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THE

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W. H. WITHROW, D.D., F.R.S.C.,

EDITOR.

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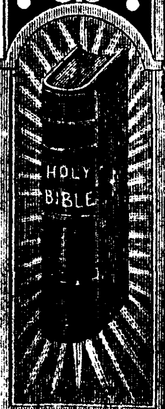

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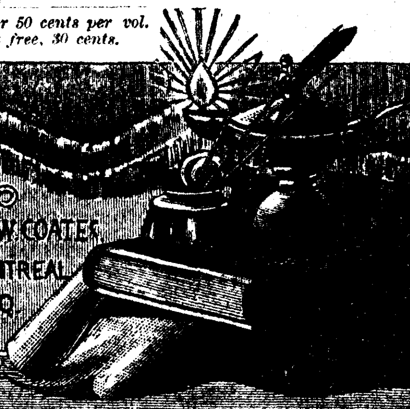

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PEASANT WOMEN OF MACON.

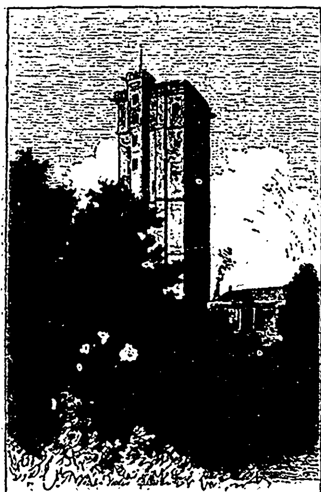
THE

Methodist Magazine.

January, 1890.

CANADIAN TOURIST PARTY IN EUROPE.

PARIS TO GENEVA.

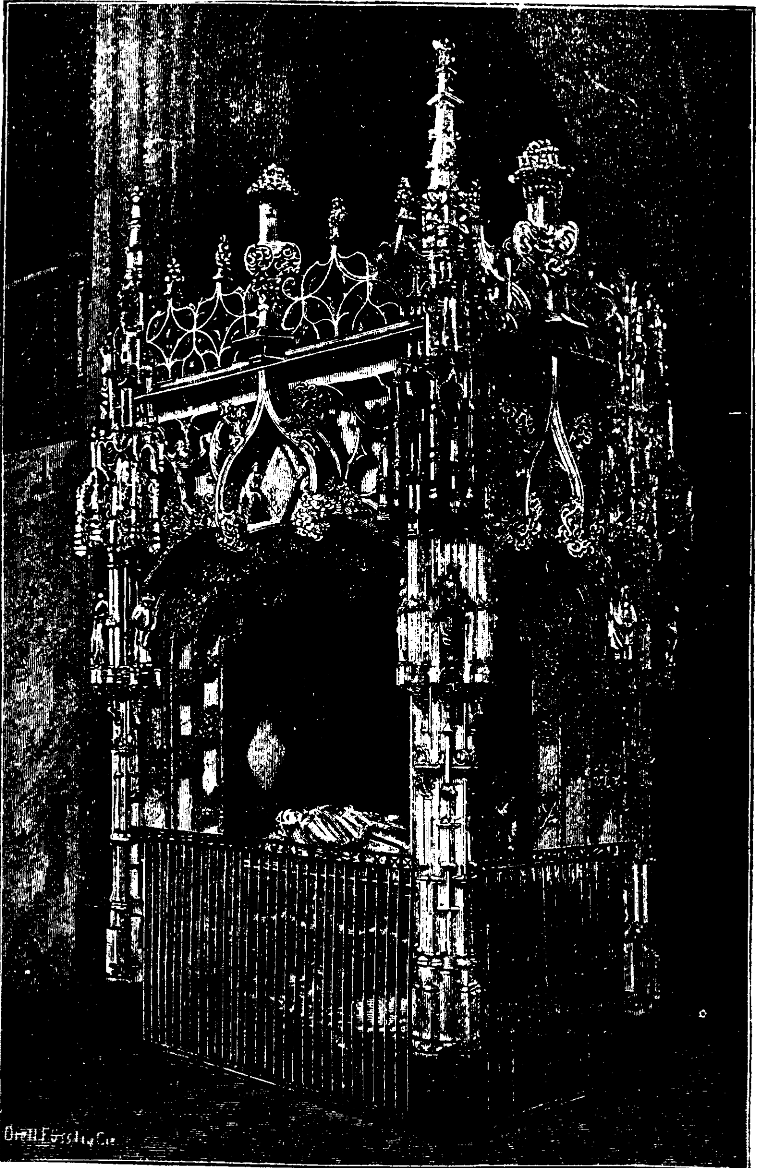


TOWER OF THE DUCAL PALACE, DIJON.

It is a ride of four hundred miles from Paris to Geneva. In order to break the journey a number of the party decided to stop overnight at the old Burgundian capital of Dijon. The others preferred to spend a day longer at the Paris Exposition.

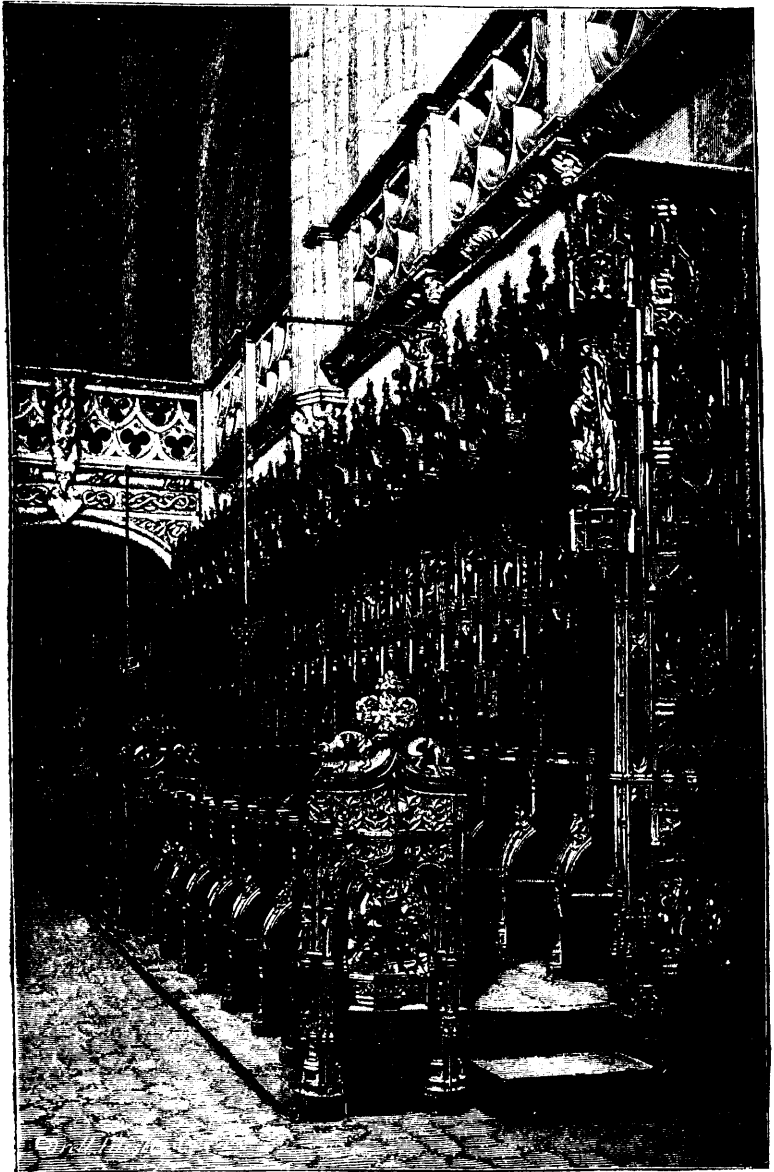
The Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean Railway is the principal French line, not only on account of its length, but more especially with regard to its very extensive passenger and goods traffic. It follows one of those great highways indicated by nature, well termed by a contemporary writer, "the historic roads" of France, upon which have taken place, in the course of history, the grand movements of migration, of war, and of commerce, and along which are stationed the principal towns of the provinces. Long processions of tall Lombardy poplars march in close files, like plumed grenadiers, on either side of the road, and picturesque villages nestle amid their orchards and their vines. Many a city of old renown also lifts its embattled towers above the far-extending plain—Melun, Fontainebleau, Sens, Dijon, Chalons, and others of lesser note.

We are traversing, in fact, the old historic soil of France, the



TOMB OF MARGARET OF AUSTRIA, CATHEDRAL OF BROU.

French provinces *par excellence*, which since the remotest period have been witnesses to the great deeds of the national history. It might almost be said that every name on the banks of the Seine



STALLS IN THE CATHEDRAL OF BROU.

and its tributaries recalls some souvenir, awakes some memory of the past. The style of the châteaux and country-seats reveals the provinces, and the difference becomes more marked the farther we recede from the capital.

Dijon is situated just half-way between Paris and Geneva, and is a pleasant place to break the long railway ride, besides giving one a glimpse of life in one of the most picturesque cities of France. The old Burgundian castle, now used as a town hall, dates back to the tenth century; the most ancient part is the superb tower, shown in our initial cut, completed by Philip the Good. In the beautiful *Salle des Gardes* are the famous tombs of Philip the Bold, and of John the Fearless, with that of the consort of the latter, the fair Margaret. Nothing in Dijon is more impressive than these ducal effigies, watched over through the centuries by angel figures with outstretched wings. The six-century-old churches of Notre Dame and St. Benigne, speak of the past unto the present in solemn and impressive tones. Some of the party drove into the country and visited several farm-houses, getting a glimpse of the primitive simplicity and rudeness of peasant life amid one of the oldest civilizations of Europe.

Upon leaving Dijon we enter the rich vintage region which gave to the whole department the title of the *Côte d'Or*—a country sung by many a bard and instinct with many stirring memories. The scenery is everywhere beautiful—a fertile plain covered with vineyards, and studded with picturesque villages and quaint farm-houses. At Chalon we strike the winding Saône, which we follow for nearly forty miles to Macon, a beautiful town by the river-side, whose women are noted for the picturesque character of their head-dress. Soon after we reach the ancient city of Bourg, with its exquisite church of Brou, in the florid Gothic style, erected nearly four centuries ago by Margaret of Austria. It is the gem of the Gothic monuments of France.

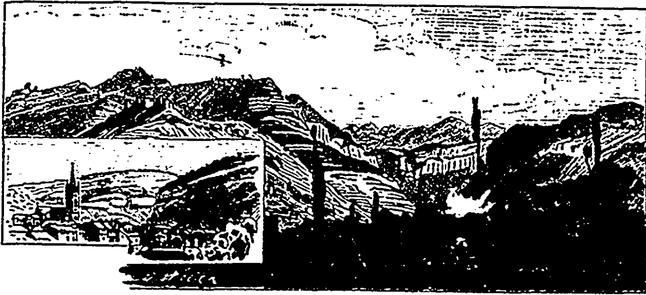
At first sight it may, perhaps, strike us as being overladen with ornament, but this impression soon gives place to admiration when we note the exquisite skill with which the decorations have been executed. The stalls of the choir, and above all the tombs of Philibert the Beautiful, Margaret of Austria, and Margaret of Bourbon attract the attention of the visitor by their beautiful proportions and by sculptural details of which the most minute description would give but a very inadequate idea.

It was a never-ending delight to study the quaint details of the carved stalls of those old continental churches. Frequently there was manifested a grotesque humour, as shown in the carved monkeys in the engraving opposite. The whole Bible story was

often told with a strangely naïve simplicity, as Adam and Eve rocking Cain in a cradle, pathetic scenes of the deluge, the realistic agony of bereaved mothers in the slaughter of the innocents, and the like.

We soon reached the pleasant little town of Ambérieu among the foot-hills of the Jura range. Here, on my first visit to Europe, I stopped overnight at a quaint little inn, where they slew, if not the fatted calf, at least the fatted fowl for our refection, and prepared a dainty meal to which we did ample justice. After dinner I sauntered through the town with my companion in travel, apparently as much objects of curiosity to the peasants, sitting in their doorways, as they were to us.

Here the railway enters the wild gorges of the Albarine and the Durand, through which it winds in many a sinuous curve, now beneath threatening cliffs which gleamed crimson-tinted in



VIEW OF AMBERIEU AND ITS ENVIRONS.

the ruddy afternoon light, now plunged into deep-shadowed ravines, where there was only room for the brawling stream, the dusty road, and the shining lines of rails. Foaming waterfalls and ruined castles heightened the strange charm of the weird scene. It was with a sense of relief that we escaped from the sombre gorges, almost overpowering in their grandeur, into the broader valleys with their sweet pastoral landscapes.

At Culoz we strike the swift and turbid Rhone, whose valley we follow to Geneva. Here, on my first visit, I diverged to the route crossing the Alps by the Mont Cenis tunnel into Italy —a ride of most romantic grandeur, to be hereafter described. Proceeding up the Rhone valley, we pass the pretty village of Seyssel, where the river is spanned by a graceful suspension bridge, and in the deepening twilight reach the wild gorge of the Valsarine, which we cross by the bold viaduct, shown in the cut, on page 7. This viaduct is one of the most daring and beauti-

ful structures to be found to this day on French railroads. It is composed of eleven arches, the principal of which has a span of 105 feet and a height of 170 feet. After issuing from the cutting which follows the Credo tunnel, we traverse the defile of Ecluse, mentioned by Julius Cæsar in his Commentaries, and described by Saussure as being from a geological point of view one of the most remarkable of ravines. On the left the Rhone is dominated by the steep escarpments on which rise the fort of Ecluse, shown in our cut.

Not far from the fort of Ecluse we see on our left a blackened acclivity. This part of the mountain was formerly subject to landslips, which carried down enormous quantities of earth and rocks. Examination proved that these occurrences were due to an enormous natural reservoir of water which existed not far off, and which was silently eating away the surrounding soil. This reservoir has now been completely emptied, and measures have been taken to prevent its refilling. The entire slope has been covered with tar in such a manner that the water runs off the impermeable surface without being able to penetrate into the soil.

Soon we reach Geneva and are driven to our hotel, the *Métropole,* where rooms, secured in advance, have been already assigned to our party, and a savoury supper soon awaits our keen appetites. We could not imagine whence came the strange, sweet fragrance that permeated the air and found entrance to our rooms, till we looked out in the morning on the garden, in front of our hotel, shown in the foreground of the engraving, on page 8, and found that exquisite magnolias perfumed the air.

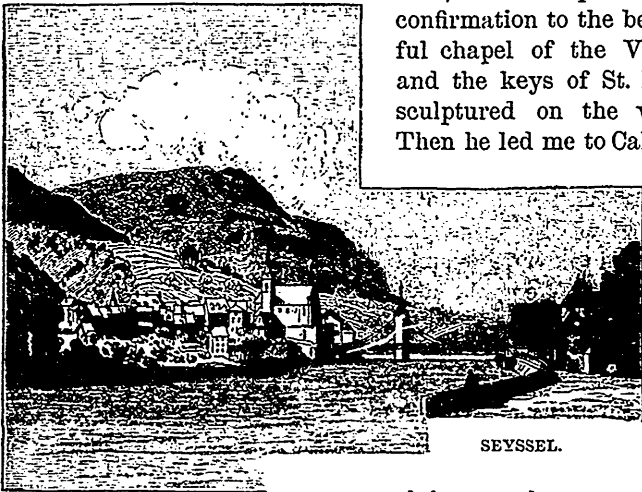
As we went to church on Sunday morning we had a splendid view of Mont Blanc, like a great white throne set in the heavens, distinctly visible at the distance of sixty miles.

Few places in Europe possess greater historical interest than Geneva. For centuries it has been the sanctuary of civil and religious liberty, and its history is that of the Reformation and of free thought. The names of Calvin, Knox, Beza, Farel, the Puritan exiles, and later, of Voltaire, Rousseau, Madame de Staël, and many other refugees from tyranny, are forever associated with this little republic, so small that Voltaire used to say that when he shook his wig he powdered the whole of it. Here, too, are the graves of Merle D'Aubigné, Sir Humphrey Davy, and many other world-famous men.

Geneva is the handsomest city for its size I have ever seen. It has less than 50,000 inhabitants, yet it abounds in splendid streets, squares, and gardens; public and private buildings and monuments; and its hotels are sumptuous. It lies on either side

of the rapid Rhone, where it issues from the lake. The waters are of the deepest blue, and rush by with arrowy swiftness. It has many interesting historic buildings.

On the occasion of my first visit—I blend the impressions of different visits—as I was looking for the sexton of the cathedral, a Roman Catholic priest whom I accosted went for the key, and himself conducted me through the building and explained its features of historic interest. It seemed to me very strange to have that adherent of the ancient faith exhibit the memorials of him who was its greatest and most deadly foe. With something of the old feeling of proprietorship, he looked around the memory-haunted pile and said proudly, yet regretfully, "This was all ours once," and he pointed in confirmation to the beautiful chapel of the Virgin and the keys of St. Peter sculptured on the walls. Then he led me to Calvin's pulpit, once the most potent intellectual throne in Europe, and to Calvin's chair—in which I sat, without feeling my Arminian orthodoxy affected thereby—and pointed out other memorials of the great Reformer.

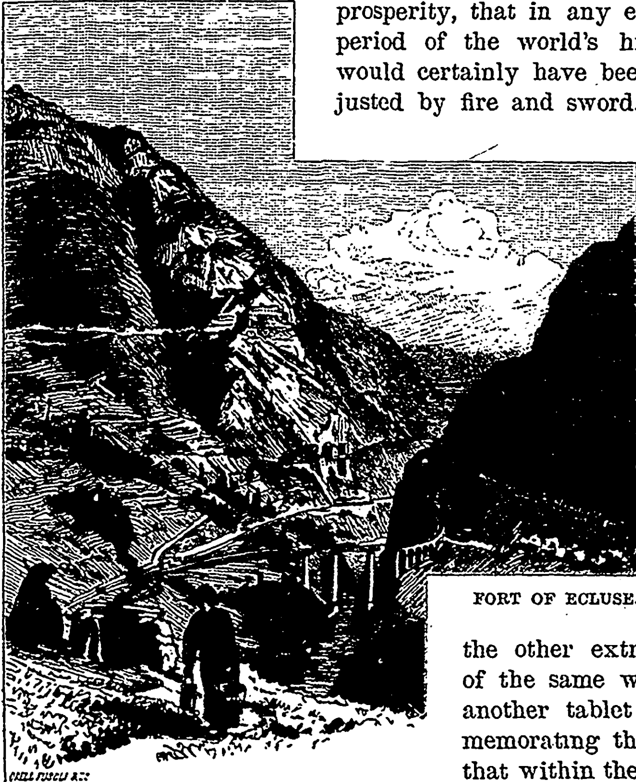


SEYSSEL.

Near by, I visited Calvin's house in a narrow street, but his grave is unknown, as he expressly forbade the erection of any memorial. I found, too, the house of the "self-torturing sophist," Rousseau. It bore his bust and the inscription, "Ici est né Jean Jacques Rousseau." On a shady island in the river is his monument—a fine bronze figure, sitting pen in hand.

In the old Gothic Hôtel de Ville is a singular inclined plane leading to the upper floor, up which the councillors used to ride. Here, in a small and unpretentious room, sat the international commission which conducted the Geneva arbitration between Great Britain and America.

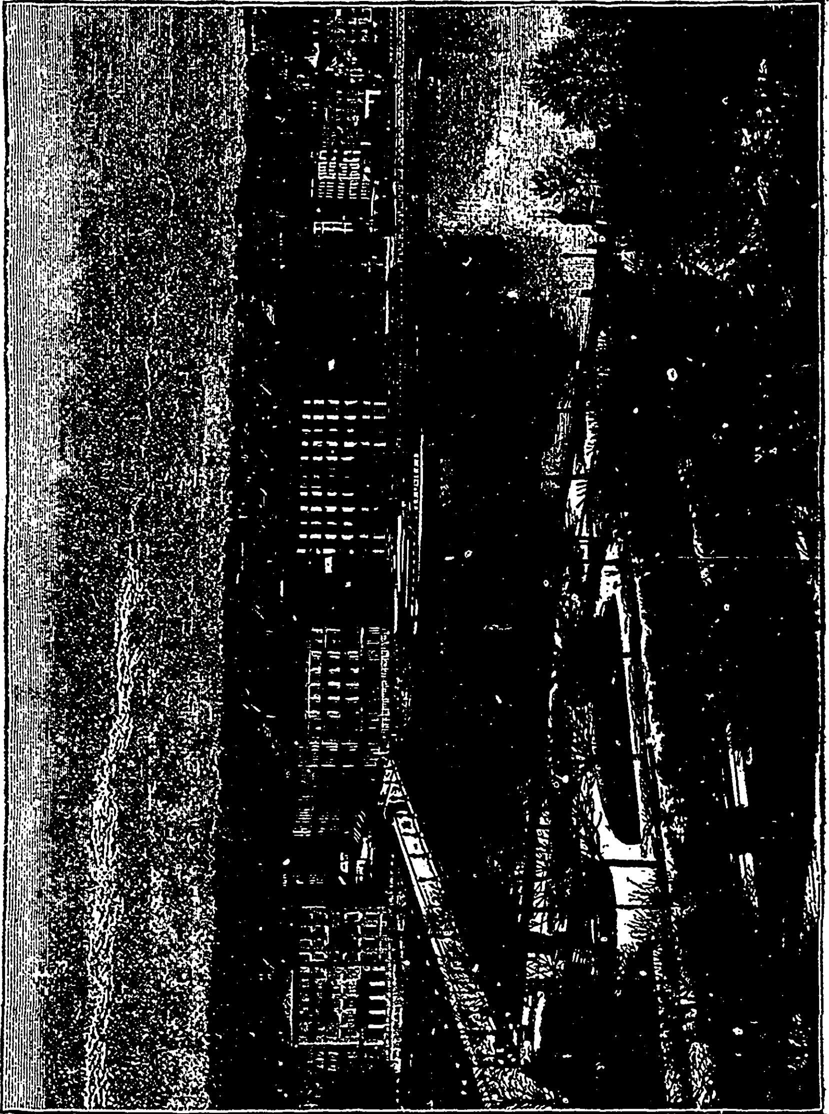
"It is very possible," says a recent writer, "that when two or three more centuries set the events in a new and larger perspective, it will be seen that the most potential influence that ever came out of Geneva came from the room in the Hôtel de Ville in which the Alabama Commission held its sessions. At one extremity of the wall is a marble tablet commemorating the fact that within those walls, by the method of peaceful arbitration, two great nations settled differences that might easily have set the torch of war to their common prosperity, that in any earlier period of the world's history would certainly have been adjusted by fire and sword. At



FORT OF ECLUSE.

the other extremity of the same wall is another tablet commemorating the fact that within the same walls met more recently the representatives of the Great Powers, and agreed upon certain terms for the amelioration of the condition of the wounded on the field of battle. So much for the history written on the walls of this room—a history infinitely nobler and more significant than that written in the dismantled Schloss at Heidelberg, or in the ruins that crown the vine-clad hills of the Rhine. There is also a bit of prophecy in this room—a prophecy which springs like an inspiration out of its history.

There is in another part of the room a large and finely constructed plow made of sabres and spears that have been borne on



GENEVA.

battlefields and flashed in the lurid light of that Inferno which men bring on earth when they settle their disputes by resorting to war. Amid the countless relics of combats in the past, and amid the endless tramp of increasing armies which one sees and

hears all over Europe, the sight of this little room and the hope it inspires are like visions of paradise."

The arsenal hard by contains the ladders by which, in 1602, the Spaniards tried to scale the walls, their flags, and the armour of hundreds who fell into the fosse; weapons from Sempach; the lance of Winkelried, the martyr-patriot; captured Austrian trophies, and many other objects of intense interest. A garrulous old pensioner took infinite pains to explain everything. He asked me to try on one helmet, and I attempted to do so, but could hardly lift it from the floor.

A reminiscence of Voltaire is the Rue des Philosophes. Near by, at Ferney, is his villa and the chapel which, with cynical ostentation—"sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer"—he built, bearing still the inscription, "*Deo erexit Voltaire.*" The splendid monument of the Duke of Brunswick, who left his immense fortune to the town, is one of the finest in Europe. The university, museums, art galleries, and a splendid school of art, are proof of the high culture of the little republic. In the latter institution, professors in blouses were instructing students in sculpture, modelling, repoussé work, bronze casting, wood-carving, designing; and were exceedingly courteous in their explanations of their methods. This great Dominion might learn a lesson in art culture from this little city.

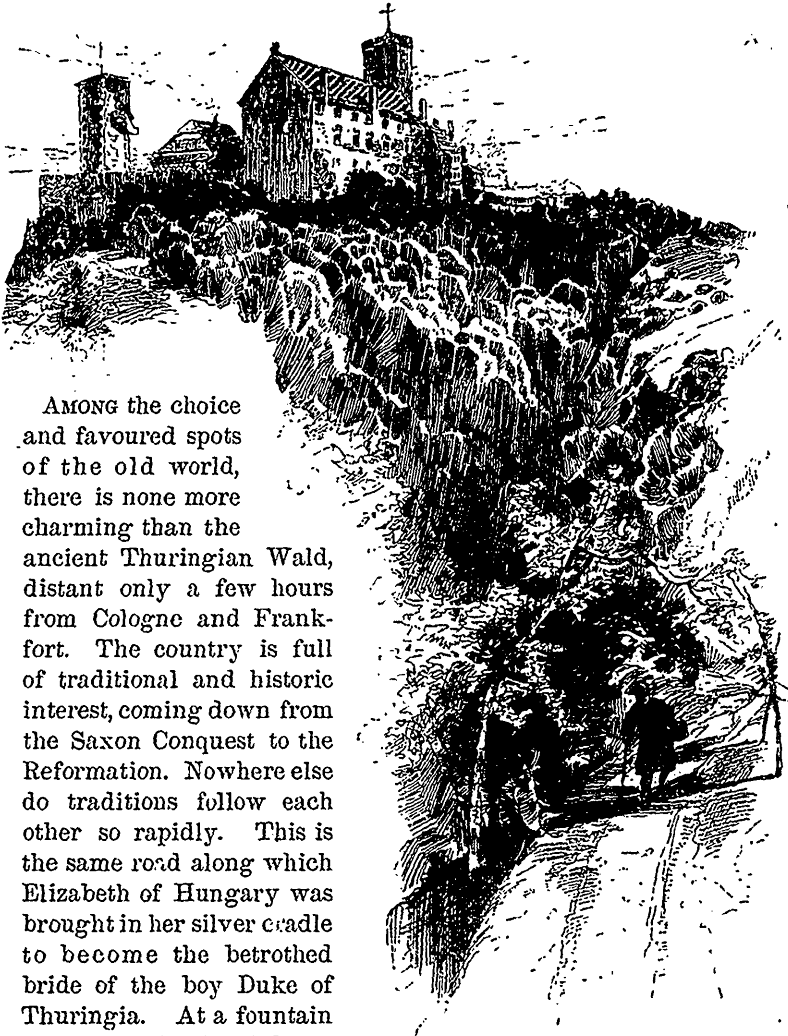
In the evening twilight I walked down the Rhone to its junction with the Arve. The former flows clear as crystal from the pellucid lake; the latter rushes turbid with mud from the grinding glaciers. For a long distance the sharp contrast between the two may be traced—"like the tresses," says the poetic Cheever, "of a fair-haired girl beside the curls of an Ethiopian; the Rhone, the daughter of Day and Sunshine; the Arve, the child of Night and Frost."

I called, on my first visit, to see Dr. Abel Stevens, the well-known historian of Methodism. To my regret he was in London; but I met Dr. Butler, the founder of American Methodist Missions in India and Mexico. I had met him before in Canada, and we had a pleasant talk, looking out upon the lovely lake, whose beauty recalls the lines of Byron:

> "Fair Leman woos me with its crystal face,
> The mirror where the stars and mountains view
> The stillness of their aspect in each trace
> Its clear depths yield of their fair light and hue.
> There breathes a living fragrance from the shore
> Of flowers yet fresh with childhood. . . Here the Rhone
> Hath spread himself a couch, the Alps have reared a throne."

LUTHER'S COUNTRY—CHOICE BITS OF THURINGIA.

BY E. C. WALTON.



THE WARTBURG.

