





RACHEL'S TOMB . . . NEAR BETHLEHEM.

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THE  
Methodist Magazine.

JANUARY, 1894.

TENT LIFE IN PALESTINE.

BY THE EDITOR.

*OLIVET TO HEBRON.*



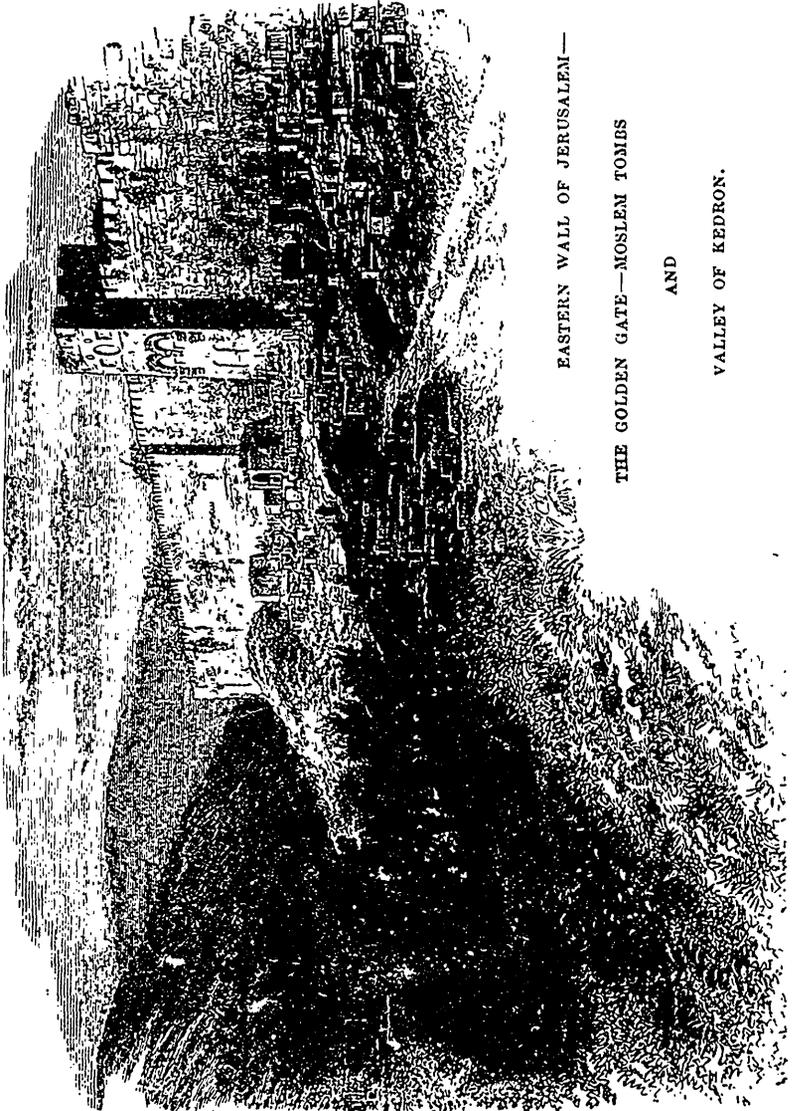
THE CHAPEL OF THE ASCENSION.

ON the afternoon of Palm Sunday, 1892, after witnessing the pomp and pride and pageantry of the rival Christian communions in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, as a truer commemoration of the sacred events of the day, I went forth with my fellow-pilgrims to the sites and scenes of Palestine, from the Holy City to the Mount of Olives. We traversed the Via Dolorosa, the "Sorrowful Way," trodden by the feet of the Saviour on his way to Calvary. Emerging from St. Stephen's Gate we passed the scene of the death of the forerunner of the noble army of martyrs. Beneath our eyes lay the storied

vale of Kedron, and on its opposite side rose the long slopes of the Mount of Olives.

To the left of the winding way is a stone-walled area depressed several feet below the road. Fronting this, a picturesque double

arch, with a low, iron-studded door gives entrance to the Tomb of the Virgin. This is the only place which we did not succeed in entering. The monk in charge was always off duty when we visited the spot. A flight of forty-seven marble steps leads down



EASTERN WALL OF JERUSALEM—

THE GOLDEN GATE—MOSLEM TOMBS

AND

VALLEY OF KEDRON.

to a grotto thirty-five feet below ground, in which is said to be the tomb of Joachim and Anna, the parents of the Virgin, and that of Joseph and Mary. These are visited with the deepest emotion by Roman Catholic and Oriental pilgrims. Near by is



MOSLEM TOMBS ON SLOPES OF KEDRON.

the so-called Cavern of the Agony, a grotto in the solid rock, probably once a cistern or oil press.

Leaving the cypress-studded Garden of Gethsemane, with its ancient, gray-leaved olives, to the right, we climbed the hill to the beautiful new church, erected by the Russians in honour of the reigning Empress. Its many bulbous domes give it an exceedingly picturesque appearance, and its exquisite mosaic pictures have cost a prince's ransom.

On the slopes of Olivet are the so-called tombs of the prophets, into which we scrambled through a broken shaft and found a splendid example of an ancient rock tomb. Three passages, varying from thirteen to nineteen yards in length are intersected by transverse passages. The large-domed rotunda, lighted from above, and many other chambers completely honeycomb the ground.

The great number of tombs in the vicinity of the city cannot fail to strike the imagination. All around the wall extends the vast encampment of death. Moslem and Jew for many generations have alike sought burial here, as securing special privileges on the Resurrection Day. "Thousands," says Dr. Macleod, "possibly millions, of most bigoted and superstitious Israelites, from



CONVENT ON SUMMIT OF MOUNT OF OLIVES.

every part of the world, have in the evening of life flocked to this the old 'city of their solemnities,' that after death they might be gathered to their fathers beneath the shadow of its walls."

But the supreme interest centres in that lone olive-crowned hill, where our Saviour wept over the stony-hearted city of Jerusalem. Near by is the peaceful village of Bethany, where He often found rest and safety and sympathy in the home of Mary and Martha and Lazarus. Up that steep hillside walked many a time and oft—

"Those blessed feet,  
Which eighteen hundred years ago were nailed  
For our advantage to the bitter cross."

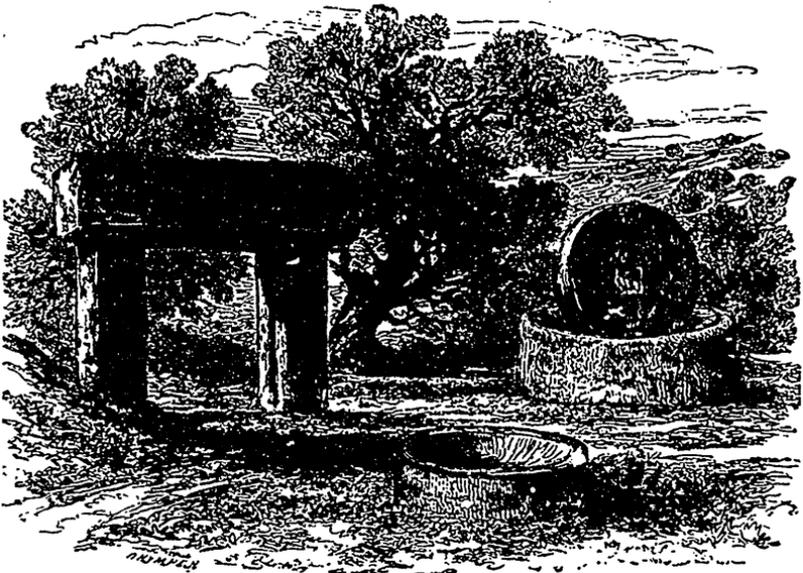
Upon this very landscape rested His eye, along this very road thronged the multitude and the children to greet Him with shouts

of "Hosanna, blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." There still winds the Kedron, and there is

"Siloam's brook,  
Which flowed fast by the oracle of God."

These "mountains round about Jerusalem" are the very hills on which the Saviour so often gazed, and over all is the deep blue sky through which, from the summit of yonder mount, He ascended up into heaven.

About half-way up the slope is shown the traditional place where our Lord wept over the city and would fain have gathered



OLIVE TREES AND OIL PRESS.

its children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, but they would not. Here upon a grassy spot we sat down and read with deep emotion from our Bibles the narrative of these sacred events. Climbing to the summit we found a squalid Arab village, of about a dozen poor stone cottages, whose wretched inhabitants were importunate in their demands for backsheesh. Comparatively few of the olives from which the hill takes its name remain—gnarled, twisted old veterans, with here and there a carob, or cypress, stud the summit of the chalky limestone hill of Olivet. The oil press shown in our cut is a type of many such which we saw throughout Palestine; sometimes hewn out of the natural rock, and sometimes with huge

levers for pressing out the oil. The left margin of our front-page shows the olive berries, the gathering of which was a rustic festival.



BETHANY, "WILDERNESS OF JUDEA," DEAD SEA AND MOAB, FROM TOWER ON MOUNT OLIVET.

The Chapel of the Ascension, the octagonal building shown in our initial cut, occupies the centre of an inclosed space, containing altars for the Greeks, Copts, Syrians and Armenians. In a marble

slab is shown a depression where our Lord's foot last touched the earth. It is a relief to feel that these traditions cannot be true. The lying legends of Moslem and monk do but vulgarize the sanctity of the scene. Not here is the site of the Ascension, for we read in St. Luke that He "led them out as far as to Bethany," and there the blue heavens received Him out of the sight of His adoring disciples.

The summit of Olivet belongs to the Moslems, who regard it as sacred. Adjoining it is the Monastery of Dervishes, whose minaret is shown in the picture on page 6. This commands a magnificent view. Much grander, however, is that from the new and lofty tower of the Greek church, which from near and far is seen dominating the whole landscape. From this we behold one of the most magnificent panoramas in the world. Whatever else has changed, the features of nature are the same. These rocky hills about Jerusalem are those on which the eyes of Jesus often rested. Beneath us, across the Kedron, is the sacred city, alike sacred to Christian, Moslem and Jew. Near at hand is the ruined village of Bethany, with its so-called tower of Lazarus, and home of Mary and Martha. In yonder deep hollow, 3,000 feet beneath our feet, lies the cobalt-coloured Sea of Death, which for ages has rolled above the guilty cities of the plain. Beyond it stretch the purple hills of Moab, their summits touched to ruddy glow by the kiss of the setting sun. Beneath us roll the sterile, stony hills of the wilderness of Judea. "These doleful hills," says that genial traveller, Dr. Hugh Johnston, "with their savage grandeur, their worn and haggard features, powerfully impress the mind and strangely fascinate our eyes, for we know that somewhere in this wilderness was the suffering Son of God led after His baptism to encounter the fiercest temptations of the power of Garkness." On the opposite horizon is the highest hill in Southern Palestine—Nebi Samwel, the Biblical Mizpah, with its many sacred association.

Most interesting of all is the view from the traditional spot which we again revisit, where our Lord yearned over the city, "and wept over it, saying, If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes. For the days shall come upon thee, that thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, and keep thee in on every side, and shall lay thee even with the ground and thy children within thee; and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another; because thou knewest not the time of thy visitation."

The buildings before us, indeed, are not those which met



JERUSALEM FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

the eyes of our Lord, but the general outline of the long and battlemented wall and the stony slopes of the surrounding Vale of Kedron, Jehosaphat and Hinnom are still the same. Before us rises the Golden Gate, and behind it the Mosque of Omar. To the left, the Mosque of El-Aksa, and around them the green, cypress-studded temple area. Beyond rise the twin domes of the Holy Sepulchre, and the cupolas and flat roofs of the modern city, and in the background the Hill of Zion and the Tower of David. Surely in no place on earth can we come into more living touch with the environments of the earthly life of our Lord.

Then we followed the footsteps of Jesus along the memorable route through which He rode, meek and lowly, into Jerusalem, down through the Vale of Kedron, past the Garden of Gethsemane, and with our eye traced the steep slopes by which He climbed to the Golden Gate, now walled up, and entered the temple amid the shouts of the fickle multitude, "Hosanna! blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord!" soon to be changed into execrations, "Away with Him, away with Him! crucify Him, crucify Him!" Then we wended our way beneath the walls of the Holy City in the deepening twilight, our mind filled with sacred memories and our hearts touched with deep feelings of our Lord's infinite love and pity for mankind.

It was on a bright April morning that we set out for a carriage drive to Hebron, about six hours' ride from Jerusalem. Our party was joined by a very genial travelling companion, the Rev. Joshua P. Lewis, of Toronto. We filled two rather ramshackle carriages, our faithful dragoman, Abdallah, prancing about us on his gaily-caparisoned Arab horse—the long tassels of the housings swaying with every movement. There is a practicable carriage-road to Hebron, one of the very few in Palestine. Crossing the Valley of Gihon we traversed the Plain of Rephaim, the boundary between Judah and Ephraim, where David heard the sound "of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees," and the scene of many a conflict between the Philistines and the Israelites. We passed numerous traditional sites, among others that of the house of Simeon (Luke ii. 25); the Well of the Magi, where the sages are said again to have seen the guiding star (Matt. ii. 9); Philip's Fountain, a handsome structure, where we saw a number of peasants watering their flocks at stone troughs, and other sacred sites of even more doubtful authenticity. One of these, the sombre-looking and fortress-like Monastery of Elyas, was really built by a Greek bishop of that name, but by ignorant superstition has been connected with the prophet Elijah, and one is even



CONVENT OF ELYAS.

shown a depression made by his feet. It is now occupied by a few Greek monks.

There is one revered spot, however, of unquestionable authenticity, the Tomb of Rachel, honoured alike by Jew, Moslem and Christian. "Here," says Col. Wilson, "we have for once an

indisputable site." Here, thirty-seven hundred years ago, the well-beloved Rachel "died, and was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem. And Jacob set a pillar upon her grave: that is the pillar of Rachel's grave unto this day." Beside the unchanging immemorial highway still stands this lonely grave, a memorial of love and sorrow, old as humanity, yet ever new. Strange that Jacob did not bury his beloved in the Cave of Machpelah at Hebron, whither he was going and where he himself was gathered to his fathers, his body being brought after death from the distant land of Egypt. Perhaps, as Dr. Thompson suggests, it was because only the first and legal wives of the patriarchs might share their sepulchre.



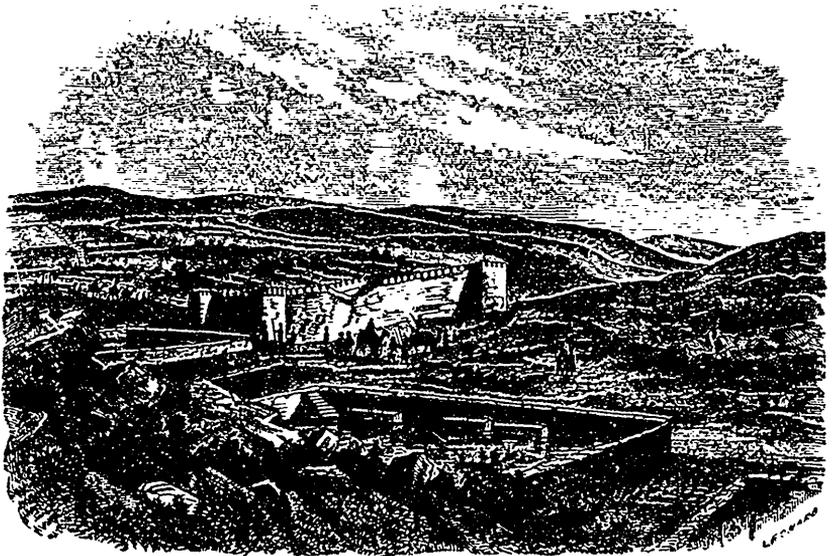
SOLOMON'S POOLS.—DISTANT VIEW.

The present memorial of the beautiful Rachel is a humble whitewashed mosque surrounded by olive trees. With infinite paths the prophet represents her long sleep of death as disturbed by the slaughter of the innocents in the neighbouring town of Bethlehem: "Rachel weeping for her children and would not be comforted because they are not." We were not allowed to enter the mosque, and could only look through the windows at the sacred enclosure.

A conical hill nearly four hundred feet high to the left of the road is known as the Frank Mountain, from a tradition that here the crusaders had a fort, and long held out against the Moslems. It is also affirmed that this was probably the town of Herodia, with

its Castle of Herod, once a very stately structure with a flight of two hundred marble steps. Here, also, Herod was buried. Certain ruins at the top are said to be his once splendid tomb.

We made a detour to visit the famous Pools of Solomon. They lie in the hollow of an unpeopled though fertile valley, and are to most tourists, from their extent and magnificence a great surprise. They are in part hewn in the solid rock, and in part made by damming the valley by massive walls. They lie one beneath another so as to retain a large quantity of water without the need of excessive embankments. The upper pool is 380 by 236 feet and 25 feet deep; the second, 423 by 250 feet and 39 feet deep; the third, 582 by 175



SOLOMON'S POOLS.—NEAR VIEW.

feet and 50 feet deep. The latter would float the largest vessel yet built. They recall the passage in Ecclesiastes, "I made me great works . . . I made me pools of water to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees." The chief source of supply is a perennial spring, supposed to be the "sealed fountain" of Solomon's Song to which the Beloved is compared. We descended twenty-five stone steps into a vaulted chamber and drank of this cool and refreshing spring. From the lower pool runs an aqueduct which winds along the hillsides to the city of Jerusalem. This aqueduct still conveys water to the city, and is tapped in many places for the watering of cattle and sheep. The Saracenic fortress, shown in our cut, is now used as a guardhouse

for a few Turkish soldiers, whom we found lazily smoking their "hubble-bubble" pipes and sipping their coffee.

A further ride of four hours over undulating limestone hills, almost treeless and barren, with scarce a house or sign of habitation, brings us to the famous city of Hebron, next to Damascus probably the oldest city in the world. Shortly before reaching



HEBRON.

the city the sterility is relieved by a lovely vale, where figs, olives and pomegranates abound and where vineyards spread on every side. This is the famous Valley of Eschol, of which the spies reported as they brought back its purple clusters, "surely it floweth with milk and honey; and this is the fruit of it."

The appearance of Hebron, climbing the slope of the long hill,

with its fortress-like mosque and minaret, is exceedingly picturesque. Its gray and weather-beaten stone walls, and arched bazaars, with dark and gloomy interiors have an appearance of extreme antiquity. The memory of Abraham is still perpetuated in its Arabic name, which signifies "the City of the Friend of God."

The history of this ancient town goes far back toward the dawn of time. Here the Angel of the Covenant disclosed to Abraham the threatened destruction of Sodom, and early in the morning he beheld "and lo, the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace." The point of view can still be determined where a notch in the dividing ridge reveals the low-lying country around the Dead Sea.



GOATSKIN AND EARTHEN  
"WATER-BOTTLES."

The ancient city has a population of about 10,000. Its merchants carry on a brisk trade with the Bedouins. The chief industries are the manufacture of water-skins from goats' hides, and of glass rings, worn by the women as ornaments. The goat-hides are filled with tanning liquor, I suppose an alum solution, and it was a curious

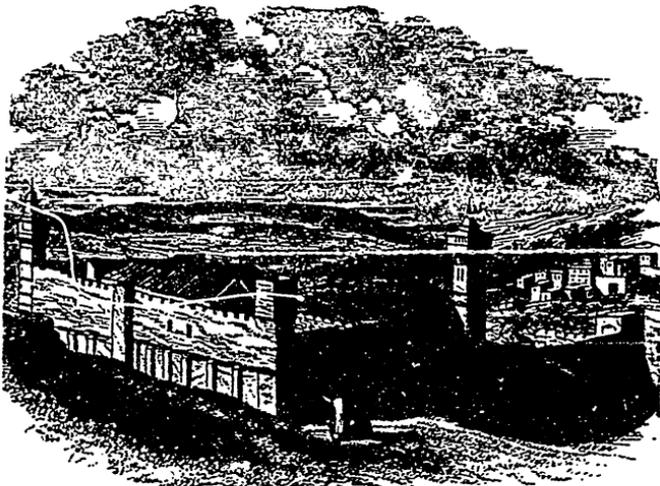
spectacle to see a large area covered with these bloated-looking carcasses, their four feet helplessly extended in the air.

We paid a visit to the grimy glassworks, where the manufacture of rude glass-ware has been carried on from the Middle Ages. It was all exceedingly primitive, and the marvel is that with such meagre means such good work could be done. For a couple of francs I bought about a hundred glass rings such as adorn the Bedouin belles. I brought most of them home unbroken, notwithstanding their long and rugged journey. They had, at least, the merit of cheapness and anti-corrosive properties, and I do not see but that they are quite as beautiful as much more expensive articles, though Madame evidently had a very poor opinion of them.

The tenderest memory of Hebron is that of the bereavement of the patriarch, when he came "to mourn over Sarah and to weep over her." Though heir to all the prophecies uttered in Ur of the Chaldees, yet without a foot of the land which God had promised to his seed, he must buy a grave from the children of

Heth that he "might bury his dead out of his sight," the only portion of that land he could ever call his own. The whole transaction recorded in Genesis has the exactness of a legal document. In this cave of Machpelah were buried Sarah and Abraham, Isaac and Rebekah, and Leah. Hither the embalmed body of Jacob was brought out of Egypt, and here, according to tradition, was buried also the body of Joseph. "This," says Dr. Thompson, "is the most interesting of all sepulchres upon the earth." "The identification," Dr. Manning affirms, "is absolute, beyond the reach of skepticism."

Over this sacred cave has been built the fortress-like mosque shown in our engraving. Many of its stones are of great size,



MOSQUE AT HEBRON, COVERING CAVE OF MACHPELAH.

one measuring thirty-eight feet long, and are marked with the characteristic ancient Jewish bevel. The fanatical Moslems guard this tomb with extreme jealousy. The utmost we were allowed to do was to approach the wall and thrust our hands into an opening which we were told led to the sacred cave of Machpelah.

Only the most powerful influence has prevailed to procure entrance. The Prince of Wales, as heir apparent to the British Empire, the late Emperor Frederick of Germany when Crown Prince, and the Crown Prince of Austria, with a few attendants, have been thus favoured. Dean Stanley, who accompanied the Prince of Wales, thus describes the sacred sepulchre:

"The shrines of Abraham and Sarah are each guarded by silver gates, the other chapels are enclosed with gates of iron. The chambers are

cased in marble, the tombs consist of coffin-like structures, covered with gold-embroidered carpets. The shrine of Sarah we were requested not to enter, from the reverence due to her sex, also that of Rebekah and Leah. We were also requested not to enter the tomb-chamber of Isaac, because he was proverbially jealous and it was exceedingly dangerous to exasperate him."

These are probably only cenotaphs, the real tombs being in the cave beneath. It is not impossible that, when Moslem fanaticism shall have been allayed, the veritable embalmed bodies of Jacob and Joseph may be revealed to the light of day. "As we



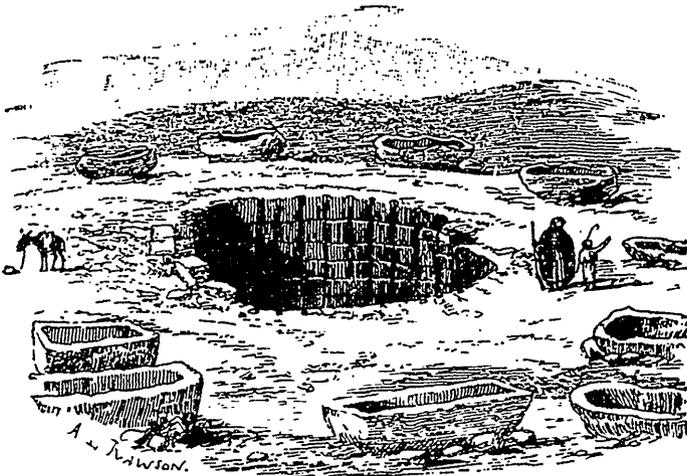
ABRAHAM'S OAK.

turn away," says the Rev. Dr. Manning, "from the secret and mysterious cave, where lie the ashes of the illustrious dead, under the jealous care of their Arab guardians, hallowed memories and yet more hallowed hope suggest themselves. The hushed silence of well-nigh four thousand years shall one day be broken, and He who is 'the Resurrection and the Life' shall call forth the sleepers from their resting-place of ages."

"What though the Moslem mosque be in the valley!  
 Though faithless hands have sealed the sacred cave!  
 And the red prophet's children shout 'El Allah,'  
 Over the Hebrew's grave.

“Yet a day cometh when those white walls shaking  
Shall give again to light the living dead ;  
And Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, reawaking,  
Spring from their rocky bed.”

Near the mosque is a large tank, 132 feet square and thirty-two feet deep. It is almost certainly the one described in 2 Sam. iv. 12, where David commanded that the murderers of Ish-bosheth should be hanged. From the top of the outer wall, which leads from the roof of an old mosque, Mr. E. Wilson photographed the entrance to the cave of Machpelah—a pointed arch, crossed by a wall reaching up about eight feet, with a low-arched door in the centre, and a small square opening on either side.



