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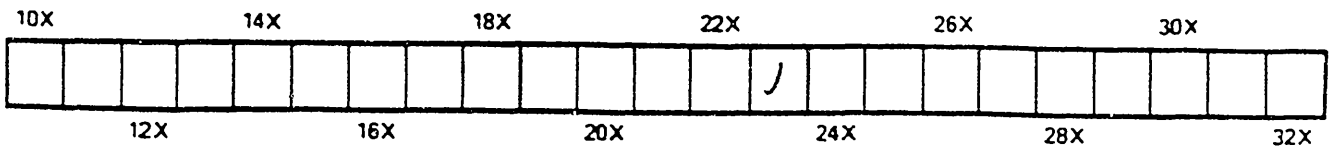

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W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor

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☞ *For Contents see last advertisement page facing cover.*

BALLAD OF THE TWO MARYS.

BY REV. ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

AWAKE! it is near the dawning!
I have heard the cock's shrill cry,
And the stars their golden grains dissolve
In the cup of the azure sky!
Awake, my sister, and come with me!
From your tear-wet pillow arise;
Take spices to sweeten the chamber of death,
And the couch where our Master lies:
Then come away while the skies are gray,
And the bird of dawn upflies.

In vain she idly weepeth
Whose joys like manna decay,
And the star of whose hope hath waned and paled
In the dawning's bath of gray.
The purest and dearest of earth lies dead,
Who God-like spake and wrought;
The Master hath gone the way that He said,—
But a woman's love dies not;
His image we'll cherish till memory perish—
He never can be forgot.

Oh, He was fair of the fairest!
The loveliest soul was He!
What is the rose that in Sharon blows,
Or the lily upon the lea:
Or what is the sheen of the morning star,
In the morning's fragrant breath,
When He who loved us has gone afar?—
They have done my Lord to death!
The blood of my slain Lamb flows amain,
My hurt Dove quivereth!

How snowy the walls of yon temple,
Whose flowers the dawn makes gold!
But whiter and fairer that bruised shrine
That lieth so lone and cold;
And sweet is the garden's odorous round,
With its thousand flowers in bloom:
But sweeter His breath, ere He went to His death,
Who lieth in yonder tomb.
But did He not say that, ere break of day,
He should sunder its frosty gloom?

O sister, what awful music—
What trembling of sky and ground!
The heavens and the earth might have passed away
In that depth of thund'rous sound.
O sister! what lustre, surpassing far
The sun's meridian ray!
A vision rare! sits an angel there,
Where the stone is rolled away!
What splendour and grace! O'er his dazzling face
The vivid lightnings play!

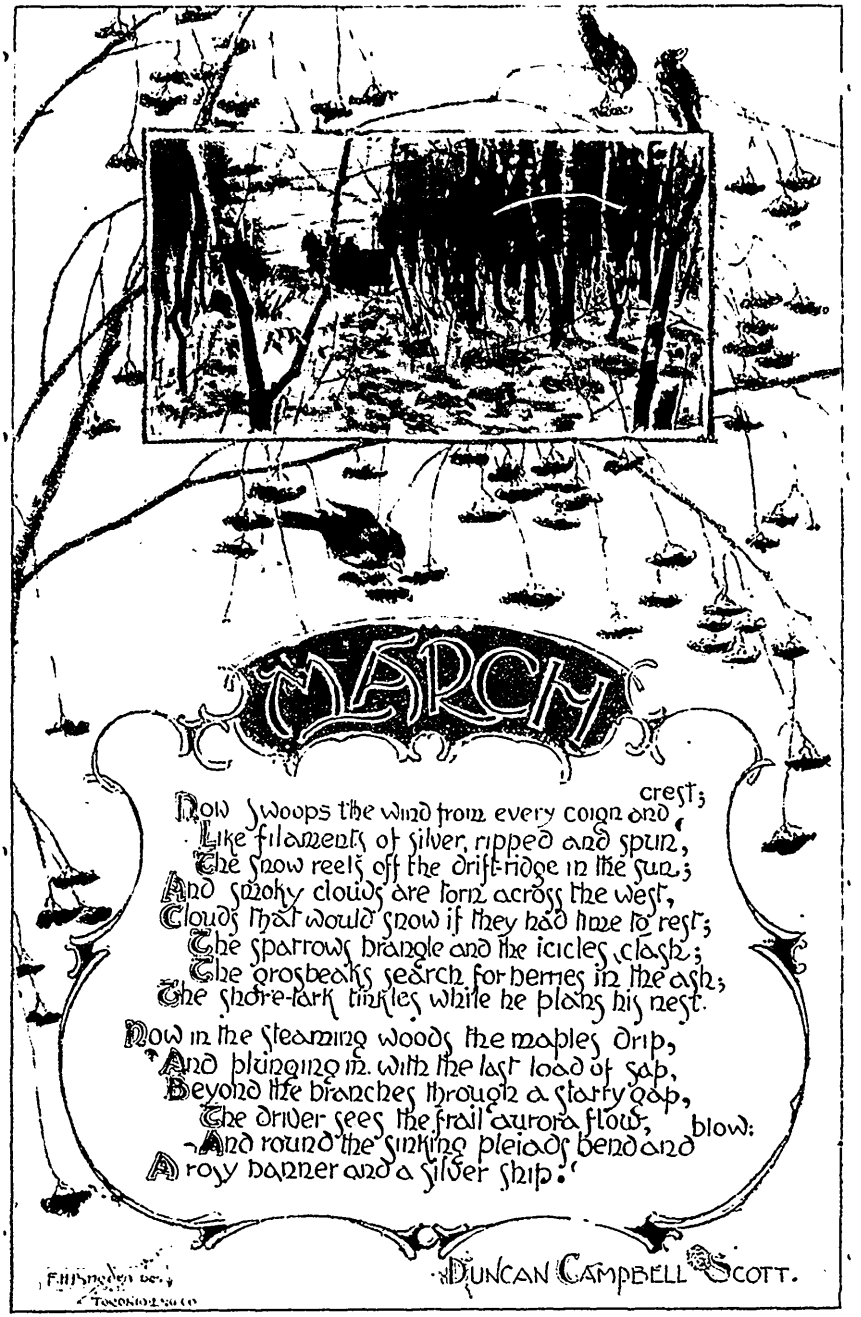
And see you not, dear sister,
Where his snow-white robe is spread,
The Roman guard, with their swords and spears,
Are fallen down as dead?
Like a conquering king in his majesty
He calmly sits to say:
"Ye women who loved Him, approach and see
Where once your Master lay.
Lo! He is risen, His empty prison
Lies open to the day!"

. . . . . .

O joy! art *Thou* the Master?
Thou speak'st who came to save!
I deemed Thee but the keeper of
This garden and this grave.
"Mary!" Thou say'st. . . . Haste, sister, haste!
The blissful word proclaim!
The tomb He breaks, and thereby makes
The Cross a glorious shame!
Such wondrous love the earth shall prove,
Such power shall heaven acclaim!

O Prince of Peace! my Saviour!
O glorious Morning Star!
The gates of hope to our lost race
Thy rising shall unbar.
The alien hosts shall press to kiss
Thy flowing vesture's hem,
Whose royal dress is righteousness
And love Thy diadem!
Thy chant we'll raise, 'mid endless days,
Monarch of Bethlehem!

Zion's Herald.



MARCH

Now swoops the wind from every cairn and crest;
Like filaments of silver, ripped and spun,
The snow reels off the drift-ridge in the sun;
And smoky clouds are torn across the west,
Clouds that would snow if they had time to rest;
The sparrows brangle and the icicles clash;
The grosbeaks search for berries in the ash;
The shore-lark tinkles while he plans his nest.

Now in the steaming woods the maples drip,
And plunging in with the last load of sap,
Beyond the branches through a starry gap,
The driver sees the frail aurora flow,
And round the sinking pleiads bend and blow:
A rosy banner and a silver ship!

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.

F. H. Ingalls del.
Toronto Type Co.

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IN AND AROUND THE GRAND CANYON.*

BY THE EDITOR.

THE Grand Canyon of the Colorado in Arizona is one of the few great phenomena of nature that comes up to its reputation. We have crossed the sublimest passes of the Alps and the Apennines, of the Balkans and the Lebanons, of the Cascades and the Rockies; we have gazed awe-stricken on the wonders of the Yosemite and the Yellowstone, but never have we witnessed aught so stupendous, so overwhelming as the vast chasm worn in countless ages through the painted desert of Arizona by the Colorado River.

The best book on the Grand Canyon is that of George Wharton James, who for many years has made it the subject of special study and exploration. He records his stirring adventures and describes the various trails. The book was in large part written amid the very scenes which he describes, which gives it a verisimilitude which it could not otherwise possess. It is sumptuously illustrated with one hundred exquisite half-tone pictures.

"SHINUMO ALTAR."

The first adequate exploration of the Colorado Canyon was made by Major J. W. Powell, of the United States Army. His exploring party exhibited the greatest intrepidity in facing the unknown perils of this mysterious river, with its tremendous cataracts rushing like a millrace between perpendicular walls. Their boats were overturned, some of them wrecked, and three of their party lost.

The series of tremendous chasms which form the channel of the Colorado River in its course through Northern Arizona reach their cul-

*"In and Around the Grand Canyon." The Grand Canyon of the Colorado River in Arizona. By George Wharton James. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xxiv-346. Price, $3.00.

The Grand Canyon of Arizona is reached by rail only by way of the Santa Fe route. No other railway approaches it within hundreds of miles. A branch railway runs from Williams sixty-seven miles to the rim of the Canyon.

We are indebted to the courtesy of the publishers for the use of the admirable half-tone engravings which accompany this article.—ED.

mination in a chaotic gorge two hundred and seventeen miles long, from nine to thirteen miles wide, and, midway, more than six thousand six hundred feet below the level of the plateau.

"The singularity of the formation," says Mr. James, "is such that one does not discover the existence of this vast waterway until he is on its very brink. Hence the tremendous and startling surprise that awaits every visitor. The Canyon springs upon him with the leap of a panther, and, suggesting a deserted world, yawns at his feet before he is aware that he is within miles of it. It overwhelms him by its suddenness, and renders him speechless with its grandeur and magnificence."

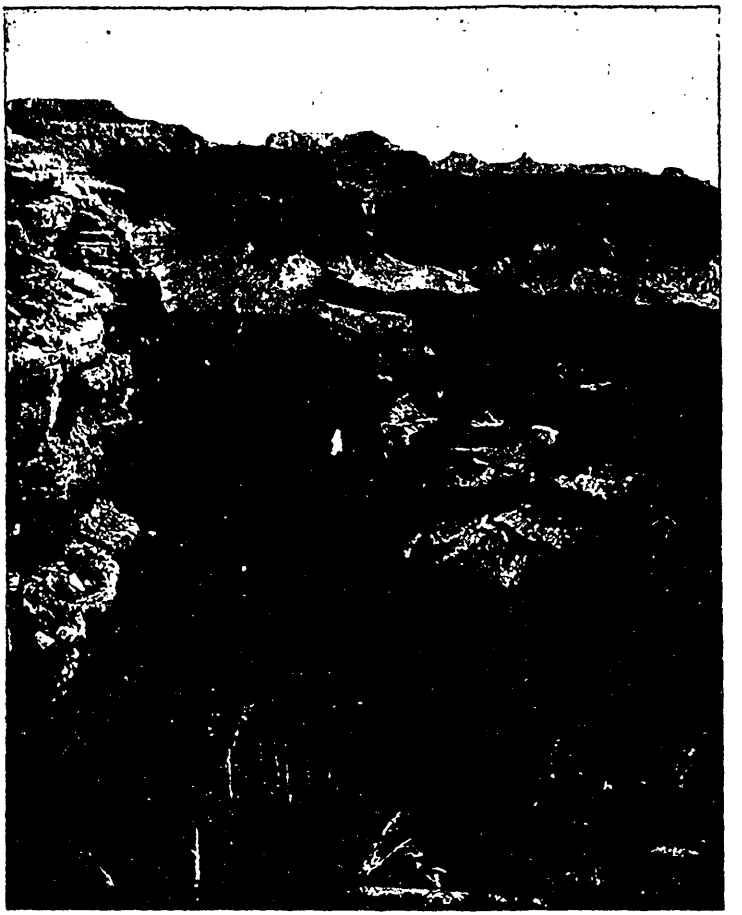
Charles Dudley Warner thus gives his impressions of this tremendous chasm:

"The scene is one to strike the beholder dumb with awe. All that we could comprehend was a vast confusion of amphitheatres and strange architectural forms resplendent with colour. The vastness of the view amazed us quite as much as its transcendent beauty.

"We had expected a canyon—two lines of perpendicular walls 6,000 feet high, with the ribbon of a river at the bottom, but the reader may dismiss all his notions of a canyon, indeed of any sort of mountain or gorge scenery with which he is familiar. We looked up and down from twenty to thirty miles. This great space is filled with gigantic architectural constructions, with amphitheatres, gorges, precipices, walls of masonry, fortresses ter-

LOOKING DOWN TRAIL CANYON.

raced up to the level of the eye—temples, mountain size, all bright with horizontal lines of colour—streaks of solid hues a few feet in width, streaks a thousand feet in width, yellows, mingled with white and gray, orange, dull red, brown, blue, carmine, green, all blending in the sunlight into one transcendent suffusion of splendour. Afar off we saw the river in two places, a mere thread, as motionless and smooth as a strip of mirror, only we knew it was a turbid, boiling torrent, six thousand feet below us."



TEMPLES AND BUTTES TO THE EAST OF THE GRAND SCENIC DIVIDE.

Harrison Gray Otis writes: "Suddenly the awful majesty of the Grand Canyon is revealed to the startled vision. There lies the mighty red rift in the earth, the most stupendous gorge within the knowledge of man. The mind is spellbound by the spectacle; the voice is silent; the heart is subdued; the soul turns in profound reverence to the Almighty, whose handiwork is here seen on a colossal scale." To see visitors burst into tears and in a tremble of ecstatic fear is a common sight.

It is the theory of geologists that 10,000 feet of strata have been swept by erosion from the surface of this entire platform, whose present uppermost formation is the Carboniferous. The climax in this extraordinary example of erosion is, of course, the chasm of the Grand Canyon proper, which, were the missing strata restored to the adjacent plateau, would be 16,000 feet deep. The layman is apt to stigmatize such an assertion as a vagary of theorists, and until the argument has been heard it does seem incredible that water should have carved such a trough in solid rock. It is easier for the imagination to conceive it as a work of violence, a

sudden rending of earth's crust in some huge volcanic fury; but it appears to be true that the whole region was repeatedly lifted and submerged, both under the ocean and under a fresh-water sea, and that during the period of the last upheaval the river cut its gorge. Existing as the drainage system of a vast territory, it had the right of way, and as the plateau deliberately rose before the pressure of the internal forces, slowly, as grind the mills of the gods, through a period

SHIELDS AND PICTOGRAPHS ON WALLS OF HAVASU CANYON.

to be measured by thousands of centuries, the river kept its bed worn down to the level of erosion; sawed its channel free, as the saw cuts the log that is thrust against it. Tributaries, traceable now only by dry lateral gorges, and the gradual but no less effective process of weathering, did the rest.

The most striking experience of a visit to the Grand Canyon is a descent into its depths. Sure-footed horses or mules are provided, and as one approaches the rim the walls of the abyss seem almost perpendicular; one can scarce imagine that a catamount could clamber down their steep declivity. But as we venture, a well-worn trail discloses itself, following a narrow ledge on the face of the cliff and winding in endless ziz-zags to its foot. In places this trail is so precipitous that one must dismount and scramble down on hands and feet, the sure-footed mule picking its way behind. Where the trail makes a sharp bend at the point of the zig-zags, it makes one's heart come into his throat as the animal's head projects far over the cliff, and a single slip would send one down for hundreds of feet.

More awe-inspiring even than the gulf below are the stupendous cliffs that rise on either side in vast walls and bastions that climb into the very sky. Far down in the valley runs a trickling stream meandering through what seems to be a growth of low bushes, but which resolve themselves into tall willows, beneath which our horses seek shelter from the heat. After a four-mile

ride we come to the edge of the almost perpendicular canyon in which, 1,200 feet below the eye, rave and chafe the angry waters of the Colorado. Here our party partake their frugal lunch, make a number of kodak pictures, and then ride wearily back in the afternoon sun, whose heat is reflected from the canyon walls like that of a furnace. In a side canyon "rude representations of the Great Serpent, various shields, hands, antelopes, and men are depicted, all of which are held in great reverence by the Havasupais Indians." The disintegration of the rocks through countless ages has left some extraordinary columns, peaks, and grotesque monuments, of which we present a few examples.

SEAL-HEAD ROCK, NEAR MYSTIC SPRING.

Mr. James gives a thrilling account of a belated trip over the trail after nightfall with his daughter and a Chicago lady. One of the horses fell, stampeding the others, and they had to grope their way in the dark for two miles along the perilous trail.

Our author devotes a chapter to the religious impressions made by this stupendous scenery, from which we quote as follows: "One man, an avowed agnostic, as he stood and gazed upon the vast amphitheatre of sixty-five miles' sweep which is opened up to the gaze at Havasupai Point, turned to me and said: 'What a place. Here is surely where the Almighty will hold the Judgment Day!'"

In few places can the lapse of untold ages be more vividly realized. The twilight of eld has become darkness when we gaze upon the Pyramids of Egypt, yet God had sculptured the many and wondrous architectural forms of this Grand Canyon centuries before Cheops was born, or the dynasty of the Shepherd Kings had gone. Millions of ages have undoubtedly elapsed since the deep foundations of the Canyon were laid. "The mind reels and whirls and grows dizzy in a vain attempt to comprehend the magnitude of such periods of time, and when reason can assert itself it is to feel the truth of the Hebrew Apostle's words: 'One day is with the Lord as a thousand

years, a thousand years as one day.'"

Who can gaze upon this weird and wondrous beauty and not feel that God must love beauty for its own sake? We feel instinctively that the Almighty God made this glorious grandeur centuries of centuries before man ever could see it, in order that He, personally, might enjoy its beauty. Just as the garments of Aaron the priest were to be made "for glory and for beauty," so do I think this great Canyon was made as a revelation to man that God loves to make things solely for glory and beauty.

Then its solitude! Ah, who but those who know and love the solitude that shuts out the fever of life, the fretful nervousness that contact with man produces; the rush of busy streets; the cold-heartedness, selfishness, indifference and apathy to others' woes that one must see in great population centres—who but he can tell the delight of this gracious, healing, restful solitude, where, however, one is never alone? For there is an abiding sense of the brooding presence of the Almighty, all-powerful, all-loving, all-merciful, that soothes and hushes and quiets the distressed and wounded soul, so that a normal equilibrium is gained and strength restored to return to one's place, manfully to fight one's true battles with the world, the flesh, and the devil. To me this Canyon is the Holy of Holies, the Inner Temple, where each man may be his own High Priest, open the sacred veil, and stand face to face with the Divine. And he who can thus "talk with God" may not show it to his fellows, but he knows within himself the new power, calmness, and equanimity which he has gained, and he returns to life's struggles thankful for his glimpses of the Divine.

EASTERN END OF MOUNT OBSERVATION.

And yet what words can tell how utterly insignificant man must feel himself to be when he finds himself in the depths of this Great Gorge,

solitary and alone, and finds not this Divine presence! He may be a king on his throne, a despotic ruler in his office, a monarch in his store, a tyrant in his workshop, but here he is so dwarfed, made so small, if he have any soul at all, he is humbled and made reverent at this marvellous manifestation of superior power, might, and greatness.

"Few are the spots so deathly still,
So wrapt in deep eternal gloom;
No sound is heard of sylvan rill,
A voiceless silence seems to fill
The air around this rocky tomb."

THE BIRDS OF THE CROSS.

BY PASTOR FELIX.

While in His agony the Saviour hung,
Three wandering birds alighted on His cross,
"*Styrk ham! Styrk ham!*" the foremost cried,
"Strengthen our Saviour in this crushing woe."
It was the Stork; and ever since that hour
Of strength and blessing hath that bird been named.

Then cried the second, circling in distress,—
"*Sval ham! Sval ham! Sval ham!*" Yet again
"Refresh Him! 'Tis our suffering Saviour dear!
Behold Him dying!" 'Twas the Swallow spake:
And ever since that hour the sons of men
Look on the Swallow with a loving eye.

The Turtle-dove came fluttering when she saw
Our suffering Lord's distress, and softly cried:
"Kyrie! Oh Kyrie! Oh, my dying Lord!"
And dear the Turtle-dove is to our heart.
The Crossbill came and made a loud lament,
Twisting his beak to pluck the nails away;
And well that bird for ever shall loved.

Then darkly swept, upon ill-omen'd wing,
One crying,—"*Puen ham! Puen ham!*" harsh and long;
"Punish and torture Him, who hangs accursed!
That Arch-deceiver bleeding on the tree!"
Then off he flew; and ever since that hour,
The Lapwing flies, a crying, evil bird,
Low over earth upon a halting wing.

Be comforted, ye sympathetic souls,
Who to the pained your consolation bring,
And to the hurt your healing! Joy to you,
Ye cheerful souls, who scatter wide your cheer
Ye pitying ones, be pitied in your woe;
Ye loving ones, be loved;—for ever dear
The generous spirit is to errant man.

But woe to you, bird of the doleful cry!
And woe to you, scornful and saturnine,
Vindictive and incriminative soul,
Who makest thyself Judge, and criest blame!
For thou art loved by neither God nor Man,
Nor findest mercy where thou hast not shown.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET AT DUXHURST.*

BY SARAH A. TOOLEY.

RESTORING WOMAN'S IDEAL.

IN this age of social reform people talk glibly enough about placing lofty ideals before the people, but comparatively little is said with regard to the restoration of lost ideals. The sacred words, "God created man in His own image," point to a divine germ in every human being, however obscured by sin and misery, and the true remedial work seeks to summon back the loftier instincts which self-indulgence has all but obliterated. This is the spirit which pre-eminently distinguishes Lady Henry Somerset's work for the reclamation of inebriate women at the Duxhurst Village Colony. Those who have fallen so low through drink as apparently to have lost even the maternal instinct, learn again the sweet lessons of motherhood as they listen to the prattle of children in the Bird's Nest, and feel baby arms again clinging to their necks; while women whose evil habits had deadened them to the little pleasures of feminine life, find in the peaceful cottage homes of the colony a reawakening of domestic interest. One cannot better describe Duxhurst Village than as a settlement for the restoration of woman's ideals.

A drive of four miles through typical English rural scenery—luxuriant hedgerows, cornfields and green pastures—leads from Reigate Priory, the fair ancestral home of Lady Henry Somerset, to the industrial village of Duxhurst, which she founded in 1895 for the treatment of inebriate women. It is beautifully situated on a green plateau amid the Surrey hills. A stranger is scarcely prepared for the extreme picturesqueness of the village; of course something "model" is expected, but some-

* Lady Henry Somerset is one of the most conspicuous illustrations of the truth that

"Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

One of her ancestors, Lord Somers, was Chancellor of the Exchequer in the reign of William III., and was mainly instrumental in securing the Protestant succession. Her great-grandmother was maid of honour to Marie Antoinette, her sister is the Duchess of Bedford, and her only child the prospective heir to the great dukedom of Beaufort, descending in a direct line from the Plantagenets.

Lady Somerset's principal residence is at Eastnor Castle, one of the finest show places in England, said to be outranked only by Warwick and Chatsworth. Twenty-five thousand acres of land belonging to her surround this grand ancestral home. One hundred and twenty-five thousand people live on her property in the city of London, and she owns the town of Reigate, where she has another beautiful residence, besides a third in London.

Although confirmed in the Church of England when a child, she says that her deepest sympathies are with the White Ribbon movement, the Methodist Church, and the Salvation Army.

She holds evangelistic meetings among the miners and in the slums of London. To her home at Eastnor Castle she invites the poor of the great city one hundred miles away, entertaining not infrequently in her beautiful park seven thousand of them at a time.

She goes a great deal among her tenantry, and if her generosity toward them were recorded, the help she gives them and their young people in getting started in life, the book would be one of golden deeds. "Lady Henry Somerset is a whole fresh-air mission in herself," was the verdict of one whom she had helped. The accompanying account from the *Sunday Strand*, one of her latest philanthropies, will be read with interest.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET.

how the latter adjective, like the word "reformatory," has an unpleasant suggestiveness of a barrack-like building, the very monotony and ugliness of which almost makes one long to be wicked. But those rustic thatched cottages, reposing peacefully in old English style around a village green, suggest a softening and refining influence. A woman could scarcely pass one of those cottages without wanting to enter and set the kettle on the fire. Each cottage contains from six to ten inhabitants, and a Nurse Sister to superintend the family.

Opposite the Green stands the village church, a charming little sanctuary, simple yet artistic, where each Sunday gathers a unique congregation composed of women of every class—from the lady of gentle birth to her poorer sister — each valiantly striving against the besetting sin. There are, too, rows of eager-faced children, from crowded courts and alleys, many of whom are listening to the Gospel message for the first time. It is pathetic to see the intense earnestness of the worshippers, and to hear the singing of a choir composed of women over

whom the drink curse until recently held its fatal spell. In the interior of the church I noticed a little tablet inscribed with the words, "At evening-time it shall be light." This was erected, I subsequently learned, to the memory of a woman who died shortly after leaving Duxhurst, and her story will give an idea of some of the desperate cases which yield to the gentle and rational treatment there given. "She came to us," said Lady Henry, "with the reputation of being one of the most unmanageable women in Holloway Gaol. She had been imprisoned nearly 300 times for drunkenness, but so far from its effecting the slightest reformation, the police had given her up as absolutely incorrigible. We found, however, that she was submissive and affectionate when sober, and determined to try what Duxhurst would do for her. She remained a year, and was at the end of that time quite reformed; but past habits and constant imprisonment had sown the germs of a fatal disease, and she died six months after leaving us. It was nevertheless cheering to know that in spite of severe bodily suffering, she remained sober to the last, and one feels that to that poor soul the Light did come at evening time."

Pursuing my way round the little colony, I wandered from the church to the sunlit meadow, where stands the "Bird's Nest," the pretty name which Lady Henry has given to the children's holiday home. Throughout the summer batches of poor children are received to enjoy the fresh air and sunshine, and be taught—for, unhappily, they have still to learn—the innocent games of childhood. And how pretty the children looked, the girls in their quaint blue frocks, and the boys in scarlet blouses and knickerbockers, running about the meadows, or sitting in open-mouthed wonder on the railings around the cow-shed at milking-time. "Guess I never knowed where the milk comed from afore," said one young arab as he viewed the operation. "Why don't you allus keep us 'ere?" he continued, as the peacefulness of the scene awoke his better nature. "Sure as I go 'ome, I'll be bad again," and he heaved a dismal sigh at what he deemed the inevitable outcome of a return to slum life.

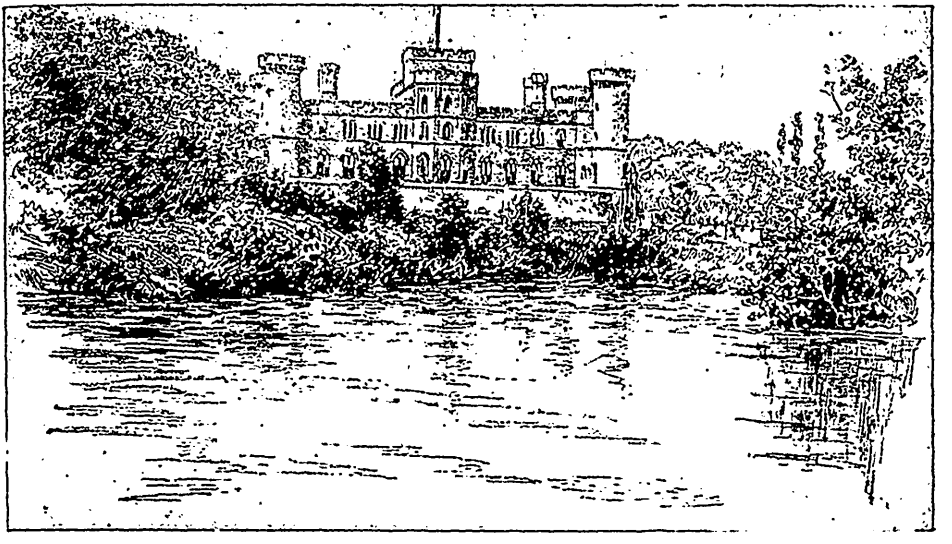
Sister Kathleen, the lady in charge of the children, had many stories to tell of the wonderment of first arrivals, many of whom had never slept in a bed before. "My! Jack," said one boy, as he stretched his limbs in a clean little cot all to himself, "ain't this a bloomin' beanfeast? what makes 'em give us these 'ere beds?"

"I suppose they have a rooted objection to the daily bath," I queried.

"There is, sometimes, a little difficulty at first," was the Sister's reply; but when once they have tried it the trouble is to prevail upon the boys to come out of the bath. Some are much astonished at the sight of the water, and one little girl when she saw it, said: 'What is this great lot of water, is it the big sea?'"

A great point is made at the Nest of teaching the children pretty games, such as All Round the Mulberry Bush, Keeping School, and Boiling the Kettle, for if left to themselves they invariably play at going to fetch father and mother home at closing time, and every tree serves for an imaginary public-house. A very touching incident occurred a little time ago which will serve to show how the minds of even the tiniest children are full of the sad scenes witnessed in the homes of drunken parents.

One afternoon, when Lady Henry was staying at her cottage at Duxhurst, Sister Kathleen, who



EASTNOR CASTLE, THE HOME OF LADY SOMERSET.

arranges the children's holidays at the Nest, came to her saying, "Do come and look at our baby!" the name of endearment bestowed on the youngest inmate. Lady Henry at once accompanied the Sister, thinking that something was wrong with the little one; but when she entered the room where the children were playing she saw, to her grief and horror, a sweet little girl of four years old staggering and reeling about, as between well-simulated acts of intoxication she lisped, "I's doing mother drunk;" while around her were a group of other children applauding the all too life-like acting. Two of the women patients who worked at the Nest were in tears. The child's words had spoken more loudly than any homily on their former life could possibly have done.

But I must not linger longer at the Nest, for there are many other phases of this ideal village life to be seen ere I reach Lady Henry's Cottage, my final destination. Occupation is the keynote of the remedial treatment at Duxhurst. Go where you may about the colony busy workers are encountered. Women in cool cotton dresses and sun-bonnets, weeding or hoeing the flower borders, and mowing the lawns; others gathering fruit and vegetables for market, tending the forcing frames, or the tomatoes in the glass-houses; and the faces which smile from underneath the bonnets look happy and peaceful, if a little pathetic, for the lost ideal of their womanhood is coming back to them, fanned into life by the summer breezes, stirred by the singing of birds and the humming of bees, and fortified by the presence of little children.

And so I pass on to take a peep at the workroom, where in winter the women find interesting indoor occupation in weaving fancy linen and woollen goods, under the superintendence of Miss Wadge, and also in doing knitting and fancy needlework. Some really artistic work has been done during the past year, and the patients are pleased to sell their work to visitors and to execute orders, as it enables them to do a little towards the maintenance of an institution

which has saved them from an abyss of misery. A little removed from the cluster of cosy cottages is the Hospital, with its comfortable cots, which happily are empty. The health-rate at Duxhurst is a very high one, as testified by the medical officer, Dr. A. R. Walters. Far up the road from the village, standing in charming and perfect seclusion in its own grounds, is a House, where patients who pay higher fees find the comforts of a refined home.

And now, as the setting sun of this glorious spring afternoon is bathing the picturesque settlement in its glory, Sister Eleanor, who has charge of the entire settlement, conducts me through the little white wicket gate and up the old-fashioned red-tiled path to the one-story rustic thatched cottage which the founder of this beneficent work has had built for her special use. Under the rustic porch, with its quaint lantern swinging from the roof, stands Lady Henry Somerset herself, in the white cap and nurse's dress and apron, the uniform of the staff, which she wears when staying at Duxhurst.