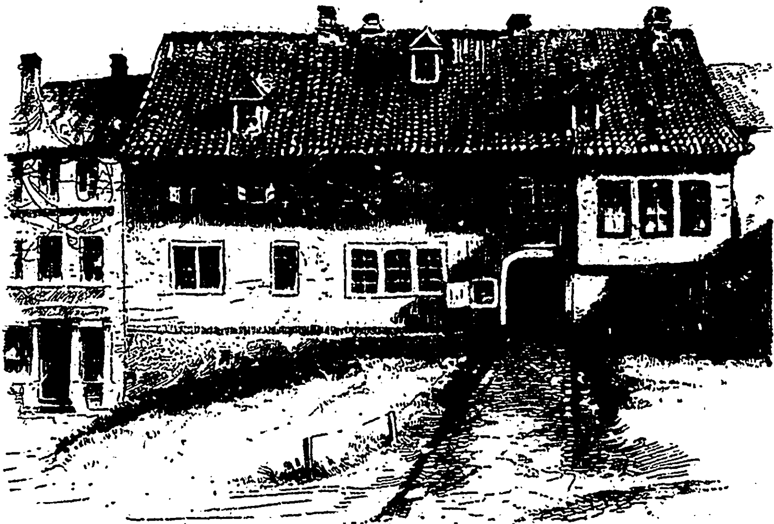
Among the choice and favoured spots of the old world, there is none more charming than the ancient Thuringian Wald, distant only a few hours from Cologne and Frankfort. The country is full of traditional and historic interest, coming down from the Saxon Conquest to the Reformation. Nowhere else do traditions follow each other so rapidly. This is the same road along which Elizabeth of Hungary was brought in her silver cradle to become the betrothed bride of the boy Duke of Thuringia. At a fountain in the woods she fed the poor; at a bridge near by the bread was changed to flowers, and the time was when crosses and shrines commemorated other marvellous events; but after Martin Luther went down the same road, carrying with him the

THE HOUSE IN WHICH LUTHER DIED.

newly-translated Testament, the crosses and shrines disappeared, and the good deeds of the real woman have outlived a mere belief in the supernatural traditions of the mediæval Church, leaving after them, however, a delightful fragrance of poetry and romance.

Few places cradle more poetic memories. Every old burg is a storehouse of romance; and not a mountain stream or wild glen but has a tale to tell of the crusading days, when minstrels held tournaments of song in the great halls, and Walter von der Vogelwied sang his quaint, sweet lays in "peasant's hut and baron's hall."

Feudalism and the mediæval Church struck their roots deep into the soil, and traces of their strength still remain in the walls



BIRTHPLACE OF SEBASTIAN BACH, EISENACH.

of the old monasteries and gigantic castles. No other place is so deeply identified with Luther. Nearly the whole of his life was passed within walking distance of Eisenach. At Erfurt he put on the cowl; across the fields he travelled, a monk, from one religious house to another; in the Augustinian Convent are the cell and silent confessional that witnessed his fiercest spiritual struggles; in the Altenstein woods he was captured, and in the Wartburg he translated the New Testament.

Eisenach, the once flourishing capital of the Thuringian Wald, is one of the most picturesque of mediæval towns, nestled down within the shadow of the three hills, and watched over by the square towers of an old castle. In one of its quaint streets is the house in which Luther lived, and in the Wartburg castle near by

he found refuge from persecution. It has memories that cannot be destroyed so long as its old towers last. It was the birthplace of the greatest of Minnesingers, and the home of Sebastian Bach, the mighty master of fugues.

THE LUTHER HOUSE, EISENACH.

If only one of two can ride, it is certain, in Germany, to be the man who *mounts the cart, and the woman* carries the biggest bundle of wood and ploughs the toughest acre. Her strength and

hardihood seem wonderful, and the toil that would kill our countrywomen apparently makes no impression upon their hardy Saxon organization, inured through many generations to the work of the field. What struck me most was their toil-worn faces and heavy tread, like the oxen they drive; and what must be rather a mournful reflection to all who have lived among them, they are rarely, by any chance, lifted above the toilsome sphere in which they were born. "We are always at work," said an old peasant of the hills, "and our children will be as poor as we are, unless we go to America, where there is no conscription and no taxes." The tears rolled down her weather-beaten cheeks, and the young girl by her side had a face to haunt one for days.

"My mother is very tired," she said, in her pretty German, trying to be cheerful. "We work so hard every day, and now my brother has just been drawn and taken to the Rhine, and it will be hard getting on when the winter comes." It told the story of more than half the peasantry, and was a condition of things to make one profoundly sad.

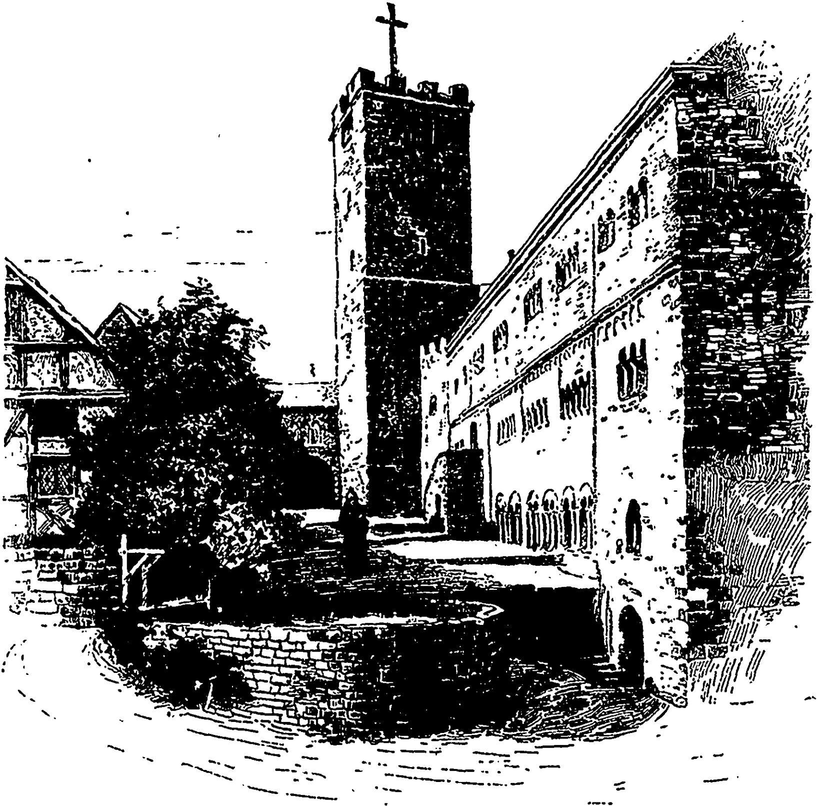
Educated to habits of industry, their leisure is only a change of work. Watching the cows or walking for pleasure, their knitting needles keep time to their steps; or, as we oftener saw in Germany, groups of gossips, young and old, sitting together at evening in front of their doors, their hands always busy as their tongues, and the long blue stockings lengthening out with a rapidity astonishing to our half-indolent way of doing what we consider very lazy work. Sometimes we lingered long enough to take in the group, and now and then would catch faces of simple, noble beauty, worthy of Jean Paul's ideal German Mädchen.

United with their simple beauty one often finds a certain charm and witchery of manners that seems to lie wholly in the entire absence of all affectation and pretence. They make no attempt to imitate the manners and dress of another sphere. The distinctions of rank are too marked to admit of social ambitions, and they are apparently too well contented with their peasant ways, pretty turbans and bright aprons, to envy those beyond them the elegance of their hats and feathers.

So dear has fuel become in Saxony, that were it not that the poor are allowed by law to go into the forests and break off such dead twigs and branches as they can, a great portion, if not the whole, of the labouring classes must perish from cold, owing to their inability to purchase so expensive a commodity. Nothing can give one a more doleful and depressing notion of the impoverished condition of these peasants than to see the poor

creatures coming down from the forests almost hidden under their huge bundles of wood.

The Thuringian peasant has implicit belief in his own ghost stories, and treasures the belief with that kind of reverence which forbids all interference with his credulity. The snow-white stag with golden horns, that wanders in the forest, he may never have seen, for children to whom the sight is vouchsafed die young;



THE INNER COURT, WARTBURG.

but he has heard the hoofs of the black horse of the Knight of Rittersberg, going to the Wittgenstein at midnight, and has listened to the sneezing of the beautiful princess, imprisoned for years in the great rock of the Marienthal. Very few of the most rigid unbelievers of legends but listen with wonder to the kingly stories of the famous old Kyphauser, where Friederich Barbarossa and his courtiers still doze away their lives in the vaults of the ruined castle. "We love our ghosts as we do our forests," said a

Saxon of the higher class, when I laughed at him for some lingering superstitions; and if one chance to look a little incredulous at the elfin stories of Thuringia, any peasant will tell you that Martin Luther believed in demons, and always said prayers for protection from bad spirits.

The poetry of romantic history added to the most fascinating charms of mountain scenery makes Thuringia an ideal spot of Germany, and there is no place where one starts out to see sights with greater enthusiasm than the immediate neighbourhood of Eisenach. There are charming walks in all directions, and the beauties of forest scenery are everywhere conspicuous. The quiet streets wander away into quieter mountain paths, through the soft green meadows of the Marienthal far off into the secrets of the forest or high up among the rocks to the Wartburg, whose dark square towers, just visible above the trees, lead on with an irresistible fascination, when we remember that the castle over which they keep watch and ward is associated with all that is most romantic in the life of the Middle Ages. Leaving the Marienthal, a road runs spirally about the hill, and at each turn gives inspiring views of an ideal landscape, made up of waving woodland and emerald pasture fields, enclosed by an amphitheatre

IN THE ARMOURY.

of pine-covered hills, and sleeping quietly at their feet the red-roofed houses and dark square of a quaint old mediæval town.

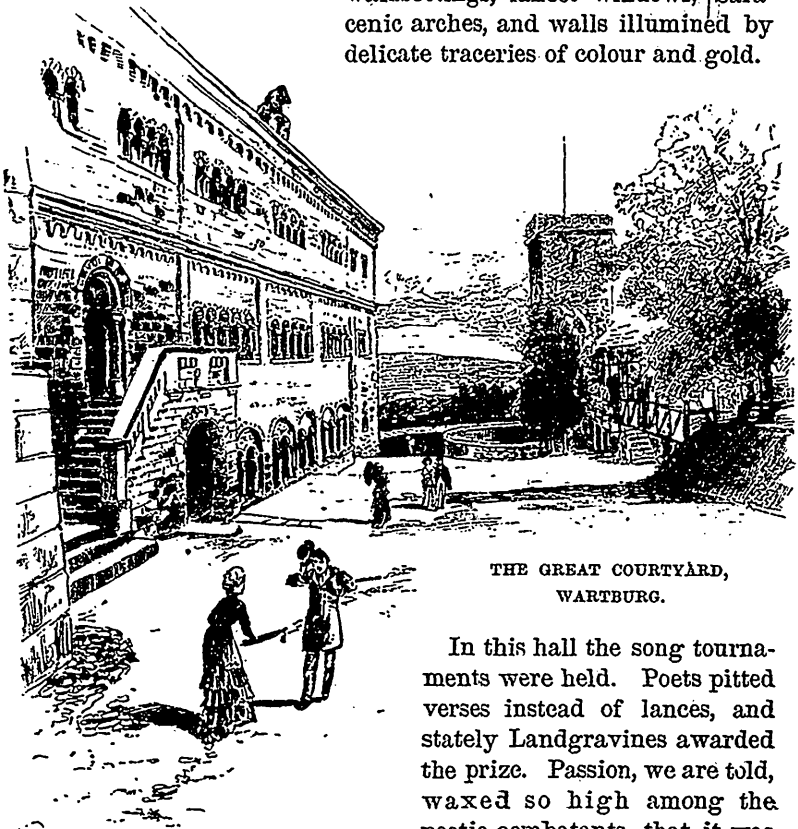
The castle, to which, after much leisurely walking and many lingerings by the way, one comes at last, is entered over a small drawbridge. A sentry paces to and fro upon the ramparts, and if the ducal master precedes the party, a cannon, said to have been used in the Thirty Years' War, is discharged to announce his arrival. The sound of its mouth recalls the great Gustavus Adolphus and a host of mighty events; and just a little dazed with the centuries of memories that had followed us from the city gates, we entered the old portal.

The building dates back to the twelfth century. The story goes that the Landgrave, following a stag one day to the top of the hill, stopped suddenly, as a magnificent view burst upon him, and exclaimed: "Watch Hill, thou shalt be Watch City!" (Wartburg) and soon after he built this curious piece of Middle Age architecture and called it the Wartburg. It was the home of song and literary development long before Luther, a prisoner in its walls, translated the Bible. The building is a very complete specimen of Romanesque architecture, with round arches, rectangular faces and square-edged projections, massive and heavy, but with classic proportions, in pillars and cornices, and just enough of Saracenic form and ornament to show how architecture, as well as poetry, was enriched by the influence of Spain and the East at the time of the Crusades. The main building, with adjoining knights' houses, incloses courts of singular beauty. On one side are walls trailing with vines, and nestling among them an oriel, its sculptured cross reaching to the small double window of the gable. In the centre of the court is an old well, and in the walls nooks and corners leading by low doors and narrow stairs into various parts of the castle, and giving the imagination room for any amount of fanciful conjecture. The other court is a spacious quadrangle, showing the majestic proportions of the castle walls, giving charming outlooks upon the hills beyond, and suggesting much of the poetry of feudal times.

Into it has come many a powerful war-horse, bearing his master from holy wars; and out from it passed that wonderful cavalcade of minstrels, peasants and knights, bearing the banners of the Cross, led by the young Landgrave Louis and accompanied on their way by his beautiful wife, Elizabeth of Hungary.

A flight of broad stone stairs leads from this court, through a heavy Romanesque doorway, to the interior of the castle, where one walks, as in a dream, through rambling galleries, pictorial corridors, minstrels' hall, banqueting room, armoury and chapel.

In these brilliant apartments, Hermann of Thuringia, surrounded by all the luxury of the East, held a kind of semi-regal state, and gathered about him the many elements that made the Middle Age life of Germany unique and picturesque. How charming! one involuntarily exclaims, at the first sight of the old minstrels' hall—a spacious apartment with dark wainscotings, lancet windows, Saracenic arches, and walls illumined by delicate traceries of colour and gold.



THE GREAT COURTYARD, WARTBURG.

In this hall the song tournaments were held. Poets pitted verses instead of lances, and stately Landgravines awarded the prize. Passion, we are told, waxed so high among the poetic combatants, that it was decided that the least skilful should die. Walter von der Vogelwied was in the end the victor, but although measures were taken to erect a scaffold in the castle, the most unfortunate of the minstrels, Heinrich von Ofterdingen, through the intercession of the Landgravine, was spared his life.

Long years after, at the revival of music and poetry in Germany, the same hall became a gathering-place for musicians; and as far down as the end of the seventeenth century the family of Bachs, one hundred and twenty in number, driven from Hungary,

assembled in the Wartburg to give their remarkable performances, in which we think the modern German opera music had its origin. Among them came, no doubt, the great Sebastian, who had taught the whole of Germany the beauty and majesty of his wonderful art, and who lived his simple life in the quiet town, and improvised daily wonderful strains on the rude organ in the old monastery chapel.

How the centuries shake hands in this ancient hall! for, between Walter von der Vogelwied singing his quaint, sweet songs to the sunny silence of the woods, and the grave, solemn grandeur of the chorals and symphonies of Sebastian Bach, rising amid the arches and pillars of great cathedrals, what miracles of art had been accomplished! The space is not greater between the saints and Madonnas of Giotto in the wayside chapels of Italy, and the sybils of Michael Angelo on the walls of the Vatican.

In the pictorial decoration of the castle the charm of historic association unites the early song tournament with the life of Elizabeth of Hungary. On a corridor that leads to the chapel Moritz von Schwind has painted a series of medallions to commemorate some of the most touching incidents in Elizabeth's history, from her arrival in the castle to her death in the convent of Marburg. The artist has thrown around his heroine the tender, ideal tone that hovers about all genuine mediæval forms, but which in him never deteriorates into the merely sentimental character of many ascetic and monastic painters. Nothing can be lovelier in feeling than the beautiful child standing in her silver cradle, her delicate face shaded by the soft fur hood, and her slight form bent forward toward the outstretched arms of old Landgrave. Not less full of touching tenderness is the parting of Elizabeth and her husband, on his departure for the Holy Land, or the old story of the bread and roses so carefully preserved and still half believed by the Thuringian peasants.

Leaving this interesting corridor, we wandered on to the banqueting-room and armoury, the latter a miniature tower hung with mail and weapons that had shattered the brains of many a turbaned Turk, and been worn by men whose existence seems, in these days, as mythic as the heroes of the Heldenbuch and Niebelungen Lied. Judging from the size of the armour, there must have been giants in Thuringia scarcely less mighty than those of Eastern fable, and having seen the dimensions of the mail, we no longer wonder that Friederick of the Bitten Cheek was held in wholesome awe by all the neighbouring Saxons.

Up meandering stairs and along intricate passages to the very

top of the castle, we come to the banqueting hall, where, in old convivial days, the owners of the ancient mail, after skirmishes with their Saxon neighbours, dined on boar's head and home-brewed ale. It is a magnificent room and has no equal anywhere in Germany! The polished floor reflects a roof of marvellous brillancy, while ranged around the walls are richly carved Gothic

THE FIRST COURT, WARTBURG.

stalls, surmounted by shields of strange device, which give to the apartment the character of an eastern hall, where Teutonic knights might practise mystic rites, or bishops of the ancient church hold their sacred conclaves. Feasting and revelry seem very little in character with these ecclesiastical decorations, and yet here the ancient Landgraves held the remarkable banquets that welcomed warriors from Palestine, when kings danced with

stately, high-browed Landgravines, and minstrels sang, and lords and ladies feasted and made love, in days when chivalry was in full bloom. Could the old walls speak, they might divulge many a state secret as well, for these banquets played their parts in the affairs of State. Often important alliances and friendships were formed, kings' crowns disposed of, and a love for startling adventure and chivalrous deeds encouraged by songs of minstrels and tales of warriors. Songs from the Niebelungen Lied are still sung in the castle with many a note, no doubt, that has reverberated from the far-off olden times, and links forever the beautiful home-life of the present Duke of Saxe-Weimar with the old romantic days of Hermann of Thuringia.

Going out of the castle and crossing the court by way of a lovely, vine-covered arbour, where in true German fashion the ducal family sometimes take their coffee, we enter, through a rude doorway, an ancient knight's house, in which, during the stormy days of the Reformation, Martin Luther was held in "friendly bondage" by the brave-hearted Elector of Saxony.

More than three hundred years have passed since Luther went up and down the rickety stairs, but the small square room is just the same, save, perhaps, more time-worn and nearer decay. A deep recessed window looks out upon the Thuringian forest, where we can imagine he often sat gazing out over the barriers that separated him from his friends at Wittenburg, until, impatient with his bondage, he broke forth to Melancthon in those turbulent letters that contain all the fire and restlessness of his rebellious spirit. On the floor is the large vertebra of a whale which Luther used as a footstool.

On the wall is the ink-spot that Coleridge says "every traveller, unless he is incurious or supercilious, informs himself by means of his penknife whether or not it is proof against destruction." We, however, made no such searching investigation, quite satisfied that the solitary student suffering from an overwrought brain might, either in his waking or sleeping hours, have imagined himself in deadly conflict with Satan, and, tired of his companionship, hurled at him his only weapon of defence—being the leaden inkstand that he had used in Biblical translation.

Coleridge is, perhaps, the only pilgrim to the Wartburg who has gone into a philosophic explanation of what at best seems mythic; but being himself a seer of visions, anything that touched upon the supernatural had for him the fascination of a dream.

The room, we are glad to say, is not "filled up," and contains only a few quaint pieces of furniture, with portraits of Hans and Gretha Luther done with Cranach's masterly power. The miner's

LUTHER'S STUDY IN THE WARTBURG.

lamp hangs on the wall, and near it a corundum box carried by the little charity boy when he sang for pennies in the streets of Eisenach. Near the window is the chair on which he sat and the table where he wrote the extraordinary "Expositions" and still more extraordinary translation of the Scriptures. In no other place are we brought so visibly face to face with Luther. Here, single-handed and alone, without the aid of grammars or commentaries, he accomplished the greatest work of the sixteenth century.

One cannot witness the scene of his work without the deepest emotion. The solitary figure rises almost startlingly before us, as if it were but yesterday that he sat there and wrote, and, going away, left after him an indescribable sense of his ghostly presence. Certain it is that when he closed the door upon his solitude, he shut within so much of his immortal part as three hundred years have not been able to expel.

This ancient knight's house, with its memories of Luther, completes the stranger's tour of the Wartburg. It is a place in which to see visions and dream dreams, and which no amount of familiarity will ever unidealize, for the secret of its power "is not in its gold or its stories, but in the deep sense of voicefulness and mysterious sympathy, as of walls that had long been washed by the passing waves of humanity."

WINTER IN CANADA.

BY REV. JAMES COOKE SEYMOUR.

THE raging storm blows o'er the plain,
Sharp winter visits us again;
The snow sounds crisp beneath the feet,
We shrink to meet the driving sleet.

The sleigh-bells ring their merry sound,
The panting horses onward bound;
With wraps and furs around us tight,
We joy when home's at last in sight.

Canadian skies! we love them well,
E'en winter's cold, with mystic spell,
Replete with pleasures bright and free,
Endears our land of liberty.

Blest land! thy sons and daughters fair
A grand and hardy climate share;
May they, all good, forever know,
Be pure and free, as winter's snow.

THE LAST VOYAGE.*

BY LADY BRASSEY.

I.

EVENING PRAYER.

INTRODUCTORY.

When the arrangements for a contemplated cruise to the East were being considered, toward the end of 1886, it was thought best for Lady Brassey and her daughters to make the voyage to Bombay in a Peninsular and Oriental steamer. The *Sunbeam* herself was to sail from Portsmouth by the middle of November. Lord Brassey, in the first paragraph of his "*Sunbeam* Papers," thus acknowledges the help he derived at starting, in what may be called the domestic department of the yacht, from Lady Brassey's presence on board for even a few hours.

* Through the great kindness of Lord Brassey we are permitted to reprint the substance of Lady Brassey's "Last Voyage," one of the most fascinating and sumptuous books ever published. It possesses also the pathetic interest of being the record of the last months of her life; indeed, her

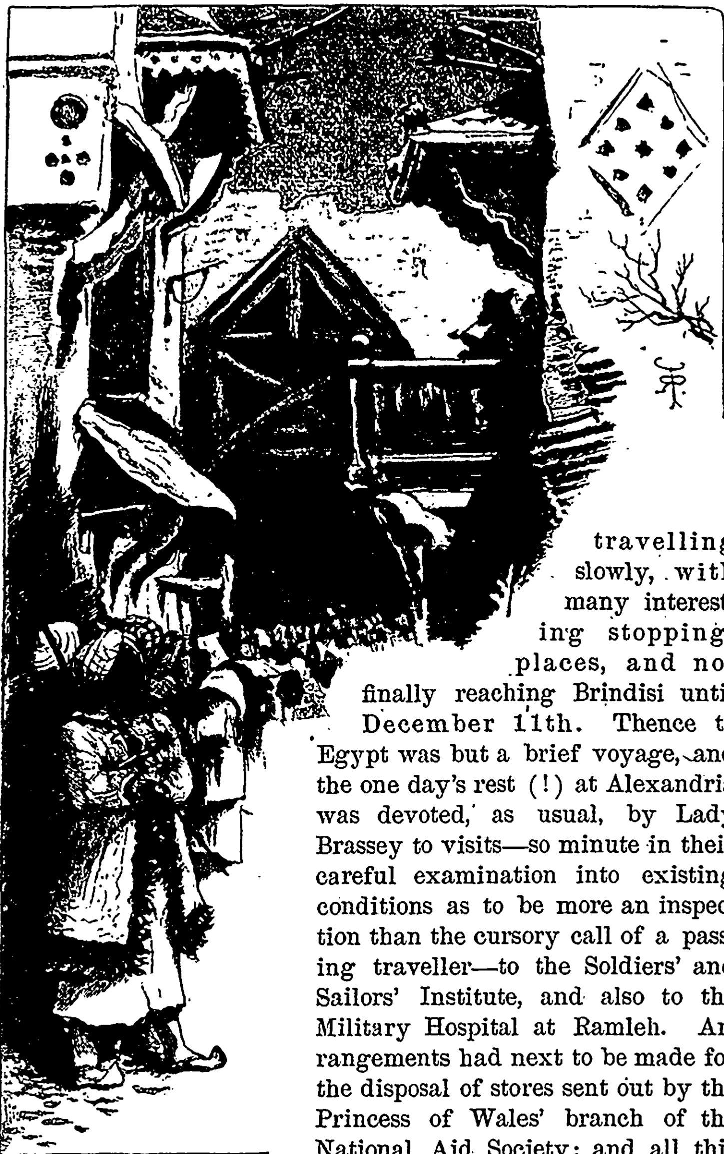
"We embarked at Portsmouth on Monday, November 16th. The *Sunbeam* was in hopeless confusion, and it required no ordinary effort of determination and organization to clear out of harbour on the following day. A few hours at Southampton did wonders in evolving order out of chaos. On the afternoon of November 18th, my wife and eldest daughter, who had come down to help in preparing for sea, returned to the shore, and the *Sunbeam* proceeded immediately down channel."

OUR HOME ON WHEELS.

At Plymouth Lord Brassey was joined by the late Lord Dalhousie and by Mr. Arnold Morley, M.P. The former landed at Gibraltar, and the latter at Algiers. Through the long voyage to Bombay the gallant little yacht held stoutly on her course, meeting first a mistral in the Mediterranean, then strong head-winds in the Red Sea, and having the N.E. monsoon in her teeth after leaving Aden.

busy pen, which has been the source of so much pleasure and profit to multitudes of readers, fell from her hands during her transcription of these pages. Lord Brassey also generously places at the service of this MAGAZINE one hundred and sixteen of the fine cuts of this remarkable volume. There are a large number of exquisite coloured lithographs in the volume which could not be transferred to these pages. The original volume, a large 8vo, of 490 pages, published by Longmans, Green & Co., London, may be ordered through the Methodist Publishing House, Toronto. Price $7.35.

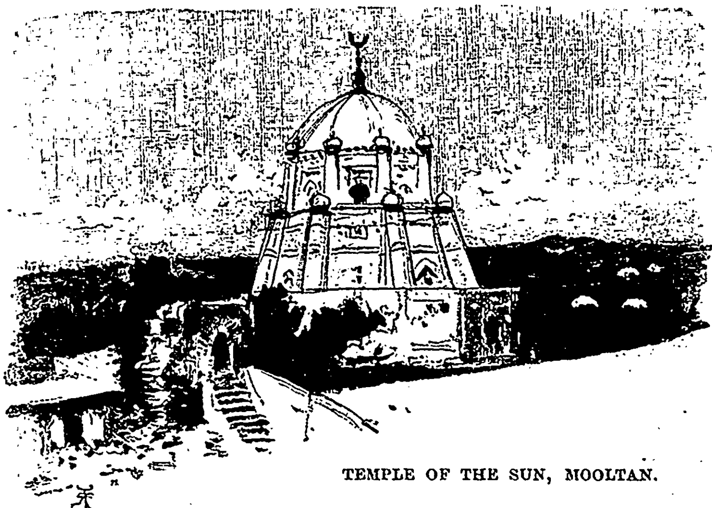
In the meantime Lady Brassey, her three daughters, and some friends left England a few days after the yacht had sailed,


SHIKARPUR BAZAAR.

travelling slowly, with many interesting stopping-places, and not finally reaching Brindisi until December 11th. Thence to Egypt was but a brief voyage, and the one day's rest (!) at Alexandria was devoted, as usual, by Lady Brassey to visits—so minute in their careful examination into existing conditions as to be more an inspection than the cursory call of a passing traveller—to the Soldiers' and Sailors' Institute, and also to the Military Hospital at Ramleh. Arrangements had next to be made for the disposal of stores sent out by the Princess of Wales' branch of the National Aid Society; and all this constituted what may fairly be considered a hard day's work. Then came a well-occupied week in Cairo, where much hospital-visiting was again got through, and many interviews respecting the site

for the new hospital at Port Said were held with the Egyptian authorities. This pleasant but by no means idle dawdling brought the party to Suez on December 23rd, where they embarked at once on board the P. & O. steamer *Thames*, Captain Seaton, and started at midnight for Bombay.

