his funerary treasures, was walled up for ever.

If we turn back to the now half-forgotten pages of Belzoni, we learn that the entrance to the tomb of Seti I., when he discovered it in 1819, was built up with massive masonry, and hidden under a cataract of debris from the cliffs above. Belzoni broke through the masonry, and found himself on the threshold of a series of staircases and passages leading to a deep pit, the walls of which, like the walls of the preceding staircases and passages, were covered with texts and illustrations from the Ritual, all exquisitely sculptured, covered with a thin coat of cement, and brilliantly coloured. One wall of this pit, however, despite the hieroglyphs and paintings upon its surface, proved to be mason's work, and not excavated rock. A breach was made, and the entrance to a magnificent hall was disclosed. Beyond this lay a second hall. Then came more passages, more chambers, a third hall, and a vaulted saloon containing the beautiful alabaster sarcophagus which is now in the Soane Museum.

Warned by the sacrilegious deeds which had been done among the tombs of their predecessors, the priest-kings had made their own last home, not for splendour, but for security. To this end they elected—apparently for the first time in Egyptian history—to be buried, generation after generation, in one common sepulchre, it being obviously less difficult to keep guard over one catacomb (and that catacomb on the Theban side of the mountain) than to keep guard over many. They were therefore laid together in this vault, the approach to which was so well concealed "that one might have passed it twenty times without observing it."

Through all the changes and all the ages that followed, it remained undiscovered. The Ethiopian, the Persian, the Greek, the Roman, the Arab, the Turk, conquered and ravaged in turn, and still the Phar-

HEAD OF CARVED EFFIGY ENLARGED.

aohs and the pontiffs "reposed in peace." Then came the archaeological invasion. But the great discovery, denied to Champollion, Lepsius, Wilkinson, and Mariette, was reserved for the brothers Abd-er-Rasoul. We know too well what use they made of it. All the jewels which were unquestionably buried with these royal mummies, all the weapons, all the precious papyri (save four), have disappeared.

For some of the absent royalties the old tomb-breakers may doubtless be held accountable, but there is too much reason to fear that very many have been sold by the brothers Abd-er-Rasoul. For, unfortunately, the modern traveller is not content to collect merely beads and funereal statuettes and such small game. He must bring home an ancient Egyptian in propria persona. The amount of business done of late years in this grim kind of bric-a-brac has been very considerable. A foreign agent and wine-merchant of Cairo assured me, when I returned from the Second Cataract, that he had in a single season already "passed" and shipped no less than eighteen Theban mummies; and many other agents were most likely equally successful. Amenhotep III. artfully stowed away inside a crocodile, or Hatasu rolled up in the folds of a sketching tent, may easily have been slipped through the Alexandria custom-house by one of these gentlemen. Mummies, however, are expensive hobbies, only to be indulged in by the wealthy. From £60 to £100 was at that time the average price of a full-sized specimen, while from £10 to £12 was asked for a baby.

I must not be supposed to imply that the general mummy market was supplied by the brothers Abd-er-Rasoul. Their goods were too precious and too perilous to be parted from except under conditions of elaborate secrecy and exorbitant payment. That Rameses II. was, as lately as 1880, actually offered for sale to a wealthy American (who did not, however, believe in the genuineness of the article as reported, and declined to deal) is a fact for which I have the authority of one of that traveller's companions.

But the ordinary mummy sold to the ordinary tourist is of quite another class. He belonged in his day to the lesser nobility; that is to say, he was an architect, a sacred scribe, a civil or military official. Such mummies form the staple of Theban trade. As for the Theban fellah, mummy-hunting is his hereditary vocation. He passes his life in digging, finding, hiding, and selling; his home is an empty sepulchre; his shirt is made of mummy-cloth; his children's playthings and his wife's ornaments are spoils of the dead. His forefathers have subsisted for generations by this equivocal industry, and his descendants will subsist by it for who shall say how many generations to come? Even now, after

centuries of spoliation, the soil needs only to be dug a little deeper in order that the spade may strike a lower stratum of graves. And if this be true of a mine so long and so persistently worked as the necropolis of Thebes, what must be the sepulchral wealth of thousands of other burial-fields, some partially and some wholly unexplored? To this day the mountain ranges and shifting sands of Egypt conceal some hundreds of millions of mummies. Miss Edwards estimates the number at 800,000,000. Yet when it is remembered that the rites of mummification were performed not only for every Egyptian man, woman, and child, gentle or simple, but for every stranger, no matter what his nationality or religion, for every captive, for every slave, for every criminal, for every leper and outcast, this presumed total falls probably far short of the actual number.

Very few mummies of children have been found in the Her-Hor vault, but originally there must have been several. A tiny wooden sarcophagus measuring some fourteen inches in length by eight in breadth, dome-topped, and decorated with the usual royal frieze of asps, disks, etc., was offered to me by Ahmed Abd-er-Rasoul in 1874. It contained the embalmed remains of a little infant which was spiced and swathed and laid to rest in a coffin adorned with all the emblems of royalty.

Mummied infants, as a rule, were separately coffined, and instances to the contrary are rare. But Paul de Saint-Victor tells of a touching group, also found at Thebes—the mother with her babe clasped in her arms, and pressed to her lifeless bosom.

A curious catalogue might be made of the strange things buried with mummies. The pet gazelle of Queen Isi-em-Kheb, as carefully embalmed as herself, was found in the Her-Hor vault. A musician in the British Museum has his cymbals on his breast. Dolls and balls and other playthings are constantly discovered in the mummy cases of children, and in tombs of the XVIth and XVIIth dynasties tools, weapons, household furniture, and articles of personal use are abundant. Thus we find the soldier with his bow and arrows, the painter with his palette, the scribe with his pen and slab, the mason with his mallet and chisel, the carpenter with his adze, the beauty with her rouge-pot and mirror.

Coming down to later times, the mummy of a Greek disinterred at Thebes was found holding in his hand a roll of papyrus containing, not a chapter from the Ritual, not an exorcism against evil spirits, not a litany for the dead, but, strange to say, a transcript of the Seventeenth Book of the Iliad. Buried with another Greek mummy of Ptolemaic times, Signor Passalacqua found a sealed letter, written by one Timoxenes to a certain Moschius, introducing the bearer, for whom the good offices of Moschius were solicited. The young man never delivered his letter of introduction. He died before he reached his destination, and the letter remained unopened by human hands, unread by human eyes, till the Ptolemys and the Egypt over which they reigned had passed into the domain of ancient history.

Such in outline is the story of the great discovery at Dayr-el-Baharee. And now, after burial and reburial, after the darkness and silence of ages, after all the dangers of pillage, ancient and modern, these kings and queens and pontiffs of old, who ranked with the gods, and reckoned their descent from the sun, are no longer anything but "antiquities," classified, catalogued, and exhibited in a museum.

MISSION WORK ON QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS.

BY BARNABAS C. FREEMAN.

I.

THE Queen Charlotte Islands form the western extremity of the Dominion. They comprise a group of two principal and numerous smaller islands, something over two hundred miles in length and seventy in width at the base. They are a continuation of the partly submerged range, some of the heights of which form Vancouver Island, again breaking out in the Queen Charlotte group, continuing northerly in the Alaskan islands, and finally reaching their greatest altitudes in the peaks of Mt. Fairweather and Mt. St. Elias. So, though somewhat humble, our highest peaks on these islands being only about 5,000 feet, yet we claim prominent relations.

Graham Island, to the north, forming the base of the triangle, is the largest of the group. The chain of mountains forming the backbone of the islands rises higher as the triangle narrows, till the southern part of Moresby Island becomes a mere range of peaks starting abruptly from the sea-level, a sheer wall of green and rock, indented by few harbours on the western coast, but on the eastern side breaking away into a great number of smaller islands, and pierced by innumerable delightful inlets.

Except a few tide flats at the north, and a small strip of a sandy spit opposite our mission, the whole surface is covered with a dense growth of hemlock and spruce, fir, cedar, cypress, crab-apple, and yew; while an undergrowth of ferns and shrubs, almost tropical in its luxuriance, makes travelling through the interior extremely difficult.

Considering the high latitude, that of Labrador, the climate is remarkably mild. We are far enough westward to avoid the cold influence of the Cascade range, being separated from the mainland by from fifty to one hundred miles of the boisterous waters of Hecate

MR. B. C. FREEMAN,
Missionary at Queen Charlotte Islands.

Strait; while the climate is further relieved by the benign influence of the warm Japanese current which approaches the western shores. Snow rarely lies longer than a day or two. Only very exceptionally is there more than ten or twelve degrees of frost. At the time of this writing, mid-February, daisies, primroses, snowdrops, tulips, and crocuses are in full bloom. The summer climate is very temperate throughout the year. The rainfall is rather heavy, though not so great as on the coast of the mainland in the same latitude, and the summer weather is frequently delightfully bright.

Good timber, of varieties already mentioned, abounds. A ready market is the only requisite wanting for the development of this resource. In 1852 gold was found on the west coast, and the Hudson's Bay Company worked out of the claim, it is estimated, between thirty and forty thousand dollars. Locations of copper and of silver and gold-bearing quartz have been made, but as yet the working is only in the initiative stage. Anthracite coal was also discovered, but not in sufficient quantities to warrant the expense of working. More extensive showings of bituminous coal are attracting considerable attention.

But the chief wealth of the islands is in the fish teeming about the shores. Salmon of many varieties run up the numerous small streams at various seasons of the year in great numbers. Only within the last year has there been any effort made to exploit this resource. Halibut are always to be had. Black cod may be caught off the west coast whenever weather permits, and in their seasons, blue cod and herring are abundant.

As yet, however, the chief fishing industry is the manufacture of oil from the bodies and livers of the

MRS. B. C. FREEMAN.

dog-fish. Of these fish, two men in a fishing boat, with a troll bearing a thousand hooks, will catch in a day, with good luck, from three to six hundred or more, for which they will get one and a half cents each. Such good fishing lasts only for a short time each year, and many a day the fishermen work hard and take nothing. From thirteen to fifteen fish will make a gallon of oil. Of the oil, last year, though a poor season, the two establishments running at this place sent out nearly forty thousand gallons. About one-half of it was manufactured by the Indians of the mission. Canned clams is another output from their establishment which deserves passing mention.

On land, nature is most lavish, with a variety of small, wild fruits, crab-apples, blue and red huckleberries, strawberries, cranberries, and salaberries. A few wild animals furnish pelts for trade, chiefly black bear, land otter, martin, and mink.

CHURCH AND MISSION-HOUSE, SKIDEGATE.

The Mission.

The official name, "Queen Charlotte Islands," has become a misnomer for our mission, which is now confined to only one of the two settlements on the islands. Our work is restricted to the vicinity of Skidegate village, which is pleasantly situated at the south-eastern extremity of Graham Island. A magnificent sheet of water, the eastern entrance to Skidegate Inlet, affords an excellent harbour. The view from the village opens out on Hecate Strait to the east into perhaps forty degrees of unbroken sea-horizon. At the back of the village the foot-hills, thickly clad in sombre evergreen, rise abruptly towards the mountains of the interior.

The village itself, though well advanced in its transition from savagery to civilization, still retains some characteristics of its history. The rows of sixty or seventy snug little frame cottages standing along the well-gravelled streets might give the impression of any ordinary thrifty fishing village. But just in front, a line of eighteen great totem poles, from fifty to sixty feet in height, and three or more feet in diameter at the base, grotesquely carved from base to summit, and surmounted by figures of huge birds in every attitude of alert watchfulness, seem to stand like grim guardians of a forgotten past. The fleet of forty excellent fishing-boats, anchored just off the beach, is mixed with a few slim, black, graceful canoes, from thirty to fifty feet or more in length, relics of a time not long past when these people had the reputation of being the best canoe-makers on the coast. At the back of the village, on a high natural terrace, stands the little white church, and just beside it the mission house. Less than a mile far-

SKIDEGATE VILLAGE.

ther up the beach stands the dog-fish oil factory and wharf, erected and managed by a native joint stock company.

The population of about two hundred and fifty is made up almost wholly of Indians. With the exception of the missionaries, a neighbouring trader and his family, and occasional prospectors passing through, there are no whites within seventy or eighty miles of the mission.

The Indians belong to the Haida race, the name being a word from their language meaning "people." They are of very different cast of features from the Indians of the plains, approaching more closely the distinctly Mongolian type, in flattened nose, rounded face, and a decided tendency toward obliqueness of eyes. In the meagre records the early explorers left, they repeatedly bear testimony to the superiority of the Haida race over the other tribes of the coast in fine physique, and remarkable intellectual and moral qualities, and the remnant with which we are acquainted fairly bears out their judgment.

Great Decline in Population.

In earlier times the nation was populous to a degree almost incredible to us who know it only by the miserable remnant left. Towns were closely located along the shores in every direction. Every available harbour was occupied. Every little salmon stream had its adjacent settlements dependent upon it for their staple food. So numerous was the population to be supported that, in spite of nature's lavish supply, and the omnivorousness of the native appetite, yet occasionally want pressed sorely. Doctor G. M. Dawson, in his Geological Report of Queen Charlotte Islands, 1878, estimates that the inhabitants once numbered thirty thousand. Some, indeed, put the figures very much higher yet, and Doctor Dawson's must be considered a conservative estimate. There are now on all the islands only two inhabited villages, Skide-

gate, with a population of 250, and Massett, with 370—620 all told!

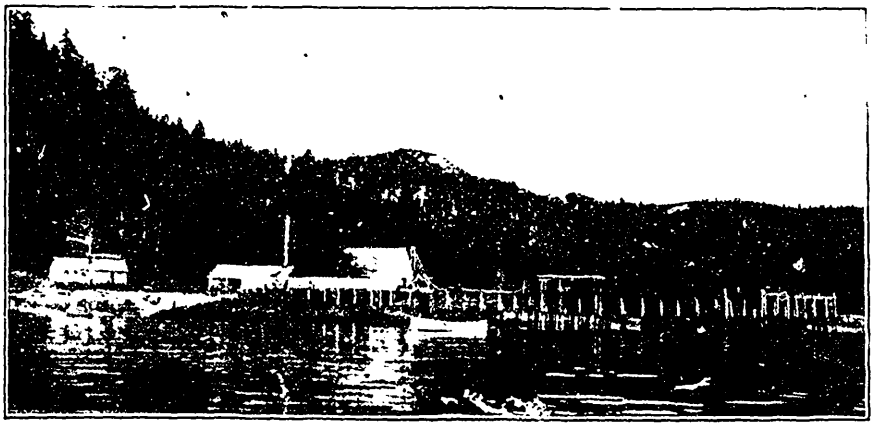
Striking as these figures are, much more impressive is a trip along the coasts of these once populous islands. All along we see remains of old deserted villages, while here and there are groves of totem poles, indicating the sites of larger central towns. We may yet follow the direction of the streets, and in a few places some of the substantial old houses are standing almost intact. Entering, we still see in charred bits of wood and burnt stones traces of the central fire which once warmed the home. But all about the walls are piled up old mortuary boxes containing all that remains of those who once filled it with life. An irresistibly depressing sense of desolation comes over us as we wander through the silent town, till the fuller significance of the scene breaks upon the mind, and we realize our own awful responsibility for these things. For of all the causes we will notice for this almost annihilation of a race, war and murder, epidemics of small-pox, and the evil results of contact with our own race, the latter was by far the most potent.

Wars.

The Haidas were always a war-like race, boasting of valour and indifference to pain. From the earlier bone or shell-tipped arrows and spears they protected themselves by complete suits of armour, made from the dried pelts of the thick-skinned sea-lion; but from the later musket-bullet they could get no such protection.

After the introduction of fire-arms among them, the Haidas became the terror of the nations far and near. The wide seas were their highway. Steel-edged tools, at first in the forms procured from civilization, and later remodelled to shapes adapted to their own peculiar uses, gave these clever people facility in the manufacture of immense cedar canoes, forty, fifty, and even sixty feet long. With a fleet of these remarkably seaworthy craft, they sped over the stormy waters to the mainland on marauding expeditions, swooping unexpectedly on some town, murdering or carrying into slavery as many as possible, then fleeing again in their canoes over the wide waters where few dared follow. With their pre-eminence in sea-craft and daring, they became veritable vikings of the coast for hundreds of miles up the coast of Alaska, or even down the western shore of Vancouver Island.

In later years, the bloodthirsty nature thus cultivated brought about its own retribution in fierce inter-tribal wars, which decimated the race. Tribal distinctions came to be sharply marked. Inter-tribal laws of minute detail served as excuses to the powerful and rapacious, rather than as protection to the defenceless. Outlying settlements were driven to stronger central towns; and thus originated a feudal system producing the same evil effects on a smaller scale as that of mediaeval Europe. The sorcerers, by intimidation and trickery, backed by the chiefs, and the chiefs by absolute power of life and death freely exercised, reduced the common people to a condition of abject submission but little above slavery. Life became fearfully cheap. In regard to murder, retaliation by the next of kin was the only law. Nor was there any nice distinction made between the murderer and any of his relatives, who might come in the way of the avenger of blood. Under such conditions, we may imagine something of the fearful consequences when, at their frequent great gatherings for feasting or "pot-



WHARF AND BUILDINGS OF SKIDEGATE OIL COMPANY.

latching," quarrels broke out between families or tribes. In feuds, originating at their heathen orgies, whole families, and sometimes whole villages, were wiped out. Indeed, it was in this way that a large number of people were driven off the Queen Charlotte Islands altogether, and sought refuge on the neighbouring islands of Alaska, where the Haida race has ever since maintained a precarious hold.

From that country came in return the earliest and worst epidemics of smallpox among the Haidas. Later, again and again, it came from the south with the people fleeing home from its dreaded outbreak in Victoria and other cities of the Province. Without any knowledge of the nature of the contagion, ignorant of the most elementary laws of hygiene, the people were simply swept away.

Francis Poole, C.E., describes such an epidemic when he was on the islands in 1863. He narrates that some of the victims were strangled to death by their friends in their frantic efforts to check the contagion. Not a few were shot at their own urgent entreaty. In some instances entire settlements were so nearly depopulated that the few people remaining alive fired their homes and fled in terror to the woods, eventually, if spared by the scourge, to join some other community which had survived.

Large bands of Indians were driven out from Victoria and adjacent cities after they had contracted the dread disease at these places. Closely crowded in the canoes on their long journey of six hundred miles to their northern homes, they could not possibly avoid the contagion. As the infection developed, the patient would be placed in the bow of the canoe until they came to their next camping-place. There, in the morning, beside a stream of water, with a little store of provisions and a few sticks for his fire, the unhappy creature would be left to his fate. For long years after, thickly along the coast lay scattered the remains of the victims of such inhuman treatment. On one such occasion forty large canoes left Victoria for these islands, carrying from ten to fifteen people or more each. Of these only three canoes reached their destination, bringing with them six people.

But deadly weapons and more deadly epidemics can only partly account for the sudden decline of

population. For such a decline we must seek causes which destroyed at once the vitality of the race. With unimpaired fecundity, nations recover from slaughter and pestilence; but with this impaired, the most favourable conditions otherwise are of no avail. For those acquainted with the British Columbia coast, such a cause is not difficult to discover. When the nucleus of the cities in the south of the Province were forming, the natives discovered through the depravity of the whites a short cut to coveted wealth. Unrestrained by their codes of morality, in densest ignorance of the awful evils incurred, Indians from all over the coast flocked by tribes to these centres of pollution, hoping soon to return in opulence, but in reality bringing back with them, such as ever returned, the fateful seal of the doom of their race. Healthy children disappeared from the homes, while death, under many disguises, devastated the land.

Opening the way for all these evils, and aggravating their intensity, came alcoholic liquors freely supplied by the early traders. Even the cultivation of potatoes, which had been taught the people by some of the early explorers, was turned to evil later on, when from the white man the Indians learned to distil therefrom an alcoholic liquor of the vilest description.

How the Gospel Came.

The condition to which the Haida race was by these means reduced seemed to be beyond recovery. Never was the precious nature of the metal more completely concealed in the crude ore than were the possibilities of God's purpose in this instrument of His choice. A dirty, ragged Indian youth, fifteen or sixteen years of age, wandering aimlessly about the streets of Victoria, expecting to return in a few months to his far-distant home—such only he seemed to Miss Pollard, daughter of the pioneer Methodist missionary to British Columbia, when she first succeeded in coaxing him into the class she had formed from the streets. But Gedanst was a prince of royal blood, the favourite grandson of the most powerful chief of his race, possessed at once of an extraordinary acuteness of intellect, which enabled him to grasp in the all-too-short time remaining to him, principles which were to turn his whole world upside down, and of a strength of will which clung to its purpose though the stars should fall.

The lad's previous life had been more interesting than happy. Living in the same great house with his grandfather at Skidegate, he had been taken under this chief's especial care. No interference of his parents was tolerated. To toughen his body, many a time had the grandfather carried the child to where the winter storms were breaking on the beach, and thrown him into the benumbing waters, tossing him out again and again, as often as the surf cast him ashore, until the little limbs were so stiffened with cold that they could scarcely move. Then, to revive circulation, the child's back was switched till the blood started through the skin. At last the mother would come to the rescue, and carrying the child home in a blanket, would chafe the half-frozen form back to life before the blazing fire.

When about nine years old, he had been in Victoria for a few months with his family, and had attracted the attention of a Church of England minister. This good man fitted him out in the clothing of civilization, and began teaching the boy to read. But when he asked the parents for permission

to keep the boy for a time, the grandfather became alarmed for the lad's liberty. The family at once hastened their departure for their distant home.

He attended a revival service, in a deserted saloon, where he imbibed those precious truths of grace which were to leaven, through him, his nation.

When a few months later he returned to his home, it was as an avowed Christian. He had already become noted among his people as a dancer, but now he would take no more part in any of their heathen orgies. The once favourite grandson and popular prince was subjected to all the persecution and ignominy of which his people could conceive. The tearful pleadings of his grandfather came nearer to affecting their purpose, yet Gedanst stood firm.

Gradually persecution ceased, and Gedanst began to take the aggressive. Missionaries had come to Fort Simpson, and Gedanst won the consent of the old chief to his bringing a Methodist teacher to the village.

It was now November, and a hundred miles of open, stormy water must be crossed by canoe before Fort Simpson could be reached. But, nothing daunted, Gedanst called for a crew, and found hearts as stout as his own ready for the trip. Reaching Fort Simpson, they hastened at once to the residence of the missionary, the Rev. Thomas Crosby, that veteran of the coast, and made known their errand. Mr. Crosby could do nothing. The missionary authorities had been warning him over and over again that no extension of the work must be made. The funds would not warrant it. They must retrench. With tears in his eyes he explained the circumstances. But again relief came through courageous devotion. Mr. George Robinson, teacher at the mission school, nobly volunteered to start in the Indians' canoe the next morning for Skidegate, trusting the God of missions for support until an ordained man could be sent. This was in the year 1883.

NATIVE GIRL, MAGGIE, TRAINED IN PORT SIMPSON GIRLS' HOME.

The transforming power of the Gospel is well shown in the contrast between this bright, intelligent face and with those of the pagan Haidas on pages 210-211.

Haidas' Belief and Customs.

Of the Supreme Being they had but a vague conception. There must be some such Being somewhere, but His power He had resigned to a number of inferior spirits. It were well to conciliate these on all occasions of special enterprise by suitable offerings of small portions of tobacco or food thrown into the fire, or into the sea.

Also fasting from food and drink was very efficacious in winning the favour of the fates in such serious undertakings as fighting and gambling, or even in hunting and fishing.

Of death and futurity their ideas

were somewhat mixed. There was a very strong belief in the reincarnation of the spirit. That inimitable old rascal, the sorcerer, or "doctor," pretended to determine what departed chief had returned in the person of the newly-born babe; and according to the rank thus determined for the child did he expect his remuneration to be proportioned by the parents. The child was given the name of the reincarnated chief, but in no other way was his ordinary rank influenced by the circumstance.

But as there were more deaths than births, something must be

TATOOED HAIDA INDIAN, NORTH PACIFIC COAST.

done for the supernumerary spirits. These were accommodated in a series of five successive stages of existence beyond this life. In the first stage, departed friends awaited the coming of their relatives with joyful anticipation. A person's welcome there, whether hospitable or unfriendly, would be determined by the amount of hospitality he had shown in this life, whether he had entertained freely, and thrown plenty of food in the fire for the welfare of those recently departed. Of the succeeding stages they knew nothing, except of the last, where the spirit finally became a common blue-bottle fly.

Besides this theory, there was another, likewise associated with their belief in reincarnation, which seemed to have taken a stronger hold on their faith. One killed accidentally by falling from a height, or crushed under a tree or rock, was consigned at once to a most unhappy condition in the nether world. The souls of the drowned assumed the form of black fish, those wolves of the sea. An ordinary death by disease left the spirit to wander on the earth, haunting the scenes of its lifetime, and occasionally making itself visible at night to the terrified friends. Death in battle or by murder was the happiest of all. The liberated spirit flew at once to the happy upper regions, for ever free from care and trouble.

Departed spirits always required some offering of food to be made by their friends as soon as possible after their departure. To those dying in their homes, the offering was made in the great fire in the centre of the house. To those drowned, it was made in a fire kindled on the sea-beach. To those who had gone through battle to the happy land, the offering was not made in the fire, but a small portion of food was tied to the head of an arrow, which was shot upward through the smoke-hole in the roof.

Disposal of the Dead.

The bodies of the dead were variously disposed of, according to their social standing. The body of a chief would be dressed in all the regalia of his rank, and secured in a sitting posture in the seat of honour at the back of the room, just opposite the door. There he was supposed to take cognizance of the feasting, singing, and dancing in his honour, which were carried on for some days after his

death. Afterward his body was transferred to a box elaborately ornamented with carving and painting, which the deceased, years before, at considerable expense, had had prepared for the occasion. A handsome coffin of this kind was one of the proudest of personal possessions. There was just room to crowd the body into the box with the knees doubled well up. In the box, beside the body, were placed some tools of his particular craft, and trinkets of especial interest. The whole was then elevated to the top of a great mortuary pole—"haat"—three or four feet in diameter and twenty feet high, ornamentally carved from base to summit with the conventional representatives of the crests of the chief, and erected just in front of the house.

If the dead were of but ordinary rank, the feasting would be of proportionately shorter duration, and the body, disposed of in a much more ordinary box, would be left at the back of the great room which the friends continued to inhabit. Bodies of still less important individuals would be enclosed in a rough box, and placed in a small shed at the rear of the house. Only the bodies of slaves were buried in the earth, and this was considered a very great indignity. The difficulty the first missionary met in inducing the people to bury their dead may be readily imagined, but has long been completely overcome.

Always an impulsive and affectionate people, their grief at times of bereavement is most touching. But in the old time, unsupported by Christian hope, it became an intense passion. Mothers refused to be comforted, and abstaining from food, went to join their loved one in the Beyond. Strong men fasted and wept till reduced to helplessness. But accompanying this was such a display of mourning that the real grief has been too often overlooked. All the relatives of the departed one cut their hair short, and covered their faces with pitch and charcoal, in lieu of crepe, till their appearance was hideous in the extreme. Professional mourners, chiefly women, employed by them, continued at intervals through many days in the neighbourhood of the house a most doleful, mourning chant, composed chiefly of exclamations of regret, intermingled with praises of the dead.

TATOOED HAIDA WOMAN, NORTH PACIFIC COAST.

Medical "Science."

These professional mourners were frequently those who had assisted the departure of the deceased by their medical skill. There were two methods of treatment of the sick usually resorted to, what we may term aboriginal allopathy and homœopathy. The two schools were as adverse to each other in their principles as their prototypes of civilization, and were similarly liable to be both patronized by the sufferer at the same time.

The first resort was to heroic treatment by rough surgery, or internal administration of concoc-

tions of herbs more violent of action than certain of beneficial effect. The same prescription was made to do duty for a great variety of ailments, sometimes with most injurious results. The comparatively harmless principle of counter-irritation was frequently resorted to. For this they whipped the skin with nettles over the seat of pain, or scratched it extensively, setting up a superficial inflammation. Still another means was covering the skin with dry cedar bark, finely teased, and firing it. All this was direct, rational treatment, albeit not always judicious, but at least honest, and practised by would-be benefactors of their people.

INDIAN GRAVES.

For the other principle as much cannot be said. It was taught and practised by the "doctors," or sorcerers, parasites of the community, who preyed upon it by their clever deceptions. Disease was said to be caused by evil spirits entering the body or by stones or sticks which had been inserted in the body by these malign powers. To drive out the spirit, the sorcerer must be employed to use his supernatural powers. After a very substantial payment had been made by the friends of the patient, he would begin his incantations, usually in the evening, accompanying his doleful howling and frantic gestures by the noise of a magic rattle, while women seated about kept time by the beating of tom-toms and the clapping of their hands. If under this treatment the patient did not presently improve, it was declared that a more powerful incantation must be used, of course for an additional payment. If confidence in the sorcerer's powers began to decline, it was revived by a little more special howling and the final display of a stick, stone, or bone which the charlatan professed to have extracted from the body of the sufferer. If there was still no improvement, there are yet other spirits to be charmed away, etc. If the patient recovered, surely he and his friends would be most grateful to their benefactor, and would make him a final present. Should death ensue, well, the sorcerer could not help it, as the friends had not given enough for him to use a sufficiently powerful incantation for this particularly bad case. Whatever happened, one thing was plain, that the sor-

cerer was a rascal, and the bitterest opponent the missionary had to meet. But the last vestige of his influence has disappeared from Skidegate for ever.

Witchcraft.

Closely connected with their faith in the "doctor" was their faith in certain forms of witchcraft. Persons initiated in the practice could, they believed, cause the death of any one they chose by a process called "indega." Bits of the victim's clothing, or food, especially bits of fish-bone which had been taken from the mouth and carelessly dropped to one side instead of being properly thrown into the fire, together with any other articles associated with the person, were hidden away in a small box with some unknown charms of fearful potency. When these articles began to decay, the unhappy victim would sicken and die. So great was their faith in this that strong men, believing they had come under the dreaded influence, would actually weaken and die without any apparently adequate cause, and in spite of all the assurance and medicine the missionary could give.

The only help remaining to the victim was for his friends to carry him away from the village to some outlying camp, and there discover his tormentor by a process called "tonga." Two or more of his nearest male relatives, abstaining for three days from food and other drink than salt water, would at the end of that time catch a live mouse. Holding it between them, they would charge it on pain of death to disclose to them their enemy. Repeating over slowly the names of the various possible suspects, they watched the mouse until at length it gave token of assent by a slight twitch of its ears. The mouse was then killed in the manner in which they wished their enemy thus discovered to die.

Mice and rats are still believed by many to be closely in league with evil spirits. They are dreaded as are poisonous reptiles in hot climates. I have known my boatman to leave his bed in the middle of the night, to await the morning in the boat on the water, in preference to remaining with me in a house ashore where mice were running about. For should one of these frisky little animals run into the open mouth and down the throat of a sleeper, as they are known to be prone to do, that person would, all inadvertently, become possessed of fearful powers of life and death over his fellows, and an utter outcast from respectable society.