ABRAHAM'S WELL, BEER-SHEBA.

The Moslem population of Hebron is exceedingly fanatical, and as we strolled through the bazaars, although we were under the protection of a Moslem guide, as well as of our faithful Abdallah, the natives spat on us and cursed us for “dogs of Christians,” and as we left the town small boys ran after our carriage with sticks and stones. We made a slight detour by a road leading through fertile vineyards to the famous Abraham's Oak in the plain of Mamre, beneath which we ate our lunch. I rode a bridless donkey, which a mischievous driver incited to various acts of insubordination by twisting his tail, and similar mild persuasives. These from time to time changed the meditative droop of his head and flop of his long ears to a momentary expression of alertness and a galvanic trot—much to the discomfort of his rider.

This venerable oak, or rather terebinth, is possibly a lineal

descendant of that beneath which the patriarch entertained the angels. Its trunk is twenty-three feet in girth, and its enormous branches would shelter, it is said, a thousand persons, though I doubt it. A company of Russian pilgrims, way-worn and dusty, wearing, beneath the burning sun, their warm sheepskin coats, were accompanied by the village priest, dressed in long black gown and wearing a very tall felt hat, with the rim at the top instead of at the bottom. They had strong, rugged faces and long, unkempt hair. Our dragoman spread our rugs for lunch on the grass beneath the shade, whereupon the pilgrims affixed a painted picture to the tree, lit a large number of little wax tapers, which they thrust into holes bored in the bark, and standing bare-headed in the sun, began a religious service, chanting with deep bass voices the responses to the litany read by the priest. The Rev. Mr. Lewis and myself both apologized for intruding upon their worship, and requested them to come into the shade, but with many expressions of courtesy and good-will they went through the service in the hot sunshine. I asked permission to examine the painting, and was surprised to find it was one representing Abraham entertaining the three angels under the oak, which the devout pilgrims believed to be the very one beneath which their worship was held.

Further south than Hebron we did not proceed, but I give a picture of the famous Abraham's well at Beer-Sheba, on the extreme southern border of Palestine, about thirty miles south of Hebron. It is twelve feet in diameter, and sixty feet deep. This is in all probability the well which Abraham "dugged in the wilderness of Beer-Sheba" and is possibly the one from which Hagar drew water to save the life of Ishmael. Here doubtless the patriarch's servants watered their flocks. The deep furrows shown in the curbstone have been worn by the ropes of successive generations of herdsmen, in drawing water from this well. Around it are several troughs still used for watering cattle.

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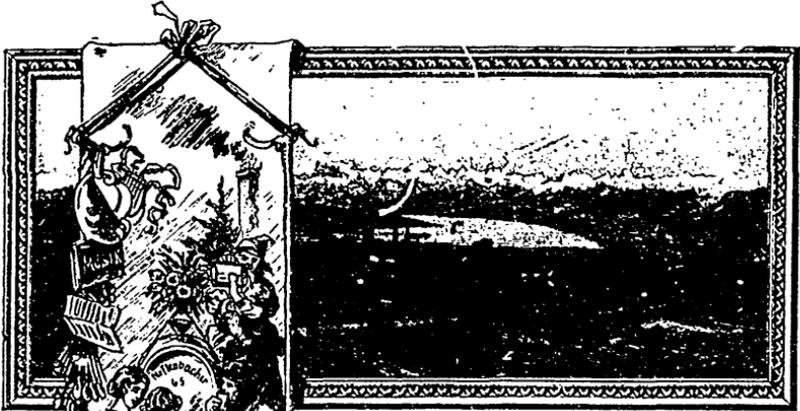
#### WHAT WILL THE NEW YEAR BRING?

|  |
|--|
| WILL the New Year bring greetings   Will the New Year bring weeping— |
| Blithesome and gay?       Sorrows increase?                          |
| Long-looked-for meetings,   Will the New Year bring sleeping—        |
| Joy's sunny day?       Quiet release?                                |
| Father, we know not!       Father, most tender,                      |
| Coming joys show not!       We can surrender                         |
| Hear our entreatings—   All to Thy keeping—                          |
| Show Thou the way.       Grant us Thy peace!                         |

## ZURICH AND ITS MEMORIES.

BY WALDEMAR RADEN.

## I.



ZURICH FROM THE WEID.

At the northern end of the lake of Zurich, where the clear waters of the Limmat issue from it, lies the ancient city of Zurich. Owing to its beautiful situation, the numerous amenities it affords, and its scientific and educational institutions, it is a favourite abode of numerous visitors of all nationalities.

In order to give the tourist now entering for the first time the famous old town on the Limmat an idea of its position and the chief features of its surroundings, we will accompany him to the neighbourhood of the Weid, a favourite point of view on the hill-side above the right bank of the river, a mile and a half below the town. On the south-eastern and

southern horizon the long range of the Alps is seen stretching in a wide curve—a superb array of snowy peaks and rocky ridges.

In the winter of 1853 it happened that the waters of the lake of Zurich sank lower than they had ever been known to do



ANCIENT ZURICH.

before; and the people of Meilen, a small village on the lake, made the discovery of numerous old sharpened stakes, as well as

pottery and articles made of stone and bone. The news soon reached the ears of the scientific world, and much zeal was shown in exploring the bottom of this and the other lakes of Switzerland. The result of these investigations was that much light was thrown upon the "pile-building period," an age which dates back long before the dawn of history.

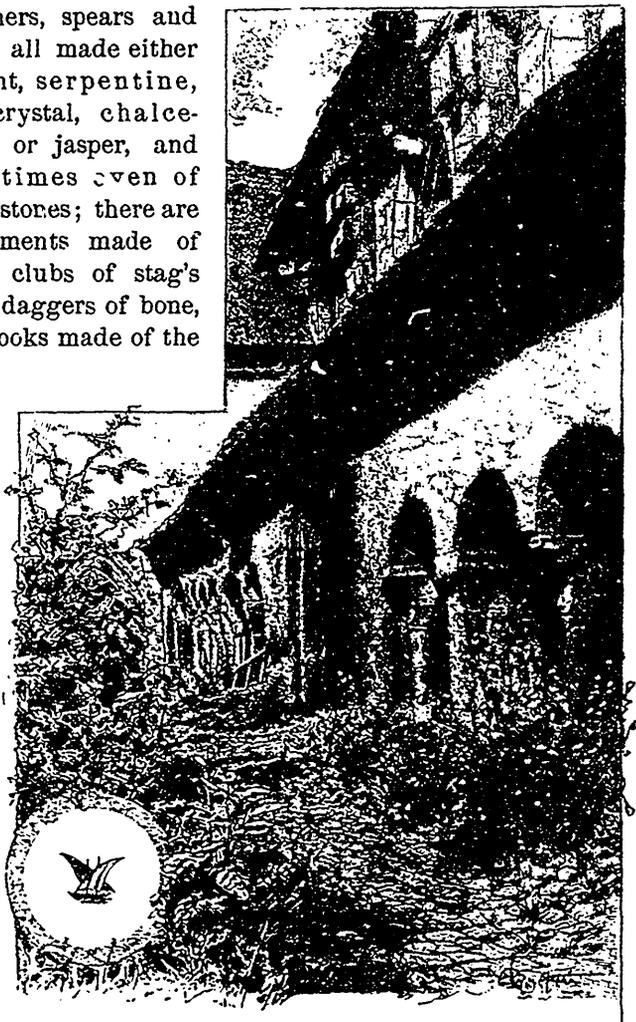


ANCIENT CITY GATE.

age, according to the materials of which their weapons and implements were successively made. The stone age, of course, was the

earliest; the bronze age showed some advance in civilization; and with the iron age we come to the times of the Romans.

By degrees, whole sets of such things as went to make up the furniture of a pile-dwelling were recovered, and are now to be seen displayed in the museums of various Swiss towns. There are stone hatchets and hammers, spears and darts, all made either of flint, serpentine, rock-crystal, chalcedony, or jasper, and sometimes even of rarer stones; there are implements made of bone, clubs of stag's horn, daggers of bone, fish-hooks made of the



CATHEDRAL CLOISTERS.

claws and tusks of the wild boar, needles, primitive ornaments for the throat and hair, part of a spindle, even a bundle of flax, yarn for weaving, woven stuff and netting of various kinds. To complete the picture, some ten different kinds of cereals have

been found, various sorts of pulse, bits of apple, cherries, and raspberries, all of which, having been turned into charcoal, are perfectly well preserved. Both the fauna and flora of the period have been accurately determined, and from the bones found in huge quantities around the piles, it seems that the enemies and friends of man in those days were the bear, urus, bison, wild goat, fox, wolf, horse, pig, cat, pole-cat, domestic cattle, and many others besides.

But the men of those days must have had a hard battle with the stern elements, the wild beasts, and hostile tribes. It was probably their fear of the latter, together with the marshy state of the soil on the shore, which induced them to build their dwellings over the waters of the lake.



CLOISTERS WITHIN.

People fancy they have discovered, even in the stone age, some slight tokens of the existence of commerce, carried on, of course, by means of barter. As their weapons improved, people could venture, where the soil allowed it, to settle upon the shore; and if they still used the pile-buildings at all, it was as places of assembly, or for laying up their arms, implements, and winter stores, and such like purposes. Both the earlier and later pile-buildings were at last destroyed by fire; but where the fire did not wholly consume, it carbonized, and it is to this circumstance that we owe the preservation of many a sub-aqueous museum.

The river Limmat has poured a good deal of water into the lake of Zurich since those days; times have changed since then; so,



VIEW OF CITY, LOOKING SOUTH.

too, has the face of the country. More and more *débris* was constantly brought down from the mountains; the forests grew thinner and thinner, the marshes dried up, and towns and villages were built upon the shore, or along the margin of the smiling lake.

At the time of the Roman supremacy, Zurich, under the name of Turicum, was an important military and commercial station, owing to its situation on the highway leading from Italy to the Rhine through Rætia and along the Helvetian lakes and rivers. Coins, bronze statuettes, fragments of water conduits and mosaic pavements, and the remains of a bridge over the Limmat near the Rathhaus, witness to the epoch of Roman rule.

At this period Christianity seems to have spread in northern Helvetia, and now it was that, according to the legend, the patron saints of the town, Felix and Regula, and their servant Exuperantius, suffered martyrdom on the spot where the Wasserkirche now stands.

After the withdrawal of the Roman legions early in the fifth century, the district passed into the possession of the Alemanni, the ancestors of the present inhabitants.



STATUE OF CHARLEMAGNE ON THE TOWER OF THE CATHEDRAL.

The monuments of Roman

civilization sank in dust and ashes, and Christianity was overthrown before the heathenism of the northern conquerors.

After the restoration of Christianity, Charlemagne was a great benefactor of Zurich, founding schools and other institutions here. He is commemorated by a statue placed high up on the

western tower of the Grossmünster, which represents him in a sitting posture, wearing his crown and holding his sword across his knees.

Upon the division of the vast empire of Charlemagne, the district of Zurich fell to the German empire. A grandson of Charlemagne, Louis the German, founded the abbey of Frauenmünster on the left bank of the Limmat for his daughters Hildegard and Bertha; this sanctuary also was dedicated to SS. Felix and Regula.

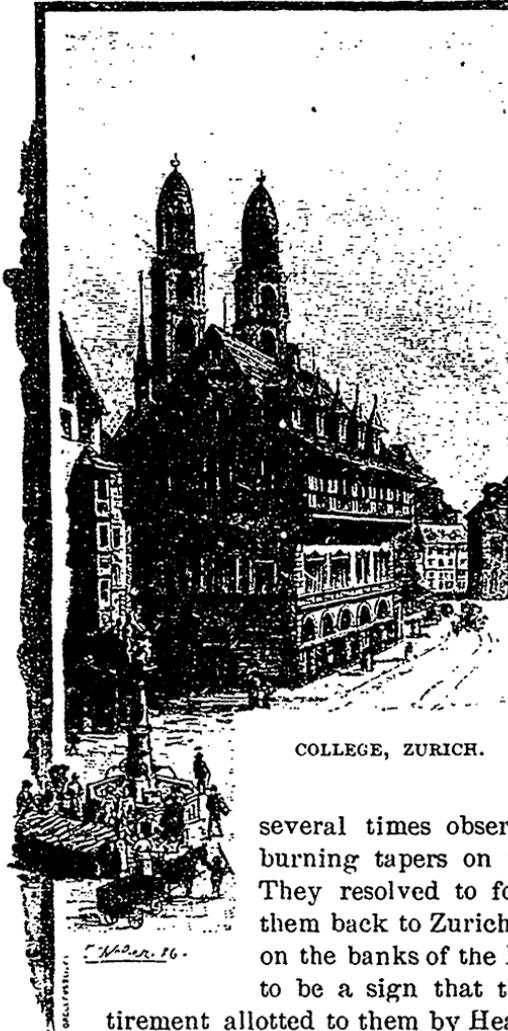
The two princesses—so runs the tradition—walking in the evening in the forest,

several times observed a stag bearing two burning tapers on the points of its antlers. They resolved to follow it, when lo, it led them back to Zurich and remained standing on the banks of the Limmat, which they took to be a sign that this was the place of re-

tirement allotted to them by Heaven. Their father built them a convent, and endowed it with large domains in

the neighbourhood.

The power and authority of Zurich at home and abroad were increased from time to time by the acquisition of the territories forming the present canton of Zurich, as well as by sharing with the other members of the Confederacy in the spoils of the districts acquired and ruled by them.



COLLEGE, ZURICH.

The religious movement which began in Germany in the second decade of the sixteenth century awakened great interest in Zurich, and on January 1st, 1519, the learned and humane Ulrich Zwingli began the work of reformation in the Grossmünster. The townspeople adopted the new doctrines with enthusiasm, a course which involved them in dissension with the interior cantons, whose inhabitants remained steadfast in their ancient faith. Thus it was that strife and civil war were the first-fruits of the new teaching.

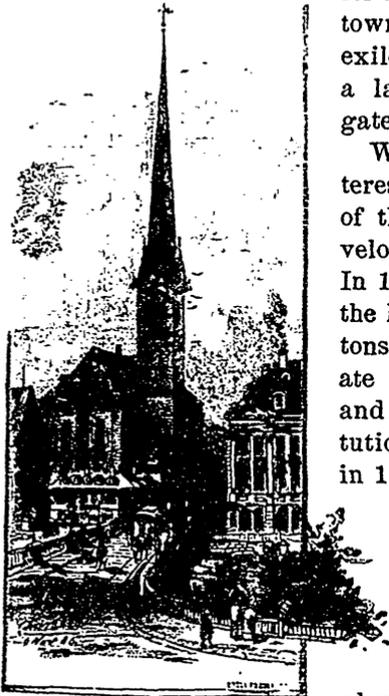
In spite of the defeat of its troops, Zurich remained faithful to the Reformation, and became the refuge of such as were persecuted for religion's sake. Thus in 1555 the town gave a friendly reception to the exiled Protestants of Locarno, and at a later period opened its hospitable gates to the French Huguenots.

We cannot here enter upon the interesting details of the later history of the town and of the phases of development of its political institutions. In 1849 Zurich fought successfully at the head of the other Protestant cantons against the Sonderbund or Separate League of the Catholic cantons, and this struggle led to the reconstitution of the Confederacy. Finally, in 1868, after an intense political agitation, the present purely democratic constitution took the place of the old representative system.

The population of the town of Zurich and its suburbs is about 90,000; that of the entire canton 340,000.

In modern religious history the name of Zurich is of no small importance, for here movements began whose influence was felt far and wide.

Christianity having been introduced into Zurich in the time of the later Roman emperors, during the dynastic struggles of the Middle Ages the inhabitants exhibited from time to time their independence of ecclesiastical authority by expelling their clergy, and for this offence they were twice laid under an interdict by the pope.



CHURCH OF OUR LADY.

The ground was therefore prepared to some extent in Zurich for a reformation of religion. The good work was begun here by Ulrich Zwingli, simultaneously with, but independent of, the movement inaugurated by Luther in Germany. From these days until now Zurich has remained a stronghold of Protestant ideas.

We may here mention some of the chief events and landmarks in Zwingli's life. Born in 1484, he was appointed in 1519 preacher at the Grossmünster. His doctrines, based on the Gospel alone, were received with great enthusiasm. In 1522 he rejected fasting and celibacy. In 1529 the first religious war broke out in Switzerland, and in the same year Zwingli met Luther at Marburg. In 1531 began the

second religious war, and Zwingli, full of a glowing love towards his people and his country, unselfish and self-sacrificing, fell on October 11th, 1531, a martyr to his cause, on the battle-field of Kappel.

The influence which Zwingli's ideas have continued to exercise upon thought in Zurich down to our own day illustrates the truth of the reformer's words: "They can kill the body, but not the soul."



ENTRANCE TO THE  
CATHEDRAL.

#### NEW PATHS.

WE wake to see a new world spread  
With whiteness from above,  
The sullied paths of yesterday  
With joy we find are swept away,  
In this new proof of love.

And now, as we again step out  
To make fresh paths to-day  
We gratefully this day receive,  
And strive, with humble hearts, to live  
A pure unsullied way.

BISHOP PATTESON.\*  
*THE MARTYR OF MELANESIA.*

BY FLORENCE YARWOOD.



DARNLEY ISLAND.

“He that loseth his life shall find it.”

In sketching the life of this great and good man we will first glance briefly at his childhood, for

“Upon our childhood rests the glistening cloud  
Of His sweet benison ; the unseen Hand  
Holds up our steppings in that way of years,  
Which leads through life to the eternal land.”

A beautiful incident of the early life of John Coleridge Patteson gives us an intimation of what he is to be in after years. We find him at the parish church of New Windsor, eagerly drinking in every word of George Augustus Selwyn, the newly-consecrated Bishop of New Zealand, as he pleaded the claim of the heathen, and the work yet to be done for the Master in foreign lands. The golden October sunlight crept in and threw its slanting rays upon the upturned face of the little Eton boy—with its fair hair and sunny blue eyes. But sweeter far than any ray of sunshine was that expressive face, all aglow with earnestness and love, as he listened to the tale of deeds of heroism done for Christ's sake. Little did the speaker know that in after years that brave

\* *Life of Bishop Patteson.* By JESSE PAGE. London : Partridge & Co. Toronto : William Briggs.

young life would go forth in foreign fields to labour for the Master, pressing on even to the glory of a martyr's crown.

In addition to his naturally pious inclinations, young Patteson had the wise training of truly religious parents, who strove earnestly to bring him up in the fear of the Lord. Glancing briefly over his school-life at Eton, we find from his own pen an interesting picture of one of the most exciting events of the time—the marriage festivities of her present Majesty the Queen. In a letter home he says: "The Eton boys, of course, entered into the fun with boisterous loyalty. When the Queen's carriage came I thought the college would have tumbled down with the row. The whole five hundred and fifty fellows all at once roared away—the Queen and Consort nodding and smiling."



BISHOP SELWYN.

Here our hero had a narrow escape of losing his life. The crowd of boys pressed him so close to the wheels of the carriage that he was really getting underneath it. The noble young Queen, seeing his danger, reached forth her hand and helped him to his feet again; thus rescuing the life of one who was destined to turn many a heathen heart to God and His marvellous light.

A short time after, when King Louis Philippe with his Queen came to visit Eton, Patteson says of himself: "I was half mad with excitement and roared myself hoarse in about five minutes."

Thus his school-days flew happily by, clouded by one shadow only, and that a very great one—the death of his loving mother. But as he held her hand, growing cold with the icy touch of death, and while his heart was aching with its load of sorrow, he realized that "Jesus doeth all things well;" and no heart can say that and be utterly desolate.

His student life at Oxford was one of real, hard work, and in three years he secured a second-class in *Literæ humaniores*. He then set out for a much-needed holiday on the continent. He

breathed the mountain air of Tyrol heights, and plunged into the Egyptian darkness of the Salzburg mines. After visiting Vienna, he passed into Italy and spent many never-to-be-forgotten days in the picture-galleries of her cities. Reaching Geneva he attempted the risky crossing of the Col du Geant. Amid the regions of eternal snow they lost their way, and the fearful difficulties of that perilous descent he never forgot. Away where warm sea-breezes sweep over balmy isles, peopled with a race low down in the depths of heathen darkness, there was a grand work for this noble man to do; and God was guiding and protecting his life for that very purpose.

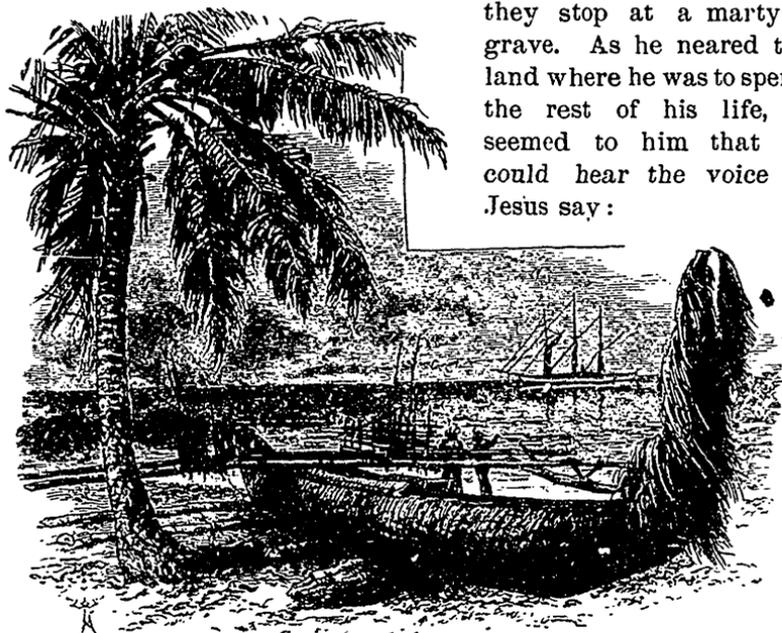
The young scholar made choice of the Christian ministry as his life work. Shortly after his ordination Bishop Selwyn returned to England, and when Patteson met him, all the old longings of his boyish heart flamed up with unquenchable devotion. Was not here a chance for him to return with this noble man and begin the labour of love his heart had craved for so long? Providentially the Bishop was looking for just such a man. Previous to his return he had conceived the plan of inducing the native youths to leave their island homes, and undergo a course of instruction to fit them for Christian work among their fellows on their return. He proposed, therefore, to utilize St. John's College at Auckland, New Zealand, for that purpose. But what was wanted most was a man who should combine the double qualification of being able to "rough it" among the islands and yet take up with spirit and ability the education and training of the islanders themselves.

Patteson was just the man for the work; so, bidding a fond adieu to father, brothers and sisters, he paused for a few moments in the churchyard to pick a few primrose-buds from his mother's grave, and was soon on board the *Southern Cross*, which was specially constructed for the mission work of Melanesia.

Leaving Patteson and his party, we will forerun the voyagers and glance at the islands which are to form the sphere of their work. Such perfect scenes of Nature's loveliness lead one to feel that only man is vile. Amid these coral islands, where the waving palm mirrors itself in quiet lagoons, and trailing flowers breathe exquisite perfumes, the only visitors from the civilized world were the unscrupulous traders who sought, at the risk and often at the cost of their lives, the rich supplies of sandal-wood for the Chinese markets. The natives had not formed a very high opinion of the character of the white men, and, until the visit of Bishop Selwyn, had never heard of "Jesus, the mighty to save."

But one thing which greatly helped the mission-party to win the confidence of these poor heathen was its utter rejection of arms, and the trustfulness which, without means of defence, throws itself upon that sense of honour which is found in the most degraded and ignorant. In yonder vessel, slowly making her way through buffeting waves to New Zealand, is a noble heart full of inspiration to spend itself for God. Let us follow the footsteps of

our Christian hero until they stop at a martyr's grave. As he neared the land where he was to spend the rest of his life, it seemed to him that he could hear the voice of Jesus say :



NATIVE CANOE, DARNLEY ISLAND.

“ And other sheep have I where fronded palms  
Wave over islands in a sunny sea,  
I am their Shepherd too ; these outstretched arms  
Bid them a loving welcome unto Me.  
Tell them My name of love, and call them home  
From sin's dark distance where they blindly roam.”

How it thrilled the inmost depths of Patteson's soul to know that he was on his way to tell the heathen of Jesus and His love ! During the voyage he was busy studying the Maori language. Arriving at Auckland, on the first Sabbath he walked six miles and preached his first sermon in Maori. He was struck with the different shades of complexion among the natives, varying from a light brown to an intense black. Some of the men were elaborately tattooed, the face of one man being so covered with a regular pattern that scarcely a spot remained untouched.

During one of Patteson's visits to the islands of the neighbourhood he met with a hospitable reception from some rather festive mourners. The occasion was a funeral feast of the Maories, the deceased being an old sea-captain. When Patteson arrived at the place he found a large cloth spread on the grass, and upon it a profuse spread of dainties, pork, potatoes, and so forth. The people welcomed the English clergyman very heartily, and somewhat embarrassed him by their insisting on his partaking of their provisions. However, he seems to have graciously escaped these civilities, and immensely delighted them by shaking hands with each in turn after dinner, an operation not without its disadvantages, as the company had dispensed with knives and forks during their repast just concluded.