Carefully and well had the plans for both voyages been laid, and successfully—by grace of wind and weather—had they been carried out. On January 3rd, 1887, Lord Brassey in the *Sunbeam* and Lady Brassey in the *Thames* exchanged cordial signals of greeting off the harbour of Bombay. The incident must be briefly described from the earlier "*Sunbeam* Papers." "As we



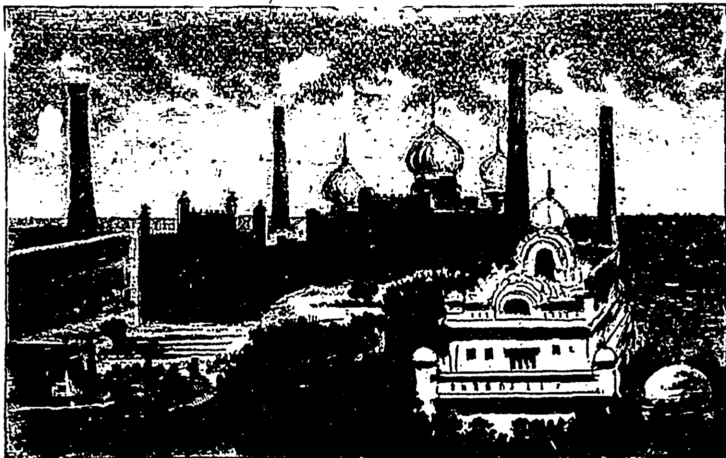
TEMPLE OF THE SUN, MOOLTAN.

were becalmed off Bombay, the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamship *Thames*, with my wife and children on board, passed ahead of us into the harbour. We had a delightful meeting in the afternoon at Government House, Malabar Point, where we were greeted with a most cordial welcome from our dear friends Lord and Lady Reay."

We are so accustomed nowadays to the punctual keeping of appointments made months before, with half the width of the world between the meeting-places, that this happy and fortunate coincidence will scarcely excite remark, even when the home journal dwells on the added joy of the arrival, that very same evening, as planned beforehand, of Lord Brassey's son, who had started earliest, and had been spending some weeks of travel, sight-seeing and sport, pleasantly combined, in Ceylon and Southern India.

The stay in Bombay was cut short by the desire of the travellers to join Lord and Lady Reay, and journey with them for the first few days of an official tour in Sindh, on which the Governor of Bombay was about to start. There are exceptional opportunities in such an excursion for seeing great concourses of natives, and gaining knowledge of the condition of the country from the officials engaged in its administration.

From the brief notes of this earlier part of the journey, which follow, it is evident that the travellers had semi-official receptions of their own at nearly every large station. Addresses of cordial welcome were presented; replies had to be made; and it is

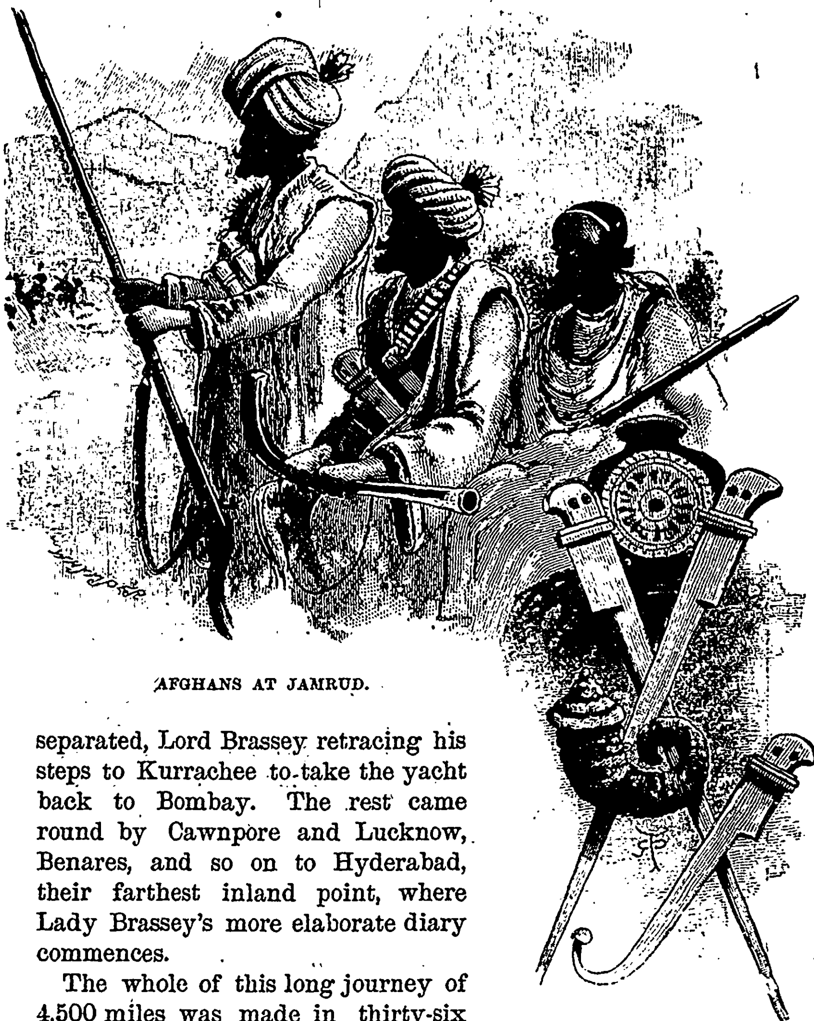


RUNJEET SINGH'S TOMB, LAHORE.

perhaps from these causes of added fatigue and excitement that Lady Brassey was unable to do more than jot down the events of each day.

Lord and Lady Brassey and their family travelled together through Sindh, along the north-west frontier of India to Lahore and the Khyber Pass; and Lord Brassey gratefully notes in the first number of "*Sunbeam* Papers" that his wife's health in Northern India was better than it had been for years.

A fresh start on the return journey to Bombay was made from Lahore on January 21st, *via* Patiala, whose Maharajah, young as he is, carries on the practice of sumptuous welcome and entertainment of English travellers which forms part of the historic traditions of the loyal rulers of the State. Agra was reached on January 30th, and at this point, after a brief delay, the party



AFGHANS AT JAMRUD.

separated, Lord Brassey retracing his steps to Kurrachee to take the yacht back to Bombay. The rest came round by Cawnpore and Lucknow, Benares, and so on to Hyderabad, their farthest inland point, where Lady Brassey's more elaborate diary commences.

The whole of this long journey of 4,500 miles was made in thirty-six days, and with the exception of the two nights at the Maharajah's palace at Patiala, the railway train was the only sleeping-place of the travellers, who were eleven in number. Halts and stoppages were made in the daytime, to admit of local sight-seeing and excursions. Lady Brassey, in a private letter, declared this plan of travel to be delightful and thoroughly comfortable; and it will be seen that Hyderabad was reached not only with comfort but with renovated health, and with the full enthusiasm of travel and ardour of enjoyment strong in the breast of the well-known diarist, whose last journals, faithfully kept when once commenced, are now before us.

JOURNAL.

Thursday, January, 6th, 1887.—Left Bombay harbour at 2 a.m., and proceeded to sea under steam. Rather rolly. Very busy all day unpacking and arranging things. As nearly everybody was more or less overcome, I felt that I must make an effort. Small party at meals. State of things improved toward evening.

Friday, January 7th.—On deck at 5 a.m. Shifty breeze. Tacking all day. Busy unpacking and repacking, and trying to get things straight. Toward evening the invalids began to pick up a little and to appear on deck.

LAHORE.

Saturday, January 8th.—On deck at 5 a.m. Pleasant breeze, but not favourable. Several dhows in sight near the land. At eight o'clock a dead calm and very hot. At noon a sea-breeze, fair; at five o'clock a land breeze, foul. Steam up at 11 p.m.

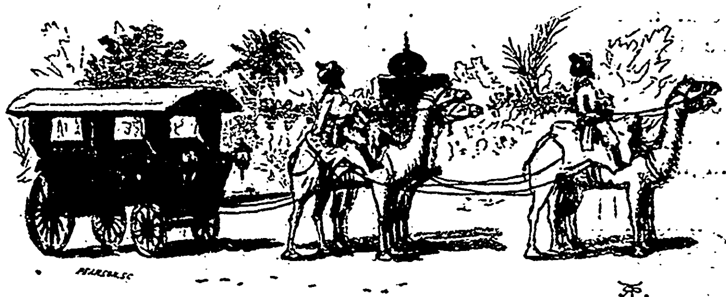
Sunday, January 9th.—A flat calm at 4.30 a.m. The "Southern Cross" and "Great Bear" bright in the heavens. The moon set with curious "horse-tail" effects.

Monday, January 10th.—Made Kurrachee Light soon after midnight. Entered the harbour at daybreak. Very cold on deck. Soon after we had anchored, Mr. Dashtar, one of the Parsee cricketers, came on board with bouquets of flowers for all of us. After much settling, and packing, and engaging new servants, we breakfasted; and then, having landed, proceeded to see something of Kurrachee city, the alligator-tank, and the cantonment. Engaged additional horses for a longer expedition, in the course of which our carriage stuck in the sand as we tried to cross one of the many shallow mouths of the Indus. Muriel and I refused to quit the carriage, and managed to get over. The rest of the party waded across. In the evening, started on our long inland journey in the special

train which had been provided for us. Excellent dinner in train. Comfortable night.

Tuesday, January 11th.—Blue glass in carriage windows made the landscape look as if covered with snow. Stopped for baths and refreshments at one of the stations *en route.* Passed through a dreary country, a saltpetre desert, relieved by occasional scrubby trees. Interesting people at wayside stations—Sindhis, Beloochees, Afghans, Persians, and others. Reached Shikarpur at two o'clock. Colonel Mayhew took us to the fair, then to the bazaars. Wonderful concourse of people. Bought carpets and silks. Entertained dear friends at tea "on board" train.

Thursday, January 13th.—Amir sent seven camels, beautifully caparisoned, to take us to his camp. Drove through bazaars. Most graciously received at camp, but luckily escaped refreshment. Proceeded in steamer up the Indus past Rohri. Town



CAMEL-CARRIAGES.

gaily decorated. Saw canal and irrigation works. Strolled through town of Sukhur. Picturesque illuminations in the evening. Returned to our yacht on wheels at ten o'clock, thoroughly tired.

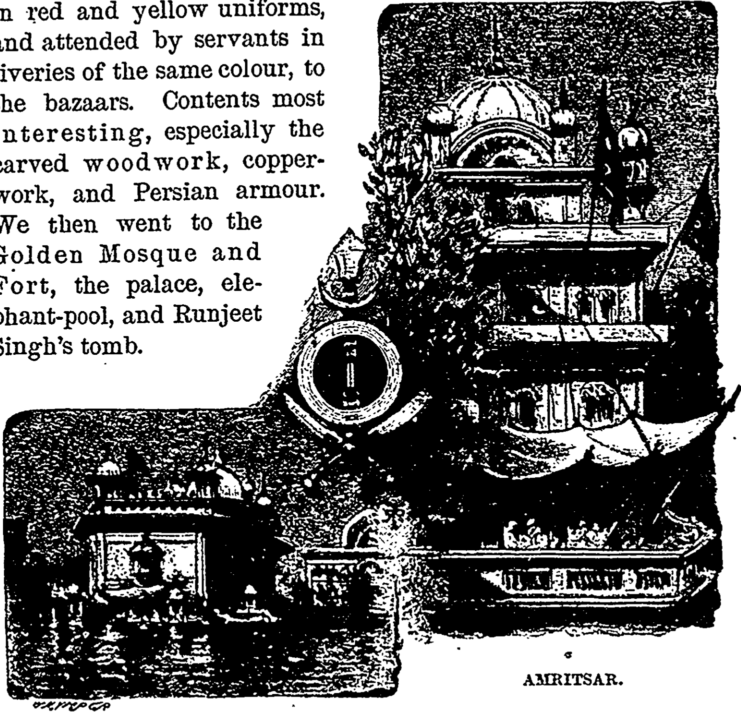
Friday, January 14th.—Very cold. We proceeded by water to Rohri. Train crosses the river in boats; picturesque scenes—camels, boats, train, volunteers, and natives. Much plagued by flies. Very cold night indeed. Could not sleep after two o'clock. Water froze in bottles.

Saturday, January 15th.—Crossed Empress Bridge over Sutlej. Reached Mooltan at 6 a.m. Mohamed Hyat Khan, district judge, very kindly offered us his services as guide. He had been much with Lord Lawrence, carried Nicholson from the field of battle when the latter was wounded, and killed the man who slew him. Called on Colonel Barnes. Old fort, dark blue and light green tiles.

Sunday, January 16th.—Shortly before eight o'clock we passed

a large cantonment, and soon afterwards caught sight of the tombs and temples of Lahore. Train shunted into siding. Went to Mr. K.'s church, and afterwards in camel-carriage to Sultan Serai.

Monday, January 17th.—Called early. Breakfast at eight. In gharries and camel-carriage to Government House. Thence to the jail, where we saw the process of carpet-making; and afterwards to the School of Art. In the afternoon we rode on elephants, guided by mahouts in red and yellow uniforms, and attended by servants in liveries of the same colour, to the bazaars. Contents most interesting, especially the carved woodwork, copper-work, and Persian armour. We then went to the Golden Mosque and Fort, the palace, elephant-pool, and Runjeet Singh's tomb.



AMRITSAR.

Tuesday, January 18th.—The views of the Indus are fine in places, but the railway on the whole passes through a barren desolate country until Peshawur is approached, when the soil becomes more cultivated. Fine view of the Khyber Pass and the Himalayas from top of police office. Drove to the King's Garden, which is well laid out and contains many fine trees. The Christian church at Peshawur contains many memorial tablets to missionaries.

Wednesday, January 19th.—Proceeded in gharries and char-à-banc to the Jamrud Fort and entrance to Khyber Pass. Saw 1st

Bengal Cavalry and Skinner's Horse exercising under Colonel Chapman.

Thursday, January 20th.—Woke very early and wrote letters. Drove out to the parade-ground. Passed troops on way to be reviewed. Thukkar quoit-throwing extraordinary, the quoits looking like flying-fish darting hither and thither. Also tent-pegging, with and without saddles—shaking rupee off without touching peg, digging peg out of the ground, changing horses at full gallop, and hanging on in every conceivable attitude. Lunched at the residence of the General. Inspected native and British hospitals, huts, tents, and recreation-rooms. Then back to station, where we entertained friends to tea. Resumed journey at 8.20 p.m. All very tired.

Friday, January 21st.—Saw minarets of the Shah Dura. Drove to Shah Dura in camel-carriage, over Ravee River by bridge of boats. Stream nearly dry. Inlaid marble tomb very beautiful, but surroundings disappointing and much damaged. Saw the elephants being washed in the river. It was most amusing to see how wonderfully they were managed by quite tiny boys.

Saturday, January 22nd.—Left Lahore at 5 a.m., and reached Amritsar at seven. Noticed encampment and caravan of camels just before arriving. Drove with Mr. Mitchell through the picturesque city to the Golden Temple, with its gilded domes, minarets, and lamps, its marble terraces, and its fine garden. This temple is the headquarters of the Sikh religion. Beautiful views of the Himalayas from roof.

RONDEAU.

BY THE REV. M. K. KNIGHT.

THE New Year brings what men most need,
A space unstained by evil deed,
  A chance to leave the blotted past,
  Before which Conscience shrinks aghast;
New vows to vow, new prayers to plead,
New faith to nerve us, hopes to lead,
New interests for hearts that bleed,
  New peace that shames the soul's forecast,
    The New Year brings.

New light that shows a better creed,
Success that came from failure's seed,
  A haven for the broken mast,
  For all the blessing sought at last
And joys that all our hopes exceed,
    The New Year brings.

BENTON, N.B.

A TRUE CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY.*

THOMAS BRASSEY.

BY PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH, M.A.

THE vast works of the railway and steamboat age called into existence, besides the race of great engineers, a race of great organizers and directors of industry, who may be generally termed contractors. Among these no figure was more conspicuous than that of Mr. Brassey, a life of whom has been published by Messrs. Bell & Daldy. Its author is Mr. (since Sir Arthur) Helps, whose name is a guarantee for the worthy execution of the work. The materials were collected in an unusual way—by examining the persons who had acted under Mr. Brassey, or knew him well, and taking down their evidence in shorthand. The examination was conducted by Mr. Brassey, jun. (now Lord Brassey), who prudently declined to write the biography himself, feeling that a son could not speak impartially of his father. The result is that we have materials for a portrait, which not only is very interesting in itself, but, by presenting the image of beneficence in an employer, may help to mediate between capital and labour in a time of industrial war.

Mr. Helps had been acquainted with Mr. Brassey, and had once received a visit from him on official business of difficulty and importance. He expected, he says, to see a hard, stern, soldierly sort of person, accustomed to sway armies of working-men in an imperious fashion. Instead of this he saw an elderly gentleman of very dignified appearance and singularly graceful manners—"a gentleman of the old school." "He stated his case, no, I express myself wrongly; he did *not* state his case, he *understated* it; and there are few things more attractive in a man than that he should be inclined to understate rather than overstate his own case."

Mr. Helps commences his work with a general portrait. According to this portrait, the most striking feature in Mr. Brassey's character was trustfulness, which he carried to what might appear an extreme. He chose his agents with care, but, having chosen them, placed implicit confidence in them, trusting them for all details, and judging by results. He was very liberal in the con-

* Abridged by kind permission of the Author from a volume of Essays, printed for private circulation.

duct of business. His temperament was singularly calm and equable, not to be discomposed by success or failure, easily throwing off the burden of care, and, when all had been done that could be done, awaiting the result with perfect equanimity. He was very delicate in blaming, his censure being always of the gentlest kind, evidently reluctant, and on that account going more to the heart. His generosity made him exceedingly popular with his subordinates and workmen, who looked forward to his coming among them as a festive event; and, when any disaster occurred in the works, the usual parts of employer and employed were reversed—the employer it was who framed the excuses and comforted the employed. He was singularly courteous, and listened to everybody with respect; so that it was a marked thing when he went so far as to say of a voluble and empty chatterer, that "the peas were overgrowing the stick." He had a perfect hatred of contention, and would not only refuse to take any questionable advantage, but would rather even submit to be taken advantage of—a generosity which turned to his account. In the execution of any undertaking, his anxiety was that the work should be done quickly and done well. Minor questions unprovided for by specific contract, he left to be settled afterwards. In his life he had only one regular law-suit. It was in Spain, about the Mataro line, and into this he was drawn by his partner against his will. He declared that he would never have another, "for in nineteen cases out of twenty you either gain nothing at all, or what you do gain does not compensate you for the worry and anxiety the lawsuit occasioned you."

In order to find the key to Mr. Brassey's character, his biographer took care to ascertain what was his "ruling passion." He had none of the ordinary ambitions for rank, title, or social position.

> "His great ambition—his ruling passion—was to win a high reputation for skill, integrity, and success in the difficult vocation of a contractor for public works; to give large employment to his fellow-countrymen; by means of British labour and British skill to knit together foreign countries; and to promote civilization, according to his view of it, throughout the world."

In the military age he might have been a great soldier, a Turenne or a Marlborough, if he could have broken through the aristocratic barrier which confined high command to the privileged few; in the industrial age he found a more beneficent road to distinction, and one not limited to the members of a caste.

Mr. Brassey's family is stated by his biographer to have come over with the Conqueror. If Mr. Brassey attached any importance

to his pedigree (of which there is no appearance), it is to be hoped that he was able to make it out more clearly than most of those who claim descent from companions of the Conqueror. Long after the Conquest—so long, indeed, as England and Normandy remained united under one crown—there was a constant flow of Norman immigration into England, and England swarms with people bearing Norman or French names, whose ancestors were perfectly guiltless of the bloodshed of Hastings, and made their entrance into the country as peaceful traders, and, perhaps, in even humbler capacities. What is certain is that the great contractor sprang from a line of those small landed proprietors, once the pillar of England's strength, virtue and freedom, who, in the Old Country, have been "improved off the face of the earth" by the great landowners, while they live again on the happier side of the Atlantic. A sound morality, freedom from luxury, and a moderate degree of culture, are the heritage of the scion of such a stock.

Mr. Brassey was brought up at home till he was twelve years old, when he was sent to school at Chester. At sixteen he was articled to a suveyor, and as an initiation into great works, he helped, as a pupil, to make the surveys for the then famous Holyhead road. His master, Mr. Lawton, saw his worth, and ultimately took him into partnership. The firm set up at Birkenhead. Here he did well, of course; and, after a time, he was brought into contact with George Stephenson, and by him at once appreciated and induced to engage in railways. Railway-making was at that time a new business, and a contractor was required to meet great demands upon his organizing power; the system of sub-contracts, which so much facilitates the work, being then only in its infancy. From George Stephenson Mr. Brassey passed to Mr. Locke, whose great coadjutor he speedily became. And now the question arose whether he should venture to leave his moorings at Birkenhead and launch upon the wide sea of railroad enterprise. His wife is said, by a happy inspiration, to have decided him in favour of the more important and ambitious sphere. She did so at the sacrifice of her domestic comfort; for in the prosecution of her husband's multifarious enterprises they changed their residence eleven times in the next thirteen years, several times to places abroad; and little during those years did his wife and family see of Mr. Brassey.

A high place in his calling had now been won, and it had been won not by going into rings or making corners, but by treading steadily the steep path of honour. It was found that when Mr. Brassey had undertaken a contract, the engineer-in-

chief had little to do in the way of supervision. After the fall of a great viaduct it was suggested to him that, by representing his case, he might obtain a reduction of his loss. "No," was his reply, "I have contracted to make and maintain the road, and nothing shall prevent Thomas Brassey from being as good as his word."

As a contractor on a large scale, and especially as a contractor for foreign railroads, Mr. Brassey was led rapidly to develop the system of sub-contracting. His mode of dealing with his sub-contractors, however, was peculiar. They did not regularly contract with him, but he appointed them their work, telling them what price he should give for it. They were ready to take his word, knowing that they would not suffer by so doing.

Mr. Brassey, like all men who have done great things in the practical world, knew his way to men's hearts. In his tours along the line he remembered even the navvies, and saluted them by their names.

He understood the value of the co-operative principle as a guarantee for hearty work. His agents were made partakers in his success, and he favoured the butty-gang system—that of letting work to a gang of a dozen men, who divide the pay, allowing something extra to the head of the gang.

Throughout his life it was a prime object with him to collect around him a good staff of well-tried and capable men. He chose well, and adhered to his choice. If a man failed in one line, he did not cast him off, but tried him in another. It was well known in the labour market that he would never give a man up if he could help it.

Those social philosophers who delight in imagining that there is no engineering skill, or skill of any kind, in England, have to account for the fact that a large proportion of the foreign railways are of British construction. The lines built by Mr. Brassey form an imposing figure not only on the map of England, but on those of Europe, North and South America and Australia. The Paris and Rouen Railway was the first of the series. In passing to the foreign scene of action new difficulties had to be encountered, including that of carrying over, managing and housing large bodies of British navvies; and Mr. Brassey's administrative powers were further tried and more conspicuously developed. The railway army, under its commander-in-chief, was now fully organized.

There is a striking passage in one of the Erckmann-Chatrian novels, depicting the French army going into action, with its vast bodies of troops of all arms moving over the whole field, marshalled by perfect discipline, and wielded by the single will of

Napoleon. The army of industry when in action also presented a striking appearance in its way. It was composed of elements as motley as ever met under any commander. On the Paris and Rouen Railway eleven languages were spoken—English, Erse, Gaelic, Welsh, French, German, Belgian (Flemish), Dutch, Piedmontese, Spanish, and Polish. A common lingo naturally sprang up, like the Pigeon English of China. But in the end it seems many of the navvies learnt to speak French pretty well.

The English navvy was found to be the first workman in the world. Some navvies utterly distanced in working power the labourers of all other countries. The French at first earned only two francs a day to the Englishman's four and a-half; but with better living, more instruction, and improved tools (for the French tools were very poor at first), the Frenchman came to earn four francs. In the severe and dangerous work of mining, however, the Englishman maintained his superiority in nerve and steadiness.

The multiplicity of schemes now submitted to Mr. Brassey brought out his powers of calculation and mental arithmetic, which appear to have been very great. After listening to a multitude of complicated details, he would arrive mentally in a few seconds at the approximate cost of a line. He made little use of notes, trusting to his memory, which, naturally strong, was strengthened by habit. Dealing with hundreds of people, he kept their affairs in his head, and at every halt in his journeys, even for a quarter of an hour at a railway station, he would sit down and write letters of the clearest kind. His biographer says that he was one of the greatest letter-writers ever known.

It was only in Spain, "the land where two and two make five," that Mr. Brassey's power of calculation failed him. He and his partners lost largely upon the Bilbao railway. It seems that there was a mistake as to the nature of the soil, and that the climate proved wetter than was expected. But the firm also forgot to allow for the ecclesiastical calendar, and the stoppage of work on the numberless fête days. There were, however, other difficulties peculiarly Spanish—antediluvian finance, antediluvian currency, the necessity of sending pay under a guard of clerks armed with revolvers, and the strange nature of the people whom it was requisite to employ—one of them, a Carlist chief, living in defiance of the Government with a tail of ruffians like himself, who, when you would not transact business as he wished, "bivouacked" with his tail round your office and threatened to "kill you as he would a fly." Mr. Brassey managed notwithstanding

to illustrate the civilizing power of railways by teaching the Basques the use of paper money.

Mr. Brassey's business rapidly developed to an immense extent, and, instead of being contractor for one or two lines, he became a sort of contractor-in-chief, and a man to be consulted by all railway proprietors. In thirty-six years he executed no less than one hundred and seventy railway and other contracts. In his residence, as in his enterprises, he now became cosmopolitan, and lived a good deal on the rail. He had the physical power to bear this life. He would frequently walk from Rugby to Nuneaton, a distance of sixteen miles.

The Italian Railway enterprises of Mr. Brassey owed their origin to the economical genius of Count Cavour, and their execution drew from the Count the declaration that Mr. Brassey was "one of the most remarkable men he knew; clear-headed, cautious, yet very enterprising, and fulfilling his engagements faithfully." "We never," said the Count, "had a difficulty with him." And he added that "Mr. Brassey would make a splendid minister of public works." Mr. Brassey took shares gallantly, and, when their value had risen, most generously resigned them, with a view to enabling the Government to interest Piedmontese investors in the undertaking—so far was he from being a maker of "corners." It is justly remarked that these Piedmontese railroads, constructed by English enterprise, were a most important link in the chain of events which brought about the emancipation and unification of Italy.

Mr. Brassey has left on record the notable remark that the railway from Turin to Novara was completed for about the same money as was spent in obtaining the Bill for the railway from London to York.

Of all Mr. Brassey's undertakings not one was superior in importance to that with which Canadians are best acquainted—the Grand Trunk Railway, with the Victoria Bridge. It is needless here to describe this enterprise, or to recount the tragic annals of the loss brought on thousands of shareholders, which, financially speaking, was its calamitous sequel. The severest part of the undertaking was the Victoria Bridge. "The first working season there," says one of the chief agents, "was a period of difficulty, trouble, and disaster." The agents of the contractors had no experience of the climate. There were numerous strikes among the workmen. The cholera committed dreadful ravages in the neighbourhood. In one case, out of a gang of two hundred men, sixty were sick at one time, many of whom ultimately died. The shortness of the working season in this country

involved much loss of time. It was seldom that the setting of the masonry was fairly commenced before the middle of August, and it was certain that all work must cease at the end of November. Then there were the shoving of the ice at the beginning and breaking up of the frosts, and the collisions between floating rafts 250 feet long and the staging erected for putting together the tubes. Great financial difficulties were experienced in consequence of the Crimean war. The mechanical difficulties were also immense, and called for extraordinary efforts both of energy and invention. The bridge, however, was completed, as had been intended, in December, 1859, and formally opened by the Prince of Wales in the following year. "The devotion and energy of the large number of workmen employed," says Mr. Hodges, "can hardly be praised too highly. Once brought into proper discipline, they worked as we alone can work against difficulties. They have left behind them in Canada an imperishable monument of British skill, pluck, science, and perseverance in this bridge, which they not only designed but constructed."