"As I can no longer bear the strain of so much public speaking," said Lady Henry, as she welcomed me to her cosy cottage, "it is a great pleasure to come here and do a little towards brightening the lives of the patients." We passed into the chief apartment of the cottage, a long, low room, with ceiling of beamed oak, which extends the full length of the cottage. Over the high mantelpiece is a representation of the crucified Saviour, an ever-present reminder of the sacrifice of redeeming love.

As the conversation turned upon the object of my visit, I expressed surprise at hearing the inmates of the colony invariably spoken of as "patients." At first, indeed, I thought that reference was being made to those in hospital, until I found that building empty.

"But we regard inebriety as a disease," was Lady Henry's explanation, "and we consider that the women come here for special treatment. It cannot be too often reiterated that the penal system of sending inebriates to prison is worse than useless, for it renders the offenders hard and callous, and saps every vestige of self-respect which may be left. Women have been sent to prison as many as two or three hundred times for being drunk and disorderly, and so far from being cured have gone from bad to worse. A woman sent to prison for ten days or a fortnight is released just at the time when the deadly craving is at its height, and of course falls a victim to the first temptation. The utter futility of the penal punishment is evidenced daily in the police courts; only recently I heard of a poor woman in Liverpool who had been convicted three hundred and fifty times. This kind of treatment is irrational and unscientific. However, things are beginning to move in the right direction, and it is a matter of deep thankfulness that an Act has now come into operation by which criminal habitual drunkards may be placed in reformatories instead of being sent to prison. We have two cottages at Duxhurst licensed by the County Council and kept for police-court cases, of which we have twenty-two."

"Then you have been able to try your treatment on the worst possible cases, Lady Henry?"

"Yes, and with a fair amount of success. These women are most difficult to deal with, as you can imagine, much more so than those who come to us voluntarily, or are placed here by their friends. Perhaps sufficient time has not yet elapsed for us to make statements

regarding the police-court cases, but many amendments in the way of classification will have to be made before the present Act is practically useful."

"Taking the patients generally into consideration, what proportion of those received at Duxhurst have been cured?"

"Fully half," replied Lady Henry; "and this percentage is obtained after deducting those found to be insane or otherwise unfit for treatment, and women who did not stay the full twelve months, which we consider the least time that a patient should remain. The wounds of the soul, and the damage done to the body by years of inebriety, take time to heal, and the weakened will must be strengthened. But the best testimony to the good of the treatment comes from the patients themselves; many who have left us have been instrumental in sending others. A very touching case of this kind occurred a little time back. One Sunday morning a girl who had left Duxhurst for domestic service came to the church door during service and beckoned Sister Eleanor out. 'Oh, Sister,' she said, 'I have closed up the house, sent the little boy to school, and have brought my poor mistress to you, for if anything can do her good I know it is Duxhurst.' We found the poor woman outside in a deplorable condition and took her under our care. The girl had paid her own and her mistress's fare, such was her confidence that the treatment would be beneficial.

"Many cheering letters reach us," continued Lady Henry, "from those who have been restored, and all speak of our village with great affection. As a typical case I may mention A——, who had a good position in a house of business, but falling into habits of intemperance she came at length to the work-

LADY HENRY SOMERSET.

house infirmary. While there she appealed to us for help, saying that she had been addicted to drink for ten years. After one year in the Home she emigrated to America, and now writes that she is in an excellent situation and leading a happy and contented life. A still worse case was that of a woman who had been twenty years a drunkard; we felt very anxious about her future when she left Duxhurst, but she has remained faithful to her pledge for more than two years, which is a good test."

"Do you find any difficulty, Lady Henry, in inducing inebriate women to come to Duxhurst? I am wondering whether they feel the prejudice which such people usually have against anything in the way of a reformatory institution?"

"There is no difficulty in getting patients to come to us," replied Lady Henry with a sad smile. "I

have been compelled to refuse 3,000 applications in one year. It is very difficult to make a decision when possibly in a single week one gets fifty applications, and there is only one vacancy; we can but pray to be guided rightly in the selection, still it is heart-breaking to think of the forty-nine poor women we are unable to receive."

"This points to a terrible state of affairs?"

"Yes, the increase of inebriety amongst women in Great Britain is alarming. Ours is the only country in the world which has a drunken womanhood. I feel that what we are able to do here is a mere drop in the ocean, but if we reform only seventy or eighty women in a year it is something to be thankful for, and we hope that we are doing a double service by showing what the State might do on a larger scale. The keynote of the treatment is loving care, healthy surroundings, and interesting occupation."

"I have heard you say, Lady Henry, that you do not see why women should be expected to work out their reformation at the wash-tub?"

"Yes, and I am more and more convinced that you cannot reform these poor women by keeping them at uninteresting drudgery. You must take them out of their ordinary modes of occupation, as well as away from their usual surroundings. Then I think there is more in thought transference than many people realize. We are beginning to find out that the old methods of herding criminals together, or those who have become slaves to an evil habit, defeats its own purpose. If you put a colony of inebriate women at laundry work only, for example, the result is a moral contagion, for their thoughts, as well as their talk, act and react prejudicially upon each other; but when, as at Duxhurst, some are gardening, others tending poultry or bee-keeping, and all the patients are scattered over the farm, you prevent the contamination of word or thought, and the constant brooding over their failings or misfortunes which would inevitably result if the women were all working together in a body day by day. We are sometimes told," continued Lady Henry, "that our methods are too ideal, and that we raise the patients to a standard which they cannot retain when they leave us; but I am often cheered by hearing of the way in which women who have been at our colony try to raise the tone of their own homes when they return to them. They can no longer endure to live in dirt and untidiness, and they have grown to love flowers and to take an interest in nature, and a hundred little things which lift the mind above sordid standards. I have been told, to mention one amongst other similar incidents, of a lady who admired some choice flowers in the window of a poor woman whom she was visiting, and on asking how she obtained them, the woman replied: 'You may think me a bit extravagant, ma'am, but they are the same what we had at Duxhurst, and I like to have something to particularly remind me of my time there.' It is a simple little thing, but will serve to show that the raising of the ideals for these women, during even the short time that they are at Duxhurst, has not been in vain, or rather, as I prefer to think," said Lady Henry in conclusion, "the restoring of their lost ideals of womanhood."

As I retraced my way back through the peaceful village I could only wish that its borders might be increased by the building of more cottages to receive some of the 3,000 yearly applicants to whom "No" has to be said.

THE VOYAGE OF ITHOBAL.*

THE author of "The Light of Asia," "The Light of the World," and "Pearls of the Faith" has added a fresh wreath to his laurels by his latest poem. The theme is worthy of the poet—the first circumnavigation of Africa, reported by Herodotus as taking place under Pharaoh Necho (B.C. 610), but to the Father of History the story seemed incredible. It was indeed an heroic achievement, and Sir Edwin Arnold has made it the theme of an heroic poem. He lends to those far-off days a vivid human interest. In his "Foreword" he describes the suggestion of the poem as coming from a visit to a museum of the mummied dead. Among the relics of the past were two that challenged attention :

"Under the glass, at the gallery's end,
Two gilded coffers our converse suspend,
A dark, sweet, high-bred visage of Egypt
Limned on the cedar: Inside, . . .

"A comb of coral—the rusted tress
Laid, in a braid of lost loveliness,
On shapely brow and mouldered temple
Of the stately, holy, and proud Princess;

"For the name of that Lady was plain to view—
Nesta, the Priestess of Amen-Ru—. . .
Asleep, while the slow-footed years crept through."

On the other coffer was inscribed the name of Ethbaal, son of Magon, with marine symbols.

"Certes," I said;
"Some Man of Phœnicia! a Mariner, led
By fate, or love, or venture, to Egypt
In the old, old times; and they claimed him dead."

The narrative in the poem is told by this ancient sea-king to his sovereign lord, Pharaoh.

"*Ithobal, Captain of the Sea,*
Thus spake how it befell that he
Of Pharaoh's ships did have command
To sail unto the unseen land."

We are profoundly impressed with the vivid description of the unfamiliar phenomena which this ancient Columbus was the first to witness—the strange aspects of nature by sea and land which the vision of the poet reproduces. All the more pathetic are these pictures for that, like the bard of "Paradise Lost," his own vision is sealed and his vivid descriptions are dictated in darkness.

The fair Nesta becomes the partner of Ithobal's life and love, and the inspiration of his strange voyage. She is a princess from the far-off South, exposed as a slave in the market of Tyre and by Ithobal rescued at great price. She tells him stories of the far South-land, with its wealth of gold and precious stones, its pearl fisheries and ivory palaces, its wondrous birds, "like flowers equipped with wings," its serpents that "did drag a mottled bulk, thick as an ox-girth, through the crackling brake, full thirty cubits long."

Despite the remonstrance of the ancient mariners of Tyre, who declared the incredibility of such a tale, Ithobal determines to enter on the daring quest. He goes

"In service of the Pharaoh to build ships
Which shall at Pharaoh's charge sail the dark seas
Nether of nethermost and past the bounds
Where boldest oar hath dipped."

"*Ithobal, Magon's son, of Tyre*
Hath comfort for his heart's desire;
He builds in Egypt galleys three
To sail unto the Unknown Sea."

The ships were built at the north-

* "The Voyage of Ithobal." By Sir Edwin Arnold, M.A., F.R.G.S., F.R.A.S. Illustrations by Arthur Lumley. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 226. Price, $1.25.

ITHOBAL BEFORE KING PHARAOH.

Satisfied, resolute, stained by the Sun,
Telleth to Pharaoh what things he hath done;

ern end of the Red Sea, close to "Moosa's Fountain," and not far from the Mount Sinai of the Hebrews. They were named the Silver Dove, The Ram, The Whale, and were "many-legged like water-flies," a graphic description of the many-oared craft. They were manned by three hundred and twenty mariners and rowers, were stored with food and wine and oil, and cloth, and goods and gear, and beads, and brass and iron blades for traffic with the native tribes. In stress of storm the ships were dragged ashore, and a zareba built of thorny plants to protect them from attack. The Ram ran upon a reef, and every effort to drag it off was vain till Hiram of Tyre, its captain, cried, "Drench the hawser with water." The wet fibres contracted and dragged the good ship free.

"*Ithobal, pushing o'er the main,*
Reacheth a shore with stress and pain:
Strange men and birds and beasts hath seen,
And winneth where no man had been."

THE SHIPS.

Then, mighty Pharaoh! thou didst answer me,
"Build me those ships on these my waters here;
Build at what cost thou wilt to make them stout."

Week after week before the strong north wind they traversed the Red Sea, passing through the Straits of Babelmandeb, revictualling and procuring water at the "burnt out fire-mount" of Aden—to-day one of Britain's keys of Empire. Hence they boldly launched out across the broad gulf of Aden, and for many days were out of sight of land till the sailors mutinied, but they reached the lofty cliff of Guardafui, the most eastern point of Africa—

"Noisy with sea-fowl; birds that swim and wade,
Long-legged and long-beaked birds, storks, pelicans,
Rose-plumed flamingoes, bitterns, cormorants,
Tribes of the web and wing." . . .

"Where goes my lord?" the friendly people asked;
And I, "We go as far as the sun goes:
As far as the sea rolls; as far as stars
Shine still in sky; though they be unknown stars." . . .

"They softly laughed, and said 'Who hunts
What the Gods hide hath trouble for his pay.'"

But forth they fared upon their venturous quest, landing from time to time on unknown shores, saw

caravans of inland folk and swart merchants riding strange steeds "striped as a melon is, all black and white"—the zebra.

"Many have gone thy way, and some came back,
But lean, and grey, and broken; and they told
Of savage men, and dreadful suns, and wastes
Where snake and lizard die o' the scorch, and where
The shadow of a man at high noon falls
Between his feet unseen."

The strange tropic foliage and flowers and fruits and forest growth are vividly described.

"We saw the butterflies:—by Isis! lord!
Thou hadst not missed the flag-flower, or the lote,
The blood-red granate-bud or palm blossom
Nor all thine Egypt's gardens, viewing there
What burning brilliance danced on double wings
From stem to stem, or lighted on the leaves
Blotting the grey and brown with lovely blaze
Of crimsons, silver-spotted, summer blues
By gold fringe bordered, and gemmed ornament
Alight with living lustre. . . .

"This breath a burning jewel, at the next
With closed vans seeming like the faded twig
It perched on, or the dry brown mossy bark. . . .

"Birds, small as bees, sucked honey blooms
With long-curved bills; themselves finer than flowers,
So painted and so gemmed." . . .

"There four-handed folk,
Monkey, and ape, and marmozet, long-tailed,
Fur-bonneted, black-maned, with mocking eyes
And old men's faces, chatter and scream."

The "wise elephant" roams through the forest, and "the python, huge and still, drags sleepy coils on the slow-measured earth." It is a very garden of the gods. The antelope, pied and spotted, "great armoured pigs with horny snouts and long-necked estridges with flapping wings," and, strangest of all, the tall giraffe.

"*Ithobal sails the Unknown Sea*
Where divers gestes and merveilles be
He hath a dream on Afric's strand
The meaning strange to understand."

Ever southward they fared month after month, the familiar stars of the far north sinking in the east, and strange new stars week after week sparkling into sight.

"New skies; new constellations: Oh! a world,
A heaven, unviewed by any Mage or Seer,
Unnamed by Soothsayers, Astrologers—
Our eyes the first to watch its gleaming swarms.
Brightest of all there grew up from the waves—
A wondrous light, four splendent orbs so ranged
As are those four great jewels on thy breast,
O Mighty Pharaoh!"

This was the Southern Cross, by which they steered when the North Star went down and helped no more. In the far South they came upon the Lady Nesta's Land, where a mountain

"Lifts its long ridge a league-high to the air.
And hath for ever in the burning blue
A crown of snow."

And yet beyond were vast seas, from which a broad, strong river flows

"North—north—aye! north—
Whither none wotteth. O my lord the King!
Maybe this is the fountain of thy Nile!"

One day, sleeping in a cave, Prince Ithobal had a vision of a tall dark queen, laden with jewels, crowned with gold, but fettered with chains, the genius of the Dark Continent. He had, too, a vision of the far-off future:

"Years rolled, and reigns and generations. Nay!
Thy realm had passed: thy piercing Pyramids
Had melted into bluntness with the suns
Of sweeping centuries. . . .
"Then at the last
Strange mariners I saw sail from the West;
Their chief of noble bearing, bearded, fierce,
With galleys four came downward on my track,

THE FOREST.

Bold in the sunshine. There four-handed folk,
Monkey, and ape, and marmoset, long-tailed,
Fur-bonneted, black-maned, with mocking eyes.

And round the dreadful Cape and put to
north,
Where I had southward rowed and south-
ward sailed."

These were Vasco da Gama and his crew. Foreseeing the far future emancipation of Africa, the seer continues :

" I see my Land with Sister Continents
Sisterly seated : her dark sons I see
From wars and slave-yokes freed. These
sunlit shores
Happy with traffic, while a thousand ships
Sail on the waves first clove by Ithobal."

" *Ithobal, ever sailing South,*
Enters at many a river's mouth :
Through fair and foul ; 'mid joys and woes
Unto the land of gold he goes."

Down the far coast, past Zanzibar and Madagascar and the Zambesi, along the lands long after traversed and missioned by Moffat and Livingstone, and now resounding with the loud debate of war, they still fared on. For long, long centuries the Dark Continent drowsed on. " 'Twas the beasts'

home: man came a stranger there." The descriptions of the crowded forest life are intensely vivid. The voyagers made an inland journey to the famous falls of the Zambesi, which, after thousands of years, were rediscovered in our day.

The fair Princess Nesta at last came to the land from which she had been stolen, and finds its prince her long-lost brother. Gold was for plentifulness as the stones of the field. It was the famous land of Ophir.

> "King Suleiman [Solomon]
> Owned ships and men that brought him gold from Punt
> And peacocks out of Ophir, and fine gems."

Here Ithobal laded The Whale with stores of gold and products of the land, and sent it back to Pharaoh Necho, lord of Egypt, while with his other two ships he pushed on ever farther South.

> "*Ithobal, reaching the world's end,*
> *A spacious harbour doth befriend;*
> *Southward no more, but Northward now*
> *Turneth his storm-tossed vessel's prow.*"

The portents of nature frighted them. The sun came first directly overhead, then swung to northward. The keels

> "Still ploughed those never-ending fields
> Of the wine-coloured main; still clomb the slopes
> Of glassy waves, to plunge for ever down
> Through the sea-lace and spume."

As the familiar constellations passed beneath the ocean's rim and new and nameless stars flashed into ken, Ithobal's heart melted ofttimes to water. He smote his breast and cried, "We come too far;" but the Lady Nesta told him of the mighty Cape "laved with a wave that rolls from the World's End," rounding which he might turn "northward and north and north, his homeward way." Off this Cape of Storms terrific tempests smote them. They hewed down the masts and gear away, and made a sea-anchor which brake the rough brine, and kept the ship steadfast to windward. A strange, flat table-land rose, a wall of cliff three hundred cubits tall:

> "Was back-gate of the World; was where to turn,—
> If the Gods willed—to find a homeward way
> And come alive out of that nether death."

They glided into Table Bay, and "did abide in port of that good hope

> "Where one might build a stately city, King!
> To keep the keys of all that Nether World.
> Beyond it soars aloft a mountain mass,
> Flat at the top like some prodigious roof."

They refitted their worn barques, recaulked their seams, refreshed the weary crews, revictualled the vessels with meal and honey and dried meat, the primitive "mealies" and "biltong" of the future Boers.

After solemn sacrifice they turned north, with the sun on their left hand, which mariners had never known before. At the "Golden waters" of the Orange River stood a vast lagoon where

> "All feathered folk of Earth did seem to dwell.
> For clouds the sky had fowls. They soared or swam,
> Or waded in the shallows, spearing fish,
> Myriads and myriads: while upon the plain
> Those cattle of the Gods,—the dappled deer,—
> Were all the citizens."

Strange birds and sea beasts, the albatross, the penguin, the seal, the sea-cow and the whale, "which hath no teeth but ridges of bending bone, making his mouth a sieve," moved their wonder. A whale rolled so close to the Silver Dove as to break short a score of oar-blades.

Still north they sped past the black cape (Cape Negro), past a mighty river large as the Nile (the

THE BATTLE AND DELIVERY.

Our foemen hear and fly. First of the host
A youthful chieftain, clad in pelt of pard,
Whose mounture is a striped horse of the wilds
Caparisoned in gold, rides nobly forth.

Congo), where the river-horse splashed in the reeds and the spotted dog (the hyena) uttered his devilish laugh, and the lord of beasts rolled an angry thunder to the skies. "These lions," said Nesta, "have been kings, are kings to-night."

"The lions know that down this stream will come
A white man bringing to the darkness dawn
As doth the morning star; opening the gates
Which shut my people in, till good times hap,
When cattle-bells, and drums, and festal songs
Of peaceful people, dwelling happily,
Shall be the desert's voice both day and night:
The lions know and roar their hate of it.
Hark! *Ist-a-la-ni! Ist-a-la-ni!* cries
The Marsh Hen: knowing what will come at last;
And wolves snarl—dreaming of 'the Stone-Breaker.'"*

* Native name of Sir H. M. Stanley.

" *Ithobal, braving dread and doubt*
Hath sailed all Africa about:
The thirty-seventh moon doth bring
The Tyrian crews to Egypt's King."

Reaching the Bight of Biafra, in the Gulf of Guinea, they had to sail straight toward the setting sun, and seven hundred leagues before they turned north again.

. . . " Here are a savage folk,
Dahoms and Ashantees, eating men's flesh;
Filling the drink-bowls of their gods with blood;
Cities of skulls and slaughter."—

a barbarism destined in our own day to give place before missionary enterprise and British conquest.

On the Ivory Coast, the abode of elephants, the doorposts and the lintels were of milky tusks, and tusks did bound the fields. The most savage beast of all was the " Man of the Woods," a monstrous ape, the gorilla, rediscovered long after by Chaillu.

Past the frowning cape, the Lion's Head (Sierra Leone), the Cape of Palms, the huge green and tall white headlands, Cape Verde and Cape Blanco, on they fared to where a huge rock like a couching lion lay—now known as Gibraltar :

" A huge rock, like a couching lion, set
Over against the cliff. I know! I know!
Here is the Ocean-Gate! Here is the Strait,
Twice before seen, where goes the Middle Sea
Unto the Setting Sun and the Unknown—
No more unknown. Ithobal's ships have sailed
Around all Africa. Our task is done!
These are the Pillars! this the Midland Sea!
The road to Tyre is yonder! Every wave
Is homely. Yonder, sure, Old Nilus pours
Into this sea the Waters of a World,
Whose secret is his own, and thine and mine. . . .

. " What to us
Any more irked the straining at the oar,
The narrow bed, the hard-worn plank, the toil
To beach and unbeach? In our ragged sails
Flapped triumph: in our oar-ports, worn to gloss
By oar-looms grinding through five thousand leagues,
Shone pride. . . .
And battered, torn and lean, but jubilant,
The Secret of the Unknown Earth made known.
For this we did rejoice: for this are here."

Then followed much reward and rest. The Lady Nesta became priestess of Amen-ru, and in her temple chamber sang :

" *And I, happy Nesta, the while*
Sit in the sight of Nile,
In the marble temple of Amen-ru:
For I am the priestess, and what I do
With the lands and temple and town
Is done henceforth with mine own.
And Ithobal's head is on my lap;
The Gods have given good hap;
I am here with my Lover and Lord and King,
And our tale to the sistrum I sing;
There shall never be nobler told or shown:
For now are the Strange Seas known."

This noble poem is cumulative in its interest. The bare outline given above suggests but imperfectly its power and epic grandeur. It is one to read and re-read. The vividness and fidelity to nature of its descriptions are marvellous. The thirty-six half-tones and text illustrations add greatly to its attractiveness.

ON EASTER DAY.

On Easter Day the risen Lord
Walks through earth's garden fair and broad,
And calls to every leaf and flower
In tones of sweet commanding power.
Nature obeys the gracious word,
And springs to life with glad accord
Of bloom and song the skies toward,
In full and fresh creative dower,
On Easter Day.

So hears the soul the voice of God,
And takes the Spirit's shining sword
To pierce the shades of death that lower—
Proclaim the resurrection hour,
Then we shall own His matchless power,
Find full deliverance in that hour
That shall immortal life afford
To those that trusted in their Lord,
On Easter Day.

THE IRISH PALATINES.*

BY C. C. JAMES, M.A.,
Deputy Minister of Agriculture of Ontario.

I.

THE story that I have to tell is of the common people of this Province. You are not likely to find it in our school histories. Only in some of the works on early Methodism will you find any reference to it; yet it is of such importance that it is worth telling and will repay earnest inquiry. I am not sure that even the Methodists of this country appreciate the debt owing to the comparatively small band of men and women who left the valley of the Rhine, went to Ireland, thence crossed the sea to New York City, later moved north to what is now Washington County, New York State, and a century and a quarter ago settled in the Valley of the St. Lawrence and around the Bay of Quinte.

A people that experienced at least four migrations within seventy-five years must present some interesting features to the student. This paper is presented as but a partial and incomplete study of the question, with the intention of leading to a more complete investigation, and with the hope that it may suggest to some others the study of other groups of persons who have contributed to the making of our Canadian people. The working out of the history of the various elements contributing to the make-up of the composite Methodist people of Canada, is, I take it, one of the duties of this Methodist Historical Society.

The Episcopalians of this Province largely trace their origin back to England, the Roman Catholics to Ireland, the Presbyterians to Scotland; but Methodism has come from many countries and through various channels. As a rule, when you meet an Episcopalian, you look for English ancestry, and when you meet a Presbyterian you are surprised if there be nothing to remind you of the Lowlands or the Highlands of Scotland, or the Scotch-Irish of Ulster. But when you meet a Methodist you are never sure of what nationality you may find—England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and the Channel Islands have all contributed, and Holland, Germany and France may be found if only you continue your backward search far enough.

The Township of Darlington, situated in the vicinity of Bowmanville, is sometimes referred to as the banner Methodist township of this Province, as far as members are concerned. According to the census of 1891, there were 3,762 Methodists out of a total population of 4,757—out of every 100 persons, 78 were Methodists. The fact that a large number of the settlers of that township came from Cornwall and Devon, gives us a clue to the explanation. This settlement is comparatively new, it belongs to the last seventy-five years, but the Methodism of Ontario began with the first settlement of this Province. It started first in the St. Lawrence townships, around the Bay of Quinte, and in the Niagara Peninsula. An examination of the names of the settlers

* A paper read before the Methodist Historical Society, November 2nd, 1901.

BARBARA RUTTLE HECK.

from 1784 to 1800 will suggest a varied origin, in which German, French, and Dutch will be found associated with English, Scotch, and Irish, and more careful examination of many of the supposed British names will take us back to countries that are not part of the British Isles—they were citizens of Greater Britain.

The subscription list to the first Methodist Church in Canada, built in 1792 in Adolphustown, contained twenty-two names. Paul Huff, who gave the land and headed the list, was of German origin, so also were Solomon Huff, Stophel German, Henry Davis, and, I think, likely Peter Frederick; Andrew Embury was Irish Palatine. The brothers Conrad and Casper Vandusen and Henry Hover, were Dutch; John Bininger was of Swiss ancestry; William and Peter Ruttan were of French Huguenot origin; Joseph Allison and Arra Ferguson of Scottish descent, William Ketcheson of English. The nationality of Elizabeth Roblin (whose husband was Welsh), Daniel Steel, William Green, John Green and Daniel Dafoe, I cannot at present locate. In this historic roll John Wesley's memorable words, "The world is my parish," finds an interesting illustration.

What had the Palatines to do with the early growth of Methodism in Ontario? I shall answer

this question more fully in the latter part of my paper, but just here allow me to quote from the Reminiscences of Rev. Henry Boehm. You may remember that Father Boehm, who was of Palatine stock, accompanied Bishop Asbury on his visit to Upper Canada in 1811. They crossed the river near Cornwall. On page 352 he says :

"On Friday the Bishop preached in Matilda Chapel, in what is called the German Settlement ; I followed him, preaching in German." The Bishop says, "I called upon Father Dulmage and on Brother Hicks, a branch of an old Irish stock of Methodists in New York." (Hicks is a mistake for Heck.) They came on to Kingston, and Bishop Asbury put up at Brother Elias Dulmage's and Boehm pushed on to Adolphustown, stopping at Father Miller's and Brother John Embury's. Heck, Embury, Dulmage, Miller—these are Irish Palatines whom we are to meet later on, and the fact that their homes were the stopping-places for the Bishop on his first visit suggests that they were Methodist centres.

Let us retrace our steps a few years and begin at the beginning of Methodism in this Province. The first class was gathered together in the Township of Augusta, near Prescott, composed of the Hecks, Lawrences, and Emburys ; Samuel Embury, the son of Philip Embury, was the first leader. These people were Irish Palatines.

The second class of which we have record was gathered at the home of Christian Warner in Stamford Township, near Niagara Falls, in 1790. Christian Warner was of German Palatine origin, from near Albany. He remained a class-leader until his death, in 1833.

The third class was organized 20th February, 1791, by Rev. Wm. Losee at Paul Huff's in Adolphustown. Paul Huff was of German Palatine origin from Dutchess County, N.Y. Andrew Embury, brother of Philip Embury, lived near by, and was certainly a member. This was the first regularly-organized class in Upper Canada.

The fourth class was organized by Losee in Ernestown on the 27th of February of the same year, and the Millers, Irish Palatines, were active members. The fifth class, organized by Losee, was in Fredericksburg on the 2nd of March, 1791, at the Detlor Homestead. The Detlors were Irish Palatines.

As for the churches, the order was as follows : The first at Paul Huff's, in Adolphustown ; the second in Ernestown (Parrot's) ; the third in Stamford (Warner's).

With the first five Methodist classes and the first three Methodist churches of this Province, therefore, we find the Palatines were actively associated, and in most cases Irish Palatines took a leading part.

Let me now give you the religious census of the townships and towns immediately associated with these early Bay of Quinte classes and churches.

CENSUS OF ONTARIO, 1891.

	Total population.	Methodists.	
Ernestown,	3,597	2,620	70%
Bath,	530	227	43%
Fredericksburg South,	1,125	624	55%
Fredericksburg North,	1,659	1,247	75%
Adolphustown,	720	374	52%
Richmond,	2,898	2,054	70%
Napanee,	3,433	1,994	55%
Marysburg South,	1,643	1,410	85%
Marysburg North,	1,430	907	63%
Sophiasburg,	2,341	1,858	79%
Hallowell,	3,380	2,115	63%
Picton,	3,287	1,712	52%
Total	26,043	17,142	66%

South Marysburg, with a Methodist population of 85 per cent. of

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the total, thus stands, I think, at the head of the Province as the most Methodistic locality in Ontario, though North Fredericksburg, with 75 per cent., and Ernestown and Richmond, with 70 per cent., are not far behind. What part the Irish Palatines played in laying the foundation of Methodism in that section will be dealt with later on.

With this introduction, we are ready for the story that carries us back from the modest Methodist chapels of Upper Canada to the ruined Castles of the Rhine, and that suggests an association linking Victoria University with the old University of Heidelberg.

Who were the Palatines? The simplest reply to this question is that they were the people living in that part of the valley of the Rhine of which Heidelberg is the chief city, and they were so called because they were governed by a ruler bearing the title, Count Palatine, or Elector Palatine. The chief cities were Heidelberg, Worms, Mannheim, Spires, and Philippsburg. Sometimes the Palatinate refers to the valley of the Rhine as far north as Bonn. Again, there were the Upper or Bavarian Palatinate, and the lower Palatinate of the Rhine, or the Pfalz. It is to the Palatinate of the Rhine that we refer in this study.

If you take a modern map of Germany and locate the district of

which Heidelberg is the centre, you will find that to the north of it lies Rhenish Prussia, to the south Switzerland, and to the west Alsace and Lorraine. Only thirty years ago we saw the great struggle for the possession of the borderland. The valley of the Rhine has for centuries been a land of contest; the armies of French and of Germans have soaked its rich fields with their blood, and the ruined towers and castles that so picturesquely mark the hills tell the stories of centuries of fierce conflict.

The dwellers in the valley of the Rhine have felt the cruel persecutions of war more bitterly than perhaps any others of Europe. The undying desire of the French to extend their boundaries to the river, and the determination of the Germans to hold the rich valley, have been the main causes of the struggles of the centuries, struggles in which Roman Catholicism and Protestantism have been prominent factors.

Where shall we begin? If we told the full story of the terrible ravages of this valley, we would have to go further back than our space will permit. In 1622 occurred the bloody sack of Heidelberg. In 1635-1636 the whole country was laid waste, and famine and pestilence completed the devastation. In 1649, when one of the treaties of peace was effected, the rich country had become a desert, and the people reduced to beggary. The exiles crept back and colonists from Holland, France, and Switzerland joined them, till once more the desert blossomed and prosperity flourished. Again, war in 1674-5 between France and Holland; it was the terrible era of Louis XIV., and Turenne was sent to devastate the Palatinate. We are told that at one time seven cities and nineteen villages were in flames. We come down ten years, and the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes scattered the Huguenots; they fled to England, Switzerland, Holland, and the German States. The Palatinate now received a large addition to its population, and to this date we can trace some names that we shall meet with later on—Irish Palatines with French names.

Four years later, 1689, William of Orange and Mary were acknowledged as King and Queen of England, and the war with France at once broke out. The Palatinate was again laid waste. Again the great struggle, the Grand Alliance, England, Holland and the Germans, against the French Louis, and the Palatinate continued as a great battle-ground. First thousand French soldiers had been sent there under the French general, Montclas. Nearly every town and city had been laid waste.