The long anticipated moment came at last when he was to sail in the *Southern Cross* with Bishop Selwyn to cruise among the islands of Melanesia. Passing Erromanga, the scene of the martyrdom of John Williams, they soon came in sight of the magnificent range of mountains which rise four thousand feet on the island of San Spirito. One thing which greatly deterred them from winning the hearts of the heathen was the fact that the Arab slave-trader had been there before them, not winning, but destroying the confidence of these poor creatures. The distrust engendered among the natives made these visits of the missionaries extremely perilous. As an instance they had a narrow escape in touching at the Isle of Bellona. At first the beach seemed quite deserted. Presently they saw some men watching them, and to these Patteson walked with friendly confidence. Then came the usual not very congenial Maori salutations, the rubbing of noses and pleasant greetings. But the Bishop with his quick eye saw danger lurking in the manner of the men and whispered to Patteson to be on the alert. Reaching the water they swam for their lives to the boats.

Landing at Bauro their reception was more pleasant. On entering a native boat-building establishment, however, a startling sight presented itself, for hanging from the roof of the long hut were a large number of human skulls—a horrible testimony of the cannibal practices of the people. Their visit to Nukapu had a melancholy interest attached to it, for the next time Patteson crossed that coral reef it was to die.

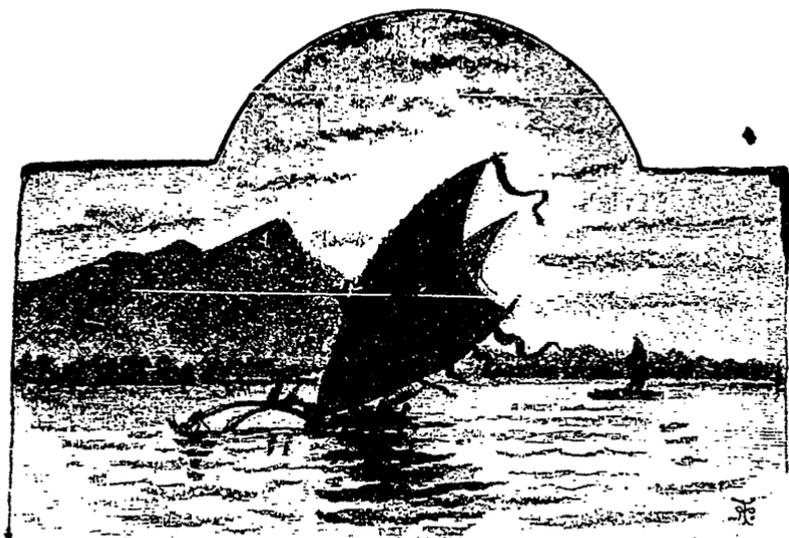
“We know not what awaits us, God spreads a mist o'er our eyes,  
And every joy He sends us comes as a sweet and glad surprise.”

His first voyage ended, he returned to St. John's College, Auckland, to teach the native boys, and his heart was often much en-

couraged to see what progress they were making in the divine way.

Once more the *Southern Cross* set her sails to the breeze, carrying Bishop Selwyn and Patteson to the New Hebrides. They met a friendly reception here; some of the natives walked into the water to greet them, presenting them with a branch of bright hue as a token of peace. Reaching New Caledonia, a visit was made to the chief of Zenen, who, years before, had earnestly asked for an English missionary. The chief greeted his visitors heartily.

"Ah, Bishop," said the chief, "long time you no come see me; you see plenty house here already; all men want to learn; what for no man come to teach?" Surely the broken English of this



IN THE TORRES STRAITS.

chief, in its simple earnestness, was as truly an appeal, as when, in the vision of St. Paul, from the man of Macedonia the prayer was heard: "Come over and help us."

During one of their voyages they met with the loss of that brave little schooner, the *Southern Cross*. She struck on the rocks off the coast of New Zealand, and her passengers were only saved by clinging to the rigging until help arrived.

In the year 1861 Patteson was set apart as missionary Bishop of Melanesia, and continued with intense zeal his soul-saving work. Shortly after his consecration he wrote: "These nights when I lie down in a long hut among forty or fifty cannibals—the only Christian on the island—that is 'he time when I pour out

my heart in most earnest prayer that those dark, wild heathen about me may be turned from Satan unto God." He recounts the fact that George Sarawia, the first Melanesian to become an Anglican minister, baptized 293 persons on his own island, besides doing much evangelistic work in two or three neighbouring groups. In the fall of 1862 he started on a cruise among the New Hebrides and Solomon's group. He touched at several places where six years before he had made acquaintance with the natives for the first time. Here he learned that one of the islanders had been killed by white men. The natives evidently had their minds made up to avenge this death, for when Patteson returned to his boat and was about to push away, a number of men were seen armed with bows and arrows. The fact that he was known and revered was all that saved him.

Visiting another island, he was met by the natives, who offered to take him to the chief's house. On their way, however, he gathered from their remarks and gestures that they intended to take his life. He was entirely at their mercy; but, asking permission to go for a little while into a hut from the shelter of the intense heat, he fell on his knees and prayed earnestly for the souls of these poor, benighted people, and this so touched and awed them that they refrained from their evil designs, and treated him with great courtesy.

At Tariko he also had a narrow escape. On landing, Patteson unconsciously took his position on a piece of neutral ground, which divided two hostile parties. He was soon in the midst of the fray. The arrows flew fast in every direction, and one struck the side of the boat as he pushed away.

Bishop Patteson records the touching martyrdom, for such it was, of two young Norfolk Island lads, Edwin Nobbs and Fisher Young, descendants of the mutineers of the *Bounty*. With a boat party the Bishop landed at Santa Cruz among the natives on a missionary excursion. A flight of arrows suddenly whistled about their heads and wounded three of the men. The Bishop took the rudder and held it up as a shield, giving the word of command, "Pull, port oars, pull on steadily." Though bleeding from their wounds the boatmen stuck to their oars and, though hotly pursued, reached the ship. To extract the arrows was a painful task. Unhappily lockjaw, to which the South Sea Islanders are terribly liable, ensued.

The Bishop thus describes the closing scene:

"I talked to the dear, dear lad of his danger, and day and night we prayed and read. A dear, guileless spirit indeed. I never saw in so young a person such a thorough conscientiousness as for two years I witnessed in

his daily life ; and I had long not only loved, but respected him. How good he was in his very agonies, in his fearful spasms, thanking God, praying, pressing my hand when I prayed and comforted him with holy words of Scripture ! None but a well-disciplined, humble, simple Christian could have so borne his sufferings. He never for a moment lost his hold upon God. What a lesson it was ! It calmed us all.

“At 1 a.m. on Monday, I moved from his side to my own couch, only three yards off. He said faintly, ‘Kiss me, Bishop ; I am very glad I was doing my duty. Tell my father I was in the path of duty, and he will be so glad. Poor Santa Cruz people !’ Ah ! my dear boy, you will do more for their conversion by your death than ever we shall by our lives. And as I lay down almost convulsed with sobs, though not audible, Mr. Tilly afterwards told me he heard him say, ‘Poor Bishop.’

“At 4 a.m. he started as from a trance. He had been wandering a good deal, but all his words even then were of things pure and holy. His eyes met mine, and I saw the consciousness gradually coming back into them. ‘They never stop singing theré, sir, do they ?’ For his thoughts were with the angels in heaven ; and then after a short time the last terrible struggle, and then he fell asleep. And remember, all this in the midst of that most agonizing, it may be, of all forms of death. Oh ! how I thanked God when his head at last fell back on my arm !”

The other wounded native Christian soon after died in like manner and with like exemplary faith.

Shortly after they visited the Solomon Islands, landing at Bauro, and made their first acquaintance with the curious tree-houses of the natives. It appears that there had been a war some years previous between the Zeabel Islanders and another tribe. The few who escaped began to build their houses in the tallest trees, ascending to them by long ladders, some of them reaching over sixty feet from the ground. Up these ladders, the natives, even when heavily laden, could run with apparent ease. Patteson declined to attempt the ascent. “I can’t go up there,” he said. “I am neither bird nor bat, and I have no wings to save me if I fall.”

It may be said that slavery slew Patteson. It is the story of the white man’s cruelty, of his greed of gain, of native confidence wronged and finally destroyed, of the innocent suffering for the guilty. The sugar and cotton plantations of Fiji and Queensland were much in need of native labour, and to secure this trading-vessels plied among the islands to enlist the natives. The traders tried to coax them on board, under promise of presents, and having succeeded, would fasten the unsuspecting natives under hatches till they had got them safely away. “To aid them in this nefarious work,” writes Professor Shaw, “they made their ships look as much as possible like the mission ship *Southern Cross*. They had black-coated persons conspicuous on the decks

when approaching an island in search of victims, and even went so far as to have an exact representation of Bishop Patteson himself reading a book." When opposition was met the crews freely shot down the poor islanders. Thus a deadly hatred was established between the black and the white man. It will be readily seen that this state of things threatened danger, if not extinction, to the Melanesian Mission. Patteson had begun to arouse strong feeling throughout the world against this abominable slavery, and there is on record an able memorial on the subject, which he prepared for the Provincial Synod of New Zealand, but the evil rapidly grew and he himself fell as one of its victims.

When the sunning of the 20th of the little mission headed for Nukahim a few presents party got into a towards the land. people recognized strangeness in The Bishop landed from view. With the boat's crew



NEW ZEALAND CHIEF AND WAR CLUBS.

rose on the morning of September, 1871, schooner was pu. Taking with the Bishop and his boat and pulled Although the people there was a their manner. and disappeared intense anxiety waited his return.

Presently a man in one of the canoes began shouting, "Have you anything like this?" and a shower of arrows followed, with cries of vengeance. "This for New Zealand man! This for Bauro man! This for Mota man!" The shafts flew with fatal accuracy, and the boat was with difficulty pulled back to the ship, filled with wounded men.

The friends of the Bishop insisted at once on returning to look for him, and at last, as the tide arose, their boat was able to cross the reef. Two canoes were being rowed to meet them; one shortly went back leaving the other to float forward. At first one of the sailors, thinking it might contain a man in ambush, prepared to fire. But it carried not the living but the dead! Then

the funeral barge reached them, and one thrilling whisper passed their lips, "It is the Bishop." With breaking hearts and trembling hands they lifted the body of Patteson. It was wrapped carefully in a native mat, and upon the breast was placed a spray of native palm, with five mysterious knots tied in leaves; and when they unwrapped him, beneath the spray of palm were five wounds there. The explanation of this was that the Bishop had been killed in expiation of the outrage on five natives who had died at the hands of the white men. A yell of triumph rang along the distant beach as the precious burden was borne away; and it is supposed that the reverent treatment of the body, and its restoration to the Bishop's friends, was due to some of his native friends ashore. His face was calm and full of peace; his noble soul had gone home to heaven to rest in the green pastures and by the still waters of endless joy.

The next day, with breaking hearts, the little company committed the body to the deep until that great Day, when the sea as well as the land shall restore her dead to the Almighty summons.

Max Müller, the eminent philologist, writes of his intimate friend Patteson: "To have known such a man is one of life's greatest blessings. In his life of purity, unselfishness, devotion to man, and faith in a higher world, those who have eyes to see may read the best, the most real *Imitatio Christi*." Mrs. Fausset, honouring him with graceful verses, asks if he is to be remembered as warrior or knight, and then—

"How shall we think of thee?—as one who dared the winds and waves,  
On heaven's sublime discovery, and brake men's living graves;  
Whose mighty mind in patience tuned its wide linguistic lore  
To wake the first *Te Deum* on a Melanesian shore.

"Ah, no! thy style and title owns a bearing far more bright—  
The martyr is a grander name than hero, sage or knight;  
The lofty joy was thine, afar upon the wilds to trace  
The Master's life, and loftiest souls wear still the lowliest grace.

SPARTA, Ont.

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I WATCH the old moon in its slow decline.  
So pass, Old Year, beyond life's stormy sea!  
Whate'er the waiting New Year bring to me  
I know 'tis ordered by a Hand divine.  
So, fearless, 'mid the wild bells' mingled din,  
I ope the door and let the New Year in.  
—*Independent*.

## THE CHILDREN'S ACT.

BY THE HON. J. M. GIBSON,  
*Provincial Secretary.*

ON the occasion of Lord and Lady Aberdeen's recent visit to the city of Toronto, a meeting, under the auspices of the Children's Aid Society of Toronto, was held at the Pavilion, over which Lord Aberdeen presided, and which was addressed by several prominent gentlemen, on the subject of the Protection of Neglected and Dependent Children. Some explanation of the recent legislation in Ontario on this subject was given by the writer, who, in view of the proceedings of the Society having been very inadequately reported, has yielded to a request of the Editor of the METHODIST MAGAZINE to reproduce in the present form something like the substance of the remarks delivered by him at that time.

In compliance with a very general request by the philanthropic public, and more particularly by those taking a special interest in Prison Reform, the Government of the Province of Ontario, on July 3rd, 1890, caused a Royal Commission to issue, having for its object a full and exhaustive inquiry on the subject of Prison Reform and crime generally. The members of this Commission were able and representative men, well qualified for making inquiry, eliciting information, and viewing the subjects of investigation from diverse standpoints. Their report, which has been before the public for the last two years, embodies a vast amount of most useful information, and has been very highly praised in other countries.

The recommendations made by the Commissioners were numerous and important, and formed a very extensive bill of fare for legislative action. After careful consideration of the Commissioners' findings, and of the subject generally, the Government decided that a broad and comprehensive measure, dealing with neglected and dependent children, would be of more permanent advantage than any piecemeal measure of partial Prison Reform. "Prevention is better than cure," and it is generally admitted that the criminal classes are constantly being recruited from the ranks of children who grow up amid unfavourable surroundings, which naturally qualify for, and lead up to, criminal tendencies and habits. Remove the young from schools of crime, and place them under virtuous and benign influences, and almost in the same proportion do we cut off what, later on, will form a part of our criminal population.

The Children's Act, passed during the last session of the Ontario Legislature, has commended itself to the favourable consideration of the public generally. Practically it had the approval of both sides of the House, the "curfew bell" clauses calling forth the chief opposition the bill met with.

The first part of the Act follows somewhat closely the lines of the Imperial Act of 1889, "An Act for the Prevention of Cruelty to, and better Protection of, Children," known in England as the "Children's Charter." The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, of which both Lord and Lady Aberdeen are distinguished patrons, asked for this law year after year, and only obtained the assent of Parliament to its provisions by sheer persistence and perseverance. The Rev. Benjamin Waugh, an honorary director and secretary of the Society, seems, from the beginning, to have been the enthusiastic and leading spirit in a movement that is spreading so rapidly and accomplishing so much good in England.

Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Dumb Animals had long been recognized by law and in operation in England, as well as in this country, and there does not appear at any time to have been any difficulty in securing the sympathy of the public for humane work of this nature. But, by reason of the necessary interference with relationship between parents and children, there has been more opposition to legislation for the protection of children. Year after year in the British House of Commons an increasing number of advocates of children's rights were found ready to maintain their cause. Sir Richard Webster, Baron Herschel, the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, the present Home Secretary, and other public men of distinction have, on different occasions, proclaimed their sympathy with the movement.

The exposures of heartless cruelty to helpless children, which the National Society has been instrumental in making, are almost incredible. One can scarcely believe that in civilized communities human nature of so low and brutal a type could be found as to be connected with the perpetration of the horrible forms of cruelty that have been described. Some of them are simply revolting in their sickening details. Instances occur where least expected. Refined society has its refinements of cruelty to the helpless, and these are at times more diabolical than the rougher forms of cruelty practised by the drunken brute of the lowest stratum of society.

The Imperial Act has already, during the four years since it became law, accomplished much for the emancipation of children from cruelty. Parents no longer claim right of property in their

children, entitling them to do as they please. The child from infancy is acknowledged to possess the rights of citizenship. A man's house may be his castle, but may be invaded by the "children's man," where the interests of helpless, unprotected children call for outside interference. The mere existence of the law for children's protection protects them, and the dread of it deters the naturally brutal parent from acts of brutality. Known tendencies to treat children cruelly and unfairly are made subjects of warning to offending parents, who, through fear of exposure or punishment, are restrained from acts of wanton cruelty.

It may be said that, while in the crowded centres of population in Great Britain there is much necessity for an organized system having for its object the protection of children from cruelty, the social conditions in this country are different, and that in reality there is little necessity for legislative intervention. How little or how great the necessity is just what the community generally are profoundly ignorant and heedless of. Undoubtedly in this enlightened Province of Ontario cases are constantly occurring of cruelty to children in one form or another. Only a few days ago a case was heard of where a crippled lad was, by his brutal step-father, seized by the leg and thrown across a room. The slow starvation process of obtaining relief from the burden of maintaining children will be found in operation here as well as in England, though, owing to the restrictions and limitations in the matter of child life insurance in this Province, there may not be the same inducement to commit this form of crime.

But it is not merely by the infliction of physical injury and suffering that children are made the subjects of cruel treatment. The man who deliberately teaches his child to steal, whose home is a school of crime, and the mother who turns her apartments into a brothel, are practising the worst form of cruelty upon children whose natures are day by day being moulded under such immoral influences and surroundings. Even if such cases are very rare, there is necessity for a law enabling them to be dealt with.

The provisions of the Act affecting neglected and dependent children contemplate the gradual introduction in Ontario of a new system of taking care of the unprovided-for orphans and waifs of the community. Instead of the crowded children's homes that are found in our cities and towns, the placing-out or foster-home system is provided for by the Act. This plan of caring for neglected and dependent children has for some years been in operation in the Australian colonies, and has been remarkably successful. The South Australia Act of 1872, authorizing the

placing out of dependent children is referred to by high authority as marking a new epoch in the treatment of children under government control throughout the Australian Continent. The reports of the late Mr. Guillaume, Secretary of the Department for Neglected Children and Reformatory Schools, Victoria, are full of most interesting information regarding the growth of the "foster-parent" plan, or placing-out system, of caring for children, and the annual reports of the New South Wales department for children show that that progressive colony is making haste to be quite abreast of the age in the matter of intelligent methods of reclaiming children.

Massachusetts has long had a system of this nature, and many of the institutions in that State, formerly filled to overflowing, have been emptied and closed, the children having been placed out in foster-homes in the country. The school ships, used as reformatories, have been discontinued, and the number of children in the reformatories and industrial schools has been reduced by fifty per cent. In 1879 there were three hundred fewer juvenile offenders under State care than in 1870, and the criminal and neglected children of the State cost \$52,000 more in 1869 than ten years later, in 1879.

The Michigan system is probably, as a State system, as complete and thorough in details as any in the world. A State school has been centrally established at Coldwater, capable of taking in some two or three hundred children at a time. Neglected and parentless children are sent to this institution for a temporary or probationary stay before being placed out in private families. Instead of local temporary shelters in different parts of the State, as is the case in the Australian colonies, this school at Coldwater serves the purpose for the whole State, and has the advantage of providing a very efficient system of teaching and generally improving the children sent there, so that they may be broken in, or to some extent prepared for the changed conditions of life in the foster-homes awaiting their reception. The Michigan system has been more or less closely followed by Rhode Island, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and some other States.

Let it not be thought for a moment that the boarding-out system is a modern invention of this side of the Atlantic or of the antipodes. More or less, this plan has always prevailed throughout the world, and at the present time exists in most of the European countries, though, owing to the provisions of the Poor Law of England, it appears to have almost completely died out there. In Ireland fosterage has existed for centuries, and much evidence can be drawn from experience in that country, going

to show the superiority of the family over the school system in bringing up pauper children. The success of Scotland in boarding-out the children of the State is well known. The Poor Law Guardians seem to have long had wider discretionary powers in Scotland than in England in removing children from the influence of debauched or notoriously evil-disposed parents. Children are boarded with cottagers, farm servants, or tradespeople, and not with persons who make the care of them their only task. Preference is given to people of character, who are not dependent on any allowance they may receive for the board of the children, and who will receive and treat them exactly as members of their own family. The children learn to call their foster-parents father and mother, and gradually the mutual attachment develops into the affectionate relationship naturally existing between parents and their offspring.

In Ontario the system hitherto pursued has been that of caring for these parentless or abandoned children by taking them into institutions organized and established by charitable or philanthropic societies in our cities and larger towns. Our Orphan Asylums, Boys' and Girls' Homes, have done in the past, and are now doing, a most laudable work in caring for the helpless. This work has mainly been carried on by kind-hearted and benevolently-disposed ladies in the communities where these institutions exist. From door to door, collections are annually made, and in this way, by much division of work and no slight amount of effort, a pretty general appeal is brought home to those who can afford to contribute. Municipal Councils where Homes are situated as a rule make annual grants by way of general aid, and the Province also contributes under the Charity Aid Act. The children are kept in these Homes and taught and trained, receiving what is equivalent to the ordinary public-school education, until they reach the ages of twelve or thirteen, when they are, as opportunities occur, apprenticed out.

Let us now again turn to the provisions of the new Ontario law. The Act contemplates that there shall be organized and incorporated Children's Aid Societies in the various cities, towns and larger villages; that these societies shall have for their object the putting into operation of the machinery and the enforcement of the provisions of the Act; and that an officer of any of these societies (who might well enough at the same time be a truant officer under the School laws) may be appointed and authorized to act as a constable. Such an officer would always be on the alert to detect cases of cruelty to children, as already mentioned, but would also be intrusted with a most important duty and authority as regards

neglected children. The Act authorizes such officer of a Children's Aid Society to apprehend, without warrant, and bring before the magistrate any neglected child under fourteen years of age (1) who is found begging, or receiving alms, or thieving, in any street, thoroughfare, tavern, or place of public resort, or sleeping at night in the open air; (2) who is found wandering about at late hours, and not having any home or settled place of abode or proper guardianship; (3) who is found associating or dwelling with a thief, drunkard, or vagrant, or who, by reason of the neglect or drunkenness or other vices of the parents, is suffered to be growing up without salutary parental control and education, or in circumstances exposing such child to an idle and dissolute life; (4) who is found in any house of ill-fame or in company of a reputed prostitute; (5) who is found destitute, being an orphan, or having a surviving parent who is undergoing imprisonment for crime.

The parents or custodian of the child are entitled to notice of the examination by the magistrate, and if the magistrate finds the child to be dependent or neglected within the meaning of the Act, or in a state of habitual vagrancy or mendicancy, or ill-treated so as to be in peril of life, health, or morality, by continued personal injury, or by grave misconduct, or habitual intemperance of the parents or guardian, he may order the delivery of the child to the Children's Aid Society, and the Society may send the child to their temporary home to be kept until placed in an approved foster-home. The Aid Society then becomes the legal guardian of the child, and may place children in families under written contracts during minority, or for a shorter period, at discretion. Towards the expenses of caring for children in temporary homes or in foster-homes where they are not taken without compensation, the municipalities to which they belong are required to pay one dollar weekly for each child.

A visiting committee is to be appointed in each electoral division, consisting of six persons, not less than three of whom are to be women, who are to serve without compensation and to co-operate with the Children's Aid Societies. While doubtless in some cases these committees may fail to accomplish very much, it is nevertheless expected that by no very great amount of effort they will prove effective agencies for the selection of homes where children may be received to be cared for, and that much may be done in the way of promoting and encouraging, even in the rural parts of the country, a philanthropic sentiment and interest on behalf of neglected, abandoned, and destitute children.

A Superintendent of Neglected and Dependent Children has

already been appointed by the Government. Mr. J. J. Kelso, who has undertaken this responsible position, has for some years devoted his energies and attention to the cause of helpless children, and in many ways appeared to be just the right man for the work. As an officer of the Government his office is in the Parliament Buildings, at Toronto, and his duties are fully set forth in the Act. Among other duties, he is required to keep a record of the homes selected and recommended by the visiting committees, and to be the medium of communication by which homes shall be selected for particular children, and children selected for particular homes. The fullest details will be furnished to the Superintendent in connection with the family homes recommended, and according to the varying circumstances the children to be sent out will be selected.

An important function of the visiting committee is the supervision of children placed out. Each child is expected to be visited by some member of the committee for the electoral division where the child is placed at least once every three months; and in this way there is a safeguard provided against mistakes in placing out. Where a child appears to be unhappy, or for any reason not doing well, or where there appears a probability of the child being benefited by a change to some other home, the visiting committee have full power to make the change. The Superintendent will keep a record of each child, and the visiting committee are to report from time to time to the Superintendent as to their visitations and as to the care of each child placed out in their district. They are also to report to the Children's Aid Societies with reference to children placed out by these societies, so that the societies may have regular and reliable information regarding the care, oversight, education, and general welfare of the children who have passed through their hands, and who still remain under the legal guardianship of these societies.