The whole of the iron for the tubes was prepared at Birkenhead, but so well prepared that, in the centre tube, consisting of no less than 10,309 pieces, in which nearly half a million of holes were punched, not one plate required alteration, neither was there a plate punched wrong.

Labour being scarce, a number of French-Canadians were, at Mr. Brassey's suggestion, brought up in organized gangs, each having an Englishman or an American as their leader. We are told, however, that they proved useless except for very light work. "They could ballast, but they could not excavate. They could not even ballast as the English navvy does, continuously working at filling for the whole day. They would work fast for ten minutes and then they were 'done.' This was not through idleness, but physical weakness. They are small men, and they are a class who are not well fed. They live entirely on vegetable food, and they scarcely ever taste meat." It is natural to suppose that the want of meat is the cause of their inefficiency. Yet the common farm labourer in England, who does a very hard and long day's work, hardly tastes meat in many counties the year round.

In the case of the Crimean railway, private enterprise came, in a memorable manner, to the assistance of a government overwhelmed by administrative difficulties. A forty years' peace had rusted the machinery of the war department, while the machinery of railway construction was in the highest working order. Sir John Burgoyne, the chief of the engineering staff, testified that it

was impossible to overrate the services rendered by the railway, or its effects in shortening the time of the siege, and alleviating the fatigues and sufferings of the troops.

The Australian railways brought out two facts, one gratifying, the other the reverse. The gratifying fact was, that the unlimited confidence which Mr. Brassey reposed in his agents was repaid by the zeal and fidelity in his service. The fact which was the reverse of gratifying was, that the great advantage which the English labourer gains in Australia, from the higher wages and comparative cheapness of living, is counteracted by his love of drink.

The Argentine Railway had special importance and interest, in opening up a vast and most fruitful and salubrious region to European emigration. Those territories offer room and food for myriads.

The Indian Railways are also likely to be a landmark in the history of civilization. They unite that vast country and its people, both materially and morally, break down caste, bring the natives from all parts to the centres of instruction, and distribute the produce of the soil evenly and rapidly, so as to mitigate famines. The Orissa famine would never have occurred, had Mr. Brassey's works been there. What effect the railways will ultimately have on British rule is another question. They multiply the army by increasing the rapidity of transport, but, on the other hand, they are likely to diminish that division among the native powers on which the empire is partly based. Rebellion may run along the railway line as well as command.

There were periods in Mr. Brassey's career during which he and his partners were giving employment to 80,000 persons, upon works requiring seventeen millions of capital for their completion. It is also satisfactory to know, that in the foreign countries and colonies over which his operations extended, he was instrumental in raising the wages and condition of the working class, as well as in affording to the *élite* of that class opportunities for rising to higher positions.

His remuneration for all this, though in the aggregate very large, was by no means excessive. Upon seventy-eight millions of money laid out in the enterprises which he conducted, he retained two millions and a half, that is, as nearly as possible, three per cent. The rest of his fortune consisted of accumulations. Three per cent. was not more than a fair payment for the brainwork, the anxiety and the risk. The risk, it must be recollected, was constant, and there were moments at which, if Mr. Brassey had died, he would have been found comparatively poor. His

fortune was made, not by immoderate gains upon any one transaction, but by reasonable profits in a business which was of vast extent, and owed its vast extent to a reputation fairly earned by probity, energy, and skill. We do not learn that he figured in any lobby, or formed a member of any ring. Whether he was a Norman or not, he was too much a gentleman, in the best sense of the term, to crawl to opulence by low and petty ways. He left no stain on the escutcheon of a captain of industry.

Nor when riches increased did he set his heart upon them. His heart was set on the work rather than on the pay. The monuments and enterprise of his skill were more to him than the millions. He seems to have been rather careless in keeping his accounts. He gave away freely—as much as £200,000, it is believed—in the course of his life. His accumulations arose not from parsimony, but from the smallness of his personal expenses. He hated show and luxury, and kept a moderate establishment, which the increase of his wealth never induced him to extend. He seems to have felt a singular diffidence as to his capacity for aristocratic expenditure. The conversation turning one day on the immense fortunes of some noblemen, he said, "I understand it is easy and natural enough for those who are born and brought up to it, to spend £50,000 or even £150,000 a year; but I should be very sorry to have to undergo the fatigue of even spending £30,000 a year. I believe such a job as that would drive me mad." He felt an equally strange misgiving as to his capacity for aristocratic idleness. "It requires a special education," he said, "to be idle, or to employ the twenty-four hours in a rational way without any calling or occupation."

Of tinsel, which is as corrupting to vulgar souls as money, this man seems to have been as regardless as he was of pelf. He, received the Cross of the Iron Crown from the Emperor of Austria. He accepted what was graciously offered, but he said that, as an Englishman, he did not know what good Crosses were to him. The circumstance reminded him that he had received other Crosses, but he had to ask his agent what they were, and where they were. He was told that they were the Legion of Honour of France, and the Chevaliership of Italy; but the Crosses could not be found.

Such millionaires would do unmixed good in the world; but unfortunately they are apt to die and leave their millions, and the social influence which the millions confer, to "that unfeathered, two-legged thing, a son." This is by no means said with a personal reference. On the contrary, it is evident that Mr. Brassey was especially fortunate in his heir. We find some indi-

cation of this in a chapter toward the close of Mr. Helps' volume, in which are thrown together the son's miscellaneous recollections of the father. The chapter affords further proof that the great contractor was not made of the same clay as the Fisks and Vanderbilts—that he was not a mere market-rigger and money-grubber —but a really great man, devoted to a special calling. He is represented by his son as having taken a lively interest in a wide and varied range of subjects—engineering subjects especially, as a matter of course, but not engineering subjects alone. He studied countries and their people, evincing the utmost interest in Chicago, speculating on the future industrial prosperity of Canada, and imparting the results of his observations admirably when he got home. Like all great men, he had a poetic element in his character. He loved the beauties of nature, and delighted in mountain scenery. He was a great sightseer, and when he visited a city on business, went through its churches, public buildings, and picture-galleries, as assiduously as a tourist. For half an hour he stood gazing with delight on the Maison Carrée, at Nismes. For sculpture and painting he had a strong taste, and the Venus of Milo "was a joy to him." He had a keen eye for beauty, shapeliness and comeliness everywhere—in porcelain, in furniture, in dress, in a well built yacht, in a well appointed regiment of horse. Society, too, he liked, in spite of his simplicity of habits; loved to gather his friends around his board, and was always a genial host. For literature he had no time, but he always enjoyed oratory, and liked to hear good reading. He used to test his son's progress in reading, at the close of each half-year, by making him read aloud a chapter of the Bible. His good sense confined his ambition to his proper sphere, and prevented him from giving ear to any solicitations to go into politics, which he had not leisure to study, and which he knew ought not to be handled by ignorance. His own leanings were Conservative; but his son, who is a Liberal, testifies that his father never offered him advice on political matters, or remonstrated with him on a single vote which he gave in the House of Commons.

"My father," says Mr. Brassey, junior, "ever mindful of his own struggles and efforts in early life, evinced at all times the most anxious disposition to assist young men to enter upon a career. The small loans which he advanced for this purpose, and the innumerable letters which he wrote in the hope of obtaining for his young clients help or employment in other quarters, constitute a bright and most honourable feature in his life." His powers of letter-writing were enormous, and, it seems to us, were exercised even to excess. So much writing would,

at least in the case of any ordinary man, have consumed too much of the energy which should be devoted to thought. His correspondence was brought with his luncheon basket when he was shooting on the moors. After a long day's journey he sat down in the coffee room of the hotel, and wrote thirty-two letters before he went to bed. He never allowed a letter, even a begging letter, to remain unanswered; and, says his son, "the same benignity and courtesy which marked his conduct in every relation of life, pervaded his whole correspondence." "In the many volumes of his letters which are preserved, I venture to affirm that there is not the faintest indication of an ungenerous or unkindly sentiment—not a sentence which is not inspired by the spirit of equity and justice, and by universal charity to mankind. In all he said or did, he showed himself to be inspired by that chivalry of heart and mind which must truly ennoble him who possesses it, and without which one cannot be a perfect gentleman."

His delicacy in giving was equal to his generosity; of his numberless benefactions, very few were published in subscription lists, and his right hand seldom knew what his left hand did. His refinement was of the truly moral kind, and of the kind that tells on others. Not only was coarse and indecent language checked in his presence, but the pain he evinced at all outbreaks of unkind feeling, and at manifestation of petty jealousies, operated strongly in preventing any such displays from taking place before him. As one who was the most intimate with him observed, "his people seemed to enter into a higher atmosphere when they were in his presence, conscious, no doubt, of the intense dislike which he had of everything that was mean, petty, or contentious."

Mr. Helps tells us that the tender-heartedness which pervaded Mr. Brassey's character was never more manifested than on the occasion of any illness of his friends. At the busiest period of his life he would travel hundreds of miles to be at the bedside of a sick or dying friend. In his turn, he experienced, in his own last illness, similar manifestations of affectionate solicitude. Many of the persons, we are told, who had served him in foreign countries and at home, came from great distances solely for the chance of seeing once more their old master whom they loved so much. They were men of all classes, humble navvies as well as trusted agents. They would not intrude upon his illness, but would wait for hours in the hall, in the hope of seeing him borne to his carriage, and getting a shake of the hand or a sign of friendly recognition. "The world," remarks Mr. Helps, "is after all not so

ungrateful as it is sometimes supposed to be; those who deserve to be loved generally are loved, having elicited the faculty of loving which exists to a great extent in all of us."

"Mr. Brassey," we are told, "had ever been a very religious man. His religion was of that kind which many of us would desire for ourselves—utterly undisturbed by doubts of any sort, entirely tolerant, not built upon small or even upon great differences of belief. He clung resolutely and with entire hopefulness to that creed, and abode by that form of worship, in which he had been brought up as a child." The religious element in his character was no doubt strong, and lay at the root of his tender-heartedness and his charity, as well as of the calm resignation with which he met disaster, and his indifference to gain At the time of a great panic, when things were at the worst, he only said: "Never mind, we must be content with a little less, that is all." This was when he supposed himself to have lost a million.

Mr. Brassey's wife said of him that "he was a most unworldly man." This may seem a strange thing to say of a great contractor and a millionaire. Yet, in the highest sense, it was true. Mr. Brassey was not a monk; his life was passed in the world, and in the world's most engrossing, and as it proves in too many cases, most contaminating business. Yet, if the picture of him presented to us be true, he kept himself "unspotted from the world."

WATCH-NIGHT.

BY HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

WATCH, brethren, watch!
The year is dying;
Watch, brethren, watch!
Old Time is flying.
Watch as men watch the parting breath,
Watch as men watch for life or death.
Eternity is drawing nigh,
Eternity, eternity!

Pray, brethren, pray!
The sands are falling;
Pray, brethren, pray!
God's voice is calling.
Yon turret strikes the dying chime,
We kneel upon the edge of time.
Eternity is drawing nigh,
Eternity, eternity!

Praise, brethren, praise!
The skies are rending;
Praise, brethren, praise!
The fight is ending.
Behold, the glory draweth near,
The King Himself will soon be here.
Eternity is drawing nigh,
Eternity, eternity!

Look, brethren, look!
The day is breaking;
Look, brethren, look!
The dead are waking.
With girded loins we ready stand;
Behold, the Bridegroom is at hand!
Eternity is drawing nigh,
Eternity, eternity!

MODERN DEACONESSES.

BY MARY S. DANIELS, B.A.

"THIRTY years hence," said Southey, in 1830, "another reproach may be effaced, and England may have her Sisters of Charity." In that day such a sentiment was startling, very startling, for Kaiserswerth was not yet, Florence Nightingale was but a little girl of seven, and to unaccustomed ears there was something suspiciously suggestive of a Romanistic bias in the words. But the prediction, born of a wide observation, and a large heart's sense of our need in English Protestantism, has been more than fulfilled. To-day it needs no special illumination, no prophetic eye, to discern that the time is fast approaching when the organized benevolent work of woman must have a recognized place in the economy of the Christian Church, and one of the most pressing questions of the present is: What form shall this work take, and what relation shall it hold to the Church?

The answer to this question had been in part worked out in other countries before the Protestantism of North America undertook to deal with it, but in the opinion of many the fulness of time has come for its practical consideration, and an advanced and significant step has recently been taken by the legislation of the last General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, whereby the office of deaconess was made a part of the ecclesiastical organism.

There is still a very general vagueness and confusedness in the popular idea regarding the nature of the office and the peculiar functions of the deaconess. In an average company of intelligent persons, a reference to deaconesses will ordinarily meet with no response, unless there chance to be present some courageous person who will frankly ask, "What is a deaconess?"

The office of deaconess is not a recent development, although an impression that it is so seems to be prevalent. For those who wish to become acquanted with its history, which contains more of interest and import than the uninformed suspect, there is no lack of literature on the subject. Several books and pamphlets have been published in German and French which treat of it, while in English we have "An Account of the Institution of Deaconesses," by Florence Nightingale; "Woman's Work in the Church," by John Malcolm Ludlow; "Praying and Working," by Dr. Stevenson, an Irish Presbyterian divine; "Deaconesses and

the Diaconate of Women," by Dean Howson; "Deaconesses in the Church of England," published anonymously; "Deaconesses, Ancient and Modern," by the Rev. Henry Wheeler; and, most recent, as well as most valuable in affording practical and concise information regarding the whole movement, the exceedingly interesting volume lately issued by Miss Jane M. Bancroft, Ph.D., who has gleaned in all fields and published the results in her "Deaconesses in Europe and their Lessons for America."

There is an element of surprise mingled with the interest with which one traces the history of the deaconess' office in the Church. Whether or not, as maintained by some, it was an apostolic order, there is complete certainty of its existence in very early periods of the Church's history, and, were there time, a study of its development in the Primitive Church, its decline and extinction in the Dark Ages, and the various attempts to restore it, would be found full of charm. But though the mind would fain linger among the beautiful stories which have come down to us from the former days, there is more of direct and practical significance for us in the account of the restoration of the office in the present century.

To-day, a stranger passing through the poorest quarters of any of the great German cities could hardly fail to observe a few calm-eyed, gentle-faced women, moving quietly, but with a certain business-like air, hither and thither along the streets. His attention would, perhaps, first be arrested by the apparent incongruity between them and their miserable surroundings. By their dress, a simple uniform of plain blue gowns with white caps and collars, he would know them to be members of some organization, and their gentle ministrations would prove the benevolence of their errands. Should the curiosity of the stranger be sufficiently aroused to lead him to inquire who they were, he would receive the prompt reply, whether from man, woman, or street gamin, "They are the Kaiserswerth Sisters." These are the deaconesses the new sisters of charity.

The most complete and extensive reorganization of the work of deaconesses in modern times is this of Kaiserswerth. Yet its beginning was small, and, like all beginnings, difficult. Its source was the divine love glowing in the heart of one Theodore Fliedner, a village pastor, poor, obscure, but full of devout faith and unwearying energy, and possessed of an indomitable spirit which could not be daunted by difficulties. A little summer-house, twelve-feet square, in a parsonage garden, opened in 1833 as a refuge for a poor female convict discharged from prison, was the first Kaiserswerth Deaconess Home. From this germ grew the infirmary, with its call for Christian women to aid in the work of

caring for the sick and poor, resulting in the establishment, in 1836, of the Rhenish-Westphalian Deaconess Society.

Fliedner was at the head of the institution. He required of the deaconesses that they should be unmarried women or childless widows, "willing to be servants of Christ alone, to devote their time and faculties entirely and exclusively to Him, and not to look forward for pecuniary emoluments or honours of the world, nor yet to merit salvation by their works, but to do the work of charity and self-denial out of gratitude to Him who hath redeemed their souls and merited their salvation." These requirements are the same to-day, though the sphere of the Kaiserswerth Institutions has greatly enlarged, and one after another new departments have been added, until they include, beside the Mother-House—the name is in itself a benediction—hospitals, dispensaries, asylums, normal and training-schools, and even a publishing house.

Into these institutions are admitted Christian women without pressing family ties, who wish to prepare for and devote themselves to lives of usefulness and benevolence. Before she becomes a deaconess, each sister must serve a period of probation, varying from a few months to two or three years, during which time she receives free instruction and board, and the caps, collars, and aprons, which are the badges of the order. At the close of her probation the candidate is consecrated to the office of deaconess by a simple and impressive service, the order of which, as given by Miss Bancroft, is as follows:

"Singing. Address commending the deaconesses for acceptance. Address to the deaconesses, recalling the ever-repeated thought, 'You are servants in a threefold sense: servants of the Lord Jesus; servants of the needy for Jesus' sake; servants one of another.' Then, having answered the question—'Are you determined to fulfil these duties truly in the fear of the Lord, and according to His holy will?' the candidate kneels and receives the benediction: 'May the Triune God, God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, bless you; may He give you fidelity unto death, and then the crown of life.' After this is repeated the beautiful prayer from the 'Apostolical Constitutions' of the third century: 'Eternal God, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Creator of man and woman, who didst fill Miriam, and Deborah, and Hannah, and Huldah with Thy spirit, and didst not disdain to suffer Thy only-begotten Son to be born of a woman; who, also, in the tabernacle and temple didst appoint women keepers of Thine holy gates; look down now upon this Thine handmaid, who is designated to the office of deaconess, and cleanse her from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, that she may worthily execute the work intrusted to her, to Thine honour, and to the praise of Thine Anointed, to whom, with Thee and the Holy Ghost, be honour and adoration forever. Amen.' The service ends with the communion."

The deaconesses take no vows, thus differing radically from

the sisterhoods of the Roman Catholic Church. When consecrated they engage to serve five years, after which they may renew the engagement or not; but if during this time they are called by nearer personal duties, or if they wish to marry, they are allowed to leave, being expected, however, to give three months' notice of their desire. They also retain entire control of their personal property, if they have such.

The duties of the deaconesses are manifold. In the performance of their threefold service they are led to the school-room, to the hospital, to the filthy tenement, sometimes to the plague-stricken district, and to the field of battle—everywhere by their deeds of womanly charity helping to lift the burden of sorrow that oppresses the world. And it is a fact full of deep meaning that never has the most painful and perilous service, in connection with loathsome and deadly disease, been refused, although no deaconess is ever appointed to such work without her permission being asked. Many a thrilling tale of Christlike heroism might be told of the labours of love performed by these true-hearted women "for Jesus' sake."

The systematic arrangement of the Kaiserswerth Institutions is complete, though so elastic that individual adaptabilities may always be carefully considered and the greatest possible amount of work accomplished with the least friction and waste. Two classes of deaconesses are formally recognized at Kaiserswerth—teacher-deaconesses and nurse-deaconesses. The whole manner of life is simple and regular, each deaconess being under the direction of those placed over her. One feature in the life at the Deaconess Home in all countries, which is greatly prized by the sisters, is the daily "silent half-hour," by which is secured to each a brief period of uninterrupted quiet for thought and private devotion. All duties are performed gratuitously, the deaconess not even being at liberty to accept presents; on the other hand, all her wants are supplied, so that her whole time and care can be devoted to her special work. The expenses of the Institution are met by the income of the publishing house, supplemented by the voluntary contributions of friends.

So greatly has pastor Fliedner's work grown, that there are now more than sixty mother-houses, and over eight thousand deaconesses connected with them, yet still the cry comes from all over the world to Kaiserswerth, "Send us more deaconesses to nurse in our hospitals, to help our needy, to teach our orphans." In the East, at Jerusalem, Alexandria, Cairo, Beirut and Smyrna, and in most of the countries of Europe, are homes, schools, and hospitals under the management of Kaiserswerth sisters, and yet there are not enough to meet the demand.

Two buildings, dear to the heart of Fliedner, as to hundreds of deaconesses, should receive a word of mention in passing. These are the "Salem," a cottage among the hills where weary and overwrought sisters may from time to time enjoy a few weeks of rest among the mountain breezes, and the "House of Evening Rest," where a pleasant home is awaiting those of the deaconesses who may need it, when their strength shall have been spent and they shall have reached life's evening time.

Although the Kaiserswerth Institutions figure most largely among the deaconess establishments in Germany, there are several other deaconess houses doing similar work, and more or less closely affiliated with them, most of which are represented at the Kaiserswerth General Conference. Of these, some are connected with the State Church, others are composed of Christian women of all Churches, while still others, by no means the least in importance, are under the direct cognizance of the German Methodist Episcopal Church. At present there are ninety Methodist deaconesses, with Homes in five of the principal cities, from which as centres they are doing faithful and effective work among the sick, the poor, the fallen, and the forsaken, "for Jesus' sake." The regulations for the life of the Methodist sisters closely resemble those in force at Kaiserswerth. After two years of probationary training the deaconesses are admitted to full connexion; they have the same liberty in control of their personal property, are equally free from vows, are under much the same rules for daily life, observing the same silent half-hour and wearing a similar uniform, except that the colour of the gowns is black.

So thoroughly is the work of the deaconesses appreciated in Germany, that they are all allowed free use of all government railways, steamboats, and street-cars.

"Coming to England," says Miss Bancroft, "the study of the deaconess movement becomes more complex, not alone that there are so many orders at work under so many auspices, but also that the radical division of the Anglican Church reflects itself in all Christian work." It is here first that there is a distinction in the meaning between the terms "sister" and "deaconess," the former being applied to members of those organizations, fostered by the High Church party, which differ but slightly from the sisterhoods of the Romish Church, inculcating nearly the same vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. In "Deaconesses in the Church of England," the essential difference between the "sisters" and deaconesses is thus stated: "The sisterhood exists primarily for the sake of forming a religious community, but the deaconesses live together for the sake of the work itself, attracted to the

deaconess work by the want which, in most populous towns, is calling loudly for assistance, and with a view of being trained, therefore, for spiritual and temporal usefulness among the poor."

The Church of England has seven deaconess establishments, but these have not met with the favour and success which have attended some of the independent institutions, among which the most important is that of the Mildmay deaconesses.

This institution is the fruit of the labours and prayers of the Rev. William Pennefather, a large-hearted and liberal-minded Church of England clergyman, who inaugurated the work at Mildmay Park, in the north of London, in 1864. New buildings have been added, until around the Central Deaconess House are clustered an Orphanage, where nearly forty little girls are cared for; the Cottage Hospital, a Nursing House, Training School, and Probation Home. Connected with the Central House is the Conference Hall, with a seating capacity of 2,500, which is opened for all kinds of religious and philanthropic gatherings. In the Central Deaconess House about fifty deaconesses reside, while in different parts of the building are situated an Invalid Kitchen, where nourishing food and dainties are prepared by skilful fingers, and whence they are dispensed to the sick; a Flower Mission; a Dorcas Room, where aged and lonely women may earn small sums of money, sewing in a warm, comfortable room, while a deaconess reads aloud; and a Servants' Registry, by means of which, we are told, about four hundred servants are annually provided with places.

Besides all these, the Mildmay deaconesses are in charge of the Convalescent Homes at Barnet and Brighton, the Bethnal Green Hospital, the Doncaster General Infirmary, the Nurses' Institute at Malta, and the Medical Mission Hospital at Jaffa.

It will be seen that the sphere of the Mildmay deaconesses is wider and their work more varied than that of the Kaiserswerth sisters. On three evenings in the week, during the winter, a men's night-school is held in the basement rooms, in which the average number of members is more than twelve hundred. Nearly all the forty-nine classes are taught by deaconesses, and the subjects include, not only the elementary branches, but also the higher mathematics, drawing and short-hand. A loan library is connected with the school, and an arrangement is made by which the men may purchase bread and butter and coffee before leaving if they wish, as many of them do. Regular Bible-classes are held on two days of the week and on Sunday. Many deaconesses are employed in parish work by clergymen, though still under the superintendency of the Deaconess Home. "They

visit from house to house among the sick and poor, hold mothers' meetings, teach night-schools, hold Bible-classes separately for men, women, and children; hold special classes for working-women, and girls who are kept busily employed during the day, and during the winter months have a weekly average of more than nine thousand attendants on their services. They are solving the problem of 'how to save the masses,' by resolving the masses into individuals, and then influencing those individuals by the power of personal effort and love."

Although the Mildmay Institutions are unsectarian, in attendance on the Training School are not only those who wish to become deaconesses, but also candidates from two Church Missionary Societies, and a special course of medical training is provided for those who are preparing for medical work among the women in India.

So flexible are the methods employed, and so wide is the room allowed for the exercise of special and diverse talents, that a great variety of benevolent work can be successfully and simultaneously carried on. In the Home is present every refining and ennobling influence. The æsthetic tastes of the sisters are not repressed, but on the contrary, everything is done to cultivate their sense of what is harmonious and beautiful. The exquisite Mildmay Christmas and Easter cards are the product of their artistic tastes. All who have seen the deaconesses, either when engaged in their work, or when enjoying the quiet of the Home, agree that there is nothing to suggest asceticism or austerity in connection with their life. In their very faces can be read the truth that they are earnest, loyal, steadfast-souled women, doing a labour of love, and doing it cheerfully, gladly, "for Jesus' sake."

The Mildmay deaconesses are of all classes of society; some of them are high-born ladies, many are daughters of clergymen, while others come from the ranks of the people. Some are self-supporting and others are maintained by the Institution, but how large a proportion of each is never known. Every probationer pays four guineas for her first month, but all subsequent financial arrangements are regarded as strictly private. All wear the simple garb of black, with white caps and collars.

In America the deaconess movement has been tardy; in Canada it is still to be begun. A few attempts to institute the office have been made in the United States, by the German Lutheran, German Reformed, Presbyterian, and Protestant Episcopal Churches. The principal establishment is the Mother-House of Deaconesses in connection with the Mary J. Drexel Home in Philadelphia, under the management of German Lutherans. Yet the Methodist

Episcopal Church, though last to deal with the question of the diaconate of women, has taken a more advanced step than any other, except the Church of Scotland, in constituting the office a distinct, recognized part of its polity.

The General Conference of 1888 provided for the complete recognition of deaconesses. It may not be out of place to transcribe the paragraphs in the Discipline relating to the office:

"1. The duties of the deaconesses are to minister to the poor, visit the sick, pray with the dying, care for the orphan, seek the wandering, comfort the sorrowing, save the sinning, and, relinquishing wholly all other pursuits, devote themselves in a general way to such forms of Christian labour as may be suited to their abilities.

"2. No vow shall be exacted of any deaconess, and any one of their number shall be at liberty to relinquish her position as a deaconess at any time.

"3. In every annual Conference within which deaconesses may be employed, a Conference board of nine members, at least three of whom shall be women, shall be appointed by the Conference to exercise a general control of the interests of this form of work.

"4. This board shall be empowered to issue certificates to duly qualified persons, authorizing them to perform the duties of deaconesses in connection with the Church, provided that no person shall receive such certificate until she shall have served a probation of two years of continuous service, and shall be over twenty-five years of age.

"5. No person shall be licensed by the board of deaconesses, except on the recommendation of a Quarterly Conference, and said board of deaconesses shall be appointed by the Annual Conference for such term of service as the Annual Conference shall decide, and said board shall report both the names and work of such deaconesses annually, and the approval of the Annual Conference shall be necessary for the continuance of any deaconess in her work.

"6. When working singly, each deaconess shall be under the direction of the pastor of the church with which she is connected. When associated together in a Home, all the members of the Home shall be subordinate to and directed by the superintendent placed in charge."

This law leaves many details still to be settled, and experiment only can show what are the best methods to be employed in connection with the work. A Conference was held in Chicago, in December of 1888, for the purpose of considering the matters of probationary training, dress, etc., and the results of these deliberations were published in the "Plan for Securing Uniformity in the Deaconess Movement," which has been very generally adopted, although its provisions are not authoritative. Deaconess Homes are now in operation in Chicago, New York, New Orleans, Cincinnati and Detroit, others are projected in Philadelphia, St. Louis and Minneapolis, while individual deaconesses are employed in several cities both east and west.

What is the word of this great and ever-enlarging work of the deaconesses beyond the sea and nearer home for us? Perhaps the simple facts are more eloquent than any deductions we might make.