SEPTEMBER.

BY ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

But yesterday, all faint for breath,
The Summer laid her down to die;
And now her frail ghost wandereth
In every breeze that loiters by.
Her wilted prisoners look up,
As wondering who hath broke their chain,
Too deep they drank of Summer's cup,
They have no strength to rise again.

How swift the trees, their mistress gone,
Enrobe themselves for revelry!
Ungovernable winds upon
The wold are dancing merrily.
With crimson fruits and bursting nuts,
And whirling leaves and flushing streams,
The spirit of September cuts
Adrift from August's languid dreams.

A little while the revellers
Shall flame and flaunt and have their day,
And then will come the messengers
Who travel on a cloudy way.
And after them a form of light,
A sense of iron in the air.
Upon the pulse a touch of might
And Winter's legions everywhere.

SIDNEY LANIER.

A STUDY.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART—PASTOR FELIX.

"When Sidney Lanier died, not only the South that bore him, but the country and our English rhythm underwent the loss of a rare being—one who was seeking out the absolute harmony, and whose experiments, incipient though they were, were along the pathways of discovery."—EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

WHAT are "the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them" to him whose desire is the domain of art? What is the empire of the Medici, if one may be a sovereign like Angelo, and add to the might of manhood the might of genius? To master ideas, to master materials, to be a king of souls, regnant in the only permanent domain; to be the incomparable sculptor, and the incomparable painter, conjuring majesty with the pencil, and evoking it with the chisel; then to take the harp, and find that the lyric muse is propitious; to be at ease in any chamber of the house of Apollo;—if it be that as an artist in tones, or hues, or words you aspire, can you conceive a worthier destiny than this?

It sounds enticing, but—wait! Do you seek such empery, and will you then abide conditions? The gods bestow not crowns upon beggars—moreover, upon indolent and cowardly beggars. You must be born to the muses' purple, though then you may not wear it. You must be, in potency at least, a prince; yet then, before you come to your empire, you must be severely tested. We are to speak of one who was deeply penetrated with the legitimate desire for distinction in literature, and specially in poetry and music. I mean the desire of one who is conscious of unusual powers, hearing and answering the voice of a great calling, to attain adequate development, to "beat his music out," and leave to the world some fruitage of his hand and spirit, some memorial of his being on the earth that the generations cannot afford to let die. To live in lives made happier, purer, by our minstrelsy; this is a poet's noblest pledge of greatness. But will you have his prize at his cost?—the cost of long delay; of weary warfare among alien forces; of solitude, and heart-breaking loneliness; of feeling the prick of the burr rather than the sweetness and smoothness of the ripened fruit; to catch upon the pallid brow of death some stray leaves of the laurel that shall hereafter be woven into your wreath? Then come, and let your fate try you. But upon such conditions, pen, and flute, and the musing hour were dear to Sidney Lanier:

"Of fret, of dark, of thorn, of chill,
Complain no more; for these, O heart,
Direct the random of the will
As rhymes direct the rage of art.

. . . . . .

"The dark hath many dear avails;
The dark distils divinest dews;
The dark is rich with nightingales,
With dreams, and with the 'heavenly Muse.'"*

It is now more than twenty-one years since that August night when, after a prolonged and tragic battle

* "Opposition."

with disease, "that unfaltering will rendered its supreme submission to the adored will of God," and Mary Lanier and her children were left to front the world without the companionship of one of the bravest souls the world has ever known. Since then he has been coming steadily to his own, in the estimation of his countrymen and of the judges of cosmopolitan literature. Like most poets of peculiar and individual powers, he has gathered a choir of special worshippers; but he is no petty idol, or creature of a cult, but a genuine singer, whose mastery is felt and acknowledged by those whose eyes are not blinded to his limitations and defects. By virtue of disclosed power, and by accomplished work, but more by his indomitable spirit and the elevation of personal character—though not of the greatest—he has entered the circle of the great. He is not only the "poet paramount" of the southern division of his country, but one of the most distinctive of American singers. He may be regarded as one liable to win his way wherever the English language is spoken.

A Georgian, he was born in the city of Macon, February 3rd, 1842, in the home of a lawyer of musical taste, and of excellent character and repute. The light of love and song falls on many a haunted scene in his native State, from "the hills of Habersham," on its north-east border, to the "Marshes of Glynn" on the Atlantic Coast at the south. From afar, in his wanderings, he turns to that which never fails to beguile fond memory, no matter how long unseen:

SIDNEY LANIER.

"O might I through these tears
But glimpse some hill my Georgia high uprears,
Where white the quartz and pink the pebble shine,
The hickory heavenward strives, the muscadine

Swings o'er the slope, the oak's far-falling shade
Darkens the dogwood in the bottom glade,
And down the hollow from a ferny nook
Lull sings a little brook." *

He has given us, however, charming vignettes of scenery, all the way from the Keys of Florida to the "dear uplands" of Pennsylvania—"Chester's favourable fields." The Laniers had been a knightly and a musical race from "the spacious times of great Elizabeth," and the time of Jerome Lanier, when the Stuarts were in their glory, whose portrait Van Dyck painted. Blood seems to tell, and so does spirit, in this matter of pedigree. Robert S. Lanier, the poet's father, came of that well reputed Huguenot line, while his mother, Mary Anderson, as her name might imply, descended from a Scottish house, and had been born in Virginia. From his infancy the heart of Sidney bubbled music. He seemed a fountain-head of melody, and readily mastered whatever instruments he got hold of. The violin was his first and master-passion; but his father directed his attention to the flute, as a less exacting and dangerous instrument. He acquired great liking for "the waxbound pipe," and used it with much proficiency. There is little doubt that its constant use, by the expansion of his lungs, delayed the progress of that inevitable disease which finally laid him low.

His father, himself a lover of music, looked on his son's excessive devotion to that art with some misgiving; "apparently thinking," says Colonel Higginson, "with Dr. Johnson, that musicians were 'amusing vagabonds,'"—as, in truth, they sometimes are. Sidney, it may be inferred, did not find the atmosphere of Oglethorpe College—the Presbyterian institution at Midway, Ga., where he was educated—altogether congenial; for we find him at a later time complaining, in a letter to his father, of "the uncongenial atmosphere of a farcical college." Yet Dr. Ward, the writer of a "Memorial" in the edition of his collected poems, tells us that during his later days the poet declares that to Professor James Woodrow, who was one of his teachers at this College, "he owed the strongest and most valuable stimulus of his youth."

On the outbreak of the war he was one of the first volunteers to leave Georgia for camp-life in Virginia. As a private, which he continued to be—declining promotion that he might not be separated from his brother Clifford—he bore himself as poet should, compelled

"to go in company with pain
And fear, and bloodshed, miserable train!
Turning necessity to glorious gain." *

Brotherly in camp, bravely in battle, he won many comrade-hearts, with words of gentleness and deeds of unselfish service; cheering them with the flute wherewith he solaced himself. He saw the dreadful waste and ghastliness of battle, at Seven Pines, at Drury's Bluff, at Richmond, at Malvern Hill. From a vessel on which, with his brother, he was engaged in the signal service, and while attempting to run the blockade, he was captured and detained a prisoner at Point Lookout for five months. He smuggled his flute into the prison tucked into his sleeve, and also a twenty-dollar gold piece; and of these he was still in possession when he was liberated. Some of his military and prison experiences have been described in the novel entitled, "Tiger Lilies," which was published by Hurd & Houghton, N.Y., in 1867.

Poet has rarely been so fortunate

* "From the Flats."

* Wordsworth: "Character of the Happy Warrior."

in his choice of a wife. He found in Mary Day, of Macon, a strong and gentle soul to match with his; —"a woman," writes Richard Burton, "who in all the gracious ministries of heart and home and spirit was his leal mate." One of the sorrows of their life, bravely borne by both of them, was his protracted absences from their home at Sunnyside, Ga., and afterwards at other places, in the struggle for health and bread, and the following of his poetic and musical vocations. They were married December, 1867; and then, as a matter of course, Pegasus had to go into harness. "He could only use his pen between hemorrhages; and the slender financial resources thus heavily taxed would have utterly failed had it not been for the kind ministries of brother and father." The reader of the poet's letters to his wife will be able to judge what they were to each other. No Lovelace or Montrose could address his lady-love in so knightly a strain as our poet, in "My Springs," and "Evening Song":

"In the heart of the Hills of Life, I know
Two springs that with unbroken flow
For ever pour their lucent streams
Into my soul's far Lake of Dreams.

. . . . . .

Shot through with lights of stars and dawns,
And shadowed sweet by ferns and fawns,
—Thus heaven and earth together vie
Their shining depths to sanctify.

. . . . . .

O Love, O Wife, thine eyes are they,
—My Springs from out whose shining gray
Issue the sweet celestial streams
That feed my life's bright Lake of Dreams.

"Oval and large and passion-pure
And gray and wise and honour-sure;
Soft as a dying violet-breath
Yet calmly unafraid of death.

. . . . . .

Dear eyes, dear eyes, and rare complete—
Being heavenly-sweet and earthly-sweet,—
I marvel that God made you mine,
For when He frowns, 'tis then ye shine."

"Look off, dear Love, across the sallow sands,
And mark yon meeting of the sun and sea,
How long they kiss in sight of all the land.
Ah! longer, longer, we.

"Now in the sea's red vintage melts the sun,
As Egypt's pearl dissolved in rosy wine,
And Cleopatra night drinks all. 'Tis done,
Love, lay thine hand in mine.

"Come forth, sweet stars, and comfort heaven's heart;
Glimmer, ye waves, round else unlighted sands.
O night! divorce our sun and sky apart,
Never our lips, our hands."

The poet's father, desirous of seeing him in some settled way of life, and with some assured and regular income, sought to induce him to enter the law with him, and for a considerable time kept a place open, hoping that he would consent. A letter to his father, written from Baltimore at the time when he finally and deliberately committed himself to the profession of letters, is worthy of attention as an exhibition of his character, and of his modest, yet just, appreciation of his own powers:

"I have given your last letter the fullest and most careful consideration. After doing so, I feel sure that Macon is not the place for me. If you could taste the delicious crystalline air, and the champagne breeze that I've just been rushing about in, I am equally sure that in point of climate you would agree with me that my chance of life is ten times as great here as in Macon. Then, as to business. Why should I —nay, how can I?—settle myself down to be a third-rate struggling lawyer for the balance of my little life, as long as there is a certainty almost absolute that I can do some other thing so much better? . . . My dear father, think how for twenty years, through poverty, through pain, through weariness, through sickness, . . . through all the discouragement of being wholly unacquainted with literary people and literary ways,—I say, think how, in spite of all these depressing circumstances, and a thousand more that I could enumerate, these two figures of music and poetry have kept in my heart so that I could not banish them.

Does it not seem to you, as to me, that I begin to have the right to enrol myself among the devotees of these two sublime arts, after having followed them so long and humbly, and through so much bitterness ?"

It was in December, 1873, he took up his abode at Baltimore, having an engagement as first flute for the Peabody Symphony Concerts. This city became his rallying centre, after his enforced flights here and there; and henceforth, until the time of his death, the place of his residence. Here some of his most notable musical triumphs were achieved. "He had more than Milton's love for music," Dr. Ward tells us. "He sung like a bard to the accompaniment of a harp. He lived in sweet sounds: for ever conscious of a ceaseless flow of melody which, if resisted for a while, would swell again in its natural current and break at his bidding into audible music." Asger Hamerik, the director, gives us a glimpse of him, as he appeared in the orchestra:

"I shall never forget the impression he made on me when he played the flute-concerto of Emil Hartmann at a Peabody Symphony Concert, in 1878; his tall, handsome, manly presence, his flute breathing noble sorrows, noble joys, the orchestra softly responding. The audience was spellbound. Such distinction, such refinement! He stood, the master, the genius."

This melody, that welled from his soul and flowed from his lips, entered a prime element into his poetry. He is never happier than in some of his musical lyrics, such, for instance, as his "Song of the Chattahoochee," the cadences of which linger in memory like those of Tennyson's "Brook":

"Out of the hills of Habersham,
Down the valleys of Hall,
I hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall,
Split at the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly on every side,
With a lover's pain to attain the plain
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Far from the valleys of Hall.

"All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried—*Abide, abide,*
The wilful waterweeds held me thrall,
The laving laurel turned my tide,
The ferns and the fondling grass said, *Stay,*
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little reeds sighed, *Abide, abide,*
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall.

"High o'er the hills of Habersham,
Veiling the valleys of Hall,
The hickory told me manifold
Fair tales of shade, the poplar tall
Wrought me her shadowy self to hold,
The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,
O'erleaning, with flickering meaning and sign,
Said, *Pass not, so cold, these manifold*
Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
These glades in the valleys of Hall.

"And oft in the hills of Habersham,
And oft in the valleys of Hall,
The white quartz shone, and the smooth brook-stone
Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl,
And many a luminous jewel lone
—Crystals clear or acloud with mist,
Ruby, garnet, and amethyst—
Made lures with the lights of streaming stone
In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

"But oh, not the hills of Habersham,
And oh, not the valleys of Hall
Avail: I am fain for to water the plain.
Downward the voices of Duty call—
Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main,
The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall."

Here in the stream is a mirror of the poet's life, never deaf to the voices of Service and Duty. He who avoids the ethical in his choice of poetry should forego Lanier; for the moral, clear as the white pebble on the bed of the brook, never fails him. He would say, with Tennyson—

> "Liberal applications lie
> In Art, like Nature;"

but might not admit the further conclusion that the poet draws, or fear to "cramp its use," and "hook it to some useful end."

Does he look out over the Georgia marshland, he sees the sheltering, Infinite Benevolence, as clearly as did ever Hebrew bard in the rocks of Horeb, or the heights of Hermon of Lebanon:

" Ye marshes, how candid and simple and
nothing-withholding and free
Ye publish yourselves to the sky, and
offer yourselves to the sea!
Tolerant plains, that suffer the sea and
the rains and the sun,
Ye spread and span like the catholic man
who hath mightily won
God out of knowledge, and good out of
infinite pain,
And sight out of blindness, and purity
out of a stain.

" As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the
watery sod,
Behold I will build me a nest in the greatness of God;
I will fly in the greatness of God as the
marsh-hen flies
In the freedom that fills all the space
'twixt the marsh and the skies:
By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends
in the sod
I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness of God:
Oh, like to the greatness of God is the
greatness within
The range of the marshes, the liberal
marshes of Glynn."

Does he stand beneath Bayard Taylor's chestnut tree, at Cedarcroft, he sees therein imaged the noble friend he reveres, and in the slowly-maturing burrs the gradual ripening of his genius:

" A voice of large, authoritative Eld
Seemed uttering quickly parables of life:

" How life in truth was sharply set with ills;
A kernel cased in quarrels; yea, a
sphere
Of stings, and hedgehog-round of mortal
quills:
How most men itched to eat too soon
i' the year,
And took but wounds and worries for
their pains;
Whereas the wise withheld their patient hands,
Nor plucked green pleasures till the sun
and rains
And seasonable ripenings burst all
bands,
And opened wide the liberal burrs of life."

Does he enter under green shade, he recalls the olive garden of Gethsemane, and sings us the " Ballad of the Trees and the Master ":

" Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him,
The little gray leaves were kind to Him,
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him,
When into the woods He came.

" Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When Death and Shame would woo Him
last,
From under the trees they drew Him last:
'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last
When out of the woods He came."

Yes, if you ask for an unethical strain, go not to Lanier, but to Rossetti, or Swinburne, or Poe, or to some other, who will not ask if there be—

" Any moral shut
Within the bosom of the rose."

If Lanier was fortunate in his love, he was equally fortunate in his friendships. He had the talisman to secure friends, and the subtly-innocent lure to retain. He had much to give, and the magnetism of a great and generous spirit held them. During his prison days he was in the society of the poet-priest of Maryland, Father Tabb, who has through all the years cherished the most affectionate remembrance of his brother poet, and has commemorated him in his songs. When his first considerable poem, entitled, " Corn," had been refused by all the New York editors, and had been at last published in Lippincott's Magazine, it was favourably reviewed by Mr. Gibson Peacock, editor of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin, a scholarly and generous critic. This was the first draught of praise that had come to our poet, and he quaffed it eagerly. Here was somebody who believed in him; this was recognition; he was a poet indeed.

Lanier responded in a flutter of joy. Here was the beginning of a useful friendship, continued through the poet's life. Peacock introduced him to Bayard Taylor, that kindly, helpful, reverential soul whom no poet remembers without a pang; and by him Lanier was welcomed to "the fellowship of authors." Their pleasant intercourse ceased only with the death of Taylor. A valued and constant friend was the Southern poet, to whom reference was made in our monograph on Timrod, Paul Hayne. To him Lanier submitted his poems, on different occasions, for comment and criticism. Charlotte Cushman was also a valued friend, and to her he directed several of his poetical addresses, styling her

"Art's artist, Love's dear woman, Fame's good queen!"

The publication of Lanier's letters —addressed chiefly to Peacock, Taylor, Hayne, and to his wife— brought a new and further revelation of the man. Here he discloses the inmost of his thought and feeling in the most sincere and ingenuous manner. The reading is as inspiring as delightful. The most unpremeditated sentences take on the hues of poetry. He is still speaking out of his heart, as when the flute is at his lips, or the lyric pen is in his hand. And surely never had poet less of pettiness or vanity to exhibit by his openness. As he is frank, so is he noble. Hamilton W. Mabie has recently said: "No American has left fuller data of every sort for a spiritual biography, for a vivid and authentic account of his personality in its various aspects of power, taste, passion, appreciation, love, aspiration, and of the growth of his mind and art."

One of the surprising revelations of the letters is the altitude of spirit at which he lived. He seems to have had wings like the albatross, and never to have known more than momentary depression. This cannot have been quite the case; but the buoyancy of his temperament is amazing. To quote Mabie again:

"When that record of Lanier's spirit is made up, it will appear that below his rich temperament and giving it vividness and perennial freshness, and behind his various powers organizing them into a splendid working force, was his vitality. His strength was always ebbing, his life was always mounting: in that last of weary years, when hope was gone and nothing remained save that supreme faith which preserves all real possessions inviolate, he flung his noble 'Sunrise,' one of the true revelations of imagination in our poetry, full on the face of death."

What an exhilarant must these letters have been! He writes to his wife: "All day my soul has been cutting swiftly into the great space of the subtle, unspeakable deep, driven by wind after wind of heavenly melody." And again: "So many great ideas for Art are born to me each day. I am swept away into the land of All-Delight by their strenuous, sweet whirlwind." Verily, God must have hung some weights upon such a soul as his to have kept it upon the earth.

Lanier was brought to the general attention by the production of his "Centennial Cantata," which was rendered with appropriate music by Dudley Buck. We remember well the scornful incredulity as to its merit on the part of the newspapers; the critical blast against so preposterous an invention. But the poem survives, is better understood, and more moderately criticised. Meanwhile, we would wish to sound one stanza in the ears of every jingo politician in the land:

"Long as thine Art shall love true love,
Long as thy Science truth shall know,
Long as thine Eagle harms no Dove,
Long as thy Law by law shall grow,
Long as thy God is God above,

Thy brother every man below,
So long, dear Land of all my love,
Thy name shall shine, thy fame shall glow!"

No more pathetic sight can we find in recent days—unless it be Robert Louis Stevenson, a fellow victim, hastening from land to land, to find his tomb at last on a mountain summit of Samoa—than Lanier, posting from State to State of the Union, to hush that hollow cough, and to find a place where he may breathe and live. Now he is in a tent upon some Georgian hill; now he is in far-away Texas; now he is at Tampa, with the palms and orange blossoms. Wherever he goes he sows the seeds of poesy, and leaves the mark of song behind him as he passes on. But everywhere it is the same struggle for life, for bread, for the fulfilment of his sacred task. Again he is in Pennsylvania, and anon in North Carolina. Death is coming over the hills to greet him, and he hails him with a comradely cry. He will drink a "stirrup cup" with him! Or, if he must drink Death himself, he will become a draught divine:

"Death, thou'rt a cordial old and rare;
Look how compounded, with what care!
Time got his wrinkles reaping thee
Sweet herbs from all antiquity.

"David to thy distillage went,
Keats, and Gotama excellent,
Omar Khayyam, and Chaucer bright,
And Shakespeare for a king-delight.

Then, Time, let not a drop be spilt:
Hand me the cup whene'er thou wilt;
'Tis thy rich stirrup-cup to me;
I'll drink it down right smilingly."

At last, on the latest day of the summer (August 29th, 1881), he met the "Arch Fear" with a smiling face. Propped on a pillow in a tent, among the mountains of North Carolina—with so much of what he planned to be left undone—the great change came, bringing him a perpetual immunity

"From the contagion of the world's slow stain."

Came the morning to the weeping wife and desolate children; but he was not:

"Cut was the branch that might have grown full high,
And burnèd was Apollo's laurel bough."

"But that final span of time," writes Richard Burton, referring to the last two years of his life, "enabled him to prosecute with diligence and system his favourite studies in the old English literature, and to leave two critical volumes of great value and individuality. 'The Science of English Verse,' published in 1880, is an elaborate and unique analysis of the technical structure and underlying principles of the native metric, developing a new and most interesting theory; that the time quality obtains in English poetry as in music; this thesis being aptly illustrated from the sister art. 'The English Novel, and the Principles of its Development,' which appeared in 1883, is made up of lectures delivered at Johns Hopkins, at a time when Lanier was obliged to sit down while speaking, so weak was he. This book is the most philosophic treatment of the development of our fiction that has been written, seizing upon the central fact of the steady growth of the idea of personality in the novel from Greek days to the present time."

With these works the present writer has not become acquainted, so he must necessarily take all critical opinions on trust. Colonel Higginson, however, affirms that "The Science of English Verse" has become one of the books in the Harvard College library showing signs of most frequent usage, and that "it holds a powerful attraction for young students." Surely the critic who could describe Whitman as "poetry's butcher," giving us "raw collops slashed from the rump, and never mind gristle," may be considered as picturesque, and trusted to hit the bull's-eye of a just opinion once in a while.

But if unfamiliar with much of Lanier's prose, we have long known and loved his verse. We have delighted in its high ethical tone; its

sensitiveness to all natural beauty; its imaginative luxuriance; its varied forms, and haunting music; its spaciousness of thought and style, and its fertility of ideas. He is not without defect, of course; his meaning is not always so clear as it might have been made; a roughness or uncouthness may sometimes mar a stanza. "His teeming fancy was now and then in surplusage, and ran into the arabesque." He was hampered, as was Wordsworth, by a theory; in his case, respecting the interrelations of music and verse." He wanted repose, that virtue of the greatest masters. In his highest, purest strain, you are aware of the flutter of his pulse, the heightening of colour in his cheek; the same falling out of poise, and straining of song's organ—the convulsive movement—that you feel, still more unpleasantly at times, in Mrs. Browning. But still you listen, in awed delight, to that sweet, hilarious chant, as you might have listened to David in the temple, singing one of his Psalms to the music of his harp.*

We can but indicate a few of his more elaborate poems. "The Crystal" enshrines the Christ, in whom he finds no fault, who was his chosen Master. The "Psalm of the West" unfolds the spirit of a true nationality. In "The Symphony" he personifies the instruments of an orchestra, and gives to each a voice exalting virtue, rebuking baseness. "The Revenge of Hamish" is a vivid, thrilling exposition of a dread passion. "Clover," "Tampa Robins," "The Bee," "Corn," "A Florida Sunday," "Sunrise," "The Marshes of Glynn," are exquisite poems, abounding in sympathy with external nature, and presenting notable descriptive passages, such as the following:

"Not slower than Majesty moves, for a mean and a measure
Of motion—not faster than dateless Olympian leisure
Might pace with unblown ample garments from pleasure to pleasure,—
The wave-serrate sea-rim sinks unjarring, unreeling,
For ever revealing, revealing, revealing,
Edgewise, bladewise, half-wise, wholewise,—'tis done!
Good-morrow, lord Sun!
With sev..al voice, with ascription one,
The woods and the marsh and the sea and my soul
Unto thee, whence the glittering stream of all morals doth roll,
Cry good and past good and most heavenly morrow, lord Sun."

"From the Flats," "The Dove," "The Mocking Bird," "The Waving of the Corn," are poems of the same class.

But in the "Hymns of the Marshes" (to several of which reference has been already made) is the culmination of Lanier's poetry—perhaps of American poetry. They are, as Burton has said, "magnificently imaginative organ-chants of a dying man, never so strong of soul as when his body hung by a tenuous thread to life." Not since Browning sang his homewinging song out of Italy—"Oh to be in England, now that April's there!"—have we had so spontaneous a lyric outburst with such splendour, such virility,

* If Lanier is not fruitful of such phrases of "verbal magic" as abound in Keats, Wordsworth, and Tennyson—but more than anywhere else, in Shakespeare—nevertheless he is not altogether destitute of them. Or, if they have not the charm of perfect expression, or give not an image distinct to the imagination—as to the eye a single star reflected in the shadowy bosom of a mountain lake—they have a certain inevitableness of mode as well as of thought; as where he closes the "Symphony" with the oft-quoted line:

"Music is Love in search of a word";

Or, as in "Life and Song," with words appropriate to himself:

"His song was only living aloud,
His work a singing with his hand."

In "Individuality" is this distinctive and somewhat Browningesque stanza:

"What the cloud doeth
The Lord knoweth,
The cloud knoweth not.
What the artist doeth
The Lord knoweth;
Knoweth the artist not?"

such freedom, as in Lanier's "Sunrise";—written in feverish haste, when the pencil was ready to drop from his thin, pallid hand. With our ears filled with his astonishing cadences, we recall the words of Coleridge:

"And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute."

It is, indeed, a marvellous swan-song, a pæan of melodious joy! "And the marvel of it is that poetry never was made through which pulsed and surged a more puissant vitality. These 'Marsh Hymns' stand among the major productions of modern poetry."

But whatever of greatness Lanier attained in his poetry, he was greater still in his manhood. "Would he could have stayed with us" till the grand promise of his life was fulfilled; then might we have pointed to our truest master in song; for, unlike Keats, he was advancing slowly to maturity. But the *man* we justly reverence and admire. "His was a knightly valiance, a constant San Greal quest, after the lofty in character and aim, a passion for Good and Love, which fellows him with Milton and Ruskin."

He is, moreover, a true type of the American man—eager, strenuous, much-attempting, abounding in theory, apt at practice, inventive, full of "saving common-sense," pushing from point to point; an idealist, but no "idle dreamer of an empty day"; awake to the problems of his own time; living, as Dr. Ward has said, in to-day, and not in to-morrow or yesterday; cheerful, comradely, generous. Yet our ideal American Man, as leading on the brighter, higher to-morrows; as revealing that national greatness is not in physical breadth or bulk, but in the purity, elevation, energy, and benevolence of the soul. He says: "As near as I can make out, Whitman's argument seems to be that, because a prairie is wide, therefore debauchery is admirable, and because the Mississippi is long, therefore every American is God. . . . A republic is the government of the spirit; a republic depends on the self-control of each member; you cannot make a republic out of muscles, and prairies, and rocky mountains; republics are made of the spirit." The collected edition of his poems bears upon its title-page this stanza from "A Song of the Future:"

"Go, trembling song,
And stay not long; oh, stay not long:
Thou'rt only a gray and sober dove,
But thine eye is faith, and thy wing is love."

That last line is the touchstone of his life and his poetry.

No Bayard, no Sidney of old time, was more noble, more unspotted. He remains, as Higginson has described him, our Galahad of Poets.

TAMPA ROBINS.

The robin laughed in the orange-tree:
"Ho, windy North, a fig for thee;
While breasts are red and wings are bold,
And green trees wave us globes of gold,
Time's scythe shall reap but bliss for me
—Sunlight, song, and the orange-tree.

"Burn, golden globes in leafy sky,
My orange-planets: crimson I
Will shine and shoot among the spheres
(Blithe meteor that no mortal fears)
And thrid the heavenly orange-tree
With orbits bright of minstrelsy.

"If that I hate wild winter's spite—
The gibbet-trees, the world in white,
The sky but gray wind over a grave—
Why should I ache, the season's slave?
I'll sing from the top of the orange-tree,
Gramercy, winter's tyranny.

"I'll south with the sun, and keep my clime,
My wing is king of the summer-time;
My breast to the sun his torch shall hold;
And I'll call down through the green and gold,
Time, take thy scythe, reap bliss for me,
Bestir thee under the orange-tree."

THE MOCKING-BIRD.

Superb and sole upon a plumèd spray,
That o'er the general leafage boldly grew,
He summ'd the woods in song; or typic drew

The watch of hungry hawks, the lone dismay
Of languid doves when long their lovers stray,
And all birds' passion-plays that sprinkle dew
At morn in brake or bosky avenue.
Whate'er birds did or dreamed, this bird could say.
Then down he shot, bounced airily along
The sward, twitched in a grasshopper, made song
Midflight, perched, prinked, and to his art again.
Sweet Science, this large riddle read me plain:
How may the death of that dull insect be
The life of yon trim Shakespeare on the tree?

ROSE-MORALS.

I.—RED.

Would that my songs might be
What roses make by day and night—
Distilments of my clod of misery
Into delight.

Soul, couldst thou bare thy breast
As yon red rose, and dare the day,
All clean, and large, and calm with velvet rest?
Say yea—say yea!

Ah, dear my Rose, good-bye;
The wind is up; so, drift away.
That songs from me as leaves from thee may fly,
I strive, I pray.

II.—WHITE.

Soul, get thee to the heart
Of yonder tuberose: hide thee there—
There breathe the meditations of thine art
Suffused with prayer.

Of spirit grave yet light,
How fervent fragrances uprise
Pure-born from these most rich and yet most white
Virginities!

Mulched with unsavoury death,
Grow, Soul! unto such white estate,
That virginal-prayerful art shall be thy breath,
Thy work, thy fate.

Note: A more complete bibliography than is given above may be welcome to some of our readers who desire to study our poet. Beside "Tiger Lilies," (16mo, pp. v. 252), 1867; "The Science of English Verse," (Crown, 8vo, pp. xv-315) published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1880; and "The English Novel and the Principles of its Development (Crown, 8vo, pp. 293), by the same publishers, he prepared the following classics adapted to the use of children: "The Boy's Froissart; Being Sir John Froissart's Chronicle of Adventure, Battle, and Custom in England, France, Spain, etc., edited for Boys," (Crown 8vo, pp. xxviii-422). "The Boy's King Arthur: Being Sir Thomas Malory's History of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, edited for Boys" (Crown 8vo, pp. xlviii-404). "The Boy's Mabinogion: Being the Earliest Welsh Tales of King Arthur in the famous Red Book of Hergest, edited for Boys" (Crown 8vo, pp. xxiv-378). "The Boy's Percy: Being Old Ballads of War, Adventure, and Love, from Bishop Thomas Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, edited for Boys" (Crown 8vo, pp. xxxii-442). These were consecutively issued in 1878, 1880, 1881, 1882, by the Scribner's Sons. He prepared a sort of illuminated poet's guide-book, not unlike several written by Charles G. D. Roberts: "Florida: Its Scenery, Climate, and History" (12mo, pp. 336); published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, 1877. The first edition of his poems," pp. 94), was issued in 1887, at Philadelphia, by the Lippincotts. In 1888 was issued the complete edition: "Poems of Sidney Lanier, edited by his wife, with a memorial by William Hayes Ward"; including, "Unrevised Early Poems," and "Dialect Poems," by Sidney and Clifford Lanier. Pp. 252. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

A DREAM OF THE FIELDS.