In selecting homes for children, a very important responsibility rests with the visiting committees. The object should be to choose families who may be willing to take children for bringing up, not with the motive of obtaining cheap service from them, but because they like to have children in their homes. It remains to be seen whether or not an ample supply of homes may be found where children will be received without any remuneration for care and maintenance. There must, in this Province, be numerous cases where children, having grown up, have married and secured homes of their own, or have gone out into the world to do for themselves, leaving the old homestead childless and lonely, and where well-selected children would be welcomed for their bright

and gladdening presence and influence in the depleted family circle. Many homes have been blessed with children who have been removed by premature death, and others have never been brightened by their presence.

It is beyond doubt that, in every electoral division in the Province, an active visiting committee can find at least a few families in circumstances such as have been mentioned, and where the right sort of children would be welcomed. In some divisions enthusiastic and zealous committees will find many such families. If even a small average is allowed for each of the ninety-two electoral divisions, it is apparent how easily an important work may be accomplished. With Children's Aid Societies in the centres of population, well organized and managed by earnest-minded people devoted to the work, searching out the children who are without parental care, neglected or abandoned, rescuing them from pernicious influences and surroundings, all tending in the wrong direction, and the voluntary committees throughout the Province seeking for desirable homes for these children, advising and assisting in the work of placing out and maintaining a watchful and kindly interest in the treatment they receive in their new homes and their education and progress towards independent, useful and honourable citizenship, a network agency can be established in our community capable of accomplishing wonderful results in reducing the numbers of those from whom the criminal classes are constantly being recruited.

The system contemplates the gradual absorption by the community of the neglected and dependent children of the State. The process of absorption is more natural and more gradual, and consequently more successful, than can result from the institution plan of caring for these children. As far as possible children to be dealt with should be restored to those conditions under which all should be brought up. They should have the care of motherly and fatherly people, who, as their foster-parents, may replace those they have lost, and under whose charge they may participate in the wholesome family influences, which afford the best training for a good and independent life. The matron of a Home cannot bestow her personal affection upon the large numbers under her control, and she should not single out a limited few to the exclusion of the others. The child's natural desire is for home life, for affection, and above all, parental love.

In the foster-home the child should have all the advantages which other children of the same station in life enjoy. The agreement under which the foster-parent receives a child provides for the same public-school education being afforded as other children

receive. The child has the benefit of a diversified experience, takes an interest in all that relates to the family, is a witness of and learns to participate in the battles of life, and gradually and unconsciously becomes a self-reliant young man or young woman, armed and equipped for any emergency, and prepared to make his or her own way in the world. At the age of twelve, if a boy, or fourteen, if a girl, employment at wages is sought for, the foster-parents invariably assisting in securing suitable situations for their foster-children; and though separated, the parental and filial relationship and interest continue. The young man or young woman naturally, as opportunity permits, visits the foster-parents and ordinarily receives the same welcome as in like circumstances would be accorded to sons or daughters out in service or living away from home.

The tendency of the times is undoubtedly towards the adoption of this system and the discontinuance of the institution plan of bringing up children collected together in large numbers. In those countries where boarding out has been fairly tested, there has been a marked diminution of pauperism and crime. Moreover, under no other method of dealing with State children is the direct cost to the public so slight, not to say anything of the great saving effected by the certain diminution of crime.

The Act makes provision for the restoration of children to parents who may have reformed and who may safely be again intrusted with the responsibility of guardianship; and in cases of doubt this question may be settled by application to a judge or the committing magistrate. The desire to regain children will in some cases bring about the reform of the parent, while placing out does not encourage desertion as life at Homes does. Various provisions are also contained in the Act, having for their object the separation of juvenile offenders from adult criminals. Municipalities are required to provide for the custody of children charged with offences against the laws of the Province pending their trial, in premises entirely distinct and separated from the ordinary lock-up or police cells, and as far as possible the trials of juveniles are required to be held in premises other than the police courts, and the public excluded. To make these provisions satisfactorily effective, however, like legislation at the hands of the Dominion Parliament is needed.

A law may be good, but to derive the full measure of benefit which it contemplates, its provisions must be put in operation. It is not to be expected that a sudden change in the methods heretofore pursued will take place. In fact, the very existence of our present system (if, indeed, it may be called a system) of

dealing with neglected and dependent children, renders the adoption of new methods all the more difficult. The public in general think and care but little about these matters, and it has been left to a few—a very few—here and there to agitate for reform and for more vigorous and more general action. The Children's Aid Society of Toronto, with its strong organization and enthusiastic executive officer, the Rev. J. E. Starr, is leading off in what must develop into a great and important work, and cannot fail by its example to encourage and stimulate like efforts in other centres of population. There is no surer and more effective mode of improving society than the rescuing of neglected and dependent children from dangerous environments, wisely caring and providing for them during their early years, and giving them a good chance for a fair start in life. This is a busy world, and philanthropic work is too much confined to the few, but a movement of so vital importance to society should enlist the active co-operation and practical sympathies of all.

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#### NEW YEAR'S THOUGHTS.

BY LILLIAN GREY.

LET us walk softly, friend ;  
 For strange paths lie before us, all untrod ;  
 The New Year, spotless from the hand of God,  
 Is thine and mine, O friend !

Let us walk straightly, friend ;  
 Forget the crooked paths behind us now,  
 Press on, with steadier purpose on our brow,  
 To better deeds, O friend !

Let us walk gladly, friend ;  
 Perchance some greater good than we have known  
 Is waiting for us, or some fair hope flown  
 Shall yet return, O friend !

Let us walk humbly, friend ;  
 Slight not the heart's-ease blooming round our feet ;  
 The laurel blossoms are not half so sweet,  
 Or lightly gathered, friend.

Let us walk kindly, friend ;  
 We cannot tell how long this life shall last,  
 How soon these precious years be overpast ;  
 Let love walk with us, friend.

Let us walk quickly, friend ;  
 Work with our might while lasts our little stay,  
 And help some halting comrade on the way ;  
 And may God guide us, friend !

## CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM.

BY A. C. COURTICE, M.A., B.D.

IN dealing with human relations, there is a realm known as inherent rights or inalienable rights. In Lorimer's Institutes of Law these are developed as follows :

- (1) The fact of being involves the right to be.
- (2) The right to be, involves the right to continue to be.
- (3) The right to be, and to continue to be, involves the right to the conditions of existence.
- (4) The right to be, and to continue to be, involves the right to develop our being, and to the conditions of development
- (5) The right to be, and to continue to be, involves the right to reproduce being and make provision for offspring.

We have no sooner made this personal basis clear and strong for ourselves, than we find it transferred to another. Our neighbour rises and says: "All that you have proved for yourself, I claim for myself." We cannot deny the claim, and an adjustment must be made.

Therefore, in dealing with human relations, this opens at once a realm of *Social rights* as distinguished from personal and inherent rights. In the name, and with the authority of these social rights, we find that inherent rights are curtailed or denied. A man has an inherent right to drink water; water is a necessity to life. But the Board of Health may analyze the water in my well, and if germs of disease are found, may prohibit the use of the water, or fill up the well entirely. A man has a right, a most sacred right, to care for his own wife and child when they are sick in his own home, and in his own way. Yet if small-pox is the disease, the authorities carry them away to the pest-house, and bury them if they die.

It may be well just here to try and get a clear conception of a principle which will expose a common fallacy. We often hear it said, "Well, I don't know just how far I should forego my rights for the public good." The statement may be innocent enough, but it often conceals the thought that personal rights are invaded by a foreign and malicious foe, bent on doing all possible injury. That is not the case. We should hold firmly that as in true trade both parties to the exchange are benefited, so in the proper development of *Social righteousness*, all parties find a larger sphere and higher forms for their personal rights. No hostile invader

has come with pernicious intention, but a friend is asking for the wisest adjustment in order to reach the widest and richest life.

Into this realm of human relations we enter in the name of Christian Socialism, that is, in the name of Science and Religion.

Socialism has been a vagrant term and has wandered about for a definition. It has outlived a great many changes in its constitution. Social physicians have doctored it with the intention of improving its health. Social surgeons have amputated portions of it, while others have cut it all to pieces. But social agitators have revived and stimulated it, and still it lives. No less a person than the Prime Minister of England, Lord Salisbury, addressing the Lords of England, said, "Those socialistic proposals are connected with great evils, and no one who is not absolutely blind will deny the existence of those evils. It is our duty to do all we can to find remedies; even if we are called Socialists for doing so, we shall be reconciled to it."

So the term "Socialist" need not start any apprehensions of dynamite, or burning mansions, or plundering mobs, but may simply designate for us a fairly conservative individual, who sets himself to remedy the great evils of the day.

A very brief historical sketch may bring us to a point of advantage in our survey of this field. There is a difference of opinion as to whether Socialism should be traced back to the banks of the Nile, or to the banks of the Ganges. On the banks of the Nile there was an "Agrarian revolt," an uprising of the labouring people against their oppressors. There was more than straw and clay, more than brick and mortar being built into the temples and tombs, and high towers and treasure cities of Egypt; there was sinew and flesh and blood being demanded under rigorous taskmasters. A mixed multitude of long-suffering labourers rose in revolt, and joined the Exodus to escape from the house of bondage.

Others look to Buddha's social crusade against the Brahman caste system, and his efforts to free the people from priestly tyranny and social enslavement, and see the first proclamation of the rights of man on the banks of the Ganges. This faint light of the dawn may be left behind at once. In ancient Greece and Italy we find two distinct types of this development.

There has always been an ideal Socialism, that is, a picturing of what society ought to be, and that has always taken more or less of its colouring from what society was when the picture was drawn. The first of these dreams is found in Plato's "Republic," and the last of them in Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward;" the former being aristocratic, and the latter democratic, in picturing the commonwealth. Between these two there were many similar

attempts, such as Cabet's "Voyage en Icarie," Thomas More's "Utopia," Campanella's "City of the Sun," and Lord Bacon's "New Atlantis"; all of these are ideal creations, with varying details presenting beautiful commonwealths, but their practical weakness lies in this, that they assume all the citizens to be wise and virtuous, high-spirited and self-denying to the last degree, so that perfect institutions can rise up as if by magic, because all the human beings have been suddenly transformed into perfect angels. The process of being made perfect through suffering, or of coming up through much tribulation, is cut short and made easy in dreamland.

While these dreams have remained unrealized, let no one say that they have been useless, for doubtless practical legislators and philanthropists have been consciously and unconsciously influenced by the ideals presented. Greece has thus introduced us to the poetical and attractive form of socialism—the socialism of the dreamer.

Now let Italy introduce us to another form, viz., the Socialism of the practical agitator. The Agrarian troubles, and their cause and remedies, will open up the case. The large-landed proprietors, working their estates by colonies of slaves, so increased their domains as to ruin the small farmers, and the large capitalists in a similar way beat the small tradesmen out of the market. Mommsen is a sober exponent of Roman history, and he says:

"Capitalism becoming omnipotent ruined the middle class, and this in spite of unparalleled advances in commercial and economical prosperity, which only served as a gloss and varnish to hide the moral and political corruption in the State."

In the time of Cæsar, Rome had a population of 450,000, and 320,000 belonged to the impoverished *populus*. Those were the times of class wars, of Licinian land laws and Claudian laws against over-speculation, and risings of the people, resembling modern labour strikes, and even street fights and riots like those in Paris, Berlin, Vienna or Chicago. T. Gracchus, one of the Agrarian agitators, in a speech declares: "The wild beasts of Italy have their dens to retire to, but the brave men who spill their blood in her cause have nothing left but air and light."

In the Roman tragedy of Coriolanus, in the first scene of the first act, Shakespeare draws a realistic and memorable picture of citizens "Resolved rather to die than to famish." One of them, the agitator, addressing the others says:

"We are accounted poor citizens, the patricians good. What authority sprouts on, would relieve us . . . Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes, for the gods know I speak this in hunger for bread, and not in thirst for vengeance."

Most of the terms of the socialistic vocabulary are of Latin origin and were coined during this age, such as expropriation, agitation, communism, private property, proletarians.

The practical agitators of the Agrarian laws have had worthy successors. What Licinius and Tiberius Gracchus tried to do for the landless and destitute labouring population of Rome, others have endeavoured to do for the industrial populations of modern times, who are free from mediæval serfdom but have become factory slaves; free it is true, but free, under unlimited and selfish competition, to starve or come to terms quickly with the exacting master. Examples are found in the following :

The Duke of St. Simon and Fourier in France, Robert Owen in England, and in Germany the romantic and marvellous Ferdinand Lasalle, the young plutocrat, who suddenly became the tribune of the people, the sober-minded German workmen. While the socialism of the Idealist was constructive, the socialism of the agitator was largely destructive. This brings us to a position where we can reach surer ground.

There is no doubt that socialism must be content to retreat from every position that is only a beautiful ideal; also to retreat from every position taken in the heat of protest that will not bear the light of the most searching scrutiny.

*Utopian socialism in the heads of dreamers, and revolutionary socialism on the lips of agitators, must yield to scientific socialism, to sociology and political economy, in the hands of scientists and practical reformers.*

Dr. Bliss, in the *Methodist Quarterly* (July, 1890), tells us that scientific socialism is something perfectly clear and definite, to be learned from any encyclopædia, and not to know it, is intellectual laziness. I am not so sure of all that. When he enlightens us as to what it is, he says that it is "the transformation of private and competing capital into a united and collective capital."

That is a conclusion affecting only one realm of investigation. I would think that scientific socialism would cover a much wider field of study. It would take into its survey land tenure, as well as labour problems; public education and public health, as well as wages and capital.

In political economy, developed on the lines of scientific socialism, we follow Prof. Emile de Laveleye, in Belgium; Prof. Schæffle, Prof. Kirkup, author of the article in *Encyclopædia Britannica* on Socialism, and Prof. Ely of Johns Hopkins.

In "Sociology" we follow Herbert Spencer as an earnest investigator, though not a final authority. In his work, "The Study of Sociology," Mr. Spencer has stated the fundamental objections

to gambling very clearly. He enumerates the objections usually urged, that it is: (a) Ruin to the gambler; (b) A risk of the welfare of his family; (c) An alienation from business; (d) An open door to bad company; and then declares the fundamental reason. After stating the true law of exchange, viz., mutual profits, he says: "In gambling the opposite happens. Benefit received does not imply effort put forth; and the happiness of the winner involves the misery of the loser." This kind of action is, therefore, essentially *anti-social*.

The work in the realm of scientific socialism is partly destructive and partly constructive. I do not think that it would take the scientific sociologist, or the scientific economist, long to make out a list of *private and public enterprises that are practically and essentially anti-social*, such as *gambling, war, dealing in intoxicants or opiates, except medicinally, slavery, ignorance, pauperism, mammonism, lust*. This gives us a contract of *destruction large enough for the practical reformer*. But we must build as we tear down if we would move securely. *In the constructive work of scientific socialism, there is room for careful conclusions in the Labour Problem, the Land Problem, the question of companies with chartered privileges, the development of natural monopolies, and the formation of trusts and combines.*

The progress is slow, but it had better be so, for such a rush as the French Revolution does not wait to build at all, and chaos twice confounded is the result.

There is a grand field here for enthusiastic scientists, and, when the patient toil of the study and the workshop has passed beyond the blossoms of fair promise into a measure of ripened fruitage, socialism will be found to be one of the trees of life. In the meantime we must follow with careful, yet courageous step, those scientists who tread the new pathway. We enter this realm, not only in the name of science, but also in the name of religion. Even if all the scientific questions were settled, the results would be bone and sinew without flesh and life, and it would need the powerful impulse of religion to make the conclusions spring into living realities. Some of the leaders of past ages have realized this, and some have ignored it. The Duke of St. Simon, on his death-bed, emphasizing the importance of religion as a motive force, said to his friend: "Remember to do grand things; men must have enthusiasm."

The social movements of many centuries have felt the force of Christianity.

"When Christianity came preaching the Gospel to the poor, the ancient world was taken off its hinges," says Lange. Jesus of

Nazareth laid the foundation of a new society, where the slave and the free man, the rich and the poor, the strong and the weak, were placed on a footing of equality; where mutual fellowship in an unselfish brotherhood, devotedness to the common cause from a principle of love, forms the moral basis of the social structure. The Christian Church has always had good teaching and noble examples in the way of liberating the oppressed, the nobility of labour and the dignity of poverty. From the voluntary commonwealth in the society of Jerusalem, to the brethren of the common lot in pre-Reformation times, down to the "poor men of Lyons" led by Peter Waldo, and down to the Lollards of England, there has always been a movement giving a powerful impulse to socialistic ideas.

In this realm of Christian socialism in modern times we follow Maurice, and Charles Kingsley, and Thomas Hughes (Tom Brown), and Hugh Price Hughes; and we listen to General Booth, and Dr. Heber Newton, and Lyman Abbot. "The Church," says Prof. Ely, "has carefully developed the science of the first commandment, love to God, or theology; it should now, as carefully and scientifically, develop the study of the second commandment, love to man, or sociology."

Let the Church walk into this realm with Maurice, and speak out with him. "Competition," he says, "is put forth as the law of the universe. This is a lie. The time is come to declare it is a lie, by word and by deed."

Let the Church walk in with Charles Kingsley, and declare: "That self-interest is a law of human nature I know well. That it ought to be the root law of human society I deny, unless society is to sink down again into a Roman Empire, a cage of wild beasts."

Or better still, and best of all, let us walk into this realm boldly with Christ, and learn and proclaim the story of Dives and Lazarus. Jesus was preaching to awaken the slumbering conscience of wealthy, conceited and self-satisfied people, who scoffed at His teaching. He admits that these people keep up fine appearances, but reminds them that they are blighted with two curses: firstly, with social impurity, and secondly with social unrighteousness. He might have chosen the first branch of their iniquity, and drawn some awful picture showing the heart-rending results of their lust—of the confusing and obliterating of the true laws and relations of marriage. He could have pictured a sensual weakling king like Herod; a voluptuous, wicked woman like Herodias; a scene of low excitement, the lewd dancing, then the freshly severed head with sunken eyes, marble brow, and the neck dripping with blood. Yet He chose the other theme, and thus revealed

His sense on its importance, viz., the iniquity and misery of their social unrighteousness. He tells a story, of tender pathos, but lurid awfulness, not told for purposes of theology or eschatology, but aimed at social unrighteousness. There is a realm of "social right" that lies beyond the realm of "personal right." A man may stand on his personal rights until he robs his life of all usefulness, and brotherliness, and beauty. Dives had a right, a personal right, to fine linen and sumptuous fare. In the realm of personal right he was a landlord, an employer, an owner, and a gentleman. In the realm of social right he was a monster. Jesus fixed His thought on one bad characteristic of those men. They loved money. The love of money is brutalizing. They were lovers of money, and became haters of men. He saw the flames toward which such inhumanity was rushing, and in terms familiar to them, with two rapid sketches, He pictured such a reversal of conditions as turned earth's personal paradise into hell's social flames, and earth's personal pauperism into Heaven's social paradise. But neither Moses, nor the prophets, nor the parables of Jesus, nor the resurrection of One from the dead, seems to awaken the lovers of money and of ease. Yes—Christian Socialism is essential to personal and social salvation.

MONTREAL, 1893.

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## THE NEW YEAR.

BY ANNIE CLARKE.

THOU who hast blessed us all our days,  
We trust Thee for the coming year ;  
We face the strange, untrodden ways,  
Untroubled by a single fear.  
New light shall cheer us from above,  
Thy tender mercies sure shall be ;  
And new revealings of Thy love  
Compel a deeper love for Thee.

If long and tiring be the road,  
And sad the lot Thy love ordains,  
We tread the path Thyself hast trod,  
And pain shall pass, but joy remains.  
The winds are under Thy control,  
No harm the fettered tempests bring ;  
Securely dwells each trusting soul  
Beneath the shadow of Thy wing.

VICTORIA, B. C.

## THE DEVELOPMENT OF ELECTRICITY.

BY C. A. CHANT, B.A.

ETYMOLOGICALLY, at least, electricity can trace its lineage far back to distant ages. Amber, in the Greek *ἤλεκτρον*, was highly prized by the ancients, and extensively used as an ornamental gem; and it is altogether probable that much of the romance which seems to have enshrouded it through all history, was due to the fact that when rubbed it possesses the magic power of attracting bits of paper and other light bodies. A rather curious coincidence is that in the myth of Phaëton, this substance is mentioned along with what was considered the cause of lightning. When the rash youth drove so carelessly the horses of the sun, that the whole universe was in imminent danger of a general conflagration, old Jove hurled him from his place by a thunder-bolt, and the tears of his disconsolate sisters, we are told, were turned into amber.

There are various references continually made to the peculiar substance and its odd property, but it was not until about the year 1600 that the matter was studied in a systematic and scientific manner. The first to examine the subject was William Gilbert, first physician to Queen Elizabeth, and he can justly be called the creator of the science of Electricity and Magnetism. He performed many experiments, and a great number of his results are to be found in every modern treatise.

In the two centuries following, the new science was pursued by many able men. Boyle, von Guericke, who devised the first electrical machine, Newton, Hawksbee, Gray and a host of others added to the rapidly-increasing stock of knowledge; but perhaps the greatest of these philosophers was Benjamin Franklin. He was born in 1706, and died in 1790, and to him can be credited the only application of any value to the people at large, namely, the lightning-rod. By the use of that wonderful kite of his, he succeeded in bringing electricity from the heavens. Indeed, his name is held in such high honor, that at the entrance to the electricity building at the Columbian Exhibition, Chicago, can be seen a statue of the great man as he stands there with his historic kite in hand, waiting to fly it into the first thunder-cloud which shall appear.

But it was just a hundred years ago that modern electricity was born. All the former experiments had been upon that evanescent species usually called statical or frictional electricity. The

new-comer was dressed in a guise so different that at first he was not recognized as being in reality of the same flesh and blood. If I may use that expression, as his high-potential brother. But the identity of the two has since been very well established, and they are now regarded as being essentially the same. It was Galvani who made the interesting discovery. He was a noted Italian physician, and distinguished himself as professor of anatomy at Bologna. It is related that the culinary and philosophical operations of the Galvani household were not entirely separated, and on one occasion in 1786, when some frogs' legs were being prepared as a restorative for the delicate Signora Galvani, they were laid on a table upon which had been placed an electrical machine. By accident an attendant touched with a scalpel the nerve beside the backbone, when at once the muscles were seen to be violently contracted. This fact was communicated to the philosopher by the clever and observant wife. This contraction was also caused in another manner: Taking two strips of different metals, he touched the nerve with the end of one, a muscle with an end of the other, and then when their other ends were united, the action took place. He used iron and copper, but any two metals will do. This was the observation of prime importance, as it clearly showed that electricity could be produced without the process of rubbing heretofore resorted to.

This experimental work was made in 1786, but it did not become known until 1790, when it immediately attracted the attention of students of electricity in all countries. One of these was a fellow-countryman named Volta. Though nobly descended, he showed no marked intellectuality when young. Indeed, his earliest exhibition of talent was in making poetry; but Galvani's discovery opened up to him a new field, and in it he worked with very great success. He found that it was necessary to use two different metals, but he did not agree with Galvani as to the origin of the electricity. This latter thought it resided within the animal tissues, and that the metal simply gave it a path to escape from one to the other; while Volta thought that the disturbance of electrical equilibrium was caused by the contact of the two different metals; its escape through the nerves and sinews causing the physiological action. He stated the proposition that when two different metals are placed in contact, one is positively and the other negatively electrified, and this is the first statement of what is known as the contact theory of electricity.

But his pile, or battery, was Volta's great contribution to science. As at first arranged, it consisted of discs of copper, zinc and moist

cloth arranged in regular succession upon each other, the extreme discs being connected by a wire in which flows the current; and for many years this was the only method of generating electricity in manageable quantities. This advance became the sensation of the time.

Later, Volta modified the form of his apparatus by putting the sets of two dissimilar metals in cups of acidulated water, and then connecting the positive of one cup to the negative of the next by a conducting wire. It is in this form that we see the first battery, the parent of several kinds which have been of incalculable utility to the world of science, and through science to mankind at large. In practice, Volta's simple cell soon loses its power; it becomes *polarised*, as it is called; and to obviate this difficulty new combinations were introduced by J. F. Daniell (1836), Sir William Grove and Robert Bunsen, each of whom invented a cell called after himself, and very widely known. Daniell's cell will give a constant current for months, while Grove's and Bunsen's are powerful and steady for an hour or two at a time.

The first applications of the new electricity were to chemistry. In 1800, Messrs. Nicholson and Carlisle, two Englishmen, succeeded in decomposing water. To do so they used a Voltaic pile, consisting of thirty-six half-crowns, with the corresponding pieces of zinc and moist pasteboard, and the two gases they secured were proved to be hydrogen and oxygen. Soon after, the salts of copper and lead were substituted for water, and in these cases pure metal was deposited at one of the poles.

Just at this time, Sir Humphry Davy became known. He was a man of marked ability and variety of talents. Coleridge described him as "an individual who would have established himself in the first rank of England's living poets if the genius of our country had not decreed that he should rather be the first in the first rank of its philosophers and scientific benefactors."

Davy was appointed experimental chemist at the Royal Institution in 1801, and he then began a series of most brilliant discoveries. By the use of the Voltaic battery he succeeded in producing, for the first time, potassium, sodium, barium, strontium, calcium and magnesium, and then he attacked many other refractory compounds, and with complete success. At once these results were taken up, repeated and extended by the leading chemists of the day, and with such important results that for nearly twenty years almost the only use of the electric current was for the purpose of chemical decomposition.