In the great cities of the United States and Canada, as in the Old World, are districts teeming with suffering and degraded poor. We have our prisons, workhouses and hospitals, calling for the loving ministries which only Christian women can render. Yet to whom are these intrusted? In the hospital wards and prisons the work of relieving the misery of the sinful and suffering is left very largely, in many places almost exclusively, to the Roman Catholic Sisters of Charity; while the privilege of bearing the good news to the poor and illiterate classes, whose need is greatest, though they know not how to name it, is given over chiefly to the Salvation Army.

In the case of the ministrations to the sick and the prisoners some truly noble, but intermittent, efforts have been made to alleviate the painful and mortifying circumstances which we all deprecate; how much more might be effected if the organized and systematic service of Christian women might supplement the work of our Prison Associations, if gentle, well-trained, womanly hands might come to the assistance of our hospital doctors.

Of the un-Christianized poor we are wont to say, "If the Salvation Army has a mission, it is to these: the Army takes hold of a class of people that the Churches cannot reach." It is a hackneyed saying, but largely true; there are thousands of men, women, and children, who never enter the doors of a church, however wide open they stand, whom neither the most faithful and hard-working pastor nor the most zealous mission band can hope to reach. Yet experience has proved that often among just these the deaconesses are able to accomplish the most good. Not even the hardened "masses" continue long to shut their doors against these pure, unobtrusive women, who come with kindness and sympathy to them as individuals. That is the secret; there is no force in the world so strong as this of personal, heart-to-heart effort. Perhaps if the Churches opened this channel of usefulness there would be fewer eager, energetic women, aglow with zeal to tell the glad tidings, going out from us to the Army with its often objectionable features. The Salvation Army is largely composed of women; better for them and better for the Church if their minds and hands could be thoroughly trained for efficient service and set to work under the wise and proper direction of an organized Church.

After it has been admitted that there is a peculiar sphere for

consecrated women in the line of benevolent work, there are many things to be considered in regard to it. Most will grant that in the western world, at least, such work should be under the authority and protection of the Church. Then what shall be its plan and scope? From the great deaconess establishments in England and Germany we can learn much. In some particulars modern deaconesses must of necessity differ from those of the early Church. Under the present conditions of society it has been demonstrated that the best results are to be obtained by means of organization and systematized work. Hence, while the parish-deaconess, or her American counterpart, is needed to assist the pastor in many a field, there is urgent need of the Deaconess Home and Training School to prepare her for her work. The advantages of these are manifold. In them the deaconess is carefully educated in Church doctrines as well as in other departments of study, is trained to regular and systematic habits, and is kept constantly in mind of the threefold service of all true deaconesses: "Servants of the Lord Jesus; servants of the sick and poor for Jesus' sake; servants one of another."

To those who object to the institution life as abnormal and narrowing, we would say, "Consider if there are not many women, true and gifted women, to whom the home and family life is not appointed; if there are not many women, born in an environment where there is little to stimulate to larger growth and higher aims, to whom such association with noble and lofty souls would be both broadening and inspiring." Constant, earnest work, and the wants of the world around her, calling out her best sympathies and stimulating heart and mind and hands to help them who bring their need to her door, will be a safeguard to the deaconess against the self-centred life which alone is narrowing—"They dwell with the King for His work." Deaconess Homes are not instituted to be hot-houses for the cultivation of religious mysticism, but to be centres of outreaching ministry to God's wandering and suffering ones.

In regard to the objection sometimes raised, that the deaconesses are too similar to the Roman Catholic nuns, a little honest investigation and reflection will show that while the good features of the sisterhoods are present—and even the most aggressive anti-Jesuit must admit that they have some good features—the evil are eliminated. There is no vow, no renunciation of the dearest relations of life, nothing of the conventual system in the life of the Home. The distinctive garb, too, of the deaconess, objectionable to some, has in Europe proved be both a protection and a passport to its wearers, marking them as those set apart for a

peculiar and holy service. Many a time one of those simple robes appearing in the distance has been a herald of hope to a sick heart; by that alone it could be known beyond all doubt that a minister of peace and good-will was drawing near with sympathy and help.

The life of the deaconess is not one to attract the romantic dreamer. It is a simple, intensely practical life, in which much that is common-place, much that is unpleasant and even painful, must be encountered, and about which there is very little of the glamour of poetry. Yet it is a noble life, illuminated and made beautiful by the pure purpose and unselfish love which inspire it. The day may not be far distant when Canadian Protestantism, too, shall have its sisters of charity, large-hearted, strong-souled women, who are not held otherwhere by God-given human ties, and are glad to consecrate themselves to the work of ministering to the needy "for Jesus' sake."

NIAGARA FALLS, Ont.

NOTE.—A future number will contain an account of the "Sisters of the People," the Wesleyan Sisterhood Mission, whose work has been so successful in connection with the West London Mission under the direction of Hugh Price Hughes and Mark Guy Pearse.—ED.

DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

BE still! tread slowly, softly, and speak low,
The old year lieth on his frosty bed,
And wrapped about him is his shroud of snow;
While visions, memories, phantoms crowd the bier.
With awe and sorrow reverently draw near—
A last farewell—for the old year is dead.

The forest winds a requiem recite,
The ocean sobs and moans along the shore,
The year, with its account of wrong and right,
Of kindness and unkindness, love and hate,
Of duty done or left until too late,
To-night has passed away for evermore.

While thus we stand lamenting, the new year
Comes in with haste; and lo, with hands outspread,
With clang of bells and laughter and good cheer,
And hearts as merry as the gladsome bells,
Whose music on the solemn midnight swells,
We give her welcome o'er the silent dead.

TORONTO, Ont. —*Hans Goebel.*

THE HEROINE OF MORLEYVILLE.

A TRUE STORY OF NORTH-WEST MISSIONS.

BY M. W. E.

THE little story I am about to relate is a true one. I knew the heroine of it very well. I spent a year in the great North-West with my brother, and while there I lived amongst the Indians, and became greatly interested in some of them. The incident I am about to tell is a true one, and I have not exaggerated.

The last rays of the setting sun touched the lofty mountain peaks and lingered, as if loath to leave such a scene of beauty and grandeur, lighting up with rosy tints the lovely valley of the Bow River. In the distance rise the grand old Rocky Mountains, with their snow-crowned summits reaching to the very skies. On every side, far as the eye can reach, stretch the green, undulating slopes of grazing land, and just at the foot of the mountains lies the pretty and peaceful little village of Morleyville, named after the Rev. Morley Punshon, one of the most distinguished ministers Canada ever knew. Years ago there was fighting and bloodshed amongst the wild and barbarous Indians, and here, on this present site of Morley, lying now so tranquilly in the valley, surrounded by the foot-hills of the Rockies, was a savage battle fought between the Cree and Blackfeet tribes. Now all is changed, the tribes are at peace with one another; and instead of fighting and shedding blood, they are cultivating their farms and working at various industries. Why the change?

Some sixty or seventy years ago there lived in this valley a tribe of Cree Indians. They were wild, revengeful and barbarous, making war on the neighbouring tribes, and indulging in every species of vice and crime. Poor creatures! They knew no better, they were heathen; some worshipped idols of wood, some worshipped trees, stars or rocks, but most of them were utterly ignorant of anything higher than their own desires and passions Physically they were a fine tribe; the men large and well developed, brave and generous; the women beautiful and faithful, loving and true. The handsomest of all the tribe, the lovely, dark-eyed Miatus, the pet of the whole camp, was taken by Sonsonation, the brave young chief of the Crees, for his wife. She was a tender, soft-eyed, affectionate squaw, she loved her husband and waited upon him, obeyed his every beck and nod, and was truly happy in his tepee or skin tent, as his wife. Three children

she bore him; two sons, handsome, brave and passionate like their father, and one daughter, a sad-eyed, faithful girl, like her mother. Miatus ministered to their wants, and brought them up as best she knew; her whole heart was bound up in her husband and children.

But the time came when they, like their civilized white brother, went forth from the shelter of the parental roof-tree and sought homes of their own. Miatus was then left sad and lonely in the deserted tepee. She breathed no moan, she said no word of complaint, but went about her daily tasks as usual, but sadder-eyed and quieter. One day the chief brings home, as is the custom amongst the heathen tribes when the wife gets old and wrinkled, a younger and prettier squaw; she is what poor Miatus, now broken down by the heavy burdens she has had to bear and worn out by her weary life of exposure and neglect, was some twenty-five years ago, when Sonsonation proudly chose her from amongst all the maidens of the camp to be his wife. Now time has ploughed deep furrows in those sunburned cheeks, has dimmed the lustre of those soft and tender brown eyes, and streaked with silver those once glossy and abundant locks.

Poor Miatus! Even at this second trial she did not murmur or complain, but her spirit was crushed and broken. She did not blame her husband; indeed she felt grateful to him for giving her her place of honour as his sole wife for so many years. Most chiefs had five or six wives at the same time, while she had been his only wife for over twenty years, but all the brightness and pleasure had gone out of her life. She, of course, was put aside, the young and pretty squaw deposed her. It was her duty, as the cast-off wife, to do the heaviest and most menial of the work, carry the heavy loads, sleep in the coldest part of the tepee and wettest when it rained, eat the coarsest of the fare, and, in fact, give up every privilege and comfort to the new-comer. All this Miatus did uncomplainingly, thankful, and even happy in a kind of way, to be allowed to live under the same tepee with her husband, and have him now and then throw her a word or a glance as one would throw a bone to a starving dog. For she loved him with all the depth of her poor, ignorant, passionate nature! Who can fathom the dumb, patient faithfulness of these Indian women? We often say, "Oh, he is like an Indian, he never forgets." What pathos is expressed in those words. No, they *never forget*. God pity them that they have not kinder treatment and more even justice to think upon, for if ever a kindness is shown them they will remember that, as well as a wrong, as long as they live.

Well, time went on, and a rumour reached this little, remote

Indian village that a strange "pale face" was coming to live amongst them, to teach them and to preach to them. They did not even know the meaning of those words. They were the most ignorant of all the tribes of Indians. The stranger came to dwell among them. He was handsome and clever, and had spent years in his college pursuits, for what? That he might go far from his native land and home and friends, that he might give up all the bright dreams of his boyish ambition, that he might bid farewell to the world with all its pleasures, its riches and honour and fame, and bury himself in a strange, wild country, to preach the Gospel to a handful of barbarous, ignorant Indians. Say now, after hearing this, "There are no heroes worth the name nowadays." You cannot. John McDougall, who labours to-day in Morley, is one of the grandest, most self-sacrificing heroes the world has ever seen. How the people crowd to hear him; he speaks to them in their own native tongue. (How many weary months he took to learn the Cree language.) He stands before them erect, a man in the flower of his manhood, his blue eyes flashing, his soul filled with enthusiasm and zeal, and tells them "the old, old story;" tells them of the Babe born in a manger, tells them of the Prince and Ruler who left all the brightness of a throne and came to this earth; who was despised, rejected, persecuted and crucified for their sakes; died that they might live. All this he tells them and more, till the listening crowds, carried away by his burning eloquence, hang upon his every word.

Poor, old Miatus! sitting there, almost blind, nearly deaf, all doubled up and crippled with rheumatism, heard and believed. This Saviour was hers; He died for her, even for poor, old, crippled Miatus. Oh, what could she do for Him? Ah, Miatus, the test of your love for and faith in your Master is coming; it is nearer than you dream of. The tidings came to her when she most needed them. Bereft of her children, her husband's love gone, poor, old, helpless and infirm, she had need of the Saviour's love if ever mortal had. With simple faith she accepted the truth. She went every Sunday to hear the missionary, invited her husband and the wife who filled her place in his heart to go with her, but they laughed and jeered at her, so she went alone. At last the missionary taught the doctrine, "A man shall have one wife and cleave unto her. He who has more than one sins, and the gentle Saviour loves him not." Now was to come the severest struggle in the life of old Miatus. Her darkened intellect could only faintly grasp the reasoning at first, but finally she saw what the preacher meant. She went away very sad, and thought over his words. She was silent, and pondered this out in her heart for

days. She was only a poor, ignorant, crippled squaw, but she had faith such as the mightiest in the land might envy. Her reasoning was clear and simple as a child's. Her Master, the one she had taken for her guide, did not love those who had two wives. Her husband had two wives, therefore he sinned, and she made him sin, for if she left him he would have but one wife and all would be right.

Now came the struggle. Could she leave him? She had lived with him ever since she was eighteen years of age. She had no one to go to. She knew not where her children were. She was eighty years old. She was nearly blind and a cripple. What could she do? But clear and bright above all these perplexities shone out the truth. She was doing it for her Saviour. He had done as much and more for her. He had left his home and friends, she would do the same. He had no place to lay His head, neither would she. He wandered alone in a strange country, she would be all alone, too. One evening, just as the shadows were already creeping over the earth, old Miatus arose and took one, long, fond, lingering look about the tepee, her home for over sixty years. Her husband lay there sleeping. She walked up and looked upon him, all the love and tenderness she felt for him shining in those soft, sad eyes. She dared not touch him for fear of waking him. Could she do it? "Yes," she said to herself, "Jesus did more for me, I can do this for Him." Then without once looking back, softly and silently left the tent, and was never seen in it again while her husband lived.

Several years after, Miatus heard in her far-away home that her husband was dead, and the young wife and her children starving. There was a famine throughout the whole of the great North-West that year. Her work for the Master was not yet done. She travelled over miles of country, passed through inconceivable hardships, and stood at last at the door of her old tepee. She entered, told who she was and why she came, ministered to the dying woman, attended to the children's wants, and after the young wife's death lived on there; and at the time I knew her she supported the children of that rival wife by picking and selling berries and doing all kinds of light work she could get to do.

This is no fable. I knew this woman, and have heard her talk and sing and pray many a time. After this will we ever say again, "Oh, it is no use sending missionaries to the Indians; they will never amount to anything; a miserable, lazy set of thieving vagabonds." Dare we say this? Do we our part. The rest is in God's hands.

KATHLEEN CLARE,

*AN IRISH STORY.**

I.—A DOMESTIC DILEMMA.

"Miss Kathleen, darlint!"

"There!" muttered the owner of the name, peering cautiously forth from the leafy nest where she had ensconced herself. "There! I thought it would be strange if I could have five minutes' peace. Well, you may call, but the more you calls, the more I won't come, as the naughty little boy said." And again sixteen-year-old Kathleen settled herself comfortably to enjoy the nice "read" she had promised herself that fair June morning, high up in the gnarled boughs of the twisted old apple-tree.

But again the voice rose high over the birds' songs, this time much nearer, and with a piteous wail in it that Kathleen found hard to resist.

"Miss Kathleen, darlint, and won't you answer now for your own Biddy?"

"Something's happened, of course," again muttered the occupant of the tree. "Jack's fallen in the pond, or Jill has knocked another tooth out, or Peter's torn the remainder of his coat off his back."

"Oh, Miss Kathleen, honey, and where can you be? it's something dreadful this time! and didn't I know something would happen when me looking-glass fell off the wall for a token!"

By this time stout, rosy-faced Biddy stood right under where Kathleen was hidden, quite unconscious of the pair of bright eyes that were peering down at her.

"What can it be?" thought Kathleen, curiosity getting the better of prudence. "I suppose I'll have to go and see, so here goes," and with an adroit movement she swung herself down from bough to bough, and then suddenly dropped at Biddy's feet, who started with a scream.

"There, there, Biddy, don't make such a noise! you'll frighten the crows to death."

"Frighten the crows to death, indade, and it's meself that'll be kilt ere long, with the frights ye give me; who'd have expected to see you leaping down from the clouds like that, alana! But there," she went on, "why am I wasting me time talking instead of telling you the throuble that's fallen on this house the day?"

"What do you mean, Biddy?" said Kathleen, wonderingly.

"I mean this," said Biddy, raising her finger, and speaking in awe-inspiring tones. 'The master's gone and asked a gentleman to dinner, and there's never a bite of meat in the house, only the mutton, and that's all bone!"

It was now Kathleen's turn to look horrified.

"Oh, Biddy, it isn't true?"

*Abridged from "The Clares of Cloverly" by Fannie Eden, Author of "Dudley Carlton's Wife."

"That's what I says to meself, Miss, when the master called me into his study, and says he to me, in his grand tone, 'Biddy,' says he, 'a friend will dine with us at two,' and then he just went on studying them big maps that he's always a-looking at, as aisy like as if nothing had happened at all. 'What might you be afther saying, sir?' says I, as soon as me speech came back to me, which wasn't for a minute or so. He looked up quite angry like, and says again, 'I thought I spoke plainly, Biddy. A son of an old friend of mine will dine with us to-day.'"

"But didn't you tell him, Biddy," gasped Kathleen, "that we've nothing in the house—absolutely nothing to put before a visitor?"

"Me tell the master that? I couldn't do it, darlint, not if me life depended on it. What has a gentleman like him to do with such things?"

"Oh, Biddy, what shall we do?"

"That's what I wants to know; it isn't as if there was a hen left on the roost, or even the egg of a hen," sighed Biddy, "and the pig went long since."

"And the butcher said on Saturday we could have no more meat?"

"Ne'er a bit, Miss Kathleen, bad cess to him! 'You dirty spalpeen,' said I to him, when he gives his impertinent message, 'and don't you know it's an honour to ye to serve a gentleman like the master?'

"'Gentleman, indade,' says he, 'it's gentleman is as gentleman does, and ne'er another bit of our meat will he have till he pays for it!'"

A hot flush of shame rose to the girl's cheek.

"Oh, Biddy," she cried, passionately, "to think of him daring to speak of father like that! what are we coming to? Father ought to be told how they're speaking of him."

"Sure and wouldn't the master give 'em their dirty money twice over in a minute if he'd got it? Just hold on a bit, darlint, and you'll snap your finger at the lot of them yet; wait till the master's fortune comes to him."

"It's so long in coming," cried the girl, wearily. "I've heard the same story for years, but things get worse instead of better. I don't know how we've lived the last two years; and now father seems to have no money left at all, and he never seems to think we want anything, he just goes on day after day brooding over those plans of the railway till he seems too dazed to think of anything else."

"Sure and what could he brood over better, when it's the railway that's going to bring you all your fortunes? Oh, never fear, honey, the master's a born genius, and he knows what he's about!"

"Oh, well, well, it's no use talking," cried the girl, impatiently, with a sigh of misery; "the question before us now is, What must we do for dinner?"

Just at this moment, with a rush and a whirr and a flutter, down came half a dozen sapphire-necked pigeons, some strutting

with proud confidence at Kathleen's feet, others nestling on her shoulders.

"Oh, you darlings, you pretty darlings!" cried Kathleen, just for a moment forgetting her troubles in the caresses of her feathered pets. "Just see, Biddy, how tame they are getting," and she looked up laughingly, as one tamer than the rest laid its bill upon her lips.

But she was startled at the absorbed look in Biddy's eyes as she gazed at the birds, and yet seemed to gaze beyond them; they were lit up with a new thought, a flash, an inspiration.

"Throuble your head no more, darlint, about the dinner," she cried, triumphantly, "Purty creatures, and me never to think of them before. What could be nicer or more ilegant than a pigeon poi? Sure, I'll make it in me best style, with all their little feet sticking through the centre. Ah, alana, it was a splendid thought."

"You wicked, cruel old woman!" cried Kathleen, stamping her foot angrily. "Do you think I'd let you kill my beautiful pigeons for your horrid pie? How could you have the heart to do it?"

"Sure, Miss, and wouldn't I do a deal more than that for the honour of the old house! To think I'd live to see the day when I'd have to set a lump of cheese and a piece of bread before a guest of my master's—me that's seen the big table creaking and groaning wid all the good things set out on it in the good old days that's gone! Sure and it's an honour for the birds to die in such a cause—it's a death of glory, and they'd tell you so if they could speak. Don't say another word, darlint," she went on, "but go and get the dining-room rid up—its just filled now wid the children's rubbish—and put fresh flowers in the vases; you can leave the rest to me. It's the first stranger that has set foot under this roof since your ma died, Miss, heaven be her rest! but we'll let 'em see the old house isn't quite on its last legs yet," and the faithful old woman, the last of the numerous servants who used to bustle about the old gray house, went off with some revival of the old importance of manner which of late had seemed all but crushed out of her.

"Oh, it's dreadful to be poor! dreadful! dreadful!" moaned poor Kathleen from the depths of the shabby old couch in the dining-room, on which she had flung herself, with a despairing burst of agonized tears. "To think my pigeons must be sacrificed, now, my pretty, trusting pets! Oh, it's too cruel, it's too cruel. I could not do it for any one in the world but father, but how can I see him disgraced?"

"Miss Kathleen, mavourneen, there isn't a minute to spare for crying," said Biddy's voice from the door again, "and I'm all in a heap of trouble again, for what'll we be afther doing wid all them hungry children? They mustn't be at the table, at all, at all; me ilegant poi would look mighty mean wid all them to be served out of it."

"Well, what can I do, Biddy?" cried Kathleen, impatiently. "You know father always will have them at the table with him."

"Sure, Miss, and couldn't you arrange a nice little picnic, or something, and just get them all out of the way till the geentleman's gone."

Kathleen wiped her tears away. Yes, indeed, Biddy was right, this was not the time for tears but for action; for a vision had suddenly risen up before her of a disreputable looking flock of children, in the perfection of health and spirits, filing in and seating themselves with gleeful, but hungry and expectant, eyes cast upon the solitary dish.

Well, it was all managed at last. By dint of bribing them with a huge parcel of bread-and-jam, Kathleen at last succeeded in exhorting a solemn promise from them all to remain out till five o'clock; and it was with a sigh of relief that she saw the procession file off down the lane, each carrying a bundle of provisions.

"They're settled for a few hours at any rate, thank goodness," she murmured; and then, and not till then, she thought of her own toilet, and as she did so her heart sank down with a thump of despair.

"I haven't a thing to put on—not a single decent thing. I shall have to make some excuse and stay from lunch too (for lunch, and not dinner, they had decided to call the meal, it would sound so much better, Biddy had declared). To say she was not disappointed would have been untrue; she was bitterly, grievously disappointed. It was such a long, long time since a visitor had entered their door, and it would have been a strange and wonderful break in the monotony of her existence to see a fresh face, to listen to new thoughts expressed, to hear even the sound of another voice. But it was not to be; how could she possibly go into lunch in her old merino?

"I never cared before," she said, wistfully, "what I had on, for what did it matter? there's nobody here to care how I look. I don't think father would notice if I sat down to dinner in a blanket; and I never go anywhere;" with a sigh, "nobody ever asks me. I wonder why they don't; I'm sure it isn't the same with other young people; everybody in the village seems to have friends but us."

"Biddy," she said, going into the kitchen, "you'll have to serve the coffee yourself, I am not going in to lunch, I'm just going to bed instead; so you can say I'm ill, I'm sure it's true enough, my head is splitting with misery. Besides, you know, I couldn't go in this dress," looking down contemptuously at it; "it wouldn't conduce much to the honour of the house if I did, I'm thinking." There was a mysterious smile hovering round the corners of Biddy's mouth which she strove in vain to hide, as she turned to the oven to inspect its contents.

"Never you fear, darlint; just go to your room, and Biddy will put you all to rights in no time; I can leave my cooking now for a few minutes, it's just getting on lovely;" and taking off her large cooking apron and wiping the flour from her hands, Biddy prepared to follow her young mistress upstairs.

"Now, Biddy, that's all nonsense, you know; you can't make me look decent, I'm past the power of all human aid."

"Don't speak a single word, Miss Kathleen, but go up to your room, and we'll see what we do see," said Biddy, oracularly, the mysterious smile still hovering round the corners of her mouth.

"I wonder what's come over Biddy, now," pouted Kathleen, following her slowly up the wide old stairs. "I hope the excitement of the sudden arrival of our visitor hasn't brought on softening of her dear old brain!"

But she thought her own senses must be going, when a moment later, as she entered her own room, she saw lying on her bed an exquisitely soft and fine Indian muslin, fresh and crisp and cool, just the very thing she would have chosen had it been in her power to do so for such a hot June day.

"Oh, Biddy, Biddy, how lovely, where, where did it come from? Never, never in my life, only in my dreams, have I ever seen anything so beautiful! Is it really mine, really and truly?" and Kathleen clasped her hands and drew in her breath in all the ecstasy of a young girl over her first pretty new dress.

"It's your own, darlint, sure enough, I got it up meself last week, all unbeknown to you, for didn't I dream of a coach and six; and by that token didn't I know something sudden was going to happen? 'So,' says I, 'I don't know what it'll be, but I'll have a dress ready for Miss Kathleen, anyhow.'"

"But where did it come from, Biddy?"

"Out of the big thrunk that's all your own, left to you by your own mother, and it's time you looked into it, Kathleen mavourneen, for sure, it's no child you are now; and here's the key. But never mind that now, let me dress you, darlint. And it's meself that'll be proud to see you in a dress worthy of the master's daughter."

II.—THE UNEXPECTED GUEST.

"Biddy," exclaimed Kathleen, suddenly turning round and looking into Biddy's face with a sad, wistful expression that went to the old woman's heart, "why do we seem so different from all the people who live round about us? What have we done that we are cut off by all our kind as much as though we were lepers?"

"Why is it, Biddy?" the girl went on. "You know every house in the village is shut against us, and none ever enter our door no more than if it were a plague-spot."

"Sure, Miss, and you're talking nonsense."

"No, I'm not, Biddy, and you know I'm not; you can't put me off now as you did when I was a child. I know, I feel that people shun us. Why, even when I was quite a little thing, I used to go away and cry bitterly because the mothers would come out of

their cottages and pull their children away if they were seen playing or speaking to us."

"More shame to them, then," muttered Biddy, between her teeth.

"Only yesterday," the girl went on, "when I was walking with the children down the road, a carriage passed us slowly, and the two ladies who were inside put up their eye-glasses and surveyed us curiously, as though we were some strange phenomena. 'The Clares of Cloverly?' I heard one say to the other, in a tone of contemptuous pity. 'Are they really, now? Well, it's a disgrace to have such a family in the community.' Ah, Biddy, tell me, why do people speak of us and treat us like *this*? Was it always so?"

"Always so, indeed? I reckon it wasn't," cried faithful Biddy, with proud indignation. "There wasn't a more honoured name in all the country-side than the Clares of Cloverly. For a hundred years and more the old house has stood here in the midst of the red clover fields, and the old water-mill there in all that time never ceased to grind the corn for half the country round. Ah, Miss, those were the good old days, and peace and plenty were within these walls! Ah, alana, it was a sorry day when the master turned his back on the faithful old mill."

"Why did he do it, Biddy?"

"Ah, Miss, ye see he never took to it as all the other Clares did, an' ye see he was cleverer than all the others put together. He never rested till his father, my old master—oh, but wasn't he proud of his clever son!—sent him off to London to be a great scholard. It must have been there, Miss, that he learned all about the wonderful scheme for bringing a railway right through the lands of Cloverly, and when that's done, you see, Miss, you'll be richer by far than the squire himself. Ah, he's a mighty clever man is the master, too clever by far to bother his head with the old mill that's brought the money in steady and sure."

Kathleen looked up quickly into the old woman's face. Was she speaking in good faith, or were the words ironical? But Biddy's face was inscrutable.

"But, Biddy, all this doesn't answer my question; surely it isn't because we're poor that people treat us so. Why do people," the girl went on, "whisper and point after us, and call us unbaptized heathen?"

"Sure, and who dares to say such a thing?" said old Biddy, her cheeks all aflame and her eyes blazing.

"Why the neighbours, Biddy; and they say worse than all this," and the girl's voice dropped to a whisper, as she looked round and shuddered with a superstitious terror.

"They say father had mother buried down in the bluebell wood because he's a wicked atheist, and wouldn't have her buried in consecrated grounds, and they say her soul can't rest because of it, and that corpse-lights burn on her grave, and that her spirit haunts the wood all night."

Biddy sank into a chair with a white face, crossing herself

and muttering devoutly, "Holy Mother, save us and keep us, and rest her soul in peace, if it isn't a sin to pray for her lying there."

At this moment a loud ring at the bell sounded through the lonely house, and Biddy started to her feet, crying out, "Bless and save us, Miss Kathleen, here's the gentleman himself, and me listening to your nonsense, and me lovely poi, for all I know, burnt to a cinder!" and she bustled from the room, thankful for the interruption.