In 1692 another sweeping of the country took place, and this time the old city of Heidelberg was seized and its famous castle blown up. The Treaty of Ryswick, in 1697, brought peace but for a short space, and war again broke out over the Spanish Succession. England was drawn into it. Queen Anne succeeded to the throne of England, and the great Marlborough carried British arms to victory. We feel that now we are being drawn into the history of the times, for this struggle with France had crossed the Atlantic, and when the Treaty of Utrecht was signed in 1713, Hudson's Bay and Nova Scotia passed over into British possession.

It was during this war that the migration of the Palatines began. Can you wonder at their leaving? They were peaceable, and industrious, but there was no peace or prosperity for them in the valley of the Rhine. It was their beloved Fatherland, but they felt they must seek a new home elsewhere.

Some of them had made their way down the Rhine and found sympathy and shelter in Holland, others had crossed the channel and found a welcome in England, while a few, more venturesome, had even crossed the Atlantic, and sent back an urgent message to their friends and relatives to come to America as the land of promise. Added to these favourable reports of their brethren were the printed appeals of land agents. What was the effect? Up and down the valley began the preparations for migration. Rude carts were loaded with a few necessities for a long overland trip, and boats, huge barges, were hastily built and piled high with boxes and bales. The streams of exiles began to move northward till the road winding over the mountain and down through the valley became one unceasing caravan of pilgrims. Little did they know that the pilgrimage of their people would not cease till they had crossed the mountains and streams of New York and Ohio, and till some of them had struggled through the wilds of the Adirondacks and northern New York, and toiled up the St. Lawrence to the strange but beautiful shores of the Bay of Quinte.

As some of them floated down the Rhine and watched hill-top after hill-top pass out of view, and felt themselves carried along by an irresistible current, they knew not whither, do you think they were able to sing songs of rejoicing? They were a mixed company—Germans, Lutheran and Reformed; Mennonites, exiled from Switzerland because they would not bear arms, and Huguenots driven from France because they would not recant. I have no doubt that in their German Bibles they were able to find some Psalms that were full of consolation and of promise, and perhaps "Ein feste Burg ist Unser Gott" may have been caught up from one boat to another as they gradually passed out of the land of their birth bound for a foreign country, where their beloved Deutsche Sprache was not understood.

We are referring to the year 1709. The passage down the Rhine brought them into Holland, and the good people of Rotterdam, acting on the invitation sent over by Queen Anne, hurried them on board sailing vessels, and with a parting blessing, sent them on towards London. From May to October the stream of immigrants continued, and by the fall thirteen thousand had arrived—old, middle-aged, and young—cast like shipwrecked people upon the English shore, and dependent upon the charity of the Queen and city. Great storehouses were opened, one thousand army tents were set up on the Surrey side of London and some rough buildings were hurriedly put together. The Queen made an allowance of nine pence each per day for food. When you remember that this was two centuries ago, you will understand that the charity of London and of Englishmen is not confined to the present day.

We have thus hurriedly sketched the first migration and its causes. If you would know more of it, I would refer you to two recent works, entitled, "The Story of the Palatines," by S. H. Cobb (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1897), and "German and Swiss Settlements of Pennsylvania," by Oscar Kuhns (Henry Holt & Co., 1901).

We have been speaking of the woes and adversities of the Palatines in the valley of the Rhine. We have them now in London, dependent upon the charity of the English people. What of Ireland? The Green Isle had in early years played a most important part in spreading civilization. Leckie says:

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"That civilization enabled Ireland to bear a great and noble part in the conversion of Europe to Christianity. It made it, in one of the darkest periods of the Dark Ages, a refuge of learning and of piety. England owed a great part of her Christianity to Irish monks who laboured among her people before the arrival of Augustine, and Scotland, according to the best authorities, owed her name, her language and a large portion of her inhabitants. to the long succession of Irish immigrations and conquests between the close of the fifth and ninth centuries, but at home the elements of disunion were powerful, and they were greatly aggravated by the Danish invasions."*

We have not time to follow down the history of this island. The name of Cromwell, we are told, is still dreaded. The Huguenots began their flight from France in 1685, and four years later William and Mary were proclaimed King and Queen of England. In 1691 Limerick surrendered, the last stronghold of the Stuarts. By 1700 the subjugation of the island was complete, and then began the attempt at enforcing laws against the Catholics, the rigour of which seems incomprehensible at the present day. Those were the days when "might made right." Let me again quote from Leckie, a reading of whose history makes one grateful for being of the twentieth century, and not of the eighteenth.

*Ireland in the 18th century, Leckie, Vol. I. Chap. 1.

"In order to judge the penal laws against the Catholics with equity, it is necessary to remember that in the beginning of the eighteenth century restrictive laws against Protestantism in Catholic countries and against Catholicism in Protestant ones almost universally prevailed. The laws against Irish Catholics, though much more multifarious and elaborate, were on the whole in their leading features less stringent than those against Catholics in England. They were largely modelled after the French legislation against the Huguenots, but persecution in Ireland never approached in severity that of Louis XIV. and it was absolutely insignificant compared with that which extirpated Protestantism and Judaism from Spain. The code, however, was not mainly the product of religious feeling, but of policy, and in this respect, as we shall hereafter see, it has been defended in its broad outlines, though not in all its details, by some of the most eminent Irishmen in the latter part of the eighteenth century."

The Irish Parliament, by the English Act of 1692, was restricted to Protestants. Every judge, every magistrate, every lawyer, every school-teacher, must be a Protestant; but the restrictions placed on trade absolutely prohibiting the export of the products of Irish farmers and artisans, shows that the selfishness on the part of the English legislators played as important a part as religious intolerance in the grinding of the Irish people. Their condition became lamentable, and emigration took place on a scale scarcely equalled since. The result was that the agricultural condition of the island sunk to a low level, and the landed proprietors were in many cases in sore need of tenants. Huguenots from France were welcomed at Dublin, Waterford, and other places, and the linen and silk industries were thereby greatly assisted. Among the members of the Irish Parliament in the year 1709 was one Sir Thomas Southwell, Bart., of Court Mattress, in the County of Limerick. The suggestion came to him that, among those exiled Palatines in London he might find tenants for his farms. Other landed proprietors joined him, and an invitation was extended, which was accepted by about eight hundred families, who were settled principally in the Counties of Limerick, Kerry, and Tipperary.

As to their second migration, I find this reference by Rev. Matthew Henry,* who was then living at Chester: "When many of the poor Palatines, *driven from their country* by persecution, visited Chester in the year 1709, to the discontent of the High Church party, though only going to Ireland, I lent them my stable to sleep in."

In three weeks 3,140 arrived in Chester. The women, children, and goods, travelled in one hundred and nine waggons, for which, Mr. Henry was informed by the Mayor, the Queen paid carriage, besides two shillings per week subsistence for each head.†

The Irish Parliament voted money to assist the immigrants. Plots of land were assigned to each at a moderate rental, houses were built; they were assisted in the purchase of stock, and forty shillings a year was granted to each family for seven years. Let us again hear from Leckie, who had no prejudices in their favour, but who thinks that if the native Irish had been assisted to the same extent they would have done as well, if not better.

"The Germans continued for about three-quarters of a century to preserve their distinct identity and customs, and even appointed a burgomaster to settle their disputes; they usually adhered to some Nonconformist type of Protestantism, but lived on good terms, and often intermarried with their Catholic neighbours, were peaceful and inoffensive in their habits, and without exercising any wide or general influence upon Irish life, were honourably distinguished from

* Commentary, pp. 88-89.

† The Historic Note-Book, Brewer, p. 658.

the population around them by their far higher standards of sobriety, industry and comfort. As agriculturists they were greatly superior to the natives; they introduced a wheel-plough and a new kind of cart, and appear to have practised drill husbandry earlier than any other class in Ireland. They were not, however, generally imitated. A great part of their superiority seems to have been due to the very exceptional advantages they enjoyed, and when in the course of time their leases fell in and they passed into the condition of the ordinary Irish tenants, the colony rapidly disappeared."

This last statement needs modification. I visited the Palatine colony in County Limerick this past summer, and it certainly has not disappeared, although emigration to America has taken place on no small scale.

The following list of Irish Palatine families is taken from a very interesting work by Rev. William Crook, entitled "Ireland and the Centenary of American Methodism" (1866):

Baker, Barhman, Barrabier, Benner, Bethel, Bowen, Bowman, Bovinizer, Brethower, Cole, Coach, Corneil, Cronsberry, Dobe, Dulmage, Embury, Fizzle, Glozier, Grunse, Guier, Heck, Hoffman, Hifle, Heavener, Lawrence, Lowes, Ledwich, Long, Miller, Mich, Modler, Neizer, Piper, Rhineheart, Rose, Rodenbucher, Ruckle (or Ruttle), Switzer, Sparling, Stack, St. John, St. Ledger, Strangle, Sleeper, Shoemaker, Shier, Smeltzer, Shoultace, Shanewise, Tesley (or Teskey), Tettler (or Detlor), Urshel-Urshelbaugh, Williams, Young.

For nearly two hundred years these Palatines in Ireland have maintained their identity, and today present an interesting study to the traveller. They are not likely to be seen by the ordinary tourist, for they are located out of the usual route of travel. They have not escaped observation, however.

Arthur Young, in his Tour in Ireland, 1779, made some interesting comments on them, and Farrar, in his History of Limerick, 1786, makes these remarks:

"The Palatines preserve their language, but it is declining; they sleep between two beds; they appoint a burgomaster to whom they appeal in all disputes. Their mode of husbandry and crops are better than those of their neighbours. The Palatines have benefited the country by increasing tillage, and are a laborious, independent people, who are mostly employed on their own small farms."

I could quote others, but space forbids making more than one more extract of recent date. It is from the "Survey of Ireland," by Dr. R. T. Mitchell, Inspector of Registration in Ireland.

"Differing originally in language (though even the oldest of the present generation know nothing of the German tongue, spoken or written), as well as in race and religion, from the natives among whom they were planted, these Palatines still cling together like the members of a clan, and worship together. Most of them have a distinctly foreign type of features, and are strongly built, swarthy in complexion, dark-haired and brown-eyed. The comfortable houses built in 1709 are in ruins now. I traced, with Jacob Switzer's aid the original 'Square' of Court Matrix in the ruined walls still standing. I also traced in the very centre of this square the foundations of the little meeting-house in which John Wesley occasionally preached to them in the interval, 1750-1765. Modern houses stand there now, but not closely grouped together. They are all comfortable in appearance, some thatched, some slated, some of one story, others of two. Nearly all have a neat little flower-garden in the front, and very many have an orchard beside, or immediately behind, the house. There is all the appearance of thrift and industry among them."

Resort to sermons, but to prayers most:
Praying's the end of preaching.
—*Herbert.*

PATHOS AND HUMOUR OF MISSION LIFE IN THE GREAT WEST.*

BY THE REV. JAMES COOKE SEYMOUR.

THE Methodist circuit-rider of pioneer fame, has a pretty secure place in the history of Christian civilization on this North-American continent. He will never get more appreciation, than he deserves, and if he gets as much it will be a large share indeed.

But there have been circuit-riders who were not Methodists, and their noble work, if better known, might excite a very high admiration, too. Dr. Brady's recent book, "Recollections of a Missionary in the Great West," is a striking illustration of the fact that the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States can show a record of some heroic missionary work it would be hard indeed to excel. The genial and large-souled Archdeacon has given us a book delightfully free from all conventionality, chronological order, or almost any other sort of order, as sprightly and full of fun as any boy could wish, often tender and touching, suggestive enough for a philosopher, and stirring enough to arouse the earnest Christian to much greater self-sacrifice for the Master.

He began life as a cadet midshipman in the United States navy, next became a railroad official, and last of all turned his attention to the Christian ministry, as he believed in answer to the prayers of some devoted friends, who were the instruments of leading him to Christ. His first position as a clergyman was as assistant to the Dean of a cathedral out West.

His first and only duty for some time was in attending funerals. He had thirteen in fifteen days. The cathedral had a large staff of honorary clergy on the roll, who were all busy with other duties.

"As I was usually the only one visibly present, the other clergymen dropped into the habit of referring to me as the 'cathedral clergy,' in such phrases as this, 'We saw the cathedral clergy this morning. He was looking well.'"

We cannot do better than let the genial writer tell his own stories:

The Dean encouraged him to attempt extempore preaching, "So I resolved to try it—unworthy thought—upon the coloured brethren. The subject I selected was 'Belshazzar.' I prepared the sermon with the greatest care. As I stepped to the front of the chancel on that hot August night, who should come into the chapel but the chief examiner of the diocese—a man whom we all feared for his rigid severity. He came solemnly in, sat down in a front pew, folded his arms, and fixed his eye upon me. There was a long, dreadful pause. Finally I opened my mouth desperately and swallowed a gnat! Then I recovered my composure—no, I never did recover my composure—but when I stopped coughing, abandoning the gnat to his fate, I had no sermon. I told the congregation so, and said I would tell them my experience in the Johnstown flood instead. The

* "Recollections of a Missionary in the Great West," by the Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady. New York: Charles Scribner & Sons. Toronto: William Briggs.

'cathedral clergy' felt very small indeed that night.

"Among the duties devolved upon me at the cathedral was that of daily visiting a hospital near by. In the eye and ear department there was a little old woman—wife of one of those hard-working, heroic Methodists who helped to build up the kingdom of God on the distant frontier. She had been blind a dozen years. An eminent oculist had determined that a cure was possible, and had made the attempt. One day when I entered she looked at me—actually looked at me—'Oh,' said she, 'it is a success—I can see, I can see! I am so grateful to God. I am glad you are come. We will thank Him together—first I and then you.' And so we knelt down in that little room in the hospital. I have heard and read many prayers, but not like that one. It was a most humble young man who knelt by her side, and when she had finished her own fervent outpouring of gratitude, he joined his own feeble words to hers.

"Then there was a little silence in the room. It was broken by the sound of a great tearing sob like that which comes from the breast of a strong man unused to weeping. We looked up from our knees, and there in the doorway, with his arms extended in that hopeless, helpless gesture peculiar to the newly blind, was a splendid, stalwart-looking man, tears running down his cheeks. 'Oh, sir,' he said, with a quivering voice, 'you've thanked God for having given that woman back her sight; won't you pray to Him for me, for He has for ever taken mine?' My poor friend learned after a while that there is a country where the eyes of the blind are opened.

"One Sunday I was asked to conduct a funeral for a dead gypsy babe. When I reached the encampment of the swarthy nomads, I was astonished to find it the centre of perhaps five hundred people. An enterprising reporter had made up a story about the little dead gypsy, which had appeared in the morning paper, with this result. It was a very jocular and lively crowd of men and women, the latter being from the worst quarters of the city. The gypsies were gathered in their waggons and tents, sullenly confronting the crowd. I stepped to the side of the coffin, faced the crowd nervously, asked them to be silent, and began the service. At the usual time, I made the customary announcement that the remainder of the office would be said at the grave side.

"As I turned, one of the women stopped me with the statement that they had several babies to be baptized. I had made no preparation for baptism, but I decided on my course at once. They brought me an old chair, without a back, and I placed upon it, bottom upward, a horse bucket. On the bucket was placed an old tin pan, filled with turbid water from the river. I asked if some one would not read the responses for them, and finally, after much hesitation, one of the hackmen and a woman of the town volunteered. The poor creature came forward blushing painfully under her paint, and took her place beside the hackman. When the first baby was brought to me, and I asked the name, the father said, 'Major.' 'Major what?' 'Just Major,' he replied. When the ceremony was over, the mother of Major said she had not been 'churched,' and would I mind doing it. With the assistance of the poor woman who had read the responses in the baptism, and who now stood by her humble gypsy sister, with her arm around her waist and with her eyes filled with tears, we finished that service also.

"'Is there anything more?' I asked. 'Yes,' said the mother of

the dead baby, coming forward with the little body lifted from the coffin in her arms, 'won't you baptize this one?' I gently told her that I could not baptize the dead—that it was neither necessary nor right. But she would not be convinced. She begged and implored, and at last fell on her knees before me, and held up in front of me the still, white little bundle, and agonizingly besought me in the terrified accents of guilt and despair to do it. I explained to her as well as I could that the baby was all right, and even though she had failed to do her duty God would certainly accept her evident contrition. I spoke to the crowd out of a full heart. God helped me. And, as we knelt in prayer, the crowd bowed their heads reverently, and many joined in the prayer, 'Our Father who art in heaven.'

"After the service at the cemetery the chief of the gypsy tribe put into my hand a handful of money. I refused to take it. He pressed it upon me with the remark that I could use it for some woman in trouble. That night I had a visitor. It was the wretched woman who had read the responses. That act had recalled to her the sense of her lost innocence, and she had resolved by God's help to begin again. It was a true baptism—a regeneration indeed. The gypsy's money started her upon a new way, which she pursued unswervingly as long as I knew her."

Archdeacon Brady's offer for pioneer missionary work in the farther West was gladly accepted. As a sample of his labours he tells us: "In three years, by actual count, I travelled over ninety-one thousand miles by railroad, waggon, and on horseback, preaching or delivering addresses upwards of eleven hundred times, besides writing letters, papers, making calls, marrying, baptizing, and doing all the other work of an itinerant missionary.

"That reminds me of the question, so often asked, What is an Archdeacon? He is a man who helps the bishop do just the sort of things I have described. Most people are familiar with the answer of the English Bishop, who was asked by Parliament to define the duties and work of an archdeacon, whereupon he sapiently replied that the principal work of an archdeacon was to perform archidiaconal functions. A friend of mine put it this way: 'Considering a deacon as a minister or server, an archdeacon bears the same relation to a deacon, as an archfiend does to a fiend—he is the same thing, only more so!'"

About the broncho-pony he tells us: "I never shall forget the first time that I ever threw my leg across the back of one of those animals. He bucked just one buck. I did not stay with him more than a second, but the impression he made in that second was a lasting one. I can feel it yet. He can go, and go like the wind, and go all day, and live on one blade of grass and one drop of dew, and keep awake all night—and keep you awake, too. He is an ugly, ill-tempered, vicious, cross-grained, undersized, flea-bitten, abandoned little beast, and gives the missionary abundant opportunity to practise the sublime virtue of self-restraint. As a horrible example of total depravity he beats anything that I know of. He is apt to do anything except a good thing any moment. When he appears most serenely unconscious, look out for him, for that is the hour in which he meditates some diabolical action. Moral suasion is entirely lost on these horses, yet you could not help liking them—they are so mean that they are actually charming!

And for missionary journeyings the broncho is the best possible horse after all."

Then as to the cowboy the Archdeacon says: "I am very fond of the genuine cowboy. I've ridden and hunted with him, eaten and laughed with him, camped and slept with him, wrestled and prayed with him, and I always found him a rather good sort of a fellow, fair, honourable, generous, kindly, loyal to his friends, his own worst enemy. The impression he makes on civilization when he rides through a town in a drunken revel, shooting miscellaneously at everything, is deservedly a bad one, I grant, but you should see him on a prairie in a 'round-up,' or before a 'stampede.' There he is a man and a hero."

"The churches in the West suffer greatly from cyclones. During the four years in which I was connected with one diocese, as its archdeacon, we lost one church every year from that cause. Of all the manifestations of power that I ever witnessed—and I happen to have seen almost everything from an earthquake down, except a volcano in eruption, a cyclone or tornado is the most appalling. The midnight blackness of the funnel, the lightning darting from it in inconceivable fierceness, the strange crackling sound which permeates it, the suddenness of its irresistible attack, its incredibly swift motion, its wild leaping and bounding like a gigantic, ravening beast of prey, the destruction of its progress, the awful roar which follows it, the human lives taken in the twinkling of an eye, the wreck of property and fortune in its trail—may God deliver us from that mighty besom of wrath and destruction!"

"One Sunday I was called upon to preach a memorial sermon for a young woman who had been killed in one of these cyclones. She was a school-mistress, and was 'boarding around.' With something like a dozen people she was caught in a large house which stood on the edge of a high bluff by a tremendous cyclone. Every inmate of it except one was killed immediately or died within an hour or so. The one who survived, though badly injured, said that the family were at supper when the storm struck the house, and the little school-mistress happened to sit next the baby at the table in its high-chair. The awful force of the wind had torn from her person everything she had on, except one shoe. Her hair was actually whipped to rags. She had been driven through several barbed-wire fences, and every bone in her body was broken. In her arms, however, and clasped tightly to her breast, was the dead body of that little infant. Woman-like she had seized the child when she felt the shock of the storm, and not even the tornado itself had been able to tear the baby from her arms. It was a splendid example of that altruistic instinct of womanhood, upon which religion and society depend. Dead on the field of honour, little mistress of a larger school! All the other churches closed their doors on this occasion and united with us in doing honour to this heroic girl."

"We often moved church buildings over the country, following the people, after 'busted booms' had forced them into other localities. When I stayed longer than an hour or two in any place I always told the people to have as many services as they liked—that I would conduct them and preach at all of them. As many of them only had services when I would come to them, once every six weeks or so, they often availed themselves of my permission, and sometimes astonished me by the number of occasions for preaching and services that were invented.

"After I had succeeded in working up two or three missions in any neighbourhood to a practically self-supporting basis, the Bishop would get a little money from the East, and add to it what the people could provide, and we would put a resident missionary in the field. But there were some places which were too poor or too far away ever to be combined, and these I took care of all the time."

The support of many of these missionaries taxed the Bishop severely. Referring to one in particular, the Archdeacon says: "We depended upon him for everything. His own salary, his private fortune, his personal credit, were always at the service of his diocese, his clergy and his people. He had many strange requests made of him. 'What do you think of this?' he said one day, smiling and looking up from a letter he had been reading, 'here's a missionary who wants a set of false teeth!' He got them, too. The Bishop paid for them. Things were so depressed that year that the Bishop had not only to get bread and butter for the clergy, but he had to provide some of them with teeth to enable them to eat it."

"One day I was seated in the station of a frontier town, awaiting the train. I was reading intently, and was absorbed in my book, but I noticed a cowboy walking about the room eyeing me, evidently desiring to be sociable. He finally stopped before me, saying, 'Good mornin', stranger, w'at mought you be a-doin'?' 'I am reading.' 'W'at are you readin'?' 'A book on evolution.' 'W'at's evolution?' Herbert Spencer's famous definition was on the page before my eyes, and without a second's hesitation, I read it off in a most rapid manner: 'Evolution is an integration of matter and concomitant dissipation of motion, during which the matter passes from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite incoherent heterogeneity, during which the retained motion undergoes a parallel transformation.'

"The effect was startling. He stepped backward in his tracks, threw up his hands, gazed at me with astonished eyes, and with jaw dropping in amazement, absolutely backed out of the room. I think this is the only instance on record of a cowboy being 'held up' by Herbert Spencer."

Our genial Archdeacon has many interesting reminiscences respect-children, with whom he evidently was a great favourite.

"I baptized a little girl in a small town on the border of the Indian Territory. Her father was a cattle man. It would be no extravagance to say that the 'cattle upon a thousand hills' were his, if it were not for the fact that there were no hills on his mighty ranch. Each cattle-owner in that country has a different brand with which his cattle are marked, and by which he identifies them when the great 'round-ups' occur. The 'mavericks'—young cattle born on the range, which have not been marked—belong to the first man who can get his branding-iron on them. The young miss about six years old had just started to the public school and had to remain away from one session for the baptism. In our service we sign those who are baptized with the sign of the cross.

"When she returned to school, the children pressed her with hard questions, desiring to know what that man with the 'nightgown' on had done to her. She tried her best to tell them, but did not very well succeed. At last she turned on them, her eyes flashing through her tears, 'Well,' she said, 'I will tell you. I was a little maverick before, and the man put Jesus' mark on my forehead, and when

He sees me running wild on the prairie, He will know that I am His little girl.'"

"One Christmas I was snow-bound on one of the obscure branches of a Western railroad. Our progress had become slower and slower. Finally, in a deep cut, we stopped. There were three men, one woman, and two little children in the car—no other passengers in the train. There was no hope of being extricated before the next evening. Fortunately we had plenty of fuel, and we kept up a bright fire. One of the men was a drummer—a traveller for a notion-house. Another was a cowboy. The third was a big cattle man, and I was the last.

"We soon found that the woman was a widow, who had maintained herself and the children precariously since the death of her husband, by sewing and other feminine odd jobs, but had at last given up the unequal struggle, and was going back to live with her mother, also a widow, who had some little property.

"The poor little threadbare children had cherished anticipations of a joyous Christmas with their grandmother. They were intensely disappointed at the blockade. They cried and sobbed and would not be comforted. Fortunately the women had a great basket filled with substantial provisions, which, by the way, she generously shared with the rest of us. So none of us were hungry. As the night fell, we tipped up two of the seats and with our overcoats made two good beds for the little folks. Just before they went to sleep, the drummer said to me :

"'Say, parson, we've got to give those children some Christmas!'

"'That's what,' said the cowboy.

"'I'm agreed,' added the cattle man.

"'Madam,' said the drummer, addressing the woman with the easy assurance of his class, after a brief consultation with us, 'we are going to give your kids some Christmas.'

"The woman beamed on him gratefully.

"'Yes, children,' said the now enthused drummer, as he turned to the open-mouthed children, 'Santa Claus is coming round to-night sure. We want you to hang up your stockings.'

"'We ain't got none,' quivered the little girl, ''ceptin' those we've got on, and ma says it's too cold to take 'em off.'

"'I've got two new pair of woollen socks,' said the cattle man, eagerly, 'which I ain't never wore, and you are welcome to 'em.'

"There was a clapping of little hands in childish glee, and then two faces fell, as the elder remarked :

"'But Santa Claus will know they are not our stockings, and he will fill them with things for you instead.'

"'Lord love you!' said the burly cattle man, roaring with infectious laughter, 'he won't bring me nothin'; one of us will sit up anyway, and tell him it's for you. You've got to hustle to bed right away, because he may be here any time now.'

"The children knelt down on the rough floor of the car beside their improvised beds. Instinctively the hands of the men went to their heads. At the first words of 'Now I lay me down to sleep, four hats came off. The cowboy stood twirling his hat, and looking at the little kneeling figures, the cattle man's vision seemed dimmed, while in the eyes of the travelling man there shone a distant look—a look across snow-filled prairies to a warmly-lighted home. The children were soon asleep. Then the rest of us engaged in earnest conversation.

"What should we give them? was the question. That seemed a hard question to answer. 'Never mind, boys,' said the drummer, 'you all come along with me to the baggage car.' So off we trooped. He opened his trunks and spread before us a glittering array of trinkets. 'There,' he said, 'look at that. We'll just pick out the best things from the lot, and I'll donate them all.'

"'No, you don't,' said the cowboy. 'I'm goin' in to buy what chips I want, and pay for 'em, too, else there ain't goin' to be no Christmas around here.'

"'That's my judgment, too,' said the cattle man.'

"'I think that will be fair,' said I: 'the travelling man can donate what he pleases, and we, each of us, buy what we please as well.'

"We filled the socks and the two seats besides. And to see the thin face of that mother, when we handed her a red plush album, in which we had all written our names, and between the leaves of which the cattle man had generously slipped a hundred-dollar bill. Her eyes filled with tears, and she fairly sobbed before us.

"During the morning we had a little service in the car, and I am sure no more heartfelt body of worshippers ever poured forth their thanks for the Incarnation than those men, that woman, and the little children. I did not get home until the day after Christmas. But, after all, what a Christmas I had enjoyed!"

Paisley, Ont.

MARCH.

The stormy March is come at last,
With wind and cloud and changing skies,
I hear the rushing of the blast,
That through the snowy valley flies.

Ah, passing few are they who speak,
Wild stormy month, in praise of thee!
Yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me.

For thou, to northern lands, again
The glad and glorious sun dost bring,
And thou hast joined the gentle train
And wear'st the gentle name of Spring.

And, in thy reign of blast and storm,
Smiles many a long, bright, sunny day,
When the changed winds are soft and warm
And heaven puts on the blue of May.

Then sing aloud the gushing rills
And the full springs, from frost set free,
That brightly leaping down the hills,
Are just set out to meet the sea.

The year's departing beauty hides
Of wintry storms the sullen threat;
But in thy sternest frown abides
A look of kindly promise yet.

Thou bring'st the hope of those calm skies,
And that soft time of sunny showers,
When the wide bloom, on earth that lies,
Seems of a brighter world than ours.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

THE EASTER VISION.

Fra John—long with good singers all—
Sang his heart out at evenfall;
And the gray monks that stood around,
Thrilled to that rich and certain sound,
In the dim choir at evenfall.

But there was one out in the close,
Among the budding olive rows,
That told his beads with moans and tears,
Remembering the broken years,
The coward sins, the worldly shows.

Now praise to Him who lives in heaven!—
Sudden along the path was driven
A light that wrought a flaming space,
And from it shone Lord Jesus' face—
The sinner knew he was forgiven.

Fra John came out the darkening stall;
Their service-books they closed all;
But not to them was Christ made known
Save in the crucifix of stone,
That stretched along the chapel wall.

The wind shook in the April reeds;
The panes flared red. Telling his beads
Still kept that other on his knees,
Under the budding olive trees—
The Vision comes to him that needs!

—*Lizette W. Reese.*

FROM STONE-MASON'S BENCH TO TREASURY BENCH.

A LABOUR MEMBER'S LIFE AND VICISSITUDES.

BY ERNEST PHILLIPS.*

IF Dr. Smiles ever sees fit to rewrite that famous book of his called "Self-Help," he will need to add several fresh chapters to bring it up to date. There would be at least two memoirs which it would be calamitous to leave out. Strangely enough both of these are the memoirs of a workingman, each of whom received little or no education, each of whom worked hard for years at his chosen calling, and each of whom in later years entered Parliament and achieved honourable fame as a leader in the House and in the country of that great Labour movement which has done so much to change the economic conditions of the artizan classes. Moreover, there are even other points of resemblance which strike the beholder. Both men have written their biographies and published them during their lifetime as a heritage to posterity.

One of these is Mr. Joseph Arch, the agricultural labourers' M.P., whose activities, unhappily, are rapidly belonging to a past age; the other is Mr. Henry Broadhurst, M.P., who, once a stone-mason, has since held office on the Treasury Bench; who, once a workman on the outside walls of the House, subsequently entered within them, and became one of the actors in the great Parliamentary drama he had so often thought about when chiselling the facade of the great Clock Tower above the waters of the Thames.

HENRY BROADHURST, M.P.

Let us dip into the handsome volume bearing the neatly-written autograph of "Henry Broadhurst," and attempt to take the measure of the man. It is a strenuous book, and it deals with strenuous life—that of a man who never courted fame, who never sought office and preferment, who began as a working mason and would have ended as one if he had had his own way; who even now keeps by him a stock of the old familiar tools, so that if some fine morning he should find his present occupation gone he would be ready again to meet the world in his former capacity. But there is not much fear of this. As Mr. Birrell, K.C., says in his introduction, Henry Broadhurst stands four-square to all the winds that

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blow. He has known trials and difficulties, successes and failures; he has been leader of men, and captain of movements; has experienced all the joys and ills of Parliamentary life; has faced constituencies in every mood, and audiences in every shade of temper. But he has never gone back from any one original purpose—he has mastered every difficulty, and if to-day, as the honoured leader of his fellows in the great labour world, it were conceivable that the evil days should come, it is *not* conceivable that those for whom he has done so much would suffer him to return to the toil which he left more for their sakes than his own.

Henry Broadhurst was born at Littlemore, near Oxford, in 1840. His father was a journeyman stone-mason, with a family of eleven or twelve. The family had to subsist on twenty-four shillings a week, with the inevitable consequence that as each child grew up it was expected to do something towards eking out the family's finances. Thus, at twelve, Henry Broadhurst began to earn money—digging gardens, carrying messages, tending pigs. How like Georgie Stephenson, except that Georgie's pigs were the old dame's cows! Then there was the gleaning after the harvest, and in the fruit season there was the sale of the garden produce at the great city of Oxford, with all its beauties and its wonders to the children of a village cot. And here comes a touch which will strike a familiar chord with those who know the hard life of these large families and small exchequers.