The friends of science provided Davy with a battery of 2,000 cells; with a total surface of over 128,000 square inches, and

using it, the able philosopher exhibited some wonderful phenomena. He produced the electric arc, the lineal successor of which we now see every night illuminating our streets. He melted platinum as easily as the wax of a common candle; quartz, sapphire, fragments of diamond and plumbago seemed to evaporate in the intense heat evolved by the current. Chemical decomposition took place with exceeding rapidity, and with it he also succeeded in charging a Leyden jar, one of the most familiar pieces of apparatus in connection with the old electricity. This celebrated experiment took place in 1810, and clearly indicated some of the great possibilities of the new force which had been harnessed a few years before by Galvani and Volta.

In 1838, Jacobi, of St. Petersburg, announced that he had been able to obtain copper plates, which were exact representations of original designs and engravings. This art of metallurgy was also discovered by Spencer in England. By its means engravings, medals, etc., can be reproduced with the minutest exactness. Instead now of using the delicate wood engraving, which would be destroyed by a few impressions, a copy of it is taken in copper, and the original is kept for future use. Nearly all the coating with copper, silver or gold which we see is done by the process of electro-plating, and the commercial applications, indeed, have been so many and important, that if the triumphs of electricity were confined to this alone we would have much to be proud of.

Let us now consider, briefly, the relation of electricity to magnetism. According to tradition, the Chinese had discovered and utilized the lodestone as early as B.C. 2600, and it is quite certain that the magnetic needle was used by them at least 1,100 years before our era. In Europe it was not known until the eleventh or twelfth century, and Gilbert, already referred to, was the first to make a regular treatise on the subject. It was pretty generally believed that in some way or other electricity and magnetism were connected, but the question remained open until 1819, when the Gordian knot was cut by a Danish physicist. Hans Christian Ørsted was professor of physics in the University of Copenhagen. By his charming modesty and brilliant genius he always had many attentive listeners; and for the characteristically lucid explanations of his inventions and discoveries, he has been accorded an honoured place in the literature of his native country. Much thought had not given him the clue for which he sought, but during the session of 1819-20, in the midst of a lecture, the inspiration came to him to try a new method of

attack. A battery of considerable strength was upon the table, and near it a suspended magnetic needle. Seizing the wire joining the two poles, he held it parallel to and over the needle, but without touching it, and to his inexpressible delight he saw the needle swing from its north-and-south position, and one of the most magnificent discoveries was made. He carefully elaborated his experiment, and published it in the following summer. On the 11th September of that year, the result was given to Ampère, one of France's most talented physicists, and moreover, one of her loveliest characters, and in the almost incredibly short space of one week, he had worked over the whole ground, had extended Ørsted's experiment to currents, and had brought all under mathematical treatment. In that memorable week the strong foundations of electro-dynamics were laid with a wonderful completeness.

In this year, 1820, the electro-magnet naturally followed Ørsted's discovery, and within ten years its laws and possibilities were ably investigated, one of the chief workers in this field being Joseph Henry, professor of physics in the Albany Academy, and afterwards for many years director of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, D.C. He built an electro-magnet, of which the core weighed less than 60 pounds, and which supported over 3,600 pounds.

The scientific world was now ready to complete the electric telegraph; but so many had attempted the problem that it is impossible to say it is the invention of any one. Lesage, of Geneva, in 1774; Lamont, of Paris, 1787, and Ronalds, of London, in 1816, invented methods of transmitting signals through wires by observing the divergence of a pair of pith balls. Many others suggested other means, either by galvanometers, by the decomposition of water in voltameters, or otherwise; but these were to be set in action by using statical electricity. Ørsted's experiment opened up the way for the use of the voltaic current.

In 1837 Wheatstone and Cooke started the first practical telegraph line between Paddington and Slough (near London), a distance of twenty miles, and there, "under the special patronage of royalty," from nine in the morning till eight in the evening, visitors were admitted, on payment of one shilling, to see the new method of instantaneous communication. The indications were made by a freely-swinging needle, which yet survives in some parts of England, and which is essentially the system in the ocean cables. When the current is sent in one direction, the needle moves to one side; when the current is reversed, a swing takes place toward the other side.

But the needle arrangement is now almost entirely superseded by the Morse electro-magnetic method, invented in 1837, and which has driven from the field everything before it. Here the electro-magnet is the distinguishing feature. When a current flows in a length of insulated wire coiled about a bar of soft iron, the iron becomes magnetized, and can easily attract towards itself another piece of iron. Now imagine two stations connected by an insulated wire, which passes many times about an iron core at each end. If a current can be transmitted through this wire, each iron bar will become a magnet for the time being. This is simply the arrangement. An operator at one end, by depressing his key, can cause a current to flow; the iron bar or electro-magnet at the other end is magnetized, and by attracting to it a suspended or nicely-balanced piece of iron, a certain sound is made, which the receiving operator can easily understand. When the key is let go the current ceases; the iron is no longer magnetized, and a small spring draws the armature back ready for the next signal. By the use of a pre-arranged code, taking into account the length of the different signals and the space between them, messages can be sent with very little difficulty.

Morse was an excellent, though unsuccessful, artist, and on his way across the ocean, from Havre to New York in 1832, he conceived the idea of using the electro-magnet. In 1837 the first short line was put in operation, and in 1844, after infinite difficulties and discouragements, he secured from the U. S. Congress a vote of \$30,000 to build a line from Baltimore to Washington, a distance of thirty-seven miles. This was the first line using the Morse system, and the first message transmitted was, "What God has wrought!" Now it is hard to realize what we would do if the telegraph and the postal system were abolished.

It was quite natural that submarine telegraphy should next be taken up. After cables had been laid under many rivers and lakes, and after England had been connected with France, Ireland and Holland, and Newfoundland with Prince Edward Island, sufficient confidence was felt to organize a company to unite the old and new worlds by a wire rope laid along the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean. The first cable was laid in 1858, and was 2,200 miles long. It worked for a month, but after uttering some 4,000 words, it gasped its last, and since then has lain forever useless in the depths of the sea. But it was not in vain. It clearly showed the possibility of the project, and, besides, taught some dear lessons as to methods of insulation and of working such a length of wire. In fact, the theory of electricity was hardly up to the times.

Seven years afterwards another cable was manufactured, this time much stronger, though lighter in water, but in the attempt to lay it, when 1,050 miles from Ireland, it parted and could not be recovered. Nothing daunted, however, a third cable was prepared, and in the next year, 1866, it was laid without serious trouble, and by using the delicate galvanometer designed by Sir William Thomson, messages were freely sent and received.

But the *Great Eastern* and her two attendant ships had brought enough cable to complete that of the year before, should it be possible to recover it, and so they started off for mid-ocean to angle for the prize, which was worth half a million sterling. With marvellous accuracy Capt. Moriarity took them to the exact spot, and in a short time the cable was hooked. It was in 15,000 feet of water, and, with the grappling ropes, weighed many tons. After raising it for half a mile, it slipped. Twice it was raised above the surface, but before it could be made fast it escaped and disappeared. But at last it was hooked again, and the three ships of the squadron acting in concert, it was slowly, but surely, brought from its rest. Once more it rose above the surface; still nearer it came, until finally it was within reach, and was carefully secured. The end was led into the instrument room, and found to be in excellent condition.

Imagine now the proceedings on the Irish coast. There, for weeks past, those in the wooden telegraph cabin had watched for a signal. Suddenly, on Sunday morning, September 2, at a quarter to six, the tiny ray of light from the galvanometer was seen to move to and fro upon the scale. Soon the unsteady flickering was changed to coherency, and the long-speechless cable began to talk. A message was sent from the vessel to Valentia, thence to London, Newfoundland and New York; and for the first time, it happened that men tossed about on a stormy sea, in utter darkness, could hold conversation simultaneously with Europe and America. The cable was carefully spliced and completed without a hitch, and those two cables are in constant use yet.

For the successful ending to these enormous undertakings much credit is due to Mr. Cyrus W. Field, of New York. Mr. Field was deeply interested in a company organized to unite the eastern British American provinces with the United States, and his unbounded faith in all these projects was more than realized.

On the completion of the cable, congratulatory messages passed between the Queen and President Johnson, and other authorities in the two worlds. Naturally many eloquent verses were written

in commemoration of the achievement, Whittier sees clearly that the old and new world civilizations must now be one:

“And one in heart as one in blood,  
Shall all the people be ;  
The hands of human brotherhood  
Are clasped beneath the sea.

“From clime to clime, from shore to shore,  
Shall thrill the magic thread ;  
The new Prometheus steals once more  
The fire that wakes the dead.

“Throb on, strong pulse of thunder ! beat  
From answering beach to beach ;  
Fuse nations in thy kindly heat,  
And melt the chains of each !”

When we pick up the morning newspaper, the first thing we see is a great mass of information which has been transmitted through their thousands of miles by these magic wires ; and as we glance over all the news flashed from every part of the earth, we must recognize the exceeding importance of Ørsted's simple experiment.

“Along the smooth and slender wire the sleepless heralds run,  
Fast as the clear and living rays go streaming from the sun ;  
No peals or flashes, heard or seen, their wondrous flight betray,  
And yet their words are quickly felt, in cities far away.

“Nor summer's heat, nor winter's cold, can check their rapid course ;  
Unmoved they meet the fierce wind's blast, the rough wave's sweeping  
force,  
In the long night of rain and wrath, as in the blaze of day,  
They rush with news of weal or woe, to thousands far away.”

Many extremely useful and ingenious improvements have been made in telegraphy. We justly consider it a great triumph to send a single message over a wire from one place to another. But soon after this was successfully accomplished, methods were devised for sending two messages over the same wire at the same time. As early as 1852, a scheme was invented, though it was not until 1872 that the last difficulty was swept away, when Stearns, of Boston, added a condenser to the apparatus. The arrangement for sending two messages at the same time, in opposite directions, is called *duplexing*, while if both are in the same direction, it is known as *diplexing*. Over twenty reasonable methods have been invented for these purposes, and in 1874 Edison put in practical operation between Boston and New York

his quadruplex system. By this method two messages may be sent and two received over the same wire at the same time. This system is in use on over one hundred lines in the United States. It will also surprise you, I have no doubt, to be informed that between Boston and Providence, using an entirely different arrangement, as many as seventy two messages have been sent simultaneously over the same wire. This was by Delany's method.

I have mentioned Galvani's discovery of the new electricity, and Volta's method of generating it. The contributions made by Ørsted and Ampère have also been explained. There remains one to be spoken of, namely, Faraday's detection of the action of a magnet on an electric current, or electro-magnetic induction, as it is usually called.

The name of Faraday is one of the most honoured in all science. He was born in humble circumstances in 1791, and at the age of thirteen was a bookbinder's apprentice. Indeed, it is said that his interest in electricity was kindled through reading an article on that subject in an encyclopedia which he was binding. At twenty-two he was selected by Sir Humphry Davy as assistant in the laboratory of the Royal Institution, and at thirty-four he was appointed director of the laboratory. For over fifty years, "with unexampled patience and a hero's courage, he lovingly toiled in nature's inner sanctuary, and for forty of those years he kept the name of England in the first rank of science."

Faraday knew well how to produce a magnet by using an electric current, and he set himself to discover how to get a current from a magnet. He worked at it for several years, and in 1831 was successful. Taking an iron ring, he wrapped about one-half of it several helices of insulated wire, and also a coil about the other half. To the ends of this latter coil he attached a sensitive galvanometer, and on sending a current through the helices, he expected to see the galvanometer show a constant current through the coil. This did not take place, but his eagle eye did not fail to notice that, just at the time of starting the current, or making it cease, there was a momentary deflexion in the needle of the galvanometer. He soon developed his simple experimental result, and, in papers presented to the Royal Society, gave the laws of the phenomenon in a form which has become standard.

The telegraph is the child of the electro-magnet, and the dynamo, whence come the floods of light and streams of power which have so astonished the world, is the offspring of magneto-electricity as discovered by Faraday. The great philosopher did not protect himself by letters patent, but bequeathed to others

the problem of practically applying the new method for the production of currents, and in the sixty years which have followed, the construction of the dynamo has reached marvellously near to perfection.

The first machine on this principle was made by Pixii, of Paris, in 1832. In it a strong permanent magnet was rotated before the poles of an electro-magnet, in the coils of which currents were thus induced. Saxton improved on this by rotating the coils instead of the magnet, and a London instrument-maker named Clarke still further improved the machine, chiefly in the winding of the coils. Following him, C. G. Page, of Salem, Mass., made still other improvements, and the Clarke and Page machines are quite frequently met with to-day.

In 1849, Nollet, of Brussels, built a Clarke machine on a large scale, using many magnets and many coils, and by this it was demonstrated that a powerful current could be produced, and that electric lighting was certainly possible, if not profitable. Perhaps the next great advance was due to Werner Siemens, who died just a year or so ago. He invented in 1856 what is known as the Siemens armature. In this a single coil of wire is wound lengthwise on a soft iron cylinder, and a more intense magnetic field is thus caused.

Up to this time permanent steel magnets had always been used to induce the current in the armature coils, but in 1867 another move forward was made. On February 14 of that year, Sir Charles Wheatstone exhibited to the Royal Society, a machine in which the steel magnets were displaced by electro-magnets, the current being started by the residual magnetism which is always present in a large mass of iron. By a remarkable coincidence, Siemens transmitted to the same society on the very same day, a paper describing the same improvement.

In 1870 the Gramme machine was invented, with a new kind of armature, the construction of which, however, had been anticipated by Pacinotti, an Italian, in 1860. Since then the construction of dynamos and motors (which, indeed, are only dynamos run backwards), has steadily improved, until, at the present time, there are numerous types, each suited to its particular want, and to be found in every civilized country under the sun,

But I must not omit a reference to the telephone. It is on record, that on February 14, 1876, Andrew Graham Bell and Elisha Gray both applied for patent protection on telephonic apparatus very much alike in principle. This was another remarkable coincidence, and when it is remembered that, exactly nine years before, Wheatstone and Siemens announced the last

radical advancement in the dynamo, the coincidence is still more wonderful. The telephone is now almost a household necessity.

When we take a retrospect upon our achievements in electricity during the last hundred years, we think there is much to be proud over; but there are yet as numerous and momentous discoveries to be made in their own good time; and from our experience of the past, we may well have every confidence in the future. In his latest volume Tennyson seemed to fully realize the spirit of the time when he said:

“ As we surpass our fathers’ skill,  
Our sons will shame our own;  
A thousand things are hidden still,  
And not a hundred known.

“ And had some prophet spoken true,  
Of all we shall achieve,  
The wonders were so wildly new  
That no man would believe.

“ Meanwhile, my brothers, work and wield  
The forces of to-day,  
And plough the present like a field,  
And garner all you may!

“ You, what the cultured surface grows,  
Dispense with careful hands;  
Deep under deep forever goes,  
Heaven over heaven expands.”

TORONTO, Ont.

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### WATCH-NIGHT.

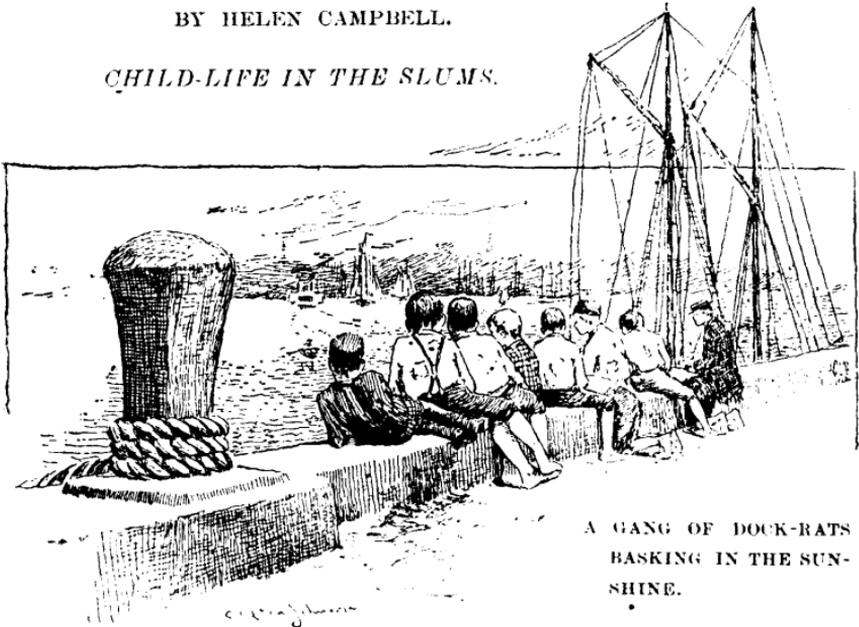
BY HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

WATCH, brethren, watch!  
The year is dying;  
Watch, brethren, watch!  
Old Time is flying.  
Watch as men watch with parting  
breath,  
Watch as men watch for life or death.  
Eternity is drawing nigh.  
  
Pray, brethren, pray!  
The sands are falling.  
Pray, brethren, pray!  
God’s voice is calling.

Yon turret strikes the dying  
chime,  
We kneel upon the edge of time.  
Eternity is drawing nigh.  
  
Look, brethren, look!  
The day is breaking;  
Hark, brethren, hark!  
The dead are waking.  
With girded loins we ready stand,  
Behold, the Bridegroom is at  
hand!  
Eternity is drawing nigh.

## LIGHT IN DARK PLACES.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

*CHILD-LIFE IN THE SLUMS.*A GANG OF DOCK-RATS  
BASKING IN THE SUN-  
SHINE.

“GUTTER-SNIPES! That’s what I call ’em. What else could they be when they’re in the gutter all day and half the night, cuttin’ round like little imps o’ darkness. Not much hair on ’em either—not enough to catch by, and clothes as is mostly rags that tears if you grab ’em. The prison-barber wouldn’t get any profit out of ’em, I can tell you. Men around here don’t shave till their beards stick out like spikes, and the women cut the children’s hair to save combin’. Gutter-snipes. That’s it, and they snoop around stores and slink off a salt fish or a bundle of wood or anything as comes handy, and home with it like the wind. Mother is there, you may be sure, and washin’ maybe. Do you suppose she asks any questions like, ‘Lor, Billy, where did you get that?’ Not she. She takes the fish, or whatever it is, as innocent as a lamb and sends Billy for some bits o’ coal to cook it.

“Yes, that’s the way it is down here. Rags and tatters are our style, and we wouldn’t feel nat’ral if we had to try any other way. Parints’ fortin’s don’t give gutter-snipes anythin’ very stylish. Walk round here most anywheres and you’ll see it’s so,—yes, and more so. What’s to come of ’em I don’t know. The Island pretty soon, I suppose. That’s the way the city looks out for ’em. Good a way as any maybe, if they’ve got to live in the gutter from the day they can crawl till the law thinks they’re old enough to get a grip on. Takes a gutter to make their kind, and their kind to make the gutter, and what you goin’ to do if you’re bound to let the gutter alone? If I was the Lord I’d send a high wind and blow the whole region to kingdom come, or else the tail of a comet

to switch us right out o' sight before you could say Jack Robinson. That's what'll happen some day, I'm thinkin', and I'd like it in my time too, so's to know there wouldn't be any more breedin'-places for such as these."

This was the voice of old Sol, an old man whose little grocery in Monroe Street had been raided so often that it was a wonder how he dared leave any stock outside. He kept a long stick, slender and tough, in hiding behind his counter, and watched the groups of street arabs as they sauntered by with a carelessness he knew covered deep designs. If a hand went out and stole a potato, a turnip, or anything that could be easily caught up to help out the dinner at home, the old man would give a leap as agile as their own, and the stick would play about legs and shoulders of any or all of the party, who ran and shouted half with glee, half with terror. Sometimes he recaptured the booty and went back nodding and chuckling. If he did not it was the boy's turn to chuckle.

The gutter life begins with the baby who is tugged down the long stairs by brother or sister and given the freedom of the street. It is wonderful to see how soon the little things learn their bounds and keep out of the way of trucks and horses. Where the earth is soft, they dig and make the immemorial mud-pie, or they play with such pieces of string or paper as may have been deposited there. A gay bit of cloth, a rejected paper box, is a mine of enjoyment; but it is the other children and a consideration of their ways that most fascinates the baby, whose eyes still hold their baby innocence, too soon to give place to the look that even the three-year-old often wears. The child of the slums frequently has beauty, but on all of them is the look of experience, of cunning, or a self-reliance born of constant knocking about. When eight or ten years old such care as may occasionally have been their portion ceases. They must begin to earn, and are allowed the utmost freedom of choice.

The most energetic and best endowed by nature turn to the newsboys' calling and often find it the way to their first fragments of education, as well as to the comfort learned in the Newsboys' Lodging-Houses. Next comes boot-blackening, and from this they often drift into thieving as a profession. The bootblack has many idle hours, and, as surplus energy must be worked off, he gives them to tossing pennies, gambling in easy forms, cheating, and fighting. They are often practised pickpockets and in brushing a customer's coat will steal a handkerchief or other light article with the skill of their older brethren in the same trade.

The enforced leisure which comes to bootblacks after the busy time of the morning is used by some in gymnastics, and often they become almost as expert as circus performers. Now and then they improvise a performance in one of the parks and collect pennies from the spectators. Two of them astonished an audience at a picnic by a series of feats which they announced would "beat old Barnum holler." They collected forty cents, but even here, as partners, one cheated and managed to get twenty-five cents into his mouth, from which an energetic Sunday-school teacher forced

him to eject it. The clothes of both of them had to be pinned up before they began the performance, the fluttering rags giving way in every direction with each twist of their bodies. Billy, the younger, smiled admiringly as his partner spit out the quarter and dodged from the expected blow.

"He's smart, he is," he said with a chuckle. "Me on the lookout every minute, an' I never seed him do it."

Anywhere along the docks are facilities for petty thieving, and, guard as the policeman may, the swarms of small street rovers can circumvent them. A load of wood left on the dock diminishes under his very eyes. The sticks are passed from one to another, the child nearest the pile being busy apparently in playing marbles. If any move of suspicion is made toward them, they are off like a swarm of cockroaches, and with about as much sense of responsibility. Children of this order hate school with an inextinguishable hatred. They smash windows, pilfer from apple-stands, build fires of any stray bits of wood they can collect, and warm themselves by them, and, after a day of all the destruction they can cram into it has ended, crawl under steps, into boxes or hallways, and sleep till roused by the policeman on his beat, or by a bigger boy who drives them out. No Home can reach them all. No Lodging-House can give them room. Numbers are taken in, and in course of time trained into some sort of decent living or sent to the West.

But even with every power brought to bear, fifteen thousand unreclaimed children rove the streets to-day, a few of them peddlers of matches or small notions, but the majority living by their wits. Swill-gatherers and ragpickers employ some of them, but the occupation is hardly better than roaming at large. In the cheaplodging-houses older pickpockets and burglarstrain numbers for their own work. Poverty Lane; "Dutch Hill," the home of ragpickers and swill-gatherers, and later "Hell's Kitchen" and many another nest of infamy, are crowded with children wild as hawks and as fierce and untamable. Thin, eager, hardened faces the most of them, with now and then one with a beauty of form or expression that no debasement has the power to kill. Each one is an appeal for rescue before the work of ruin is completed and punishment steps in to do what prevention could have accomplished.

The homeless boy is a sufficiently pitiful object, but the girl child fares even worse. The boy is often far less perverted than he seems. His sins belong to his ignorance and his condition, and drop away under an entire change of environment. There is many a hard-working farmer in the West who began life as a New York street boy, fighting and stealing, his hand against every man, and who dates back all present good to the day when an agent of the Children's Aid Society coaxed him into one of their Lodging-Houses.

For the girl there is less chance in every way. She develops in mind and body earlier than the boy, and runs dangers from which he is free. Lodged since birth in crowded tenement-houses or in cellars, herded with dirty people of all ages and both sexes, she has no instinct of purity to defend her.

Why girls should be less susceptible of reformation it is hard to say, save that the special sins to which they are liable are weakening to both brain and body, and thus moral fibre is lacking in greater degree than with the boy. For both alike it is prevention that is demanded. Possibilities for good lie beneath the most apparently hopeless exterior; and decent food, physical training and development, and severe yet kindly discipline, will go far toward calling out the man. Tradition saddles the girl with a weight from the beginning, in making her carry the penalty of her sins as no man is ever forced to do. Her past is held up against her as his almost never is, and she feels herself handicapped in the very beginning of such struggle as she may make. The largest charity, the wisest, tenderest dealing, are necessary for this class, and with these it is soon shown that the difference is often imaginary rather than real, and that for both new life is fully possible.



GUTTER CHILDREN.