Kathleen slowly completed her toilet, but all her pleasure in seeing the expected visitor was gone; her heart was heavy with the thoughts which had long weighed there, but which she had never given expression to before.

She thought with a sigh of her mother's grave in the lonely wood that was now all a haze with bluebells—that wood which the villagers would go miles round to avoid at night because of her mother lying there.

What had come over the old house once so loved and respected?

So she sat thinking, with her head resting on her hand, when her eye caught sight of the key which Biddy had left on the dressing-table.

She started up with sudden curiosity. "The key of the box left to me by my mother! What can be in it?"

With youthful impetuosity, she went to the great box which had always stood at the foot of the bed, and unlocked it.

She gave a cry of pleasure as she inspected its contents. It was filled with clothing of fine and beautiful texture.

"Why, I shan't want dresses and things for long enough. What lovely soft merino, and just see this lace! But what is this?" as her hand struck against something hard. "Why, a jewel box! oh, how exquisite!" as the light flashed and gleamed on the precious stones. "And are these really all my own?" Yes, there was no doubt of it, for on a bit of paper, written evidently by a weak and trembling hand, she read, "To Kathleen, to be disposed of as she likes." "I wonder why it says 'to be disposed of,'" she said, thoughtfully; "didn't mother mean me to wear them?"

She laid them carefully away and searched farther. At the very bottom of the box she came upon a parcel carefully tied up, and with it a letter also, carefully sealed. On it was written in the same faint, trembling handwriting, "To my darling child, Kathleen. With her dying mother's love." The girl burst into a flood of tears as she pressed it to her lips and kissed it passionately.

"Oh, mother, mother that I never knew! Are you going to speak a little to your child at last?"

But she had not time to break the seal, for she was startled by the booming of the big gong, which had been mute for years, announcing that lunch was served. Biddy was determined that everything should be done in style.

In great haste, Kathleen pushed the precious letter into the bosom of her dress, and rushed down stairs, so that she might be

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in the dining-room before her father and the visitor. It was a long, low, old-fashioned room that Kathleen entered, and she sighed deeply as she gazed round at the old furniture, shabby with age, and at the carpet once so handsome, but now, alas! trodden all over by innumerable footsteps into numberless thread-bare pathways. "It looks like everything else in the house," thought Kathleen, "poverty-stricken!" But the dingy old room, with its oak panelling almost black with age, only seemed to serve as an artistic back-ground to the fair young girl, fresh and sweet as that bright June morning, who stood waiting half shyly, half-curiously for the advent of the unexpected guest, and only threw into greater relief the pretty, white-robed figure, whose only ornament was a cluster of roses, pushed carelessly into the belt—or, at least, so it seemed to the said guest, who at that moment entered with the master of the house. With his usual absent-mindedness, Mr. Clare made his way to the head of the table, quite forgetful of Kathleen, who stood waiting, wondering what she must do next.

"Now, my dear, now, my dear, what are you waiting for?" Then suddenly waking to the fact that his guest also stood waiting in an expectant attitude, Mr. Clare moved his hand carelessly toward Kathleen, saying, "Oh, ah, yes, to be sure! this is Kathleen, one of the children. My dear, this is Dr. Arundale, the son of an old college friend of mine. What have you got there? Coffee? Oh, ah, and this is the pigeon-pie, is it?"

"One of the children, indeed!" thought Kathleen, flushing indignantly, "and I've got a long dress on, and my hair done up. What is father thinking of?" and in the maintenance of the rights that these two facts conferred upon her, she felt it necessary to make Dr. Arundale a very stately little curtesy, and then to raise her brown eyes to his with a look of protesting and offended dignity. But it was no use; the merry, laughing blue ones which were gazing down at her were so frank, ingenuous, and kindly, and withal were evidently yielding even more homage than the child-maiden felt to be her due, that Kathleen relented at once, her grave little face broke into smiles, and she gave him her hand with a pretty, artless welcome.

"He's actually not old, at least not very!" This was Kathleen's first thought, as she gazed demurely into the coffee-pot (nobody over twenty-eight was young in Kathleen's estimation). "To think of anybody not old coming to see father! and he's got eyes just like blue lakes when the sun shines upon them!"

"No pie, thank you, father," she said, hurriedly, as she saw a plateful approaching her, and the blue eyes noticed how she suddenly went white about the lips, as she pushed it from her; and he noticed, too, with inward wonder, the tear which would fall in memory of her poor lost pets, and which she tried to wipe stealthily away.

But even this sorrow was soon forgotten in the charm of listening to the bright conversation of their guest; and Mr. Clare evidently enjoyed it too. For once he left the endless theme of the

railway scheme, and followed with a newly-awakened delight old pathways of thought once delighted in; with his guest he revelled again in the best thoughts of the master-minds of the age; with him he wandered over the flowery fields of fancy, or trod with avidity the more tortuous and wonderful paths of modern science.

With a delicate attention Dr. Arundale drew Kathleen into the charmed circle of their conversation, for he noticed by her happy countenance how eagerly she was listening, and how hungrily she drank in much of what they were saying.

It made her very happy to see the cloud lifted, if only for a short time, from her father's brow.

"How nice he looks," she thought, gazing admiringly at his clear-cut, intellectual face, round which softly waved the prematurely gray hair, "and how well he can talk! any one can see how clever he is, and that he is a gentleman in spite of his threadbare coat. Oh dear, if he would only talk to us like this, what happy times we might have!" and she thought sadly of their silent meals, over which her father sternly presided, broken only by the half-suppressed giggles of the children and the sharp rebuke which followed. But now, led on by Mr. Clare, the conversation went far beyond the fringe of science understood by Kathleen, and she had perforce to let them go on where she could not follow.

"What a lot he knows," she thought—meaning the young doctor—"and, oh dear, what an awful little dunce I am!" and then she lost herself in a reverie of the delights that would be hers in learning all about these wonderful things, which she would so gladly do if she hadn't to spend all her time in teaching the children, mending the stockings, and darning Pete's and Bob's diurnal rents. She was startled in the midst of her musings by the mention of a name almost unknown under that roof. It dropped from the lips of the stranger in tones of tender reverence, and it was the name of God!

AT MIDNIGHT.

BENEATH the deep and solemn midnight sky,
At this last verge and boundary of time,
I stand, and listen to the starry chime
That sounds to the inward sense, and will not die.
Now do the thoughts that daily hidden lie
Arise, and let in a celestial clime—
Unutterable thoughts, most high, sublime,
Crossed by one dread that frights mortality.
Thus, as I muse, I hear my little child
Sob in its sleep within the cottage near—
My own dear child! Gone is that mortal doubt!
The Power that drew our lives forth from the wild
Our Father is; we shall to Him be dear,
Nor from His universe be blotted out!

—*Richard Watson Gilder.*

MASTER OF HIS FATE.

A TALE OF THE WEST RIDING.

BY MRS. AMELIA E. BARR.

I.—THE OWNER OF BEVIN MILL.

THE tree God plants no wind hurts. It is shaken by tempests and drenched with rains. The dew and the sunshine nourish it. It grows to fair proportions, and brings forth fruit in its season. So also is the man whom God makes. He is chastened by sorrow. He has the discipline of patience and of disappointment. He has comforts of love and the sweet surprises of godsends. All the capabilities of his nature are drawn out and perfected. He turns his face to the sunshine, and is gracious and blessed in all his ways.

The self-made man, as the word is generally understood, is different. He has built up a great business, but he has neglected himself. He has made beautiful his dwelling, but forgotten to ennoble the man who is to inhabit the splendid rooms. He is stunted in all his senses but those necessary for making money. His nature remains incomplete, and there is small hope of any grander development, because he is perfectly satisfied with his own work.

Sooner or later, however, if God be merciful to them, these architects of a special manhood find out the magnitude of their limitations. Reluctantly they are forced to admit that, though they control money, they cannot control things not to be bought with money—love, respect, and obedience. They discover that the honour of the market-place does not include that far more impartial judgment of their own households, where they are weighed in a truer balance, and found often to be grievously wanting.

Amos Braithwaite was a self-made man, and he asserted the circumstance whenever he could with a consequential satisfaction. Every one who knew him, and many who did not know him, had heard the little bluster of affected humility in which he was wont to complacently state his own case.

"I weren't born wi' silver spoon i' my mouth, not I! When I wer' a lad I sell'd papers i' Bradford market, and I'm proud of it to-day, I am that! I'd no father or mother to advise me, and I niver hed a day's schooling; but I were determined to git on, and I did git on. All I know I learn'd mysen. All the money I hev I made mysen. And look at me now! There's many a swell as thinks himsen summat extra wi' his fine schooling as I could buy out-and-out to-day. And thou knows it's so, eh, Martha?"

He was delivering his favourite oration to his sister-in-law, Miss Martha Thrale, a shrewd, handsome Yorkshire woman, who had managed his household affairs ever since the death of her sister,

nearly twenty years previous. She was quite familiar with it in all its variations, yet when he said, "And look at me now!" she lifted her eyes a moment from her knitting and looked at him.

What she saw was a tall, stout man with a head whose chief strength and mass was in the hinder part, a man strong, rough, elemental, with a firm will, a choleric temperament, and a great energy for self-service. His dexterity of mind and acuteness of judgment were indicated, not only by his keen gray eyes, but by the way in which their lids were drawn horizontally over them. Still, though the large corneas gave an animal expression to the face, the whole head indicated nobler possibilities of character, for the mid-region was well arched, and it was not unlikely that, under favourable circumstances, feeling would rule intellect, and the calculating selfish element vanish before an earnest and fervent affection.

He stood upon the handsome hearthrug with his legs planted well apart, as firm on the broad basis of his self-complacency as the pyramids on the desert; and his hands were clasped beneath his own coat-tails. This coat was of cloth of his own manufacture—good, substantial cloth, made in a manner as uncompromising and unfashionable as its wearer. A stolid, solid, upright, downright man, with plenty of sinew and bone to carry out whatever his mind planned or his will determined.

"And look at me now!"

So Martha Thrale looked at him for a moment ere she answered: "Some folks do think as thou hest done varry well to thysen, Amos."

"So I hev. Varry well, indeed! I hev niver wanted either friends or enemies; and I'll tell thee what, Martha, one sort hes happen helped me just as much as t'other sort. I've niver courted friends and I've niver feared enemies. And I sud like our Joe to do just as I hev done, and to be just such a man as his father is."

"I sud think thou would like to bring up a son as could show there could be somebody a bit better than thee."

Amos looked angrily at her. He had often said that "Martha Thrale wasn't like t' rest o' women folk, made o' wax, or some such stuff;" and he saw and understood the settled look upon her large, calm face.

"So our Joe hes been trying to get round thee, hes he? Sure-ly to goodness, thou isn't going to help t' lad in his folly! As ta never did such a thing before, I'm surprised as thou sud do it now; I am that, Martha!"

"Thou hesn't reckoned up our Joe correctly. There is a deal in Joe that niver was in thee, Amos."

"I sud hope not. Now, then, hear what I hev to say, I'll hev none o' his rubbishy, romancing books. He's a deal better among t' wool-bags than spoiling good paper wi' bad poetry. There's all t' poetry anybody need hev in that Wesleyan hymn-book o' thine. I know our Joe, and I know there is no more poetry in his head than there is in 'Bradshaw's Railway Guide.' I'll not hev it there

anyhow! Let him stick to t' mill. I reckon nowt o' a man that talks against what brings in good money. It's mean as mean can be. Thou knows that."

"I think our Joe sud hev a chance to follow out his own inclinations. Ivery bird flies best with its awn feathers."

"Joe hesn't got any feathers of his awn. He'll hev to come to me for t' ways and means to do his flying. But I tak' notice that young fellows in these days can allays read their title clear to whativer t' old man hes that takes their own fancy."

"Most fathers would be proud of a fine lad like our Joe. In t' way of study, nothing beats him. He is all for learning t' French language now, and he's found out somebody that can teach him how to talk it, and help him a bit with his violin beside. Joe tak's to music like a bird to its song. He does that, Amos."

"Whativer are we getting to, Martha? Thou fair caps me! I'll hev no French and fiddling in my house; mind that now! French indeed ! I wonder to goodness who educates them foreign creatures? I could not mak' sense o' a word the man spoke when I met him wi' Joe."

"And he didn't understand thee, I'll be bound."

"I speak good Yorkshire, and that's the best o' good English going. Joe's mother wer' allays reading poetry. It's bad for a lad when he hes hed a mother given to poetry and nonsense. T' lad might hev done varry well but for her heving a bee in her bonnet."

"I think thou hed better say nothing at a' of Joe's mother, Amos. Thou knew varry little about her. That was thy loss, not hers."

"I sud think I know summat about my awn wife, Martha."

"Thou knew nothing of her. How could ta? Thou wert that throng making money that thy home was nobbut a place to eat and sleep in, while t' engine stopped. I'll say this for my sister Ann; if ta hed known her thou would hev thought more of her."

"We wer' speaking o' Joe, and not of thy sister Ann. And as for Joe Braithwaite, I'll hev no high-flown ideas put into his head by a lot o' women and schoolmasters. It is more than a bit thy fault, and thou knows it, Martha. Before t' lad hed his first breeches on, thou wert telling him all sorts o' lies about fairy folk: thet's so!" and Amos looked reproachfully into Martha's face.

The look upon that face was something new to him. It meant rebellion upon his own hearthstone. In twenty years he had seen nothing like it. If a thunderbolt had fallen at his feet it could scarcely have amazed him more. There was a spirit of revolt in Martha's very silence. The click of her knitting-needles seemed to be contradicting him, and he felt the necessity of instantly asserting himself.

Under such circumstances he naturally took his stand upon his success in busine. . That was a subject a woman ought naturally to feel snubbed by. She could not emulate him. And she could not criticise him, at least with any show of propriety or justice.

So he added with a fine tolerance, "Thou hes been too soft wi' Joe. Thet is a woman's way. But it's a' wrong. When Joe puts himsen rather too for'ard, I wonder thou didn't say a few words that would hev taken t' sharp edge off his fine talk. Nobody can do that better than thee. Thou sud hev said—"

"What sud I hev said?"

"'Look at thy father, Joe! See what a big fortune he hes made!'"

"One would think, Amos, that thou hed done some great and good action in making thy awn fortune. Laying up money for thysen! Does ta think that entitles thee to t' love and gratitude of thy fellow-creatures? I don't believe they think so, my lad."

"Don't thee try to be sarcastic wi' me, Martha. I don't mind thy words. I hev made nearly half a million o' pounds. What is a few words to figures like them, eh?"

"Half a million o' pounds!—they are nothing if thou puts them against real goodness and knowledge."

"Nothing!" gasped Amos; then, with the contempt such a statement, in his opinion, deserved, he answered: "Thou art talking for talking's sake. Women are a foolish lot. Is there aught i' this world better than honestly earned money?"

"Ay, there is; and what's more, t' Bible upholds me in saying so. For it makes out that wisdom is better than gold, and knowledge better than rubies and fine gold."

"I niver heard such things."

"How could ta hear them? Thou niver goes to church or to chapel, and thou niver reads aught but t' newspapers. If anybody sud quote t' New Testament to thee it would be so unlike any o' thy notions that thou would be sure to think t' words were written by some one as wanted to turn t' world upside down with their foolishness."

"Say no more, Martha; say no more! It's fair nonsense arguing wi' women. T' long and t' short of it is, I'll hev Joe think as I think, and do as I do. Tell him that."

"Tell him thysen."

"Ay, I will."

Then he left the room with an air of injury that for a few moments half imposed upon Martha. She had to have a conversation with her own conscience before she felt quite at ease again about her position. Siding with a son who inclined to set himself up against the wishes of his father was no light thing in her eyes, and only to be justified by circumstances indisputably warranting such opposition.

She thought such circumstances existed, and whether her judgment was right or wrong, she was, at least, actuated by the most sincere regard for the highest interests of her nephew. Her affection for him was almost maternal in character, for since the death of his mother, in his third year, she had been a mother to him. She loved him wisely and well, and beyond this tie there was a sisterly bond that neither the changes of life nor the great change

of death had been able to weaken. Joe was not only Joe, he was also "Sister Ann's dear bairn." And Sister Ann was a memory to Martha, holding all other memories of their short, happy youth together.

After Amos had left her in such high dudgeon she sat very still, remembering. Her knitting dropped from her hands, her eyes looked far beyond the dreary village, straggling up to the park-gates. She saw the old rectory among the low, curving hills. She was with her sister in its pleasant rooms and garden. She heard her voice filling the dim spaces of the ancient church with the joyful Sabbath psalms. She clasped her hand over their father's grave. She recalled all their struggles and privations together, until Ann married Amos Braithwaite. What for? She would not ask herself the question. She believed fully in the purity and kindness of Ann's motives; and if her good intentions did not turn out well, Ann was not to be blamed for the failure; for alas! mistakes are punished in this life quite irrespective of good intentions.

The marriage had not been a happy one; and after the birth of her child, Ann never rallied. She was ill for three years, and then she went quietly away one night, when all the household were asleep. Amos was relieved by her departure. He had outlived his fancy for the frail beauty, and the expense and trouble of her long sickness had been a great trial to him. Yet, after it was over, he forgave the poor woman fully, in consideration of "t' fine little lad she had left him."

On this child all his hopes settled themselves. It was his ambition to make money, and to buy land, and to call the land after his own name. Therefore, a son to carry on his name was of the first importance to his project. Martha thought of all these things, but she did not think of them as Amos did. She looked on Joe as an individual soul, and not as a link in a family chain. She did not believe his welfare ought to be sacrificed for the plans of his father or the good of a posterity as yet mythical and uncertain.

She had made some solemn promises to her sister regarding the boy, and she meant to fulfil them, if it were possible for her to do so. "But there are so many 'ifs' in all human calculations," she thought; "and we are ready enough to pick out t' very worst we can find. Deary me! Human hearts are just nests o' fear. They are that!"

Then she rose and put away her knitting, and going to the window, looked down at the great mill in the valley. Excepting for its water privileges, and its nearness to the chief wool markets, the situation of Market Bevin was not desirable. No scenery in England could be sadder or wilder than the bleak range of hills girdling it on two sides, bare hills partitioned into fields by leagues of stone walls, here and there a dreary village where quarrymen lived, here and there a desolate mansion standing forlornly in the midst of fields that were not green or pleasant looking.

Bevin Hall, the residence of Amos Braithwaite, was a much finer place than the situation warranted. It had been built centuries before mills had been dreamt of. Then the lonely mansions had been the homes of country squires, and the whole valley a secluded agricultural locality. When the spinners began to build mills on the banks of the stream, and the quarrymen to break up the hill sides, then the Bevins abandoned their old home, and Amos bought the place at what he considered "a varry low figure."

He did not dislike the sight of the smoking mill. He thought. when the hundreds of windows in its five stories were all alight, it was a really grand piece of architecture. It did not trouble him that the agricultural inhabitants, with their simple, old-fashioned manners and customs, were obliged to make way for the vivacious, alert, arrogant mill hands. He rather liked matching his own tongue and his own arrogance against theirs. He had been an operative, he knew all the resentment of labour, and he often told himself "that there wasn't varry much they could say, or do, he wasn't up to."

But the restless, disputatious life did not seem to Martha Thrale a good life. She knew how often Amos and his hands were in open and very vigorously expressed dissent. She knew that their good-will was merely a cessation of hostilities, and when Joe expressed his dislike to the mill work, and to the mill itself, with its stony yard, its black dust, its sulphury clouds of smoke, its inky water, its loathsome smells of heated oil, soap suds, and cesspools, Martha was in sympathy with him, and thought his reluctance a very reasonable one.

How Joe's own desires were to be gratified she hardly knew; and her thoughts at this time brought her no nearer the solving of the question than they had done many a time before. But there was at least no great hurry. Amos had talked in the same way for years. There was nothing special in his attitude. She did not reflect that as a rule the great events of life dawn with no more note of preparation than the sun rises.

II.—JOE.

Joe Braithwaite was a very handsome young fellow, one of those fresh, blonde Englishmen whose magnificent physique and perfect health are a promissory note for any amount of probable success. His figure was tall and spare, his aspect strikingly winning and manly, and a quick, undaunted spirit looked out of his clear blue eyes.

With a slightly poetic temperament, he inherited also from his mother a love of elegant surroundings and a disposition to take life pleasantly. But such tastes were not dominant; the gay, pleasure-loving young man had in him the stuff of which heroes

are made, indifference to pain, perfect self-reliance, indefatigable perseverance, and a simple resolution, which, when it was called into action, would march straightforward through fire and water to its goal.

He had been to various schools, and under various teachers learned many things whose very names suggested nothing to the unlettered Amos. Indeed, the father had rather tolerated than acquiesced in some of his son's studies; and, perhaps with good reason, he declared that, as regarded Joe's bringing up, "he had been bamboozled by a parcel o' women and school-masters." And yet, when Joe quoted Pliny or Aristotle with an air of "that settles the question," or rolled out a couplet of musical, though very likely imperfect Greek, as an illustration, the old man had a certain sense of pride in his clever son, although feeling himself to be in a dark and unknown territory, he answered only with a doubtful and contemptuous "Humph!"

In Joe's earliest childhood, the practical father had given strict orders regarding "fairy tales and giants, and such like nonsense." But to say that his aunt and nurse constantly and strictly disobeyed these orders, is only to say that they were women. And one Sunday night, when Joe was seven years old, he had been so completely dumbfounded and routed upon this very subject that it was not at all remarkable he should prefer avoiding, for the future, any allusion to personages so far out of his experience and knowledge.

It was a wet Sunday evening in spring; too wet to walk over his park and gardens, very much too wet to permit Martha Thrale and Joe the use of the fine carriage-horses to carry them to the Wesleyan chapel a mile away. He had slept all he could; his ledger was at the mill; another meal was out of the question for a couple of hours; so he bethought himself of little Joe as a means of passing the tedious time.

He found the boy at his aunt's side. She was reading to him, and Joe's bright, handsome face expressed nothing but delight and wonder. Amos listened also for a few minutes. It was a marvellous story of the killing of a giant by a little lad with a sling and a stone. In the father's opinion it was an altogether improbable affray; and he speedily interrupted it, saying, with an angry decision, "Hev done, Martha! Hev done wi' such nonsense! Of all t' lies that iver were invented, that one is a topper, I sud say."

"I'd know what I was talking about, if I was thee, Amos Braithwaite. I reckon to do my duty by t' little lad, and I'm only teaching him his Bible lesson."

Then she quietly opened the Holy Book and placed before the disconcerted father the objectionable history. He was troubled and annoyed by the circumstance. Before this untoward confirmation of his opinions, he had had an impression that the Bible was a book only suitable for chapels and churches and the Sabbath day; and after it, he was more than ever convinced that

there was radical incompatibility between it and the big book which lay upon the high desk in the counting-room of Bevin Mill.

When Joe began to go to school, Amos soon found out that a self-made man is not at all points a match for a self-willed boy. His positive instructions to the school-master had been, "Solid reading, writing, arithmetic and chemistry. None o' your rubbishy Latin and Greek and poetry." But the school was not in any measure dependent upon Amos Braithwaite. It had a noble foundation, and the master did not think it necessary to vary the prescribed routine to meet the taste of one patron. So Joe's inclinations toward poetry and literature were fully encouraged, and he took some prizes in the very studies which his father had forbidden.

But this was almost a venial offence compared with the audacity of Joe's latest proposition, to bring a Frenchman into the very parlours of Bevin Hall, in order that he might learn to speak a language which Amos declared "nobody could mak' a word o' sense of," and which he always associated with everything that was immoral, with foppery and atheism and anarchy.

And now that Martha Thrale had actually set herself against him, he felt that a crisis had come in the relationship between himself and his son. It was just as well, he thought; things long undecided would now be brought to a settlement. And Amos was glad of it; for, though he expected trouble and opposition, he was prepared to meet it with all the stubborn will of a strong but narrow mind.

He was very fond of Joe, and, in an unacknowledged way, very proud of him. Though he would not have admitted it, he was also vain of the young man's beauty and stylish air; and whenever Joe strolled into his presence with his thoroughly-at-ease, satisfied manner, Amos always looked at him with a curious mixture of admiration and disapproval.

Hitherto there had been no serious disagreement between them, for Joe had shown no very decided symptoms of rebellion. There had certainly been one prolonged dispute about his desire to go to Cambridge, and another equally positive when he requested permission to travel for two years; but Amos had put his foot firmly down on both requests, and that had been the end of them. Joe had given in before, and the self-confident father did not think he would make any firmer stand about any other disputed question.

Still, as he now meant to make his son a proposal which was to decide all the future between them, he was unusually nervous about it, especially as he perceived that he would have no support from Martha Thrale. He delayed it from day to day with a vacillation foreign to his character and humiliating to his self-esteem.

One fine spring evening, as they sat at dinner before the open windows, the moment of decision arrived. Neither had expected nor in any special way provided for it at that hour. It

arose out of a circumstance and from a remark which seemed irrelevant. Martha Thrale was called from the table by some unusual domestic event, and Joe's first remark related to a pleasure tour which a friend of his had in contemplation.

"For sure," answered Amos, "young Warps is varry rich, and he can afford to fling his brass and his time away among foreigners, if he has no more sense than to do so. If a man reckons to spend his life in pleasure and larking, he had best do it while he's young, for he won't get much out o' such ways when he's old. So I don't say Warps is wrong if that is what he is after. But there's better jobs for a man to do: there's good work, and makin' something of t' gifts one hes for getting hold o' a bit of money—"

"But you would make life a drama in two acts, father—working and sleeping."

"I don't know what ta means by makin' life a drama. I'd niver do it. I sud think it would lead one into all sorts o' bother. Young Warps, and owd Warps, too, look over us a bit, I fancy; but we can put as much brass down as any of them, I dare say; ay, Joe, as any of them."

"Young Warps is a very good sort, I think."

"T' owd man couldn't see me yesterday; no, not even with t' help o' his eye-glasses. He looked as if he owned both sides of t' street."

"They have had more than a little trouble with their hands lately."

"Serve them right, too. They hev allays got some fad on hand about 'liftin' them up,' and makin' gentlemen and ladies of born hands. When a cup is made o' common pottery you can't turn it into fine Darby china; and it'll tak' a cleverer man than owd Warps to mak' gentlemen o' his hands by persuading them to read t' poets."

"He subscribed £500 to the new reading-room."

"Does ta think, Joe, I hevn't heard tell o' that? Owd Warps likes to show himsen his better side out, and that is why he gave £500; but when all is reckoned up, he'll mebbe not hev given as much as other folk. I gave £100, but best givers are them as hev to pinch themsens a bit to spare aught; and what wi' buying wool, and paying wages, I hedn't a £500 to spare; I hedn't that. Keep your sitting, Joe." Then he pushed the wine across the table, and said, "Tak' a glass with me, my lad. I am going to mak' thee a fine offer, and we'll drink to it."

Joe looked steadily at his father, and then slowly filled his glass. There were a few moments of strained silence, then he asked,

"What is it, father?"

"I wer' thinking that thou must hev hed enough of learning by this time, and that happen thou would like to frame thysen to business."

"I am not likely ever to have enough of learning, father. But I do think that I ought to be doing something like work. Why! I am nearly twenty-two years old."

"To be sure thou art! Varry well, then, when will ta come o t' mill? There's a deal for thee to get at thy finger-ends. I'd like thee to know t' business from A to Z."

"I was not thinking of the mill, father."

"Oh! Thou wasn't thinking of t' mill. What was ta thinking of, then?"

"I was thinking of the law."

"Thou was thinking of the law, was ta? Think away, my lad. But for a' thy thinking thou art bound to take thy part in Market Bevin Mill."

"I am not yet bound to any thing—or to any one, for that matter. I have made up my mind to be a lawyer. I hate the sight of the looms, and the men in their blue pinafores, and the slatternly, down-at-heel women. I must do some better work than that."

"I hope ta may!—I hope to goodness thou may! But I don't think thou will iver do as good work as I hev done. Come, Joe; come, my lad! Do thy duty by t' business, and we will varry soon hev t' biggest mill and the highest chimney i' Wharfdale."

"I am sorry to disappoint you, father."

"Why-a! I hev been thinking o' takin' thee into t' mill iver since I laid the first stone of it, Joe. I hev thought for thee and worked for thee iver since thou wert born. Thou must go to t' mill, or it will be t' worse for thee. Mind that, my lad; for I am in downright earnest."