The fields will soon be ready for the reapers; every clod
Is eloquent of harvest where the green vales smile to God;
The rivers ripple music, and the world around you seems
Like a mystic world enchanted—a paradise of dreams!

There is promise for the future—for a million throbbing lives;
The joy of bright abundance in the barns and dripping hives;
There is glory on the hilltop, and glory on the plain,
As we reap the benedictions of the sunlight and the rain!

THE CORONATION.*

BY THE REV. WILLIAM G. BEARDMORE.

ALTHOUGH the inauspicious gloom of war-clouds menaced the early months of the reign of Edward VII., yet no collateral shadow of international affairs has been able to lessen the enthusiasm with which our Empire greets the coronation of the King and Queen. And what a coronation! Never in the entire history of kingship have such conditions of national greatness awaited the occupant of a throne. The wildest dreams of Alexander or the Cæsars were less magnificent by far than that vast imperial heritage which lay in the hands of the monarch of Great Britain on the day of his coronation.

During the past eventful half-century the Anglo-Saxon mind has arisen in such a mood of enterprise, endeavour, and achievement as is almost without parallel in the epochs of history; invention, research, adventure, discovery, and colonization, under the restraints of wisdom, probity, and good faith, have gradually established a public credit fruitful of such marvels as to the statesman of any former age would seem incredible. From a state of vassalage our country has risen rapidly to the sphere of arbitration among the European powers; and within herself she rejoices in the authority of law, the sacredness of life, security of property, liberty of thought, and a freedom of action never before known. Those who compare the age upon which their lot has fallen with any golden age in a far-off latitude or a distant century, are the victims of imagination. England has well-nigh idealized citizenship by the happy union of freedom and order, independence and responsibility.

The local conditions of the coronation, lying within the limits of an island city and the measurements of an abbey church, evoke by contrast almost wizard-like reflections. This Anglo-Saxon festival converged the world's travel and focused cosmopolitan thought. He of Stratford-on-Avon was prophetic when, three hundred years ago, in those prescient lines he cast his country's vastness:

> "O England!—model to thy inward greatness;
> Like little body, with a mighty heart."

In the interval of years the great mother-heart has drawn unto itself a body of territory which beggars even Shakespeare's dream of empire. King Edward's sceptre bears sway over one-fourth of the population of the world. The material area of His Majesty's dominions will be three times the extent of Europe, larger by three million square miles than the empire which Russia holds in Asia and Europe, ten times the size of the German Empire at home and abroad, and nine million square miles greater than the entire surface of the French dominions. The phrase by which we denominate our present possessions, although it has become hackneyed, is yet capable of demon-

* We are glad to transfer from the veteran Wesleyan Methodist Magazine, now in its one hundred and twenty-second year, this stirring patriotic paper. Alike in the "mother of nations" and in the daughter colonies throbs the pulse of loyalty to our gracious sovereign. The postponement of this august function does not lessen the appropriateness of this loyal tribute.—ED.

stration by statistical reference—"an empire on which the sun never sets."

The element of monarchy, however, which more than any other we cherish, is not a question of extent, but unity; and this great treasure the exigencies and pangs of war have revealed to us. Our hostile critics and censors, during the growth of English power, have chosen to say that our empire over sea was a mere corsair levy of brute force, which in the hour of trouble would lift its shackled hand and claim emancipation. To-day that envious slander has become unthinkable. All are for the Motherland. The crisis in African affairs brought together our scattered colonies, fusing them in the awakened instinct of brotherhood, imperialism, and defence, while "all the world wonder'd." So great has been the display of patriotic enthusiasm by our aggregated colonies that we can afford to turn a deaf ear to the splenetic vituperations of ungrateful foreign princelings, who in our dark hours of battle outraged the family traditions of guestship and political refuge.

Lest in the elation of coronation festivity we should be judged the victims of our own national complacency, let us hear a witness whose nationality divests him of suspicion as a juror in matters English. The eminent French author and statesman, Comte de Montalembert, in his "History of the Monks of the West," says:

"There exists in modern Europe, at seven leagues distance from France, within sight of our northern coasts, a people whose empire is more vast than was that of Alexander or the Caesars, who are at once the freest and the mightiest, the richest, and most manful, the most undaunted and the most orderly that the world has known. Eager for conquest or discoveries, they wander or rush to the utmost boundaries of the earth, and they return more attached than ever to their home, and more resolute in upholding its dignity and perpetuating its ancient stability. Inaccessible to modern convulsions, that island has been an inviolable asylum for our exiled fathers and our princes. In that country more than any other man belongs to himself and governs himself. It is there that the nobleness of our nature develops itself in all its splendour, and there attains its highest perfection. It is there that the noble passion of independence, combined with the genius of association and the constant practice of self-control, has given birth to those prodigies of energy, of indomitable vigour, of stubborn heroism, which have triumphed over seas and climates, over time and distance, over nature and tyranny, and have excited the envy of all peoples. Loving Liberty for her own sake, and loving nothing without her, they owe little to their kings, who were nothing but through them and for them. More fortunate than Rome, that race, after a thousand years and more, is still full of youth and youthful vigour. Progress, gradual, imperceptible, but never interrupted, has created for it an inexhaustible store of force and life. Its sap overflowed yesterday, and it will overflow to-morrow!"

Count Montalembert's analysis and eulogy were never more true than they are to-day.

Horace Walpole said: "What is the finest sight in this world? A coronation. What do people most talk about? A coronation." We will go beyond the dilettante of Strawberry Hill, and ask, Which is the most impressive coronation the world has ever seen? Is it not the coronation of Edward VII.? The shadow of his sovereignty will fall wider than any potentate who has gone before him in England or out of it. Three hundred years ago there were in this country only five millions of English-speaking people, and in America, Africa, Asia, and the isles of the sea, not a thousand. To-day the British flag flies wide, and there are in the world ninety millions of the human race speaking the language of Shakespeare, Bunyan, and Milton.

On that gorgeous holiday on the 9th of August, when an Empire, like the fabled giant of a hundred hands, reached eagerly forth from every latitude to crown its king, all life's ugly prose, of city and homestead, was touched as by the enchanter's wand into the poetry of movement, sound and colour. King Pageant was a greater autocrat than the monarch; for he worked his undisputed desire upon all repellant utilitarianism. King Edward's effigy held its place of honour in every village, hamlet, and lonely homestead. The white-faced invalid, exiled by pain, prayed God save the King! The rhythmic march of troops, the pealing of bells, and the feverish rush of happy crowds preluded the grand spectacle of the hour. Later expectant crowds rippled with suspense, and gazed with bated breath upon the dramatic pomp and splendour of the procession; chariots, coats-of-arms, coronets, bewigged and powdered coachmen and footmen, heralds, trumpets, banners, canopies, and shields; the glamour of foreign guests, kings, emperors, princes, ambassadors, barons, knights, lords, bishops; now the attendant nobles, esquires, and ladies-in-waiting; then the King and Queen, amid a blaze of royal robes and a burst of loyal loud acclaim! But by the wizardry of coronation acoustics that cry of love which rings in our King-Emperor's ears beat upon the shores of distant continents; for in the words of Rudyard Kipling,

> "The wind of the North will hear us, where our icebound flag flaunts free;
> And the wind of the South will echo the song of an empire's glee:
> By the East wind and the West wind will the tidings glad be skirled:
> Till every son of Britain will be shouting through the world."

After the ancient despotic type there is no King of England. The fire-eating ogre-monarch is extinct. He may be well dismissed under Dr. Doran's quaint collective term, "Monarchs retired from Business." Or, if he survives at all, it is only in those barbaric conditions where he squats on a golden stool, wears diamonds galore, and decapitates his subjects at will. A law beyond the control of human wisdom has decreed that there shall no longer be government of that peculiar class which was common throughout Europe in the fifteenth century. Constitutional government has superseded savagery. The King is metamorphosed: he does not make the laws; he does not preside over Parliament; he seldom leads his army to battle. But the public status of the King is greater than ever; his influence is more and more a moral and personal one. To-day, in the subsidence of old social conditions, successful commerce in the person of a rough-and-ready millionaire, may overtop the palace and look down upon the King from a dazzling altitude of finance. But the throne is yet the highest point in civilized society; and in that place of supremacy, with the veneration of his people, Edward VII. will sit more secure than Crœsus, though his throne was buttressed with gold.

But what of the King around whose head shines the nimbus of public homage? To Juliet's question, "What's in a name?" King Edward has a complete answer; his ancestry runs over patrician sands of gold from Gyges, King of Lydia (716 B.C.), through Cyrus the Great and the afore-named Crœsus, in well-marked line to our royal house. But what of the King's self?

> "'Tis not the birds that make the spring,
> 'Tis not the crown that makes the king."

If the monarch be not king (head or chief of the race) before the coronation day, he is seldom king at all. The well-worn adage of the poet being born, not made,

is true in kingship. The king is born, not made. Coronation "is but the guinea-stamp." The Iron Duke, who was present at Buckingham Palace when Edward VII. was born, eagerly asked the nurse, "Is it a boy?" to which, with naive wit, she replied, "No, it's a prince, your Grace." It was a true answer; for through a long probation of fifty-nine years he has been the most popular of princes, making friends in every court of Europe, and in every part of the world. During his famous Indian tour, a flowery Sanscrit poem ran thus: "The Prince is certain to be our King. He is learned; the appreciator of merit; benevolent, bountiful; the very ocean of kindness; the hater of the crowd of wicked people; modest, just, and the lover of truth. Long live this Prince, our Lord! adorned with so many excellent qualities." Through his long career as Prince of Wales, the charming bonhomie of the future monarch wrought him into the affections of the English people. He was a model squire of Sandringham; and in his more public life, with untiring industry gave his powerful influence to all movements for the national welfare.

Seated by his side in the great function of coronation was the charming personality of Queen Alexandra, who, coming to us years ago as a girl bride, instantly brought the nation to her feet. Her beauty captured the public sentiment, and her private virtues as wife and mother have during subsequent years developed "the white flower of a blameless life." Never has a princess of foreign nationality so completely enthroned herself in the love of the people. Tennyson's graceful and rapturous welcome to her was a master-stroke of poet-laureateship; and in his high pitch of admiration did but voice the nation's love:

> "Sea-king's daughter from over the sea,
> Saxon and Norman and Dane are we;
> But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee."

And if the best crown be goodness and the richest coronation robe the devotion of happy subjects, then was Queen Alexandra richly dight on that proud day.

It is now more than five hundred years since the Black Prince fought and won the Battle of Cressy, and the ostrich feathers, with *Ich dien* ("I serve") passed from the Bohemian kings to English Princes of Wales; and though the notable motto is transferred to the King's son, we may yet hope that in the larger heritage of power Edward VII. will shrine the brave old motto in his heart, as the monarch of a realm which owes all its greatness to Christ's holy religion. The French statesman, Montalembert, again reminds us of our privilege and responsibility. He says: "On the conversion of England depended and still depends the conversion of many millions of souls. Over nearly half the world Christianity has flowed, or will flow, from the source at which it first gushed out in the soil of Britain." The King comes to his throne across the snow-white traditions of his queen mother, whose life was the nation's pride and a world's envy.

With the noble princely motto as his guiding star, *Ich dien* ("I serve"), "Long live the King!" in happy sovereignty over

> "This royal throne of kings, this sceptr'd isle;
> This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars;
> This other Eden, demi-Paradise;
> This fortress built by Nature for herself
> Against infection and the hand of war;
> This happy breed of men, this little world;
> This precious stone set in the silver sea;
> This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,
> This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England."

ODE ON THE DAY OF THE CORONATION OF KING EDWARD VII.

BY WILLIAM WATSON.

Sire, we have looked on many and mighty things
In these eight hundred summers of renown
Since the Gold Dragon of the Wessex Kings
On Hastings field went down;
And slowly in the ambience of this crown
Have many crowns been gathered, till, to-day,
How many peoples crown thee, who shall say?
Time, and the ocean, and some fostering star,
In high cabal have made us what we are,
Who stretch one hand to Huron's bearded pines,
And one on Kashmir's snowy shoulder lay,
And round the streaming of whose raiment shines
The iris of the Australasian spray. . . .

So wide of girth, this little cirque of gold,
So great we are, and old.
Proud from the ages are we come, O King;
Proudly, as fits a nation that hath now
So many dawns and sunsets on her brow,
This duteous heart we bring.

The kings thy far forerunners; he that came
And smote us into greatness; he whose fame,
In dark omnipotence, and ivied pride,
Towers above Conway's tide,
And where Carnarvon ponders on the sea;
He, that adventurous name,
Who left at Agincourt the knightly head
Of France and all its charging plumes o'erthrown,
But hath with royal-hearted chivalry
In Shakespeare's conquest merged at last his own;
And she, a queen, but fashioned king-like, she
Before whose prows, before whose tempests, fled
Spain on the ruining night precipitately;
And that worn face in camps and councils bred,
The guest who brought us law and liberty
Raised well-nigh from the dead;
Yea, she herself, in whose immediate stead
Thou standest, in the shadow of her soul; . . .
Mix in thy pageant with phantasmal tread!

(Here follows a description of London "with rich appareling," when the "long glories prance and triumph by"; then comes the twilight when the river sends his sigh "down leagues of hope and fear, and pride and shame, and life and death." The ode closes with a look into the future.)

O doom of overlordships! to decay
First at the heart, the eye scarce dimmed at all;
Or perish of much cumber and array,
The burdening robe of empire, and its pall;
Or of voluptuous hours the wanton prey,
Die of the poisons that most sweetly slay;
Or, from insensate height,
With prodigies with light
Of trailing angers on the monstrous night,
Magnificently fall.
Far off from her that bore us be such fate,
And vain against her gate
Its knocking. But by chinks and crannies Death,
Forbid the doorways, ofttimes entereth.
Let her drink deep of discontent, and sow
Abroad the troubling knowledge. Let her show
Whence glories come, and wherefore glories go,
And what indeed are glories, unto these
'Twixt labour and the rest that is not ease
Made blank and darksome; who have hardly heard
Sound of her loftiest names, or any word
Of all that hath in gold been said and sung,
Since him of April heart and morning tongue,
Her ageless singing-bird.
For now the day is unto them that know,
And not henceforth she stumbles on the prize;
And yonder march the nations full of eyes.
Already is doom a-spinning, if unstirred
In leisure of ancient pathways she lose touch
Of the hour, and overmuch
Recline upon achievement, and be slow
To take the world arriving, and forget
How perilous are the stature and port that so
Invite the arrows, how unslumbering all
The hates that watch and crawl.
Nor must she, like the others, yield up yet
The generous dreams! but rather live to be
Saluted in the hearts of men as she
Of high and singular election, set
Benignant on the mitigated sea;
That greatly loving freedom loved to free,
And was herself the bridal and embrace
Of strength and conquering grace.

THE FUTURE OF THE EMPIRE.

BY THE LATE JOSEPH COOK.

SIR Lepel Griffin has said that the British Empire is yet in its infancy. What is England? Six things: the mother islands, the Canadian group of provinces, the West Indian group, the South African group, the Australasian group, India. What is the greatest question in the future of the British Empire? Confederation or disintegration, which? Turgot used to say that colonies are like fruits, which drop off their parent stems as soon as ripe. There was once a greater France, nearly encircling the earth. Where is it to-day? Disintegrated. There was a greater Spain. Where is it? Disintegrated. There was a greater Holland. Where is it? Disintegrated. There is a greater Britain on which now the sun never sets. Where is it likely to be in a hundred years unless confederated? Even Britons once predicted that within two generations the British Empire must disintegrate, unless held together on a plan esentially new. The certainty is that the number of Britons outside the mother islands will soon be greater than the number inside. There are now only ten or eleven millions of Britons outside Great Britain and Ireland. But very soon the thirty-five or forty millions in these islands will be exceeded in numbers by the Britons in Canada, Australia, India, the West Indies and South Africa.

As soon as a majority of Britons is found outside the mother islands, the question will be raised whether it is just to allow the management of the whole empire to be conducted by a minority of the Britons. Why may not the majority outside the mother islands have something to say as to foreign policies, in which they are profoundly interested, and that may bring them into wasting wars? It is plainly necessary, if the British Empire is to be kept together, that it should give a voice to the majority of Britons in the determination of its foreign policy.

Important public discussions by scholars, statesmen, and reformers, both British and Colonial, are thrusting into great prominence the large topic of the possibility and advisibility of imperial alliance between the mother islands and the colonies.

Professor Seelye, in his highly suggestive work on "The Expansion of England," has already most definitely recommended the American plan of union as the basis of a new confederation of the fragments of the great empire of which he is so proud. There would be a severance of imperial and local powers, a reorganization of Parliament, and such a representation of local legislators in an imperial legislature as to parallel the general principles of the American Union. Englishmen do not admire everything in American civilization; but since the Civil War, they have often been very frank in expressing their admiration of the principles underlying the Union.

It has been my fortune lately, in Manitoba and in British Columbia, to meet with experiences which have given me a new conception of the dignity of the Canadian Dominion. Conversing with a professor of a university, in the beautiful

and energetic city of Winnipeg, while a map of North America was opened before us, I put my compasses down, one foot on St. Paul, and left the other swinging above the chart. "Now," said I to my informant, "How far north must I carry this loose foot of the compass to reach the farthest border of your good wheat lands?" "You must carry it north," said he, "to the Peace River in Athabasca. On the banks of that stream, the buffalo and their young may be seen feeding on grass on the tenth of May." I opened the compasses until they reached the Peace River, some 1,500 miles northwest of St. Paul. I then swung the compasses around, and their northernmost point, when carried to the east, stood in the Atlantic Ocean, and when carried to the south it stood in the Gulf. Incredible as the assertion may appear, there is more arable land northwest of St. Paul than east of it, or south of it.

The American Consul at Winnipeg told me that he is accustomed to divide North America into three belts—the cotton belt, the maize belt, and the wheat belt—and that, in his judgment, three-quarters of the wheat belt lies north of the international line. The sunlight endures two hours longer on a summer's day in Athabasca than in Ohio. Canadians are discussing, with not a little eagerness, the project of a new route to England through Hudson's Bay, from the mouth of the Nelson River, just north of Winnipeg. At least three months in every year ships may pass freely through the outlet of Hudson's Bay. The distance from the mouth of the Nelson to the mouth of the Mersey is two hundred miles shorter than that from the mouth of the Hudson to the mouth of the English stream. Sir Richard Temple was accustomed to say publicly and privately that as the ships of the Hudson Bay Company had gone in and out of Hudson's Bay for two hundred years, it might be expected that steamships could carry on an important trade there. Archangel, in Russia, with its 20,000 people, has a climate worse than that of the Nelson River, and yet it was and is an important port. The Canadian Pacific Road will carry to England all the tea that the mother islands bring from Japan and China. A study of Manitoba and of British Columbia, and of that mighty region of the Saskatchewan Valley, through which the warm isotherm runs north so far, has doubled my respect for the political and industrial future of the Canadian Dominion.

In Australia Confederation has already been adopted. England is urging it upon the colonies in the south of Africa. Federalism is the natural outcome of self-government in neighbouring sister States. The colonies are very proud of their loyalty, but equally attached to their self-government.

Many of you, riding up and down through the counties of England, and reading in the daily journals the reports of Parliamentary business, have no doubt raised the question why England does not relieve Parliament, the most overworked body in Christendom, from a large amount of attention to local affairs, and give these over to local legislatures. Why should England not change her great counties and group her small ones into States? This reorganization of England on the American plan is precisely what Matthew Arnold recommended. He hoped that Home Rule in Ireland itself may be achieved in this way. He, of course, would not give a Parliament to Ireland. But he would divide Ireland into three or four great States, give each a legislature, and allow each local rule. He would divide Scotland into two

States, a highland and a lowland; and Wales into two, a north and a south; and he would make several great commonwealths of the counties of England. He is bold enough to confess that he would substitute for the House of Lords a body of Senators, elected by the proposed new local legislators.

Mr. Gladstone thought it probable that in the year 2,000 there will be one thousand millions of English-speaking people in the world. In a letter addressed to an American correspondent, he said:

"What a prospect is that of very many hundreds of millions of people, certainly among the most manful and energetic in the world, occupying one great continent, I may almost say two, and other islands and territories not easy to be counted, with these islands at their head, the most historic in the world; in contact, by a vast commerce, with all mankind, and perhaps still united in kindly political association with some more hundreds of millions fitted for no mean destiny; united almost absolutely in blood and language, and very largely in religion, laws, and institutions.

"If anticipations such as these are to be realized in any considerable degree, the prospect is at once majestic, inspiring, and consolatory. The subject is full of meaning and of power; of so much meaning that the pupil of the eye requires time to let in such a flood of light. Clearly, if the English-speaking people shall be anything like what we have now been supposing, and if there shall not be a good understanding among them, there will have been a base desertion of an easy duty, a *gran rifiuto*, such as might stir another Dante to denounce it, a renunciation of the noblest the most beneficial, the most peaceful primacy ever presented to the heart and understanding of man.

"On the other hand, great as it would be, it would demand no propaganda, no superlative ingenuity or effort; it ought to be an orderly and natural growth, requiring only that you should be reasonably true and loyal to your traditions, and we to ours. To gain it will need no preterhuman strength or wisdom; to miss it will require some portentous degeneracy. Even were it a day-dream it would be an improving one, loftier and better than that which prompted the verse:

"'*super et Garamantas et Indos*
Proferet imperium; jacet extra sidera tellus,
Extra anni solisque vias.'"

PAST AND PRESENT.

BY ADELINE MARY BANKS.

EDWARD VI.

A fragile boy, endued with kingly grace,
Grasping the sceptre with his childish hands;
With spirit all attuned to his high place,
The wonder of his own and other lands;
Pathetic figure in a bygone age,
Whose ardent soul, aglow with strong desire
To write in living lines his one small page,
Felt in his veins the heat of that great fire
Wasting the lamp containing life's frail spark;
Called in a stormy day, a season dark,
To face the passions of a warring age,
He lives to-day a gracious memory,
Part of our ever-growing heritage,
Uniting past and present with the vast to-be.

EDWARD VII.

Called in a kindlier age to gentler sway,
Strong in thy manhood's strength and stronger yet
In the deep love thy people bear to-day
For thee, O King! whose heritage is set
In fairer lines than fell to kings of old;
Heir of great deeds on Time's wide page unrolled;
Vast thy dominion; and the people's right,
Won by our fathers in the long stern fight,
Is thine and ours. True liberty
Makes king no less than meanest subject free.
To meet great hopes, O King! be kingly great!
So shalt thou leave a gracious memory,
And brighter lustre than the pomp of state
Gild Edward's name to far futurity.

—*Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.*

ODE ON THE CORONATION OF KING EDWARD VII.

BY L. MACLEAN WATT.

[Out of 1,023 coronation odes submitted in a recent prize competition instituted by the English magazine "Good Words," that written by the Rev. L. Maclean Watt was adjudged the best. The successful poet was born in 1867 and was educated in Edinburgh University. Besides some religious literary work, he published last year a book of poems, "In Love's Garden," which was well received.]

Here, all alone in the dark,
While the stars are dying,
My soul grows still, and I hark
To the voice of the sea-winds crying
From far away, where, low on the long-ridged sands,
The tired gray sea beats out his time-old song with weary hands.
And as I listen, up from ghostly street,
I hear the throb of a thousand marching feet,
And ever, as they come,
The faint, dull, guiding pulse of a distant drum.

The windows are silent all, and darkened, the lights are gone:
And the dying starlight flickers, dimly wan,
But I know that the town is full of shadows of marching men,
Tho' never a trace of their passing shall wait the dawn,
And never on earth, except in dream, shall their faces gleam again.

And my soul is caught from its stillness,
And the stars awake in the night,
And the winds, from the waste and the waters,
Cry, half in joy and in fright:
"Who are ye, ghostly marchers,
And whence do your squadrons come,
And your companions pressing onward
To the beat of a phantom drum?"

"We are the dead of England:
Our dust is under the leas.
They buried us deep in our battle-sleep,
They plunged us down in the seas.
We are the brave of England,
We fought for the bristling breach,
And died that our brothers might climb on our bones,
And carry the flag where we could not reach. . . .
We went down in the waste of waters:
We grappled the foe on ships. . . .
In smoke and mist, wherever we list,—
And her name was on our lips.
Living or dying,
Our flag still flying,
Where our hands had nailed it fast,
We fell for the might of England,
And we knew we were not her last." . . .

[The poet tells of the crown and the flag, what they mean and how they have come to mean it; then after describing how there "rang through the night" the news that "the soul of England's greatest queen from earth was free," the poet turns to King Edward:]

Now who is the king whose glory shall not die—
Whose coronet crushed and shattered shall not lie
In dust of shame, out in the trampling street,
Scorned by the heedless feet
That spurn and pass it by?
Earth has her hour for kingship still, and the day
For crowning of truth can fade not ever away.
Still do her multitudes wait
For the knock of the hand of her king on her palace gate.

He is the king whose power shall be
Upheld by angels three,
Beside his throne—
Strength, pity, and love,
Lifting his life above
The mighty mockeries making misery moan,
The little dreams that hold the world in fee. . . . . .
Great shall the monarch be,
Great on the shore, and the sea,
And the nations near and far
Shall see his star,
And know that the day of darkness now is done,
And wait for the rising sun,
That bringeth the days to be.
Great, God-giftedly great,
On him shall wait
The ragged and poor, the spangled and proud in state,
The nameless, the lost, the lone,—
The noble, the true, the renowned,
Alike with the lorn, the unpitied, forgotten, new-named, new found.
Lifted by pity and strength and love to the shade and the shield of his throne.
Bravest and best girdling him round,
By hands out of darkness, and hands out of brightness crowned,
True is that king in his power,
To him no hell comes crying,
Hate for him has no hour,
And no calendar holds the star of his dynasty's dying. . . .

O king, thine is the gift and glory
Of all our island story,—
Heaven help thee, guard it well,
That still in dawns unborn, mothers to babes shall tell
Of thee, and kingship true,
Of the love men bore thee at home and far o'er the waters blue,
And in ships, and in desert places, where the sons of the gray land roam,
Bearing afar
The name of the land their mother, up under the lone north star,
The land that men call home,
Telling thy fame with pride.
Son of a hundred kings, yet most the son of her who died. . . . .

BURLEIGH HOUSE AND HATFIELD.

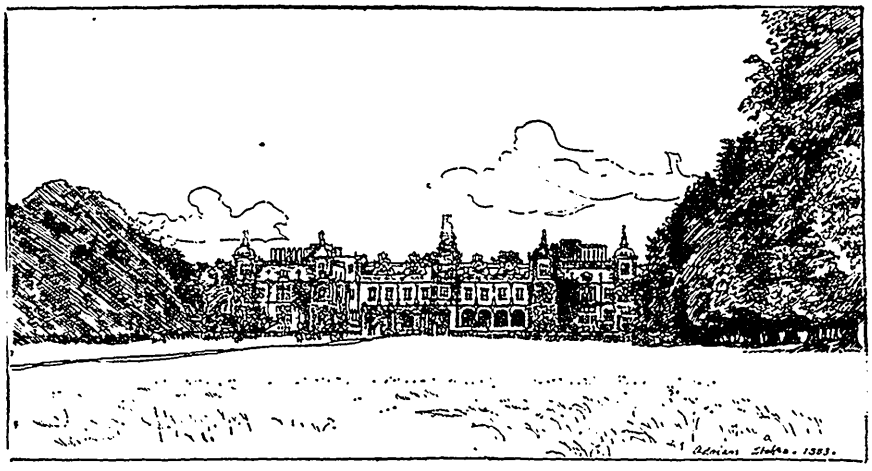
HATFIELD.

THE Editor recently saw a famous picture of Queen Elizabeth signing the death warrant of Mary Queen of Scots. Behind the rather grim-visaged virgin queen stood her famous minister, Lord Burleigh. He was recognizable at once from his marked resemblance to his successor in the counsels of his sovereign of three hundred years later. By the way, our own Dr. Blackstock would serve admirably for what the Germans call "Doppelganger" of the Marquis of Salisbury. He has the same leonine head and figure, intellectual cast of countenance, similar weight of words, literary taste and skill in writing.

It is characteristic of the stability of British institutions that such ancient families as the Cecils, the Howards, the Russells, and others should have given so many generations of statesmen to the service of their country. For thirty years Lord Burleigh was practically the Prime Minister of Queen Elizabeth. The famous Burleigh House was long the residence of the Cecils before Hatfield House came into their possession. The maiden monarch delighted to visit the stately halls of Burleigh House, and was twelve times royally entertained by its hospitable owner, for several weeks together, with lavish expenditure. As the Lord Treasurer was pointing out the beauties of the demesne, the Queen, tapping him familiarly on the cheek with her fan, said, "Ay, my Lord, my money and your taste have made it a mighty pretty place." And many a monarch since has graced the pageantry of the baronial halls.

Queen Victoria's Hall is a magnificent banqueting-room, with an open timbered roof sixty feet high. Queen Elizabeth's bedroom, with its great state bed, hung with green velvet gold-embroidered tapestry, remains as when used by her maiden Majesty, three hundred years ago. So magnificent were the appointments of the House that even the stern iconoclast, Cromwell, respected their beauty and left them unharmed.

What changes these time-hallowed walls have seen! The white and red roses of York and Lancaster contending for the victory, the long conflict between Papacy



HATFIELD HOUSE FROM THE SOUTH.

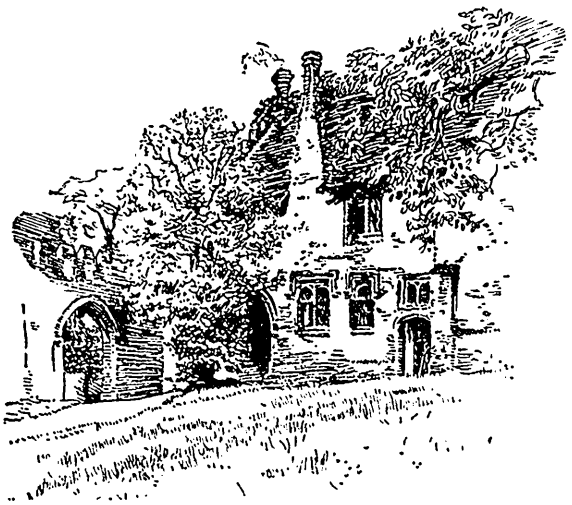
and Protestantism, the rivalry of Prince Rupert's ruffling cavaliers and Cromwell's stern Ironsides, the license and riot of the Restoration, the intrigues and jealousies of the Revolution—all have passed like a stream beneath these walls, which, while dynasties rise and fall, remain unchanged.