Now and then a woman, herself in the depths of poverty and struggle, comes to the rescue of some child. Old Margaret on "Dutch Hill" was one of these. Owing a shanty, in the spot where she had squatted on some rich man's land, she lived with her pigs and cats and goats in one room, trailing about through the day with her swill-cans and the little waggon drawn by two dogs. In one of her expeditions she saw a child hardly five years old, sitting on a pile of refuse and eating a crust picked from the gutter. Clear, dark-blue eyes looked out from the mat of tangled hair,

and when the crust was eaten the child broke into singing a foul song taught by some boy, and so frightful on the childish lips that even old Margaret's soul was stirred.

"For the love o' God!" she cried. "Where do you belong, an' why has folks left you here on an ash-heap!"

"She don't belong nowhere," a boy made answer. "She sleeps with me in a hay-barge, or under them steps, an' there ain't nobody that knows zac'ly whose she is."

"Then she's mine," said old Margaret. "You come with me, me pretty, an' you shall play with the dogs an' have all the supper you want."

The child danced forward, taking the offer in perfect faith, but stopped short.

"I belong to Dick," she said. "What'll Dick do?"

"I know who the old woman is," said Dick. "I'll come an' see ye. Go with her,"—and with a whoop Dick disappeared.

"What's your name?" old Margaret asked. "Wildfire," said the child, and no after questioning brought out different answer or made her willing to own to any other title. Wildfire she was, and she soon proved her right to the name, for a more passionate little sinner never bewildered the mind of man. But old Margaret had no heart to beat her, as is the manner of her kind. She cried instead, and with the first tear the spirit of mischief was extinguished, and the child dissolved in tears herself. She clung to the old woman with passion. No hardship or neglect had been sufficient to kill her ardent little nature, and she loved dog and cat and pig, and petted every living thing in her way. She mourned for Dick, who failed to appear, and who was lost to sight for weeks. At last on a rainy evening he walked in and stood sheepishly while Wildfire flew to his neck and hugged him with delight.

"I've been hangin' round here," he said, "cos I wanted to see how you'd get on. Now I want you to go to school."

"The thought that's been on me own mind," said old Margaret. "But where?"

"Where but the East Side Industrial School," said Dick proudly. "I'll take her to-morrow if you say the word."

"I'll take her meself; 't will have the best look," said the old woman, and the next morning she appeared at the school, and soon rattled that her charge should come every day.

Probably no more troublesome pupil ever presented herself to teachers, well experienced in all forms of troublesomeness; but the child's affectionate nature was always her safety, and in time she came to represent some of the best results of the work done there. She remained lawless save for this. Wandering blood was in her, and she grew wild if forced to remain more than a few hours within doors. But she learned to sew and to care for the shanty, which under her energetic hands grew neat and decent. She tried going out to service, but no one understood her needs or could tolerate her desires, and so she constantly drifted back to those who had first befriended her. Dick in the meantime had from newsboy turned to boatman, and, having begun as cabin-boy on a coasting-vessel, came at last to the post of boy-of-all-work on a canal-boat which lay in the Erie Basin in the winter, and so afforded him opportunity to try other trades.

The shanty finally made way for buildings. The dogs were sold, and old Margaret turned her attention to ragpicking. Wildfire, grown a tall girl, with the same dark-blue, honest eyes, helped her sort rags when they were not too dirty, and took in washing or did odd jobs as her share of the work, till one day, when Dick—now a tall fellow of twenty—appeared in the tenement-house where they had two rooms, and without waste of time told both that he had been promoted and was ready to marry.

"Shure I'm too old," said old Margaret with a twinkle. "It must be someone else you're meanin'."

"Right you are," said Dick calmly. "'Tis someone else, an' there she stands. It's Wildfire I want, an' no other," and Wildfire rushed to him as she had long ago, and cried for joy that he really wanted her.

"So they were married and lived happy ever after," is thus far true. Dick is captain of a canal-boat. His wife finds the life sufficiently full of excitement, and anyone who knows the Erie Basin knows what resources it possesses, and will be certain that occupation will never be wanting.

The story of Jack and a "Daybreak" boy known as "Buster" illustrates a loyalty and devotion seldom equalled in any walk of life. It was a beautiful face that looked up from the hospital bed; a face that any mother might be proud to call her boy's,—gray eyes, large and full of expression, with lashes a girl would envy, clear-cut features, and a head full of promise. Jack belonged in Cherry Street. There were many reasons why he found it the best spot. That he was under-sized, pale, and with a look of sharp experience that is a part of the street-boy's make-up, was owing to many things; poor food or no food while he was growing, cigarettes and beer before he was eight years old, and generally all that he might better never have known. He had graduated from Cherry Street a year or two before, but had returned there on a quest the nature of which I shall give in his own words, with such translation of his method as may be necessary, for Jack had two languages; one learned in night-school at the Newsboys' Lodging-House; the other that to which he was born and into which he fell from old habit. He lay flat on his back, his leg in splints, and his side bandaged; all of it the result of certain experiences to be recorded here. His eyes were singularly honest, and he smiled like a baby as he looked confidently into the hospital doctor's face. The following is the story he had to tell:

You wouldn't believe it,—that's the trouble. I've read dime books and the story papers ever since I could read at all, an' there was never a thing stranger than what I know o' many a one in Poverty Bay; yes, an' anywhere you've a mind to pick out. But if you tell it folks say, "Oh, he's drawin' it strong. He's seein' what he can make you swaller." Go down for yerself, an' you'll see you couldn't make up worse than there is.

You see me an' the Buster was both kicked out into the world about the same time. He wasn't the Buster then, but nothin' but the smallest boy you ever did see, and his real name was Dick. His aunt was the "Queen o' Cherry Street," an' she could drink more stuff an' not show it than any ten women that went with her. His mother was killed in a mistake on the other side o' the hall. A man shot her that thought she was another woman, an' his father died of the trimmins (*Delirium Tremens*), in the station-house, where they'd taken him after pickin' him up for dead. He didn't do nothin' but drink anyway, an' he pawned whatever there was to lay his hands on, down to the tea-pot. So his aunt took Dick, an' he slep' along with the other lodgers, an' had what he could.

pick up to eat unless she happened to think, an' then she let him buy pie.

That was Dick, but he turned into the Buster, an' that's what I'll call him now, so you'll know. My father was a ragpicker on Baxter Street, an' our house was forty-seven; do you know it? When you go in there's a court an' a hydrant in the middle, an' out o' that court opens seven doors as like as seven peas, an' there's seven rooms with the window alongside o' the door, an' so on all the way up the five stories. It's all Eytalian now, an' they've got big Eytalian beds that hol's six or seven easy, an' over them they slings hammocks an' piles the children in, an' then fills up the floor, an' so they make their rent an' maybe more.



TOIL TOO HARD FOR TENDER YEARS.

We wasn't so thick, and lucky, for my father wanted room to tear round when he stopped pickin' rags an' had a drunk. He'd smash everything he could reach, an' my mother, who was little an' kind o' delicate like, she'd hang everything high, so's he couldn't get at it. He knocked her round awful, an' one night, when he come home a little worse than anyone ever seed him, he just kicked us both downstairs an' broke her all to smash, ribs an' everything; an' then when he'd smashed up the room too, he just sat down an' cut hisself awful.

I hung round a bit till I saw the ambulance, an' then I made sure the: 'o somethin' awful with me, and I cut. I made a run for the river, because I allus liked it along the docks. You could often pick up oranges an' bananas, an' many a time I've licked molasses off the barrels. I'd often slep' before in barges an' most

anywhere, an' so I knew a good place where there was most always some bales o' hay, an' so I put for that. There was lots o' boxes an' barrels piled up, an' empty ones too; an' way behind 'em, where they hadn't looked for a long while, was some bales o' hay.

It was rainin', peltin' straight down, an' sleet with it, an' awful cold. I remember because Buster cried awful when I found him. He wasn't bigger'n a rat much, an' when I come pitchin' along he made certain I was goin' to turn him out. There he was, you see, in my box, that I hadn't never let on about, an' he just snivelled an' turned out an' started to run. So I took him by the scruff an' I says, "Where you goin', and who are you?" an' drew him back by one o' the legs o' his pants, that was big enough for six like him, an' then he told me. He'd had so much lickin' at home that he couldn't stand up straight, an' his aunt wanted to lick him more because he couldn't, an' so he made up his mind to run. Well, he'd slept in that box a good while, an' the boys had fed him. He'd earned bits holdin' a horse or something like that, an' he'd picked up odds and ends; but he was 'most naked and hungry, an' when he dried up his eyes after a good cry, I says to him, "We'll go hunks, an' whatever I have you shall have the same."

That's the way Buster an' me come to be pardners, but I expect we was both smaller than we thought we was, for we couldn't get much to do till a boy gave me his old blackin' kit an' taught me to shine. So I did that when I got a chance, an' Buster sat round an' admired, an' we did fust-rate an' slept in the box the whole winter.

In the spring we had to budge. They cleaned the dock along where our box was, an' we never got a place like it again. But we had a pretty good one under some steps that did for summer, an' another boy named Liverpool went shares with us. He was eleven, an' we hung together awhile because there wan't no one else. He was English, an' his father died in hospital, an' his mother was respectable an' not fond o' drinkin' or such. He went wanderin' round on the docks in Liverpool, an' he heard 'em talkin' about America an' reckoned it would be a good place to come to, so he begged captains to take him for cabin-boy till he found one that didn't so much mind his bein' little.

The captain larruped him the worst way, just for cussedness; for Liverpool was like a lamb for disposition, an' you couldn't make him mad unless he saw somebody abused. But he come ashore all black an' blue an' raw, an' no money, an' not much clothes but some cast-off ones a sailor give him, big enough to wrap up three of him. When they wore out, another give him some more, an' he looked like a walkin' rag-bundle the whole o' the time. It was him that got me to turn newsboy, for he was picked up by a man that goes round among the boys, an' I went with him when it was settled that he was to go to the West. They asked me to go too, but I hung on here. Seemed as if I must, on account o' Buster, for he didn't want to do much but loaf, an' I had to have an eye to him.

I tried papers awhile an' tried to make Buster take hold, but it's

hard work whatever folks may think. It was for him, anyhow for he was sort o' weakly. I learned to read an' write in the school, an' sometimes Buster would come awhile, an' he had a fine voice an' he'd sing like anything. I kep' thinkin' I'd go West sometime, an' I tried to save a little, but couldn't very well. So that's the way we did for a good while, an' then Buster turned "Daybreak Boy" an' that broke me all up.

You don't know what a Daybreak Boy is! It's a whole gang what steals from small craft below Hell Gate, an' sell their stealin's for whatever they get, which is mostly nothin'. They're all the same as dock-rats, only there ain't so many of 'em. Buster learned to swim an' dive, an' was near enough a dock-rat anyhow, an' then Buckshot Taylor kind o' took to him, an' that was the worst thing that ever happened to him.

Buckshot Taylor got his name because he was chuck full o' buck-shot in his legs an' back, an' his face was all bust up too. He'd dive under a wharf and fasten one end of a wire rope to one of the rafters. Then he'd sneak along on board a lead-loaded schooner and fasten the end he'd carried with him to whatever come handy. Somebody keeps watch all the time while he does it. Then he drops it in the water when he gets the chance, an' down it goes out o' sight. Then he dives again an' comes up under the wharf, an' all he's got to do then is to draw it in, an' a heavy bar will sell for three and maybe even four dollars.

Well, he took to the Buster, an' soon he had him in trainin', an' all I could do wouldn't stop him. He liked the fun of it, an' he was so little he could sneak in anywheres, an' he got to be a champion "Daybreak," an' that tickled him. Sometimes, to please me, he'd swear off awhile, but he couldn't stan' it. Then I wanted him to go West, because he had to be doin' something, but he wouldn't, an' so I hung on waitin' for him to get caught and sent up.

That's just what happened. He was in the Reformatory awhile, an' there the boys taught him more deviltry than he'd ever known, an' he come out about as bad as they make 'em. I knew just as much bad as he did, but I couldn't stan' it. He could, an' I dunno as it was his fault. He kept fond o' me, an' I was fond o' him, an' so we sort o' held together.

That went on for a good while; but three months ago I lost him, an' I've been lookin' for him ever since. It was some worse racket than ever he tried before that has kep' him hidin'. I got my eye on him once, but he was in a "run-way" an' slinked out o' sight. He sent word he'd be sent up for life if they caught him, an' I mustn't be seen with him. You don't know what a "run-way" is! This one where I saw him is this way. Most o' the lots on Cherry an' Water an' Hamilton Streets have two houses built on 'em, with a way between the two. Cherry an' Hamilton Streets back up together, an' only three feet between 'em at the rear tenements.

Now if you're chased on Cherry Street, all you've got to do is to run up to the roof of the rear house an' jump to the other, go down the skylight, an' there you are in Hamilton Street an' can get off easy, while the policeman is comin' round the corner.

'The crooks have fixed it to suit themselves. They go climbin' round over roofs an' fences till they've got it plain as a map. Sometimes they hammer in blocks of wood for steps an' they don't come out where the cops are expectin' 'em. There's a hundred run-ways, an' they knows 'em all.

I was awful worried over Buster. I know'd if he could only get away he'd do well enough, an' I planned to hire him to go West an' try it. They'd dyed his hair an' made him all up different; but I knew where he hung out, an' so a week ago I went in one night, bound to find him. The police had laid for a raid that night, but I nor nobody knew it. Buster was there, sure enough, an' he was way down in the mouth. We talked awhile, an' he had about promised me he'd do as I wanted when the woman in the next room gave the alarm.

I don't know how Buster ever took such a thing in his head, but he did. He made for the roof an' I after him, an' just as we got there he dr on me. "You meant to give me away, did you?" says he. "Take that!" an' he gave it to me in the side. I pitched over, an' down I went into the run-way, an' there they picked me up an' brought me here. He didn't mean it an' he got away, an' so I don't care, an' he sent me word the other day that when I got well he'd go West or anywhere I wanted. So you see it's come out pretty good after all, an' I don't mind lyin' here because I go over it all in my mind, an' it's good as the the-a-ter to think they haven't got him an' won't. An' when I get well,—

Jack's voice had grown steadily weaker. "I'm so tired," he went on. "I think I'm goin' to sleep. If"—and here he looked up silently for a moment; "If I ain't goin' to get well, Buster'll go to the bad certain, for there ain't nobody but me he'll listen to. But I shall get well soon, an' now I'll have a sleep an' thank you for comin'."

"Will he get well?" I whispered to the nurse as we went down the ward.

"At first we thought he would," she made answer. "Now it is doubtful, for there is something wrong internally. He may live, or may go at any time," and she turned away to another patient.

A week later came this note from the nurse:

"Jack asked to have you sent for yesterday, and when we said you were out of town he begged for pencil and paper and made me promise to seal his note up at once and let no one see it. It is enclosed herein, just as he dropped it when the end came. We found him lying there quite dead, and you will see a smile bright as an angel's on his beautiful face when you come, which must be at once if you want to see him before he is buried."

On the scrap of paper within he had traced in staggering letters,

"Plese find Buster at——."

There it ended, nor has any questioning yet revealed who it was for whom he sold his life,—unwittingly, it is true, but given no less fully and freely.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend."

## A SINGER FROM THE SEA.

## A CORNISH STORY.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

*Author of "The Preacher's Daughter," etc.*

## CHAPTER I.—DENAS PENELLES.

FROM Padstow Point to Lundy Race is one of the wildest and grandest portions of the Cornish coast, and on it there is always somewhere a tossing sea, a stiff breeze above, and a sucking tide below. Great cliffs hundreds of feet high guard it, and from the top of them the land rolls away in long ridges, brown and bare. These wild and rocky moors are full of pagan altars, stone crosses and memorials of the Jew, the Phœnician and the Cornu-British. But it is the Undercliff which has the perennial charm for humanity, for all along its sloping face there are bewildering hummocks and hollows, checkered with purple rocks and elder-trees. Narrow footpaths curve in and out and up and down among the fields and farms, the orchards and the glimmering glades, and there the foxgloves grow so tall that they lift their dappled bells level with the eyes.

Farther down are queer, quiet towns, hundreds of years old, squeezed into the mouths of deep valleys—valleys full of delicate ferns and small wild roses and the white heath, a flower peculiar to the locality. And still lower—on the very shingle—are the amphibious-looking cottages of the fishermen. They are surrounded by nets and boats and lobster-pots. Noisy children paddle in the flowing tide, and large, brown, handsome women sit on the door-steps knitting the blue guernsey shirts and stockings which their husbands wear.

Such a lonely, lovely spot is the little village of St. Penfer. It is so hidden in the clefts of the rocks that unless one had its secret and knew the way of its labyrinth down the cliff-breast it would be hard to find it from the landward side. But the fishermen see its white houses and terraced gardens and hear the sweet-voiced bells of its old church calling to them when they are far off upon the ocean. And well they know their cottages clustered on the shingle below, and all day they may be seen among them, mending their boats, or painting their boats, or standing with their hands in their pockets looking at their boats, fingering the while the bit of mountain ash which they carry there to keep away ill-luck.

John Penelles was occupied on the afternoon of that Saturday which comes between Good Friday and Resurrection Sunday. His boat was rocking on the tide-top and he seemed to be looking at her. But his bright blue eyes saw nothing seaward; he was mentally watching the flowery winding way up the cliff to St.

Penfer. If his daughter Denas were coming down it he would hear her footsteps in his heart. And why did she not come? She had been away for hours, and who knew what evil might happen to a girl in four hours? When too late to forbid her visit to St. Penfer, it had suddenly struck him that Roland Tresham might be home for the Easter holidays, and he disliked the young man. He had an intuitive dislike for him, founded upon that kind of "I know" which is beyond reasoning with, and he had told Denas that Roland Tresham was not for her to listen to and not for her to trust to.

"But there, then, 'tis dreadful! dreadful! What foolishness a little maid will believe in!" he muttered. "I have never known but one woman who can understand reason, and it isn't often she will listen to it. Women! women! women! God bless them!"

He was restless with his thoughts by the time they arrived at this point, but it still took him a few minutes to decide upon some action and then put his great bulk into motion. For he was a large man, even among Cornish fishermen, and his feet were in his heavy fishing-boots, and his nature was slow and irresolute until his mind was fully made up. Then nothing could move him or turn him, and he acted with that irresistible celerity which springs from an invincible determination.

His cottage was not far off, and he went there. As he approached, a woman rose from the steps and, with her knitting in her hand, went inside. She was putting the kettle on the fire as he entered, and she turned her head to smile upon him. It was a delightful smile, full of love and pleasure, and she accompanied it with a little nod of her head that meant any good thing he liked to ask of her.

"Aw, my dear," he said, "I do think the little maid is a sight too long away."

"She do have a long walk, John dear. St. Penfer isn't at the door-step, I'm sure."

"You see, Joan, it is like this: Denas she be what she is, thank God! but Roland Tresham, he be near to the qu'ity, and they do say a great scholar, and can speak langwidges; and aw, my dear, if rich and poor ride together the poor must ride behind, and a wayless way they take through and over. I have seen that often and offer."

"We mustn't be quick to think evil, John, must we? I'm sure Denas do know her place and her right, and she isn't one to be put down below it. You do take a sight of trouble you aren't asked to take, father."

"Do I, my dear?"

"To be sure you do. And they that go seeking trouble are very like to find it. Is Roland Tresham home again?"

"Not as I know by certain. I haven't heard tell so."

"There, now! How people do go thinking wrong of others instead of themselves! That isn't the Bible way, is it, father?"

"To be sure it isn't, Joan. But we aren't living among Bible people, my dear, are we now?"

“Well, I don’t know that, father. Fisher-folk feature one another all the world over as much as their lines and boats do, I think that we could find all those Galilean fishers among the fishers of Penfer. I do, really—plenty of Peters and sons of Zebedec, I’ll warrant. Are not John and Jacob Tenager always looking to be high up in the chapel? And poor Crufts and Kestal, how they do deny all the week through what they say on Sunday! And I do know one quiet, modest Andrew who never grumbles, but is always content and happy when his brothers are favoured above him.” And she looked and smiled at her husband with such loving admiration that the big fisherman felt the glow of the look and smile warm his heart and flush his cheeks, and he hastened to the tea-table, and was glad to be silent and enjoy the compliment his dear Joan had given him.

For Joan Penelles was not only a good wife, she was a pious, truthful, sensible, patient woman. The days of her youthful beauty were over, but her fine face left the heart satisfied with her. There was room in her eyes, light upon her face, strength and mature grace in her tall figure—the grace of a woman who has grown up like a forest tree in fresh air and winds and liberty—the physical grace that never comes by the dancing-master. And her print dress and white kerchief and neatly braided hair seemed as much a part of her charm as the thatched roof, the yellow stone-wort, and the dainty little mother-of-millions creeping over the roof and walls were a part of the picturesque cottage. The beauty of Joan Penelles was the beauty of fitness in every part, of health, of good temper, of a certain spiritual perception. Penelles loved her with a sure affection; he trusted in her. In every strait of his life he went to her for comfort or advice. He could not have imagined a single day without Joan to direct it.

For his daughter Denas he had a love perhaps not stronger, but quite different in kind. Denas was his only living child. Denas loved the sea. Penelles could remember her small pink feet in the tide, when they were baby feet scarce able to stand alone. As she grew older she often begged to go to sea with the fishers, and on warm summer nights she had lain in the boat, and talked to him and his mates, and sung them such wild, sweet songs that the men vowed she charmed the fish into the nets. For they had always wondrous takes when Denas leaned over the gunwale, and in sweet, piercing notes sang the old fishing-call :

“Come, gray fish! gray fish!  
Come from the gray, cold sea!  
Fathoms, fathoms deep is the wall of net.  
Haddock! haddock! herring!  
Halibut! bass! whatever you be,  
Fish! fish! fish! come pay your debt.”

And while the men listened to the shrill, imperative voice mingling with the wash of the waves, and watched the child’s long yellow hair catching the glory of the moonlight, they let her lead them as she would. She did not fear storms. It was her

father who feared them for her, though never after one night when she was twelve years old.

"You cannot go to-night, Denas," he said; "the tide is late and the wind is contrary."

"Well, then," the little maid answered with decision, "the contrary wind be God's wind. 'Twas whist poor speed the fishers were once making—toiling and rowing—and the wind contrary, when He came walking on the water and into the boat, and then, to be sure, all was quiet enough."

There were no words to dispute this position, and Denas went with the fishers, and sat singing like a spirit while the boat kissed the wind in her teeth. And anon the tide turned, and the wind changed, and there was a lull, and so the nets were well shot, and they came back to harbour before the breeze just at cock-light—that is, when the cocks begin to crow for the dawning.

Thus petted and loved, the pretty girl made her way into all hearts, and when she said one day that she wanted to go to the school at St. Penfer and learn all about the strange seas and the strange lands that were in the world, her father and mother were quite thrilled by her great ambition. But she had her desire, and for three years she went to the private school at St. Penfer, and among the girls gathered there made many friends. Chief among these was Elizabeth Tresham, the daughter of a gentleman who had bought, with the salvage of a large fortune, the small Cornish estate on which he lived, or rather fretted away life in vain regrets over an irrevocable past. Elizabeth was his only daughter, but he had a son who was much older than Elizabeth—a handsome, gay young man about whom little was known in St. Penfer.

That little was not altogether favourable. It was understood that he painted pictures and played very finely on the piano, and every one could see that he dressed in the most fashionable manner and that he was handsome and light-hearted. But it could not be hid that he often came for money, which old Mr. Tresham had sometimes to borrow in St. Penfer for him. And business men noted the fact that his visits were so erratic and frequently so long in duration that it was hardly likely he had regular employment. And if a man had no private steady income, then for him to be without steady daily labour was considered in St. Penfer suspicious and not at all respectable. So in general Roland Tresham was treated with a shy courtesy, which at first he resented, but finally laughed at.

"Squire Peverall is afraid of his daughter and barely returns my bow, and the rector Las sent his pretty Phyllis to St. Ives while I am here, Elizabeth," he said one night to his sister. "Phyllis is well enough, but she has not a shilling, and pray who would marry Clara Peverall with only a paltry twenty thousand?"

"Clara is a nice girl, Roland, and if you only would marry and settle down to a reasonable life, how happy I should be!"

"Could I lead a more reasonable life, Elizabeth? I manage to

get more pleasure out of a hundred pounds than some men get out of their thousands."

"And father and I carry the care of it."

"You are very foolish. Why carry care? I do not. I let the men to whom I owe money carry the care."

"But father cannot do that—nor can I. And to be in debt, in St. Penfer, is disreputable."

"Well, Elizabeth, is it reasonable that I should suffer for father's and your inability to be happy, or for the antiquated notions of such an antiquated town as St. Penfer? I am only twenty-nine, and the pleasures of life are necessities to me."

"I am only nineteen, Roland."

"But then you are a girl—that is such a different thing."

"Yes, it is a different thing," and Elizabeth laid down the piece of linen she was stitching and looked up at the handsome fellow who was leaning against the open window and puffing his cigar smoke out of it. She had the English girl's adoration of the eldest son, and likewise her natural submission to the masculine element. Besides which, she loved Roland with all her simple faith and affection. She loved him for his handsome self and his charming ways. She loved him because he had been her mother's idol, and she had promised her mother never to desert Roland. She loved him because he loved her in his own perfectly selfish way. She was just as willing to bear his troubles, and plan for their relief, and deny herself for his pleasure, as Roland was willing to accept the sacrifice. Of course she was foolish, perhaps sinfully foolish, and it is no excuse for her folly to admit that there are thousands of women in the same transgression.