"If fruit prices proved good our reward took the shape of a dainty called 'short-cakes,' and a little extra sugar—then costing eightpence and tenpence a pound. This meant a little jam for the winter, and for present enjoyment a fruit pudding or apple dumplings."

The lad's first employment was in the shop of the village blacksmith. We do not wonder that it proved a period of new delights. To the village youth the blacksmith's shop has always been invested with a certain glamour of romance. The patient horses waiting to be shod, the noise of the bellows, the glowing iron upon the anvil, the clang of the heavy hammer, and the shower of sparks—all unite to make the blacksmith's shop a place of deep interest to the village lads. So it proved to Broadhurst, and we can understand the pang when his father decreed that he was now old enough to join him at his own trade.

He worked at Oxford two or three years, learning his trade fairly well, and having the usual experiences of 'prentice lads. He had to prepare the men's breakfasts, to fetch them their dinner beer, and to listen to a great deal of coarse, and at times even abusive, language. Following upon this, he got work on his own account on a new church at Wheatley, and when this was finished he entered upon that wandering life which journeymen of so many trades are often compelled to follow. For five years he wandered about, working here and there, and occasionally finding himself in London. But he did not like London. It had no permanent attractions to one who loved the country as Broadhurst did in those days. "I began to long for the sunlight on the quiet fields, the green hedgerows, and the music of the woods. Even the Houses of Parliament, with the great Clock Tower, my chief delight, could not compensate for the absence of the joys of rural life. A month's stay in modern Babylon was quite sufficient for me, and, gasping like a fish out of water, I set my face towards the open country."

Further wanderings followed,

and then came a stay of six years at Norwich, where he worked for an employer who made a specialty of church work. Leaving Norwich he tramped to Portsmouth, and there an incident occurred which might easily have had the effect of turning his life-current into an altogether different channel. Tired, footsore, and broken-spirited, he went and offered himself to the recruiting sergeant. Happily, as we believe, he was found to be below the regulation height or build, and though her late Majesty doubtless lost a good soldier, it cannot be denied that the gain to the country in another direction more than counterbalanced her loss. Foiled for the moment, and unable to find work in Portsmouth, Broadhurst again started tramping, and his recital of his weary walks through the country in search of employment, tired, hungry, wet, and frost-bitten, is as moving as anything in the volume. At last he found himself in London again, where he lodged at a house of rest for stone-masons in Johnson Street, Westminster. He little thought as he walked over Westminster Bridge and gazed upon the Houses of Parliament, that not many years were to elapse before the corridors and lobbies of the Palace would be as familiar to him as any place on earth.

In 1865, when he was twenty-five years of age, Mr. Broadhurst went up to London for good. He obtained employment on the block of Government buildings adjoining Downing Street. Then he did similar work on the Clock Tower, and the new corridor which joined it to the main buildings of the Houses of Parliament. It is to be imagined that he will never forget that particular experience.

"The time of the year was November, and the north-east wind blowing up the river made my task a cruel one. At times the bitter blast would numb my hands until it was impossible to hold a chisel. My very bones would be penetrated with its icy edge, until I felt as if clothed only in a garment of lace. Little wonder that I gladly went back to the mason's shop, where some shelter, at least, was afforded. Subsequently I was employed upon many of the best-known buildings in London, and traces of my workmanship may be found in Westminster Abbey, the Albert Hall, St. Thomas' Hospital, Burlington House, the Guildhall, and the aristocratic residences in Grosvenor Place, Grosvenor Gardens, and Curzon Street, Mayfair."

It is time now to show how Mr. Broadhurst entered upon the movement with which he was ever afterwards to be so intimately connected. In 1872 the men engaged in the building trades asked for an increase of pay. They decided upon a strike, but the employers anticipated them, and locked them out. The men were fairly well organized, and Mr. Broadhurst was elected chairman of the locked-out men in his own particular trade. He had to conduct all the negotiations on their behalf, speak at meetings, and arrange the every-day details of the movement. Happily, it ended well. The men got what they wished for, and work was resumed on amicable terms. This incident seems to have been a kind of turning-point in Mr. Broadhurst's life. His interest in wishing to gain the higher rungs of the trade ladder vanished, or at any rate, dwindled perceptibly, in face of his new-born interest in trades' unions and economic questions. He joined the Reform League and other political organizations. He took part in monster trade processions, and was present at that memorable scene when the processionists broke down the railings and burst into Hyde Park in face of a mass of mounted constables. In 1882 he was stone-masons' delegate to the Trades' Union Congress, and at the Congress he was elected a member of the Parliamentary

Committee. The same year he put down his mason's tools never to pick them up again. This marked the parting of the ways. He was now launched upon a labour career, with all its adventures and all its excitements.

He also plunged into the political arena, and for the next twenty years, at any rate, his name figured conspicuously in every enterprise initiated by the workers of the metropolis. He was even a School Board candidate, though this, his first electoral experience, was altogether unsuccessful. Twenty-three years later, however, he was elected on the Cromer School Board without opposition. Similarly, his first experience as a Parliamentary candidate was a failure. At the General Election of 1874 he was asked to stand as Labour candidate for High Wycombe. He only arrived in the borough about twenty-four hours before the poll, and of course, could do very little against a powerful sitting member. But the experience was not thrown away, and from the fact that his friends in Wycombe afterwards presented him with an illuminated address and a purse of twenty sovereigns, we may gather that his exertions had been thoroughly appreciated.

Other appointments of a similar character followed thick and fast. In 1875 he became Parliamentary Secretary to the Trades' Congress, which he held for fifteen years, only retiring on account of ill-health in 1890. His interest in labour questions deepened, and we find him actually drafting a Bill to remove the property qualifications which barred the way to membership of town councils, vestries, and so on. He entrusted it to Mr. Mundella, and had the satisfaction of seeing it pass both Houses. This was only one of many subjects which he tackled about that time, but space forbids enumeration. He was an ardent disciple of Mr. Gladstone, and on the Turkish, and indeed all Eastern questions, he ranged himself beneath Mr. Gladstone's banner, attending his meetings, and even speaking at some himself. Mr. Gladstone became a firm friend, used to visit him at his offices, and was at all times deeply sympathetic with him in his work and aspirations.

But we must hurry on, for we are nearing the most important event in Mr. Broadhurst's public career. He had long been standing on the threshold of Parliament. Indeed, as Parliamentary Secretary to the Trades' Congress he had the *entree* of the Lobby, and was personally known to many members on both sides of the House. He was now to pass its portals, and become a member himself. In 1880 he fought Stoke-on-Trent in the Liberal and Labour interest, and after a spirited fight he and his colleague, Mr. William Woodall, were returned with a combined majority of ten thousand votes. It was a popular victory, and thousands in Stokes to-day will remember the enthusiasm it created —factories closed, business suspended, Mr. Broadhurst carried shoulder high through the streets amid cheering crowds, and so on. Then came his entry in the House, and his maiden speech. It was on the subject of a Workman's Compensation Bill, which he induced the Government to undertake. The previous day he had been up to Oxford and seen his mother pass away. He had been up nearly all night, and was in anything but a good form for making his bow to Parliament.

"As I rose from my seat a strange feeling of isolation came over me, and when I had uttered the words 'Mr. Speaker,' I felt as if the floor were opening to swallow me, and I almost wished my feelings would come true. But after a few minutes I overcame my nervousness, and

let myself go as freely as if I were addressing a gathering of labourers or artizans. I spoke for about forty minutes, and immediately I sat down Mr. Gladstone came to me, and with hearty congratulations and a warm shake of the hand bade me welcome to the House. His example was followed by Sir John Holker, the late Attorney-General in Disraeli's Ministry, and by some other members. I experienced a vast feeling of relief at having made my bow to that critical assembly. Physically and mentally, it was the most unfortunate night of the whole year that I could have been called upon to make my maiden effort; but circumstances dictated the occasion, and I had to meet it as best I could. From that moment my fear of the House was dispelled, and when occasion arose I seldom hesitated to impose myself on its attention."

who asked the Government to appoint a commission of inquiry. On this commission, of which the Prince of Wales was president, Mr. Broadhurst was given a seat. It was while serving on this Commission that he was introduced to the Prince, and it led subsequently to a visit for a week-end to Sandringham House, as the guest of the Prince and Princess. As in all probability this was the first time that a real workingman had spent a week-end under the royal roof, and as Mr. Broadhurst seems rather proud of what happened, we must find room to give some portion of his own description of the visit.

SANDRINGHAM HOUSE.

Mr. Broadhurst became a useful member of Parliament. He conceived the idea of many useful bills, he carried some through himself, and others, both of private members and the Government, owed a great deal to his support and pleading, which in turn owed a great deal to his intimacy with the conditions under which the masses live and work. Two things at least should be mentioned in this connection. He was one of the chief means of breaking down the barriers which kept workingmen from occupying seats on the magisterial benches of the country; and when the question of the housing of the poor first engaged Parliamentary attention, it was Mr. Broadhurst

"A little later I received a further proof of His Royal Highness' goodwill. Hearing that I made it a rule not to dine out, and that I did not possess a dress-coat, the Prince of Wales renewed his invitation in a form which I could not refuse without being guilty of unpardonable boorishness. He assured me that arrangements would be made during my stay at Sandringham to meet my wishes, and insisted upon booking dates there and then. I will not pretend that I accepted this offer of Royal hospitality with anything but the greatest delight. I spent three days at Sandringham with the Prince and Princess, and I can honestly say that I was never entertained more to my liking and never felt more at home when paying a visit than I did on this occasion. I arrived at Sandringham on Friday night and remained until the following Monday evening. On my arrival His Royal Highness personally con-

ducted me to my rooms, made a careful inspection to see that all was right, stoked the fires, and then, after satisfying himself that all my wants were provided for, withdrew and left me for the night. In order to meet the difficulty in the matter of dress, dinner was served to me in my own rooms every night."

Mr. Broadhurst goes on to say that the Prince conducted him all over the estate, while the Princess showed him over her dairy. They visited the model cottages on the estate, as well as the village club, where the Prince and Mr. Broadhurst each had a glass of ale, and sat down in the club-room, where there were already several labourers enjoying their half-pints and their pipes. On the Sunday, the Prince assisted him to find a Dissenting place of worship, and took in good part his suggestion that a chapel nearer the estate would be a boon for the Nonconformists in the immediate locality. Altogether, he thoroughly enjoyed the visit. As he says, "I left Sandringham with a feeling of one who had spent a week-end with an old chum of his own rank in society, rather than one who had been entertained by the Heir Apparent and his Princess."

Subsequently, Mr. Broadhurst sat with the Prince on the Royal Commission on the Aged Poor, and was several times thrown in personal relationship to him. Singularly enough, Mr. Arch, another Labour member, in whose constituency Sandringham is situate, was also a member of the same Commission. At a later date Mr. Broadhurst and his wife had the honour of lunching with Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone and Lord Rosebery at Hawarden Castle. "I remember just before we went into lunch, Mrs. Gladstone whispered in my ear that I must on no account lead her husband into a political conversation, as he was suffering from hoarseness consequent upon a severe cold. I faithfully observed her injunction; but to her dismay and the entertainment of his guests, directly we sat down Mr. Gladstone launched into a conversation, or rather a monologue, and despite all his wife's appeals, he talked unceasingly till the close of the meal."

This intimacy with Mr. Gladstone paved the way for Mr. Broadhurst's great chance. At the beginning of 1886, when Mr. Gladstone's party were in power, he invited Mr. Broadhurst to accept office. Here is the letter, which was delivered by hand by special messenger:

Secret.]
21 Carlton House Terrace, S.W.,
February 5, 1886.

DEAR MR. BROADHURST,—I have very great pleasure in proposing to you that you should accept office as Under-Secretary of State in the Home Department. Alike on private and on public grounds, I trust it may be agreeable to you to accept this appointment, which should remain strictly secret until your name shall have been before Her Majesty.

I remain, with much regard,
Sincerely yours,
W. E. GLADSTONE.

Mr. Broadhurst accepted, but only after seeing Mr. Gladstone personally, and being pressed in the most warm-hearted manner to undertake the duties of the post. And so the Labour member, the ex-stone-mason, became a Minister of the Crown, occupied a seat on the Treasury Bench, and was now in all truth a person of some consequence. But it didn't turn his head. He never bought a court dress, and despite the expostulation of Mr. Childers, the Home Secretary, he was never presented at court. Similarly, he never went in for an evening dress, yet he did his duty to the House and to his constituency. He remarks that he is perhaps the only man who ever sat on the Treasury Bench who never had a court dress or an evening suit.

As Under-Secretary for Home

Affairs he played an important part in the short ministry of Mr. Gladstone's lease of office, but Home Rule was in the way, and the Sessions were almost blank. Then came the split and the defeat of the Government. And here happened a curious incident. At the last election Mr. Broadhurst had gone down to Nottingham to speak for Col. Seely, the Liberal candidate. On the Home Rule division the Colonel voted against Mr. Gladstone, and so the Liberals determined to contest his seat. Mr. Broadhurst was selected to oppose him, and captured the seat by over 800 votes. But a Conservative Government was returned to power, and Mr. Broadhurst had to leave the Home Office. He had only been there a little over six months, and had grown to like the work; but there is an end to all things, however pleasant, and it was now Mr. Broadhurst's time to go out into the political desert, and face the lean years of opposition.

And so we take leave of the formal life of Mr Broadhurst. We have seen him as the son of a poor man, then as stone-mason working at his trade in every corner of the south-east of England, then a strike leader, then as Labour member, and finally as a Government Minister sitting on the Treasury Bench. It has been a pleasure to read the chronicle of his days, for it is all written with such charming frankness, such apparent honesty of purpose, and with such a cheery outlook. There is no wailing or lamenting, no repining. Mr. Broadhurst, if any man ever was, is thankful for the position he has attained, and he has made the most of the joys of life. He has had little more than the pay of a first-class artizan, and there is some soundness in his argument in favour of the payment of members. For Parliamentary life is exacting, it makes demands on the lean purse of a Labour member, and what would keep a man in comfort under ordinary circumstances is much too little for a man who has to travel to Westminster and dine away from home daily during the session. One charm of the book is its good stories and its references to the distinguished men Mr. Broadhurst has known. As an instance, we will close with the following interesting extract :

"Cardinal Manning was another man for whom I had a great regard. I first met him when serving on the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Poor. I do not regard him as a great statesman, or as one having what might be described as the grip of things; but undoubtedly his soul was overflowing with the milk of human kindness, great forbearance towards the weaknesses of humanity, and deep sympathy with its trials and sufferings. At his request I met him on several occasions at his private house. Our common bond of sympathy was the bettering of the condition of the work-people. My speech against the opening of museums and picture-galleries on Sunday enlisted his hearty sympathy and support, and on one occasion, when discussing this question in his house, he asked whether the great fact had ever occurred to me that London, the centre of the world for civilizing and Christian influence, in addition to being the greatest centre of commerce that the world has ever seen or known, almost voluntarily agreed to forego the delivery of letters on Sunday, and apparently suffered no inconvenience in its competition with the world from this fact. He spoke most strongly against the growing habit of society of turning Sunday into a day of pleasure, frivolity, and social gatherings, assuring me that he made it a rule never to dine out on Sundays, and that he had endeavoured to use his influence with his friends to cause as little labour as possible, either in their own domestic circle or outside it, on the sacred day of rest. Then he descanted with that beauty of language and refinement of feeling peculiar to him on what life might have been without the day of rest, and the danger to labour of tampering with its sacred observance. A discussion and a homily from him on such a subject as this had a similar effect upon one's emotional feelings to that produced by a magnificent sunset on a summer's evening.

IN THE BLACK BELT.

THE SOCIAL LIFE OF THE SOUTHERN NEGRO.

BY W. T. HEWETSON.

IN considering the peculiar social life of the negroes of the South, the usual broad distinction between life in the city and in the country should be observed. The negro's propensity to imitation, which has so frequently been remarked upon, is in the city carried to a ludicrous extreme. Indeed, negro society in the city is merely a reflection, or rather a caricature, of white society.

If, then, we would see negro society in its most interesting phases, we must leave the city for the country. We must visit the negro in his rural home, make one with him at his "cawn shuckies," funerals, and festivals, and join him, torch in hand, as he follows the hounds through the forest and fen in pursuit of the possum or the coon.

There is not much variety in the houses of the southern negro. The prevailing type is a one-room log cabin, caulked with clay and roofed with boards. A rude stone chimney leans heavily against one end, and a door and one or two small windows admit a modicum of light and air to the gloomy interior. In the dooryard a number of shaggy dogs and half-clothed children are tumbling about on the hard, bare ground, in the most friendly confusion, while a half-dozen pigs, of the variety that are "all grunt and no bacon," go prowling about. The fence which surrounds this serio-comic scene of contented wretchedness, if, perchance, that useless barrier has not long since disappeared to feed the great open fireplace within, is bedecked with a party-coloured array of blankets and old clothes. A perspective of pig-sty and cattle-shed completes the sketch.

However, we would be much mistaken if we pictured to ourselves the inmates of these cabins sitting in sackcloth and ashes, bewailing their wretched lot. We are too apt to attribute to others our own sentiments, and to conclude that because we would feel oppressed in their circumstances they must feel so too. Were we to sit down in any of the miserable abodes in the so-called black belt, we would no doubt see much to call forth our pity, but we could not fail to observe also that the general atmosphere is one of cheerful content.

Slavery has, perhaps, left no deeper trace anywhere than in the domestic life of the freedmen. Under an institution which permitted the separation of husband from wife, forcibly and for ever, there could be no stability of the marital relations; nor could the obligations of parents to children or of children to parents be enforced where the mother was sent to labour in the field while her babe was left to be cared for by others, or to grow up, like Topsy, without any attention whatever. In fact, the family, in its truest and most sacred sense, has been grafted on negro society only since emancipation. It is not surprising, therefore, if it still lacks many of those religious and moral restraints which make it the keystone of Anglo-Saxon civilization.

Among the consequences grow-

UNCLE TOM.

ing out of this imperfection in their domestic arrangements may be mentioned the peculiar position of the negro women—a position of greater relative prominence, perhaps, than has ever been occupied by the women of any other race. Besides enjoying absolute equality with the men in all social affairs, they work side by side with them in the oyster houses and tobacco factories, as well as in the cotton and tobacco fields. It is no uncommon sight to see a mother chopping wood by her door or plowing in the field, while her children are tumbling in the dirt near by. As a natural result their homes are neglected, their children allowed to grow up in rags and dirt. The women themselves are often untidy in dress, uncleanly in habits; many of them smoke and rub snuff. In brief, they are strangers to those graces and accomplishments which should make them the chief factors in the uplifting of their people. It should not be forgotten, however, that in the majority of cases their condition is not of their own making; and it would be unjust to the negro women of the South not to add that there are among them many excellent housekeepers—women of true refinement and elevated character.

There is perhaps no more favourable place in which to study negro character and manners than the camp-meeting. This time-honoured

AUNT DINAH.

institution is no less social than religious in its nature. It is usually held in a partly cleared grove, under the auspices of the local clergy. Hither the coloured population in the surrounding region flock, coming on foot, in carriages and wagons, in ox-carts and mule-carts, on horseback and muleback—in short, by every conceivable mode of locomotion. Their dress is as varied as their vehicles. Indeed the negroes of the South are of all people the most cosmopolita in the matter of dress. Clothes of every imaginable style, colour, and "previous condition of servitude" are pressed into use, so that in this particular they present as great a variety as the beggars in the nursery rhyme.

As we approach the grove what a medley of sounds breaks upon our hearing!—the neighing of horses, the bellowing of cattle, the braying of mules, the laughter and screams of children, and joined with these a perfect babble of human voices, the whole forming a discordant din such as no human ear ever heard elsewhere. Entering the grounds, we pass bands of children, climbing, tumbling, romping, like so many troops of monkeys; gawky young fellows awkwardly making love to dusky beauties; groups of brawny men discussing abstruse points of theology with as much zeal and more harmony, perhaps, than a body of learned divinity doctors. Here and there a gossiping company of old "uncles" and "aunties" may be seen reviving the memories of bygone days. If we had time to stay

we might gather from their talk a rare collection of folk-lore, stories of ghosts and haunted houses, and family legends of slavery times.

It would be impossible to remain long at a negro camp-meeting without coming across one of those unique combinations of garrulity and ignorance, the coloured preacher. We could recognize him without an introduction. His huge brass-rimmed spectacles, his battered stiff hat, his long black coat somewhat faded and worn, and his cotton umbrella, tied with a string around the centre, have been made familiar to us by the artist's pencil. He is usually self-appointed, beginning his clerical career as an exhorter and gradually assuming the title of preacher. His creed is so unlike that of any recognized religious body that it would doubtless puzzle him to tell to what denomination he belongs.

NEGRO CABIN.

The maxim, "Knowledge is power," has little application to the coloured preacher. His very ignorance is ofttimes his greatest strength; for it has frequently been observed, especially in rural communities, that those preachers who have the most education have the least following. The reason is found in the negro's simplicity of character, a trait which leads him to avoid as far as possible all formality and restraint. Even his pastor, if he would have his church filled, must be a "jolly good fellow," giving himself no airs, but meeting his people without the semblance of affectation or reserve.

The coloured preacher's sermon is a curiosity in homiletics. Like the contents of the witches' caldron in "Macbeth," it is made up of the most heterogeneous elements—of words and phrases taken from every available source and loosely joined together. But while he borrows freely without credit, he can no more be accused of plagiarism than the compiler of a dictionary, so different is the combination from anything ever before produced. His love for high-sounding and long-tailed words is as remarkable as his congregation's fondness for "shouting"; so that, between the exhortations of the preacher and the hearty responses of his hearers, a religious service might easily be mistaken for a drill in vocal gymnastics.

One of the chief features of every negro gathering of a social character is the singing. A musical people they undoubtedly are. Not a few have exhibited a high degree of talent in this respect; as, for example, Blind Tom, whose performances on the piano have delighted so many cultured audiences. The darky fiddler, once so prominent a feature of social gatherings, is still sought after in some communities. The popularity of so-called "Jubi-

lee" singers and negro minstrels seems to increase with time. Many of the most popular songs in this country, such as "Old Kentucky Home," "The Fatal Wedding," and "Listen to the Mocking Bird," were composed by negroes.

For the origin of most of their songs we must go back to the days of slavery. Just as the labouring classes of England during the seventeenth century found expression for their struggles and sufferings in the popular ballads of the time, so the American slave gave vent to his afflictions and heartaches in song. He sang of his griefs—and they were many—of hardships and oppression, of loss of home, of separation from friends and relatives. In these songs one cannot fail to perceive a certain plaintive melody that seems to breathe forth centuries of patient suffering. But the songs of the negro were not all dictated by the tragic muse. Even in slavery there were bright, sun-kissed openings in the clouds of sorrow that darkened his life; and there is no better evidence of the natural cheerfulness and gaiety of his character than the comic and festive songs with which he was wont to celebrate these interspaces in his grief. The purely religious songs of the negro are often senseless combinations of words set to music, having neither rhyme nor metre. They abound in vain repetitions, and are usually strung out to an interminable length.

It would be strange if a people so imaginative were not superstitious. Indeed, the negro is the most credulous of creatures. He plants his crops, builds his house, treats his diseases, and, in short, regulates all the principal concerns of his life in accordance with some mysterious sign. The blacksnake, the ground-hog, and the whippoorwill are prophets in whose forecasts he plants unwavering faith. The more impressible carry about their persons a rabbit's foot, a piece of red flannel, or some charm, to ward off disease or woo the favour of Providence. There is scarcely one who has not his story to tell of ghost or haunted house. Perhaps the most terrifying of their beliefs are those connected with the presence of death. If a whippoorwill should sound its mournful note near the window of a sick-chamber all hope of the patient's recovery is relinquished. When death occurs all the pictures in the house are turned with their faces to the wall, and should any one be so hapless as to see the corpse in a mirror, by that sign his own doom is irrevocably sealed.

As might be supposed, many of their superstitions are intermixed with their religion. Their old men not only dream dreams, but, if their own testimony is to be credited, they also see visions. Some of them appear to rival the Maid of Orleans in the number and variety of their apocalyptical experiences. One white-haired seer professes with great earnestness to have been visited, Belshazzar-like, by a mysterious handwriting on the wall, which, strange to say, although he is wholly illiterate, he found no difficulty in deciphering. Others tell of encounters with the devil, more terrible even than those of St. Dunstan in his narrow smithy.

Those who describe the negro indiscriminately as a lazy do-nothing, content with a life of ignominious ease and complacent wretchedness, show little knowledge of his true character. Booker Washington comes nearer the truth when he says, adapting a phrase from Shakespeare, "Toil is the badge of all his tribe." In the cotton and tobacco fields, in factory and mine, on railroads and public highways, wherever there is hard, rough work to be done, the negro is relied upon to do it. He furnishes the brawn

and muscle in the South to-day, just as he did in the days of slavery. Why, then, it may be asked, has he so little to show for all his labour? It is because he has no idea of economy. His meagre income is in part wasted on candy, tobacco, and gewgaws; much of it goes to fill the insatiable till of the rum-seller, and not a little is eaten up by secret societies, of which often he contributes to as many as there are days in the week.

Education, which alone could be expected to overcome these evils, is still in a very imperfect state in the South. Owing to lack of funds the public schools are kept open on an average of only ninety days in the year. Some towns of from three to five thousand inhabitants are wholly dependent upon private schools. The common school teachers receive from $8 to $20 a month. Poorly paid, they are also poorly trained; so that it is a common remark, "Any one can teach a negro school." If a pupil is bright he soon learns all his teacher knows, after which, of course, he leaves school. Then, if there is no better institution near, he becomes discouraged, gives up the struggle for an education, marries, rents land, mortgages his crops, comes out in debt at the end of the year, and, after a few ineffectual efforts to better his condition, sinks back into a life of despairing misery.

But this is not all: the work of the schools, while deficient, is rendered still more inadequate by the home surroundings of the pupil. This cannot be better illustrated than by comparing the home influences of the white with those of the coloured child. The former absorbs knowledge, unconsciously, from his environment. The instruction of parents, the conversation of friends and associates, the daily newspaper, the books, the magazines and pictures with which his home is supplied—these all contribute to his education, so that he becomes, like the old man in Olive Schreiner's "Dreams," the child of "The - Accumulated - Wisdom - of Ages." But all these avenues of learning are closed to the coloured pupil. His parents are usually illiterate, his friends are ignorant as himself. He never sees a work of art and seldom reads a newspaper. From the society in which he moves he derives little else than superstition, errors of speech, and false notions of men and things. Thus his mind becomes clouded and his moral nature warped.

NEGRO GUIDE IN MAMMOTH CAVE, KENTUCKY.

But despite all these dark features of negro life, the coloured people of the South have made commendable progress since emancipation. Their total wealth has increased from zero to approximately $250,000,000, and this too in competition with a highly civilized and well-equipped race. Over 200,000 negro farmers now hold their land free of incumbrance. In the cities, the number of negroes who own their homes is large and constantly

TYPICAL NEGRO SCENE.

increasing, amounting in some places to more than a third of the coloured population. Besides successful merchants, there are, in almost every city, prosperous carpenters, tailors, brick-masons, and other craftsmen; while under the practical training of such industrial schools as those at Tuskegee, Ala., and Hampton, Va., an army of skilled negro mechanics is slowly but surely winning its way into the manufacturing institutions of the South.

The same steady improvement is noticeable in agriculture. Instead of raising "scrub" cattle, and cabbages that never come to a head, as he did a few years ago, the negro farmer is studying the chemistry of the soil and the diversification of crops, and by the aid of improved methods and implements of agriculture he is increasing the productiveness of his farm at the same time that he is lessening the cost of production. He is also learning the more important lesson of thrift and economy. Clubs or conferences are held in which the people are taught, "in a plain, simple manner, how to save money, how to farm in a better way, how to sacrifice—to live on bread and potatoes, if need be—till they get out of debt and begin the buying of land." Moreover, organizations are formed for the purpose of purchasing land and escaping from the iniquitous mortgage system. In one community in Texas fifteen families in five years improved their houses and farms to the amount of $15,000.

Very creditable, too, is the negro's progress in matters educational. Besides common schools in every State, there are 162 higher-grade institutions for coloured students. The standard of education is being steadily raised, the length of the school-term increased, and the teachers are receiving higher pay and more thorough preparation. The result has been that in thirty years forty per cent. of the illiteracy of the race has disappeared. Hundreds of well-educated preachers, editors, lawyers, doctors, and mechanics have gone forth from these schools, and have

become centres for the diffusion of useful knowledge and improved methods of living among their race. Under the same influences the negro brain is becoming adaptive and creative. Over fifty patents have been granted to negroes in recent years. Not a few full-blooded negroes have distinguished themselves in the various arts; they have occupied no mean rank as orators and as writers in the field of prose, while one gifted son of the race has recently evinced innate ability in the highest form of literature. Paul Laurence Dunbar's "Oak and Ivy" poems, with the later volume, entitled "Lyrics of Lowly Life," have been favoured with an extended and laudatory introduction and criticism by America's most popular novelist, Mr. Howells.

With this increase of intelligence and wealth, and as a result of it, has come social improvement. Already the outlines of a better social order are plainly visible. Old things are passing away: the "carpet-bagger" and "Kuklux" are no more; the one-room cabins are giving place to comfortable frame and brick dwellings; the people are deserting old-style, illiterate preachers, and are attaching themselves to spiritual guides more worthy of the cloth. With increase of knowledge has come increase of wants, and as their wants multiply they are resorting to industry and economy in order to satisfy them. Of course these improvements are as yet confined to certain sections, but the exception is fast becoming the rule. Under the sure and potent forces of education, industry, and religion, the negro race of the South is steadily advancing toward the highest civilization.—*Chautauquan.*

EASTER.

The world is full of sunshine and of song;
  The distant, fleecy clouds are angels' wings;
The Cross forgotten and the mocking throng,
  Christ reigns triumphant as the King of kings.

This is the garden where we wept Him dead,
  This is the tomb wherein His body lay,
The linen cloth that wrapped His thorn-wreathed head,
  The very stone the angels rolled away.

As in a vision we can see His face,
  Although we may not kiss His pierced feet.
Surely the dawn of heaven is on this place,
  Above the grave where love and triumph meet.

EASTER DAY.

O sad, sad soul, fling wide your doors,
  And make your windows curtainless!
Strew odours on your silent floors,
  And all your walls with lilies dress!

Throw open every sombre place;
  Roll every hindering stone away!
Let Easter sunshine gild your face,
  And bless you with its warmth to-day!

Let friends renew each bygone hour
  Let children fling the world a kiss:
And every hand tie in some flower,
  To crown a day so good as this!

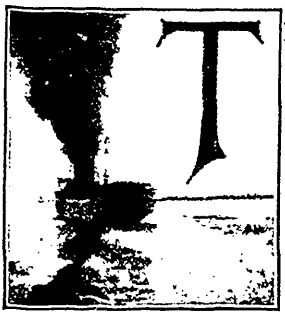
And whether skies are sad or clear,
  We'll give the day to joy and song:
For since the Christ is surely here,
  All things are right and nought is wrong!

—*Mrs. May Riley Smith.*

MEDICAL MISSION WORK IN CHINA.

BY O. L. KILBORN, M.A., M.D.,

Of the Canadian Methodist West China Mission.



THERE can be no two opinions as to the urgent needs of China as a field for medical mission work. Here we have all the conditions — profound ignorance of even the simplest laws of health, all-pervading ignorance of the causes and methods of treatment of disease, an absolute lack of anything approaching science in medicine and surgery, and perhaps we may add as a very suitable condition, an unreasoning prejudice against foreigners.

DR. KILBORN.

Chinese physicians and surgeons abound, with specialists in almost every department. The only qualification required is the ability to induce people to take their prescriptions. Yet if they would be successful, they must be able by many fine words and clever promises to collect good fees, invariably in advance, and solely for the purpose of buying the necessary ingredients for the required dose ; never for profit ! They must be equally clever at finding a plausible way out of the many difficulties into which they fall. The most common expedient is perhaps to charge the patient with having eaten some kind of food which is inimical to the healing process.