In the great picture-gallery may be seen the portraits of a long line of brave men and fair women, who have born a proud part in the history of their country, but before none of these will the visitor linger with a more fascinated interest than before that of the fair Countess, who, dying at the early age of twenty-four, is immortalized in Tennyson's touching verse. The poet tells her story with little embellishment. Certain it is, the bride, who bore the unromantic name of Sarah Hoggins, and her family, had no idea of the rank and wealth of the wooer till the Lord of Burleigh had wedded the peasant-girl. And equally certain is it that the lady was soon bowed down to death by the heavy weight of honour "unto which she was not born."

Hatfield House is most closely connected with the time and name of Elizabeth, and it is generally supposed that the mansion now inhabited by the Marquis of Salisbury was the building in which she spent so many years of her life. This illusion is fostered by many circumstances. From the walls of more than one room in the house her portrait looks down. In the park is the oak under which she was seated at her studies when the messenger, hastening down "the way from London" from the deathbed of Queen Mary, dropped on his knees and hailed the young princess Queen of England.

In 1846, when Queen Victoria, then a young lady, visited Hatfield, she took away an acorn to plant at Windsor. Since which, the story prettily runs, the oak has shed no more acorns. Having sheltered Queen Elizabeth, and dropped an acorn for Queen Victoria, it reasonably thinks it has done enough. Now it is settling slowly down upon its gnarled and moss-grown knees, and at most in summertime can put forth a few green leaves. But acorns never more.

In a cabinet in the library is the identical broad-brimmed hat the Princess Elizabeth wore when the news reached her. Not less inter-



THE OLD WING WHERE QUEEN ELIZABETH LIVED.

esting is the cradle in which she was rocked when brought to Hatfield a puling infant three months old.

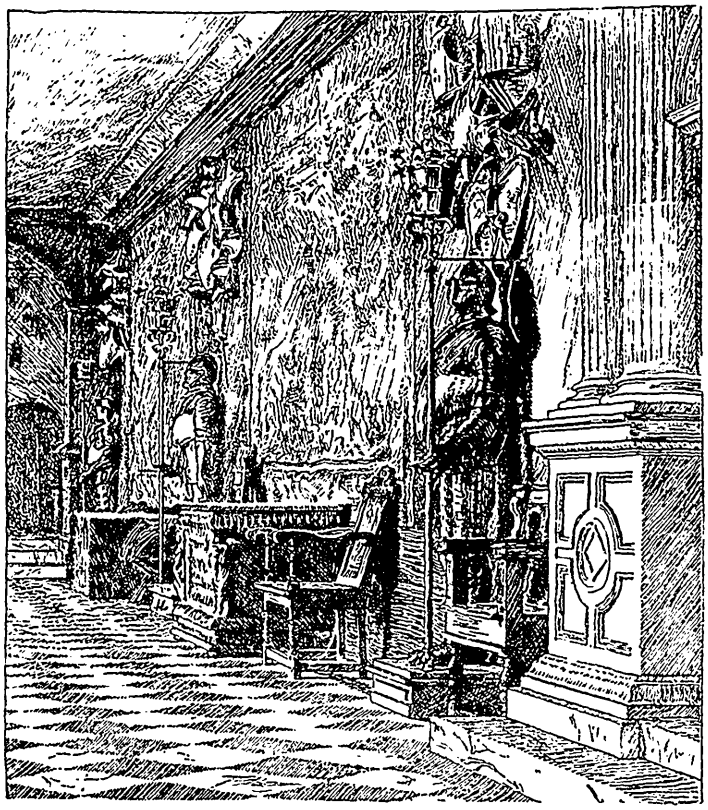
Nevertheless, it was not the present house, but the older palace, one wing of which yet remains, that was the habitation of Henry the Eighth's daughter. Hatfield was first made a residence by the bishops of Ely; who in the twelfth century built themselves a sumptuous palace. Henry the Eighth made the palace one of his country houses, and his son, Prince Edward, often lived there. When the young prince came to the throne he gave Hatfield to his favourite sister, Elizabeth, who, as already mentioned, had been there in earlier days, when a cradle was a necessary part of her belongings. When Edward died and Mary reigned in his stead, Hatfield became a sort of prison-residence for the young princess. She had Roger Ascham for tutor, and made the most of her opportunities. Her keeper was Sir Thomas Pope, who, according to a manuscript letter now in possession of Trinity College, Oxford, "made the Ladie Elizabeth, all at his own costes, a greate and rich maskinge in the great halle at Hatfield, where the pageauntes were marvellously furnished." This coming to the ears of Queen Mary, Sir Thomas had his knuckles sharply rapped. He was informed that the Queen "misliked these follies," which straightway ceased,

Three years the princess dwelt here, principally "employing herself in playing on the lute or virginals, embroidering in gold and silver, reading Greek and translating Latin."

There is some dispute as to who was the architect of Hatfield House, but none as to the magnificence of its proportions. It is built on the plan of a parallelogram, 280 feet long and 70 feet wide. The style is perhaps a little mixed, being Italian Renaissance in general character, with a highly enriched Elizabethan central gate tower. The material is brick, with stone pilasters and parapets and tracing.

Hatfield House has been visited from time to time by several British sovereigns. The first was King James, who, shortly after the house was built, came to view it. His bedroom is a large room, with a stupendous bed, in which all the legitimate issue of the Stuarts might have comfortably slept. In 1835 a fire broke out at Hatfield, burning not only the whole of the west wing, but the dowager Marchioness of Salisbury, who was in her room and could not be rescued.

Another fine bedroom is the Queen's, where Victoria slept during her visit to Hatfield. Wellington's room was more than once, and for considerable periods, occupied by the great Duke, who was an intimate friend of the late Marquis

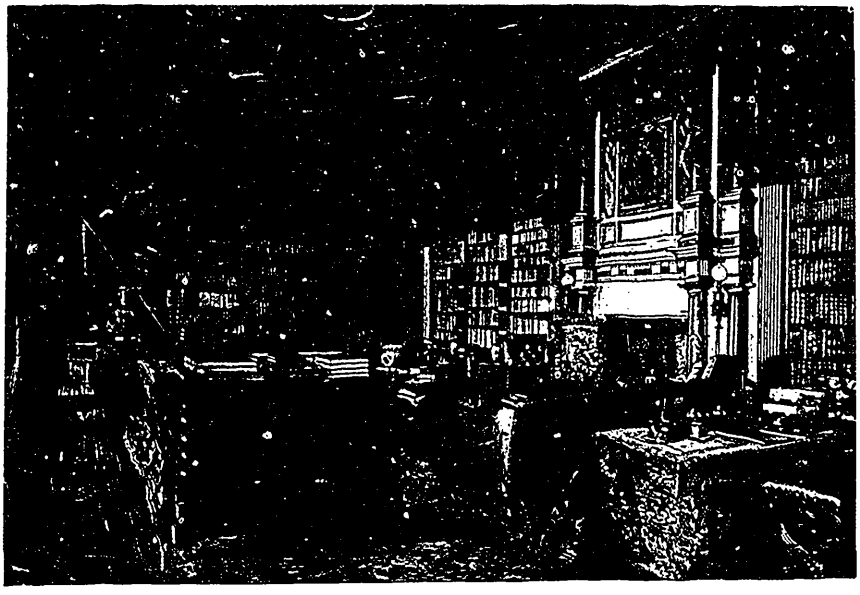


THE ARMOURY, HATFIELD HOUSE.

of Salisbury. Charles the First spent some portion of his captivity at Hatfield. George the Third and Queen Charlotte, in the first year of the present century, were entertained at Hatfield House, the King holding a grand review of troops in the park.

One of the most striking apartments at Hatfield is the armoury, a long gallery on the ground floor. Along the wall stands complete suits of armour, with swords and shields grouped overhead. One mailed hand of each figure grasps a lance with a lantern stuck on it, which is both strikingly ornamental and useful. Gas has been brought in, and comes up the tube that seems like the shaft of a lance, and so in at the lantern of crimson glass. Some of these suits of armour were spoil from the wreck of the Great Armada, a present to Lord Burleigh from Queen Elizabeth. Many strange, wild thoughts of conquest and permanent settlement on English ground may have filled the brain of the Spanish knights as they set forth to conquer England. But probably it occurred to none that in the twentieth century his coat of mail, set upright, would be holding with the right had a gas lamp in the country house of the leader of the Conservative party.

Above the armoury is the Long Gallery, only 20 feet wide, but 16 feet high and 163 feet long. In 1882, on the coming of age of Lord Cranborne a thousand guests took their turn at the dance in this gallery.



LORD SALISBURY'S LIBRARY, HATFIELD HOUSE.

Perhaps the chiefest treasure in this room is the genealogical chart of Queen Elizabeth, preserved in a carved oak cabinet. This stupendous work of art is twelve or fifteen yards long—proportions not too swelling when it is discovered that the chart carries the genealogy of Queen Elizabeth straight back to Adam and Eve. It is curious to note that the royal coat of arms, which is the pendant of this long list of personages, is filled up only on one side. The other half is left blank for the quarterings of the arms of the husband whom it was believed the Queen would at some not distant time deign to accept.

In King James' room are portraits of all the Marquises of Salisbury from the first to the last. There are two portraits of Mary Queen of Scots, neither showing any trace of that fatal beauty which made existence so lively for herself and others. Queen Elizabeth's cradle is a curious heavy construction of oak. It is chipped a bit here and there, and on one of the uprights curiously marked at the top, as if the infant princess (india-rubber rings and other infantile luxuries not then invented) had been practising upon it during teething.

The library is at the west end of the Long Gallery and contains the famous Cecil papers, which consist of more than thirteen thousand letters written by more or less illustrious persons in the time of the first Cecils. Here are letters from Mary Queen of Scots in large, unequal, but not ungraceful handwriting. There are several letters from Edward VI., some in his own handwriting, others only signed in bold letters, "EDWARD."

Not many years before her death Queen Elizabeth poured forth her soul in verse, nine folios long. Here it is at Hatfield, on yellow coarse paper, about the size of foolscap, in faded ink, the lines chasing each other down the page as if they were desirous of making as swift an end as possible of this particular moan. Looking upon the faded lines, even

without comprehending their drift, one seems to get much nearer Queen Elizabeth than she is to be approached through ordinary books of history. On the wall hangs the portrait of the fat white horse Queen Elizabeth rode at Tilbury Fort.

Close by the house is the only remaining wing of the original palace where Queen Elizabeth was cradled. The great hall in which she held her first council is now a stable, and horses munch their hay where Burleigh counselled and Queen Elizabeth first learned to command.

Hatfield, from its convenient contiguity to London, is more frequently visited than falls to the lot of the average country houses of great noblemen. Lord Salisbury's particular den is a room on the ground floor, which is used as dressing-room, bath-room, and laboratory. Mr. Disraeli wrote novels, Mr. Gladstone felled trees. Lord Salisbury dabbles in chemistry. In his room is a large cupboard with glass doors displaying a portentous array of chemicals. His lordship is also a successful amateur in photography.

Regarded personally, Lord Salisbury is the most striking figure in the peerage, the nearest realization modern conditions permit of the capable, headstrong, and imperious English Baron of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. Had he been born four hundred years ago, he would have filled a much larger place in history than is made possible for such as he by the trammels of the English constitution of the nineteenth century.

WHEN THE DAY IS DONE.

When the day is done, and from the gaudy sky
The glory fades,
Then quiet falls; and rest comes by and by
With night's dear shades.
When life is done, and climbed its craggy steeps,
All hot suns set;
When in vast joy that neither sighs nor weeps,
We then are met;
When rest shall hold our hands, and grace,
Like evening psalm,
Shall whisper peace! And from the troubled face
Heaven's blessed calm
Shall every tear-stain wipe away and fear,
With Christ at hand
No heartache can through golden years draw near
That heavenly land.

THE DAY'S MESSAGE.

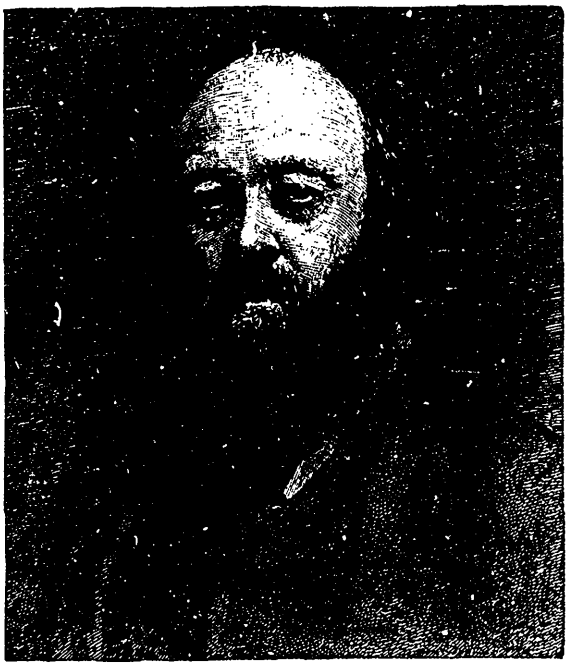
By the glimmer of green and golden,
The leap and sparkle of spray;
By the heart of the rose unfolden
To the breath of the summer day;
By the shout and song of the reapers,
Binding the ripened sheaf;
By the sweet of the honey of lilies,
By the fall of the loosened leaf;
By the fields all brown and sere,—
Through the march of the changing season
We measured the passing year.

By the brave things thought or spoken,
By the true deeds simply done;
By the mean things crushed and conquered,
And the bloodless battles won;
By the days when the load was heavy,
Yet the heart grew strong to bear;
By the dearth, the dole, and the labour,
The fulness, reward, and cheer;
By the book of the angel's record,
We measured the passing year.

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

LORD SALISBURY

BY NORMAN W. CRAGG.



THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY IN MID-LIFE.

WITH peace reigning to the farthest frontier of the Empire, in extending whose vast energies and maintaining whose supremacy he has played no insignificant part, Lord Salisbury has retired from the loftiest and most honourable position to which a British subject may aspire. The announcement was not unexpected, and did not come with anything of the suddenness that marked the close of Mr. Gladstone's career. It is well known that even before the death of Queen Victoria, Lord Salisbury desired to be freed from the burden of the premiership. At the accession of King Edward this wish was again expressed, and it was only at the earnest solicitation of his sovereign that he consented to retain his position until the Boer war should be concluded. The declaration of peace, and the indefinite postponement of the coronation, marked the moment as a suitable one to bring to a close one of the most successful political careers of modern parliamentary history.

For some time it has been painfully apparent that the Premier was slipping away from public life. Since the death of Lady Salisbury he has evinced but an occasional interest in public affairs, and after he left the Foreign Office this de-

tachment became still more marked. Daily his broad body seemed to grow heavier and more unwieldy, and not even the tricycle had any effect upon his twenty stone weight. He began to plead the advance of age. He is not more than seventy-two, but his years sit more heavily upon him than upon his great predecessors. Mr. Gladstone was eighty-five when he retired, and then only because his eyes played traitor to his intellect. Lord Beaconsfield left office at seventy-six, and "The Duke" at seventy-seven. Lord Palmerston was jocundly leading the House when death summoned him at eighty-one to leave the scene of his long triumphs.

Mr. Gladstone once wrote of Lord Salisbury as "a Prime Minister whose ancestors were similarly employed, to the great benefit of England, ten generations ago." From the stormy days when Robert Cecil, Lord Burleigh, distinguished himself at the councils of the Virgin Queen as the champion of struggling Protestantism everywhere, and the resolute foe of the arrogant ambitions of Spain, the house of the Cecils has furnished England with a succession of talented and honourable public servants. Lord Salisbury entered public life with the traditions of a great name to uphold, and, however his actions may be criticised, there can be no question but that he has always served his country with a zeal, with an ability, with an unselfish devotion, not unworthy of the greatest of his illustrious progenitors.

Robert Arthur Talbot Gascoigne Cecil, third Marquis of Salisbury, Earl of Salisbury, Viscount Cranborne and Baron Cecil, was born Feb. 13, 1830, at Hatfield. As the second son, he received the usual education of an English gentleman, at Eton and Oxford. At the university he was known as a close and eager student, as well as a constant and able speaker at the Union.

Upon the completion of his studies, he spent several years in travel, making a tour of the world, visiting even Australia. There is a tradition that there he became stricken with the gold fever, and unsuccessfully worked a claim. Years afterwards, he made incidental reference in a speech to a period when circumstances forced him to become his own cook and laundress. He returned home to face life with only the modest prospects of a younger son. In 1853 he was returned to parliament as the representative of the county constituency of Stamford.

But when did poverty or uncheering prospects ever debar a young man from falling in love? Lord Robert loved, according to his family, unwisely. The young lady was Georgina Caroline Alderton, a daughter of that Judge (afterwards Baron) Alderton who conducted the famous trial of the Chartists with such conspicuous impartiality that the prisoners, after their trial and sentence, united in thanking him for his fairness. But he was held by the race-proud Salisburys to lack both the wealth and the dignity necessary to make his daughter a suitable match for even the younger son of an earl. It is said that the old Marquis ordered Lord Robert to break off all communication with the Aldertons for a twelvemonth. The young man obeyed, but at the end of that time he announced his determination to marry the lady, with or without the parental blessing.

The marriage took place in 1857, with the result that Lord Robert's allowance became still more slender. The young couple were very poor. Their first establishment was in

dingy lodgings in a street off the Strand. Lord Robert was not one, however,

"To think upon himself, and curse his fate;"

he became a hard-working journalist, contributing regularly to several London papers. The establishment of The Saturday Review by the eccentric Beresford Hope was a fortunate day for the young couple and the family that rapidly gathered about them.

These years of hard work, of precarious income, of increasing domestic responsibilities, were among the very happiest of his life, and display his character in the most attractive light. The constant struggle with honourable poverty welded, as it often does, him and his bride in an almost ideal union. Lady Cecil was a woman of rare mental endowment, and much of her husband's success was undoubtedly due to her intelligent sympathy and assistance. Her interest in political affairs was always keen, and she was anything but superficially informed. On occasion she could make her hand felt. One writer hints at a sound rating she gave Mr. Balfour, when after the 1895 elections, that gentleman appeared too easy-going in his position of leader of the House. The home life of the Cecils was singularly happy, equally in the days of stress and in the ease of Hatfield.

For eight years Lord Robert continued to earn his living with his pen, soon proving himself a writer of unusual force and poignancy. After the strictest manner of the sect had been bred a Tory and High Churchman, and his writings faithfully reflected his views. He was clever, narrow, audacious and unquestionably original. It was during these years that he made himself past-master of the dangerous weapon of a biting sarcasm. No man in England could say a bitter thing in a manner more bitter than he. He learned, too, the habits of rapid thought and rapid writing so essential to a journalist —habits which served him in good stead later on in the writing of his official despatches.

Already he was making his mark in that assembly where he was destined to make so great and honourable a name. The young man,—described as being tall, slight and delicate,—speedily obtained that generous recognition which the House of Commons is ever eager to extend to any newcomer who gives distinct signs of promise.

Though nominally a supporter of Mr. Disraeli, he was for several years one of those parliamentary free-lances, dreaded by their own party rather than by their opponents, and the utter despair of party whips and managers. Lord Robert, like Browning's hero, was "ever a fighter," and he frequently attacked every one in sight with astonishing vehemence and the bitterest invective.

Though he was heard by the House with respectful attention, and his powers were readily acknowledged, he was not popular with his fellow-members. He possessed a boundless enthusiasm, and an enthusiast is almost as greatly dreaded as a reformer by the ordinary member. He was more inflexibly Tory than those on the front benches, and he did not hesitate to voice his opinion that his leaders had proved themselves recreant to the inherited principles and traditions of that party. He established himself as the defender of the Anglican Church, and the champion of those sentiments that had seen service against the great Reform Bill and the lowering of the parliamentary franchise. Well-informed he certainly was, so well informed that he was disliked, as academic and "superior," by a body the majority of whose members

are not ashamed of having forgotten their Latin in the busy affairs of life.

For Mr. Disraeli Lord Robert entertained little but disgust and suspicion. This was inevitable. There was absolutely nothing in common between the two in ideals or in temperament. Mr. Disraeli was stirred by little of that Toryism which moved Wellington and Peel's earlier years. He had an innate love of show, and a strange fondness for titles and the symbols of power. He upheld the Established Church, but no one dreamt that he had any profound feeling in regard to it, certainly nothing of the reverence or the enthusiasm of the younger man. He opposed the extension of the franchise when the movers were Russell and Gladstone; but when he saw that the agitation was too deep and too strong to be safely disregarded, he framed a Reform Bill, and agreed to amendments rendering the measure more sweeping than that which he had denounced,—effacing himself as graciously as could Queen Elizabeth. To Lord Robert, this opportunism was despicable and treacherous.

Certain articles in The Quarterly Review, vigorously assailing the volatile Tory leader, were understood to proceed from the young man. Mr. Disraeli knew of them, and he had frequent open tilts with his recalcitrant follower, which he explained in private by declaring that "the young man's head was on fire." So, though the breach was often apparently healed, any cessation of hostilities was but temporary.

In the debate on Mr. Gladstone's famous resolutions in 1868 on the subject of the Irish State Church, Lord Cranborne,—as Lord Robert then was,—made a speech of almost vicious virulence, denouncing the Government of which he had lately been a member, and assailing Mr. Disraeli with such pungency and fluency of vituperation as is seldom known, even in the fiercest heat of debate. Later, in 1874, he denounced him with equal vigour, in connection with the Archbishop of Canterbury's Bill for the better regulation of public worship. In return, Mr. Disraeli pronounced him "a great master of jibes and flouts and sneers," and informed him that his invective was "lacking in finish." However that may be, it certainly never lacked either point or spirit.

During the time of troubles between Turkey and Russia, it was understood that Lord Cecil was not on the best of terms with his chief, and he was credited with the stunning statement: "I no longer hate this man, I loathe him." But a reconciliation was patched up, and the few remaining years of Lord Beaconsfield's career were not marred by open differences with his most brilliant lieutenant.

During all these years Lord Cecil was becoming more and more a power in the world of politics. In 1857, only four years after his election to parliament, he distinguished himself by his assault on Lord Palmerston in connection with the Lorcha Arrow affair, and was among the few leaders of the Opposition who found seats in the next House.

In 1865, by the death of his elder brother, Lord Robert Cecil became Lord Cranborne, and heir to the marquisate. This and the complete reconciliation with his father put him in easier circumstances, and allowed him to lay aside henceforth the pen with which he had faced ill-fortune with such laudable spirit and resolution. As the heir of a great and ancient house, as well as the possessor of unquestioned talents, he was now a

young man with the most emphatic claim to be considered in any future Tory administration.

Upon the defeat of Lord John Russell, Lord Cranborne entered Lord Derby's Government in 1866 as Secretary for India. During his tenure of this important office, he demonstrated the wisdom of his appointment by his firm, liberal, and intelligent conduct of his department. His opponents were surprised by his capacity for administration, as well as by his exhibition of that self-restraint which is peculiarly attractive in those who have to do with the making or the execution of the laws of a country.

Lord Cranborne retained his position for less than a year, resigning early in 1867. For the sudden fever for reform which had overtaken the leaders of his party he had the most positive aversion. Indeed, the word reform had never any fascination for him, by nature something of the patrician, to whom the extension of the franchise always meant the deterioration of political life. Mr. Disraeli's bill amounted, he declared, to household suffrage, and he was determined not to indicate approval of any such principle by remaining in the Government. In the debate on the measure, he spoke against it, and characterized it as "a leap in the dark."

Of his determined stand on the Irish Church question in 1868 we have already spoken. Later in the same year, by the death of his father, he succeeded to the titles and estates of the Marquis of Salisbury, which removed from the House of Commons one of its most interesting figures.

Mr. Gladstone was returned to power by the elections which followed Lord Derby's defeat on the Irish Church issue. In the campaign he had enunciated a very definite policy of reform, which he at once proceeded to make good. Probably no ministry of our time ever attempted to carry so formidable a series of difficult and memorable reforms, many of them courageously expunging ancient and deep-rooted injustices. The Irish Church was disestablished; the Irish Land Bill was at least an attempt to pacify that unhappy island; Mr. Forster's Education Bill gave England something resembling a school system; purchase was abolished in the army; the ballot was introduced, and the University Tests Bill gave to Nonconformists perfect equality at the great seats of learning. It will be readily understood that each of these measures, beneficent as it may have been, would alienate many supporters of the Government. The Alabama settlement and the reopening of the treaty of Paris accentuated popular distrust, so that the contest of 1874 resulted in a victory for Mr. Disraeli, who became Prime Minister.

Lord Salisbury was again entrusted with the India Department, where he had displayed conspicuous ability eight years before. "He was now," says McCarthy, and for some time after, looked upon as the most rising man and the most high-minded statesman on the Conservative side." At the India Office he gained merited applause by his prompt and generous measures in mitigating the horrors of an Indian famine.

The lines of the administration appeared to have fallen in pleasant places. It had everything its own way. The Opposition, weak in numbers, was weaker still in fighting strength; all that was needed to complete its discomfiture was Mr. Gladstone's retirement from the leadership. Mr. Disraeli's policy of expansion and imperialism was undoubtedly agreeable to the popular imagination.

The first cloud arose from the ever-troublesome Turkish question.

The inhuman atrocity of the Bulgarian "horrors" drew Mr. Gladstone from his books at Hawarden to reprehend the Government for its fatal supineness. No movement, however, was made until the next year, 1876, when, with Sir Henry Elliott, Lord Salisbury was dispatched to Constantinople to represent England at a conference of the powers, to attempt to agree upon some form of government for the states subject to Turkey. Relying on the jealousies of the powers, Turkey would do nothing, and Lord Salisbury returned home in January, 1877. Turkey's insensate obstinacy involved her in a war with Russia, a struggle which threatened to draw England into conflict with her old enemy of the Crimea.

Upon Lord Derby's resignation, in March, 1878, Lord Salisbury became Foreign Secretary. With Lord Beaconsfield he took part in the Berlin Conference. The outcome of these deliberations, presided over by Prince Bismarck, was the famous Berlin Treaty, hailed by the one party at home as the very acme of statecraft, and denounced by the other as a bungling sacrifice of England's interest to the fetich of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire.

In no country under parliamentary institutions does the pendulum of favour swing with greater regularity from the one to the other of the great political parties than in England. In 1880, Lord Beaconsfield gave way to Mr. Gladstone. This second administration was not nearly so notable as his first. The peace with the Boers was severely criticised, both then and since. Nothing, however, served to discredit the Government so much as the unaccountable delay in sending relief to the knightly Gordon, struggling for his life in Khartoum. Two measures of importance were passed, the third Reform Bill and the Redistribution Act, the former having to overcome that opposition from the House of Lords which every one has grown to expect when any measure of radical reform is presented.

On June 8th, 1885, the ministry was defeated by a vote of 262 to 252 on an amendment to the budget. Mr. Gladstone at once resigned, and, with some hesitation, Lord Salisbury (who had become the leader of his party after Lord Beaconsfield's death in 1881) undertook the government. It was, indeed, the least enviable of tasks, —with a House in which he possessed but the semblance of power; with discontent at home and difficulties abroad. The new premier chose the only feasible course, —adopted that part of the Liberal budget already approved, had supplies voted, and then prorogued the House, following that act shortly by a dissolution.

The elections were brought on in December, the government of Ireland being a prominent issue. It was known that much would depend on the votes of the Irish Nationalists, and it was rumoured that a bargain had been struck between Lord Salisbury and this party. Probably there was little or nothing in this, though Mr. Gladstone's fiery denunciation of the supposed deal led to a circular from the Irish committee instructing their countrymen in England to support Conservative candidates. The House, as elected, stood, Liberals 334, Conservatives 250, Nationalists 86. The last-named, then, held the key of the situation.

Then followed Mr. Gladstone's espousal of Home Rule,—a move destined to have far-reaching effect on the future of his party. The House met January 21, 1886. The Government was at once voted out by 329 to 250, and on February 1st Lord Salisbury resigned. His short regime is memorable chiefly for the

management of the India Office by the brilliant and meteoric statesman, Lord Randolph Churchill. Burma had long been one of the greatest embarrassments of Indian Viceroys and Secretaries. Lord Randolph ordered its conquest. A rapid advance was made, and within two months the whole territory was added to the British crown.

Mr. Gladstone took up the reins again, and it at once became evident that Home Rule could be adopted only at the cost of a very serious rupture of the Liberal party. Lord Hartington, the Duke of Argyle, Mr. Goschen, and Sir Henry James refused to take office, and proceeded to form a Liberal-Unionist party. On April 8th, amid an excitement unknown to the oldest member, the Premier introduced his Home Rule Bill.

In a few days the full extent of the Unionist secession could be seen. Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. George Trevelyan left the Government. More fatal still was the opposition of Mr. John Bright. Over the minds of thousands of his countrymen this great English tribune of the people exercised a unique and remarkable influence. He had long outlived the vacant ridicule of his earlier days, and his wisdom, his moderation, his fervent patriotism, were universally acknowledged. When, therefore, he announced that he could not give his support to the bill, his voice had an immediate and far-reaching effect. On June 7th, the measure was defeated in the Commons by thirty votes, while in the general elections of the following month the Home Rule party found itself in a minority of one hundred and twenty.

The Cabinet resigned at once, and Lord Salisbury entered upon his second administration. As every one anticipated, he became his own Foreign Minister. The six years were not particularly notable for either stirring events or great legislation. The Government was careful and economical, and even its opponents had to confess that the departments were well and carefully conducted. The investigation into the reckless charges made by The Times against Mr. Parnell helped to create a revulsion of feeling in favour of the Irish leader and his cause. The year 1887 was signalized by the Royal Jubilee, evoking a remarkable display of loyalty and affection from every part of the Empire.

A most successful piece of domestic legislation was the London County Council Bill of 1888, which entrusted the full municipal government of the metropolis, outside the city, to a board elected directly by the people. Every one was surprised and delighted at the character of the candidates who offered their services. The first chairman was Lord Rosebery, the second Sir John Lubbock.

The elections of 1892 were contested with remarkable heat and energy. Mr. Gladstone raised the standards of Home Rule and Welsh and Scottish disestablishment. The Government relied upon its record and its opposition to what it regarded as a policy of disintegration. The result was a triumph for the octogenarian leader of the Opposition. On the opening of parliament in August the Government was at once voted out, and for the fourth time, and at the age of eighty-three, Mr. Gladstone became First Minister of Great Britain.

We have now reached a period so recent that the succeeding events are still fresh in the minds of all. We have recounted the story of Lord Salisbury's great political battles; the rest of his public life is a record of uninterrupted and easy triumphs.

The second Home Rule Bill,

successful in passing the Commons, met its Nemesis in the Lords. The Liberals became disheartened. This sentiment was changed to a positive despair, when, on March 3, 1894, Mr. Gladstone resigned the premiership. Lord Rosebery, his successor, did as well as any one could have done against the tide. The administration lingered on for a year, when it appealed to the people.