"So am I, sir."

The threat had decided Joe. The proposal had found him in a contradictious, self-willed temper, and the half-menace was just the thing he would not stand. In the moment, without thought, without any real inclination, he had said he would be a lawyer, and now he was determined to stand to the statement, whatever the result might be.

Both men became steadily more and more positive and angry. Amos had risen and taken his favourite position on the hearth-rug. Joe, reclining in a large chair, looked quite away from his irate father One would have supposed that all his interests were connected with the lilacs and laburnums blowing at the open window.

"I sall make thee one more offer," said Amos, at length; "if thou refuses it I sall niver, niver more consider thee to hev part or lot in my mill. Next Monday come to t' mill. I'll give thee £500 a year, and if all is as it should be, at the end of three years I'll give thee a sixth interest. Then thou can marry and make a man o' thysen."

"You intend to be very good to me, father."

"I do that, Joe. Think well, my lad, afore thou speaks. Thou knows well that I'll niver go back on any word I say,"

"If I feel obliged to refuse your offer, father, then—"

"Then, I will give thee £5,000. Thou can mak' or mar with it, as suits thy fancy. That is a' I have to say."

"I will take the £5,000, father."

"Thou sall hev it to-morrow morning. Don't 'ee think that I sall iver ask thee again."

"Dear father!"

"Nay-a, nay-a! Thou needn't dear me now. 'Yes, father,' would have been more son-like, and more to the purpose. I hev been a bit soft about thee, but I can mend that—I can mend that."

"Every man has a right, father, to choose his own life-work."

"Nowt of t' sort! Them that does it mostly mak's a pretty mess o' their life-work. Thy work is ready at thy hands. It is flying in t' face of Providence to think that thou can lay any better for thysen."

"A man finds out things by experience—by trying."

"If ta likes that way tak' it. But remember this: if ta thinks of having thy awn way, until ivery thing is at sixes and sevens wi' thee, and then thinks thou can turn round and tak' my way, thou will find thysen a bit mistaken."

"I shall never ask you for any thing but what you choose to give me, father."

"I told thee I would give thee £5,000. Thou can do whativer ta likes with it."

"I shall enter myself to read with Perkins."

"Do as ta likes; do as ta likes. What ta does will be naught to me."

Then Amos threw his red bandanna handkerchief over his head, settled himself in his chair, and in a few minutes seemed to be asleep. But sleep was far from him Tears come as hard as blood from some men, and Amos was one of this class. Yet great, bitter tears rolled slowly down his rugged face that evening, tears which the bandanna hid, but which no human hand could wipe away. Never before in all his struggling, successful life had he felt such keen disappointment. For he had not realized until that hour how dear his son was to him, how inextricably bound up in all his hopes and happiness.

And he had said words he never could unsay. Indeed, the possibility of unsaying them never presented itself to him. It might kill him to "stick up" to the threat he had made; all the same, he knew that he should stand to every letter of it. And he expected nothing less from Joe. He would almost have despised him if he had returned and asked to be allowed to accept his offer. To back out of a position once taken is a thing few Yorkshiremen can contemplate, and both father and son understood that the few positive words said that night had separated their paths forever.

Joe went at once to his aunt, and told her of his interview and its result. She did not fully sympathize with him.

"Thou hes been in too big a hurry, Joe," she said. "If thou hed taken a more roundabout road to thy awn way, thou would hev gotten it all the sooner, lad, thou would that. Now, then, thou hes flung away about half a million o' money, what is ta

going to do with thy £5,000? Thou, that hes hed every thing to come and tak' from."

"I never had more than £300 a year."

"Hey! but thou counts things varry carelessly. Thou hed £300 a year for pocket-money, Joe, only for pocket money. Thou wilt hev to find thy awn bed and board now. Thou wilt hev to pay thy awn tailor's bills, and many another bill beside. And thou knows well, Joe, that I hevn't t' ways and t' means to help thee much."

Joe was fond of luxuries, and this view of the question had not presented itself before. Yet it was evident he would have to leave his father's house. He would have to take upon himself the cares of life and living. He wished in his heart that he had not been so ready to fling away half a million of money; but he kept his lips tightly drawn for fear he should give utterance to the regretful thought.

As he sat half-stupefied by this sudden change in his fortunes, he looked gloomily round his handsome rooms, and wondered how much it would cost him to rent others in any way approaching in comfort. Then he took a piece of paper, and jotted down the outstanding bills in his name, and they made a total which compelled him to realize the amount of his expenditure as he had never done before. Even taking into account the natural hopefulness of youth, it must be admitted that Joe Braithwaite did not spend a much happier night than his father did.

THE OLD YEAR.

BY REV. J. H. HILLMAN.

THE north wind's wail so lonely
Is falling on the ear,
Its cadence telling only
The death-knell of the year.

Night's raven wing doth cover
The frozen earth so cold,
She gently hovers over
The year grown gray and old.

The old year lies a-dying—
He's breathing out his last,
And soon he will be lying
In the grave of the past.

His spirit's now departing,
The tears our cheeks bedew,
Our hearts with grief are smarting,
As we say our fond "Adieu!"

He's gone despite our sorrow,
To wish his stay is vain,
His form no glad to-morrow
May ever bring again.

God only can his story,
His good or ill, portray;
To Him be power and glory
Who gave and takes away!

AMELIA E. BARR AT HOME.

CORNWALL-ON-THE-HUDSON! one expects a good deal from a place with such a name; and when told that the author of "Jan Vedder's Wife" resided there, it seemed just the place for her who has given us such grand characters as "Faith Harribee," "Joris Van Heemskirk," and "Samuel Yorke," to make her home. And here it is, away up on the mountain-side, surrounded by beautiful grounds and commanding a glorious view of the Hudson, with historical Newburg in the distance.

Those who know Mrs. Barr say that she is always beautifully and tastefully dressed, and appropriately. For when at her desk her gown is of the plainest and most comfortable make. But when the day's work is done, she declares that she rests better when daintily dressed, for she is a believer in the good influence of dress. "It is much easier to be good-tempered and charitable," she adds, with a little laugh, "in a dainty and becoming gown than in an ill-fitting and plain one."

If the weather is at all pleasant, a visitor will find the front door of this mountain home set wide open, and always a hearty welcome; for the authoress is one of those open-hearted women who have a hand-clasp and a kind word for every one, rich and poor, and especially for the women who earn their bread.

Although in her fifty-sixth year, she does not look her age, as one might expect, for few women have had as varied a life; but she is one of those who has never let the past do the present wrong. Strong physically as well as mentally, she has always risen to the occasion, and no writer has worked harder or more conscientiously than Mrs. Barr. "I have never written one word that I believed would lead from the paths of faith or duty," she says, and those who know her feel sure of this; and in all her writings she holds up the duties as well as the pleasures of life in such a natural, decided way, that her characters become personal friends to her readers.

Her publishers will tell you that her manuscript is neatness itself. She writes a clean, large hand; there are no blots or erased words, and she takes a pride in the selection of paper, pen, and ink. When she began writing for compensation, she made it a literary business, and as such she has always recognized it, always paying as much attention to the business part of her work as to the work itself.

When employed in writing a story, she lives in the atmosphere, as it were, of her background as much as possible, and, as her daughter says, "When mamma was writing 'The Bow of Orange

Ribbon,' we had Dutch dishes served at all our meals, we dressed Dutch, sang Dutch songs, and quoted Dutch sayings; and when she was writing a Scotch story, oatmeal porridge, bannocks, and barley cakes are always to be found on the table, and we live in duty bound to the Kirk, Scotch songs, and Scotch proverbs."

Her study is as unlike as it can be to the pictured retreats of so many of our well-known authors. It is a large room, from the windows of which one can look over the hills and far away; the curtains are always tucked very far back to let in all the sunshine. At one stands a tall office desk—for Mrs. Barr stands while writing; the floor is uncarpeted, but covered with quaint rugs, and every one of which is rare and beautiful. And the only picture on the walls is an oil portrait of her husband, whose memory is very sacred to her. Two or three comfortable chairs, a small table, and a chest of drawers in which is kept the first draft of all her books, comprise the furniture, and on one side of the room in neat rows are a lot of office hooks, on which are arranged papers, letters, and notes.

Her reference books and note-books are in themselves a valuable library, especially her note-books, which contain full notes upon many subjects made during long hours of study in the Astor Library, her favourite "hunting ground," as she calls it; for Mrs. Barr believes that no writer can afford to give up the study of good books, she herself spending many hours in useful reading. Her Bible is never far from her, for she believes in its "grand teachings." Although English by birth and education, she loves America, especially New York City, which was her residence for many years, having come there after the death of her husband and three sons during the fever epidemic of 1867 at Galveston, Texas, then her home. She had buried three of her little ones some years before, and it was for the support and education of her three remaining daughters that she adopted the profession which she so thoroughly enjoys.

She is a large, fine-looking woman, with clever conversational powers, plays both the organ and the piano, and is a good artist in that quaint, old-fashioned work known as coloured crayon; a most devoted mother and an exceptional housekeeper, although of late years her second daughter (also an author) presides over her home.

Mrs. Barr works hard, and plays or rests just as hard, for life means a great deal to her.

During her working hours—which in the summer time are from 4 a.m. until noon—no one is allowed to disturb her; but after her noonday nap one will be as apt to find her just as busily employed

in knitting fancy Yorkshire rugs, or reading, as you would a few hours sooner at her desk.

"Mamma will not be lazy," says her youngest daughter.

She has never sought fame, nor does she care for it; but there are thousands, both in America and England, who thank and love her for the work of her pen.—*Christian Union.*

A SONG FOR NEW YEAR'S EVE.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

STAY yet, my friends, a moment stay—
  Stay, for the good old year,
So long companion of our way,
  Shakes hands and leaves us here.
    Oh, stay, oh stay,
One little hour, and then away.

The year, whose hopes were high and strong,
  Has now no hopes to wake;
Yet one hour more of jest and song
  For his familiar sake.
    Oh stay, oh stay,
One mirthful hour, and then away.

The kindly year, his liberal hands
  Have lavished all his store,
And shall we turn from where he stands,
  Because he gives no more?
    Oh stay, oh stay,
One grateful hour, and then away.

Days brightly came and calmly went,
  While yet he was our guest;
How cheerfully the work was spent!
  How sweet the seventh-day's rest!
    Oh stay, oh stay,
One good hour more, and then away.

Dear friends were with us—some who sleep
  Beneath the coffin-lid;
What pleasant memories we keep
  Of all they said and did!
    Oh stay, oh stay,
One tender hour, and then away.

Even while we sings he smiles his last
  And leaves our sphere behind—
The good old year is with the past,
  Oh, be the new as kind!
    Oh stay, oh stay,
One parting strain, and then away.

DEATH OF THE REV. DR. WILLIAMS

Canadian Methodism mourns to-day the fall of one of its most beloved and honoured standard bearers, one of its most devoted chief shepherds and one of its wisest counsellors and guides. In a more than ordinary sense is it true that a prince and a great man is fallen this day in Israel. For half a century Dr. Williams lived in the love and confidence of his brethren —a love and confidence growing deeper and stronger as the years passed by. Early in his ministry he came to the front as a potent energy in Canadian Methodism. He had great native force of character, which he exhibited in his preaching, his circuit administration, and in the important positions of Chairman of District and President of Conference, to which he was early and repeatedly called, and as General Superintendent.

Dr. Williams was a fine example of a type of Methodist preachers which is fast passing away—men who before the days of railways with Bible and saddle-bags rode through the country, enduring toil and hardship, and laying broad and deep and stable the foundations of the Christian civilization of this new nation. Dr. Williams' aggressive energy of character made him seem at times abrupt in manner, but those who knew him best knew how sound and sweet and true he was at the very core of his heart. He was a man of strong convictions, and staunchly maintained what he conceived to be right; but even in the most earnest debate he was without a spark of bitterness, and no differences of opinion on questions of policy cast the least shadow of a shade on the warmth of his private friendships. Yet strong as his convictions were, he was not a man who never changed his views nor yielded to the logic of events. The freshness, vigour and comprehensiveness of his mind are seen in his relation to the question of the recent Methodist union in this country. While in favour of union, he was strongly opposed to the proposed basis of union, and was a pronounced leader of the opposition to that basis, both in his own Conference and at the Belleville General Conference. But when this basis was once adopted he ceased all opposition. He at once began to adjust himself to the changed condition of things. It was not without a struggle that he gave up his cherished convictions. He said to the present writer that he never went to bed all night after the decisive action of the General Conference. He spent the whole night on his knees in prayer. When on the following morning in the first meeting of the united General Conference he was called upon to pray, the fervour, the power, the divine unction of his prayer made us feel that he had been talking face to face with God. From that moment, with characteristic heartiness and energy, he devoted himself to the task of perfecting the organization of the newly-formed Church; and it was he who was elected Chairman of the provisional General Conference—a signal proof of the confidence of his brethren of the integrity of his purpose and of the transparent honesty of his soul.

When little more than a year after, his life-long friend, Rev. Dr. Rice, with whom he had had many sturdy differences of opinion, was summoned from labour to reward, it was Dr. John A. Williams who was selected to succeed him—a selection which was fully confirmed at the next General Conference. Dr. Williams entered upon the duties of his office with tireless energy; travelling ceaselessly throughout every province of the Dominion and in the island of Newfoundland. No diocese in the world, we think, is so vast as that presided over by the two General Superintendents of the Methodist Church of Canada; nor is there any demanding more long and arduous journeys, more frequent and important delibe-

rative councils, or embracing a greater variety of religious work, from the great city congregation to the remote fishing villages of Newfoundland and to the new converts from paganism of the Naas river on the Pacific coast.

His arduous labours at length broke down even the vigorous constitution which had been severely tried by many years of unremitting service. Till the last year, or two years of his life, Dr. Williams had scarcely ever known what it was to be sick for a day. It was all the more hard, therefore, to desist from the work he so loved, especially as there were important questions in the practical solution of which he earnestly wished to take part. But after repeated attempts to undertake work for which he was physically unable, he reluctantly gave up the effort, and became a patient prisoner on his couch. To the present writer he said it was a severe struggle to give up his work, to surrender to inaction and to the prospect of soon passing from the stage of action where so much was to be done, in the doing of which he longed to take part; but, he said, the struggle was all past and he was waiting calmly the will of God. The disease from which he suffered was a very painful one, but through it all he exemplified the patience and resignation of the true Christian. He found great comfort in repeating, and in having Mrs. Williams read to him the Scriptures and the grand old hymns of early Methodism. In one fine hymn of Oliver's he especially delighted, and quoted it with deep fervour:

> "The God of Abraham praise,
> Who reigns enthroned abov
> Ancient of everlasting days
> And God of love."

With moistened eye and shaken voice he repeated the lines:

> "He calls a worm His friend,
> He calls himself my God,
> And He shall save me to the end,
> Through Jesus' blood."

"That," he said, "is my religious experience."

On a subsequent occasion, to Dr. Johnston and myself he said, "I cannot tell you, not merely with what divine power, but with what divine sweetness, these words come over my soul. They are like the breath of the new-mown hay from a meadow in June."

The closing weeks of his life were filled with much suffering and with repeated shocks of sorrow and bereavement. First came a telegram from Montreal that his daughter, Mrs. Ross, was alarmingly ill. It was a great shock to his heart, and the prolonged suspense and anxiety as to her health told heavily on his strength. But a still severer blow was to follow. His daughter, Mrs. Boice, who had come from Texas to be with him in an illness that was foreseen would probably prove fatal, was in turn stricken down, and, after weeks of painful illness, passed away. From this shock he never rallied, and within a week he followed her to the spirit world. It was a touching scene; surrounded by his loving family—his five sons, his two daughters, and by his grief-stricken wife, the dying Christian soldier and saint passed into unconsciousness and quietly glided away.

> "Servant of God, well done!
> Rest from thy loved employ;
> The battle's fought, the victory won,
> Enter thy Master's joy."

Dr. Williams was a man of broad sympathies, of deep and tender affections. His was a cheerful, sunny type of piety. There was in it nothing sombre or austere. He especially delighted in the grand old hymnody of Methodism. He was a man, of rich musical culture, and did much to improve the congregational singing of the Methodist Churches by his labours in editing a series of books on the Church hymnody and on that of the Sunday-school. His last labour of this kind was on the new Canadian Hymnal, which was issued during the last weeks of his illness. This, he said, in committee, is the last work of the sort that I shall do. But he entered into it with zest, and ever and anon would break out in sacred song in his rich, musi-

cal voice in some favourite hymn that carried his thoughts back to earlier days. He had also made a special study of early Methodist hymnology. Among his last contributions to the press were a series of articles in this MAGAZINE on the "Less Known Poets of Early Methodism"—a series exhibiting at once fine literary taste, and a deep devotional spirit. Still later, as he lay upon his sick couch, he prepared a little manual of Christian doctrine, especially for the young. His active sympathies went out in their behalf, and he was much interested in the Epworth League, which shortly before his death was adopted as a connexional movement. He proposed to write to some of the official brethren in its interests, and also to write a short pastoral on its behalf to the young people of the Church. But for this his ebbing strength was found insufficient.

Amid the occupations of his busy life Dr. Williams found time to do a good deal of literary work, among the rest a number of valuable contributions to this MAGAZINE. He was widely read in general and especially in theological literature. He projected for this periodical what would have been an important series of papers on Johan Van Olden Barneveldt, Grand Pensionary of Holland, beheaded in his seventy-second year for the crime of Arminianism. But pressure of other duties prevented the completion of this congenial task.

His old friend and colleague, the Rev. Dr. Carroll, wrote thus of his mental characteristics: "He was noted for an active, inquiring mind, and a great fondness for books, inquiry, and discussion, from the time of his identification with the Church. This accounts for the development and vigour of a mind originally strong and active. He may now be pronounced decidedly intellectual, not dreamily so, but logical and argumentative. His intellectuality would abate his popularity as a preacher—for the most of hearers like not profundity—if it were not for a large amount of constitutional vehemence and Christian fervour. In our Canadian connexion, Brother Williams ranks among the first-class preachers of his day. Dr. Williams is a firm believer in the Wesleyan doctrine of entire sanctification, which he emphatically preaches, and which he seems to have realized in his own experience."

Dr. Williams was ever foremost in every social and moral reform. He threw himself with characteristic earnestness into the Temperance Reform movement long before it became the popular thing which it has happily since become.

Amid his labours for the material prosperity and educational advancement of Methodism he realized that its true success could come only from its deep spirituality. In the very first number of this MAGAZINE, writing of the first Methodist union, he said: "With the new organization may there come the intelligent enlargement of our work, broader capabilities, a high culture, the consecrated endeavour, the expansive sympathy, the large-hearted benevolence, and the prayerful and religious thrift so essential to success. Above all, may there come to the Church such a divine baptism as to make its life an inspiration and a blessing, that the things which make for peace, for manliness, equity, and purity, may be more and more valued, and the bonds of a common brotherhood in Christ grow stronger and stronger."

The immense concourse at his funeral, the many scores of ministers and laymen from distant parts of the province, the touching and eloquent tributes paid to his memory, all bear witness to the love which he inspired, and the honour in which he was held.

We hope to present hereafter an ampler record of this useful life and a worthier tribute to this honoured memory. The details of his life have been fully given in the secular press. We can only express in this hour of deep bereavement a few words of personal sorrow for the loss of a revered and beloved friend.

ROBERT BROWNING.

TWENTY years ago there was a bright galaxy of poets in the literary firmament. Every season we might count on a new volume from Longfellow, Tennyson, Whittier, or Browning. But in these degenerate days we have little left but *Triolets* and *Rouleaux* of Arthur Dobson or Mr. Lang, or the diluted sweetness of Morris, "the idle singer of an empty day." It will, we think, be admitted that Robert Browning is the most striking personality in recent English literature. In the first place, think of the prodigal genius of the man. Since Shakespeare's day no English poet has written so much—his poetry fills at least thirty 12mo volumes—and no English poetry, we think, in robust strength and virility comes so near Shakespeare's. He has another likeness to Shakespare, too; he is intensely dramatic. In this respect no other English poet can approach him. Beside his numerous plays, nearly every one of his poems is cast in dramatic form—we do not remember a single one that is not. He almost never speaks in the first person, but always through some one else, into whose personality he projects himself in a marvellous manner. It has been said that his various characters all speak the same jargon, a Browningese dialect, incomprehensible to any human beings. There never was a greater mistake. No writer that we know of so enters into the spirit of time and place and character as Browning. He will not be the favourite of persons who regard poetry as a sort of intellectual cigar, to be enjoyed without the least mental effort. But all who take the trouble to find out what he does mean will find themselves richly repaid. And what a Shakespearean range of scenes and characters his is. From Lilith, Adam's first wife, down to Mr. Sludge, the medium, there must be hundreds of sharply discriminated characters, as varied as life itself, who play their parts in London, Paris, Rome, Venice, Florence, Madrid in Russia, Persia, Egypt, among Druses, Arabs and Syrians, from Boston to Thebes. In number and variety of his creations he is only rivalled by the myriad-minded Shakespeare himself.

In a remarkable degree Browning is the product of his age, and reflects its many-sidednesss. While his genius is intensely dramatic, it is not the drama of action, the drama of the stage. The acted play has had its day. It no more influences opinion as in Shakespeare's time; its present function is mere amusement, and amusement at a not very high order at that. The novel of religion, or philosophy, or philanthropy has taken its place. If Shakespeare lived now he would probably write novels, or introspective plays like Browning's. Browning's characters all speak in monologues; even in his plays there is little action. His books are designed for closet study, not for the garish and spectacular stage. Again, so *catholic* are Browning's sympathies and so subtle is his thought, that his characters are generally a strange mixture of good and evil. He has no incarnation of villainy like Iago, or of avarice like Shylock. His characters are much more complex, and demand analysis. He does not paint with such strong colours, nor with such sharp contrasts of light and shade as Shakespeare, so his pictures do not receive such immediate recognition, nor make such a sudden impression. But their realistic truthfulness becomes the more apparent the longer they are studied.

It has been said that his rhymes are uncouth. On the contrary, they are the most correct and strong in the language, and his blank verse is of the noblest quality. No poet has used such a variety of metres, not even Shelley, and few have such an exhaustless fertility of rhyme. In some of his poems of grotesque irony—and many of them are of that sort—he does use some ingenious rhymes that add greatly to the effect of

the poem. I have casually noticed such rhymes as "Refute you—You brute, you:" "Not my fault—E in alt;" "Shake the head—A to Z;" "Spoke to—Yoke to." Even his titles are often grotesque, as "Red cotton night-cap country."

It is said he is obscure. Well, we grant that parts of his great psychological epic, "Sordello" and "Prince Hohensteil Schwangau"--in which he flays with keenest sarcasm Louis Napoleon—and parts of "Fifine at the Fair," are obscure. But so are parts of "Paradise Lost," in its wealth of allusion; and in its subtle metaphysic, parts of "In Memoriam." But take his longest poem, the longest in the language—perhaps in any language—"The Ring and the Book." It contains over 21,000 lines, nearly twice as much as "Paradise Lost," and it contains fewer lines that need to be read twice than that poem. As for sustained interest, "Paradise Lost" will not compare with it. Here is a proof of his consummate genius. It is the same story told ten times over. We read it with the keenest interest twenty years ago, and its spell of power is on us yet. A wicked old count in Rome murders his young wife through causeless jealousy. There is given in the poem, the opinion of one-half of Rome, of the other half of Rome, a *tertium quid* or a middle opinion, the poor wife's *ante mortem* statement, the murderer's defence, the accused young priest's story, the argument of the lawyer on one side, of the lawyer on the other side, the judge's decision, opinion of the Pope, to whom the case has been appealed, and so on ten times over. As a *tour de force* the thing is unparalleled in literature. It is astonishing the manner in which Browning differentiates the several characters, and preserves their individuality. Take also his "Caliban upon Setebos." The poet actually gets into the brain of the half human monster, thinks his thoughts, and discusses God and nature from his bestial point of view.

The way in which Browning makes his verses echo the sense is really marvellous. In "As I ride, as I ride," with its iteration of the rhyme fifty times over, one can hear the clank of the scabbard against the flank of the Arab steed. In "The Grammarian's Funeral," with its alternate long and short lines, the lines of the poem seem to move to the steady climbing feet of the disciples bearing their dead Master to his grave on the mountain top. In "Ivan Ivanovitch," wolves are chasing a sleigh across a bleak Russian landscape, and the change from slow iambics to the short quick anapests, gives the very effect of "The regular pad of the wolves in pursuit of the lives in the sleigh."

No poet is so full of sympathy with art and music, or so interprets the inner meaning of both, as in the noble poems, "Pictor Ignotus," "Fra Lippo Lippi," "Andrea del Sarto," and in his "Abt Vogler," which, says Mr. Symonds, "exceeds every attempt which has been made in verse, to set forth the secret of the most sacred and illusive of arts."

Few poets can touch the fount of tears as can Browning in some of his more tender poems, as "Evelyn Hope," "Count Gismond," "Gold hair," and "Too late." Many of his noblest themes are taken from Scripture, as the long poem on "Saul;" the "Epistle" of Karshish the Arab Physician on the resurrection of Lazarus, a wonderful psychologic study; "Cleon," and "A Death in the Desert." His irony and sarcasm when he pillories wrong and flays wrong-doers are—well, we can find nothing to describe them but the word "ferocious"—as in "Holy Cross Day," the monologue of a Jew goaded at the spear point to church on Good Friday; the "Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister," and "The Heretic's Tragedy." While an impassioned lover of liberty everywhere and a keen sympathizer of all downtrodden peoples, he keeps his most ardent devotion for his native land—"Here and there did England help me, how can I help England, say?"

We can only notice the grand optimism, the nobility and purity of of his poems. His is no poisoned verse about "The lilies and lan-

guors of virtue, the roses and raptures of vice." Like the salt breeze of the ocean, there is a wholesome tonic in it. Every line throbs with health and life. While he nowhere preaches, his best work is instinct with their very spirit of Christianity—of faith in God and rightousness, and with a hopeful outlook for humanity. His philosophy is expressed in his own words "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world." "Rabbi Ben Ezra," recently analysed in these pages by Miss Daniels, has been called the most profoundly religious poem in the language.

If we were to compare Browning with Tennyson or Longfellow, the only living or recent poets who come within comparable distance of his genius, we would liken Tennyson to an exquisitely carven fountain in some well ordered garden, with pleached alleys and gay parterres and shaven lawns. Longfellow is like a woodland spring welling up from some mossy bank, reflecting in its waters the simple beauties of nature. Browning is like the living spring that bursts from the rude rock in Horeb, leaping from crag to crag amid scenes of sublimity and grandeur. Tennyson is the most exquisite artist in words, Longfellow the sweetest singer, Browning the greatest poet and "maker" of the age.

The best thing about him is that he won the love of the next greatest poet to himself, Elizabeth Barrett. In her "Sonnets for the Portuguese," which are sonnets from her own heart, she tells the story of their courtship—one of the sweetest and tenderest love tales ever told. They were ardent lovers of Italy, which they have both besung in thrilling verse. They both lived much in that fair land. Browning had just bought a noble palace on the Grand Canal in Venice, and they will both sleep side by side in the little Protestant cemetery in Florence.

Since this was written it seems likely that they will both be buried in Westminster Abbey.

NOTE.—The best selections from Browning's multitudinous poems that we know is that made by himself, the American edition of which is published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. Excellent introductions to the study of Browning, are written by Arthur Symonds, and by Professor Alexander of Toronto University.

FORGIVENESS.

WHEN on the fragrant sandal tree
The woodman's axe descends,
And she who bloomed so beauteously,
Beneath the keen stroke bends—
E'en on the edge that brought her death,
Dying, she breathes her sweetest breath,
As if to token in her fall
Peace to her foes, and love to all.

How hardly man this lesson learns!
To smile and bless the hand that spurns;
To see the blow, and feel the pain,
But render only love again.
This spirit ne'er was given on earth;
One had it—He of heavenly birth,
Reviled, rejected, and betrayed,
No curse He breathed—no plaint He made,
And when in death's dark hour He sighed,
Prayed for his murderers—and died.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

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

Wesleyan Methodist.