We are all familiar with the uncleanly habits of the Chinese. For the average individual baths are rare events, especially in winter. The great majority of the Chinese people live in houses without floors, often without ceilings, usually with leaky roofs. Hence dirt and dampness above and below. Windows are of paper or of boards. Hence dark interiors, and accumulations of dirt everywhere ; and dirt always carries microbes and disease. The one saving feature of the Chinese house is the all but universal system of ventilation, undesigned, but perfect in its working. Great holes gape in the gables, under the eaves, between the tiles and around doors and windows, thus providing for an abundance of fresh air. Another undoubted safeguard to health is the universal practice of drinking boiled water, either clear or as tea. Refuse of every description is thrown in the nearest convenient spot, usually the street, and the streets are cleaned annually by the heavy rains of summer.

"How do the Chinese manage to survive amidst such extremely unsanitary surroundings and unfavourable conditions?" They do not survive. They fall ill and die, at a rate which would appal us if we could only know the figures. I believe that the death-rate in Chinese cities, if not in the country as a whole, is double that in Western

cities. Especially is this the case when we consider the enormous infant mortality, apart from the awful loss through the practice of female infanticide. Pulmonary consumption is exceedingly prevalent, smallpox is never absent, and cholera epidemics come every few years as a matter of course.

One could give many instances of the ignorant and superstitious beliefs of the Chinese. Malaria is due to the presence of demons, which take possession at the shaking time. Later on it was found that demons and quinine were totally incompatible.

Water, even the cleanest, is believed to be the worst possible application to a wound. It will cause suppuration. But the foul-smelling mud taken from the bottom of an old drain is a sovereign remedy. Another application is the "1,000 feet soil," that is, soil presumably trodden by 1,000 feet. It is usually taken from the doorway of a house. Large numbers of blind men, women, and children are seen in every part of China, the result of uncleanliness, and of smallpox. A young man with sore eyes gave me as cause the fact that he had driven a nail into the wall in the kitchen, all unconscious that that was an unlucky day for driving nails.

The medical missionary, as we think of him now-a-days, is a man (or woman, as the case may be), who first and foremost is a consecrated Christian worker; who is an earnest, intelligent student of the Bible; and who has had experience in Christian work in the home land. He is a qualified medical practitioner, who has taken the regular college course in medicine, and obtained the standing required for practice at home. He has had impressed upon him an overpowering sense of the tremendous need of the heathen, and has responded by consecrating himself, not for a short term of years only, but for his whole life, to the work of carrying the gospel into the dark places of the earth. Before coming to China, he has obtained as much practical experience as possible in the practice of medicine and surgery; if possible he has acted as house physician and surgeon in some large hospital. He has in addition taken special training in eye diseases and skin diseases, and in as many other specialties as possible, because the medical missionary must be his own specialist. He must frequently work without help or advice from any one; must rely wholly upon himself in making important diagnoses, and carrying out difficult treatment, whether medical or surgical. Therefore, too, the medical missionary should be a man of well-balanced judgment and sound common sense; and moreover he should, in common with his colleagues, understand the "science of getting along with people." No member of the mission will come into closer relations with all classes of the Chinese than the medical missionary. He should therefore be kind, tactful, and considerate.

A great mistake is made in the case of many a medical missionary, when on first arrival on the field he is immediately pushed, or allowed to fall, into the work. How often have we read, "Dr. Blank had no sooner arrived than a most pitiable case presented itself for treatment. The doctor had not the heart to turn the poor man away. By the aid of an interpreter, treatment was given, and from that time on patients came in increasing numbers, until little or no time was left for study." Such is the fascination of medical mission work, that once begun, it slowly but surely increases until it absorbs one's whole time and attention. In a few months the new doctor has picked up enough of the language to get along fairly well in

the dispensary. Some one meantime protracts the unkindness by doing all the preaching for him, both out-patients and in-patients. In a year or two, what have we? A man immersed in one continuous round of purely medical and surgical work; worrying along with a sort of pidgin Chinese, chiefly a collection of phrases used in the hospital; utterly unable to preach a sermon, or give an address in Chinese; wearied with every attempt to carry on a conversation with a Chinese on any subject other than medical.

What is the final outcome? Unless a radical break is made, and the man is given the opportunity to acquire a fair all-round working knowledge of the language, the chances are that his first term of five to eight years is also his last term. Because of his lack of language, he has never been able to enter into any spiritual work, the real work for which he came to China. Because of his lack of language he has failed to come into sympathetic contact with the people, and the work that he did do had become a wearisome, monotonous drudgery.

With all my mind and strength, I would protest against the policy of urging or allowing the medical missionary to begin work before he has a fair knowledge of the language. Probably the ability to give a fifteen or twenty-minute address, which is thoroughly understood by a Chinese audience, would be a better test than a limit of time. The medical missionary will come into very close contact with all classes of Chinese, from the highest officials down; therefore he should be free in conversation. He should be able to preach readily, because he must preach constantly to his patients in dispensary and ward. His future success in the work, his influence upon the Chinese community in which he lives, the measure of his affection for the people and for his life-long work among them, all will be directly affected by his freedom or otherwise in the Chinese language.

While he has been studying the language, he has at the same time been studying the people—their habits and customs, their modes of acting and thinking. What a power he will have acquired if he has learned true sympathy with the Chinese; i. he has learned to "put yourself in his place," i.e., to see things from the Chinese point of view, as well as from that of the foreigner!

Now he is ready to begin medical mission work proper. He may have a well-established hospital, in which his duty is but to continue the good work of his predecessor. But his may be an entirely new work, without building or site. It is astonishing how little difficulty there is in doing most excellent work in native buildings which have been cleaned up and adapted. But if the funds are available, by all means let us have the foreign building. The advantages are cleanliness, light, air, and convenience of arrangement. If there is sufficient land in the site, the hospital should be erected in detached buildings according to the pavilion system. If on a suitable street, the waiting-room may very properly be the street chapel, placed close to the street and available for preaching to patients or the general public every day in the week. Here the assembled patients hear the gospel preached for at least half an hour each dispensary day. Afterwards patients are called into the consultation room in groups of six to ten at a time, and are seen one by one by the physician in charge. Some are taken into the private consultation room for more careful examination; others into the dark room for examination of eye, ear, or throat and nose, by reflected light.

All pass out through the dispensing room, where their medicines are handed to them over the counter with all necessary directions.

Some hospitals provide simply the rooms and the beds. Patients bring their own bedding, and take possession. They also bring their own rice and kitchen utensils, and prepare their food in the hospital kitchen. Other hospitals are managed more in accordance with Western ideals, and though involving much more labor and responsibility, I very much prefer this method to the first. By thorough cleanliness and a sufficiency of good food, the cure of a goodly proportion of in-patients is begun.

It is surprising how little fear the average Chinese patient has of the operating room and of operations. But this is doubtless explained by their total ignorance of the dangers of anesthesia, and by their excessive confidence in the foreign doctor. The fact is, the Chinese bear surgical operations remarkably well, and as a rule convalescence is rapid.

There is no doubt of the danger of trouble arising if a death should occur in a hospital during the first year or two after opening, especially if such death should follow a surgical operation. We always endeavour to avoid such a danger, as far as possible, by receiving as in-patients selected cases only.

Once settled in the ward, the new patient does not require more than about two days to get to feel quite at home. The awesome fear with which he had been taught to regard the fierce foreign devil melts away, and soon gives place to warm feelings of affection and esteem. Just here becomes manifest the peculiar place and power of the hospital in the great work of preaching the gospel.

What is the purpose of the medical missionary in coming to China? Most emphatically, to preach the gospel. What is the purpose of the hospital? The answer is the same, to preach the gospel. The preacher's workshop is the chapel; the teacher's the school; the hospital is the workshop of the doctor. The essential character of the product of all three is the same, though the methods are different.

I am quite ready to admit that the medical missionary must spend much more of his time, many more hours in the day, in the work of healing the sick than in preaching and teaching by actual word of mouth. But is not the work of healing in reality the preaching of the gospel? But we must preach by deed as well as by word, and is not the work of healing the very best exemplification in conduct of that most wonderful thing in the world—love? It is a concrete form of preaching, which even the most ignorant, most suspicious Chinese can understand.

Each dispensary day the Word is faithfully preached to the patients assembled in the waiting room. To no one will the patients give a more attentive hearing than to the doctor. In the dispensary, tracts and Scripture portions are distributed, at least something to each new patient. Tracts may also be posted upon the walls, and these many patients read while waiting their turn to be called to the consultation room. A large number of these out-patients come but once, and many more for a second or third time only. Hence the time is too short to learn much; yet the good seed is sown, and every little helps in bringing the precious truths before the people. And one always has the advantage that the dispensary congregation does not continually change, nor does it run away in the middle of the sermon.

It is easy to understand that the ward is the place where we get the best results, both medical and spiritual. In most hospitals in China,

it is the practice to hold a daily morning worship, either in the hospital chapel or in a large ward. Tracts and Scripture portions are distributed freely among the patients. Christian books and periodicals are on file, and are easy of access to all who can read.

Now, it is very difficult to preach to people who hate us, or who are suspicious of our motives ; who despise us as low, ignorant outsiders, and pity us because we are so unfortunate as not to have been born in China. But the effect of even a short stay in the hospital ward, with the kind care and attention, and physical benefits received, is in nine cases out of ten to substitute for suspicion confidence ; for lofty disdain respect and esteem, and even love. Could there well be a better preparation of the Chinese mind and heart for the reception of the message we bring ? And because the doctor is of necessity the special object of the patient's gratitude and regard, so any word of teaching or advice from him will be believed and heeded, as it will not be from any other foreigner.

There is another essential to the best results, namely, a hospital native evangelist. Such is its importance that the place is worthy of the very best Christian character that the Church can produce. He should be a man of good natural gifts, preferably not of the literary class, and, above all others, a man of sterling integrity, and one who has imbibed deeply of the spirit of the meek and lowly Jesus. The work of this man will be daily conversation, Scripture reading, and prayer with patients in the wards ; he will teach the catechism, hymns, and Scripture portions to classes of several or of one. A very important division of his work is that of following and visiting at regular intervals in their homes all those patients who have shown an interest in the gospel. There is little use in the foreigners attempting such visitation. The difficulties are all but insuperable. But a native can do it, and such work is absolutely necessary if we would gather up and conserve the benefits and blessings to patients of instruction and impressions received while in the hospital ward.

Self-support is not possible at the beginning of any work. At such time a fee of twenty to fifty cash should be sufficient for all comers. But in the course of a year or two, as the name and fame of the hospital becomes established, the physician may begin to ask for fees and aim to increase his income slowly but steadily, till in the course of a few years' time his institution shall have become partly or wholly self-supporting.

Out-patients should be required to pay a fee of at least twenty cash for the first visit only ; subsequent visits should be free, as an inducement to take continued treatment. Exceptions to this twenty cash rule may be made in the case of beggars and the very few others who ask it. The minority who should pay, are officials and the rich or well-to-do merchants, and those whose diseases are due to their own evil conduct. Many patients prefer to avoid the crowd by coming on non-dispensary days, and paying a small fee of two hundred cash for treatment.

Half of the in-patients in the general wards will pay the cost of their food, say 1,500 to 2,500 cash a month. Another percentage will pay a part, while not more than 25 per cent. to 35 per cent. are unable to pay anything. I believe it is the general experience that the patient who pays even 100 cash a month, is much more grateful for what is done for him than is the man who gets everything free. In a hospital where everything is free, patients are apt to get the impression that

we are abundantly supplied with funds, probably by government, and they therefore do not ask for favours, but are apt rather to demand their rights in the shape of free board and lodging and free treatment. They may become very independent in demeanour, and under the circumstances see no particular cause for gratitude. There is usually very little difficulty in getting the Chinese to pay at least the cost of their food. They are always impressed by the reasonableness of the demand. Of course one meets with dead-beats, and not infrequently gets taken in.

Then in the case of operations,—he is a very poor man indeed who cannot pay a fee of 100 to 1,000 cash for an operation requiring time, skill, and the use of expensive drugs and instruments. At the same time wealthy officials should, as a matter of principle, be asked for good round fees for operations. I am firmly of opinion that such a course of procedure will increase the respect of the patients for Western medicine and surgery, and for the foreigners themselves. Such a course tends to an enlightened understanding of the position of the foreign doctor ; he is not so likely to be regarded as under foreign imperial pay, for some mysterious, and therefore sinister purpose. A large proportion of the visits we are called to make to patients in their homes, are to yamens or houses of the wealthy. And the rule holds good here that free or even cheap work gains for us little gratitude or respect.

Still another valuable and well-known source of hospital income, namely, that of subscriptions from both foreigners and Chinese, needs only to be mentioned.

Allow me to answer a few possible objections to the self-support plan. 1st. That an impression of a mercenary spirit may be conveyed. This objection breaks down at once when it is remembered that the great majority of out-patients pay the ridiculous sum of twenty cash only, often for a month or more of treatment. While most in-patients pay for food only, or get it free.

2nd. That medical work should be free, even as the gospel is free. But is the gospel free? Salvation is free, but it costs to proclaim it. Somebody must pay to bring both ministers and doctors across the sea, and keep on paying in order to support us and our churches and hospitals after we get here. Why should not those who derive so much direct physical benefit, and are able to help, be allowed to help in the good work? We all agree that the Christian Church in China will not attain to the highest spiritual development until it is self-supporting and self-propagating. Neither will patients who are able to pay receive the greatest good from the ministrations of the medical missionary until they are led to pay at least to the extent of the complete support of the hospital.

3rd. That self-support is a hindrance to evangelistic work in the hospital. This is, I believe, contrary to experience. The great benefit derived from our medical work is the removal of prejudice and the softening of the hearts of the people by what we do for them. This is the stage of preparation for the entrance of the gospel message.

Now we have found that the patient who has paid a good-sized fee is not by any means the least grateful ; indeed, he is often much more grateful than the one who pays nothing. And, moreover, he is not tempted to fawn upon us, or to be hypocritical in his gratitude. He can look us fairly in the face and thank us. Therefore we claim that the spiritual work of the hospital is helped and not hindered by the self-support plan. Furthermore, we believe self-support to be practicable, because the Chinese are ac-

customed to pay their own doctors, and often their fees are exorbitant, even from the foreign point of view.

A shoemaker brought me his little girl, with a small abscess. After some weeks of treatment she was pronounced healed, and the father came to express his thanks. Said he : "I shall always come to you after this. The last time my child had a sore like that, I had Mr. Blank (naming a Chinese doctor), and it cost me over four thousand cash and three pairs of satin shoes, and besides he took two or three times as long as you did to cure her." My treatment had cost him just twenty cash !

There are a great many other important questions that might come up in consideration of medical missionary work. I shall mention a few.

There is ecclesiastical standing. The medical missionary ought, if he wishes it, to have equal standing before the native church with his ministerial brother. Such standing may be given him before he leaves the home land ; or if he comes to China without it, and feels the need of it here, there should be some provision whereby such standing may be conferred. The medical missionary and the ministerial missionary are, I believe, equally ordained of God ; why should they not be equally ordained by the Church ?

Every hospital must have assistants, and other things being equal, the better trained they are, the more and the better work will the hospital do. For the present, the only way to get native assistants is to train them oneself. Medical work is not permitted in the home lands by any but qualified men and women, and rightly so. There are plenty of qualified practitioners for all the work there is to do. But in China circumstances are very different, and I believe that the results justify the practice. But the layman who undertakes such work cannot exercise too great caution by treating simple cases only, and avoiding serious ones in both medicine and surgery. One case that goes wrong will do much harm to him and his work. A very few cases helped or cured may be the means of breaking down much prejudice, and of speedily working a most favourable change in the attitude of the people.

There is such a fascination in the work for the work's sake, and it is so easy to fill the wards to overflowing, and then to allow the outpatients to gradually increase in number, until one's strength is taxed to the very utmost six, yes, seven days a week in his efforts to keep up with it all! One may keep up with it for a time. But there is very great danger of one of two things happening, either some important department of the work will be neglected, or the missionary's health fails, and then all departments must be neglected, i.e., the whole work stops.

A very insidious danger is that of neglecting one's own mental culture. Journals, medical and general, are scarcely opened, but laid away untouched. New books are rarely purchased and old ones hurriedly read. To spend time on anything else than one's medical books, and perhaps a Bible commentary is out of the question. Life becomes one ceaseless rush and grind, from Monday morning to Monday morning again.

I believe I have indicated a possible danger. Let us rather treat a limited number of patients well; let us rather carry on with thoroughness all departments of the work in a small hospital than undertake too much and neglect some part ; let us emphasize quality rather than quantity.

In 1895 there were in all China only 71 hospitals and 111 dispen-

saries. In 1899 there were 1,177 men, and 1,723 women, a total of 2,900 missionaries, men and women, married and single.

Allow me to relate in conclusion an incident illustrating the methods and results of the missionary hospital in China. Amongst the dispensary patients one day was an old man of sixty, whose complaint was total blindness in both eyes. The disease was cataract. He was received into the hospital and operated upon. After a few days, when the bandages were removed, he began to gaze at his hands and then at the windows. Then he looked at his bed and at the other patients' beds in the ward. One day as I came into the ward and approached his bed, the old man exclaimed, "Stand back, Doctor, I can see you there; back a little farther, there! I can see you plainly there!"

Mr. Moody once said that the greatest joy one could have in this world, was to have some one take you by the hand and say, "By your means I was led from darkness to light." Of course he referred to spiritual darkness and spiritual light. I believe the next greatest joy is to realize that one has been the means of restoring sight to the physically blind. In the month he had spent in the hospital, the old man had the usual daily teaching in gospel truth, with remarkably good results. On dismissal from the hospital he immediately put his name down as an enquirer; he attended church services regularly, and frequently brought a friend with him. Up and down the street he went, visiting the tea-shops and the neighbours' houses, everywhere showing and telling to all who cared to listen, what the foreigner had done for him.

Thus is the medical missionary in his hospital, and by means of his hospital, endeavouring to do his share in the grand work of "preaching the gospel to the whole creation."

EASTERTIDE.

BY ZITELLA COCKE.

In the holy Eastertide, O do they hear our glad rejoicing—
Blessed souls all thrilling through and through with joy of Paradise,
Friend and brother, gone before us, do they hearken to our chorus,
As the song of resurrection mounts in triumph to the skies?

Do they pause amid the echoes of the heavenly hallelujahs,
And the sound of angel trumpets borne along the argent stars,
Pause, to catch the strains that falter, round our earthly, flower-crowned altar,
Leaning low in wistful vision out the firmamental bars?

Ay, they mark our joyful Easters in the Father's many mansions,
Golden links that bind us to them in a union sweet and strong.
In their loftier vocation, sharing still our adoration—
Joining with our feeble praises their full symphony of song!

And methinks that surely He who is the life and resurrection,
As upon the first bright Easter morn, still comes unto His own.
Tho' their eyes be undiscerning, longing hearts within are burning,
As they feel the Mighty Presence, unto sight and sense unknown!

Happy ones whose Easter rapture is unmarred by sin and sorrow,
Walking 'neath the benediction of perpetual love and light—
Would we knew your Easter gladness, that life's bitterness and sadness
Might dissolve in empty shadows, as day vanquishes the night!

Ye who saw earth's wondrous miracles in meadow and in forest—
The proud pageant of the sunset, and the morning's crimson show—
Ye who read her Easter story in each fresh and new-born glory,
Teach our hearts, O gracious ministers, that we may see and know!

—*Independent.*

WHAT THE BELLS SAID

EASTER CHIMES.

BY ISABELLE HORTON.

IT was early morning, and very, very still. The lilies in the Sevres vase hung motionless over their own reflection on the polished table. A great crystal bowl of roses stood near them, but not a leaf nor a petal had stirred for hours. The filmy lace curtains were not moved by so much as a breath.

Suddenly the fragrant air vibrated with a glorious burst of melody. The bells of the cathedral were pealing forth their Easter chimes. A red rose had drooped all night with closely folded petals, dreaming—but who can tell of what the unblown rose dreams? As the jubilant notes filled the air, the glowing heart of the rose expanded. She raised her head and shook her velvet petals apart, thrilled with a strange new sense of joy. What was it? As if still dreaming, she seemed to see a misty sky, rainbow-spanned; and wind-waved branches glancing in the sunlight; and sparkling raindrops gliding along swaying grass blades. Had glancing leaves and gliding raindrops suddenly become vocal? It was all there, in those liquid notes chasing one another up and down—the sway of the grass, the flash of the rain. But there was more; something that spoke of joy, and triumph, and filled her whole being with a strange delight.

She looked around for her sister roses. Some were still asleep; some were lazily stretching out their soft petals; some were broad awake and listening, like herself.

"What is it?" she asked them eagerly.

"We don't know, indeed; how should we?" they answered. "Ask the lilies up there."

The red rose looked up. Just above her hung a great white lily, pure and still. She could see deep into her golden heart; she was half afraid of the stately flower, but she said: "O, lily, what is it—this glorious thing that seems to fill all the world with joy?"

"It is the Easter bells," said the lily. "We know, for our mother told us of them when we were in our little brown cradles. We have been waiting and listening for them all night."

"And what is it they are saying?" asked the rose.

"I cannot tell," answered the lily, "but we shall know by and by. This is to be the crowning day of all our lives. We shall go into the great cathedral, and there will be music—such music as you never dreamed of—and light, and colour, and fragrance, and joy. Doubtless there we shall learn what the bells say."

Presently two ladies came into the room. Their dresses swept the carpet with a sound like the rustle of leaves. One put out a white hand, upon which something flashed and glittered.

"The roses have opened beautifully," she said. "See this red one; isn't it queenly?"

"Regal, rather; but these pure white ones are more to my taste."

"But there is life and fire in this glowing red," said the first speaker. "Flowers have an individuality to me. Those white lilies are the saints, dedicated to heaven from their birth; but the roses belong to earth. They are for the Master, too, but they tell not so much of the risen and triumphant Saviour as of the passion and pain of the earth life."

"I didn't know you were so fanciful," said the other, lightly gathering the tall lilies into her jewelled hands. "But we shall be late if you stop to moralize. Will you bring the roses? There is a place waiting for them in the chancel."

She gathered the roses into a great bunch, touching them caressingly, and stooping again and again to inhale their fragrance.

She entered the vestibule. The heavy inner doors swung noiselessly as people passed in. Through them came wafts of warm, perfume-laden air, and snatches of low music. There were smiles and low greetings and the soft rustle of silk. The heart of the rose quivered with happy expectancy.

Then there was a slight confusion.

Some one coming out hastily jostled those just about to enter; then the beautiful woman with the roses swept in—but the fairest rose of all lay with a broken stem on the stone floor outside, and the cushioned doors swung shut between her and her paradise.

For a moment she felt bewildered. Then she said: "Surely they will come back after me. They said there was a place waiting for us, and I shall be missed." But no one came. The great doors were constantly swinging now, but no one even so much as glanced at the rose. She had fallen in an angle of a flight of steps, else she would have been crushed under foot, so unconscious were the passers-by of her presence.

How long she lay there she did not know. It seemed to her sad heart like a lifetime. She heard music like a dream, far away—so far away; rising and swelling, then breaking into bird-like carols, and soaring higher, higher, then caught and tangled in an upward sweeping flood of melody from below; then sinking and fainting into silence. She was sure it had a language—that wonderful music—and those happy people inside, they would hear and understand. It must be the same story the bells rang out in the morning—that happy morning so long ago. And here she lay, outside of it all—a poor castaway. Already she felt weak and faint, and in despair she said: "This is the end of it all; I must die here on the cold stones."

Then the doors swung open again, and the flood of people poured outward. But nothing mattered to the rose; her petals were drooping, and her heart growing sick with bitter pain. But presently she felt herself lifted from the pavement. Tender eyes looked lovingly into her deep, red heart, and gentle fingers smoothed her bruised petals. This face was fair and young as the one that had bent over her in the morning, but about it were no dainty laces, no flash of jewels nor shimmer of silk. A plain dress of black serge, a black bonnet with soft white ties, knotted under the chin, that was all; but as the rose looked up she thought of the shining white lilies that hung over her when she awoke to the music of the Easter bells.

"Red as the life-blood on Calvary," murmured the girl, fastening it into her dress. "Poor little flower, like Him, crushed and broken; but perhaps your mission is not ended yet."

Then began a new life for the rose. There was no more music, nor perfume, nor dreams; but, worn on the bosom of the black serge gown, she went into dark places and amid dreary sights and sounds. And yet a strange rest and peace had taken possession of her. She felt that from her, she knew not how, went out something of brightness and joy.

They entered an attic room, where a woman lay with a white, wasted face, and strangely brilliant eyes.

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come!" she cried. "I was afraid you'd be too late."

She spoke to her caller and laid her cold hand in hers; but her eager eyes rested upon the rose. With a smile the visitor unfastened it from her dress and placed it in the hand of the sick woman.

"Isn't it lovely! I've looked at them many a time in the great show windows, but I never thought I'd hold one again;" and she touched it to her lips and her cheek.

"Now tell me again about Jesus," she said. "I get so lost when you're away. He seems so far off, and I've been so wicked——" a weak, hoarse cough interrupted her, and she panted for breath before she could go on.

"I heard the bells a-ringing this morning, and they sounded so happy—so sure, somehow—and then I tried to say over what you told me, but I couldn't seem to take hold of it as I can when you tell it to me."

How the heart of the rose stirred again! Had she come here after all to learn the secret of the bells—here, instead of in the grand cathedral, with its banks of flowers and its heavenly music?

The woman in black took the cold, trembling hand between her own and said, slowly and earnestly:

"The Easter morning tells us that our Saviour rose from the tomb. He was dead—and He lived again. He died for us; He bore our sins; and because He conquered death and sin for us, we may live in Him. Can you believe this?"

"Yes, for you, and others like you; but I am so unworthy—so vile."

"'While we were yet sinners Christ died for us.' He loves us, though we both are weak and sinful in His sight."

Hot tears were gathering in the wo-

man's eyes, and hope and fear struggled together in her face.

"If I only could believe it—but how can He love one like me?"

The visitor's eyes fell upon the rose, still held in the weak fingers.

"Why did I give you the rose? What does it say to you for me?"

"It says—that you care for me; that you love me—a little!"

"Yes, and it says truly. I do love you, but not because you loved me first, nor because you could do anything for me; but because the dear Master has put a little of His wonderful love into my human heart. Can't you see that He must love you infinitely more than I? I only gave you a poor, half-faded rose, and you believe in me. He gave His life for you. Christ is the Gift—the Word—the human expression of God's love."

The light broke over her face. "I do believe it. I see it now. But, oh, how can I ever love Him enough?"

Just then they caught the sound of distant bells, faint, but sweet, and clear, and joyous.

"The Lord is risen! He is risen in my heart!"

"Let us thank Him;" and the visitor sank upon her knees by the bedside.

When she arose a change had come over the face upon the pillow. It was growing grey and strange, even to the watcher who knew it so well; but the joy still shone in her eyes.

"The bells—the bells—He is risen—my Saviour——" and the breath left her lips.

The red rose lay against her white throat. Its crimson petals were soft and limp, but it whispered as its last perfumed breath spent itself in the darkening room:

"I am content; I helped a little; and who knows but for me, too, there may be life beyond death."—Epworth Herald.

"SACER JESU, CARE CHRISTE."

A LITANY.

Sacred Jesu! Christ, who carest,—
Who a lost world's burden bearest,—
Woe to man if Thou despairest!
(Saviour, hear our cry!)
Love unmeasured, Love untiring,
Cursed by souls of Thy desiring,—
On the cross for us expiring!
(Saviour, hear our cry!)

By Thy wan brow's saddest seeming,
By Thy precious blood down-streaming,—
Hallowed gift for our redeeming!
(Saviour, hear our cry!)
By the thorn-crown—nails deep-driven,
By Thy cry to darkening Heaven,
By rent veil, and tomb wide-riven!
(Saviour, hear our cry!)

Bitter cup and bloody passion—
Utmost Love's divine expression—
Let them be for our salvation!
(Saviour, hear our cry!)

By the might that could retrieve Thee,
By the Heaven that did receive Thee,
By the crowns the ransomed weave Thee!
(Saviour, hear our cry!)

Sacred Jesu! Love ascended!
Scorn and cross and conflict ended!
High-enthroned and angel-tended!
(Saviour, hear our cry!)
Who, when Thou art interceding,
Can resist Thy lips' sweet pleading,—
Advocate, whose wounds are bleeding!
(Saviour, hear our cry!)

Sacred Jesu! Christ, who carest!
Still with us unseen Thou farest,
Still with us the cross Thou bearest!
(Saviour, hear our cry!)
Drive our darkness, heal our pining—
Lucent Star, eternal, shining!
Glorious Sun, no more declining!
(Saviour, hear our cry!)

—*Pastor Felix.*

THE EASTER FEAST.

How shall we keep the Easter feast?
With pomp of praise and pride of priest?
With flow'r-crowned altars, burning bright,
And lofty temple's gorgeous rite?
With sounding song, that swings and swells
To rhythm sweet of chiming bells,
And charm of worldly cheer increased?
Is this the Christian's Easter feast?

Nay, nay; the Easter Victory
Is humble heart's sincerity,
Which, leaving malice in the tomb
Of buried sin, forsakes its gloom,
And rises to the joy, high-priced,
Won for us by our risen Christ!
Loving for Jesus' sake the least
Of His—this is the Easter feast!

—*Zitella Cocke.*

THE SWORD OF THE LORD STILL EDGED.

*THE APOLOGETIC VALUE OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.**

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II.

IV. Currently with the theological development we have described, there proceeded also an ethical development. It need not be supposed that Israel as a nation rose to either the doctrinal or ethical elevation of the Old Testament—this may have been rather the privileged outlook of the few than the actual attainment of the many. But there was present a leaven, a tendency that uplifted the masses. They were saved from the immoral environment that otherwise had been their ruin. If here and there the people were besmirched by the sins of the surrounding peoples, it is an important fact that the immoralities of the Canaanites to so small an extent infected their Israelite neighbours.

There were also two great ethical ideas marking the progress of this people. One was the rising into clear consciousness of the fact of personality. In the earlier stages of society the individual is less a unit than the family or clan or tribe. Many indications of this are found in the Old Testament. The laws of blood revenge, the destruction of Achan's household, were based on this principle. Even far down in Hebrew history the tendency remained, and the feeling was "the fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge." But there came to that people the sense of a God who was not merely national, but could be addressed as "my God." There came a sense of not merely corporate, but of personal responsibility, of a relation of God, not only to the nation, but to the individual. And so, though the stages were prolonged, yet through every less inadequate conception the principle advanced till it reached its fitting level in the prophets Jeremiah and Ezekiel.

And all the while the conception of righteousness was developing. In a certain sense, in a rude society, religion precedes ethics. Religious worship is a clearer duty than moral conduct. The worship of ancestors, the proper cultus of the national god, the due performance of rites, the maintenance of a priesthood to carry out the correct ritual, these elements precede a more ethical sense of religion. At such a level of culture the righteous man is he whose service, whether rendered personally or by a priest, is ritually correct. But Israel rose beyond this conception of righteousness. Holiness and righteousness became terms of the ethical life, and connoted more than mere ritual exactness and ceremonial separateness. Through the ceremonial the nation advanced to the practical, through the rubrical to the ethical. Those earlier stages were but the pictorial introduction to a life of just conduct before God and man. And thus the nation rose to the knowledge of a God in relation to the individual man, to whom He said: "I desire mercy, and not sacrifice."