Lord Salisbury came back in 1895 with an overwhelming majority opposed to Home Rule. A coalition Conservative-Unionist Government was formed, in which the leading figures, beside the Premier, were Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain and the Duke of Devonshire. In 1900 the administration secured a fresh lease of power by an undiminished majority.

The only difficulties of the Government have been in the nature of foreign complications. From the Opposition it has had nothing whatever to fear. Few in numbers, disheartened by failure, discouraged by the memory of a great leader gone, broken into small and apparently irreconcilable factions, the once powerful Liberal party in the House for the present seems disorganized, whatever the future may hold for it.

In 1895 the Armenian massacres revived the Turkish question, and drew from Mr. Gladstone his last public utterance. Then the Cretan insurrection broke out to still further aggravate the difficulty. In December of the same year President Cleveland, like a bolt from the blue, issued his celebrated Venezuela message, leading to the Arbitration Treaty, which deserved a much kindlier fate than fell to its lot. In the same month occurred Dr. Jameson's raid into the Transvaal, the first open spark of that conflagration which was to spread over a great part of South Africa.

THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY—A RECENT PORTRAIT.

In 1897 a punitive expedition was sent to Benin, consequent upon the ambushment and massacre of an English embassy. In the same year began the Anglo-Egyptian advance up the Nile, reaching its culmination the following year, when Lord Kitchener broke the back of the Madhist movement and captured Khartoum. The Fashoda dispute with France resulted in the maintenance of the British position, though a good deal of ill-will was aroused. The Boer war was one of those marks, unhappy and inevitable as it was, from which the future historian of South Africa will date the inception of a new and more prosperous era in the story of the two provinces.

In 1900, the Chinese question reached a crisis in the Boxer rebellion and the siege of the foreign legations. That the intervention of Europe was accomplished without the occasion being seized as a pretext for the dismemberment of the most ancient of empires is due almost alone to the patient wisdom and Saxon tenacity of the veteran

statesman who controlled the foreign relations of Great Britain.

It is in the Foreign Office that Lord Salisbury's life-work has been done, and it is as history judges his work there that his fame stands or falls; for of important domestic legislation his four administrations have been singularly barren. All the acts of his fifteen years as Foreign Secretary have been the subject of fierce party criticisms, and the wisdom of many of them has yet to be proved by time. But there can be little question that, on the whole, he has served England well. On the Continent, since the retirement of Bismarck, he has enjoyed a reputation and influence greater than that of any other statesman. Even during the recent ebullition of anti-British feeling, it was Mr. Chamberlain, and not the Premier, who was execrated there.

It is not easy to evolve from any great public life a definite and continuous policy. Lord Salisbury has endeavoured so far as possible to preserve Britain from war, and strengthen a belief in the effectiveness of diplomacy. He learned, too, that "all things come to him who waits." He knew the infinite value of patience, that time is often the most eloquent advocate, that a nation, as well as an individual, may to-day be heartily ashamed of the hectoring of yesterday. Perhaps it was these qualities that made him appear to Bismarck "a lath painted to look like iron." And yet the Iron Chancellor himself knew how to wait.

Had Lord Salisbury's conduct at the time of Mr. Cleveland's Venezuela message been other than it was, the history of the next century might have been materially changed. The bellicose and pre-election tone of the message did not cause him for a moment to lose his head. In a few days the air had cooled, when he consented to submit some of the points to arbitration, an offer which was gladly accepted. Somewhat singularly, since that time the feeling between the two countries has been much more cordial than before. During the Spanish-American war, the English Foreign Office refused to countenance any intervention by the other powers on behalf of Spain, and Lord Salisbury did not hesitate to express his admiration for the Americans, and sympathy with their cause.

In his attitude toward Turkey he has followed the traditional policy. During the long-drawn agony of the Armenian troubles, every platform in England rang with denunciations of the "unspeakable Turk." Never was the moral sense of the nation more fully aroused. Only the Government was silent. The powers could agree upon no policy, and so the butcherings were allowed to continue. One could not help longing for one of Gladstone's "splendid indiscretions."

As a minister, Lord Salisbury was noted for his great industry and love of exactness. Papers that another would have been content to have an assistant read, he carefully perused. He had none of that impatience of details that characterized Lord Beaconsfield; often he was seen to take bundles of papers home with him. Yet such was his ability to work rapidly that he always appeared one of the least engaged of men.

He will hardly be remembered as a great debater or a great orator, in a day which knew Disraeli and Bright and Gladstone; and yet he possesses marked powers both for debate and public speaking. He used no notes, but stood with bent head, and his great shoulders stooping. He never looked at his audience, spoke apparently without careful preparation, and with the manner of a man thinking aloud.

The tone was even and monotonous, and the enthusiasm of his audience never infected him or broke through his reserve. Of pyrotechnical display there was an utter absence, and the ordinary arts of the orator were disdained.

No speaker of his day excelled him in felicity of expression and the making of indelible phrases. His language was always chaste, his style finished and scholarly, and upon the whole there lay an indefinable air of distinction. He had happy powers of illustration, and the grim humour of his earlier days never left him. His speeches were sometimes alarmingly frank, and on more than one occasion he gave his political supporters no end of trouble to explain some unfortunate sentence. His remarks regarding "decaying nations," at the time of the Spanish-American war, aroused great bitterness in Spain, and prepared the cheers that shook Madrid at the news of English reverses in Africa.

Something, indeed, of the swashbuckler style of the old days of the Saturday Review and the lodgings of the Strand has always clung to him, and marred the dignity of the statesman. Thus, he compared Lord Derby, his predecessor, at the Foreign Office in a Conservative cabinet, to Titus Oates, and spoke contemptuously of a native of India elected to parliament as a "black man."

A still more serious instance of this was when, in an address against Home Rule, he pointed out that "no one would dream of giving Home Rule, for example, to Hottentots." Little as he might sympathize with the demands of Ireland, it was not the part of any statesman to insult so gratuitously a whole people.

The most famous instance of this wanton wounding was his celebrated reference to Mr. Gladstone in 1862, when he declared that his device to carry the remission of the paper-tax was "worthy of a pettifogging attorney." The expression was warmly resented by Mr. Gladstone, and disapproved by the whole House. The next night Lord Robert arose to make a personal explanation. He had been, he declared, carried away by the heat of debate when he had made the comparison. He therefore begged to apologize to the attorney!

The obnoxious phrase had sprung, not from ill-will, but from his inability to resist making a "hit"; for Mr. Gladstone he always entertained the highest and most sincere admiration, though often attacking him most vigorously. In 1894, when his great Liberal opponent was retiring, he referred to him as "one of the most brilliant figures who had served the state since parliamentary government in this country began," and lauded "the courage and self-discipline which he had exhibited down to the latest period of the longest public life ever granted to an English statesman.

Nothing could be more remarkable than the change which the public estimate of Lord Salisbury has undergone during the past twenty years. Staid politicians two decades ago regarded his official despatches as a continual peril. "Blazing indiscretions were supposed ever to lurk beneath his tongue." But as years went by confidence in him grew. He came to be regarded as the bulwark of peace, a minister not to be affected by passion nor moved by the silly clamour of the street. Even his political opponents came to look upon him with feelings differing widely from those of the earlier days. Mr. Chamberlain was now their aversion, and they were well content to see the older and steadier man at the helm of the ship of state.

The disappearance of Bright and Gladstone from parliament left

Lord Salisbury the largest figure in public life. The thrusts of his earlier years had apparently left no unhealed wounds. Age mellowed somewhat the acerbity of his tongue, and experience taught him caution. For some years he has had, as no premier since Palmerston, the affectionate respect of the nation. This became still more noticeable of late. Daily as he left the House, the police saluted and held the door open, and all who met him in St. Stephen's raised their hats. And so it was everywhere.

But Lord Salisbury has always been, to a great degree, a man apart. He made no attempt to mingle with the people, and to the man on the street he was wholly unknown. He had few personal friends, though of these few he was very fond. Even among his own followers in parliament there were few who could claim any acquaintance with him. Mr. T. P. O'Connor is authority for the statement that so eminent a politician as Mr. John Morley never exchanged a word with the ex-Premier.

All this is partly due to a shyness not uncommon among great Englishmen. But this detachment from the life of the nation was to him a distinct and constant loss. He had naturally little sympathy with the claims, movements, and aspirations of democracy. "Could it be maintained," asked Lord Robert Cecil once, "that a person of any education could learn anything worth knowing from a penny paper?" Reform he relished in his later days no more than when he forsook Lord Derby's Government. Temperance reform presents itself to thoughtful Englishmen as one of the most urgent issues of to-day. To it Lord Salisbury was frankly hostile. Yet Lord Rosebery has publicly declared that if England does not soon control the liquor traffic, the liquor traffic will control England—a warning which Dean Farrar has iterated in language of the greatest seriousness.*

In the religious world, the most significant movement of modern times is the world-wide spread of missions. This movement the ex-Premier, at best, has "damned with faint praise." During the Chinese troubles he complained that "now if a Boniface or a Columba is exposed to martyrdom, the result is an appeal to a consul, or for the mission of a gunboat." And that at a juncture when the Christian missionaries and their followers in China were sealing noble and devoted lives with a death as heroic and triumphant as that of any of the martyrs done to death by Nero.

Hatfield, thirty-six miles from London, has always been Lord Salisbury's grateful retreat from the noise and labours of the city. There his home life was sweet and beautiful as was that of his great rival at Hawarden. He was not fond of company, though when he entertained he did it on a grand scale, and proved himself a very charming host. He had five sons and two daughters, most of whom possess uncommon ability. Lord Cranborne, the eldest, is Under Secretary of Foreign Affairs. Lord Hugh Cecil is in parliament, and is said to be a faithful reproduction of the Lord Robert Cecil of forty years ago. Another son is a clergyman, another a barrister, while one of his daughters, Lady Gwendolen Cecil, has marked literary power.

Of Lady Salisbury, of the large qualities of heart and head that rendered her a suitable companion of the Prime Minister of Great Britain, we have already spoken. Her death on November 20th, 1899, was the severest blow of her husband's life. For the moment, he appeared

* See his sermon "'Twixt Two Centuries," in the METHODIST MAGAZINE AND REVIEW, August, 1901.

overwhelmed by his sorrows, but England was in the midst of a trying war, and the old man bravely resumed the Titan's load.

But he was never the same man again. The zest went out of his work when the wife he had won in his youth, by whose side he had battled with poverty and wrung praise from unwilling lips, was taken from him. To him, shrouded in the loneliness of grief, the heart of all England went forth. He aged perceptibly, and his dislike to publicity became more than ever pronounced. Always cynical, and scorning a "blatant optimism," his tones now became positively pessimistic. More and more his interest in politics surrendered to the heart-weariness that hung about him. When next he spoke in the House of Lords, his voice sank after a few minutes, and before he sat down he was almost inaudible; the words came slowly, and bore evidence of mental fatigue.

When in the following autumn he transferred the Foreign Office to Lord Lansdowne, he virtually handed over the administration to his colleagues. Those who came into contact with him commented privately on the absent-mindedness overcome only by great and evident effort. There is an infinite pathos in the stories told of how, even when presiding at cabinet meetings, the old statesman—the gladiator who had fought with Disraeli, and Gladstone, and Rosebery—could with the greatest difficulty keep awake; of how in the Lords he asked if the members desired him to read the terms of peace in South Africa! Time makes children of us all.

It is a fitting and pleasing thing that his farewell to public life should be taken when the heats and animosities of his younger days had calmed into a mere memory; when Englishmen had come to look upon him, not as a great party leader, but rather as an illustrious countryman, a safe and trusted counsellor of the State. He has earned well a rest, and no one can grudge him the years he may spend in scientific research, amid the loved quiet of the oaks of Hatfield.

How high will be the niche to which history will assign him one may not say. But of one thing at least we may be sure. He has carved for himself a name which the years may perhaps dim, but cannot efface. Four times Prime Minister of Great Britain; for two decades the voice of most potent influence in controlling the foreign relations of the greatest of empires, is a record brilliant enough for even the greatest of the Cecils.

Making abundant allowance for youthful rashness, for his ultra-Conservatism, for his manifest limitations, there remain his disinterested and life-long services to his country and his sovereign, his long and successful labours to promote international amity, his indubitable integrity, his moderation in success, his calm patience undisturbed by any crisis, his unwavering confidence in the ultimate reason of men and nations, to assure him, beyond doubt or cavil, of an ample and unfailing margin of renown.

Greenbank, Ont.

THE ONENESS OF LIFE.

God is love, eternal ages run,
Yet love remains, unfailing as the sun,
Love formed the earth, Love framed the plan divine,
Love is not bound by any creed or clime,
Love gave a Christ, Love saves, whate'er befall,
Love is the Voice, the universal all.

—*Manfred J. Gaskell.*

THE MILEAGE AND TONNAGE OF THE UNIVERSE.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM HARRISON,

President of the New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island Conference.

IT is generally admitted that the desire and effort to discover, if possible, man's true position and value in the system of nature and also in the universe of things by which he is surrounded is to-day more intense and widespread than in any other period in the history of the world. While the subject of this inquiry has been discussed a thousand times, it remains true that the very opulence of man's nature, his far-off yesterdays, his perplexing to-days, and his possible brilliant or sorrowful to-morrows, furnish a theme as absorbing as can be found in any line of investigation that the most fertile imagination can suggest.

On the final settlement of the question as to man's position in the material creation, and in the thought and care of God depend results of the most vital and far-reaching character. There are aspects of man's existence on earth which again and again, with peculiar and fierce persistency, push their way to the front, and which for the unreasoning moment point to man's humiliation and insignificance, rather than to his importance and exaltation. The brief residence of the individual upon the earth, and the many limitations which hinder and cramp his powers, bring to many a deep sense of failure and disappointment. The ignorance, the animalism, the crime, the meanness, the shame, and wickedness of great numbers of our kind, create feelings of disgust rather than of admiration, and force upon us a deep and prolonged regret. The small space occupied by the single life in the great rush and volume of human history, the readiness with which the most noble are too frequently forgotten—all seem to repeat the one story of man's comparative insignificance. So do the infinite march and majestic order with which the great globe and the whole system of the visible universe move on their way, startling us now and again by crushing a human life with apparently pitiless power, as if man's life were a cheap and most valueless thing. In addition to these varied aspects which seem to ignore the importance and costliness of human existence we are met repeatedly with the same assignment of Providence which, to say the least, from the standpoint of mere appearances, are oftentimes painfully perplexing. Many of the good and true are found toiling through weary years in obscure places, bearing life's pressing responsibilities, sufferings, and cares, amid circumstances the most humiliating and trying.

But there is, perhaps, no object by which we are confronted which is so calculated to bear in upon us with such crushing force the feeling of our insignificance as the vastness and magnificence of the visible universe. The magnitude of our globe and the astronomic immensities above us have silenced man's pride with the enormous and awful bulk and infinite pomp and unmeasured greatness known to exist, have often victimized our poor senses, and for the passing moment have made sad havoc with the sublime teachings of our orthodox theology. If the considerations drawn from the hugeness of our own planet, its resistless sweep and imperial move-

ment through the unrecorded years, have produced this sense of human vanity and littleness, how are we to meet the revelations of the telescope and the well-ascertained facts of modern science as these facts bear on the other portions of the terrestrial creation? The earth is but a very small portion of the immense aggregation of stars and suns which constitute the material universe. In this vast field all arithmetic computations appear to break down, and the most daring calculations bow their heads in utter exhaustion.

It is this question of physical immensities, this "mileage and tonnage" of the universe, which has frequently perplexed the devout mind in its religious conception and faith, and which an unchristian science and philosophy have used to belittle man's place in nature, and to discredit and degrade the biblical estimates and interpretations as to man's place of supremacy and importance in the system of things in which we live. Along this line of mere material bulk some naturalists have sought to travel in their investigations and conclusions, with a strange and unaccountable forgetfulness of the balancing and redeeming considerations which most assuredly must enter into the question now under discussion. Allowing themselves to be overwhelmed by the soulless, colossal magnitudes around and above them, they have sought to destroy in the religious mind the Christian explanations and estimates touching the importance of the human race, and to teach that the biblical ideas and views as to man's intrinsic value are an insufferable exaggeration, and that the historic importance of our globe is also an exaggeration which the "mileage and tonnage" of the universe ought in some way to upset and remove.

Before a single inch of the orthodox ground is surrendered to this arrogant demand, and before we allow ourselves to be frightened out of our cherished beliefs by any of the heartless teachings of modern or ancient unbelief, or any of the big, bullying forces of nature, it is well to remember where the speculations of materialism will lead us, what they propose to give us in exchange for that which we are called upon to abandon, and to inquire whether this question of mere size and sight has not left out of the count some of the fundamental and essential considerations to the discussion of man's true place in the universe. Viewed simply and only from the standpoint of the materialist, human life becomes a painful and bewildering mystery, the climax of haphazard forces, and that man stands out in all this lower creation as the poor, unpitied victim of cruel iron necessities which gird us round with their massive bands and ponderous bars. The universe itself, with all its wealth of wonder and magnificence, under the same methods of interpretation becomes a soulless, mindless mechanism, an abhorrent riddle which men may attempt to solve, but attempt in vain.

The prime intention of this paper is to indicate the utter absurdity of fixing values by the simple bulk of things. Considerations touching the place of humanity in the scale of existence and in the measureless empire of created things, as well as in the care and thought of God, are pressing upon the observations of the current century in a most commanding way. It has been admitted in very influential quarters that the biblical explanations on this and kindred themes are not, as some misguided men have imagined, among the exploded and vanished things in the past, but are found to harmonize most clearly with certain strange and moving facts in man's constitution, and with the larger and more perfect outlook at the universe which many sceptical

schools unscientifically neglect or ignore. And here we most emphatically say, let no man abdicate his manhood or depreciate for one moment the sacred crown-right of humanity through any argument that may be drawn from the mere bigness of things—this well-worn, defiant, imposing "mileage and tonnage" theory of the universe.

After all that has been put forward by certain schools, to rob man of his crown of royalty and leave him a poor, wandering, human mystery, to be swallowed up by the deepening gloom of some sad and hopeless grave, the following considerations demand our attention. When they are assigned their proper place of importance in the review of man's nature and his place in the scale of existence, the whole edifice of modern materialistic teachings is completely shattered.

It is admitted that by far the highest and noblest form of life that has ever appeared in this world is the human existence. Man, in his constitution and marvellous capabilities and power, is now recognized as the undisputed master and sovereign of this lower world. The object of this planet's existence is now found to be in the presence, the accommodation, the achievement, the perfecting, and the satisfaction of the human race. For man's appearance the innumerable geological ages have been a vast prediction and an elaborate preparation. His approach and final advent upon earth ever seems to have been in view in every great period in the solemn, stupendous drama of an advancing and rising world. Dr. Lee says:

"The history of the physical universe culminates in man, finds its interpreter and its interpretation in him. Never was the thought of him absent from her movements through Pliocene, Miocene, Eocene, Cretaceous, Jurassic, Triassic, Carboniferous, Devonian, Silurian, or Cambrian ages. In all her awful cosmic emotion to reach order and form it was the anticipation that moved her, for he it is at last that comes of it. So through all the course of her tumultuous history nature was pregnant with man."

The whole scheme of the natural world is realized and perfected in man. The meaning of creation, as one has said, is never understood until the dust stands erect in a living man. Not until the atoms throbbed in a human brain and beat in a human heart did the purpose which had run through the ages stand out defined and justified. Then it was that the intention underneath the drift of ages spelled itself out in the unity of thought, the freedom of choice, and the capacity for love potential in the intellect, will, and heart of the first man. He was the realization of an ideal, which gave meaning to the long periods of preparation. As the final expression, the purpose and end of the terrestrial creation, he was at once the interpreter, and the interpretation of all that had gone before. Emerson has said that "the main enterprise of the world for splendour and extent is the upbuilding of a man." To this may be added the remark of Disraeli, that "Science may prove the insignificance of this globe in the scale of creation, but it cannot prove the insignificance of man." Without man as the interpretation of the universe the whole studendous fabric becomes a bewildering and mysterious riddle, unsolved and unsolvable.

Then man's dominion and claims are altogether without a parallel amid all the giant forces and agencies by which he is surrounded. His position is that of a master and king over all the far-reaching realms which make up the immense system of things in which he lives, moves, and has his being. The loftiest and mightiest energies are

compelled to yield to his demands, and in ways innumerable submit themselves to his plans and service. And, besides this, the only creature who is able to give intelligent and comprehensive interpretations to this world system in which he finds himself, and the more extended provinces and realms in the majestic empire of which his planet home forms a part, is man, whom some of the apostles of the "mileage and tonnage theory" have sought to humiliate, discrown, and degrade.

Regarded as a home, this world is evidently intended for man in a thousand senses in which it was not made for any other creature. Every other form of life finds its wants and the scope of its nature met within very narrow limitations, but man appears to need it all, because in many ways he is related to it all, and to be completely furnished must be in a position to use it all. So linked with man's character and conduct is nature that in ten thousand ways the material world depends for its development and perfection upon his movements, his manifold ministry, and his continued unexampled power and progress.

But the consideration which, above all others, redeems human life from insignificance is the moral freedom with which that life is constitutionally endowed. The late Dr. Dale has said:

"We are encompassed by an immense and wonderful universe, and its minutest atoms as well as its suns and stars are governed by fixed and unvarying laws. Year after year scientific discovery wins fresh triumphs over regions previously unknown, and everywhere the reign of law is undisturbed through ages and realms we cannot measure. The great forces which are expressed in the phenomena of the material universe have been constant, and the laws which control their action are uniform and unchanging. Even those of us who have no special acquaintance with the physical sciences feel the solemn spell of this immense and immovable order. Sometimes we have no strength to stand erect in its presence; we are awed and silenced by the vast range and irresistible action of material forces. What are we that we should assert a freedom that does not belong to the planets or to the ocean? But I decline to surrender my dignity in the presence of material immensity. The tides rise and fall by an eternal necessity, but the passions which ebb and flow in my heart I can check and control. The planets are bound by irreversible forces to the orbits in which they travel.

"I am often conscious of perplexity as to the line in which I should move, and instead of being irresistibly swung by a force over which I have no control I choose for myself the rough path of duty which leads to mountain heights where I breathe the air of heaven and see its glory, or the smoother path which descends to darkness and death. I am greater than the planets, I am greater than the sea; they are subject, I am sovereign; they submit, I rule; they are bound, I am free. My own conscience assures me of this, and it is confirmed by the voice of God. From behind and above the forces of the material universe there reaches me a word which recognizes my unique prerogative, isolates me from all material things, imposes on me the responsibility of my moral action. The living God who is above nature declares that I, too, am above nature and must give an account of myself to Him. It is this conception of our moral relationship to God that invests human life with dignity and grandeur which the obscurest and most illustrious of our race share alike."

Too often have men been cowards in the presence of material

forces, of which they are princes. They have manifested the spirit of slaves, crept and crawled in the dust, and with a base, contemptible oblivion of their true dignity have declared that they have neither sceptre nor crown, that they are subject to forces which they cannot control. Whenever men under these teachings and influences have been led to abandon the biblical view of mankind one of the most powerful motives, even the pursuit of material triumphs in nature, has been sadly lessened; and the relinquishment of this consciousness of sovereignty has been followed by men losing their imperial ways and ceasing to be masters of the world at our feet.

Man's capacity for God and his hunger for a larger sphere are affirmed in the most conclusive manner in the whole religious history of the world, and remain to-day a great fact with which all the agnostic and materialistic schools have to reckon. Surely it was for good reasons that the Son of God came to this world to die for man; if He had not come could the universe of intelligent beings have overlooked it in God if no effort had been made to redeem such fallen majesty as is wrapped up in the very humblest human life? If God created man and placed him at the head of the material creation, is it too much to expect that He would care for him and redeem him, even if it should cost the effort and sacrifice which the New Testament says has been made for his recovery, illumination, and eternal good? Is it not one prime purpose of the whole biblical revelation and of Christ's mission to earth to destroy for ever from the human mind the feeling of insignificance and worthlessness which the vastness of the surrounding universe, supplemented by the degrading teachings of an infidel science, would bear in upon us with crushing force?

What if "this dim spot which men call earth" should owe all its fame in the congregation of larger worlds to the fact that a being of intelligence and moral capabilities lives here, and that he has been visited by the Son of God on a mission of boundless mercy and redeeming love? Whatever fame this planet may have secured in the history of the terrestrial creation has certainly not arisen from its pomp and magnitude in the assembly of worlds. Astronomy alone could never save our earth from contempt. The fact that it is the residence of moral beings and has welcomed the adorable Christ gives it a distinction which no mere physical bulk could ever bestow, and constitutes it the most important and memorable spot in all the unmeasured universe of God.

If humanity's true place in the immense fabric of creation is one of insignificance, if man's supremacy is only a passing fiction, and if he is only a poor, vain passenger across the promenade of a fleeting existence, then it is quite clear that Christianity at once becomes an insufferable exaggeration, and that man's nature is terribly overfreighted with capacities which are unmeaning, useless, and cruel. The building of a great engine to propel a pleasure boat, or the erection of some huge ship to sail across a little lake, would be pardonable blunders compared with the endowments which we know man to possess, if he is nothing more than a cosmic spark soon to vanish in the great darkness for ever. We know, however, that there is no vice in the constitution of things; and the solicitude of the heavens for man's welfare is the burden of the Christian revelation—a revelation which has accomplished the most marvellous revolutions in the world's thought, life, and history, and which is divinely destined to make the circuit of the globe. It is the

Christian interpretation of man's nature, position, and possibilities which alone fits the facts as they appear in human history. In this view of man's importance and value we find the inspiration and foundation of all the noble and increasing effort for his uplifting and redemption from all the humiliations into which his wrongdoing has flung him.

The proposed reconstruction of society and the world on a Christian basis springs from this interpretation of man's exalted position; all the evangelistic and missionary movements of the age, and all the deep, warm currents of human sympathy for the "burnt districts" of humanity, find their origin here, and in no other explanation whatever. The past progress of the world has been accomplished on the lines laid down in the teachings of humanity's great book, and on no other. A glance at the world's map will at once illustrate this point. It is the nineteenth century in Africa, China, Japan, India, and in the other large sections of the heathen world, as well as on this great continent and in the rest of Christendom; but the vast difference in social, moral, intellectual, and religious conditions is only accounted for by the movements and teachings which are distinctly Christian.

Dorchester, N.B.

A POPPY IN THE ROMAN FORUM.

BY FRANK INGOLD WALKER.

Thou flaming thought of years grown old and dim,
  Why dwellest thou amid these ruins here?
Did Vesta bid thee chant her endless hymn—
  Her altar-fires keep bright from year to year?

Or art thou that red spot that stains the white
  Of Rome's fair toga, burning there a shame
(E'en when the garment's gone), till men shall write
  No more her wrongs and Nero's bloody name?

Whate'er thou art, my little flower, I know
  That long ere those twin brothers on this hill,
Wolf-suckled, dwelt and quarrelled, thou didst grow,
  All kept and nourished by God's mighty will.

Papaver—that is what they called thee when
  Thou deck'dst the breast of beauty in old days;
Now beauty's faded with that name, yet men
  Still know thee, and thou art a poet's praise!

When this old Via Sacra felt the tread
  Of multitudinous feet in triumph's hour,
Thou durst not here then lift thy modest head,
  For there was never room for thee, dear flower!

Now, by this broken column, all alone,
  And undisturbed, thou thrivest, drawing life
And radiant beauty from these heaps of stone—
  A harmony resolved from discord's strife.

And so I'd call thee, flower, a lasting good,
  That thrives o'er ruins of decaying wrong;
Eternal, changeless as the will of God,
  The music of this world that lingers long!

—*Western Christian Advocate.*

A LEAF FROM A MARTYRED LIFE.*

BY MAUDE PETITT, B.A.

"BROUGHT TO ANSWER FOR THE FAITH THAT WAS IN THEM."

ROME! The Rome of sixteen hundred years ago! The setting sun was burnishing with gold the roof and porphyry pillars of a fair patrician villa! In all the vicinity of Rome there were few more elegant villas than that of the centurion Serectus. Not a breath stirred its silken curtains, nor a voice, nor a step broke the silence of its gardens and its halls. The place was as still and as peaceful as if it were a growth of the hill on which it stood. And out of its silence two white-robed maidens came gliding down the marble colonnade. They paused just at the top of a stately stairway of marble that led down into the gardens. Both were clad in white stolas, falling down to their sandalled feet. Both had their dark hair drawn back loosely, and fastened by fillets of embroidered gold. Both had clear-cut features, and rich, creamy complexions. There was a strong family likeness between them. But the one was beautiful, the other only pretty. Their faces were thoughtful for the moment, but the habitual flippancy of the younger girl was beginning to reassert itself. The sweeter seriousness of Marcella, the young mistress of the villa, was deepened by contrast with her more light-minded cousin.

"Oh, but it is beautiful, the view thou hast from thy villa," said Drusilla, the pretty little guest.

"I have been telling uncle how magnificent it is from the top of this stairway, how one can see Rome and the Campagna all in a breath, and the Forum and the mountains."

"It is very beautiful at this hour," said Marcella, "if one may be pardoned for praising the view from one's own threshold."

Then the girls twined their arms about each other, and watched the changing scene.

It was only the Kalends of April, but the Italian night was warm as Canadian June. The sky was sheathed

*The author is indebted to Dr. Withrow's "Valeria" for much of the information here used.—M. P.

in soft waves of dove-coloured cloud, but the sun had broken through at the horizon, and sat as in a chariot of flame on the crests of the Alban Mountains. A flood of fire seemed poured forth over the laurel and the orange groves of the Campagna, and the towers and pillars of Rome itself shone as if ready to burst into a blaze. Gradually, as the sun sank lower, the Tiber and the entire heavens glowed red as blood.

The villa of Serectus, by virtue of its lofty position, looked down with an air of dignity upon the Imperial Palace itself, and the girls from where they stood could see the procession of travellers threading the Appian way. They could see the patrician youths seeking the public baths; they could see the gay-coloured medley in the narrow streets, ladies borne in silken curtained palanquins, peasants bearing panniers of fruits, donkeys laden with all manner of wares, vendors offering the snows of Soracte to wearied pleasure-seekers, streets alive with tunic and toga, and over yonder in the Suburra, the plebs were gathering about the barber shops for the gossip of the hour, for there was no evening paper then to tell who had failed to pay his debts, who had given a banquet, or who had deserted his wife.

"I have often wondered," said Marcella, "if the world will ever boast another city as fair as Rome."

"No, my dear, there can never be but one Rome, and one springtime, and one youth; and who, in all beautiful Rome, could have more admirers than the fair Lady Marcella? To some eyes at least even the Empress Valeria is not so fair. Why waste thy beauty, my cousin, meeting in the gloomy catacombs with this poor Nazarene sect that thou and thy father talk of so continually? I have heard uncle say that the bulk of their followers came from that wretched district across the Tiber. Thou ownest thyself that this Christus was only a poor Galilean peasant. I have even heard that he died as a malefactor upon the cross. And, then, the danger there is in such a worship! Thou heardst what was said at table to-night of more Christians to feed the lions to-morrow."