In one of his visits to St. Penfer, about two years previous to this Easter eve, Roland Tresham had met Denas Penelles. At that time he had been much interested in her. The little fisher-girl with her piquant face, her strange, haunting voice, and her singular self-possession was a charming study. He made several sketches of her, he set her wild, sweet fisher-songs to music, he lent her books to read, he talked to her and Elizabeth of the wonderful London life which Elizabeth could partly remember, but which was like a fairy-tale to Denas.

Fortunately Elizabeth was jealous of her brother and jealous of her friend, and she never gave them any opportunity for private conversation. If Roland proposed to see Denas down the cliff-breast, Elizabeth was always delighted to go also. If Roland asked Denas to go into the garden to gather fruit or flowers, or into the drawing-room to sing her songs to his accompaniments, Elizabeth was faithfully at the side of Denas. She was actuated by a variety of motives. She wished her brother to make a prudent marriage. There were at least three young girls in the vicinity eligible, and Elizabeth believed that Roland had only to woo in order to win. Any entanglement with Denas, therefore, would be apt to delay such a settlement.

She liked Denas, and she did not wish to be the means of giving her a heartache or a disappointment. But she liked her

as a friend and companion, not as a probable sister. Mr. Tresham in the days of his commercial glory had once been Lord Mayor of London. Mrs. Tresham had been "presented," and the grand house and magnificent entertainments of the Treshams were chronicled in newspapers, which Elizabeth highly valued and carefully treasured. She had also her full share of that all-pervading spirit of caste which divides English society into innumerable circles, and though she did not dislike the tacit offence she gave to the St. Penfer young ladies by selecting a companion not in their ranks, she was always ready to defend her friendship for Denas by an exaggerated description of her many fine qualities. On this subject she could air the extreme social views which she heard from Roland, and which she always passionately opposed when Roland advocated them; but she was not any more ready to put her ideas of an equality based on personal desert into practice than was the most bigoted aristocrat of her acquaintance.

There was also another motive for her care of Denas, a strong one, though Elizabeth's mind barely recognized its existence. John Penelles, though only a fisher, was a man who had influence and who had saved money. Once, when Mr. Tresham had been in a great strait for cash, Penelles, remembering Denas, had cheerfully loaned him a hundred pounds. Elizabeth recollected her father's anxiety and his relief and gratitude, and a friend who will open, not his heart or his house, but his purse, is a rare good friend, one not to be lightly wronged or lost. Besides these reasons, there were many smaller ones, arising out of petty social likes and dislikes and jealousies, which made Miss Tresham determined to keep Denas Penelles precisely in the position to which she had at first admitted her—that of a friend and companion.

To visitors she often used the adjective "humble" before the noun "friend," glossing it with a somewhat exaggerated account of Denas and their relationship, but with Denas herself she never thought of such qualification. Denas had all the native independence of her class—the fisher class, who neither sow nor reap, but take their living direct from the hand of God. She was proud of her father, and proud of his boats, and proud of his skill in managing them. She said, whenever she spoke of him: "My father is an upright man. He is a fine sailor and a lucky fisher. Every one trusts my father. Every one honours him."

Of course Denas recognized the differences in her friend's life and her own. Mr. Tresham's old stone mansion was large and lofty. It had fine gardens, and it had been well furnished from the wreck of the London house. Elizabeth played on the harp and piano in a pretty, fashionable way, and she had jewellery, and silk dresses, and many adornments quite outside of the power of Denas to obtain. But Denas never envied her these things. She looked on them as the accidentals of a certain station, and God had not put her in that station. In her own she had the very best of all that belonged to it. And as far as personal adornment went, she was neither vain nor envious. Her dark-

blue merino dress and her wide straw hat satisfied her ideas of propriety and beauty. A shell comb in her fair hair and a few white hyacinths at her throat were all the ornaments she desired. So dressed that Easter eve, she had stood a moment with her hat in her hand before her mother, and asked, with a merry little movement of her eyes and head, "what she thought of her?" and Joan Penelles had told her child promptly:

"You be sweet as blossoms, Denas."

There was an engagement between her and Elizabeth to adorn the altar for the Resurrection Service, and it was mainly this duty which had delayed her until John Penelles began to worry about her long absence. He did not ask himself why he had all in a moment thought of Roland Tresham and felt a shiver of apprehension. He was not accustomed to reason about his feelings, it was so much easier to go to Joan with them. But this evening Joan did not quite satisfy him. He drank his tea and ate plentifully of his favourite pie, of fresh fish and cream and young parsley, and then said:

"Joan, my dear, I have an over-mind to light my pipe and saunter up the cliff-breast. I may meet Denas."

"I wish you wouldn't go, father. It do look as if you had lost trust in Denas—misdoubting one's own is a whist poor business and not worth the following."

"Aw, my dear, I just want to talk a few words to her quiet-like. If Denas is companying with Roland Tresham she oughtn't to do it, and I must tell her so, that I must. My dear girl, right is right in the devil's teeth."

He said the words so sternly that they seemed to make a gloom in the cottage, but Joan's cheerful laugh cleared it away. "You be such a dear, good, careful father, John," she said, as she tucked in with a caressing movement the long ends of his kerchief. "I was only thinking that if it be good to watch, it is far better to trust—there then, isn't it, father?"

"Why, my dear, I'll watch first and I'll trust after—that's right enough, isn't it, Joan?"

Joan sighed and smiled, and Penelles, with his pipe in his mouth, turned his face landward. Joan thought a moment and then called to him:

"Father! Paul Tynton is very bad to-day. He was taken ill when the moon was three days old; men die who sicken on that day. Hadn't you better call and speak a word with him? 'E is in your class, you know."

"He was taken when the moon was four days old; he'll have a hard little time, but he'll get up again."

There was nothing else she could think of, and she knit her brows and turned in to her house duties. Joan did not want any meeting between her husband and Roland Tresham. She did not want anything to occur which would interfere with Denas visiting Miss Tresham, for these visits were a source of great pleasure to Denas and great pride to herself. And Joan could not believe that there was any danger to be feared from Roland;

Denas had known him for two years and nothing evil had yet happened. If Roland had said one wrong word to Denas, Joan was sure her child would have told her.

While she was thinking of these things, John Penelles went slowly up the winding path that led to the top of the cliff. It was sweet and bright on either hand with the fragile, delicate flowers of early spring. He stopped frequently to look at them, and he longed to touch them, to hold them in his palm, to put them against his lips. But he looked at his big, hard hands, and then at the flowers, and so, shaking his head, walked on. The blackbird was piping and the missel-thrush singing in one or two of her seven languages, and John felt the spring joy stirring in his own heart to melody. He sat in the singing-pew at St. Penfer chapel, and he had a noble voice, so he shook the ashes out of his pipe, and clasping his hands behind his back was just going to give the blackbirds and thrushes his evening song, when he heard the rippling laugh of Denas a little ahead of him.

He told himself in a moment that it was not her usual laugh. He could not for his life have defined the difference, but there it was. Before he saw her he knew that Roland Tresham was with her, and in a moment or two they came suddenly within his vision. Denas was walking a little straighter than usual, and Roland was bending toward her. He was gay, laughing, finely dressed; he was doing his best to attract the girl who walked so proudly, so apart, and yet so happily beside him. Penelles went forward to meet them. As they approached Denas smiled, and the young man called out:

"Hello, Penelles! How do you do? And what's the news? And how is the fishing? I was just bringing Denas home—and hoping to see you."

"Aw, then, sir, you can see for yourself how I be, and the news be none, and the fishing be plenty."

"St. Penfer harbour is not much of a place, Penelles. I was just telling Denas about London."

"St. Penfer be a hard little place, but it do give us a living, sir; a honest living, thank God! Come, Denas, my dear."

As he spoke he gently took the girl's hand, and with a perfectly civil "Good-evening, sir," turned with her homeward.

"Too fast, Penelles; I am going with you."

"Much obliged; not to-night, sir. It be getting late. Say good-evening, Denas."

There was something so final about the man's manner that Roland was compelled to accept the dismissal, but it deeply offended him, and the unreasonable anger opened the door for evil thoughts; and evil thoughts—having a cursed and powerful vitality—immediately began to take form and to make plans for their active gratification. Denas walked silently down the narrow path before her father. He could see by the way she carried herself and by the swing of the little basket in her hand that she was vexed, and he had a sense of injustice in her attitude which he could not define, but which wounded his great, loving heart

deeply. At last they reached the shingle, and he strode to her side.

"You be in a great hurry now, Denas," he said.

"I want to speak to my mother."

"What is it, dear? Father will do as well."

"No, he won't. Father is cruel cross to-night, and thinking wrong of his girl and wrong of others who meant no wrong."

"Then I be sorry enough, Denas. Come, my dear, we won't quarrel for a bad man like Roland Tresham."

"He isn't bad, father"

"He is cruel bad—worse than an innocent girl can know. Aw, my dear, you must take father's word for it. How was he walking with you to-night? 'Twas some devil's miracle, I'll warrant."

"No, then, it was not. He came from London on the afternoon train, and Miss Tresham had a bad headache and could not set me home as she always does."

"You should have come home alone. There was nothing to fear you."

"'Tis the first time."

"And, my dear, 'tis the last time. Mind that! 'Twill be a bad hour for Roland Tresham if I see him making love to my girl again."

"He didn't say a word of love to me, father."

"Aw, then, he was looking it—more shame to him, not to give looks words."

"Cannot a man look at a pretty girl? I call that nonsense, father."

"Roland Tresham can't look at you, Denas, any more as I saw him looking at you to-night—bold and free, and sure and laughing to his own heart for the clever he was, and the devil in his eyes and on his tongue. 'Twas all wrong, my dear, or I wouldn't be feeling so hot and angry about it. I wouldn't be feeling as if my heart was cut loose from its moorings and sinking down and down as deep as fear can send it."

"You might trust me, father."

"Aw, my sweet girl, there's times an angel can't be trusted, or so many wouldn't have lost themselves. It takes a man to know men and all the wickedness mixed up in their flesh and blood. There's your mother, Denas—God bless her!"

Joan came strolling forward to meet them, her large, handsome face beaming and shining with love and pride. But she was immediately sensitive to the troubled, angry atmosphere in which her husband and child walked, and she looked into John's face with the inquiry in her eyes.

"Denas is vexed about Roland Tresham, mother."

"There then, I thought Denas had more sense than to trouble herself or you, father, with the like of him. Your new frock is home, Denas, and pretty enough, my dear. Go and look at it before it be too dim to see."

Denas was very glad to escape to her room, and Penelles turned

suddenly silent and said no more until he had smoked another pipe on his own doorstep.

Then he went into the cottage and sat down. Joan was by the fire with her knitting in her hand, and softly humming to herself her favourite hymn :

“When quiet in my house I sit.”

Penelles let her finish, and then he told her all that he saw and all that he thought and every word he and Denas had spoken. “And I said what was right, didn’t I, Joan?” he asked.

“No words at all are sometimes better than good words, John. When the wicked was before him, even David didn’t dare to say good and right words.”

“David wasn’t a St. Penfer fisherman, Joan, and the wicked men of his day were a different kind of wicked men—they just thought of a bad thing and went and did it. They didn’t plot and plan how to make others wicked for them and with them.”

“What do you know wrong of Roland Tresham, John?”

“What do I know wrong of Trelawny’s little Jersey bull? Nothing. It never hurt me yet. But I see the devil in his eyes and in the lift of his feet and the toss of his horns and the switch of his tail, and I know right well he’d rip me to pieces if I’d only give him the chance. That’s the way I know Roland Tresham is a bad one. I see the devil in the glinting of his eyes and the mock of his smile, and I wouldn’t have been more sick frightened to-night if I’d seen a tiger purring around Denas than I was when I got the first glimpse of Tresham bending down, coaxing and flattering our little girl. He’s a bad man, sent with sorrow and shame wherever he goes, and I know it just as I know the long dead roll of the waves and the white creeping mist—like a dirty thief—which makes me cry out at sea ‘All hands to reef! Quick! All hands to reef!’”

“There then, John, if wrong and danger there be, what must be done?”

“Keep the little maid out of it. Don’t let her go to Mr. Tresham’s. I wouldn’t hear tell of it. If Denas would only listen a bit to Tris Penrose, he’d be the man for her—a good man, a good sailor, and he do love the very stones Denas steps on, he do for sure.”

“She used to like Tris, but these few months her love has all quailed away.”

“’Tis dreadful! dreadful! Why did God Almighty make women so? Here be good love going a-begging to them and getting nothing but a frown and a hard word, while devil’s love is fretted for and heart-nursed. Whatever is a woman’s love made of, I do wonder?”

As he asked the question he knocked his pipe against the jamb to clean it out, and then quickly turned his head, for an inner door opened and Denas peeped out and then came forward and put her arm around his neck and said :

“Woman’s love or man’s love, who knows how God makes it,

father? And the fisherman's poet—a far wiser man than most men—asks and answers the same troublesome question in his way. What is love? How does it come? But never fret yourself, father, for Denas loves you and mother first of all and best of all." And she slipped on to his knee and stretched out her hand to her mother, and so, kissing the tears off her father's face and the smiles off her mother's lips, she went happily to her sleep.

And a great trust came into the father's and mother's hearts; they spoke long of their hopes and plans for her happiness, and then, stepping softly to her bedside, they blessed her in her sleep. And she was dreaming of Roland Tresham. So, mighty is love, and yet so ignorant; so strong, and yet so weak; so wise, and yet so easily deceived.

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HYMN FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY S. M. BAKER HUDSON.

O SWEET New Year!  
 Unsullied, fair, from out His hand—  
 Thou'rt God's own gift to me!  
 Shall sin of mine, shall doubt or fear  
 Shed blight upon this dawning year?  
 Oh, Father, help Thou me!

O opening Year!  
 I mark the promise all divine  
 Which gilds each radiant hour.  
 Where willing heart and strength combine.  
 I read along each golden line  
 The prophecy of power.

O untried year!  
 But what for me? with my poor store  
 Of e'er-increasing need?  
 Who had so long'd to give thee more,  
 Who would my throbbing love outpour  
 In loving word and deed.

God of the year!  
 Thou knowest all! Thou knowest best  
 Thy perfect wish for me,—  
 Here would I stay—to work or rest,  
 Nor less nor more of selfish quest  
 Could satisfying be.

God of the years!  
 I love Thy will. Hail! glad, sweet time  
 For me—hope's halcyon hour!  
 When every power, unfettered, free  
 From plaint of poor mortality,  
 Shall royal service render thee  
 While endless aeons are!

PARRY SOUND.

## THE DRAGON AND THE TEA-KETTLE.

BY MRS. JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

## CHAPTER I.—FANNY.

ON a November afternoon in 187—, I was returning from a service in Spurgeon's Tabernacle. At the "Elephant and Castle" I walked south-west, intending to leave the Surrey side by the Waterloo Bridge. I was passing through a broad and busy street; the short late autumn day had already closed, and the lamps were lit. Here and there an unusual blaze of splendour falling over the sidewalk, marked the gorgeous front of one of those gates of hell—a gin-palace. I was passing such a doorway—all was brilliant, clean, alluring; the gas-jets flamed, the plate-glass shone; brass and steel knobs and rails glittered; marble paint and gilding united in the decorations. In the windows bottles and glasses and placards were artfully arranged; the pot-boys flew about, their shirts spotlessly white, their neckties of rainbow hues. Steadily, steadily as a whirlpool sucks down into its centre all near floating things, this broad open door sucked in the passers-by. Just before me were two girls of twenty-five and seventeen. The elder pressed toward the gin-palace with the step of one accustomed to that threshold; the other moved reluctantly, and as one painfully questioning of her course. The elder girl laid her hand on her companion's arm, "Come on! Fanny!" she said sharply. At once it flashed upon me that here was a soul in deadly peril. Immortal interests were trembling in the balance; a word, a touch might decide a destiny. Instinctively, then, I laid my hand on her other arm, and said promptly, "Don't you go in there, Fanny!" Both girls started with astonishment; the taller withdrew her hand; the younger, after the first surprise, said, half defiantly, "Why not?"

"Because who goes in that door is almost sure to miss the door of Heaven."

"I'm little likely to find that door, anyway," said the girl. "It is kept for my betters."

"It is for all who desire to enter in. 'Whosoever will, let him come freely,' 'Come unto Me all ye that labour.' But those who enter such a place as this forsake their own mercies. Would your mother like you to go into a gin-palace?"

"She's dead," said the girl, with a little quiver in her voice.

"Come along, Fan," said her companion in an undertone.

I looked more narrowly at the two. The elder was a hard-faced, flaunting damsel, with bold eyes and tawdry finery. The younger seemed rather sad than bad; she was undeniably pretty, and her whole appearance suggested a hard fight to maintain honesty and decency; she was clean; her coarse black dress had neither tatter nor trimming; her cheap round black hat had no gaudy flower or feather; a bit of white muslin pinned about the throat, the

thick, patched shoes, indicated the strong effort to maintain a womanly appearance in the midst of wretched poverty.

"You look," I said, "like a girl who has tried to be good."

Meanwhile my escort, accustomed to my vagaries of "missionating" on the streets, had accommodately turned his back, and through the plate-glass windows was surveying the interior of the gin-palace. To my remark, "I have tried!" cried Fanny; "but what is the use? When one is out of work, and walks all day and cannot find a place; when you have no home but a little attic, without a fire, all your things gone to the pawnbroker's—Let me be, Bess!" (Bess tossed her head and entered the gin-palace). "When you don't know where your rent is coming from, and look to be put out in the streets in a couple of days, what's the use; one *must go down!* I've had nothing to eat since morning, and then only a penn'orth at a stall. In *here* I can sit as long as I like, where it is warm, and I'll get a sandwich and a glass of beer, for my last twopence. I don't care for beer, but one can't choose, and where else will I get as much?"

"And can you not fight a little longer, Fanny, as you have fought, for your own sake and your mother's sake? I believe from your looks she was a good woman."

"She was!" said Fanny, with a sob. "Oh, why couldn't I ha' died with her! The world's too hard a place for poor girls without mothers! Yes, I can fight a *day* more, I suppose, but I know how it will end. Hearts gets weak when folks is hungry."

She turned. "But stay," I said, clasping her arm closer, "you need not go without something to eat. The world will look a better place, and the fight will go easier after you have a hot supper. Is there no shop where a warm, decent meal can be had? Ah, what is this across the street?"

'THE DRAGON AND THE TEA-KETTLE.

MISS CHIP'S

TEMPERANCE EATING-HOUSE.'

That looks like a decent place."

"Ay, I've never been in there," said Fanny.

The house in question faced the gin-palace. It was a very old building, and had evidently been a "public" or drinking-house long before the even more deadly gin-palaces came in fashion. In ancient times its name had been "The Dragon," and a great, winged, open-mouthed, snaky monster, the popular myth of the dragon, had been set over the door, its head thrust out above the street. On this very head, as on a hook, had been hung a big burnished copper tea-kettle, and underneath in huge red letters on a black ground:

"MISS CHIP'S

TEMPERANCE EATING-HOUSE."

saucily faced "Mr. Whaling's gin-palace."

However, as I said, looking about: "What is this over the street?" a tall, middle-aged woman, made up of right-angles, appeared from the doorway under the pendant kettle. She wore a brown worsted gown, a black silk apron, had a red bow at her throat, and a black lace cap with purple ribbons. Nothing upon her fitted, not even the silver spectacles, that constantly got awry on her Roman nose. There was a pen stuck behind her ear, and business promptitude was in every motion, as she marched across the street, and as I finished reading her sign she said briskly: "I'm Miss Chip! Yes, I can give the young woman her supper; come over."

She faced about and marched back immediately, like a platoon of soldiers. I conducted Fanny after her, and my faithful escort closed up our line. When we entered the eating-house Miss Chip was already seated in her high desk, surveying and ruling her busy realm. It was not scarcity of custom that had brought her over the way; I divined at once that she had a warfare with her opposite neighbour, and this was one of her little skirmishes. Almost every table was occupied; the eating public were nearly all workmen or workwomen, here and there a policeman or so, and at a long, narrow table, by a wall, a squad of shoeblacks and paper-sellers greedily devouring stews. As we passed the threshold, Miss Chip's voice rang out, shrill and clear: "Sara! Irish stew and bread!" and Miss Chip's bony finger motioned Fanny to an empty stand near the centre of the room.

Fanny took her place, "Sara" promptly set before her a big bowl of stew—and I stood to examine the whole scene. A large open fire-place was opposite the door; around it was a wire screen, and in a high-backed chair, a very clean, very old, and very decrepit woman, a pillow at her back, sat nodding vacantly at every one in the room, and yet seeming to derive a certain satisfaction from the light, the heat, and the bustle.

Suddenly there was a little cry, and this old dame fell out of her chair upon the screen, which swayed back toward the fire, but just as instantaneously she was caught up by Fanny, who darted toward her as she began to fall.

Fanny lifted her up, and had her back in the chair in a second—smoothing her rumpled garments, soothing her as one would a child. "There! Why, you're all right! You are not hurt a hair. There you are! Come now, I'll put up my table over alongside of you, and we'll both be comfortable. You'll not go out that way again soon, I'm sure; how are you?" The old lady feebly chuckled as she recovered from her fright, but held fast by Fanny's gown, mumbling, "Nice girl! pretty dear!"

The old lady's accident occasioned considerable tumult in the room. Miss Chip rushed from her desk to the fire-place, but Fanny had forestalled her, and was doing all that could be done. Miss Chip's excitement, therefore, expended itself in a burst of anger.

"That she should have been left alone! Her life risked! Where is that Jane?"

And as the culprit, Jane, a plump, stupid-looking girl, in a ser-

vant's cap, appeared, "How dare you leave my mother? . She might have been killed, you careless creature!"

"It was only for a minute," pleaded Jane. "She looked so safe, and Mr. Rogers"—glancing at a portly policeman—"had been calling for casters this five minutes."

Miss Chip strode back to her desk, and Jane retired to a corner, and took refuge in tears. She had no heart to wait further on tables, and Fanny was attending to the old dame, as she ate her supper at her side.

Miss Chip was calming a little after her tempest, when a big bricklayer came up to pay his supper money. He laid a shilling on the desk, and leaned confidently over it—seeming on good terms with the mistress of the place. "Can I do anything for you this evening, Miss Chip?"

There was a meaning in this question, but Miss Chip said only: "Mr. Cook, do you happen to know that young girl by my mother?"

"Well, indeed," said Mr. Cook, "Fanny's a right good girl. My poor wife set store by her mother. They lived above our floor, so long as the mother was able to work; but she took ill with consumption, and they moved to a cheaper place, and Fanny nursed her mother, and worked for two. My poor woman died, and I lost track of Fanny. I heard her mother had gone too. Fanny was in a box factory, and a fortnight ago they dismissed half their hands, owing to slack work. I suppose Fanny was one of them. You see, Miss Chip—some of them places, if they turns off hands, makes a difference, and sends off their single ones, that has only their own selves to do for, and keeps on the women with children, or them as has old people to support. I don't say but it's right—it saves 'em from goin' on the parish—and yet, Miss Chip, it is a main hard thing for a young, friendless girl to be set adrift—no home but what she keeps by her earnings, and if they stops, where is rent and bread to come from? It is a hard world, Miss Chip, for girls out of home, or work, and if many of them goes bad, wily, who's to blame? God help 'em, I say." Consciously or not, his eye sought the mourning Jane. Miss Chip perhaps noticed it. Mr. Cook pocketed his change. "And there's no errand, or anything for me, Miss Chip?"

"Well, no, I don't think of any," said Miss Chip slowly, her eyes still on Fanny. "She seem's a nice, handy girl with weakly people."

"Uncommon—along of tending her mother so much. Well, e'n'e'n, Miss Chip. No messages, nor anything?"

"N-o-o-o, I fancy not," said Miss Chip.

"I'll be going along the streets quite a bit—well, good-night, Miss Chip."

Mr. Cook went to the door, with the gait of one who expected to be called back—he opened it, he was stepping out. Then Miss Chip looked up briskly, as if remembering. "Oh, Mr. Cook—if you *should* see Mr. Goldspray, you *might* mention that that veal chop as he ordered, is waiting."

"Ay, I will," said Mr. Cook, who had evidently got the message he expected, and went off promptly.

Five minutes more passed, in taking change, calling out orders, regulating, hastening, managing all things. Fanny was slowly finishing her supper, evidently reluctant to leave the warm, bright fireside. The old lady, like a child with a new toy, kept her hold of Fanny's gown, and babbled ceaselessly.

Then, with another of her galvanic springs, Miss Chip was out of her chair, out of her desk, her eyes on the broad glow of light before the gin-palace. In a second she was out of the door, and over the street. We watched her. Three young men were nearing that fatal door, one evidently leading the other two. The central figure in this group of three was a short, slender, natty young fellow, talking glibly and evidently fond of songs, jokes, cheap jewellery; a shallow-pated, easy youth. Before this individual Miss Chip planted herself, on the very step of the gin-palace.