This view, that the religious and moral ideas of the people underwent a development that is in part traceable, may be called modern and evolutionary. Within certain limits these adjectives may be accepted. As there is a naturalistic and also a theistic theory of the evolution of the world, so there are a naturalistic and a theistic theory of the evolution of the Hebrew religion. If we may see in the evolution of the universe the development of potencies placed by the divine wisdom in primal matter that they might thus develop; and if in those transitions from lifeless to living, from unconscious to conscious, from man to brute, we see yet clearer evidences of this investment with tendency and power, or it may be of divine control—so may we see a like theistic evolution in the Hebrew religion and its scriptures. If God works thus, as the modern world so largely believes, in nature, why not in grace and in the production of Scripture? A new "analogy of religion, natural and revealed, to the constitution and course of nature," may yet be needed to meet the questionings of this age, and it will be based upon the saying of

Origen, that he who believes the Scriptures to have proceeded from Him who is the Author of nature, may well expect to find the same difficulties in it as are found in the constitution of nature.

To some it is a problem why the Old Testament endures, and contains so much that marks its early and imperfect stages, so much of the scaffolding whereby its structure was raised. Yet in the constitution of the human body there are found not a few structures that seem in like manner to be of the body's scaffolding. At any rate, to men of this generation, a view of the development of the Old Testament and its scriptures that lies in the plain of contemporary thinking will not make the least effective appeal—we must be discreet moneychangers. If there be a theistic evolution of nature there may be analogous theories of Holy Scripture.

There are elements suggesting, if not presupposing, a supernatural control. There is the imperative of the book based upon its affirmation, "*Thus saith the Lord.*" There is the connection between history and the religion, as though the Supreme Ruler of things human took interest in this book and interlaced it with His widest purposes. And when to these you add the growth of its high ethical theory, and its lofty conception of the Godhead, advancing in spite of environment, while others sank, we have some elements within the book of permanent apologetic worth.

V. Another suggestive feature of the book is its presentation of a series of typical persons, parallel with which is a series of rites, that, in a way the first ministers or recorders could not have foreseen, found a meaning in, and gave a meaning to, another religious system. Nor is this argument any less powerful if this typical element in ritual was a gradual development, and not the creation of a solitary and uniquely endowed mind. The details by which this latter line of thought would be sustained may be found in the Epistle to the Hebrews; and in many later treatises. The author, however, of that epistle writes on the assumption of the divineness and inspiration of the Old Testament, while to us that is a point for proof, not for assumption. Nor may we now assume the divine authority of the New Testament, or of the Christian system. For the time, we regard it as a great historic religion, of vast proportion and of venerable antiquity, centring around what is confessedly a unique personality, with doctrines which command attention, if only by the boldness of their speculations and their incomparable ethical worth. Then we say, that across the gulf of centuries there should be such correspondence between the ritual of the Old Testament and the asserted fulfilment of the New, is at the least a coincidence demanding an explanation, an explanation, we believe, that no mere naturalism can produce.

So, too, with the typical persons. At intervals along the highway of this national history are forms whose life is not self-contained, and so ending in themselves, but who have a meaning for an age to come, and are to be reproduced, so to speak, in larger proportions and more costly material. How many of these typical persons there are is, and probably must remain, undecided, and more or less a personal question. The unwise typifying of some theologians has brought this whole argument into disfavour. It has still a place and a worth. A system which contains not one type, but a series of typical individuals, may be regarded as characterized by this typical method. The series which a critical exegesis admits is not inconsiderable, though it will differ between student and student. But a second Adam, a second Moses, as prophet of the Lord and guide of His people, a Phineas as the heir of a perpetual priesthood, a David as the type of an eternal kingship (a type after taken up by members of the Davidic house),—while the priestly and kingly types are united in the persons of Melchisedek and the Joshua of Zechariah's prophecy—these are elements of an argument which may not be demonstrative, but is at least arrestive. How strange, that on one side of a gulf of centuries one conception should have been expanding during the course of centuries, while on the other side of the gulf, in one generation and in one life, these scattered elements should have been collected and fulfilled.

VI. There is a phenomenon within the Old Testament that at one time ranked high as an element of its value, I mean prophecy. To-day it is practically abandoned, at least in its old form, by many apologists. In

that form it was an argument from isolated instances of prediction to isolated instances of fulfilment. Many instances were of dubious exegesis, there was always the possibility of the contention that the instance was "post eventum," while the mass of the prophetic ministry had for this argument little or no reference, an almost fatal weakness. And yet, while the argument from mere prediction may carry little force, the argument from prophetism is valid. The Old Testament student may admit the existence of resembling phenomena in other nations and religions, but a just discrimination will go far to convince him of the divine vocation of the Hebrew prophet, and of the authoritative character of their written and spoken utterances.

In the investigation of prophetism what does he find? He finds a body of men organized to be the bodyguard of the Hebrew faith and Church, whose origin and continuance rested in the least degree upon mere human control and protection. Within this body, and for the highest ends of religion, there arose men with exceptional gifts, while others were added, like Amos, who seemed outside the prophetic collegium. These were idealists of the highest order, whose ideal was a kingdom of God, but whose ministry was largely an enforcement of present righteousness. They claimed to speak in the name of Jehovah, and their message was generally received as such by their generation and their race, and proved a great moral power.

What further marks the power of this body, is the fact that they were the great means by which the higher conceptions of God were taught to this people. This possibility of more exalted teaching was a witness to the success of their previous work, an evidence not only of their nobler thinking, but of the effectiveness of their mission with its so great claims. They dealt with the national and foreign politics of their time, and made predictions that cannot be easily rejected, of such events as national disasters and deliverances, of Exile, the Preservation of a Remnant, and the Return. These are too numerous, if nothing more, to be merely happy guesses; the least explanation is that the prophet possessed an insight into his time and into the nature and purpose of God that issued in these true predictions. If so, the phenomena of the prophetic order rest upon no common and merely human base.

But to one aspect of this ministry I would especially refer, the Messianic. Here again the personal equation must come in, and personal convictions be respected. Diversities of judgment as to what prophecies are Messianic, will continue till exegesis becomes a more exact or a more mechanical science. Even the New Testament references in some instances suggest rather apt quotation than purposed fulfilment. The term Messianic must be taken in its widest extent. It will not mean merely predictive hints of the circumstances, in details that are somewhat minute, of the promised Redeemer. All predictions concerning Him, all recognition of the typical personages that foreshadowed Him, all declarations concerning the character, extent, conditions of His kingdom, all foreshadowing of the historic processes leading on to the coming of the Messiah and the establishment of His kingdom, must be regarded as Messianic.

How large this body of evidence may be it is not easy to imagine. Let a man take the Old Testament, let him note such passages as seem to him to lie in this plain, and the result so taken will be a striking phenomenon of a literary and theological character, demanding explanation, and rejecting, I believe a merely naturalistic explanation.

Like the doctrine of God the prediction of the Messiah was a growth gaining volume and variety during centuries. It was, if one may change the figure, a great river, draining the whole history of the Jewish people. It contained a promise of a Healer of the world's sorrows, who should come of the seed of the woman, and then, in ever-narrowing circles, was defined to be of the seed of the woman of the seed of Shem, of the seed of Abraham, of the family of Jacob, of the tribe of Judah. As the prophecy moved out of the range of patriarchal times, the coming of this Deliverer, the establishment of a kingdom of God, and the subjugation of its opponents became ever more developed. The seed of David became the channel of this redeeming King, who became increasingly personal and definite though portrayed in different figures. In the later evangelic prophecy you reach the strange elements of a sinless Sufferer, and a ministry of pain that is part of the divine plan. Mean-

while the narrow Jewish expectation gives way through a succession of prophets, and a universal religion becomes the manifest goal of the divine purpose.

As I have briefly suggested it is possible to trace such development, though neither on the traditional nor the critical theory will a merely mechanical growth hold good. Yet there was a development, consisting in the seeming paradox, that while the circle through which the blessing should come narrowed, the circle over which it was to be distributed widened: an evolution that does not easily admit of a purely naturalistic explanation.

There is another aspect of this prophecy which also seems to demand a supernatural explanation. You have in the Old Testament a prophetic body, whose very existence, character, and work has its apologetic significance. Now, these men do not merely repeat and enlarge the message of their predecessor. There is a variety about their predictions, suggesting independence upon the human, as there is an interlacing that suggests control on another side. No single figure, no class of figures, no single line of thought is able to express that complex Messianic idea. Many are the "tessarae" that are fitted together to make up the mosaic of this great picture. There is the conception of a redeeming seed that stands out at least as a personal Messiah. He is variously presented as the Ideal Man, as Prophet, as King, as Priest, as the faithful Shepherd, as the Branch of Jehovah, as the Servant of the Lord, and as the Suffering Saviour, as the Hero victorious over Edom, and as the Prince of Peace. The divine kingdom is portrayed as an inviolable Zion, as a ransomed nation, as a life-giving river. There existed a number of historic personages who were taken as elements of this Messianic picture.

Meanwhile, there grew up a sense of the narrow and non-permanent, of the national rather than the catholic, of the figurative rather than the real, of the material rather than the spiritual character of much that had been spoken; and so the later prophets often rose to higher points of vision. From time to time these diverse strands of prophecy began to cross as though they would signify that they were destined to become a finished fabric that would at last come off the loom of time. The kingly and priestly elements are united in Melchisedek and the High Priest Joshua. The human Messiah of the early prophecy becomes, at the zenith of the prophetic day, one with God, since He becomes the Redeemer of His people. The vision of a holy temple, as seen by Ezekiel, is enlarged and lost in the larger conception of a day when the cooking vessels shall be as the bowls upon the altar, and in every place a pure offering shall rise to the Lord.

Then, while these threads of prophecy seemed forming themselves into one picture, inactivity came to them. Upon the goodly fellowship of the prophets a silence fell—silence from Him who, in the words of St. Paul, keeps His mysteries in silence through times eternal. No addition of any moment was made. There were born generations, and there arose circumstances, that cast the conception of the Messiah backward and downward—from the divine to the human, from the spiritual to the carnal, from the universal to the national. A Messiah who could succeed against Israel's too mighty foes seemed the Alpha and Omega of the people's hope.

There lies, I think, a distinct apologetic value in the unspiritual character of the later generations of the Jewish Church. Messiahship was not yet so harmonious a conception as to command the mind and purpose of the men of those days, and so to effect its own accomplishment. There was no transcendent mind able to discern the possible, substantial unity of these predictions. It was not an age of such spiritual activity as to transmute the prophecies of seers into facts, or even to reset their dreams. It was not an ideal age that was likely to distinguish the ideal and essential elements, and give them new form. But what did happen in that unpromising age?

One only serious and successful claim to have fulfilled this great prophecy has been made. It arose in an age wholly unlikely to have produced a spiritual Messiah. It professes to have come about after a fashion—to wit, the Incarnation—that was wholly alien to the thoughts, tastes, theology of Judaism. It claimed to be the fulfilment of the essential elements of prophecies that had taken centuries in their uttering, and had remained for centuries unfulfilled. It claimed that while the pictorial elements and figurative setting might possess seeming contradiction, yet the ideal and so

essential elements, and sometimes even details, found fulfilment in an individual. And the life in which these scattered rays found their focus, these fragments fitted into each other, was a life possessing a character so human yet so divine, so ideal yet so real, that no merely human imagination, of itself, in any age, and, perhaps, least of all, in that age, could have arisen to its sublimity.

I need not specify the lines along which Jesus of Nazareth has been through so many centuries, and by so vast a multitude, identified with the Messiah. Nor may I rest this argument upon the inspiration and testimony of the New Testament. But this I do see—the dark gulf of the centuries that passed between the close of prophecy and the Christian era. On one side of that gulf I note the impressive phenomenon of Old Testament prophecy and its splendid product, the slowly revealed picture of the Messiah and its kingdom, with its many threads and complex and seemingly contradictory elements. On the other side of that gulf, where existed no human hand or mind that could have produced the result, I see the picture before which the ages bow in awe and love, the form of the Incarnate, sinless Sufferer ; I see, too, a Church founded on the belief that He is the fulfilment of these prophecies, a Church of spreading conquests, proclaiming a faith charged with moral and spiritual dynamic.

I have these two facts, the prophetic picture and the evangelical picture. Can any one explain, on any merely naturalistic theory, the rise of the one and the rise and correspondence of the other ? Upon such lines may be built up an argument which may not be mathematically demonstrative, but at least morally sufficient, and resting on no dogmatic assumption as to Inspiration. The Old Testament was taken as the record and embodiment of a religious system. It held, and still holds, a peculiar relation to human thought in its highest phases and to the world's history. It is a book that stands out from the mass of books, and even from its nearest compeers, by its ability to arrest attention and command acceptance. It presents to man a conception of God, not growing less luminous with the lapse of time through contact with the elements of this world, but one growing loftier and more resplendent. It bears a singular relation to man's nature and conscience. It expresses with the most unmistakable emphasis the universal sense of a need of God. It responds to the questionings of man's inmost nature. In the hymnal of the ancient system, the Psalter, the highest culture of this latest age still can find the expression of longing, hope, confidence, of confession, and of aspiration. It is a book inextricably interwoven with human history, the threads of its literature being woven into that warp of universal history which was set up by the hand of the Divine Artificer.

VII. In the course of that nation's history there arise strange forms, said by the prophets of that religion to be typical forms of One to come after. A people was being prepared by providential discipline—by seclusion from the great Gentile world, and then by being cast into it, by independence, by servitude, by the influence of their own faith, and by the pressure of external cultures and religions, to be the channel for the incoming of a new faith, which claimed to be that aforetime announced by the Hebrew prophets.

The book that is the record of this older faith, in addition to its power to inspire and utter man's inmost soul, contains elements suggestive of no merely human power in its composing. Surrounded by conceptions of the Divine Being that were degraded and degrading, working in an environment that could not inspire high thinkings concerning God, the prophets of the Hebrew religion and its scriptures, by no means through merely intellectual gifts or intellectual stature, attained to conceptions of God which continually grew richer, more exalted, more philosophical.

This was no priestly work, made to serve a splendid ritual or a developing sacerdotal caste. It was accompanied by a distinctly ethical progress, seen in the salvation of the people from the sins of the surrounding nations, though they were of kindred blood. So strong was this ethical force, that the race rose above its very ritual, by which nations have so often been bound, to the conception of righteousness that was more than rubrical, and a holiness that was more than ceremonial. At this point it might be argued by those who believe that God fashioned by stages this fair world, and man out of its dust, that so we have, in this developing doctrinal and ethical teaching, a

similar process, an evolution He willed, watched over and empowered. It will thus have for to-day an evidence within itself.

But further consideration showed a phenomenon, unique at least in its degree and elevation among the manifestations of the religious spirit, viz., the prophecy of the Old Testament. It was a conspicuous moral and religious power. It claimed a divine commission, which those with whom it dealt acknowledged. It explained the course of history by declaring what it held to be the mind of God; and it made announcements that cannot be explained as mere shrewd forecasts of events in the history of that people. One of its most eminent features was its idealism, that concerned itself not with the past, wherein lay the golden age of the great ethnic dreamers, but with the future; a golden age that was being prepared for by those prophets, so that, to borrow the language of the New Testament, they were at once "looking for and hastening the coming of the day of God."

I endeavoured to recall in very few words what will have struck you in your reading, the variety and ubiquity of this phenomenon of Messianic prophecy, the frequent crossing of the warp of prophecy by the many coloured threads of this marvellous foresight, the outcrop of this rich lode of precious ore in the solid rock of Holy Scripture. How many are its forms! How various its presentation! Under how many figures and types is it presented to us! How varied are the aspects—ritual, personal, ecclesiastical, national, catholic—under which it challenges our attention! A most strange and impressive phenomenon is the development, the persistence, the variety, the substantial harmony in essentials, with a seeming contradiction in non-essentials, that marked this prophetic school and its teaching—a school whose human linking could be so weak, because, as we believe, the bonds of a divine and inspiring spirit were so strong. Is not this the most rational explanation of the phenomenon?

At last a day dawned in which it was claimed that in one Person this varied prophecy had found at once unity and fulfilment. It was a day that followed centuries of virtual silence, and with nothing human in them to revive, to crystallize, or to realize the idea. No small apologetic value belongs to the facts that fulfilment lay so little in the plane of minute details that man might control, and that prophecy had long time ceased.

The very unspiritual and unideal character of the closing centuries of the Old Testament Church has its significance in this argument. When the claim was uttered, it asserted that this fulfilment came by Incarnation an idea so foreign to Hebrew philosophy. It claimed to have been fulfilled in a life and character that as a fictitious or ideal portrait was beyond the power of that age. And I ask you, making no assumption as to the divineness or inspiration of either group of writings, is there not more than accidental connection between these two phenomena? Does not this argument suggest supernatural elements in the Old Testament? Has it not, so considered, an apologetic value of its own—a seed that is in itself—a value that is not temporary, but permanent?

VIII. Hitherto the New Testament has been but a record. We have assumed nothing as to its inspiration, but have centred our thought on the contention that the Old Testament and its religious system are superhuman at least, a term which some will translate into more familiar theological phraseology. But if the character of the Old Testament be thus established, what is its testimony as to the Biblical religion and scheme? If it is instinct with this superhuman life, is the more excellent system a merely human production? Did such ages of divine discipline and preparation through the prophets go to the making of something of an ordinary character?

The essentially supernatural character of Christianity, judging from certain indications, may soon be attacked. Of late years the mind of the Church, while it has refused to consider the Old Testament the "millstone of Christianity," has been tempted to think it an impediment that might be cut off if needful, and whose sole value lay in its belonging to Christianity; it was of no value to any one but the owner. But if Christianity should be assailed, would it not be better that the Old Testament could stand in its own strength, and be not a dependent, whose defence may damage the cause of its champion, but an independent and strong ally, who brings its own forces to the contest? If there be

supernatural divine elements in the older, how much more in the higher and more perfect revelation of God? If the Old Testament be so regarded as that it can evidence its own apologetic worth in its own cause, it becomes a witness for the more mysterious historic facts, revelations, and doctrines of the Christian system. In view of the possibility of a new attack upon the Christian system it is well that the Old Testament should rise from dependence to independence, from weakness to strength.

I need not say that to those who accept on independent evidence the divineness both of the Old Testament and the New, alike of the Law and the Gospel, the argument will become richer and more cogent. You have the authoritative interpretation of much in the older book that was dubious or obscure. It will certainly be none other than an all-seeing God who unravelled a tangled skein of prophecy to unite all in one Christ Jesus. So, too, will the varied aspects and titles of the Messiah of the Old Testament find their fulfilment in the doctrine of the Incarnation and the divinity of Christ find a confirmation from the prophetic testimony. Thus will these books confirm each other, not by the addition of the one to the other, but in virtue of the interaction of the forces which inhabit both.

But I would revert to my first contention. The day demands an apology free from assumptions, and this apology this paper has been attempting. In such a way we may arrive at a sense of the divineness of the book that will not rest upon traditional literary views, some of which are being successfully assailed, or on critical judgments that may be reversed. We shall not rest our all upon details of miracle, or of history that may be imperilled by a new philosophy of nature, a new school of hermeneutics, or a new discovery through the explorer's shovel. But we shall hold a book, a mysterious book, instinct with life, throbbing with prevision, power, and divineness; palpitating with a supernatural life, producing momentous effects. Our faith will not be at the disposal of Pentateuchal criticism or Pentateuchal tradition, nor rest on the credibility or explainableness of a seemingly miraculous occurrence, nor on a correspondence between a detail of prophecy and a fulfilment in a life of which so few and so brief details are given. It will rest on a broader basis—it will take wider views of the question, and juster ones.

If, then, we have a life in the Old Testament—as we think we have shown—there will be in the New life more abundant. The older will witness alike to itself and to the glory that excelleth. If God spake in many parts and many fashions to the fathers, the more wondrous revelation must be more divine. The older volume of the book has its independent witness to itself in itself; but it may have a further and abiding apologetic worth for its fruition, for it may enable men to say, "In the latter days God spake to us in His Son."

EASTER MESSAGES.

BY ALICE MAY DOUGLAS.

What message is thine this Easter Day,
O lily white, O lily fair?
"My message is this: Christ rose for thee
And shields thee with His care."

What message is thine, O Easter bells,
That chime so clear, that chime so clear?
"Our message is this: Christ burst death's tomb,
And His Spirit now is here."

What message is thine this Easter time,
O Christian heart, O Christian heart?
"Oh, my risen Saviour dwells within
And will nevermore depart."

DUST THAT SHINES.

BY OUBLIÉE.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

THURSDAY night came, and there was the same careful hair-dressing before the mirror, with the addition of a bow this time. Her face had a flush of unusual prettiness to-night.

"I wonder what others think of him. Does the world admire him? Is he handsome, or is he homely?"

She could not judge that face for herself, with its unfathomable depth, its mysterious changefulness. It was to her an impression made on her soul, rather than a face.

The bookbinder girl, who had shown herself somewhat friendly of late, entered just them.

"Looks as if there's going to be a "shentleman below," she said. "Strikes me you must be pretty proud of six feet of handsome cloth like that."

"Do you think him handsome?" asked Reba.

"Handsome! Well, my eyes! I should say so! Don't you know handsome when you see it?"

Reba talked to the bookbinder girl and waited for a summons downstairs. The clock struck eight, nine, ten; the bookbinder girl had gone to bed. Reba sat by the window. He was perhaps engaged that night. She could think of a dozen excuses. He would be more certain to come then the following Thursday.

Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday! Three more days till Thursday! And again the painstaking evening toilet. Again a weary waiting! A cold hand turns off the gas, a girl with a quiet face goes to a wearied pillow. Next Thursday night, then! Perhaps—perhaps never again. But she brightened as the evening approached. It was really the hour. She tried to sew quietly. The door-bell had just rung. Hark! the old landlord was coming up the stairs.

"Mr. Mackenzie, zere's a man vat vants you below," he said to her next-door neighbour.

Nothing more broke the silence till the rain, the autumn rain, began to patter on the window and the shingles overhead. A lonely girl in a lonely room sat thinking of her folly. Could any one be more foolish? She had built a castle on an ant-hill. What was this strange man to her? A man who was the very breath of polish and culture, and a girl from McCarty's saw-mills!

To be sure, she was a genius, he had said. But genius is nothing to the world, at least to the society world. Genius is born to struggle, to labour and to die. But genius in ill-fitting serges and home-cobbled shoes! Ha! ha! ha! Afterward, when you wear soft silks and drive out in a fine carriage—oh, well, of course, Madame Genius, the world will forget then your grandfather cobbled shoes.

She was suddenly startled at the bitterness of her thoughts.

"O Jesus, dear Lord Jesus, forgive, forgive! I have sinned. Take me back as I was four weeks ago, and let me love Thee, and Thee only."

Long that white figure knelt by the bedside, and she slept more peacefully than she had done for weeks. But it was hard to regain her footing. The bells sounded harsher to her ears; music itself had lost a note.

At times a careless, lackadaisical spirit seemed to overcome her. "I do not seem to be the same Reba Forster. It seems as if I had several natures, and they were all struggling with each other. I feel like these substances we used to pour acids on in the chemistry room to resolve them into their constituent parts. That's just my case, exactly. There is a literary Reba Forster, and a missionary Reba Forster, and a domestic Reba, and a lot of other Rebas, and they're all in a fight with each other."

Then she would think of her weakness, and be penitent. How pityingly she had looked upon girls who turned away from their vows of foreign service, because love tempted them, and she—love had not so much as tempted her, but the very dream of it had made her doubt and tremble.

"O God, forgive!" she meekly cried, and went her way as before.

CHAPTER III.

A BUSINESS WOMAN.

It was a bright morning early in November, and Reba sat busily at work. She was under what she called a flow of inspiration that morning, consequently her breakfast dishes stood in a neglected pile at the other end of the box that served as table and desk. Reba's hopes were running high that morning. Another paper, a Sunday-school paper, had given her a subject to work up into a story, and the story had flashed across her mind in brilliant garb with break of day. To be sure her cash-box was getting low again, but what matter when hope is running high ?

A cab rattled down the street as she wrote, stopped short at 603. Shuffling steps on the stairs succeeded and she was surprised by the announcement of a "shentleman below." She was surprised at the indifference she felt. The past was only a fancy then.

"Miss Forster, I am in very unfortunate circumstances," said the voice of Eric Chester. "One of my assistant editors has been taken to the hospital with typhoid fever. I have his work and mine both on my hands now. I thought of your facile pen, and wondered if you would help me out."

"Oh, it would be a new side of life, to be an editor in an office ! Yes, I'll come—but are you sure——"

"Sure you can ? Oh, yes. Get your bonnet on. I have the cab out here. Let me see—is it two or three hours a woman takes to get ready ?"

"Chair. Wait. See !" she said, with businesslike conciseness.

"Unmercenary girl! She thinks only of the experience and never mentions the salary," he said under his breath.

The sunny autumn breeze blew in their faces as they drove. He seemed so indifferent to everything but business to-day that she felt perfectly at ease with him. It would be so much better to have their friendship on the businesslike footing of employer and employee.

"I shall have to drive around by the hospital, but you will probably not carp at that this beautiful morning."

Then he discussed the news of the day with her, the last issues of The Evening Fireside, etc., avoiding everything personal, as though he had never known her.

They had left the hospital behind and were turning down a quiet street passing one of the more secluded cemeteries. He stopped talking suddenly, and a shadow rested on his face. The cab slowed up, and the dark, unfathomable eyes were fixed sadly on a tomb—a tall, white tomb among the pines.

"That is my wife's grave," he said.

"Your wife ! Oh, are you—were you ever married ?"

"Yes, my wife died five years ago. We had been married scarcely two years."

"Oh !"

The look on her face was a commingling of sorrow and surprise and sympathy. The cab rattled on down the stony street, and he thrust his sorrow out of sight as suddenly as it had been revealed.

. . . . . .

Busy days followed in the editorial rooms. Reba took to the work with surprising facility, and life seemed yielding up rich furrows of thought. How much of life she had lived this autumn ! Mr. Chester maintained the same businesslike manner toward her, making no allusions to her future or to the past, when he had shown such a friendly interest in her welfare. He was not stiff or formal with her ; it was just that there were certain grounds on which they never trod. Once or twice he inquired with some concern as to the safety of her lodging-house. For the most part now she took her meals in the dining parlour across the street from the publishing house. She laughingly put on a grandee air at this "dining down-town owing to business pressure," and, with a regular salary, the coarse shoes and the ill-made gown were discarded for such array as befitted editorial dignity.

It was natural that Eric Chester's reserve should gradually melt away. There was so much to consult her about day by day. Then he found out his assistant editor seldom went out, that she knew nothing of the great world of art and music save through books, and he made it his mission to instruct her. He took her to the art galleries and opened her eyes to their masterpieces. He took her to hear the great singers of the day, and watched with delight her childish enthusiasm as she had watched his when she told him of the woodland and "the slashing."

Once she forgot herself. It was the night they were listening to the great

English baritone. Softly and more softly the sweet Italian words, mellowed and melted in the distance—dying away off yonder above the city and among the stars—fading and fading faintly into a silence sweeter yet than music.

She seemed to be chasing those dying echoes upward with parted lips and burning cheeks, until she suddenly came earthward.

She blushed, drew back suddenly. Their eyes met for one moment there on the solemn heights where music had lifted their souls, and she saw then his indifference of late was but a cold pretence. She saw something that made her shrink, for she was unprepared to face it, yet the bells in her heart rang joy. Her intuition in those first days in the city was not, then, at fault.

. . . . . .

He had asked to take her to church the following Sunday night to hear an old college mate of his. There is no place on earth where two souls are more sacredly drawn together. Yet in the solemn silence, when the great organ ceased, a voice spoke. Hush! Whence comes that voice? From the depth of thy soul, doubting woman.

"I will betroth thee unto Me for ever. What dost thou here, then, whom I have called—what dost thou here at the side of mortal man? Remember thou thy purpose. There is but one woman to do thy work. I will strengthen thee. I will help thee. I will go with thee."

And her face drooped low. She was playing with the fire, she knew, yet—yet—— Yes, she dared there in the house of God to say defiantly: "I will play with it. Let me know what it means to be burned. Why should not I taste, and feel, and know, as other women know?"

The sermon began; a powerful, saintly face in the pulpit. He set up one by one the gods of this world: Riches! Flood and fire swept him from his throne. Fame! The tomb, the coffin and the damp of the grave! Influence! But the crowd that had fawned upon the devotee spat upon him now. Pleasure! But darkness fell alike on the bubble and the bubble-seeker.

The scene was changed—a sunset cross outside a city gate, and the voice of One saying, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

This alone among all men's gorgeous dreams remained eternal and for ever—a little cradle in Nazareth, a grief-damped brow in Gethsemane.

The crowd poured out silent and subdued.

"He is a wonderful preacher, isn't he? Once I dreamed of preaching like that."

"I remember you told me once you had been in the ministry, Mr. Chester. I have wondered since that you left it."

Something in her voice must have encouraged him to go on.

"I was a boy at heart yet, though I was twenty-four, when I went to my first church. It had been a shoulder-to-shoulder contest between Erle Huntley, the man you heard to-night, and myself. Our college friends watched to see who would be foremost in the life race. My church flourished, the people loved me. But one day a woman crossed my path. I met Beatrice Arimath. I loved her."

His voice was choked for a moment.

"I knew she was not the woman a minister should marry. She was only a flippant society girl, but I was a slave to my love. I married her. All was well at first, but she wearied of her parsonage cage and her parson husband. She did not understand my people. Her beauty faded and she grew fretful. For two years life went on, but one night I went home and she was gone. There was just a note on my secretary. She had tired of me, yielded to temptation. She had fallen as low as woman could fall. I could no longer face my people. I had sinned in their eyes when I married. I had my reward. I closed the house and left for England. I was ruined—broken. I felt I could no longer stand in the pulpit of God.

A few months later came the news of her death. She was burned in one of the great fires of New York. The charred remains were removed yonder to Rosevenor Cemetery. After a while I took courage again and began to struggle in the ranks of literary men. God has blessed me—blessed me wonderfully of late. I feel that my place is here. Indeed, I often feel happy again."

But a sense of cold and terror had benumbed the girl at his side. She understood now the scarred, beaten look that came into his eyes at times.

"Good-night, Mr. Chester," she said at the door, and an instinct of womanly tenderness prompted her to put out both hands.

He took them and held them in his one moment, and she understood

man's soul, man's love, man's sorrow, as she had never understood before.

The assistant editor fared but ill in the hospital; and, in fact, the latest news brought the report of his relapse, so Miss Reba was installed for another three or four weeks in the chair of office.

"Can you spare a little of your evening time, Miss Forster?" asked Mr. Chester one morning.

"Parnell's Art Exhibit is to open tomorrow, you know. And he has given me special permission to go down tonight before it is open to the public and write it up. Gives an A-one chance to get ahead of the other papers, and I should very much like to see your pen used on one or two of his subjects."

She readily consented.

"Understood, then. We'll take our tea in Webster's dining parlour and I'll have a cab in readiness. I think we'd better leave the office a little early. We'll be too tired to do the work justice at first after being in the office all day. It would be better to spend the first hour or two in enjoying the pictures."

It had rained most of the day, but the clouds broke at evening and the stars shone through. It was a night of unusual warmth for December, and the wind blew mild like summer in their faces as they drove.

Eric Chester was in an unusually hilarious mood. He rallied the "coachy," threw candies at the street gamins, and behaved altogether in a most uneditorial manner. But he sobered when they entered the artistic atmosphere of the gallery.

"We'll take in the soul of it first," he said. "We can write up such matters as prices, arrangements, etc., after we go home."

The silence! The pictured walls! The night! To Reba there was something fantastic and weird in the very glitter of the lights. The old janitor shuffled off. The bells rang outside; the carriages rattled past, but that was the outside world. This was a world of its own—a world of beauty and of silence.

Were you ever alone in an art gallery at night? Alone with mountain and river, with peopled beach and rock-bound shore; alone with storied past and speechless kings; alone on moonlit seas or sunset battle-fields? Alone with the loving and the living, with the sorrowing and the dying?

They separated as they had previously arranged, each taking one side to study.