Conventions and Missions to promote the work of God are being numerously held in various parts of Great Britain. The most remarkable is the Fourteen Days' Mission held at Princess' Hall, Piccadilly, London, under the Rev. H. P. Hughes, M.A. A system of house-to-house visitation was organized, so that every residence in ninety-six squares and streets in the neighbourhood could be visited. Two services were to be held daily, except Saturdays. Late meetings, commencing at nine o'clock p.m., were to be held on two evenings, one for young men and the other for young women. All the staff of labourers belonging to the West End Mission were to take part in the proceedings.

City Road Chapel was selected as a suitable place in which to hold a Holiness Convention to continue a week, with two services daily. Arrangements were made to run cheap excursion trains from about 300 provincial towns. A similar gathering is take take place at Hinde Street Chapel.

The Forward Movement continues to be the most popular subject in Methodism. Every week reports additional places where the movement has been inaugurated. Luton, Coventry and Leek have entered into line.

Rev. J. E. Clapham, the indefatigable Home Missionary Secretary, has commenced a most successful work among the villages of the Norwich and Lynn District, several of which for various reasons had been given up, as the circuits could not supply them with regular services. Mr. Clapham hopes to re-open every village place of worship by appointing lay-agents to work among the people, and if possible regain lost ground.

President Kelly reminded the ministers respecting Temperance Sunday, on which day it was expected that every pulpit in English Methodism would sound a loud trumpet-blast against the drink traffic.

The Local Preachers' Mutual Association is of great service in England. The affairs are managed by a General Committee, which meets monthly in London. At one recent monthly meeting more than $3,000 was paid in small sums to needy brethren, nearly 500 were the recipients of temporary or permanent relief.

Since peace had been proclaimed in Hayti the Wesleyan missionaries have been performing real mission work. A letter received from Cape Haytien states that religious services have been held in the market square and in several of the streets. Processions were formed, hymns sung, both in French and English, and short addresses were delivered. Crowds of people had thus been drawn to the Church. One remarkable service was held on a Sunday evening, and as there is no gas in the town, candles were lighted and held by persons in different parts of the congregation.

The average age of Methodist ministers who died last year is a fraction over sixty-six, not a bad showing for the wear and tear of the itinerancy.

A Wesleyan Ministerial Guild, has been established at Ley's Wesleyan College, Cambridge. The design is to encourage Biblical study among ministers. The movement is regarded as very important.

A bazaar was held at Kirby Stephen, which produced $1,865, and another at Birmingham, produced $3,500.

Rev. Thomas Champness received in two months no less than 170

applications from young men who desired to engage in evangelistic labours under his superintendence.

The work done in Fatshan hospital, China, by two able missionaries, Drs. Wenyon and Macdonald, continues to merit high praise. During the year 1888, 7,598 attendances were made, more than half being new cases; 147 serious operations were attempted. of which 115 resulted in cure and 26 were relieved, and only five were unsuccessful. Three Christian medical students are making satisfactory progress. The number of patients able to pay fees is steadily increasing, and gives good ground for the hope that in a few years one or other of the hospitals will be self-supporting.

Methodist New Connexion.

The President of the Conference and the Secretary of Missions have issued a circular on behalf of the effort now being made to liquidate the debt of $11,100. They state that the debt has accumulated largely during the last eleven years, by reason of increasing the number of missions. Since 1878 the membership on missions has increased 1,128, and 36 places of worship have been erected. In addition, four missions have become independent circuits, which contain four churches and 750 members, and about $100,000 worth of property has been acquired.

The Training Institute for Chinese women converts and girls at Tientsin, has received nearly its complement of pupils. Miss Waller, the Principal, speaks of the work in a very hopeful strain.

Rev. R. Squire stated at a farewell meeting at Liskeard that during his four years in that circuit he had preached 977 sermons, given 381 addresses, 17 lectures, taken part in 220 prayer-meetings and 52 class-meetings, administered the Lord's Supper 73 times, taken part in 322 business meetings, attended 114 other meetings and 180 public tea-meetings; baptized 81 children, conducted 10 funerals, married 12 couples, witnessed 98 conversions, walked 7,885 miles, ridden 3,416 miles, together 11,301 miles. He had also paid 2,446 pastoral visits and admitted into society 188 persons. Truly a busy life.

Bible Christians.

The Earl of Carnarvon has given a site at Somerset for a chapel. The denomination has preached in the village for about sixty years, and have greatly felt the need of a place of worship, $200 were realized at the corner-stone service.

The membership in the Plymouth and Davenport Circuits has more than doubled during the past ten years.

In accordance with the instruction of Conference, the pastors' meetings on all the English districts have considered the "Forward Movement," and for the most part have entered into it with great readiness. Several of the quarterly meetings have also taken up the subject, and it is believed that more attention will be paid in future to evangelistic services.

Memorial stones of a new chapel, to cost $5,250, were recently laid at West Love, Cornwall.

Primitive Methodist.

Memorial stones for a new church were recently laid at Camden Town, London. The result of the services was $4,000, which makes $11,000 toward $27,500, which the edifice will cost.

A public meeting has been held in London to inaugurate a "Forward Movement" for the metropolis. Aggressive Christianity seems to be the order of the day in all branches of Methodism in England.

A three-days' bazaar was held at Ludlow, which produced $3,390 toward a church debt.

The venerable Dr. Samuel Antliff, uncle to the Rev. Dr. Antliff, Montreal, has been appointed to represent the Nottingham District at the approaching Methodist Ecumenical Conference in America.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

For the first time in the history of

the Church the Missionary Board has held its annual meeting outside of New York: Topeka, the capital of Kansas, was the place selected. The meeting created great interest. Bishop Fowler had recently returned from a tour around the world, and occupied the whole of one evening in narrating the wonderful progress of the Gospel, more particularly in Japan, Korea and China. Another evening was occu pied by the Rev. Dr. Buckley who spoke of what he had seen in Mediterranean countries.

The receipts for the past year were $1,130,137, being $129,556 more than the preceding year. This amount, though large, still leaves a balance due to the Treasurer. It was decided that $1,225,775 should be appropriated for the ensuing year.

The Book Concern in New York has taken possession of its new establishment on Fifth Avenue, consisting of eight stories, and is valued at $1,000,000. The Concern was started in 1789 by the Rev. John Dickens, with a borrowed capital of $600. December 8th was observed in the Churches as Book Concern Day, when $100,000 was distributed among superannuated ministers. For some years past the Concern has given $15,000 annually to the support of the superannuated ministers.

Bishop Warren insists that the best church edifice in Methodism is is in Denver, and out of debt, it has the largest and most complete organ in the world. Two more elegant stone churches are now in process of erection in the same city.

President Warren, of Boston University, says respecting the order of Deaconesses in Germany and Switzerland, "that there are nearly one hundred deaconesses', homes in Frankport, Hamburg, Berlin, Zurich and St. Gall. In all the cities named the sisters are respected and loved, and are given free use of all the government and city railroads. A few weeks ago, at a fair given in the interest of the institution in Hamburg, a burgomeister publicly spoke in favour of the cause, and paid the deaconess affecting tributes of personal and popular esteem."

The hospital in Brooklyn, New York, is endowed with $90,000. Mrs. Havemayer recently gave $5,000 to endow a single bed.

This Church has in India, 86 foreign, 46 native and 28 zenana missionaries, 6,450 members, 3,523 probationers, and 10,180 Christians. This is missionary Bishop Thoburn's diocese.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

The Central Board of Missions held its annual meeting in London. From the regular sources of income there is a gratifying increase, but there is a decrease of over $10,000 in legacies, so that the net decrease was really $3,764,59. The Central Board felt that, in view of the state of the funds, they could not appropriate more than $210,482 for the ensuing year, which will leave a heavy deficiency for those labouring on Domestic Missions to bear.

Dr. Sutherland, Missionary Secretary, has just returned from Japan. He was greatly pleased with his visit, and had the pleasure to constitute the mission into a separate Conference, with the prospect that soon the Methodist Church of Japan will be constituted by the union of the three Methodist missions now in existence in that empire.

The Woman's Missionary Society has three hundred auxiliaries in the conferences, and an income of $23,-000. The report for the quarter ending September 15th, 1889, states that the income for the quarter was $9,802,53, being an increase of more than $5,685, which is certainly very gratifying.

During the year five ladies have been welcomed to the work in Japan, a new school has been opened in Kofu and in Tokyo. Art embroidery and painting have been introduced into the school, and a higher course of Japanese established. Twelve ladies are now labouring in Japan.

A French Methodist Institute has been established in Montreal. The cost was $40,000. An enthusiatic public meeting was held in connection with the opening, which was presided over by the Rev. Dr. Douglass.

Third jubilee of Methodism. Methodism was organized in 1739. The centenary was celebrated in 1839, when $1,080,000 was contributed by the English Methodists to the Centenary Fund. The Methodists in the United States contributed $600,000. The Centenary was also celebrated in Canada, and the proceeds applied to the Book Room and the Superannuation Fund. Dr. Ryckman, Dominion Church, Ottawa, in October last, reminded his people that one hundred and fifty years had rolled away since Methodism was inaugurated. There were some present who celebrated the Centenary of Methodism fifty years ago, who heard with pleasure of the progress of Methodism during the period of its existence. Fifty years ago there were some 15,000 members in Canada, to-day the membership of the Church in the Dominion is about 225,000, with a constituency of about 900,000, or about one-sixth of the Dominion. We believe that 1891 will be the Centenary of Methodism in Canada. The General Conference will probably make preparations for its celebration.

The Government offered a prize for the best conducted Indian day-school in the North-West Territories. It is pleasant to record that the Rev. E. B. Glass, B.A., missionary at Battle River, was the successful competitor, and won the prize of $50.

The fifth annual report of the Educational Society has just been published. It is full of interesting matter. There has been a rapid increase of income especially during the last three years. In 1875 the income was less than $8,000, now it is more than $19,000. It should amount to $30,000. Including the Ladies' Colleges, there are 2,109 students in attendance at the ten institutions of learning. Dr. Potts, the energetic Secretary, reports $108,112.72 received for federation, which includes $500.37 interest; the total subscribed by 3,575 persons is $264,519.65, which, of course, does not include Mr. Gooderham's noble subscription of $200,000.

It is said that when the firm of Eyre and Spottiswoode was established as the Bible Printing Company, that there were not more than 4,000,000 copies of the Bible extant, but now there are upwards of 200,000,000 copies in circulation throughout the world. Marvellous progress in 125 years.

A meeting was recently held in St. Matthew's Church, Halifax, to bid farewell to the five missionaries for Trinidad. Besides the pioneer missionaries, Rev. John Morton and Mrs. Morton, there were present Rev. F. J. Coffin and the Misses Archibald and Graham, all on their way to labour in the Presbyterian mission in Trinidad.

One of Archdeacon Farrar's daughters, the wife of the headmaster of a public school, has been preaching to large audiences in a rural district of the South of England.

RECENT DEATHS.

Rev. J. Kilner, D.D., for many years a Wesleyan Missionary in India, and then a member of the Secretariat in the Mission House, has been called home. He was on the superannuated list only a few months. He was greatly beloved by his colleagues and the missionaries.

The Bible Christian denomination in England has lost a valuable lay official in the death of Mr. Joseph Yeo, of Stonehouse. He was a man of great enterprise, and sustained the offices of steward, trustee, local preacher, and class-leader. His funeral was the largest ever seen in Stonehouse.

Mr. Joshua Rouse, a distinguished official in the Primitive Methodist Church has joined the Church triumphant. He was eighty-two years of age, and had been more than seventy years connected with the Church. He was a permanent member of the Conference, and was the oldest member in that assembly. Mr. Rouse gave attendance to reading, and was a man of varied attainments.

Book Notices.

The Development of English Literature and Language. By PROF. A. H. WELSH, A.M. 2 vols., crown 8vo, 1,100 pages. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price $4.00.

English literature is a subject so vast and so varied, that it may well be the despair of any one who, without wise guidance, shall attempt a comprehensive acquaintance with it. He will be apt to waste much time over the trivial and unworthy, and may miss altogether that which is best worth knowing. Even the widest reader must be eclectic in his tastes, and in the practice of a wise eclecticism, wise counsel is necessary. The work before us fulfils this function more fully than any that we know. Its classification is logical, its criticism is discriminating, its arrangement comprehensive and natural. The author has exhibited a wise compression where compression is necessary, and an equally wise expansion where that is advantageous. He gives copious citations and judicious connecting links, that enable the reader to comprehend the grounds of the praise or blame meted out. The book has much of the vivacity of Taine's sparkling volumes, and much of the philosophic insight of Hazlitt's thoughtful essays. A striking evidence of its standard character, is that the handsome volumes before us represent the ninth edition of this *magnum opus*. We will venture the assertion that the reader who will carefully study these volumes, and then read a few of the masterpieces to which they refer him, will have a more discriminative and correct appreciation of that complex thing, English literature, as a whole, and of its more essential parts than many a voracious book-worm who has devoured indiscriminately half a library. Prof. Welsh very justly regards English literature as a growth, as a develpment. He goes back to the very fountain head, to the pre-English ages, indicating the elements of the English nation, the controlling qualities of English civilization, showing the sources from which the speech and literature have been derived, and illustrating their development by appropriate and copious examples woven into the text of criticism.

Each pre-eminent or representative author is discussed under the classified heads of biography, writings, style, rank, character and influence.

Each of the periods into which the work is divided is introduced by a sketch of the features which distinguish it, and of the forces which shape it, including Politics, the State of Society, Religion, Learning, Language, Poetry, the Drama, the Novel, the Periodical History, Theology, Ethics, Science, Philosophy. Periods are recreated, the past is resuscitated. The actors are made to reveal themselves in their own words.

Our mentor does not merely talk *about* literature, he quotes typical examples, in which, as in a mirror, the student is taught to recognize the genius of the writer and the character of the period. To the multitudinous novelists and poetlings of the day he gives but scant measure; but the great masters, even of recent prose and verse, receive judicious characterization. We think, however, that Prof. Welsh's estimate of Browning, while probably that of current criticism, does not with sufficient emphasis herald the growing fame of this strongest and most original, even though by no means the smoothest, poet of the closing decades of the nineteenth century.

This masterly book has been put into a single volume, on thinner paper, at $3, an edition for university students; but for library use, the two-volume edition is well worth the additional cost.

Whither? A Theological Question for the Times. By CHARLES AUGUSTUS BRIGGS, D.D. 8vo, pp. xvi—303. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price $1.75.

This is a very noteworthy book. The distinguished position and scholarship of the author and the importance of the subject conspire to give it weight. It shows what remarkable departures have taken place from the old Westminster Confession, and that many of these departures have been less liberal and Scriptural than the venerable document itself. While the book on one side is polemical, on the other it is irenical, broad minded and catholic. It shows that Presbyterian theologians have hardened and sharpened the doctrines of the Confession by excessive definition in the field of Protestant polemics—that the "consensus" of Christendom is far greater than its "dissensus"—that even "the Roman Catholic Church and the Protestant Churches are agreed as to nine-tenths or more of the contents of Christianity"—that, we quote its very words, "those so-called Protestants who refuse to recognize the Roman Catholic Church as a true Church of Jesus Christ are guilty of heresy and schism." We wonder what Dr. Fulton would say to such catholicity as that.

"They are," says, Dr. Briggs. "our allies in the conflict with irreligion and atheism, and immorality, and heathenism, and are in agreement with Protestants as to the great essentials of Christianity." He quotes with approval the "wise words of John Wesley" on the future state, and claims that the doctrinal system of the Methodist Episcopal Church and the teachings of John Wesley have more in common with the Presbyterian Church than in opposition to it. He doubts whether it is practical or advisable at the present time to consolidate the Presbyterian and Methodist families, but claims that there might be a federation and alliance for union and co-operation in the general work of the Church of Christ.

These are not the hasty utterances of a rash and obscure man. They are the calm results of more than twenty years of study of one of the foremost professors of the leading Presbyterian Theological Seminary of the United States. The plan of a federal, as distinct from organic, union of Protestantism, is one suggested by Principal Grant in his recent sermon in the Metropolitan Church. May we not hope the time will come when all the now severed Churches of Christendom shall thus be joined in a holy alliance against the world, the flesh and the devil, and for the upbuilding of Christ's cause in the world.

Personally Conducted. By FRANK STOCKTON. Square 8vo, pp. 240. New York: Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $2.

The young people are to be congratulated who can enjoy the comprehensive tour described in this book under the genial guidance of the author of the "Rudder Grange," "The Lady, or the Tiger," etc. Few things are more educative and instructive than a judicious course of travel, and the next best thing to actual travel is to follow such a vivid and well illustrated account of travel on the great historic routes of Europe as is presented in Mr. Stockton's handsome volume. He takes us through Southern France, stopping at Avignon; and on through sunny Italy, with short visits to Genoa and Pisa, to the most interesting city in Europe—Rome. Then we proceed to Naples, Florence, and Venice; thence into Switzerland, up the Rigi, and on to Paris and London, through rural England, back to Holland and Germany, down the Rhine and through Belgium. The admirable engravings by Mr. Pennell Mr. Parsons and others greatly enhance the value of the book. Such fine cuts as the views on the Rhine, the Hotel de Ville, Brussels, the views in Paris, Wesminster Abbey, etc., are exquisite works of art. This

is an admirable present for any intelligent young person.

Mito Yashiki: A Tale of Old Japan. By ARTHUR COLLINS MACLAY, A.M., LL.B. Pp. 456. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: Williamson & Co.

We reviewed some time ago in this MAGAZINE Mr. Maclay's valuable "Budget of Letters from Japan." He was amply qualified for writing both these books by a prolonged residence in Japan, in the employ of the Japanese Government. In this volume much historical information and insight into the social, moral and religious condition of the Japanese is given in the form of a feudal romance, descriptive of the decline of the Shogunate and of the downfall of the power of one of the old feudal families. The marvellous changes which have taken place in Japan in the few years which have elapsed since the light of western civilization has broken on its shores lend themselves easily to the dramatic, and in part tragic, plot of such a tale as this. Mr. Maclay, who is himself the son of a Methodist missionary in Japan, is in keen sympathy with the progress of Christianity, and gives a striking picture of the manner in which the true Light of the World is illuminating the ancient "kingdom of the rising sun." His book is in this respect a striking contrast to the caricature of Christianity which recently ran its course as a serial through a popular magazine.

The Dawn of History: An Introduction to Pre-Historic Study. Edited by C. F. KEARY, M.A., F.S.A. Pp. 367. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.25.

The origin of civilizations, of institutions, of languages, has become the subject of profound and thorough investigation. A copious literature on this theme has sprung up, which few except specialists can be expected to master. The object of this book is to put the general reader in possession of the results of these studies—to give a *resumé* of the most recent additions which science has made to the sum of knowledge, and to explain the method or mechanism of the science by which these results are reached. The growing interest in the subject is shown by the fact that this is the second and enlarged edition of this treatise. It treats in a lucid and interesting way the first traces of man, the palæolithic and neolithic stone ages, the bronze and iron ages. Much of this fails to carry conviction to our mind. We believe that in many cases these different "ages," so-called, were contemporaneous, as they now are among the Eskimo; that there were frequent relapses into barbarism, as Schleimann has shown that there were by the different superimposed "horizons" of various ages on the site of Troy. Of greater value, we think, are the chapters on the growth of language, and the evidence it affords of the origin of nations, early social life, village communities, early religions, etc. The mythologies, folk-lore, religious superstitions, etc., of primitive races are also picture-writing, growth of phonetics, etc., are also adduced as illustrating this important subject.

Foreign Missions: Their Place in the Pastorate, in Prayer, in Conference. Ten Lectures. By AUGUSTUS C. THOMPSON. Pp. 469. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price $1.50.

We had the pleasure, some years ago, of reviewing in this MAGAZINE Dr. Thompson's admirable work on "Moravian Missions." The present volume is every way worthy of the distinguished reputation the author has won for thought and study on missionary themes. It is significant of the growing recognition of this important subject that a foreign missionary lectureship has been established at the Theological Seminary of Yale College. Of that lectureship this volume is the outcome. It is a book to awaken from lethargy and to kindle enthusiasm. It discusses with intense earnestness the true sphere of the ministry, the missionary obli-

gation, methods of increasing interest in missions, such as missionary concerts or prayer-meetings, with the diffusion of information by means of intelligence from the high places of the field, the use of missionary maps, and by what it calls missionary conferences or conventions, for hearing from active missionary workers and catching the inspiration of their enthusiasm, such as the Mildmay Conference of 1878 and the much larger one of 1888. The book will be found very helpful and inspiring to all missionary workers, both at home and abroad.

The Gospel in the Book of Numbers. By the REV. LEWIS R. DUNN, D.D. New York: Hunt & Eaton; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price $1.00.

This book has a very striking title. It is one which conveys a great truth which is amply illustrated in the volume. In the institution of the Passover, in the ceremonial rites and sacrifices, in the tabernacle service, in the manifold purifyings and washings, the great truths of redemption and regeneration are clearly set forth.

The Credentials of the Gospel: A Statement of the Reason of the Christian Hope. Being the Fernley Lecture for 1889. By JOSEPH AGAR BEET. London: Wesleyan Methodist Book Room.. Price, cloth, 90c.; paper, 50c. 199 pages.

The Fernley Lectureship has already called forth a very fine body of divinity. None of these lectures, we think, surpass in value this admirable contribution by the distinguished Wesleyan commentator on the Epistles to the Romans, Corinthians and Galatians. The learned author discusses first the internal evidence of the Gospels, then the evidence of the material world. He shows by the testimony of Huxley and Tyndall, supported by Wallace, that Haekel's theory of abiogenesis, or the spontaneous origin of life, is utterly unscientific. From a study of comparative theology, our author shows the infinite superiority of Christianity to other religions. The evidence of the early Christian documents and of historical testimony is fully examined. The section dealing with objections to Christianity is a masterly one, and the result is reached of a triumphant vindication of the credentials of the Gospels.

Sermons, Addresses and Charges. By the REV. JOSEPH BUSH. Pp. 264. London: Wesleyan Methodist Book Room.

Mr. Bush was the honoured President of the Wesleyan Conference in 1888. He has gathered in this volume a number of public and official utterances during his term of office. The counsels to Christian workers, the charge to ministers and circuits, the address on missions, have all permanent value. A fine steel portrait embellishes the book.

The Christmas Globe, *Globe* Publishing Company, Toronto, and all Booksellers. Price 50 cents.

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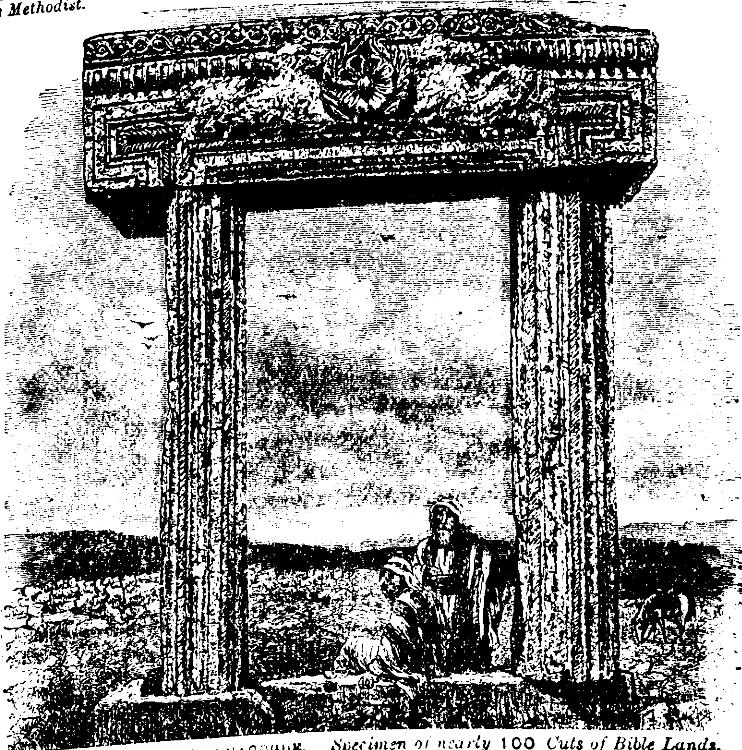

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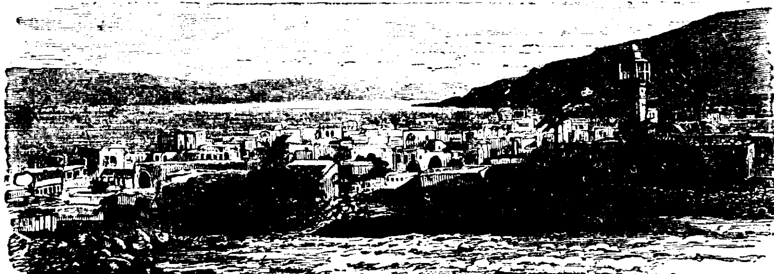

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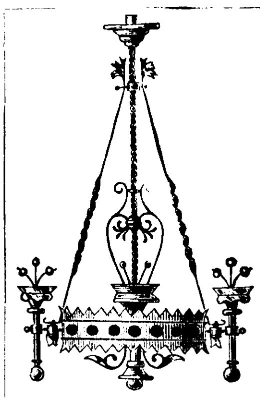

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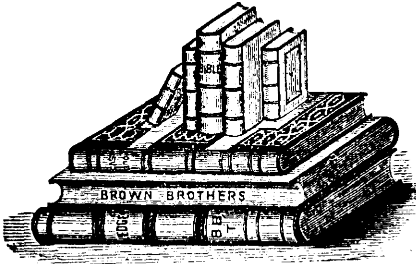

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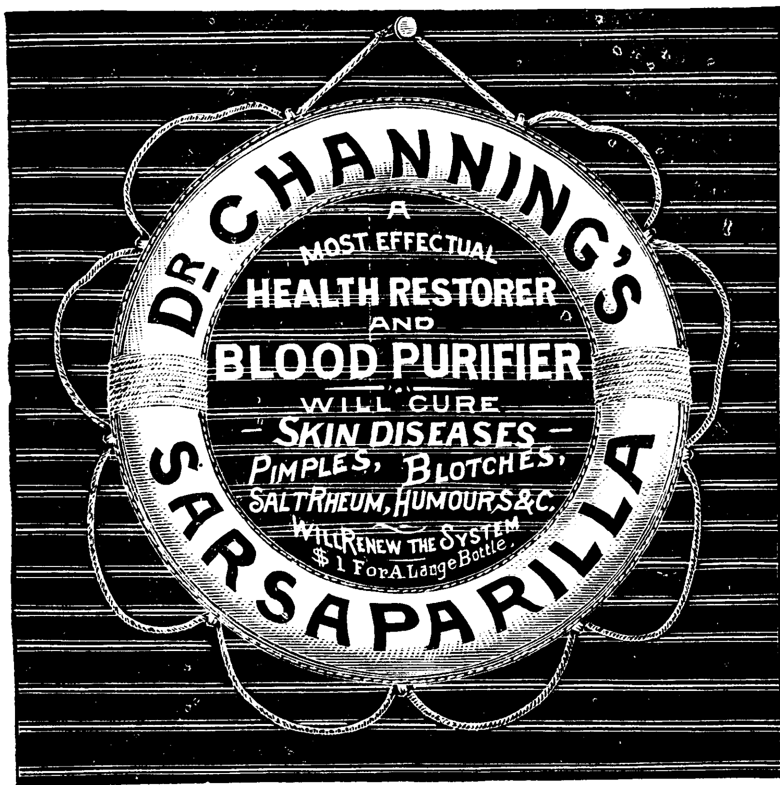

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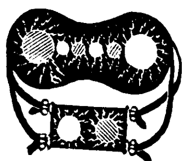

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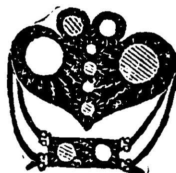

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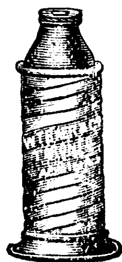

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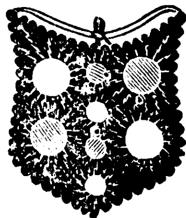

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Factory: 89 TO 97 BELLWOODS AVENUE

TORONTO

Warerooms: MONTREAL: 2344 St. Catharine St. TORONTO: 107 & 109 Church St. OTTAWA: 68 Bank Street.