"Yes, thou shouldst have gone home to-night, Drusilla, when father urged it. I am anxious for thee. From what I hear, there is real danger threatening us."

CORRIDOR OF CATACOMBS.

"I will go on the morrow, cousin. Methinks we're safe to-night. But what of thee, foolish girl? Have not the gods been good to thee? They have given thee beauty, wealth, rank, admirers—and thou throwest back their gifts in their faces for a poor Galilean nailed to a tree. And thou didst learn the doctrine but from thy slave, a poor slave, thy steward bought in the Suburra."

"It matters not from whom I learned it first. Besides, have I not gone daily to the catacombs to learn from the worthy Primitius? And it is not a mere doctrine I can believe or not believe, as I like. He is real to me now. I know Him, and I love Him. 'I know whom I have believed.'"

"This Christus? How strangely you speak of Him, as though He lived!"

"Yes, He lives to me. He lives continually with me, and from Him I can never, never, never turn away."

You understood as she spoke the secret of the beauty on her face.

"Ah, thou art in waters too deep for thee, my fair cousin. Leave to philosophers these matters of religion, say I. We are young but once. Let us live our youth. There's time in old age to appease the gods.

Look down on Rome yonder. Think of the pleasure that awaits thee there by day and by night. Win back thy lover, the gay Serenthus. Who in Rome had a laugh like his? And they tell me, Marcella, he had bitter words with thee, and forsook thee because of thy connection with these poor Nazarenes. Leave them alone, cousin dear. It's only a religion for plebs and slaves, not for the daughter of Serectus. Besides, think of the danger. I can hear them crying 'Christiani ad leones' (the Christians to the lions) even yet as they cried that last day in the Coliseum. Dost remember, cousin?"

"Oh, yes, I remember too well."

said, in the Coliseum to-morrow. Such splendid gladiators! Ah! I love to see the clash of the armour and the struggle between the gladiators. It's half the pleasure of uncle's life, seeing a good contest."

Poor child, she little dreamed what she would see in that same Coliseum on the morrow.

The voices died into silence as the two white forms moved on down the paths of the spacious gardens. Among the dark shadows of the cypress and the ilex they looked not unlike the white statuary that surrounded them. The full moon poured down her radiance through a break in the clouds; the murmur of fountains fell on their

"THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN THE GLADIATORS."

The sun had dropped behind the mountains, but even in the coming dark the eyes of the brave girl glowed like sparks of fire.

"We'll think no more," said her guest. "Come down into the gardens. Give me thy lyre. Let us have music. These things are not for us. Leave them to the aged and the poor. Music and the dance and life and light, you know, and loves, oh, loves, by the score.

"By the way, that spoiled brother of mine lost sixty thousand sesterces at the table last night. But it's all in a life, you know. See my bracelet he gave me as a morning greeting in spite of his debts, the reckless fellow. There'll be great games, he

ears. The air was filled with the fragrance of the magnolia and the orange bloom, a few night birds called from the thickets of the myrtle boughs, and the voice of oarsmen singing on the Tiber reached them as they passed. Peace! Peace! The suggestion of all around them was peace. And the bright little Drusilla chatted on in her pretty way, full of the unrest of the gay Roman world. She wondered once or twice why the fair Marcella was so silent, for she was wont to have a sprightly spirit. She wondered, too, why she clasped her arms about her with such a protecting air.

She wondered, too, at the solemn quiet of the house and gardens, at the

"THE CRUEL NASO HAS OBTAINED INFORMATION AGAINST THE HOUSEHOLD OF THY FATHER."

peace that seemed to announce itself in the very silence. But a half-hour later, when her pretty head had ceased to wonder about anything, and was buried in slumber, the Lady Marcella sat watching by her chamber window. Rome slept; only a stray torch here and there lighted some benighted traveller up the narrow streets. But still Marcella waked and watched, and her face was pale, though her eyes had a child-like calm in their depths.

"Non turbetur cor vestrum" (let not your heart be troubled), she repeated now and again to herself, and her face was uplifted to the soft, Italian sky, as if for strength.

A gentle movement, and the entrance of a slight figure through the curtains of her doorway aroused her.

"What news, Cecilia?" she asked, in a whisper, as her maid approached.

"Thy father sends me, fond mistress," she said, "to see if thou wert sleeping. Thou and I must flee on the morrow. More Christians are wanted for the games in the Coliseum, and the latest word says the cruel Naso has obtained information against the household of thy father. The whole household will be disbanded on the morrow. Thy fair cousin will be sent home, and thou must be sent to a place of safety, but thy father says his duty to Rome forbids that he flee. And now, thou must to sleep."

Such was the price of Christianity sixteen hundred years ago. The terror of the flames, the sword, or the ravenous beast of prey. The persecution by day and the flight by night!

"Nay, Cecilia, do not stop to brush my hair," said Marcella. "Thou, too, needst sleep. Loose the fillet and we will lie down together."

For in these days of the bitterness of persecution all distinctions of rank were lost. Mistress and slave were one in the brotherhood of Christ. Marcella listened a moment at the door that connected her apartment with that of her cousin Drusilla.

"She sleeps, poor child," she said. "I will not disturb her rest. The

Lord keep her in these troublous days, and bring her to Himself."

Then she lay down beside her slave and slept. Exile was for to-morrow.

The moon was hanging pale and low in the west. The stars shone with an unwonted brightness. The birds sang, then hushed again as though morn were not so near as they had thought. The wind rose and rustled and whispered. But, hark! Hush! What was that? A sound of feet hurrying through the halls! A murmur of voices that spoke with bated breath! Marcella started from her slumber. Nay! It was nothing, the house was still. Her maid was sleeping peacefully; it was dark, yet she lay back among her pillows with closed eyes. But, hark, again! Some one was entering her chamber. And in another instant her father had her in his arms.

"Marcella, my child! The guards are already at the gates to take us prisoners. We shall at least be counted among those worthy to suffer death for His sake."

Then seeing Cecilia he gathered both mistress and slave to his bosom.

"Peace, my children, His peace be with you. We shall all die together. In a little while we shall walk the streets of the great city."

He stood a moment holding them to his heart, and they gazed together through the open window as if away to the land whither they were soon to take their flight. How large the stars seemed, and how near. How pitiful and helpless all the splendour of Rome, with the last shadows of night upon its towers!

"Drusilla! What of Drusilla, father?" asked Marcella.

"I know not. And I fear. She is my brother's child. Would God she had not been beneath our roof. We can do nothing now. There is no way of escape. No possible way. We can only hope that I may be able to persuade the guards that she is not a Christian. She has not our hope, poor child, in which to die. Would God she had, even at the same price as we. My only hope is in being able to persuade Caesar's men. If I fail, or if they will not believe me——"

A stealthy step at the door startled them, and the sudden entrance of an armed youth.

"Is the Lady Marcella here?"

It was the voice of Serenthus that spoke—the voice of her recreant lover that she had not heard for months.

"Listen, I have a way of escape for thee. I have bribed the guards at the Laurel Gate. Veil your face heavily, put on your sandals, and go down to the gate. Go alone. I could not bribe them to let your father go. Your password is 'Pacis nox.' I will meet you just outside the gate, and take you to a peasant's cabin among the mountains. Hurry! Not an instant to lose! I must away! I hear them in the halls."

"The gods reward thee," she answered, forgetting in her excitement and breaking into the pagan speech of her childhood.

Without a word or a look of farewell for her father and her maid, she glided into the room where Drusilla slept.

"Rouse up, my child! The men of Caesar's guard are here to take us to prison. You must escape alone. Put thy stola on! Quick! For thy life! The Lord protect thee! Where are thy sandals? Here, take mine, the way may be rough for thy feet."

And she drew her own sandals from her feet, and placed them on those of the pretty little butterfly of Rome.

"Now this veil over thy face well. There, now, to the Laurel Gate, thy password 'Pacis nox!' Serenthus will meet thee outside. Keep thy veil close, and do not speak to him till thou art far away from the villa. 'Pacis nox!' don't forget, cousin, and haste!"

The terrified little Roman maiden had no need of urging. She was already lost in the garden shrubbery.

But once out and away, the terror lost its reality. It was only a brilliant adventure at first to the gay little creature, and her guide was a brave knight, who had rescued her from danger. They were far from the gates when she spoke, and Serenthus learned from the voice that the veiled figure was not the woman he had sought to save. He understood in a moment what Marcella had done. But it was too late; the fetters were about her wrists. So when the pretty maiden raised her veil at his side, he was too much the man to betray any surprise.

. . . . . .

The noontide sun was riding high that day. The seats of the Coliseum, rising tier upon tier, were crowded to the topmost row with a motley throng. Hour after hour the tumultuous crowd had cheered themselves hoarse as men fought and tore each other to death in that great amphi-

"IT WAS ONLY A BRILLIANT ADVENTURE AT FIRST TO THE GAY LITTLE CREATURE."

theatre. Hour after hour fresh sand had been strewn on the life-blood of the vanquished, and others took their place. Hour after hour the sunny breezes laughed and tossed the gold and purple bannerettes that decked the seats of the Imperial household; tossed the garlands, too, and the flowery wreaths. Strange, that those flowers, fresh from the hand of the great Creator, brought no message to those souls gloating over blood and human slaughter.

Just near the household of the Caesars, the girl Drusilla, sat, pale as a spectre. Her uncle had urged her forth, for his delight was in the games. But to-day she sat watching in fearful expectancy what she had once enjoyed. Her uncle and her cousin, Marcella, had been taken to the Mamertine prison that morning, she knew. Serenthus had told her at parting the story of her cousin's sacrifice for her, and she was nevermore to be the frivolous maid of twelve hours before. Marcella was in the Mamertine prison. What if they should sacrifice her to-day? She grew feverish in her wonder, and the crowd grew feverish, too. Hark! That low, awful cry that was rising, always shriller and higher now!

"Christiani ad leones." "The Christians to the lions."

From every side it rose, patricians and plebs alike, "Christiani ad leones! Christiani ad leones!"

Serenthus, looking upward, beheld the face of Drusilla, white as the dead they had removed from the arena. Their eyes met for one moment. Then a wild cheer rose from the crowd. The Christians were coming. The gates had been opened, and they came forth from their prison cells "as lambs among wolves," and as sheep dumb before their shearers. Old men were there, with bent and silvery heads (men who had been

treated like beasts of the forest, and brought to answer for the faith that was in them). There were women, too, with babes in their arms and maidens with the light of youth in their eyes.

Drusilla held her breath a moment, then gave a low, wild cry. Her cousin —her beautiful cousin—was there in the midst of the arena. She came forth leaning on her father's arm, her face radiant as a bride. The darkness of the dungeon where she had been confined had given her a pallor that somehow seemed transparent. Her white robe fell from her shoulders like the garments of a queen, her feet were bare and pierced with stones, for the walk of the prison was rough, and she had taken off her sandals that morning for the comfort of her parting guests. Her long raven locks fell unbound about her shoulders as she had slept the night before. In all her life she had never been so beautiful as now.

She paused one moment and gazed at the crowd about her. Twice eighty thousand eyes gazed upon her face. She saw the proud patricians, whose halls she had often graced. She saw the purple and the gold, and the garlands about the thrones of the Caesars. She saw her for whom she had sacrificed her chance of escape that morning. She saw the lover at whose side she might have been months before—but by denying her Saviour. She heard the mingled cries of those who would hasten on the sacrifice "Christiani ad leones! Christiani ad leones!" It rang out from the topmost tier yonder away a hundred and fifty feet in mid-air. There were those in that vast throng who had partaken of her alms. There were those who had been her guests. But she lifted her eyes higher yet and saw, who shall say what?—she saw that which made her face exceeding bright, as it "had been the face of an angel." The other destined victims were around her, some kneeling, some gazing upward to the heavens. And in all that multitude there were no faces so free from care as the faces of them upon whom the beasts of the desert were about to be loosed.

The gates swung back; a loud roar and the glare of wild eyes silenced the murmur of the crowd. But in the same instant a song broke from the little group—a low, beautiful Latin chant of the early Christians. Gradually the whole group joined in, and as the voice of the beautiful leader swelled out, the bloodthirsty crowd was stilled—aye, and the very kings of the desert paused ere they struck down their prey. They were not trained to face victims that sang. The last note died; the king of beasts shook his mane, and crouched low for the final spring. The girl touched her father's lips in farewell, then lifted her eyes for the last time to the sky of her native Italy. Again a song broke from her lips, but an angry paw clutched her shoulder; the song was checked; the red flood stained her white robes, and mingled with her raven locks. The singer had fallen to the dust, and one by one the brave martyrs followed their leader into the presence of their King.

"These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

Years after a sweet face, enwreathed in snowy locks, moved up and down among the poor of Transtiberine Rome, and mothers told their children of how the beloved Drusilla had become a convert to Christianity in the Coliseum the day she witnessed her cousin's sacrifice. They told, too, how her father had driven her from his house, and how the child of courts and fashion had turned steadfastly to the service of her Master. She goes sometimes down into the shadows of the catacombs, where, behind a marble slab, sleeps the beautiful Marcella, and at her side another slab records the death of Serenthus, a martyr for the name of Jesus of Nazareth. He had followed in death the brave woman whose faith he had scorned while yet her days were numbered among the living. And Drusilla comes forth from the catacombs again, and her eyes are filled with rest. She has the face of one who has partaken of "the finest of the wheat," and been satisfied "with honey out of the rock."

The grain is gathered in;
The season's work is done;
No more the hurrying din
Or the stress of noontime sun.

But beautiful and calm,
And full of healing balm,
The autumn rest is won.
—*Eudora S. Bumstead.*

DR. CARMAN ON IMPORTANT CURRENT QUESTIONS.*

IT is natural and it is right that we should be most easily and most intensely interested in what immediately concerns ourselves. Only this selfdom must not be contracted and hardened into selfishness, but ever widening with a broad intelligence and a generous soul. So while we shall here deal in great earnestness with what relates to our circuits and our Conference, you will permit me, in opening this Conference, to speak of a few things of wider import, that we may keep well in touch with our entire Church, and even with the world about us.

Peace with Honour.

And I desire, first, to mention that which is in all our thoughts and upon all our hearts, our joy and gratitude to God for the peace so recently proclaimed in South Africa. After the tremendous struggle of Briton and Boer, peace is a welcome word. This, surely, was one of the most obstinate conflicts of all history, and severely tested men's souls. Now that peace is secured, as British subjects, and a component part of the Empire, we may contemplate the whole scene with a loyal satisfaction and patriotic pride. The war was not of our seeking, nor of our procuring. On the part of our Empire it has been a war for equal rights and civil liberty. It has not been a war undertaken for conquest, or in pride of dominion ; but in relation to British subjects in South Africa, it contended for just government and righteous franchise and citizenship—sacred ideas to a Briton—and in relation to the aboriginal peoples of the country, it stood for humanity, and for the uplifting of degraded races of men.

The war has overthrown a grasping and tyrannical oligarchy, and will secure to the Boer himself such a civil and religious liberty as he has never hitherto enjoyed. It has settled the question whether the Briton shall be expelled from South Africa, for which consummation years of preparation had been deliberately made. Civilization, commerce, liberty, and humanity have triumphed.

On our side we have reason to congratulate ourselves upon the steady and vigorous statesmanship that has energized, sustained, and guided our national movements through the conflict. There have been trying and critical times, and the resources of the Empire have been heavily taxed. The Boer has been a brave fighter, and has proved himself a mighty man of war. We may rejoice, not that this people are conquered, not that they are humbled, but that in the spirit of freedom and progress, in the spirit of humanity and religion, they are incorporated into the Empire, and will become a strong element of its advancement and greatness. African slavery receives another check from Britain's moral power and mailed hand.

Humanities of the War.

We may well be grateful, also, for the humanities of the war, and the large concessions and generous terms of the peace. Whoever before saw a nation in war protecting and maintaining the families of its foe ? Whoever before saw the prisoners of war of set purpose, re-established by their conquerors in better than their original position ? What complaint there has been about the concentration camps by jealous peoples of Europe, and by disaffected critics at home ! Yet, on impartial testimony, the health and comfort of the camps have been as well guarded as possible, under the circumstances, and there have been more children in the schools in the camps than the Boers in this regard provided for before the war.

Again, in the multitudinous successes and reverses of the campaigns, British generalship has vindicated itself once again in a Roberts and a Kitchener. And the valour and endurance of British troops have maintained their old-time renown, and colonial recruits suffered nothing in comparison with the veteran army. But what is of most importance and of most interest to us as Canadians is the drawing together of the different and distant

* An extract from the General Superintendent's address at the Toronto Conference, 1902, held in the Metropolitan Church.

parts of the Empire into happy and effective unity. Here is the greatest political phenomenon of the times, and the most stupendous national achievement of all history; the gathering in of such communities as Australia, New Zealand, India, Canada, South Africa, and the isles of the sea through the long course of the generations into one world-wide Empire. It is a blood-sealed and cemented Empire, but not so much the spilled blood of carnage as the living, flowing blood of kinship and noble race. The South African war but afforded the occasion to these kindred races to strike hands and unite hearts and forces for the unity of the Empire. The direction of an overruling providence is here plainly manifest. And surely no less than the soldiers of the Motherland did the soldiers of the dependencies uphold the traditions of our race and nation on land and sea. Our Canadian troops at Paardeburg and Hart's River, in the fiercest of conflict, did honour to us all. In the one case, attacking, in the other attacked, they proved the manly and soldierly qualities of an heroic race. Their endurance and hardihood in campaigning was equal to their valour and discipline in the field; and their offering up of their life has procured and sealed the unity of the British Empire. They have raised us to an elevation of opportunity, a vantage-ground, whence nothing but supreme folly and treachery to the human race, can cast us down—and now we may look more closely home, at our portion of the Empire, our goodly Dominion of Canada, and at our duty and work as a Church therein. We may well be thankful for the place and prosperity God has given us. He hath set us on high among the moral and spiritual forces of our times, and opened wide the door of opportunity to strengthen and enrich our land and nation.

God's Providence our Inheritance.

It is not without the providence of God that these Americas were preserved for the later ages, and this broad Canada for these times. European and Asiatic civilizations had demonstrated and stereotyped themselves, and the world needed an outlet for new forms and forces, an avenue for new civil, ecclesiastical, social, and political movements and realizations. And it is at the opening of this twentieth century, while we live, that New Ontario calls aloud for settlers, and our great North-western domain is fast filling up with incoming populations. Patriotism, humanity, and religion unite in their demands upon us for strenuous activity, instant and persistent action in evangelization, wise government and universal education. We must lay the foundations well; well organize and build the State. The politicians are crying in warring camps, "Build up Ontario!" "Build up Ontario!" and they present their schemes and prescriptions just as though this whole matter had been committed to the struggles of partisans. Yes! Yes! "Build up Ontario!" "Build up Canada!" But how are you going to build up Ontario and Canada unless you build up men and women? And this is the especial business of the Church of God. Pulp wood forests, and iron and coal mines, and fisheries, and splendid farm and timber lands, and exhaustless water power, and far-stretching railway lines, and mills and factories, are all good and right in their place; but how shall we build up the country without good citizens, without worthy men and women? And how shall we have good citizens and worthy men and women without the living church and the efficient school? This consideration plainly indicates our part and lot in this great matter. As ministers of Christ, and Methodist laymen, gathered in this metropolitan Conference, we must take into view our broad country and our widely extended connexional interests, as well as the special concerns of our own Conference territory. And in the kindly arrangements of divine providence we can the better discharge each of these duties as we the better discharge the other. Taking care of the Toronto Conference is taking care of Canadian Methodism; and taking care of Canadian Methodism takes care of the Toronto Conference.

Needs of the North-West.

When the presidents of the Conferences met in Transfer Committee in April last, it was found that some sixty young men, additional to those in immediate prospect, would be required at the coming Conferences to supply our work in British Columbia, Manitoba, and the Northwest Territories, and New Ontario. Here, indeed, was a serious problem, that sets us looking backward and forward, and

at conditions all around. Only a few years ago our Conferences were shutting themselves up against candidates for the ministry by a sort of wholesale foreclosure. We have now a piece of legislation which declares "it shall not be competent for any Annual Conference, or officer thereof, to receive any minister or probationer for the ministry of another Church, or from abroad, during the ensuing—that is, the now current—quadrennium."

It is said that the Conferences are congested; when all at once there is an urgent call for fifty men, and they must be young men, well qualified for mission work. No question, the rapid settlement of our newly-opening territories has created this demand. And whatever may have been our failures in the past, and whatever we may have to correct in our law and administration, there still are coincidences in the providence of God in making ready for the opening doors. Alongside this need appears our Young People's Forward Movement for Missions. The young men in our colleges arise, saying, "Here we are! send us!" But the missionary treasury is not prepared for the strain of this sudden expansion. Wherefore again the special appeal summons up new resources and new liberalities. The effort this time is directed upon the prayer-meetings, precisely where a man ought to find missionary money, if there is any in the world. Committees are formed, generous contributions are secured, and the invitation extended, "If you have not enough, come again."

In this Forward Movement we have had among our Toronto brethren, men of means, some wonderful demonstrations of their loyalty to our Methodism, and their interest in our work. Also, in the deliverance of our Church enterprises and Church properties from embarrassment and jeopardy they have shown a sympathy and a liberality above all praise. Think of the $75,000 pledged by six brethren for St. James' in Montreal! Think of the help given burdened churches in Toronto! And now, in these missionary movements, when we had provided for four men for China, and were desirous of sending the fifth man, there comes to us one of our class-leaders, a successful business man of the city, and says: "You have the man; if it is the money you need, my class, over and above our ordinary contributions to missions, will send him out, and maintain him there." Who says class-leaders are all dead? And here is a work that more class-leaders might well undertake. And the same spirit and some of the same men enable us to send out student volunteers for the summer, to fill a gap and start work on several opening fields. The necessity is upon us. We must keep pace with the marching immigration, or lose our ground, and our prestige as a Church. We have noble competitors, and if we do not send the Gospel to the new settlers we shall be glad and grateful to see them do it. But is this Methodism, pioneering Methodism, to sit by the way and see others pass on to do the work? The zeal of the fathers and the demands and opportunities of the times are upon us, and we must, in a sense of our duty, bestir ourselves to the extent of our resources. We must not fall behind in this heroic race Christianity forbids it. Methodism forbids it. Patriotism forbids it.

Prohibition Campaign.

These same high considerations impel me to speak of another subject that at the present moment is full of social, moral, religious, and patriotic interest; I mean the status of the temperance question, the prohibition issue, especially in the Province of Ontario. This may be dangerous and difficult ground; but I am confident there is a plain, open path for us to walk in. The whole matter has been so perplexed and distressed in party politics that no question the prohibition ranks are thrown somewhat into confusion. But my view is, "Let bygones be bygones," "Let the dead past bury its dead." Let us leave things that are behind, and reach forth to those that are before, pressing toward the mark for the prize of our high calling. If any one wishes to stop and find fault and raise objections, I might be as eloquent at it as the best. Of course, the liquor men are mighty. Of course, the traffic has wealth and power. Of course, the liquor forces are unscrupulous, and will throw money and fraud and violence into the election. Of course, both political parties in the Legislature have bowed down to the liquor power. Of course, the conditions of the so-called referendum are decidedly objectionable and unfair. Of course, there is much apathy and

discouragement abroad in the land. Of course, it will take a mighty effort to get out the vote, maintain our ground, or win a victory. But what of it? Has it ever been otherwise, or is it likely ever to be otherwise, in this strong life? Surely the farther on the hotter the fight.

Suppose we say, Nothing can be done. Suppose we say, There have been such mistakes and blunders, such indiscretions and extravagances that we will have no more to do with it. Is this a warfare that Christian men, men praying, labouring, and contending for the coming of the kingdom of God, can give over? Unquestionably this is a battle for the kingdom of God. It is a battle of the moral and spiritual forces, for the overthrow of a great public and political iniquity. To decline this battle is to involve us in shame and disgrace. To decline this battle is to bring upon ourselves a moral and spiritual weakness from which this generation could not recover. Are we to yield the field because we may not choose our own fighting conditions and battle-ground? When Briton fought Boer in South Africa he had to take the battle-ground as the Boer gave it to him. The Briton made his mistakes; he had his reverses; but he pressed on the fight against ambushes, fortifications, and hiding-places, and wins at length. Be we Britons? Be we Christians in the face of this unpatriotic, this unchristian foe, the Liquor Traffic? If we go into the conflict with half the earnestness and half the labour and expense of the political parties in their campaigns, we can win. We can pile up the required vote. For us to secure less than 180,000 votes, the record of the plebiscite, is defeat. We *must* put up the 213,000 votes, and prove to the world we are yet prohibitionists. There are that say, "The temperance sentiment has gone back in Ontario." It would not be wonderful, amid all the tricks and disappointments if it had gone back. But it is ours to show that the convictions and determinations of the people against the ruinous and disgraceful rum traffic are vigorous and decisive as ever. It is ours to rally the moral and religious forces of the country for an heroic struggle and a glorious victory. This law, if by our vote brought into action and enforced, will put away from our *midst* the saloon and the treating bar and their accessories, and make splendid advance in the temperance reform.

STRENGTH.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

"In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength."—Is. xxx. 15.

"In quietness": not in vain, fretful chafing
Against the limits God hath set for thee,—
But in a calm and patient acquiescence
Thy strength shall be.

"In confidence": never in faithless questions
As to the wherefore of His plan for thee,—
But in believing His the better choosing
Thy strength shall be.

"In quietness and confidence:" depending
Alone on Him Who, only, holdeth thee
In His sure keeping,—thus as thy requirings
Thy strength shall be.

Then chafe not, fret not, make His will thy pleasure;
Trust His wise love, and wait unmurmuringly;
So shalt thou prove how perfect in thy weakness
His strength can be.

And, when the days of waiting all are ended,
Thy joyful spirit shall, arising free,
Praise Him that He through seeming sore restrictions
Did strengthen thee.

Toronto.

A TULIP ROMANCE.

BY MRS. A. H. DOANE.

"TULIP bulbs! Why, such lots of tulip bulbs! All for me? Thank you, dear Mrs. Carleton, thank you;" and the sallow, fretful face lighted up for a moment with surprise and gratitude.

Then the door closed, and a slight girlish figure ran nimbly across the street to the opposite house. "There, that's over," she said aloud, as she gave the entrance door a decided, petulant bang, waking a young baby within that at once began to cry lustily. With a gesture of dismay she paused a moment, then softly entered the back room whence the wail proceeded. Soon with many an endearing word the little one was hushed again to sleep, and then the young mother dropped into a low rocker and burst into a flood of tears.

At that moment the door again opened and admitted a man, who stopped in his hurried rush across the room to inquire, "Why, what's the matter, Carrie?" when he caught sight of the miserable little figure huddled in the chair.

"Hush, Sam, you'll wake the baby," she murmured dolefully.

"Well, what's up?" he demanded.

"Nothing much, and we're no worse off, I guess," was the slow answer, in a slightly more cheerful tone; "but I've been so disappointed."

"Well, tell me quick what it is," said her husband, "for I've got to go out to Hilton. Miss Prim's sent for me again."

"Again? Oh, Sam! Why, this makes three times in one week you've had to walk that long ten miles, to soothe her nervous fears," and the little lady wiped her eyes, sat upright in her chair and laughed.

The minister's lips too twitched, but he persisted gravely, "Aren't you going to tell me how you were disappointed?"

"Oh, it was very silly of me, but Lizzie Sheraton sent me such a nice letter this morning and mentioned in it that she was sending me a present that she hoped I would enjoy. Lizzie does usually send lovely things, and I thought perhaps it might be something pretty and soft I could make up for baby, or something suitable for me this winter. Oh, Sam, I thought of it all the morning, and built so on it. Imagine, when it came it was a hundred tulip bulbs."

A laugh from Sam, somewhat muffled, out of respect for the baby's preferences, showed his appreciation of the situation.

His little wife laughed too, although reluctantly, then she continued.

"Just think of the absurdity of such a present for a Methodist minister's wife who does her own work, isn't strong, and has a tiny baby. Oh, dear! and I had planned to put baby in short gowns with that present," and the tears again threatened.

The Rev. Samuel Carleton rose nobly to the occasion, and petted his wife, saying soothingly, "There, there, dear; I guess we can clothe our son and heir yet awhile. Would you care to cut down this suit for him soon, Carrie? It's my oldest, you know;" and he glanced from his own short, stout figure to the little creature lying asleep.

"Why, Sam, you ridiculous fellow!" cried his wife, giving him a gentle push. "There, go along, or you won't be back to-night."

"Oh, I'll be back all right, but not until late, I'm afraid," he returned, as he hurried away.

Family cares and responsibilities banished the episode of the tulip bulbs from little Mrs. Carleton's mind, and the matter was not referred to for some time. Then one day Sam, as his wife called him, bounced in in his usual impetuous style, exclaiming, "There, Carrie, I've found a good home for those tulips of yours."

Not noticing his wife's evident consternation, he continued blithely: "Was up to Mount Pleasant to-day to call. Mrs. Ryer has always been a trifle stately and distant with me. I believe she don't approve of my youth, but I quite won her heart to-day with the promise of those bulbs. Of course, she's rich and able to get any quantity, but you just should have seen, Carrie, how eager she was for them." And the reverend gentleman paused out of breath and laughed heartily at the recollection. Then seeing the expression of his wife's face, he gasped, "You don't mean to say, Carrie, you've parted with them?"

"But I have," responded Carrie, in a slightly hysterical tone. "I did not keep them five minutes. I felt I wanted

to throw them away, but instead, I ran across the street and gave them to Miss Trevor."

"Well, of all things," said the Reverend Sam in a deeply disgusted tone. "I'd have told you before, but you were in such a hurry that day, you remember," explained his wife, apologetically.

"Oh, don't worry about it," said the good little man, his vexation almost immediately disappearing. "Perhaps you did the best thing with them after all. They may be the means of keeping Miss Trevor from more objectionable amusements. Why, Carrie, that woman's sharp tongue is noted all through the circuit. How did you happen to think of her?"

"Oh, she had a big, weedy yard and no baby," answered Carrie, lightly, smiling and cooing to Sam junior.

Then the talk, dear reader, degenerated into a foolishly fond, parental duet of admiration over the marvellous intelligence and numerous charms of Master Baby. So we will leave the parsonage and betake ourselves to the little house across the way.

Here, in a long, roomy kitchen occupying the whole back part of the house, a tall, somewhat angular lady sat in a straight-backed chair before a large open fire. Miss Trevor loved to see the ruddy flames leap up the wide, open chimney, and although many shook their heads over the sinful waste involved thereby, she still maintained an old-fashioned fireplace, and insisted on the floor being white and sanded. Here she might invariably be found at twilight, sitting, as at present, in the firelight's glow, talking to her little maid, planning the next day's household tasks, or criticising the performance of the work just finished.

To-night she seems in an unwontedly genial mood, and as we enter we hear the maid's "Law, mum!" in a tone expressive of deep gratification and content.