She took a chair with her and sat at ease before each work, drinking it in, the ship weighing anchor, the old fisher wife with her nets, the woodsman by his mountain hut, the deer among the brushwood. Finally she came to one that puzzled her, a lonely man rowing out from among the rocks to a moonlit sea. The waters were darkening, his brow was sad, and she could almost see the boat move, speeding out to the unknown. She was studying it still when Eric Chester's voice sounded in her ear.

"Are you almost through? The masterpiece is on this other side. I want you to see it before we go."

It was a simple rural scene—a farmhouse, a woman at the kitchen door shading her eyes as she gazed across the fields in what looked like the light of noon. A snake-fence skirted the horizon, there were hillocks and hollows and wind-flowers and a blackbird on the fence, but the changeful sky above was the most wonderful of all.

"Oh, it is beautiful—perfect," she said at last.

"It is a mysterious thing, though," said he, "how people will turn away from the natural scene and admire the painted picture."

"Oh, I don't mean that! I don't mean I do not like the real sky better. But it is perfect as man's work. That is not God's 'perfect,' though."

"But yet the majority prefer the painting to the reality."

"Oh, but they do not know the real sky as I know it. They do not live under it and study it and love it."

"But don't we live under the sky here in X——, too."

"No; we have just a little sample of it as an arcade across our streets, and we look at that through the smoky glass of our factories and chimney stacks."

"You are bitter in your judgments."

"Oh, no, I don't mean to be. I only mean that to see the real beauty of the sky you need to see it meet the earth. The sky is not complete without its earth, nor the earth without its sky."

"How beautifully you put things! I feel as if I could write volumes of poetry when you are with me."

"Reba!" and he laid his hand almost fiercely on her arm. "Do you not see, Reba, with all your gifts, that your place is here in your own coun-

try? There is enough work for us both. Surely you see it by this time, Reba."

It was the first time he had gone back to the old subject since that night long ago.

But she shook her head doubtfully. "I have no special call to stay at home."

He bent over her; she could hear his heart throb; she could feel his eyes burning down into her very soul. She knew what was coming, yet she dared not speak to resist.

"Have you not the divinest call God ever gives to woman, Reba, the call to wifehood? I love you, Reba—I love you."

He made a movement as though he would have touched her, but she had just strength enough to draw back.

"Is it nothing to you, Reba, that I suffer for you? That you can inspire me to carry on my life work? What man will ever read your soul as I have read it? What woman could ever be to me what you have been? Oh, Reba, you love me—I know it—I see it—you are suffering—and I am suffering. Did God send this love for nothing? Is God cruel that He should bring us together only to make us suffer the rest of our lives?"

There was silence, and the world outside was moving on. Her lip trembled, and she dared not look up.

"Reba, my——"

"Oh, don't! Don't! I love you. I cannot bear it!" she cried out in agony.

She had forgotten herself and let her heart's secret escape all in a moment.

"Oh, can't you see what I am suffering? I came to this city with a purpose. These things are not for me. Let me go! Do not make it more than I can bear."

"Have I nothing to bear, too?" he asked softly. "Did I not stay away from you till God sent me back to you? Have I not kept silence all these months and tried to make myself believe you were not for me? But, oh, Reba, I am older than you. I see your mistake. Believe me, you are wrong. I am not speaking for myself alone. I am pleading for your country's need. God calls you here. God made us for each other."

A tenderer look crossed her face. She raised her eyes one moment. Was it true? A word, a whisper, she was his for ever! He saw her look, and his brow lightened. But the next moment a moan escaped her lips.

"I cannot—oh, I cannot! There is but one woman in all the world to do that work. I must go and do it. God help me. It is sin to yield. Take me home! Oh, take me home! I cannot bear this long! Oh, Eric, do not look into my face again! For God's sake, do not. It will drive me mad!"

A coldness, almost a scorn, hardened his face for answer. In silence he led her out to the waiting cab. They spoke no word on the homeward drive, but his silence froze her till she seemed a cold statue crouched there in the furthest corner of the cab.

The night was mild, the stars shone through the broken clouds above; their drive lay along the river, and the Melloz murmured—murmured like the springtime in their ears; the bridge lights quivered in its swollen bosom, and the night winds breathed and died. It was a dream of spring on the eve of winter. All things were false to-night. Even nature sang in false, sweet notes long after her time to sing.

CHAPTER IV.

A BOX OF BACON AND CHEESE.

The editor of The Evening Fireside did not intrude for so much as a moment upon the office of his lady assistant during the following week. Mr. Cornell, the business editor, assigned her work when necessary. Sometimes she would pass Eric Chester in the halls with a "Good morning, Miss Forster," in a crisp, business-like tone.

He scarcely seemed to see her or saw her only through a frozen sarcasm, and she saw that that scarred look on his face had deepened.

"Mr. Dunlop will be able to resume his duties again on Monday, so we shall no longer need your much-appreciated service," said Mr. Cornell as he paid her salary the next Saturday night.

It was about five o'clock when she went down the hall past the office-room of the editor-in-chief. She could see through the faintly frosted window the dark figure of the man bowed over his desk.

She longed to enter as a child might—just with a smile and a gladsome word—to have him smile upon her as a friend. Oh, she missed her friend so. Dare she go in and say "Good-night"? She put her hand on the knob, but her heart failed her, and she went away.

It was Christmas week, and she was busy investing her week's earnings in gifts for those at home. The expense of such a lengthy railway journey was not to be thought of, but she could at least send tokens of her love.

She was startled as she passed one of the mirrors in the great store where she was shopping (she only had a hand one at her room). Was she ever Ducky Fo'ster of McCarty's Mills, this lady in the dove-coloured suit, with the fur about her neck and the silk-faced hat? And her eyes travelled back to her own sad face. Would she go back if she could? Oh, no! no! Life was fuller now, fuller of joy and of sorrow. She would not go back. She had learned—

"The sweetness in life's sadness,
And the sadness in its sweet."

She was a thousandfold richer.

Next day began again her pen-and-garret life. She had learned by this time that she was a poor financier, but for that matter finances seldom troubled her. That was what made it so easy for her to squander her office salary on Christmas gifts and a dainty wardrobe. Besides, what girl has not a sense of the fitness of things? And she had a certain ideal of the way that woman ought to look whom Eric Chester escorted down the aisles of concert halls in the face of all the world.

However, she was perfectly cheerful as regards means and ends.

"The means always turn up somehow and the ends follow after," she soliloquized.

So saying, she set to work, and that small boy who is a part of lodging-houses, reported to the neighbour's boy, a "rare, queer un upstairs in our house. Never heard un like her afore. Writes all day and half the night, cooks her meals on ma's stove an' has a real out-an'-out gentleman visit her, but he don't come no more."

If that last fact caused her to struggle she struggled bravely, and none saw it, not even the bookbinder girl across the hall, who probed her with all manner of questions. Sometimes, just for one moment, she yielded—a strong soul was round about her and life was love, life was fame, life was success, all that in her wildest hours she had dreamed.

Then she would rouse herself suddenly. "Oh, God forgive and help me to look only to Thee. Help me to live for others to make this world better and not think of Reba Forster."

Then she prayed for one whose name never left her thoughts. No man is ever the worse for the love of a prayerful woman.

. . . . . .

It was the end of January, and Eric Chester had not once crossed her path. The bookbinder girl was engaged. It revealed itself in her hair, frozzled twice as much as usual. There was this peculiarity to that girl's hair—you never could say it was "frizzed" like other girls'. You had to invent a word to describe it. It was simply monstrously frozzled into that sort of Fijian bush worn by the natives of the Fiji Isles. Reba had decided to "work her up into a story" under the title of "The Fijian Bush." But her engagement announced itself in other ways also. It spoke in the bows and the ribbons and the lace and the stick-pins and all those other little feminine voices. It spoke, too, in the interest she took in Reba's cooking, though Reba lived for the most part on foods that took little time to prepare, such as grapes, nuts, bananas, etc. At least, she lived on such foods while her funds were flourishing. By and by, when she had broken her last dollar bill, she would live on bakers' buns and biscuits bereaved of butter for a while. That was her way of financing. She was an "undulating financier." At least that was the way she described herself to the lodging-house mistress, and the old lady translated it to the maid of all work.

"She's an underlayin' financier all right. She'll lay under a good deal oftener 'an' she'll lay on top afore the winter's ended, I'm a-thinkin'."

There was a tap on Reba's door as she sat thinking, and the Fijian bush was thrust in.

"Come to my room."

Reba understood that the products of a shopping expedition had arrived, and was nothing loath to view the spoil.

"He" had sent her money to buy the silverware before she left the city, and she had been lavish in its use. There was everything, a bright, glittering pile on the bed—everything "like rich folks use." Of course she loved "him" for himself, but she had a cute little way of showing Reba that "he" was "a big catch."

"And now tell me about your young man. You never tell me anything."

"Your young man!" How oddly

the words rang in her ears and how funny it would be to apply them to Eric Chester. Reba laughed in spite of herself.

She laughed afterward in her room, and even the thought of how low her store of provisions was did not check her mirth. It is true she had come to one of the "underlayin'" phases of her existence, but it was not of that she was thinking.

She was thinking of Eric Chester. Love to the girl across the hall! It meant happiness, content, prosperity. To her one long repression. Ah, well, to have known a man like Eric Chester was worth the pain she suffered. But if he would only come back as her friend! Why was he not content with friendship? His friendship was more to her than another man's love could ever be. She could go to the ends of the earth alone, feeling that she lived behind in the heart of such a friend.

It was about a week later she sat ruminating over her affairs. Every manuscript sent out had been returned but one. She naturally shrank from sending one to the editor of The Evening Fireside. Utter coldness and neglect on his part! Was it her woman's place to force herself again upon his notice? Nay, rather to let him drop out of her life for ever. The "Fijian bush" was thrust into the door just here.

"Can I come in and take supper with you to-night, Miss Forster, instead of going downstairs? I'll tell you why afterwards."

A sudden crimson overspread Reba's face.

"Well—a—er, I haven't bought the stuff for it yet. But I'll go out and get it."

"Oh, no, no. To-morrow night'll do. I'll come to-morrow."

Left alone, Reba took out her purse, felt through all the linings and the side places. Just one dime!

One solitary dime between herself and the future! She could write home, of course. But cobbling for McCarty's men brought but a bare existence to the aged shoemaker. How could she burden them with her wants. And she thought of the neighbours' girls who went out to service, and with their weekly wages brought home the little comforts of life. No; she would fight it out with her dime. Perhaps her one manuscript that was out would prove the vessel laden with gold. With this thread of hope she spent half of her dime in buns at the baker's. She was returning from a little airing next morning when the "Fijian bush" greeted her cheerfully over the staircase as she ascended.

"Tell you what, you're lucky! Folks in the country been sendin' you a box. I carried it up myself. Smells like chicken."

"Why, what——"

But the next moment Reba opened the door and saw a new box in her room that answered her questions.

"Why, how did it come here?"

"Freight, I guess. A man brought it to the door."

And the bookbinder girl had really the refinement to leave her alone with her gift.

She opened it. A cold chicken, a loaf of bread, a piece of frosted cake, a lump of cheese and several pounds of bacon, a small piece of butter tucked in the corner! They did not send it from home, she was pretty sure. They had no idea of her need. She had kept it well concealed. She examined the box carefully—no freight marks, no signs of travel, not even her address. Simply a nameless box brought by a strange man to her door.

It was evident, then, it did not come from outside the city. Who in that great city knew her need and cared for her? No, her pastor. He knew nothing of her wants. Not her class of little Sunday-school children. No one else knew her.

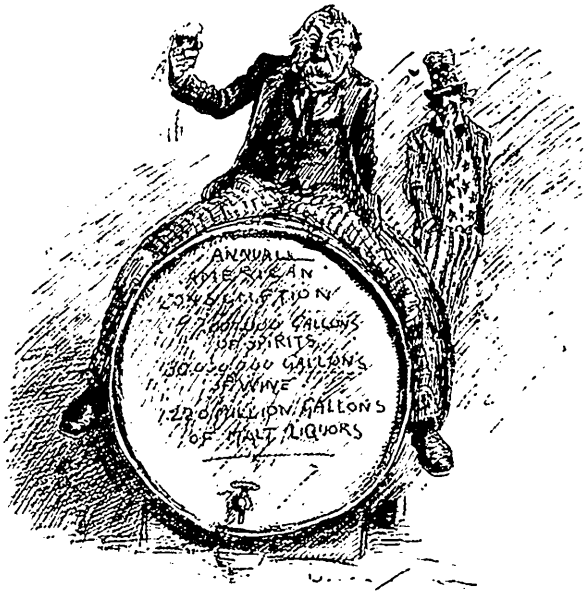
Eric Chester! The name flashed like fire through her brain. He had been watching her then, he knew her need. Oh, she had felt it, that those eyes were following her. She could almost have believed they could pierce walls with their mysterious gaze. Then a scornfulness made her lip curl. Why had he not come to her? Why not politely sent an order for a manuscript? A box of bacon and cheese from the man——

. . . . . .

(To be continued.)

O Thou, whose days are yet all spring,
Faith, blighted once, is past retrieving;
Experience is a dumb, dead thing;
The victory's in believing.—*Lowell.*

"THE GREAT REFUSAL."



"LET US ALONE."—*The same in the United States and Canada, at Capernaum and Gadara.*

In the judgment of the present writer, the Government of Ontario has, in large degree, failed to embrace one of the grandest opportunities which was ever presented to any Government. It twice promised to enact the prohibition of the liquor traffic so far and so soon as was in its power. It may have kept the promise to the ear, but it has broken it to the hope. It has proposed a measure in which the temperance people are greatly handicapped; the opponents of prohibition need not cast a single vote, but its friends must gain a majority of the whole vote brought out the previous general election. This we deem an unjust and unwarrantable discrimination in favour of the liquor interest.

But one of the worst features of the case is the intimation given by the Premier that compensation of the liquor interest might be made a condition of prohibition, no matter by what majority it might be carried. This seems to us the very core of the question. Very many persons will refuse to vote till they know what they are going to vote for. If it be prohibition with compensation, that would prevent the affirmative vote of great numbers who are unalterably opposed to any compensation to a traffic which too long has bled the country of its best resources, which has sapped its strength and wrecked countless lives and ruined countless homes.

In all the States and Provinces which have voted for partial restriction or total prohibition, we have never heard of one which voted a dollar of compensation. Why should this nefarious traffic be so privileged in the Province of Ontario beyond any other Province or State in the world?

THE HANDICAP.

Twice the temperance people of this Province have had to wage a great campaign against the privileged and endowed liquor interest. They are asked to do this again, and instead of making the contest as easy as possible, it is made as difficult as possible. The vote is to be taken, not at the same time as the Parliamentary elections, not at the same time as the municipal elections, when the cost to the country and to the electors would be very greatly minified, but at a special election to be held at a busy season of the year; and then, we understand, this third mandate of the people is to be passed upon by the Parlia-

ment of Ontario. If a change of Government should take place, the new Government, we presume, would not be bound to take any recognition of the proposed referendum. If the old Government be returned, a compensation may be granted to the liquor interest, to which the temperance community would strenuously object.

Mr. Ross informed us that in twenty-six years the licenses in Ontario have been reduced from 6,185 to 2,950, or more than one-half, yet no compensation was paid the over fifty per cent. of those deprived of license. Why should it be given the remaining less than half, especially as he intimates that in the near future these would have been still further restricted? He also informs us that liquor licenses have been reduced from one for every 217 persons in 1875, to one for every 700 persons in 1901, and that the proportion is less in Ontario than in any Province in the Dominion, or, we believe, State in the Union, or community in the world, and that in 141 municipalities there are no tavern licenses at all, and in 435 not more than two. The prosperity of Ontario, we may judge to be largely due to even this partial restriction. The Church of Christ should give itself much to consecration and prayer, in view of this great moral obligation.

Then the vote must be a majority of the whole number who voted in the Provincial election. In this election the general feeling is intense, both parties poll their last available man, for many issues and manifold interests are concerned. The municipal vote is next in interest, comes home to every man's business and bosom. But the prohibition vote is upon a single moral issue. The great multitude of Gallios who care for none of these things, to whom moral issues do not appeal, will be indifferent. The liquor interest, whose craft is in danger, with its immense money backing, will be actively hostile, while the temperance community, with no moneyed interest behind them, with only moral enthusiasm to support them, must overcome the inertia of the Gallios, and the antipathy of the combined and organized brewers, distillers, and rum-sellers.

YET WE SHALL WIN.

Nevertheless, we are full of heart and hope. The campaign of the next few months will be such a moral education as this country never has witnessed. We must educate, educate, educate the community as to the social and moral evil of the liquor traffic and the economic fallacies of its supporters.

There is an immense advantage in having something concrete before us, something to aim at. This campaign is at least no academic question. It means business. We are no longer beating the air or fighting the invisible and intangible. It is a great and living issue with which we wrestle.

It is a great advantage, as some one has said, to have "something to butt against," something to grapple with. There is before us such an opportunity as has seldom, if ever, come to any church or any people.

The church should give itself much to prayer, to earnest thought, to high resolve.

> No jest is this;
> One cast amiss
> May blast the hope of Freedom's year.
> O, take me where
> Are hearts of prayer,
> And foreheads bowed in reverent fear.
>
> Not lightly fall
> Beyond recall
> The written scrolls a breath may float;
> The crowning fact,
> The kingliest act
> Of Freedom is the freeman's vote.

Let the men of Methodism exert their might, and its women, too, their social power in this campaign. We can create a conscience, we can mould opinion more than any other church, and shall be responsible before God for the way we treat this great moral question—for it is a question of morals, and not of party politics.

To the young men of Methodism, especially those who shall cast their first vote, it mean a splendid opportunity. They may win the spurs of their spiritual knighthood upon this battle-field. Their fresh young zeal must be aroused, their intelligence informed and equipped, their forces organized and drilled for a glorious victory—for victory we may win if we will, despite the handicap under which we fight.

It will be argued that it is the function of a Government, not to lead, but to follow public opinion. In that case, small credit is due to the Government for the reduction of the licenses in Ontario by one-half. It is the pressure of public opinion, created in large part by the Methodist Church, that has caused that reduction; the same moral education can complete the work.

Current Topics and Events.

THE LATE LORD DUFFERIN.

Born at Florence, Italy, June 24, 1826. Died at Clandeboye, Ireland, Feb. 12, 1902.

Lord Dufferin.

All Canadians have heard with profound regret of the death of our most brilliant Governor-General, Lord Dufferin, who passed away at his residence, Clandeboye, Ireland, on February 12, in his seventy-second year. He was a diplomat of the first order. The kindly spirit, the admirable tact, the graciousness of manner of this genial Irishman were a combination of "sunny ways" that enabled him to concilate men disposed to be hostile. Yet beneath the silken glove there could be a hand of steel. This was shown when he was Viceroy of India, and the Russians, under the guise of a punitive expedition, menaced its frontiers. Lord Dufferin's firm dispatches, and his review of a great Indian army, near the northern border, effectively safeguarded the interests of the Empire in that direction. His genial Countess is beloved throughout India for her promotion of hospitals and medical training for Indian women.

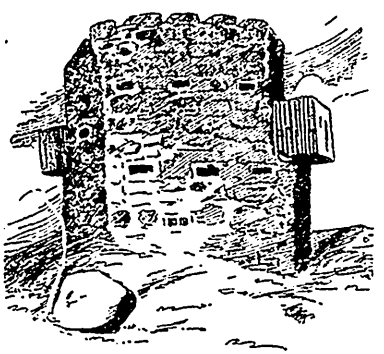
In Syria, at Constantinople, at Paris, Lord Dufferin was as brilliant and tactful as in Canada. He completely captured public opinion in the United States after the somewhat strained relations which led to the Behring Sea award. At a banquet in his honour in Washington, he says he ostentatiously refrained from eating fish, and interpreted Mr. Evarts' silence on the Halifax award that he meant to "pay up like a man, and pay in gold like a gentleman."

At Chicago, with an audacious humour, he informed the banquet guests that Canada was altogether too democratic a country to seek union with the United States, and proved it, too. More than any other man he introduced the somewhat stately etiquette of Rideau Hall. He dispensed a lavish hospitality to the country's guests.

He never recovered the shock caused by the death of his son, Lord Ava, in South Africa, where his youngest son, Lord Hamilton Blackwood, is still fighting the battles of the Empire. It is to the credit of Lord Dufferin that after serving his country in many lucrative offices, he died "gloriously poor."

Our personal relations with Lord Dufferin were of a gratifying character. By his gracious permission we dedicated our "History of Canada" to his lordship, and, presenting him a copy, he assured us we could not have done him a greater favour. Only a few months ago we received a personal communication from Clandeboye.

ROUNDING THEM UP.



One of the Blockhouse Forts now being erected throughout the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies.

DeWet and his remnant of the Boers continue their futile guerilla campaign. We confess we don't see much heroism in his skulking and hiding, sniping when he can, and running to earth when he must, like a hunted fox. He takes care to keep his own skin whole while involving hundreds of his wretched dupes, whom he *sjamboks into submission*, in wretchedness and ruin. The Southern Confederacy was much better able to maintain a guerilla war than the Boers, but that Christian gentleman, General Lee—we quote the words of Current History—"refused his sanction, on the ground that he considered such a style of warfare uncivilized and immoral. The Southern States had chosen to appeal to battle; the appeal had been decided against them; it was manly to accept the result of their own challenge, rather than to introduce a period of hopeless devastation, misery, and outrage. Nations are not saved nor Governments established by men whose ideal type or whose enforced type of warfare is the guerilla raid."

The efficiency of the blockhouse system is shown by the fact that in *November, 1900, the railway* was broken thirty-two times, while in the last four months it has not been broken once. Traffic is maintained without interruption, the mines are at work, civil organization is restored, two thousand Boers are serving under the British flag, and hundreds more in Bermuda are offering their aid. So does Britain's justice and clemency win the confidence of her foes.

FEEDING HER FOES.

Britain still maintains the Gospel revenge, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him, if he thirst, give him drink," as no nation ever did before. The very concentration camps which pro-Boers have so denounced, were made necessary by the brutality of Botha, who burned the farms of the surrendered loyal burghers, and refused aid to their women and children.

"Why not remove the camps to the coast?" asked the arm-chair philanthropist at home. Because the change from the high land of the veldt to the unsalubrious coast would be a menace to the health of the refugees, and a violation of the promise made them.

A resident of Pretoria, Hollander by birth, and an official of the late republics, writes that, being in constant contact with many concentration camps, he has no hesitation in denouncing the charges in the Continental press of ill-treatment of the Boer women and children as downright lies. "The majority of the inmates are satisfied as regards food, clothing, housing, and medical attendance. As for the death-rate among the Boer children," he testifies, "it was always tremendously high."

The Blue Book contains also the reports of medical officials, blaming the death-rate on several grounds—the

filthy habits of the Boers, their persistent concealment of diseases, their feeding of babies on meat and heavy dough bread and stewed black coffee; also the admission to the camps of companies of refugees half-starved and riddled with disease—in one instance a group of refugees bringing in eight dying persons and three dead bodies.

Peace Conditions.

There is no need for the Dutch to appeal to England to make peace with the Boers. Lord Salisbury says:

"Any restoration of peace which recognized fully the rights our Sovereign has given us, and security for the Empire, we should accept, not only with willingness, but with delight.

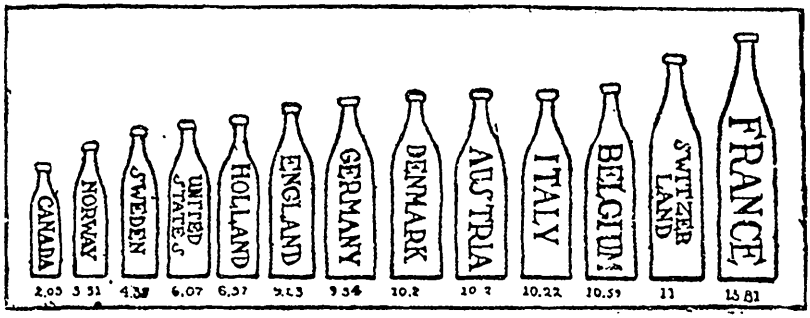
"There is nothing we so desire as a peace which will carry with it the fulfilment of all our duties and the attainment of the aims which it is our business to pursue, but we must have security in the part of the Empire on which the ambition of Kruger has cast this abundance of sorrow and desolation. It is useless to tell us that we must so behave as to leave pleasant recollections in the minds of those with whom we are fighting. It would be an imposture, and an imposture not worth performing. There are others whose interests must be regarded."

These others, Lord Salisbury explained, were the loyalists in South Africa who had borne and risked so much, besides all the constituent parts of the Empire.

Canada's Glory.

Very often people boast that they have "the biggest thing on earth." Some Canadians even have bragged that we had in Toronto the largest distillery in the world. We hope this is not quite true; but there is one thing of which we may justly be proud—that we have the smallest liquor consumption per head of any country in Christendom. Unfortunately, we cannot say in the world, because Moslem and Buddhist countries surpass us in this respect.

Many persons have advocated as a cure for intemperance the substitution of light wines or beer for alcoholic liquors. It seems plausible, but in practice it proves disastrous. It makes little difference whether one gets drunk on a gallon of beer or wine, or on a glass of whiskey. But in France everybody drinks wine, often to excess, whereas few persons would form the drink habit on whiskey. It is a very ominous fact that France stands at the head of this sad procession of alcohol consuming nations. This, we think, has very much to do with the arrested development of that country. The increase of population is the least in Europe, the births scarce balance the deaths. Nor have light wines sufficed to satisfy the taste for alcoholics which they have created. The anaemic French artisan resorts to the deadly absinthe and decoctions of wormwood to appease his insatiable cravings. The French Government is attempting strong repressive or prohibitory measures.



AMOUNT OF LIQUOR CONSUMED IN THE WORLD. THE FIGURES INDICATE THE NUMBER OF GALLONS PER HEAD.

It is noteworthy that the six nations with the largest liquor consumption, as indicated by the right-hand side of our diagram, are the least progressive in Europe, whereas the six with the least consumption are the most progressive.

Germany stands midway between. We are often told of the harmless and

healthful nature of German beer, but in the aggregate it supplies an enormous amount of alcohol. The manufacturers at Munich, the greatest beer-producing city in the world, complain of the moral and physical deterioration of their workmen through beer drinking. The same result is noted throughout the Empire. Does this habit explain in part the failure of Bismarck's scheme of colonial extension? Germany has only a few thousand colonists, and their trade is far less than its cost, whereas the six nations to the left of our diagram are marked by colonial enterprise or territorial expansion.

It is something of which, as Canadians, to be proud that we lead the world in the temperance reform. The liquor men say, "Let well enough alone." But is it well enough when 6,000 of our population are still done to death every year by this nefarious traffic? That we have done so well is an encouragement to do better. No country in the world offers such an opportunity for total prohibition as Canada. Its homogeneous population, their high moral character, their maintenance of law and order, are all elements which furnish us a vantage-ground for working out the great problem of the abolition and destruction of the liquor trade. Prosperous as we are, we would become vastly more so were the capital misemployed in converting God's good grain into destructive spirits employed in creating food and clothes and comforts for the people.

THE MONEY-LENDERS AND THE TRAFFIC.

The group of money-lenders who waited on the Government to protest against prohibition made some very modest requests. Mr. Langmuir demanded at least a two-thirds majority, that is, one vote for liquor as good as two against it. Money-lenders are always remarkably sensitive as to anything that affects their gains. Capital worships "the god of things as they are." Some of these capitalists have invested money in distillery and brewing stock. They have been warned for ten years that the Government would give prohibition so soon and so far as it was found to be within its power. And from the beginning of the license system the licenses largely held by brewing companies are of one year's tenure.

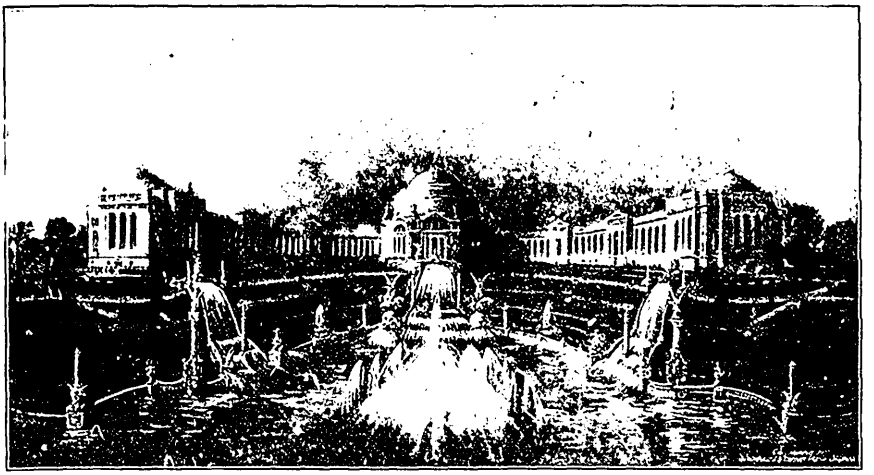
In Toronto licenses have been reduced from 350 to 150, while the city has grown from 50,000 to 225,000. In the Province one-half of the licenses have been cancelled, yet these men got no compensation. Why should the remaining 150 in Toronto or one-half in the Province receive compensation?

If these gentlemen invest their money in rotten stock, even though it did for the time pay large dividends, we don't see that the sober, law-abiding people of Canada are bound to make good their bad investments.

Mr. Cockburn says, "Go for the gluttons." By all means. As soon as it is shown that gluttony steals away the brain, weakens the will, nerves the murderer's arm, kindles the incendiary's torch, drives men to crime and cruelty, ruins homes, blasts character, and breaks hearts, we would say prohibit that form of gluttony.

MARCONI'S "KNOCK-OUT."

Signor Marconi seems very likely to accomplish an effectual "knock-out" of both land and submarine telegraphy. The cable companies, after the manner of monopolies, fight his invention with all their power; but already their stocks, as reported, have greatly fallen. Wireless telegraphy from ship to shore has been successful at 200 miles, and is thought possible all the way across the Atlantic. Already aerial telegraphy is proposed between Dawson and Kamloops. It will certainly bring down the rates, and may possibly supersede wire telegraphy entirely. It will be well for Canada to go slow in its proposed cable scheme with Australia.



THE ART GALLERY AND CASCADES, ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR.

The St. Louis World's Fair.

The St. Louis Exposition of 1903 commemorates the centenary of the "Louisiana Purchase," by which the whole country west of the Mississippi was ceded by France to the United States. The sum paid the French for that vast area was $15,000,000. Already the sum assigned for its centennial celebration exceeds that amount. The Federal Government has voted $5,000,000 on condition that the great fair shall not be open on Sunday The grounds and buildings will be upon a much larger scale than any previous exposition. Responses from nearly every foreign Government in the world insure a great representative exposition. The ground rises on a slope to a height of sixty feet. The main exhibit buildings, the big towers, the lagoons, basins, canals, and statuary groups, occupy the lower level. The Art Gallery and its by-buildings, the architectural chef-d'oeuvre of the exposition, and the United States Government Building, are to be built on the elevated tract. Hanging gardens and a series of magnificent cascades fill in the intervening slope. The water effects of the picture, radiating from three great cascades, offer a mile of continuous water circuit.

The St. Louis World's Fair management propose to have a special building for the exhibits illustrating the religious progress of the world during the last hundred years, a building of not less than 380 x 460 feet, at an estimated cost of $400,000.

Canadian Prosperity.

The largest crop of grain on record, says The Monetary Times, in Manitoba and the Northwest, together with the swarms of people who have been going and are preparing to go into these heretofore sparsely settled regions, afford but a premonition of what this great Western territory is to do for Canada and the Empire in the future. Then, for some time past our trade with foreign countries has been increasing by leaps and bounds. It is true the results of the census taken a few months ago proved disappointing. But what, after all, matters a comparatively small growth of population so long as there be a satisfactory growth in the wealth, happiness, and moral and intellectual well-being of the units of whom it is composed ? This there certainly has been ; and quantity surely should not count against quality in any case.

The twentieth century is to be Canada's century. There is no doubt of it ; rumblings of the coming changes are to be heard even now. It is even recognized in Great Britain. Just as the greatest material development the world has ever seen took place in the United States during the nineteenth, so in her turn Canada in this the century which has only just passed its first milestone must make her hit. Canadians have $471,000,000 in cash on deposit to-day, having saved up, according to The Banking Return, a million dollars per week during the 52 weeks of 1901, at the beginning of which they had $418,000,000 saved up.

Canada's Progress.

The press of the Dominion, says The Literary Digest, is devoting a good deal of attention to the discussion of Canada's industrial and commercial possibilities, and how these are affected by her foreign relations. A recently issued volume entitled, "The Progress of Canada in the Nineteenth Century," by Mr. J. C. Hopkins, of Toronto, closes with the following:

"In 1800 Canada appeared as a tiny population of pioneers scattered along the northern frontiers of a hostile nation; environed by the shadow of gloomy forests and the sound of savage life; with the loneliness of a vast wilderness away to the farthest north and west. In 1900 it stands as a united people of between five and six millions, with a foundation, well and truly laid, of great transportation enterprises, of a common fiscal policy and a common Canadian sentiment. It boasts of greatly expanded trade and commerce, a growing industrial production, increasing national and provincial revenues, a wider and a better knowledge of its own vast resources, a steady promotion of settlement, and the continuous opening-up of new regions in its seemingly boundless territories. Above all, it has reached out beyond the shores of the Dominion into a practical partnership with other countries of the British Empire, and is sharing in a greatness and power which the wildest dream of the United Empire Loyalist in his log hut in the forest of a century since could never have pictured."

In commenting on this work, most of the Canadian journals point out that the Dominion is not quite yet awake to its great future. American enterprise and capital, these journals complain, are having an undue share of the good things which nature has bestowed upon Canada.

The World (Toronto) refers approvingly to a recent article in The Engineering Magazine, of New York, in which the statement was made that the United States and Canada are twenty years in advance of other nations in the art of bridge design and construction.

The Herald (Montreal) comments jubilantly on the first shipment of Canadian pig-iron to Great Britain as a "great occasion for patriotic rejoicing."

British Beneficence.

The benefits of British rule in Egypt have been strikingly shown by an Austro-Hungarian official report as given in the New York Outlook. The report declares that the English administration of Egypt is a brilliant success in almost every department. The financial position, which was in the worst possible state, has, thanks to the present administration, now been raised to prosperity and the prospects for the future are of the fairest. The wealth of the country, according to this report, lies not in its manufacturing possibilities, but in the fertility of its soil alone, and the cultivation of the land is being extended every year by means of irrigation works, which are changing large areas of desert into fertile fields. The rate of the land tax has been persistently lowered, and yet the proceeds remain at about the same figure as in 1880. In other words, production has increased some 50 per cent. in consequence of the new methods of irrigation. When the irrigation works now in progress shall have been completed, the increased prosperity of the country will be still more strikingly demonstrated.

The Japanese Alliance.

The close alliance, offensive and defensive, of Great Britain with Japan will doubtless checkmate the selfish aggression of Russia, safeguard the integrity of China, maintain the open door of commerce in that empire, and enhance British influence in the far East. It will indirectly, we judge, help the cause of missions by making English-speaking persons more than ever "personae gratae" in China and Japan. It is essentially an alliance not for aggression, but for the preservation of peace.

The powers of Europe are tumbling over each other in trying to show how friendly they were to the United States at the outbreak of its war with Spain. It is easy to see through their newborn friendly zeal, "they do protest too much." The American Government knows well who it was prevented a joint interference of the powers. When Admiral Detrich threatened to interfere at Manila, the British Admiral cleared his decks for action.

Religious Intelligence.

A Moral Crusade.

The prohibition discussion goes bravely on. It is a great moral education. It compels men to think, to take sides on a great moral issue. Even Principal Grant says :

"Drunkenness is a sin which is followed by so many evil results, and which excites such universal disgust, that every one—except a heartless liquor-seller here and there, who thinks only of the fact that his profit increases by the quantity he sells —is willing to aid in suppressing it to the utmost extent possible."

But Dr. Grant fears that in casting out this unclean spirit by prohibition, seven other spirits, more evil, will take possession of the body politic. "This guilty traffic," he says, "cannot be wholly suppressed." We regret that the genial optimism of Principal Grant gives way to this dismal pessimism. He describes the prohibition campaign as "a hopeless crusade." We hope he would not apply the same dictum to the crimes of theft and counterfeiting, which, notwithstanding the stringency of the law, are not wholly suppressed, but are at least practically made unprofitable, and society benefited thereby.

He tells us of men who vote local option in their own municipality, but who sometimes drink heavily when they visit towns where liquor is sold. This, he says, breaks down their conscience and makes them lead double lives. Would it not be more sympathetic and Christian to grant them the protection which they feel they need, instead of defending the snares and pitfalls into which they fall when they go from home ?

"Tom is as kind and good a husband as can be when at home," said a drunkard's wife, "but when business calls him to town he cannot resist the temptations of the tavern. The very sight and smell of the liquor breaks down his will, and makes him yield to temptation."

Dr. Grant defends the liquor traffic by referring to the Levitical law which permitted a pastoral people to partake of the innocent wine and oil and firstlings of the flocks and herds. But is not this a very different thing from the colossal and organized traffic in distilled liquors which are the source, as Sir Oliver Mowat has said, of three-fourths of the crime and pauperism of the country, and which were not known for many hundreds of years after the promulgation of the Levitical law ?

The Levitical economy provided for a form of servitude, and prescribed the rite, whereby a master should bring his servant to the door-post, and should "bore his ear with an awl, and he shall serve him for ever." Would Dr. Grant recommend the observation of this Levitical custom today ?

Dr. Grant declares that the long-continued agitation to suppress it has caused the organization of the trade "as it never was organized before, and is not now in any English-speaking country." Dr. Grant knows—no man better—the colossal power of the liquor traffic in Great Britain, how it has ruled vestries, corporations, municipalities, and how, everywhere, it defies restraints and evades or breaks the law, whether of license or prohibition, to the utmost of its ingenuity.

Dr. Grant protests against the prohibitionists repelling "wise men like Bishop Potter, bright and chivalrous spirits like Rainsford, and, among ourselves, a majority of scholars, practical philanthropists, men of philosophic thought."

Dr. Funk courteously requested Bishop Potter to state the source of his "reliable statistics" as to the failure of prohibition in Maine, and has waited in vain for a reply. He wrote to Senator Frye, to the Governor of the State, to the mayor of Portland, who all denied the existence of any such statistics.

Dr. Buckley appeals, not "from Philip drunk to Philip sober," but from the Bishop Potter of to-day, the defender of the saloons, to the Bishop Potter of a few years ago, who strongly denounced them—a Potter who created one set of opinions into honour, another set unto dishonour. Bishop Potter is doubtless a "wise man" in declining to attempt the impossible—to reconcile his rash and reckless statements with facts.

If Mr. Rainsford is a very "chivalrous gentleman" in denouncing the noble women of the W. C. T. U., as "doing the devil's work," save us from such chivalry.

Principal Grant tries to defend the legitimacy and respectability of the liquor trade of Canada. Well, some of the liquor dealers are under no illusions on the subject. One of them tersely expresses the opinion which

many beside himself entertain, "It is a damnable business, but there is money in it." Many of the benefit societies and organizations of workingmen will admit no saloon-keeper to their ranks. We know of no Protestant Church which will admit them, except on repentance and reform, to its Christian fellowship.

Dr. Grant is out of harmony with the highest authority in his own Church, which declared its "unqualified condemnation of the saloon or dram-shop as the centre of the most degrading influences and source of great danger to the church and community," and declared, further, that "nothing short of prohibition, rigidly enforced by proper authorities, should ever be accepted as final and satisfactory." Dr. Grant opposed with his great eloquence that resolution, but out of that grand body of men could find only six to stand up against it. Mr. Bengough, in a graphic cartoon, showed us those men driven like chaff from the threshing-floor before the overwhelming vote of the General Assembly.

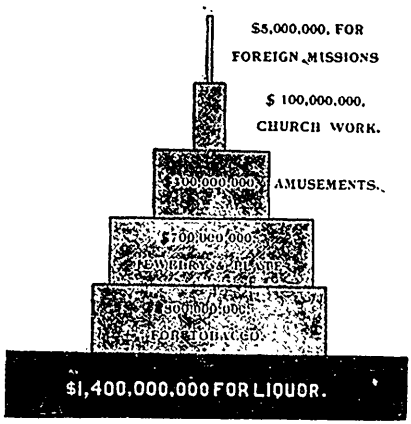
Similar or stronger is the record of all the Protestant Churches of Canada, and most of these in the United States. The largest Protestant Church in Christendom, by its General Conference legislation, declares "the liquor traffic cannot be legalized without sin."

The Honourable Mr. Ross declared that "the expression of opinion coming from the best portion of the people in this country is all in the direction of indicating that a prohibitory law is what they desire, and that indication this House is bound to respect."

Dr. Grant modestly assumes that "the majority of scholars, practical philanthropists, and men of philosophic thought, are opposed to prohibition." This sounds like the famous definition of orthodoxy—"Orthodoxy is my doxy, heterodoxy is yours."

Our Church owes a debt of gratitude to Dr. Courtice, in exposing the fallacies and misrepresentations of Dr. Grant. The Toronto Globe seems to use its great influence against prohibition by its one-sided reports, attempting to discount its success in prohibition States, and by the prominence it gives to anti-prohibition arguments. Dr. Grant's letters are paraded on the first page with screaming headlines, "A Hopeless Crusade," while Dr. Courtice's cogent replies are relegated to an inside page, with a very inconspicuous heading.

We wish The Globe would reprint the report of its own commission sent to Maine and Kansas a few years ago. They could get liquor, it is true, by nosing around in lanes and alleys, but Chancellor Day declares that he grew to manhood in Maine, and never saw an open saloon. Give us that amount of prohibition in Canada, and the drinking by stealth from filthy flasks hid in a boot-leg will make few drunkards. The generation of confirmed topers will soon die out, and our boys, unseduced by the flaunting temptations of the gilded saloon, with its hail-fellow-well-met habits of treating, will grow up unknowing of the accursed thing.



A Christian Nation.

"We are professedly a Christian nation, but what a mockery, what an awful unreality our profession is when it is remembered that we spend as much in two days in making heathen at home as we do in a whole year in seeking to convert heathen abroad. Five million five hundred thousand dollars are spent by the Christian Churches of America in foreign missions in the course of a year, while Christian America spends in a year $14,000,000,000 in self-indulgence in alcoholic liquor. Which is the most honoured, which has the greatest homage paid him, the Christian's God, or the god Bacchus? The God of righteousness, or the god of drunkenness?"

The above citation covers a fallacy. It is not the people who give the $5,500,000 to missions who give $14,000,000,000 for liquor, but an entirely different class. We don't believe in thrashing the Church for the sins of the people who never see the inside of a church.

Mr. Stead on Missions.

Mr. W. T. Stead seems never so happy as when traducing better men than himself. He makes in the December number of his monthly reviler a virulent attack upon the missionaries in China who suffered such dreadful hardships during the Boxer rebellion—men the latchet of whose shoes he is not worthy to unloose. Many of these heroic men and women witnessed a good confession even unto death, enduring a martyrdom as glorious as that in any age of the Christian Church. But this censor of the universe, in his easy chair at Mowbray House, has no words of sympathy or appreciation of these men with whose praise the whole world is ringing. He makes merry over their tribulations, he grows facetious over their trials. They spell pray with an "e," he tells us, in their plunder of the Chinese.

"Some months ago," he says, "Mark Twain gibbeted the American missionaries for their share in spoiling the heathen Chinee, and last month we had an even more painful story told in the French press as to the systematic looting of a Chinese palace by the French missionaries. The British, however, have no reason to plume themselves upon their superior virtue, in view of the French statement that ours was the only Legation in which loot was regularly sold under the direct patronage of the authorities."

Mr. Stead is willing to believe and repeat any tissue of lies against the character of these noble men and women whose whole lives are an act of saintliest consecration. Mark Twain's ludicrous mistake has been exposed over and over again. A man of such omniscience as Mr. Stead ought to be familiar with this exposure. But any stick will do with which to attack the missionaries. Mr. Stead had better discharge his familiar spirit Julia, who, he says, guides his pen, and seek some more reliable inspiration.

The Chicago Tribune reports the homicides in the United States in 1901 as 7,852, with only 107 legal executions, but 131 lynchings. This is a considerable decrease in homicides on the previous year, but the appalling number of 7,245 persons committed suicide. This dreadful record of crime is very largely the result of the drink habit.

The five Presbyterian denominations in China, English and American, and a cable despatch says the Congregationalists also, are consolidating their forces to carry on their educational work in common. That is the way that the Northern and Southern Methodists are beginning to get together in Oklahoma, with one college for both. The same is being done in Japan. The mission work is strictly delimited so as not to overlap.

The American Board of Foreign Missions, in its ninety-second annual report, says:

"There is reason to fear a repetition of the wholesale massacres of Armenians in 1894.

"There is good reason to think that the disastrous events in North China, so far from being the destruction or even the permanent injury of the missionary work in China, will prove the opening of all doors of access to the Chinese people."

Two interdenominational conferences have been held in Japan, as a result of which a common hymnal and common Sunday-school lesson helps are being prepared. A similar meeting has been held at Nanking, China. "Practically," says The Outlook, "every missionary society engaged in educational work in the empire was represented. Fifteen denominations sent a hundred and seventy voting delegates; in addition about five hundred pastors, students and laymen were in attendance. It was a remarkable example of Christian unity.

Promoted.

Dr. Ephraim B. Harper passed away on February 5, in his eighty-fourth year, at Nantasket, Massachusetts, the residence of his son, with whom he has lived for the last few years. He was one of the best known, best beloved ministers of this country. For over fifty years he served the Church, occupying some of the most prominent pulpits in the principal cities of Ontario and Quebec. He was chairman of his district for a longer period than any other man in Canadian Methodism. He was a man of saintly spirit and ripe and critical biblical scholarship. His preaching has been described as "the very marrow and fatness of the Gospel." Some great revivals in association with James Caughey, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer,

and other evangelists were held under his administration. He had one of the best libraries, especially in Oriental literature, in the Connexion. None knew him but to love him, none named him but to praise. His remains were brought from Nantasket to Toronto where they were met by the General Superintendent and several ministers, and were interred at the village of Norval, Ontario.

Dr. George S. Milligan, of St. John's, Newfoundland, for a quarter of a century superintendent of Methodist schools in Britain's oldest colony, passed away, in his seventy-third year, January 24th. He began his ministry nearly fifty years ago, and was the first president of the Newfoundland Conference. He was a man of apostolic zeal and apostolic travel. Under arduous conditions he visited the far outlying school districts, carrying inspiration and encouragement to lonely toilers in a difficult field. He was greatly beloved and revered. His funeral was attended by the Lord Bishop and Chief Justice of Newfoundland, and other leading representatives of both Church and State. In the St. John's press generous tribute is paid to his character, including a beautiful memorial poem by Mrs. J. J. Rogerson.

The Rev. Joseph Rawson, of Kingsville, passed from labour to reward on the same day as Dr. Harper, in his seventieth year. He was stricken with paralysis on February 3, and did not recover consciousness. Mr. Rawson was one of the oldest ministers of the Methodist New Connexion Conference, which he entered over forty years ago. After the union of 1874 he became a member of the London Conference, in which he continued to labour till his superannuation.

The Rev. Charles Fish, one of the oldest ministers of our Church, died of pneumonia at his residence in Toronto on February 15. Though long superannuated, he was still active in Church work, and only six days before his death preached twice at Thornhill. The desire of his heart was granted him to "cease at once to work and live."

The Rev. J. Davies, another of the fathers who served the Church with ability and success for forty-six years, died suddenly from apoplexy at his home, Stanstead, Quebec, on January 29. He attended divine service on the Sunday, and was about his Master's business on Monday, but early on Tuesday was found unconscious, and in a few hours passed away.

The Rev. Job Shenton, a venerable minister of the New Brunswick Conference, passed away with tragical suddenness at his home, St. John, N.B. He entered the work over forty years ago, and served our Church in leading appointments in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland. He was for several years chairman of his district.

Adequate memorials of these honoured brethren will be presented at their Annual Conferences.

The grim Reaper has been busy, too, in the ranks of our lay brethren. Mr. James H. Beatty, one of the pioneer Methodist leaders of Ontario, has also passed into the unseen. He was for nearly seventy years a member of the Methodist Church, for fifty years a local preacher, for forty years a class-leader, and for twenty-five years a Sunday-school superintendent. He was twice a delegate to the General Conference, twice to the Ecumenical Conference, often to the Annual Conference of his Church; was a member of the Board of Regents of Victoria University, and president and director of important commercial enterprises. What a record of a useful life! Diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.

On January 31, Mr. Edwin P. Tillson ended a long and useful life in his seventy-seventh year. He was intimately identified with the creation and growth of the town of Tilsonburg, of which he was the first mayor, and where he had extensive mills. He was an honoured official for many years of the Methodist Church.

Still another of the pioneer Methodists of Canada has passed away. Daniel Wakefield, Esq., brother of the Rev. Dr. Wakefield, of Paris, at his home, Washington, Ontario, in his eighty-third year. From early youth he was an honoured and useful member of the Methodist Church.

Mr. Richard Philp, one of the oldest and best known Methodists of Toronto, also passed away, full of years and honours, at his home, in this city.

Thus does God continuously bury his workmen while he carries on his work. What an admonition to redeem the time, to work while it is called to-day.

COLLEGE PROBLEMS.*

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

These two volumes are a very pleasing indication of the moral and religious tone of one of the oldest and greatest of American universities. The first is by a professor of Harvard University, the second by Dr. Peabody as representing Harvard, followed by Presidents Hyde, Hadley, Carter, Harris, and Tucker, of leading universities of New England.

The first volume evinces the strong, masterly grasp of the moral problems of college life and work which is attained only by the experience in college work of a man full of sympathy with student life. It is a book to be read and laid to heart by every college professor, every college student, and every parent who has a son or daughter at college. It discusses with marked ability problems in which they are all interested, and the views presented appear to us to be at once true to fact and to the very highest moral standards. Without hesitation he sets aside the idea that the work of the university professor is purely intellectual, the increase of human learning and of learned men. He recognizes that the very process by which this intellectual end is attained has its moral results, and that consciously or unconsciously the work of school and college must develop character, and that the end of all college life should be not merely a scholar, but a man. His portraiture of the moral dangers of student life is both clear and true and full of lessons to all concerned; while his discussion of the moral results of modern methods of education, especially of the elective system and of modern inventions to make the acquisition of knowledge easy and delightful, is certainly suggestive of very serious thoughts.

The second volume directs the thoughts of the outside world to the moral and religious life of the college with a very different motive. It regards the college not as a place from which we are expecting certain moral results, in which, through our children, we have a direct and personal interest, but as one of the great factors of which our modern life is composed. By the side of the life of the church, of the factory, of the farm, of the exchange, the life of the college is placed, and the question asked is, What is there in this college life from which our other forms of life may learn a useful lesson? The religion of college life, its ideal of a good man, its type and standard of conscience, its attitude toward the home, its attitude towards the church, and its forms of church work are all passed under review, and held up for the consideration of the related world. That this is done by college men ensures its being done sympathetically, and the names of the speakers guarantee the ability of the work. The two volumes before us are well worth the attention both of the college world and of the world outside.

* "School, College, and Character." By Le Baron Russell Briggs. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Cambridge, 1901.

"The Message of the College to the Church." A course of Sunday evening addresses in Lent, 1901. Delivered at the Old South Church, Boston. Boston: The Pilgrim Press.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

Love strong as death? Nay, stronger;
Love mightier than the grave,
Broad as the earth, and longer
Than ocean's wildest wave.
This is the love that sought us;
This is the love that bought us;
This is the love that brought us
To gladdest day from saddest night;
From deepest shame to glory bright;
From depths of death to life's fair height;
From darkness to the joy of light.

—*Bonar.*

Book Notices.

"Poems." By William Vaughan Moody. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. vi-106.

We hope we are not exhibiting that sign of senescence, becoming "laudator temporis acti;" but we remember when from the Old Corner Bookstore, Boston, was issued each season a new volume of verse by Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Tennyson, Browning, or other singers whose names shall never die. For years there has been a marked decline in the "output" of poetry. That of the hundred-thousand edition novels—more's the pity—has taken its place. The dainty volume under review is, we hope, a sign of revival of this noblest form of literature. Mr. Moody's verse is genuine poetry. He possesses the vision and the faculty divine, he selects great themes, has a regal imagination, and a noble form of expression. The bold imagery of the poem on "Gloucester Moors" will indicate the true poetic power of this writer:

"This earth is not the steadfast place
We landsmen build upon;
From deep to deep she varies pace,
And while she comes is gone.
Beneath my feet I feel
Her smooth bulk heave and dip;
With velvet plunge and soft upreel
She swings and steadies to her keel
Like a gallant, gallant ship.

"These summer clouds she sets for sail,
The sun is her masthead light,
She tows the moon like a pinnace frail
Where her phosphor wake churns bright.
Now hid, now looming clear,
On the face of the dangerous blue
The star fleets tack and wheel and veer,
But on does the old earth steer
As if her port she knew.

"God, dear God! Does she know her port,
Though she goes so far about?
Or blind astray, does she make her sport
To brazen and chance it out?"

The contrast of between the swinging worlds and the swaying moor-flowers is very striking. We think that the phrase

"Or where the choke cherry lifts high up
Sweet bowls for their carouse"

has too bacchanalian a tone for the innocent flowers. The ode "In Time of Hesitation" has a majestic swing. It demands that the promise of the nation to Cuba shall not be broken, a promise which we are glad to know is being fulfilled:

"Turn not their new-world victories to gain!
One least leaf plucked for chaffer from the bays
Of their dear praise,
One jot of their pure conquest put to hire,
The implacable republic will require;

"For save we let the island men go free,
Those baffled and dislaureled ghosts
Will curse us from the lamentable coasts
Where walk the frustrate dead."

This poem gives a vivid picture of the progress of the spring across the broad continent.

"On a Soldier fallen in the Philippines" is another generous plea for a conquered people. "The Menagerie" is quite Browningesque in its grim humour. "A Dialogue in Purgatory" is also quite in the vein of that great dramatic genius.

"God and the Soul." A Poem. By John Lancaster Spalding. Bishop of Peoria. Author of "Education and the Higher Life," etc. New York: The Grafton Press. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 256. Price, $1.25.

Poetry is the pre-eminently fitting vehicle for the expression of the higher religious thoughts. Of this the Psalms of David and the hymns of all the ages are striking examples. The greatest poem of the last century is, we judge, that profoundly religious one, "In Memoriam." Bishop Spalding's poems are marked by deep spiritual feeling, moral elevation, and felicity of expression. They nearly all assume the form of the sonnet, which more than any other demands compression of thought and exquisite finish of phrase. We quote a few examples, which, better than any description, will illustrate his style:

THE PILGRIMS OF THE SKY.

High host of white-robed pilgrims who each night,
All calmly through the empty-vaulted sky
Upon the wings of silence onward fly

And o'er the darkness throw a mystic light,
Which, fresh as dew, falls from the heavenly height,
Sweetly to bathe each wondering human eye
That looks upon the awful mystery
And yearns to know the meaning of your flight.
Like souls of men, seek ye some hidden shrine
Where Truth and Love and Beauty all are one?
Or bear ye hearts smitten with hope divine,
Whose thought, like ours, doth longest time outrun?
Does faith in God along your pathway shine,
Lighting the gloom until your task be done?

The following sextette indicates the compression of thought:

In conflux of immensities we lie;
Infinities within the soul converge;
Around us is the depth of boundless sky:
Within, the waves of boundless yearning surge:
To nothing and to God we are most nigh,
And far as hell from heaven our ways diverge.

The ministry of sorrow is touchingly expressed in the following lines:

Suffering alone can reach the inmost soul,
And show the infinite depths of loving heart,
Which of itself to pleasure gives but part,
And at the shrine of sorrow lays the whole.

The striking titles of many of his poems indicate the moral elevation of his themes, as "God's Witnesses," "The Soul's Highway," "God's Thrall," "A Thirst for God," "Eternal Hope," "By Suffering Made Perfect," "Thy Will Be Done." Bishop Spalding has made a profound study of German literature, and includes sonnets on Obermann and other German poets. The book is beautifully printed, with striking frontispiece portrait.

"The Church's One Foundation. Christ and Recent Criticism." By the Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll, M.A., LL.D. Editor of "The Expositor," "The Expositor's Bible," etc. London: Hodder & Stoughton. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. Pp. 227. Price, $1.25.

The time-worn theory of Hume and Gibbon as to the incredibility of miracles, has been revamped in these days by such men as Professor Pearson, of Northwestern University, and others of that ilk. The narrowness, conceit, and egotism, not to say impiety, of the theory, has been over and over exposed. Nowhere, probably, has this been done with such strength and clearness as in the book under review. The chapters were originally contributed to The British Weekly by a master of biblical exposition. They discuss with vigour and vivacity the newer criticism, the historical Christ, above all, the crowning miracle of the New Testament, the resurrection of our Lord. A brilliant chapter is entitled, "The Argument from the Aureole," i.e., from the holy lives of God's saints of many lands, who glorified humanity by a perpetual Imitatio Christi.

"A History of Babylonia and Syria." By Robert William Rogers, Ph.D., D.D., LL.D., F.R.G.S. Second Edition. Two Vols. 8vo. Pp. xx-429; xv-418. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $5.

These noble volumes are one of the most important contributions ever made to Christian scholarship by the Methodist Church. They are the result of many years' study, not merely of original monuments and other sources, but of the labours of previous Assyriologists, in Paris, Berlin, Cairo, Constantinople, Leipzig, London, and Oxford. Much of the book has the fascination of romance, while the whole has the dignity and importance of philosophical history. It is too great a work to be treated in a paragraph. It is, therefore, reserved for more adequate review in the next number of this magazine.

"A Modern Antaeus." By the writer of "An Englishwoman's Love-Letters." Toronto: George N. Morang & Co. Pp. viii-518. Price, $1.50.

An ancient myth describes Antaeus as a mighty wrestler of Libya, who was invincible while he remained in contact with the earth. He was overcome only by the strength of Hercules lifting him from the earth and strangling him in the air. More and more the busy toilers in the town are learning the truth of this myth. They only recover their strength by re-

turning to the heart of nature and coming in touch again with mother earth. This legend forms the motive of this story. Its hero has a passion for nature, has many noble qualities, but his end is as sad as that of Antaeus of old. There is much humour in the scapegrace doings of young Tristram. The way in which he circumvents Bailiff MacAllister and other adventures are very amusing. The literary grace of the mysterious author is very marked. Some of the quaint old English words and local phrases are a philological curiosity.

"Modern Athens." By George Horton. Illustrated by Corwin Knapp Linson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Small 4to. Pp. vi-91. Price, $1.25 net.

The author of this book has been for many years United States Consul in Athens, and has written much of modern Greek life. He knows his Athens well, and gives a very piquant picture of its daily life. "No vision," he says, "on all the globe, has been made such common property of civilized man as the Temple of Athena, once the crowning glory of a thousand years of culture, now their fitting monument." The mighty ghosts of the past still throng the streets of this Eye of Greece. Everybody, except the bustling foreigner, respects the noonday nap in Athens. An Athenian would no more waken a bootblack enjoying his siesta than he would hit him with a club.

Yet when awake the Athenians are wide awake. They rise with earliest dawn, and seem awake half the night. They give more money, says Mr. Horton, per capita, than any people in the world to public libraries, hospitals, reformatory institutions, etc. There are fifty papers published in the city, many of them flavoured with true Attic wit and humour. It is a very democratic community. The King and royal family pay their four cents fare on the open tram-car like the poorest peasant. New Athens is a brilliant city of stately architecture and gay squares, backed ever by the mouldering temples of the mighty past.

There are drawbacks, however. One becomes so accustomed to the ubiquitous fleas that, says our author, he is lonesome without them. The Greeks are honest and grim fasters. There are 153 fast days in the year, but so abundant and excellent are the fruits that fasting from meat becomes a pleasure. Public and private life, Church festivals, marriages, funerals, street life, the cafes and squares are all vivaciously described. The thirty-one excellent half-tones bring vividly before us the varied scenes of one of the oldest and newest cities in the world.

"The Real Latin Quarter." By F. Berkeley Smith. With illustrations by the author. Introduction and frontispiece by F. Hopkinson Smith. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 205. Price, $1.20 net.

An accomplished artist, and the son of an artist, gives in these pages a graphic account of that region little known to chance tourists, but familiar to students—The Latin Quarter. Student life in Paris accentuates the characteristics of the nation. It is clever, impulsive, sometimes reckless in its conduct. We are apt to think that barricades have been unknown since the "coup d'etat," but in 1893 a students' riot took place, when barricades of omnibuses and tramcars blockaded the streets, and 30,000 troops, chiefly cavalry, patrolled them to suppress the rioters. Despite the veneer of frolic, says the writer, "at heart the French are sad," hence the Parisian goes into the latest sport because it affords a new sensation. Blase of all else in life, he plunges into automobiling and ballooning, and the like, to give a fillip to his jaded nerves. Some of the wretched creatures in the street, both men and women, were once leaders of fashion, but absinthe and vice have brought them to the gutter. The author, long an art student in Paris, gives vivid sketches of its strange Bohemian life. The book has a hundred original drawings or snap-shots, and three coloured engravings.

In the article on the Wesley bicentenary in the February number, by an inadvertence it was called the bicentenary of his death; it was, of course, of his birth. The centenary of his death was celebrated throughout Canada in 1891.

We regret that the admirable paper on "The Ministry of Music," in our February number was, by a misprint, attributed to the Rev. T. E. Colling, B.A., instead of the Rev. T. E. Holling, B.A., Manitou, Manitoba.

CONTENTS FOR MARCH, 1902.

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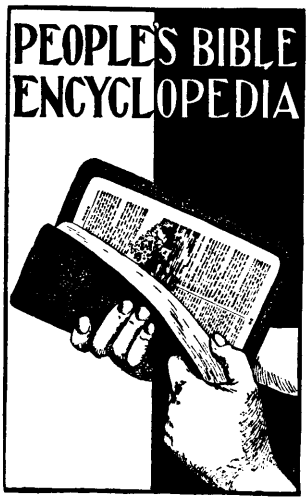
SOME REVIEWS OF THE WORK



THE METHODIST REVIEW says, in part: One wonders at the courage of an author who undertakes to furnish a comprehensive and adequate Bible dictionary in one volume of 1,300 pages. * * * But examina ion quickly discovers that THE PEOPLE'S BIBLE ENCYCLOPEDIA is no fragmentary and imperfect work. On the contrary, it is as remarkable for fulness as for condensation. Its range of Bible topics is wider even than that of McClintock and Strong's voluminous work. * * * Thus we have a book compact and manageable, yet in its measure complete. It covers its extensive field satisfactorily, and in actual use will not disappoint the seeker after full and reliable information. Etc., etc.

THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE says, in part: In approaching any new book in a field already fully covered the reviewer is always asking himself three questions: 1. Was there room for another volume upon the subject at hand? 2. What are the claims upon which the author has the temerity to issue a new book? 3. Has his work justified the claims made for it? It is particularly opportune that this new biblical encyclopedia, edited by Dr. Barnes, should be brought out at this time, as it is much fuller than either Dr. Schaff's or Dr. Davis', and not as full as the ones edited by Dr. Cheyne and Dr. Hastings. If one might say such a thing, Dr. Barnes' new people's Bible dictionary holds a middle ground, both in size and theology, between these two extremes, and for the purposes for which it is made is far better adapted.

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