Miss Trevor sits very erect, holding a parcel in her lap, and from time to time taking out of it something that looks like a little ball rolled in tissue paper. Unrolling it and depositing the contents on the kitchen table, she reads from the printed slips enclosed such names as Kaiser, Kroon, Ioost, Van Voudal, or Salvator Rose. Then with evident love and appreciation, she discourses to Susan concerning the old times the names recall.

"Ah, yes," we hear her say, "Mariage de ma Fille used to grow in a long, narrow bed between the house and the gate. We used to think it a wonderful flower. Double tulips were rarer then, you know. I used to think I'd have all the kinds there were planted in a long border when——." But the rest of the sentence was lost in a fit of sad musing.

"Law, mum!" again ejaculated the maid. Then glancing at the heap still remaining in her mistress' lap, she ventured timidly, "Guess, you've got your wish at last, mum."

"Eh! what?" asked Miss Trevor, rousing from her reverie; then with a smile she added kindly, "Part of it at least, Susan. I don't know when I've had a present that pleased me more. Little Mrs. Carleton is a charming woman."

"She's that, mum," eagerly assented her handmaid, "an' her baby's purty as purty. P'raps, mum, she might like me to take it out in its kerridge some afternoon if you thinks best, mum."

"A very good idea," graciously approved Miss Trevor. She has no help, I believe. Yes, Susan, you might offer to take the child out any fine day from three to five."

The next day, Bobby Brown, the old gardener, was seen delving in Miss Trevor's yard. After the garden was all spaded, enriched and respaded, Miss Trevor herself directed its division into beds. These were of all shapes and sizes, and arranged according to an old-fashioned plan that seemed to exist in her memory. Susan occasionally ran out, dishcloth in hand, to view the proceedings, and Miss Trevor found her admiring "Law, mum!" very inspiring.

Indeed, through the agency of the garden, mistress and maid were drawn into more sympathetic union than they had ever enjoyed during all the years of their domestic intercourse. As Susan had been brought up on a farm, her mistress sometimes appealed to her experience, to her intense satisfaction.

Miss Trevor's friends in a distant city, hearing of the garden, began soon to send her boxes of seeds and roots. Then Susan, too, wrote home and obtained plants of balm, sage, and thyme. These she proudly planted with her own hands in the corner nearest the kitchen. That corner seemed ever after a part of home to Susan, and henceforth Miss Trevor had at least one sincere friend and admirer in her handmaiden. In short, the garden plot soon became of absorbing interest to both women. They schemed to make their expenses less, that they might have the means to add new plants

to their collection. When at last all was done that could be accomplished that season, and the garden lay snugly covered with brush, they looked forward and planned hopefully for spring.

Never had a winter passed with so little friction between them. The various seed and plant catalogues held a perfect fascination for both, and many were the absorbing discussions they held in the firelight as to the rival merits of various flowers.

At length the winter was past and gone. Miss Trevor's yard was ablaze with beauty. Little Mrs. Carleton was never tired of pointing out its glories to 'His Rivirince,' as she delighted privately to call her stout, jolly little husband. He, good man, gallantly and constantly declared she alone was responsible for bringing so much beauty and brightness into that dingy street, and into their neighbours' lives. As for Miss Trevor, her face had lost its sallow, fretful expression. Working in the wholesome, outdoor air had proved good for her health, and her flowers had brought a new and beneficial interest into her life. Gradually, too, as her health improved, her tongue lost its sharpness, and expressed only the thoughts of a healthy, happy mind.

Mrs. Carleton often exultantly declared Lizzie Sheraton's tulip bulbs had proved, after all, the best gift possible. She said, too, she didn't deserve a bit the many benefits she received through their agency, bnt as she lived opposite, she couldn't help but enjoy the blossoms fully as much as their owner. Besides, many a bunch found its way across the street to brighten her rooms, and, above all, none could tell what a help kind Susan was with Sammy junior. Miss Trevor, too, ran in often, and with her cheery ways and sensible advice proved a real blessing to the young housekeeper.

One Sunday in late spring, Susan, despite a wholesome dread of Father Flanigan's censure, had attended morning service at the Methodist Church. On her return, she was standing enthusiastically describing the suitable and lovely effect of the flowers they had placed in the sacred edifice the day before, when the door-bell rang. "Run, Susan," quoth Miss Trevor, kindly, "and take your bonnet off. I'll go to the door."

On the step, standing with his back to the door, was a tall, stout, fine-looking man gazing at a bed of beautiful, late tulips. His fair hair and beard were slightly streaked with gray, but his eye still glowed with the fire of youth. As the door opened, he turned as if to speak, but the words seemed arrested on his lips as he beheld the stately and still handsome lady before him. Miss Trevor, for her part, scarcely lifted her eyes to his face, before she exclaimed in a glad voice:

"Oh, Harry, is it you really at last, dear?"

"Yes, it is I, Lizzie. May I come in?" he asked, with unmistakable pleasure in his tones.

Looking half dazed, she ushered him into the little sitting-room. The door was then tightly shut, but a murmur of voices rose and fell for more than an hour. Susan, in the kitchen, mourned over the fate of the dinner.

"An' it's as cold as clay the little puddin' 'll be, or else biled and baked till there'll no taste at all, at all, be left intill it. An' the praties now, to think of them spilin'. Aw! why can't the crathur go?"

At last, however, the visitor did rise as if to depart, but Miss Trevor, all tears and blushes, said reproachfully: "You surely aren't going to leave me again so soon, Harry? Stay and have dinner."

"I'm never going to leave you," promptly responded Harry. "Did I tell you, Lizzie, how I happened to call here to-day? No? Well, you remember what a girl you used to be for flowers, and especially the early spring ones. After my foolish quarrel with you, dear——."

"No, Harry dearest, I was the one in fault," interrupted Lizzie.

"Anyway, I never see spring flowers, and particularly tulips, without thinking of you. You remember, dear, the handsome bed you had on the lawn at your old home. How often we planned to have a bigger and better one in our own yard when we married. And so we will yet, dearest. At last, I couldn't stand it out West any longer, and I came back to try and make up again with you. But you had left the city, and I could find no trace of you. However, when I happen to be in a strange place and see great quantities of your favourite tulips blooming anywhere, I nearly always make an errand of some sort to the house. It is ten years since we parted, Lizzie, but to-day when I was passing I saw these"—and he pointed outside to the late tulips—"and I came to the door. I had been disappointed so often that, when I actually saw you at last darling, astonishment made me dumb."

"Indeed, Harry, I was surprised, too, or I wouldn't have saluted you as I did," hastily and emphatically asserted Miss

Trevor. This speech caused Mr. Harry Lindsay to talk some more, very earnestly and tenderly. Indeed, so long did he talk, and so absorbed did they both become in the subject under discussion, that they did not hear Susan when, at length, she could endure the delay no longer and ventured to tap at the door.

In truth, Susan rapped a second time, and that quite loudly, and still no response. The same provoking, indistinct murmur of voices flowed serenely on, so nerving herself with a muttered, "An' it's we'll soon send him to the right-about," she resolutely grasped the knob and opened the door. However, poor Susan halted on the threshold, and instead of announcing the mid-day meal, merely ejaculated, "Law, mum!" and began hastily to retire.

She afterwards related the circumstance to little Mrs. Carleton much in this wise:

"Law, mum, you might have knocked me down with a feather, little as you be, mum, when I seed them two holding hands on the sofy. If you'll believe it, mum, I tuk a pain in me side first thing, an' says I to myself, 'Susan Malone, me girl, it's you'll have to be after seekin' a new place and a new mistress, ohone!' But it's Miss Trevor that's the fine lady, mum, for she jumped right off that sofy in a jiffy, an' she came right up to me smilin' like, and she says, says she, 'This is Mr. Lindsay, Susan, the gentleman I expect to marry, an' I hope when I do you'll come to my new home with me,' says she, 'for I'll feel quite lost without you, Susan,' says she. Now wasn't that purty of her, Mrs. Carleton, mum?

"An' with that, I remembered me manners, and the pain in me side left at onct, an' says I, 'Thank you, kindly, mum, I will that, an' may you have many happy returns, mum.' An' Mr. Lindsay, he looked at her smilin', and says he, 'ind of low, but I heerd him, 'It's cint per cint returns this day 'll bring in happiness,' says he. Aw! It's him that's the quare gentleman an' fond of his joke. Then I says to him, says I, 'May you increase, sir.' An he looked down at hisself that droll, for sure, mum, he's a fine, stout figure of a man, an' says he, 'Not at all, Susan, by no manner of means,' says he, laughin'. An' the mistress, she gev' him a little shove, an' 'Behave yourself, Harry!' says she, though she was laughin', too, an' then, mum, they came out an' had their dinner. When he went away, at long last, he gave me a bill, an' sure, Mrs. Carleton, mum, it were a five-dollar bill. An 'This is for the best dinner I've eaten for many a day, Susan, me girl,' says he. An' just to think they was to 've been married ten years ago, an' somehow 'twere bruk off short, an' this here's the first time they've met since. Isn't it quare now, mum?"

Mr. Lindsay's business imperatively demanded his presence in Halifax. Indeed, he was hurrying there in response to an urgent summons, when he chanced to be delayed for a few hours in the little town in which Miss Trevor had made her home. However, as he declared himself unable to lose sight of her again, that lady at length yielded to his entreaties for an early marriage. So, one morning soon after these events, the Rev. Mr. Carleton performed a quiet ceremony in the little church, at which Susan appeared, wearing a new and startling bonnet, bought with Mr. Lindsay's bill, and designed to take Halifax by storm in the near future.

After the ceremony, and just as she was leaving, the new Mrs. Lindsay threw her arms round little Mrs. Carleton, and whispered, "Dear little friend, you are the cause of all my happiness. How can I ever repay you for those tulip bulbs?"

When at last their three years' sojourn in that place was ended, their departure was a matter of deep regret to all. Mrs. Carleton herself believed she could scarcely have endured the parting had they not been going to a pastorate in Halifax, near where their dear friends the Lindsays resided. She had missed Mrs. Lindsay so much since her marriage, that really she quite longed to meet her again. Then, too, she felt sure of Mrs. Lindsay's hearty co-operation and help in her plans for the people's welfare.

Nor did she fail in her expectations. Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay proved true friends, and their abundant means was always at her service to help make rough places plain. As for Susan, nothing pleased her more than to escort Sam junior, now a fine, sturdy, little man, "the moral of his pa," as Susan expressed it, about the parks and gardens.

However, dear reader, Mrs. Carleton still industriously collects and distributes plants and bulbs, and many a window in the poorer districts looks brighter and gayer since her arrival. Although she never knew of another romance that was the direct outcome of her industry in the promotion of floriculture, yet 'His Rivirince' stoutly declares it always proved a blessing.

Barrington, N.S.

Current Topics and Events.

THE UNINVITED GUEST.

"'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud;
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"
—The New York World.

The King's illness brought out the better side of human nature in the American press. One of the most graphic examples of this is the picture of the empty throne on coronation day, where the gaunt spectre of a well-nigh fatal disease has snatched the crown and left Britannia weeping. Of more human interest is that in which Uncle Sam, typifying the nation, expresses his sympathy with the stricken Empire. Still another shows the joy of our long, gaunt kinsman at the King's recovery. He grasps the hand of John Bull, and declares that no one is more glad than he. So does a touch of nature make all the world kin.

At Last.

The predominant feeling throughout the British Empire is that of gratitude to God that He has heard the prayer of the nation, that He has brought back from the gates of death His servant whom He has set in the highest place in the earth, that He has caused him to be crowned with solemn vows and holy sacrament monarch of its mightiest empire. All British hearts join, in a love and loyalty before unknown, in the prayer, "God save the King."

Our rightful sovereign has been brought nearer and dearer to the hearts of his people by the stroke of God's providence that turned into mourning the pageant of pride. They have listened to the voice from heaven, saying, "Be still, and know that I am God." They have realized how vain and empty are all earth's pomps and pageantries, and on what a slender thread hang everlasting things. With lowly, reverent, and chastened hearts the whole Empire has assisted, as if it were present at the solemn consecration of our King to kingly service in that august "temple of silence and reconciliation," the scene for eight hundred years of so many royal coro-

nations and marriages and burials, the venerable abbey where now sleeps the dust of so many of England's kings and warriors and statesmen and sages and seers.

All his life long our Sovereign's princely motto has been, "I serve." And now, with larger powers, with graver responsibilities, with chastened spirit, in utter dependence upon Him by whom kings rule and princes decree justice, he takes up the burden of service for an empire vaster than the world has known before.

A touch of nature makes the whole world kin. When the King responded to the last act of homage of his son and heir by throwing his arms around his neck and giving him a father's kiss, our hearts were more touched than by all the trumpets of the heralds and the thunders of the guns.

It was a striking demonstration of the unity and solidarity of the Empire that at the very hour when the King and Queen entered the Abbey, in every fort and fleet and arsenal and ship in Britain's forty colonies and commonwealths the wide world over, a simultaneous salute of cannon honoured the event—not following the noon-day sun, but at the same moment a universal salvo girdled the globe. Not the enforced homage was this of hirelings and serfs, but the heartfelt devotion of loving and loyal sons of the Empire. God grant that never again may those iron mouths speak the deadly words of war, but only salutations of peace on earth and good-will to men.

To What Purpose This Waste?

Again the Judas question will be asked, Why this waste? Could it not have been given to the poor? The poor were not forgotten, but were lovingly remembered by our Sovereign, as his guests and loyal subjects. This act did more to dignify and ennoble both the giver and receiver of those kingly courtesies than would almost any gift of money, which in many cases would only pauperize and degrade. But there is the great cost of that pomp and pageantry, the decorations and splendours of the coronation. This was the love-gift of the King's richer subjects, who could well afford it. Ruskin tells us that the lamp of sacrifice is one of the chief illuminating, consecrating things in life. Gifts to those whom we love are not waste, but are life's chief glory; and the strengthening of the ties of love and good-will between the people and the Sovereign, the deepening of the ties of loyalty to the throne, are well worth all the cost.

The King has shown his love and gratitude to his people by the gift of his private property, Osborne House, a favourite home of Victoria the Good, and the scene of her death, to be for ever the property of the nation, and a home for convalescent soldiers and sailors.

But why have a coronation at all? The King was King as much before as after that event. Why have an inauguration pageant and inauguration ball, with its three thousand guests and lavish expenditure, every four years at Washington? Why have the civic festivals, the social feasts, the amenities of life? Why not reduce it all to a bare, bald routine? Not for four-and-sixty years has there been a coronation in England, and well may the people celebrate it with unwonted joy and gladness.

Some of our American friends criticise the cost to the nation of its monarchical institutions. The cost of the monarch is half a cent a year for each subject of the Empire. In the stability which it gives to the nation and its institutions, to its vast financial interests, it is well worth all it costs. That cost, we deem, is much less than the financial dislocation and disturbance which agitates the great Republic every four years.

Lessons of the Coronation.

The royal coronation has splendidly emphasized the unity and solidarity in love and loyalty, in sympathy and interest, of the British Empire throughout the wide world. It was no mere idle pageant, that royal procession to the great temple of peace and reconciliation where thirty-five British sovereigns have been crowned. Every ruler of our race from the time of Harold, with the exception of the child-king Edward VI., has received the crown at the hands of the people within that sacred building or in structures that preceded it.

In all essentials the coronation ceremony is that which it has been for a thousand years—a wonderful illustration of the stability of British institutions. While every other throne in Europe has rocked and reeled with revolution, that of Britain stands more secure than ever, "broad-based upon a people's will." Since the days of Richard II., more than five hundred years ago, has been sung that noble hymn, "Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts

inspire," which is sung also at the ordination of the bishops and at the ordination of the ministers of the Anglican and Methodist Churches throughout the world. It is much to be thus rooted in a mighty past, to realize that our institutions are the outgrowth of centuries, that in them is embodied the wisdom and piety of the mighty men of valour and renown of former times. The motto: "Noblesse oblige" becomes a spell of power. There is no land beneath the sun where human rights and liberties are so safeguarded and defended from aggression by either king or potentate or lord. Our liberties have broadened down from precedent to precedent, our British statesmen have been men of light and leading, men of insight and vision, men who knew

> "To take occasion by the hand and make
> The bounds of freedom wider yet."

We can sympathize with the enthusiasm of the young Republic of the West, which in a century has accomplished such marvels. But we believe its patriot people have often done themselves wrong by cutting off their continuity with the historic past and writing and speaking as if the history of the world began with the Declaration of Independence. This attitude is illustrated by the story of the boy who, asked by his teacher who was the first man, replied, "George Washington." "What about Adam?" inquired the teacher. "Oh, if you're talking about foreigners, perhaps he was." Not less is the face of Britain turned toward the future because she retains her hold upon the past, and keeps up the continuity through the ages of a great organic growth like that of a mighty tree. We may adopt towards our ancient Empire the words of Carlyle concerning the mighty ash-tree Ygdrasil, of the northern mythology, which has its roots deep down in the death kingdoms, but whose branches reach evermore beyond the stars.

"The King Can Do No Wrong."

As loyal subjects of a constitutional sovereign whose prerogatives are limited beyond those of any other ruler, imperial or republican, in the world, we may admit this dictum of the king's political and official acts. They are really the acts of his advisers, and they must receive the praise or blame. But of his private and personal doings we have a right to judge as freely as though he were the humblest peasant. The Nonconformist conscience of Britain and the Empire has earnestly protested against the patronage given to sport, to theatricals and state balls by the sovereign. It has been in its judgment a matter for regret that the august person who has been anointed with holy chrism by the highest spiritual official in the realm as the head of the Church as well as of the State should be the special patron of the British sport of horse-racing, should win large moneys on the turf, and be the leader of fashion in certain social functions from which a very large number of his subjects, and those not the least religious, intelligent, and conscientious, very strongly dissent. A royal glamour is thus thrown over practices which they regard to be serious evils.

In these matters the King is part of a great social organization. He is not the King merely of the religious world, but of the world of society as well. Many of these functions of which he is the centre must be to him a weariness of the flesh, which are observed as a royal duty. Nevertheless, we claim the right loyally to protest, and admire the courage of Dr. Joseph Parker for rebuking, the King's presence and assistance at the recent inauguration of a great brewery, whereby he became a sort of patron of this greatest evil that afflicts his subjects. We hope that our English kings, the men for whom more prayers are offered than for any other being in the world, shall be to their subjects examples of piety and wisdom, and like Alfred the Great and Good, and the best of the Hebrew *monarchs*, nursing fathers of the Church of God.

At it Again.

One would have thought that the return of blessed peace to both Boer and Briton, and the voice of God speaking to the Empire in the well-nigh fatal illness of the King, on the very eve of his proposed coronation, would have tempered the bitter words of that reviler of his country, Mr. W. T. Stead. But not so. He is as violent and vituperative as ever.

Surely it is a seemly thing to give thanks to God for the return of peace. This is what he has to say of "Improving upon Ahab":

"When Ahab and Jezebel had killed Naboth and taken possession of his vineyard, they did not hold a solemn religious service to thank the Lord of Hosts for having assisted them in their policy of annexation. Clearly

'they did not know everything down in Judee' or thereabouts. Anno Domini 1902 we have improved upon these poor benighted heathen. . . . Having at last succeeded, after doing to death some fifty thousand of our fellow-creatures, in taking possession of the Boer Republics, we all went to church—the King and Queen leading the way—to thank God for our victories, and to politely ascribe to the Prince of Peace the glory of our conquests."

As a matter of fact, it was Kruger, whom Mr. Stead idealizes under the figure of righteous Naboth, who made war on his suzerain and determined to drive the British into the sea, and Britain simply defended her loyal colonists and safeguarded their rights and liberties for ever. Mr. Stead has got the story wrong. The Dutch republics were the Ahab and Jezebel who coveted the British Naboth's vineyard, and met the deserved fate of those who draw the sword, cry "havoc," and let slip the dogs of war.

When the hand of the Almighty was laid upon the King, and he was brought to death's very door, surely it was seemly that the princes and potentates who came from afar, the peers of the realm and leaders of the people, should humble themselves before God, and at the very hour fixed for the coronation should hold a solemn intercession beneath the dome of St. Paul's that God would spare the life of his servant. But Mr. Stead can only gibe and jeer at this solemn intercession. "Thousands of the loyal subjects of the King were vigorously kept outside and forbidden to join their prayers with the quality. . . . The prayers of a gilt-edged congregation, it appears to have been thought, would command more attention at the throne of grace." Of the awe-inspiring providence of God which plunged an empire into sorrow, and called forth the sympathies of foreign nations, and even our late foes, the Boers, Mr. Stead has to say: "All our preparations were rendered not merely idle, but almost ludicrous, by the ironic contrast which they offered to the new situation so suddenly revealed."

The best answer to Mr. Stead's predictions of the unending and unmitigable hate that Britain had created in the minds of the Boers, is their hearty and loyal acceptance of Britain's clemency, and the response of their leaders to the royal courtesies and to the invitation of Mr. Chamberlain to take counsel with him as to how best and most speedily to secure the restoration of prosperity and good-will to the people late in arms against the Empire.

The Independent for June has two articles upon the war, one by Mr. Stead, the other by Mr. Poultney Bigelow, a patriotic American. The Englishman uses the hospitality of an American paper to reiterate his charges against his countrymen of "merciless barbarity, a policy begun by Lord Roberts, but mercilessly carried out by Lord Kitchener." Mr. Bigelow announces his conclusion that the British flag is the only one which in Africa can give to Boer and Briton alike the guarantee of equal justice to all, personal liberty, and government favourable to commercial prosperity." We venture to say the judgment of history will be that of Mr. Bigelow, not that of Mr. Stead.

Vale et Ave.

In another part of this magazine an able contributor pays a generous tribute to the great British statesman who, full of years and full of honours, but broken in spirit by domestic bereavement, lays down the burden of care and responsibility which he for so many years has borne. His greatest praise is that he was a friend of peace, that he guided the ship of state on even keel through stormy seas when a less wise, less patient man might have wrecked it on the rocks of war. It is especially to his credit that he and his great predecessor, Mr. Gladstone, cultivated relations of kindest good-will to their "kin beyond the sea," the great Republic of the West.

When five years ago President Cleveland's rash and reckless electioneering ultimatum strained almost to the verge of war the relations of the kindred countries, it was Lord Salisbury's calm, dignified, Christian statesmanship that prevented what would have been the greatest crime of the century. Punch represented him as a burly British policeman, saying kindly to a typical Uncle Sam, who had dined "not wisely, but too well": "Let me see you home, my good fellow; you will be all right when you sleep this off." And right as a trivet he is. Few would have dared to predict that within five years the rapprochement between the two countries would have become so great as has been shown by the moral support given each other by

these foremost nations of the world in the recent wars in which each has been engaged.

In the many notices of the accession of the new Premier of Britain, some of which we quote, we have not observed due prominence given to his *pronounced religious character*. How could that character be otherwise, nurtured by such a godly mother and trained as he was in principles of righteousness? It is something of which the English-speaking race on each side of the sea may be proud, that among its leading statesmen are men of such pronounced moral earnestness as William Gladstone, A. J. Balfour, William McKinley, and Theodore Roosevelt.

THE NEW BRITISH PREMIER.

RIGHT HON. A. J. BALFOUR,
Premier of Great Britain.

The following is the generous tribute of Harper's Journal of Civilization to Britain's new Premier:

"Mr. Balfour has never quite been a popular hero. He has the aristocratic temperament, and cannot let himself go with that comfortable and satisfying freedom which the modern populace demands. The House of Commons is his natural sphere. He needs an audience that will catch the lightest shades and appreciate the most delicate turns to bring out all his powers. The country yields to him the respect that always goes out to a public man who is transparently incapable of anything low or mean, and not only sets himself a high standard, but makes others live up to it by the mere influence of atmosphere. But the country does not know Mr. Balfour as the House of Commons does. At Westminster he has endeared himself to both sides of the most critical chamber in the world by a hundred bonds of real personal affection. Mr. Gladstone loved him as a son. His perfect courtesy to opponents, those little touches of chivalry that count for so much in an excitable and heated assembly, his disdain for mere personalities, and the instant elevation of tone that such disdain engenders, have done more even than his gifts of mind and speech to make him the most warmly-liked member in the House.

It is twenty-eight years since Arthur James Balfour entered Parliament. Even then he was a marked man. He was suspected of being something of a dandy and a good deal of dilettante. Tales of the enormous hours he would lie in bed, of his passion for blue china and golf, and of various little effeminate habits that had won for him among the robust undergraduates of Cambridge the nickname of "Aunt Fanny," used to float about the lobbies of the House. A "perfumed popinjay" was one of the epithets the papers gave him. "Miss Balfour," or "Nancy," clung to him for years after. His tall, willowy frame, and a face that was attractive but not strong, bore out his reputation. His manners seemed to confirm it. He lounged about on the benches with an air of the utmost nonchalance, his long legs crossed in front of him, his head resting on the top of the bench's back and his eyes peacefully surveying the ceiling. Some of his sayings and little poses got noised abroad. "I never read newspapers. Why should I, when I live among the men who make history?" was one of the superb sentences accredited to him. It was difficult for the stolid British householder to detect the makings of a statesman in such a man. The House laughed at him and his languid ways. Few, if any, saw in him anything but an amiable and lazy athlete, who had strayed into politics by accident, who would soon tire of the game and bury himself once more among his books and blue china.

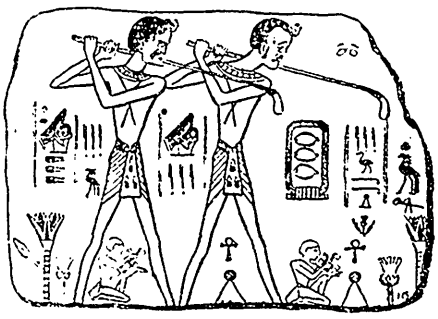
In 1878 Lord Salisbury made him his private secretary, and it was in that capacity that he attended the famous Berlin Conference.

Mr. Balfour, in his airy, polished style, delighted the House with his wit and the easy finish of his oratory. In

1885 and 1886 he was installed in one of the many minor offices that are the stepping-stones to fame or extinction. His chance came in 1887. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach was obliged by ill-health to retire from the Irish Secretaryship. For the last hundred years the Irish Secretaryship has been the most difficult and engrossing office in the service of the British Crown, and such it seems likely to remain. Who was to succeed to it? That this slim, delicate "philosopher" should essay an office that had killed Mr. Forster, and turned Sir George Trevelyan's hair white, seemed incredible to the point of laughter. But so it was. Mr. Balfour had himself thoroughly overhauled by a physician. He was declared to be constitutionally sound, and advised that hard work would be the best of all tonics.

Lord Salisbury had made no mistake. The mistake was made by the Irish members, who prophesied that "Pretty Fanny" would be either out of office or in his grave inside of three months. They did their best to make good their threat, but they had yet to learn their man. Mr. Balfour met their jeers and insults and obstruction with a calm that was phenomenal. He never let himself be "drawn." They could make no headway against his invariable good humour. In Ireland he put in force a drastic coercion bill that stamped out disorder. In the House he simply smiled while the Irish members raged. Three months went by, and he had neither died nor resigned. On the contrary, he had ceased to be "Pretty Fanny." He was now the "base, bloody, and brutal Balfour," and history was ransacked for tyrants and oppressors to compare with him.

That Mr. Balfour made as great a success as leader as he did as Irish Secretary cannot be said. He seems to be one of those men who need opposition to brace them. The continuous, petty strain of the leadership told on him more than his fierce encounters with the Nationalists. Three times last winter he broke down under it, and had to take to his bed and hot gruel. From which, as well as from his whole career, one may infer that in his new position he will not be an exacting overseer. He will, nevertheless, make an excellent Premier. He has the charm and the graciousness of manner that persuade, even if he lacks the force that drives and coerces. He has, too, one of the quickest and widest-ranged intellects on either side of the House, and a noble power of oratory. The House has a really tender feeling for Balfour, quite apart from his standing as a party leader. The man himself, the extraordinary sweetness and sympathy of his character, have completely won it over; and the British House of Commons is not an assembly that gives its esteem lightly. Mr. Balfour has won it by deserving it."



AN EGYPTIAN FRAGMENT.
—From the Westminster Gazette.

Mr. Balfour's long, gaunt form, and his addiction to golf, make him a ready subject for the caricaturist, one of whom shows him and Lord Harcourt as ancient Egyptians playing at their favourite game.

The School Question.

The great educational question is one of the most important questions in every country of Europe—in Germany, Austria, Russia, Italy, France, and England. The twin storm-centres at present are on either side of the English Channel. The purpose of the French Government to entirely secularize the schools arouses the intensest antagonism alike of the highest clericals and of the Breton peasant folk. It is not a very dignified action of the Government to send soldiers and police to drive the nuns by force from their schools. By arousing the antagonism of the people, by kindling their devotion to their Church and sympathy with religious teachers, the Government is perhaps preparing a rod for its own back.

Across the Channel a contrary policy involves similar peril. The Government bill invests the clericals with the power to use the school system of the country in the interests of the Church established by law. The Nonconformists strongly protest. Such men as Hugh Price Hughes and Dr. Joseph Parker declare that they will

go to prison rather than pay the tax for the support of what are virtually church schools. The Wesleyan Conference, by a strong resolution, recorded its protest by a very large majority. This was all the more striking as an amendment by Dr. Waller, giving a modified acceptance of the Government bill with amendations, was snowed under by a majority about as large.

An Antichristian Document.

We have had sent us from Quadian, in the Punjab, India, with a request for notice, a copy of "The Review of Religions" by a native Mohammedan. It is a defence of the Moslem faith as set forth in the Holy Quran, or Koran, as we call it. It is in part a philosophical treatise on the existence and attributes of God, fortified with many Arabic quotations. The second part sets forth the claims of Mirza Ahmad, the promised Messiah. He asserts the superiority of John the Baptist to Jesus, and he predicted the recent plague, and declares that himself, the true Messiah, offers the only salvation from its ravages, that he is one with the holy prophet Mohammed. "Ye Christian missionaries, say no more that Christ is your God, for there is one among you who is greater than Christ." He expects, he says, a volley of abuse hurled at him from the clerical orders of all religions.

Yet this very book is itself a prophecy of the triumph of Christianity. It bears the date of the year of our Lord 1902. It is written in fairly good English, learned, doubtless, in a school or college established by the Christian nation, and is printed in the English language, which is becoming the vehicle of thought and expression alike in the Turkish, Moslem, Chinese, and Japanese empires. As another evidence of Christian civilization it advertises on its cover English "cricket-bats, tennis rackets, and ping-pong."

The White Man's Burden.

Our American kinsfolk are taking up the white man's burden in the Antilles and the Philippines. The appropriations for the fiscal year 1903 amount to $560,000,000. "This compares," says Public Opinion, "with an average aggregate yearly appropriation of about $300,000,000 just prior to the Spanish war. The costs of this Government have thus nearly doubled within five years. The fact is fairly entitled to the description of astounding."

Yet the burden of the weary Titan, Great Britain, in ruling her over three hundred millions of dark-coloured races is more than thirty times as great as that of the American Republic, yet she bears it without flinching. This is her greatest glory, that she has brought civilization instead of savagery, peace instead of war, law, order, and liberty, instead of anarchy, injustice and rapine, to so many millions of mankind.

The United States has generously given back Cuba to the Cubans, but through the selfishness of the sugar interest represented in the Senate, while it has kept the promise to the ear, it has broken it to the hope. Unless some more generous reciprocity is granted Cuba, its sugar trade and its prosperity must perish. The President and official press feel that the country has been shamed by this selfishness.

The Coal War.

The civil war in Pennsylvania—and not very civil either—between the miners and mine-owners drags its weary length along. The three months' idleness of 200,000 workmen, most of them of foreign birth, and many of them anarchists, has wrought its natural result in restiveness, recklessness, and outbreaks of violence and bloodshed and death. The loss of their time, their only capital, is enormous, and can never be recouped. The mine-owners lose little. The coal is still in the mines, and with that already mined will command famine prices, while many industries sustain great loss, and unless the strike be soon broken it will be a hard winter for the poor. Surely the resources of civilization should be adequate to the suppression of such an internecine war.

Now that Britain's hands are no longer tied in South Africa, she is making her influence felt in the far East. Her trade with Japan, their joint guarantee of the independence of Korea, and the abolition of the Likin, or tax, on foreign merchandise in transit in China, are new victories of diplomacy. Public Opinion says that an important step has been taken toward the abolition of what has been the great stumbling-block in the way of commerce with China. If Great Britain has really secured the abolition of the Likin, she will be entitled to the gratitude of every commercial nation.

Religious Intelligence.

Is Religion Declining?

"Out of the darkness of night
The world rolls into light;
It is daybreak everywhere."

The reports of the great religious gatherings indicate substantial progress in missions, both home and foreign, in church building, and in many elements of material prosperity. Yet they do not exhibit the deep spiritual results which are the chief object of the Church's existence in the world. The very material prosperity and intense business activity, and the pursuit of pleasure of the age seem to have largely engrossed the time and thought of the people. Nevertheless there are not wanting evidences of deep spiritual earnestness. Patient watchers on lone towers, in answer to the question, "What of the night?" reply, "The morning dawneth." Its freshness breathes around us even now. The heralds of the day appear. The rising of the Sun of Righteousness with healing in his wings is forefelt by waiting souls. An era of marked religious expansion is predicted.

One evidence of this is the increased emphasis laid on lay co-operation and open-air preaching, and the forward movements in the great cities of the Old World and the New. If the people will not go to the churches, the churches are going to the people. In Boston, Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, Cleveland, Washington, and Hartford, as well as in the great centres in England, out-of-door preaching is being widely adopted. Dr. Gordon, Dr. Dickson, Dr. J. L. Withrow have been preaching on Boston Common and at the grounds of the Baseball League. In other cities pastors preached outside of their churches, and held an intensely practical after-service inside. Dr. Eaton, late of Toronto, has been preaching at noonday during the week to great crowds in the public square in Cleveland. Millionaires and milliners alike have listened with attention to his burning message. Other pastors held services in the public parks. In Washington the Protestant Episcopal Church has had an evangelistic service on the site of its proposed cathedral. Other clergy and Christian workers hold vesper services in the market-place, and at the street corners. In Philadelphia and Chicago summer tent preaching has become an institution. Often the stereopticon with Bible pictures draws great crowds, and nothing proves more attractive than the singing of the Gospel hymns, such as made Gwennap Pit and Moorfields under the ministry of the Wesleys and Whitefield resound with the praises of God. The Salvation Army and Church Army, and the Gospel waggon, with its cabinet organ, have been dispensing the Word of Life not merely in the city slums, but in the country places—as notably in a rural mission in Nova Scotia. In the great city of New York the Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, and Protestant Episcopal Churches are having tent services and open-air meetings, which reach thousands of pleasure-seekers on the avenues, in the parks, and in the slums. In the far West Gospel railway cars or moving chapels have travelled thousands of miles over the sparsely settled prairies, and the Gospel of Christ has won new triumphs everywhere.

In Toronto, in the beautiful grounds in front of the Metropolitan Church, hundreds of people have gathered to week-night services under the bright electric lights. In the east and west sections of the city tent services were held. The Rev. Robert Hall has carried on for years a successful Gospel waggon service. The Massey Mission has attracted hundreds to its outdoor stereopticon services. In the highways and the byways of the city open-air services are held, in which the Salvation Army and many earnest Methodist and other workers proclaim the Word of Life, and the Gospel has exhibited its old-time saving and sanctifying power.

These are all harbingers of an era of spiritual expansion and intension. May their numbers be increased. An infinite good will come alike to the churches and to the people. This is a reversion to the early methods by which the Gospel won its greatest triumphs. Our Saviour and his disciples, toiling on hillside and wayside, in the temple courts and in the village streets, preached the Word of the

kingdom, and the people heard them gladly. The gentle St. Francis and the Preaching Friars, Wycliffe and the Gospellers and Lollards in England, and, later, the Wesleys and Whitefield and their lay helpers at pit mouth and market-place and village green proclaimed with power the evangel of God's grace. And to-day the forward movement in all the Churches in the great centres of population is using the same time-honoured methods. The Bishop of London, Price Hughes, John McNeill in Hyde Park, and hundreds of lowly and unlettered lay preachers in the slums of Whitechapel, Bethnal Green—where no green thing is—by dock side and river side, are telling with fresh power and pathos the old, old story of Jesus and his love.

Lay Preaching.

A few Sundays ago seven hundred Methodist lay preachers filled as many London pulpits, many of them men of culture and scholarship, some of them millionaires, some of them bearing titles of honour, more of them busy toilers in the work-day world, breaking the Bread of Life to hungry souls. And all over England this thing is many thousands of times repeated. "Sublimer know I nothing," says Carlyle, "than the man who, while toiling outwardly for the bread that perisheth, is toiling inwardly for the Bread of Life." Such a peasant saint carries us back to the ministry of the Great Teacher of Galilee, and the disciples whom he called from their nets to become fishers of men.

Methodism on this side of the sea needs to avail herself more largely of this lay help. It has in its churches men of commanding influence, of eloquence, of culture, of force and magnetism, and a great army of plain men who speak right on what they do know. It would be a benediction to the Church, and a blessing to themselves, if they were sent forth to active Christian service all over the land. Here is a lever of more than Archimedean power to elevate and bless the world.

The lay preachers in English Methodism outnumber the ministers about ten to one, over 20,000 to 2,200. Among the Primitives they are over sixteen to one. In the United States the ministers greatly outnumber the local preachers. The daughter Methodisms may well learn from the mother of us all.

The Wesleyan Conference.

The meeting of the Wesleyan Conference in the great Manchester Central Hall was one of profound interest. Nearly £900,000 of the Million Guinea Fund has been paid in, and has already earned nearly £35,000 of accrued interest. Under the very shadow of Westminster Abbey, the vast Royal Aquarium, and Mrs. Langtry's theatre, have been purchased for a Methodist church house, with two great halls, to hold 4,000 people, and suites of rooms for connexional purposes. The stimulus of this great movement will be felt not only throughout the world-metropolis, but the furthest mission fields of Methodism around the globe.

The most important event at the Wesleyan Conference was the long and strong discussion on the case of Dr. Beet. It was marked by much ability, earnestness, and "speaking the truth in love." In the mixed Conference, Price Hughes and Mr. Percy W. Bunting championed, not Dr. Beet's views, but himself; and Dr. Rigg and Mr. George Lidgett, Mr. Bunting's brother-in-law, spoke against his reappointment to his theological chair. Three names were sent forward to the pastoral conference for final decision, Rev. T. F. Lockyer leading the list by a vote of 238, Dr. Beet's being ten behind him, and the third nowhere. The pastoral session reappointed Dr. Beet by a large majority.

"This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting."

Dr. Carman and Dr. MacKay, those grand leaders of the prohibition hosts in Ontario, both emphasize the need of earnest prayer to God during the temperance campaign now upon us. It is, we deem, the most solemn crisis through which the premier Province ever faced—of far more importance than any general election. The liquor interest is girding itself for the conflict. Fifty years ago Bass, the great brewer, said, "For every pound the temperance fanatics put down we will put down a hundred." The traffic will fight for its very life. The strength of those who, not for greed or gain or appetite, fight the drink devil is not their money, not their eloquence, not their electioneering tricks—but that they have power with God. They need to besiege earnestly the throne of grace. They need to seek the help of the Almighty, who can

turn the hearts of the children of men as the rivers of water are turned. They need to arrest the attention, to arouse the conscience, to persuade the will of the people to do their duty on the 4th day of December. Throughout Ontario such a campaign must be waged as was never waged before. It is this time no academic question that is before us. We are not beating the air, it is a concrete result that we may gain if we are faithful, or lose if we are craven. The Conferences have rung their appeal, our leaders have given no uncertain sound, it is now the glorious chance of the people by the unbought freemen's vote to smite such a blow at the greatest enemy of righteousness as shall save our boys from the pitfalls in their pathway, as shall bring gladness to many a drunkard's home, as shall bring joy in heaven akin to that when one sinner repenteth. God give us grace to rise to the height of our privilege and duty.

The General Conference.

It is, we think, providential, that the General Conference meets in the mid-continent city of Winnipeg. It will thus become seized of the situation as it no other wise could. Its members shall see for themselves, not merely the fields whitening unto the harvest that shall, in large part, feed the world, but the white fields waving unto the spiritual harvest—a grand opportunity for gathering souls into the kingdom, the tremendous importance of making wise and wide provision for the glorious future of that land. God has dowered us with the richest heritage which ever came to any race or people. He calls us to go up and possess the good land and large. As never before in the history of our country is being fulfilled the vision of the seer:

> "I hear the tread of pioneers
> Of nations yet to be,
> The first low wash of waves where yet
> Shall roll the human sea."

From Britain, from the Provinces of the Dominion, and especially from the northern tier of States of the neighbouring Union, settlers are pouring in by the thousand. In Minnesota it is said that the Methodists outnumber all the other Churches taken together. A large proportion of these new settlers are Methodists. Our own sons and daughters, the best assets of our homes, and the adventurous spirits from the Mother Country, are going in that land. Twenty thousand harvesters are going to gather in the gifts of God's providence, the golden grain of the prairies, richer than any gold mines of the Yukon or Caribou. We must not be recreant to our duty to meet their spiritual needs. The opportunities thus offered are a summons of tremendous import. It needs the response of faith, the vision of the statesman and the seer, the earnest co-operation with the providence of God. Let much prayer be offered by His Church and people, that wisdom and courage may be given in this crisis of our Church's history.

The Pope and the Methodists.

Pope Leo XIII. has a serious grievance against the Methodists. Their schools and missions in the city of Rome have attracted much attention by their growth and commanding influence. They are denounced by the Vatican organ as "an insult to the Holy Father." It declares that their "heresies are sustained by foreign gold, and protected by the Italian Government." Fortunately for the freedom of religion and education, the Pope of Rome no longer wields the temporal power, as he once did, or it would go hard with the Methodist schools and missions. He is like the toothless tyrant described in Bunyan's allegory, who could only mumble at the pilgrims, but could not come by them.

The Methodist and Presbyterian churches are two of the finest buildings on the Via Nazionali. The Methodist school is almost under the shadow of the royal palace. It is attended by the daughters of some of the leading families of the city and the kingdom, and is safe beneath the protection of the law. From his palace of the Vatican, which he affects to call his prison, the Pope can look upon the buildings of the British Foreign Bible Society. How different from the time, comparatively recent, when Protestants had to go without the gates to worship God in an old building behind the hay market. The first man who entered the breach made by the cannon of Garibaldi in the walls of Rome was a Vaudois Bible colporteur—a prophecy that the Word of God should be for ever unfettered and free in the Eternal City, where it so long was bound. We may still visit the room in which the great

apostle wrote some of his epistles in chains, but the chains are now smitten off the Word of God, and it has free course, and prevails.

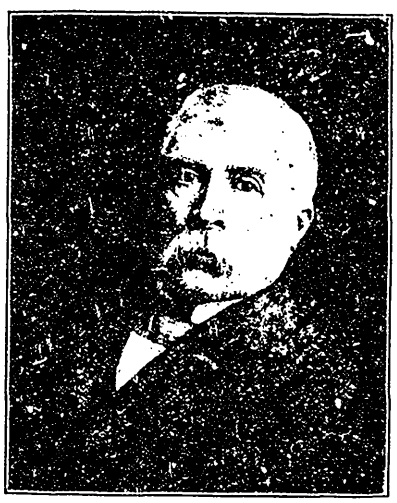
In the England-speaking world, omitting all non-Protestant bodies, the following are the denominational statistics :

	Communicants.	S. S. scholars.
Methodists	7,659,285	6,961,529
Baptists	5,454,699	2,586,692
Presbyterians	3,916,450	3,087,713
Congregationalists	1,201,254	1,455,100
Total	18,231,688	14,091,034
Anglican and daughter churches	3,367,052	

It will be noticed that the Methodist Sunday-school scholars are more than twice as many as those of any other Church. The Church that captures the children will capture the world.

The Methodist Church, therefore, ranks as the largest non-Episcopal body of English-speaking Protestants in the world ; the Baptist Church ranks next ; the Presbyterian comes third ; at a considerable distance behind comes the Episcopalian, the Congregationalist bringing up the rear.—Christian Work.

PROMOTED.



J. JAMES TISSOT.

Many thousands of persons who have enjoyed and been greatly profited by the study of Tissot's famous illustrations of the life of our Lord will regret that the great artist has passed away. He died at Paris, August 11th, in his sixty-eighth year. The 350 paintings and 11; pen-and-ink drawings on the life of Jesus, were the result of more than ten years' labour. These are now preserved in a specially prepared room of the Brooklyn Civic Art Gallery. It paid for them the sum of $60,000. Had the collection been broken up and sold in detail they would have produced three times that amount, but to this Tissot would never consent.

With the death of Rev. James McAlister there passed away one of the best known and best loved ministers of the Methodist Church in Canada. Over fifty years ago he began his ministry of grace in this land in the New Connexion Church. He occupied some of its best appointments, was chairman of his district for six years previous to the Union of 1874, and was delegate to more than one General Conference. His words of weight and wisdom conveyed conviction and commanded respect. He was a mighty man in the Scriptures, and had power with God, and prevailed in prayer. He passed away in his seventy-seventh year, at his late home, in Galt, and devout men carried him to his burial.

The many friends of the Rev. Dr. N. R. Willoughby will sympathize profoundly with the bereavement which he has sustained in the loss of his estimable wife, the faithful companion of many years in the service of their common Master and Lord. The death of Mrs. Willoughby occurred during absence from home at Saskatoon, N.W.T. The remains were brought to Toronto for interment. Many of the city ministers were present on that sad occasion.

Sheriff Pearson, of Portland, the famous Methodist preacher, who was such a terror to evil-doers and the violators of the Maine law, died August 6th at Poland Springs. The worry incident to his work enfeebled his strength and caused his death—another illustrious victim of the drink trade.

Book Notices.

"European Constitutional History: Or, The Origin and Development of the Governments of Modern Europe, from the Fall of the Western Roman Empire to the Close of the Nineteenth Century." By Nelson Case. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xii-421. Price, $1.50.

This is one of the most important books issued from the press of the Methodist Book Concern. It is a study in the philosophy of history, or as our author says, "historical physiology." The changes in national constitution are sometimes brought about through war. More frequently they are to be sought in the gradual uplift of the toiling millions, in the steady expansion of commerce, manufactures, of civilization, and science. In a very lucid and luminous manner our author describes this development, not merely in the great nations—Britain, France, Germany, Austria, Italy, Spain—but in the now shrunken but once mighty Denmark, Norway, and the Scandinavian countries, in Turkey and the struggling south-eastern principalities —Montenegro, Roumania, Servia, Bulgaria, and Greece, Switzerland, the Netherlands, Belgium, Portugal.

In speaking of the rights and liberties achieved by Britain through the struggles for civil freedom from the days of King John through the Tudors and the Stuarts, our author says, "Most of these principles had been claimed by the people for centuries as a part of their birthright." The supremacy of the British Parliament, which guards the rights and liberties of the British people, the freest democracy on earth, is strikingly set forth.

"No one," says our author, "with any appreciation of liberty will question that these privileges are worth the centuries of conflict which led up to their establishment. If those patriots, whose struggles and sufferings were instrumental in securing these rights, can now realize the happiness and prosperity that have come to their descendants through their efforts, they will surely say they are amply repaid for all the sacrifices they were called on to endure."

The book is one of profound interest and importance.

"Morang's Annual Register of Canadian Affairs." 1901. Edited and Compiled by J. Castell Hopkins, F.S.S. Author of the "Story of the Dominion," etc. Toronto: George N. Morang & Company. Pp. xix-540. Price, $3. Half morocco, $4.

This volume marks a very ambitious Canadian enterprise—no less than the writing up year by year of the history of the several Provinces of the Dominion. It is a striking evidence of the development of our country, of its entrance on a higher status and a broader outlook. It discusses the various sources of the wealth and prosperity of Canada, its agricultural products, mineral development, the wealth of forests and fisheries, the growing manufacturing industries, its trade and commerce and finance. The relations of Canada to the Crown and Empire are succinctly treated, the royal tour and the stirring story of Canada, and the Boer war, are all well told. Then follows a comprehensive chapter on education in Canada, another on its transportation interests, and one on government and politics. A carefully compiled necrology for the year 1901, indexes of names, events and affairs, and other valuable apparatus for the study of our current history are given. Mr. Castell Hopkins, whose "Encyclopaedia of Canada" is a monument of his painstaking research, has condensed into this volume a vast amount of information inaccessible elsewhere. The book, we judge, will be simply indispensable to all who wish to keep "en rapport" with the rapid development of our country. Mr. Hopkins has endeavoured to be perfectly fair and impartial in his presentation of controverted topics. We congratulate both author and publishers on the success of this first volume of what promises to be an invaluable series.

"World-Wide Evangelization." The Urgent Business of the Church. Addresses delivered before the Fourth International Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, Toronto, Canada, February 26 to March 2, 1902. New York: Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xii-691. Price, $1.50.

Hundreds of persons who crowded Massey Hall at the Students' Missionary Convention, and many thousands more who were unable to be present on that memorable occasion will, we doubt not, be glad to possess this authentic report of the proceedings at that great assembly. The soul-stirring addresses of Mr. R. E. Speer, Mr. John R. Mott, Mrs. Taylor, Prebendary Fox, Bishops Thoburn and Gallagher, alone, are worth the cost of the volume. It is a perfect cyclopaedia of missionary information. Not only are the proceedings of the Massey Hall meetings faithfully recorded, but also those of the subordinate meetings, if they may be called such, in the several churches, in which the latest missionary information concerning the Dark Continent, China, India, Japan, Burma, Ceylon, South America, Turkey, Syria, Egypt, medical missions, and Jewish missions, by leaders in these various fields. The book is admirably printed and indexed. It will be, we deem, indispensable for the study of mission problems of the times. One will receive from it not merely information, but inspiration as well. Its study cannot fail to give great impulse to missionary enterprise. The book may be ordered through our Book Room, or through Mr. F. C. Stephenson, 81 Czar Street, Toronto. These nearly 700 octavo pages for $1.50 makes one of the cheapest books ever published.

"Swiss Life in Town and Country." By Alfred Thomas Story. Author of "The Building of the British Empire," etc. Illustrated. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. viii-282.

Many tourists have a superficial acquaintance with Swiss life and character through their casual tours, but few of these really know Switzerland. Those who know it best love it most. Persons so dissimilar as Professor Tyndall and Miss Havergal made an annual visit for many years to its High Alps. Alike to those who know Switzerland passably well, and to those who have never beheld its fascinating scenes, the book under review will give much and interesting information.

The Swiss are not a homogeneous people, but are made up of diverse races. In the Swiss Parliament, four languages are spoken, and papers are published in these four tongues. It is curious that the older Catholic religion prevails in the more mountainous parts, while Protestantism obtains in its lower valleys and broader plains. One can easily tell when he passes from a Catholic to a Protestant canton by the superior appearance of village and field in the latter, and by the greater intelligence of the people.

Our author has made a sympathetic study of Switzerland and its people, the political constitution, their cantonal life, and character, public education, national industries, home life, religious influences, fetes, and festivals, and the like. Switzerland is a perfect hive of industry, everybody works, there is no idle class. The constant struggle with nature, the effort to wring a subsistence from stubborn glebe or rocky mountain pasture has developed a sturdy thrift and independence of character.

Many specialized industries are followed, as clock and watch-making, wood-carving, silk, cotton, and wool spinning, cloth manufacture, dairying, farming, and vine culture, and the like. The Swiss harness the powers of nature in their many waterfalls to the wheels of industry, and the very difficulties under which they labour have made them the best engineers in Europe. For five hundred years they have maintained their independence amid their mountain fastnesses.

The author pays a deserved tribute to Swiss women. Few make more devoted wives and mothers, few better keepers of the home and hearth. These homes, picturesque as they may look upon the mountain side, are often, and especially in the Catholic cantons, very unsanitary and comfortless. "I have never," says our author, "found children better behaved than in the land of mountain and lake. They rarely meet you without the salutation 'Guten Tag,' or 'Gut Abend.' Their schools are of superior excellence. They study nature at first hand, and many of the boys could

give points to a scientist in details of observation. The men are faithful servants and devoted guides, often risking limb or life itself in the discharge of duty. The Swiss are ardent patriots, every man submits to military service, and on many a foughten field they have maintained the independence of their country.

The many illustrations of quaint costume and custom, town house and chalet, mountain and valley, greatly enhance the value of this book.

"Christian Science Against Itself." By Rev. M. W. Gifford, Ph.D., Author of "Laws of the Soul," etc. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 315. Price, $1.00.

This book is a tremendous arraignment of the popular delusion of "Christian Science." It discusses Mrs. Eddy's methods and claims, her religious creed, her contradictions in "Science and Health," the fallacy of her so-called demonstrations, her contradictions between Christian Science theory and practice. It shows that "Christian Science" is unchristian and antichristian. The author thus pays his compliments to the author of this so-called science:

"She claims that this new system of philosophy was given to her by Divine Revelation directly from heaven. Then, after getting this Divine Revelation as the only true idea of God, and 'not from any human source,' she tells us in her Preface to her book, that she spent two years in the revision of her system of 'Science and Health' before she would give it to the world. Revising and changing and fitting up a Divine Revelation! Think of it! Then she secured a copyright on that revelation before she would let a copy of it go out to the world. Yes, she claims a copyright on a Divine Revelation, which, she says, she was commissioned 'to proclaim to this age!' Then she charges from $300 to $800 further to instruct her converts who are hungering for this knowledge, which, she says, God sent her to proclaim to the world, and which God, of course, gave her 'without money and without price.'"

The same house issues two strong pamphlets on the same subject—Dr. Patten's "Facts and Fallacies of Christian Science," postpaid, 15 cents, and Dr. Taylor's "Christian Science Considered," by a medical practitioner, postpaid, 15 cents.

"A Vacation With Nature." A Minister's Wood Rambles. By Frank De Witt Talmage. Ornamental covers. 12mo, cloth. Price, $1 net; postage 9 cents. New York and London: Funk and Wagnalls Company.

"The Spirit of Elijah doth rest on Elisha," but gently, and with greater calm. Frank De Witt Talmage has taken up the mantle that fell upon his shoulders when the soul of his father, T. De Witt Talmage, was rapt into the heavens through which his spirit in bold imagination had so often soared. It is with the earth, however, that the son's genius is most in sympathy. "The Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage is an ardent student of nature and rural life, and many of his brightest passages are drawn from wood and valley, stream and field, farm-house, and cabin."

This is the spirit revealed in "A Vacation with Nature," the first book of the young minister. Taking a text from Goethe's Faust, in which nature as the revelation of Deity's attributes is described under the figure of the "garment of God," the author, in the manner of his great Master, portrays spiritual lessons in parables drawn from the forest and field.

"His Will Be Done." By Verona Hamilton. Chicago and New York: The Henneberry Company. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Pp. 146. Price, 75 cents net.

This is an interesting and instructive story, giving incidents of American life during the American Civil War. The religious character of this story will commend it to persons seeking suitable books for Sunday-school libraries.

"Religion and Evolution." By Rev. J. T. Sunderland, M.A. Toronto: Vannevar & Co., 438 Yonge Street. Pp. 104. Price, 25 cents.

This is a series of thoughtful and well-written sermons on the question of evolution preached in the First Unitarian Church, Toronto, by its pastor. There are two kinds of evolution: one the merely materialistic theory, which excludes God from his universe, and elevates the law above

the Law-giver; the other the devoutly theistic theory which recognizes evolution as but the way in which God fulfils Himself and carries out his will. Mr. Sunderland well remarks, "The doctrine of evolution ought to fill, and rightly understood, does fill, all the universe with God, as the meaning, and the ever-living, never-sleeping creative power of it all.

"'A fire-mist and a planet,
A crystal and a cell;
A jelly-fish and a saurian,
And caves where the cave-men dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty,
And a face turned from the clod,
Some call it Evolution,—
Its deeper name is God.'

"As to the fear that Evolution will dethrone God because it enthrones law,—what is law? What can it be but the sign and manifestation of One without whom law could not exist? Is law a Power? Rather is it the path along which a power—the Eternal Power—marches to the attainment of its great ends.

"'God is law, say the wise, O soul, and let us rejoice;
For if He thunder by law, the thunder is yet His voice.'"

Without accepting all the conclusions reached in this book we regard it as an instructive exposition of theistic evolution.

"Proceedings and Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada. Second Series. Volume VII. Pp. 975. Meeting of May, 1901. For sale by James Hope & Son, Ottawa. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. London, England: Bernard Quaritch.

The recent meeting of the Royal Society of Canada in Toronto has called attention to the wide range of its activities and utilities. It furnishes the opportunity and incentive to original research in science and literature. It places the results of this research on permanent record, and distributes them to the great libraries and learned societies of the world. This bulky volume of nearly a thousand pages contains a number of important papers in English and French. It deprecates the circulation in Canada of the Sunday yellow journals of the United States, and adds, "Here assuredly we have one most insidious enemy which culture has to fight against in this young nation still in the infancy of its intellectual development." Dr. Ganong contributes an important study on the boundaries of New Brunswick and their historic and diplomatic relations; Sir E. M. Mackenzie has a paper on the Baronets of Nova Scotia; Mr. L. J. Burpee a critical study of Charles Heavysege and his work; and the present writer a monograph on Thomas Hutchinson, the last royal Governor of the province of Massachusetts Bay. Valuable scientific contributions, and a record of the life and work of Sir William Dawson, and many other papers are included.

"Character Photography." Chapters on the Developing Process in the Better Life. By Rev. A. C. Welch. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 260. Price, $1.

Dr. Welch makes use of the methods of photography to teach important lessons in the making of manhood. Under such striking titles as Composite Pictures, Time Exposures, Look Pleasant, Nature Studies, The Dark Room, The Developing Lamp, Lights and Shadows, Blue Prints, Finishing Touches, he sets forth the influences that indelibly impress character. The book is brilliantly written, abounds with quotations from the British classics in prose and verse, and in striking epigrams, as for instance, the following: "A stumbling-block or a backlog, which?" "The motto on Eddystone lighthouse is suggestive, 'To give light and to save life';" "Prejudice, like jaundice, discolours the face of life;" "What we need is grit and grip;" "As acid dropped on steel corrodes it, so worries and anxieties corrode life;" and we might go on indefinitely. The religious teaching is high and courageous, as expressed in Browning's verse:

"All I could never be,
All men ignored in me.
This I was worth to God,
Whose wheel the pitcher shaped."

"A New Trafalgar." A tale of the torpedo fleet. By A. C. Curtis. London: Longmans, Green & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Pp. vi-301.

This is a very vivid account of a life-and-death struggle between Great

Britain and the allied forces of France, Germany, and Russia. The Germans effect a landing at Harwich while the Channel fleet is off guard, but are repulsed by the British with the capture of 60,000 men. The combined French and Russian fleet annihilate the British Mediterranean squadron and the Spaniards destroy Gibraltar; but a British fleet destroys or captures, not without severe loss, the combined French and German fleet off the coast of Portugal, and so saves the nation. The description of the manoeuvres, of the clash and crash of the ironclad destroyers, and a new swift class of "exterminators," which steam forty miles an hour, and discharge tremendous submarine projectiles, and of "battle forts" impervious to torpedoes, are bloodcurdling in their vividness. The Armageddon of the seas is a hideous nightmare. Twenty-five battleships of both sides, worth twenty million pounds, are sunk with their crews of 17,500 brave men. The Americans save many lives with their hospital ship "Maine." Devout thanksgiving is offered "to Him who indeed fought for us against a greater Armada than even that which Howard and Drake met and overthrew."

We doubt the utility of books of this sort, they don't make for peace, but tend to incite international hate. Nevertheless, they give a realistic description of the mighty fleet in action which is now holding a peaceful review at Spithead. It is for just this fearful destructiveness that these ships are at such enormous cost built and manned, and just such havoc was wrought by the Japanese and American navies in their recent wars. For Britain, with its world-wide empire, depending for the food of her people and their very existence on the freedom of the seas, we suppose such a navy is necessary. For Germany, with few seaports, and Russia with fewer still, a great navy is not needed, and its creation is only a menace against the world's peace. But God forbid that these great sea krakens should ever meet in the shock of battle.

"Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?"

We must protest against the profanity put in the mouths of British admirals, captains, and lieutenants by this author. We refused to believe that they indulge in the fearful oaths common in the days of Admiral Benbow and the sea-dogs of Smollett's time. In those days judges swore upon the bench, lawyers at the bar, fine ladies over their cards, "the nation was clothed with cursing as with a garment"; but now no gentleman swears, and these officers are gentlemen.

"The Seigneur de Beaufoy." By Hamilton Drummond. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Pp. 352.

The book last noticed was a look into the future. This is a look into the past, to the stormy days of the parricidal war of the bigot Louis XI. against his father, Charles VIII. five hundred years ago. It gives a vivid picture of those turbulent times, of the terrors of the plague, the valour and chivalry yet ruthless cruelty of the Seigneur de Beaufoy, of the saintly ministrations to the sick and dying of the fair dame Bonne de Salice, or the pride and pomp and power of the Bishop de Grandfrai. Any one who idealizes those days of faith and deeds of chivalry will be disillusioned by the study of this o'ertrue tale.

We have received from their publisher two excellent little books, one the life of a famous Methodist revivalist, Charles G. Finney, by A. M. Hills, and "Coals From the Altar," a treatise on practical religion, by Rev. H. T. Davis. Price, 20 cents each. Neither of these books has much literary merit, but they are instinct with the spirit of the Christian life. Mr. Hills is described as President of Texas Holiness University. The books are issued from the office of "God's Revivalist," Mount of Blessings, Cincinnati, Ohio, in the monthly "Pentecostal Holiness Library." We do not wish to criticise adversely any one who is trying to do good, but we seriously question the wisdom and propriety of assuming titles which seem to imply special favour in the counsels and commission of the Almighty.

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