"Your chop is waiting, Mr. Goldspray, it will be spoiled. Such a one as you are to order chops and forget 'em!"

"Bobby's coming in here first, to hunt up a h'appetite," said the leader of the three.

"Them as work hard and honest, don't need to hunt up appetites," said Miss Chip, sturdily. "Come, Mr. Goldspray."

"Don't you run so after custom—take what comes to you," said her adversary, in a bullying tone.

Miss Chip's disposition was up in arms in an instant. "There's one thing certain, Peter Parks—your custom will never be a fortune to anybody if you go often into this door. And I warn you how it will be, you'll soon be pushed back, from this gay front bar, to the darker rooms behind, till you are in that black den at the rear, where ragged, idiotic wretches sit guzzling, waiting for the policeman, or the hospital stretcher, to carry them off. And yet, I have no doubt, if you'd turn about, and never take another drop of strong drink, you'd be a master workman in ten years, and live respected in your parish."

"Never you mind, Miss Chip," said Peter. "Ain't you going to let the Golden Daisy come in with me? We thought to slip' in easy while you was busy taking change."

"Let my best boarder go along with you!" cried Miss Chip, "and his supper waiting. I might lose him altogether; and his room rented for a year!"

"Well, if you're tied to *her* apron-string, Bobby," said Peter.

Bobby moved uneasily. Between Peter's scorn and Miss Chip's domination he was in a wretched state. Miss Chip addressed the third in the party:

"I don't know who you are, young man, but you look a likely enough fellow. I'm bound you have a mother, or a sister, or a sweetheart, interested in your doings, and looking to you to make a home for them. So many drops as you drink in this place, so many tears they'll shed, drop for drop. And I warn you, young man, tears on dead faces are heavy on the soul. If you'll step over to

my place and share Mr. Goldspray's chop, you'll be more than welcome."

"Oh, if it's two against one, I'm off," said Peter, hurrying into the gin-palace.

Miss Chip then marched the trophies of her bow and her spear into the Dragon and Tea-kettle, and with much ceremony established them in state, in one of four little recesses curtained off with red, which were the uppermost rooms at her feasts.

"Here you, Jane!" she cried. "What are you doing over in that corner? Since you like so well to wait on tables, I'll set you at that, though I doubt you are swift-footed enough for a waiter. Bring Mr. Goldspray's chop and fried potatoes for two, and be spry at it. Tea, gentlemen?"

The gentlemen signified their willingness to imbibe tea. I thought there was a gleam of hope in Jane's big, pale-blue eyes, as she waited on Mr. Goldspray and his friend.

We had had some fragmentary conversation with Miss Chip, but our careful observation of the interior of the Dragon and the Tea-Kettle seemed received as the best compliment we could pay her. Our own supper, no doubt, had long been waiting. We approached the desk.

"The young girl we brought in here has a home as long as her rent is paid. If we arrange for her meals here for a few days, perhaps, by that time, we can find her work."

For answer Miss Chip called out: "Jane, go stand in front of the old lady, and send that young woman to me. You seem to like old folks," quoth Miss Chip, briskly, as Fanny approached.

"Oh, yes, indeed," said Fanny, heartily. "I had such a dear old grandmother once—a long while ago."

A smile gleamed in Miss Chip's keen eye. To hear Fanny talk of "a long while ago" was like hearing a six-year-old tell about "when he was a little boy."

"Very well," said Miss Chip. "You'll stay and wait on the old lady, and see if you can mind her better than Jane did. She's to be humoured and treated as if she were the Queen, mind that. You'll get a pound a month, your keep and washing, and a present now and then, if I'm pleased."

There was interrogation in Miss Chip's eye, if not in her voice, and Fanny answered eagerly:

"Oh, thank you, thank you; I'll be glad to stop and do my best."

"Go back to her now; amuse her if she gets thinking and down-hearted. She's to be put to bed at half-past eight, and Jane will show you how. Jane! take Mr. Goldspray and his friend the paper and a checker-board."

"But Jane?" we ventured to say, being sorry for the big, stupid creature.

"Oh, she'll wait on tables. Never fear for her; but she'll ruin me with her slowness, no doubt."

We went out, having promised to call on Miss Chip very soon. On the sidewalk, we were at a point where we had a view at once of the interiors of "Whaling's Gin-Palace" and "Miss Chip's Eat-

ing-House." The gin-palace was glare and glitter—a huge, red landlord, with an immensity of shirt-bosom and watch-chain; a bedizened landlady, saucy, be-ribboned girls, the counters and tables crowded with bold, bleached, haggard faces.

Within the Dragon and Tea-Kettle all was homely comfort. The old woman by the leaping fire gave a domestic look to the place. 'The faces at the tables were honest and satisfied, if rough. The waiter-girls were modest and plain; frugal good order prevailed. Miss Chip, from her wooden throne, saw and ruled all. Mr Goldspray and his friend played checkers under the red curtains. Rogers, the policeman, came near us. "An energetic woman," we said.

"She's a woman with a tremendous history," said Rogers.

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#### CHAPTER II.—THE DRAGON AND THE TEA-KETTLE.

The next time we were at Miss Chip's establishment was at nine o'clock in the morning, an hour when London was hardly awake, and no well-to-do Londoner expected to be stirring. Some one else had risen early also. The unlucky Jane, in a huge canvas apron and a pair of pattens, was washing off the sidewalk before the well scrubbed step of the eating-house. The door stood open, and within one could see that the fire was just lighted; the floor was newly scrubbed and sanded, and every table was as clean as brush could make it. At a corner, two squares below, we had overtaken policeman Rogers, and asked him:

"Have you known Miss Chip long?"

"Aye, ma'am; since she opened yon place—four years.

"And what is its influence in the neighbourhood?"

"Nothing could be better. I often say it is as good in its way as a church. Many a one has turned aside from yon gin-palace, seeing a cheap, quiet place, where a meal can be had from a penny up. There's scores of young girls and men Miss Chip has rescued from the devil's clutches."

"And is she so supported that she will be able to keep it up?"

"She seems to be making money. Indeed she says so herself, and calls it business, and won't allow it's charity. But it's more than I can cipher how she can pay her way on the prices she asks, comparing with other places called cheap; and what she gives away is scarce to be guessed at. You'd be clean surprised at it. I can only make it out by the arithmetic of the Good Book. 'There is that giveth and yet increaseth.' 'He that giveth unto the poor lendeth to the Lord.' It's clear to me that Miss Chip has got the Lord Himself for business partner, and so there'll be no smash-up there. When I go in her door, I think of a word in the Good Book, 'He that converteth a sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death and cover a multitude of sins.'"

Leaving Mr. Rogers, we came upon Jane finishing her scrubbing.

"What, Jane, are you housemaid?" we asked.

"If you please, ma'am, Miss Chip were quite right. I couldn't be a waiter if I tried ever so hard. I upset the milk on Mr. Gold-spray's table-cloth, I dropped the forks and knives, I broke a jug, and I somehow slid a pork chop off the plate fair on to Mr. Rogers' clean uniform—and that *was* a misfortune. I bought a new jug, and I'm certain I cried tears enough to wash Mr. Rogers' whole suit. Then I asked the missus if I might trade work with Emily. Emily's one of them lucky girls as can turn a hand to anything. So we traded work; and I *can* scrub. I was up at five. Don't the place look tidy? I'll get along if I don't let my brooms and brushes fall, and upset the scrub-pail too often. What makes me so unlucky, I'm sure, is my misfortunes when I were little. My mother drank, ma'am, and she was allus shyin' things, not much matter what, whether coals or knives, or sticks or rags, at us young 'uns, and cuffin' us over the 'eads, and that kept us dodgin' and so scared like, our wits nearly left us. When Miss Chip were on the point of turnin' me off, along of the chop on Mr. Rogers' uniform, I up and sobs out as how I had been brung up and made awk'ard. Sez she, 'There, Jane, I know how *that* goes. You'll bide here if I have to keep you in a corner doin' nothin'.'"

Escaping from Jane, we entered the eating-house, just as a squad of twenty boys and girls, flower and paper sellers and shoeblacks, filed out from behind the long board placed as a table on one side of the room, and each, passing Miss Chip's desk, laid down a penny with a "Mornin', Miss Chip."

"You don't understand that kind of living," said Miss Chip. "Those youngsters get bread and coffee, bread and soup, bread and stew, alternately. Sundays they each get a bowl of oatmeal porridge and milk. They have two meals a day. Sometimes they get flush, and sit down at one of the tables, and order tripe and potatoes, or roast meat with gravy. These other meals cost them a penny each. So they live, and thrive tolerably, on about five cents daily."

"Miss Chip do you make this pay? Can you feed the poor public at a temperance eating-house in this way, and make a living at it?"

"I've got a hundred and twenty *pound* in bank, put by, out of this business, in four years," said Miss Chip.

"About one hundred and fifty *dollars* gains, net, a year. It is not large, but many would wonder that you did not get one hundred and fifty dollars loss."

"I'll make more after this," said Miss Chip. "I've had about a hundred pounds of 'stock to buy—tables, dishes, bedding—I have ten lodgers. I set up with less outfit than I needed, but I'm furnished now."

"It would do me much good to hear you explain how you do it. I have known dozens of temperance eating-houses to fail. Our ladies try to keep them up in poor neighbourhoods, and find that they run behind, so that they must be closed. How do you do it?"

"Why, if I was a *lady*, or a *committee*, I suppose I'd fail, too," said Miss Chip. "It needs a constant eye to the work, and a work-

ing mistress, all the time about—a good business woman at that. I can't turn the hungry empty away, and yet, if I'm to feed 'em free, it must be done out of my economies, for I've no capital."

"But explain—for the good of temperance—how you do it."

"In the first place, I do all my own buying. Then I see to the use of every ounce of food I bring in. Then, I have no extra servants. Folks I hire must work hard and steady, and they get no big wages, but they get a good, clean, honest home; chance to go to church; and if they fall ill here is their *home*, and I take care of 'em free and faithful."

"As I shall never set up as your rival in business," I said, "perhaps you will kindly explain your methods more minutely, and let me see your house."

"You'd be welcome to be twenty rivals," said Miss Chip. "If there was a place like mine every six or eight squares, where poor people work or live, there would soon be a sheriff's sale at many such places as you see over the way. The more temperance eating-houses, the less gin-palaces."

Miss Chip kept looking toward the inner door of her restaurant, as if in anxious expectation, as she talked. The door opened, and Mr. Goldsray entered.

Good cheer and relief flashed over Miss Chip's face. "I hope you're well, this morning, Mr. Goldsray. Your breakfast is ready. Will you have a bit of fried liver?" I told Em'ly to be on time with it. I says to Em'ly, 'A business man can't be late to his business, when he's needed particular, like Mr. Goldsray. Em'ly, be on time with his breakfast, for he won't stand being kept waiting one minute—nor I won't for him,' I told Em'ly."

Em'ly, who in some occult fashion had discovered that Mr. Goldsray had appeared, here came in with a tray, and both she and Miss Chip were busy waiting on this superior young man.

We observed that the severe woman's whole manner altered toward this boarder. To others she was prompt, short, business-like—to Mr. Goldsray, effusive, voluble, flattering. Narrowly regarding the object of so much attention, we divined that he was surrounded with myths by Miss Chip. She called him her best boarder, served him with the best of her house, talked of her profits from his custom, but, looking at Mr. Goldsray's idle and airy appearance, no one could doubt that he cared no more for paying his bills than a robin in a hedgerow. He was a young man to invest his small gains in gorgeous vests, glass breast-pins, enormous seal-rings, and tight boots, with an easy unconsciousness that bed, board, and washing were far in arrears. He might be any age from eighteen to twenty-six; a naturally slender physique had been evidently enfeebled by late hours and dissipation.

"I'll be bound you were up early, Miss Chip," he said, in reply to her recounted exhortation to Em'ly.

"At market at five. It won't do for me to lie a-bed."

"And as fresh as—as a lark after it," said Mr. Goldsray. "How is the old lady?"

"Slept like a babe!" said Miss Chip, delighted.

"Ah! there's an old lady for you; I'll never live to half her age; but you, Miss Chip, will be lively and young if you see ninety, or even a hundred; you'll never take time to grow old."

"There, sir; what a smooth tongue you have; as if I'd believe half your nonsense. Is the liver good?"

"Thanks, one would eat anything you offered him, it is sure to be good," said the boarder, who doubtless paid his way in no coin but compliments, and so used plenty of them.

"You'll be in early, and give us a little music, Mr. Goldspray; one of your own songs, now?"

"Well, perhaps."

"Be sure now, and there'll be tripe for supper."

Mr. Goldspray finished his breakfast, Miss Chip went to the door with him, said some words in a low tone, and we made sure she called him "Bobby."

"Dinner and supper are the fullest meals," said Miss Chip.

The Dragon and the Tea-Kettle, being a very ancient building, was but low; its walls were ceiled, not plastered. It had probably been once a post-house, or a house of call, for drovers, farmers, peddlers, then a mere drinking-house, with beds to let, and would, Miss Chip told us, have been torn down, only that she interested the old gentleman who had fallen heir to it, in giving her a twenty years' lease of it for a temperance eating-house.

"The rent is fair and not too heavy, and it suits me. I wanted to be opposite Whaling's. I've a score to settle with him," said Miss Chip, as she led us up-stairs. The house had the full story below, a half story with a sloping roof and dormer windows above, and a long, narrow attic under the pitch of the roof. In this attic were three beds, occupied by Miss Chip's six servant-women.

The floor below had eight bedrooms, devoted to the ten lodgers. As we expected, we found Mr. Goldspray's room the best, having a larger square of carpet, some pictures on the wall, a toilette table in pink cambric, and other accessories, such as a mother might arrange for a daughter. There was also a room for bedding and linen, which, Miss Chip said she hoped to get filled some day.

On the first floor, immediately behind one-half the eating-room, stretched back a long kitchen. It was very clean, not very well lit, and had a huge stove. "Here," said Miss Chip, "I have spent most of my money, because here is where it paid me the best. I could not afford to buy my bread; we bake it ourselves, ten large loaves every day.

The cook was a woman of fifty, tidy, silent, sad, busy. "She can do all a baker's-shop could," said Miss Chip. "She was a baker's wife once."

Immense cauldrons for cooking meat, and a big tin boiler for coffee, were on the stove or range.

Across the hall from the kitchen was a cellar, with wood and coal stored on one side, boxes for vegetables on the other, locked cupboards for tea, coffee, sugar, rice, and other groceries of the kind, and a great table where the meats were laid.

"I give out everything," said Miss Chip, briskly; "I see to every

thing, I arrange everything; one head is just as needful to a cheaply-run house as one head to a body."

She approached the meat-table. "Soup," she said, touching a heap of bones. "I buy those bones very cheap; there's quite a bit of trimmings left on 'em, you see. This heap is scrap meat for stews; when the butchers trim up roasts for rich folk there's all this scrap meat left. Two butchers I have traded with this ten years keep it for me."

"Oh, then, you've kept such a place before you moved here?"

"I don't mind telling you my history some day," said Miss Chip, "if it's only to show you by what strange ways the Lord leads some people, and also to show you more of what you may know something—the curse of drink."

"This is my room, mine and mother's," continued Miss Chip. "I was bound she'd have one decent place in her life, if it was in the last of it. She's had it hard enough, poor soul. I make it bright here, her eyes is dim, and yet she can see red, and likes it, and the fire and the pictures keep her from remembering too much. Sundays we sit here a good bit. When I'm back from church, I read the Bible or hymns to her, and though sometimes, in the midst of it all, we get thinking and fearing that those we loved have missed of the good land, I say to her, 'Mother, we can leave them with the merc; of God, He's sure to do the right thing by all. We don't know what passed between Him and their secret hearts, mayhap, at the last.'"

"That is the very best Christian philosophy," I said, "and I hope you are both able to take comfort in it. Your mother is certainly well provided for in these, her last days."

"I've earned it all in twenty-five years, with my own hands and head," said Miss Chip, with some pride. "Twenty-five years ago this November, I had no home but under the 'arches' down by the bridge. I had not one possession but my sole garment, a ragged frock. I was barefooted and bareheaded; my food was any crust or bone that I could pick up in the ash-barrels, or in boxes set out for the slop-gatherer. My mother was lying in the hospital with a broken hip. I bring home dozens of forsaken children to feed, or let sleep in a closet off the kitchen; it seems as if in each little girl, the ghost of my own past rises up before me."

She had now led me back to the eating-room, where the old lady, served by Fanny, was taking her breakfast near the fire.

"How are you getting on, Fanny?" we asked.

"Oh, I'm very comfortable and happy," said Fanny, "it is a pleasure to wait on the old lady, she is just like a child. Miss Chip is very good. She advanced me five shillings of my month's wages, so I could get out what of my mother's things I had to pawn, and I am very nicely fixed here. When my month is up I'll get me some more proper clothes, and I hope to stay and do my duty. I wondered last night if my poor mother knew how well-off I was."

"Be sure, at least, that by this time she has learned so much of the goodness of God, that she is in no concern about you, but is sure that He will make all things work together for your good."

## THE PRISON SYSTEM OF ONTARIO.

It is often said, and doubtless with a good deal of truth, that "one-half the world does not know how the other half lives." However this may be in a general way, we venture to say that neither one-half nor yet one-quarter of our people know what is going on within prison walls. How many readers of the magazines, I wonder, know anything of the number or the condition of the prisoners now confined either in the penal or in the reformatory institutions of this fair province of Ontario, or what is being attempted for their reformation.

In view of the prison reform movement inaugurated in Ontario recently, possibly a short sketch of the present position of our penal and reformatory institutions will be read with interest. We are indebted for the facts here presented to the industrious Secretary of the Prisoners' Aid Association.

In accordance with the British North American Act and the subsequent enactment of the Dominion Government, all prisoners sentenced for two years and upwards are sent to the penitentiaries and are maintained by the Dominion Government, while all prisoners sentenced for a less time than two years are sent either to gaol or to the Central Prison, in the case of male prisoners, and in the case of female prisoners either to gaol or to the Reformatory for Women. Prisoners in the gaols are maintained at the expense of the counties where they are convicted, while prisoners in the Central Prison are maintained by the Ontario Government.

There is a penitentiary located in each province. The penitentiary for the Province of Ontario is located at Kingston.

The Ontario penal and reformatory institutions are as follows: One Central Prison for men, one Reformatory for women, one Reformatory

for boys, one Refuge for girls, one Industrial School for boys, one Industrial School for girls, and thirty-seven County Gaols.

### THE CENTRAL PRISON.

The Central Prison is located at Toronto, and has an average of 300 prisoners. The length of the sentences varies from two months to two years (less one day). Prisoners may be either sent to the Central Prison by sentence of the Court, or they may be transferred from the county gaols.

The men of the "Central" are engaged at a number of industries, including making bricks, blankets, bed mattresses, and binder twine. All able-bodied men are compelled to work. The rule is "No work, no bread." Although the discipline is strict—in fact, military in exactness—the men have good food, and are humanely treated. There is a night-school four nights a week where the men are taught reading, writing, and arithmetic. The teachers are selected by the Prisoners' Aid Association, and while imparting secular instruction they do not neglect to impart moral and religious instruction as well. Every Sunday morning there is a Sunday-school from 9 to 10.30, and at 3 in the afternoon there is a preaching service by some member of the Toronto Ministerial Association. The Roman Catholics have a Sunday service also, namely, at 8 a.m.

In addition to this, the agent of the Prisoners' Aid Association visits the men in their cells every Sunday, giving special attention to the men who are to be discharged during the week. The prison is about two miles west of the centre of the city, and the teachers of the Sunday-school voluntarily walk that distance every Sunday morning. When the men are discharged, a helping hand is extended by the Prisoners' Aid Association.

ciation, and many are helped to a better life.

The Central Prison, take it all in all, is a model institution, and reflects the greatest credit upon James Massie, the efficient Warden.

#### THE REFORMATORY FOR WOMEN.

also called the "Mercer" Reformatory, is situated about half a mile west of the Central Prison, between King street and the Industrial Fair grounds. Women are sent to this reformatory for periods varying from three months to any period less than two years. The average number imprisoned here is less than 100. The principal industry at the "Mercer" is laundry work. There is a Sunday-school Sunday morning at 9 o'clock, and a preaching service Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock, as well as on every Thursday evening. There is a Bible-woman in connection with the Prisoners' Aid Association, who visits the women at the Reformatory steadily, and who receives into the "Shelter" any of those discharged from the Reformatory who may be disposed to avail themselves of its hospitality.

The Prison Reform Commissioners recommend the removal of the young girls from the adjoining Refuge, and utilizing the space gained to effect a better system of classification than seems now practicable.

The lady-superintendent complains that in most cases the women are sent to the Reformatory for too short a term to be of much benefit, and in many cases a second sentence is shorter than the first, instead of being longer, as it should be.

We might mention in this connection that it has been suggested that when the girls in the Refuge are removed, possibly an arrangement might be made with the Dominion Government whereby women sentenced for longer periods than two years might be sent to the Ontario Reformatory instead of to the Penitentiary at Kingston, as at present.

#### THE REFUGE FOR GIRLS

is (unfortunately) situated on the same grounds as, and the building is

connected with, that of the Reformatory for women. The average number of girls in the Refuge is about fifty. The ages range from five up to sixteen. The girls spend about four hours daily at their lessons, and about four hours at work. The sentences vary from six months to six years. It is claimed that a large percentage of these girls do well after leaving the Refuge. In cases, however, where they return to idle or dissolute relations, the girls do badly. The great drawback to the successful working of this institution is the close proximity to the Women's Reformatory. The Commissioners recommend that the Refuge be entirely separated from the Reformatory, and be established on farm land away from city influences, and that the girls be taught farm and dairy work, and all kinds of housework as well.

#### THE REFORMATORY FOR BOYS

is situated at Penetanguishene. The building is an old barracks built about the beginning of the century, but unused for many years. The location is bad, and the building is not at all adapted to the wants of such an institution. The Prison Reform Commissioners recommend that a Reformatory for boys be established on good farm land, not too far from the centres of population; that the boys be taught farming (which is now impossible), and that the Cottage system be introduced, both with a view to classification and also for the purpose of bringing to bear the reforming influence of home life upon these wayward boys.

There is an average of over 200 boys in this Reformatory. The evidence taken by the Commissioners with regard to the working of this institution certainly does not show the Reformatory in a good light. There are no statistics regarding the work accomplished by the Reformatory, as, sad to say, no trace is kept of those discharged from the institution, and nothing is done to give them a helping hand on leaving it. This is a fearful wrong, and one that should be righted forthwith.

#### THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL FOR BOYS

is situated at Mimico on a farm of fifty acres, about five miles west of Toronto. The buildings were erected by, and the School is under the management of, a Board of Directors. The Ontario Government gave the land, and it also makes a small annual grant, something like seven and a half cents a day for each lad at the school. The teachers are supplied by the Toronto Public School Board. About four-fifths of the boys are from Toronto; the balance are from different parts of the Province. Their ages range from seven to fifteen. The number in the School at present is about 160. Any child under fourteen years of age found begging, or without a guardian, or destitute, or uncontrollable, or leading an idle or dissolute life, may, on being brought before a magistrate, and the facts substantiated, be sent to the Industrial School.

The boys are taught a little of everything, so to speak, so as to make them "handy" in after life. At this School there are farming and gardening, carpentering, tailoring, laundry work, cooking and housework. About three hours a day is devoted to school work, two and a half to recreation, and one hour to devotions and Bible reading. The boys are specially encouraged to go on farms after leaving the School. In all cases of boys without homes to return to, situations are found for them before leaving the School, and a kindly supervision is kept over them afterwards.

The Industrial School at Mimico is a model institution, and is doing a grand work for the Province in rescuing these waifs and strays of society.

It should be added that the School is on the Cottage plan, there being about forty boys to each cottage, and each cottage under the management of a wise and kindly matron.

#### THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

is located about three miles east of Toronto, and is under the same governing Board as that of the Industrial School for boys, but its

management is in the hands of a committee of ladies. It has only recently been organized, but when we mention that it has on its Board such ladies as Mrs. Dr. W. T. Aikins and Miss Wilkes, we may confidently predict a successful future for an institution with so worthy an object, namely, to rescue destitute little girls from a life of vice and crime.

#### THE GAOLS OF ONTARIO

are partly under municipal and partly under governmental control. The buildings are constructed and the prisoners maintained by the counties, while the gaolers are appointed by the sheriffs, and the sheriffs by the Government. The gaols are also visited by the Inspector of Prisons of the Province. They are well built, well kept, and the prisoners are humanely treated. About nine-tenths of all prisoners in custody in the Province are confined in the county and district gaols. There are about 10,000 commitments to the gaols of Ontario yearly. During the last five years there has been a slight decrease in the number of committals.

The prisoners in our gaols are securely kept and they are well cared for, but it is notorious that our gaol system is far from satisfactory. It is neither deterrent nor reformatory. The great bane of our gaol system is the lack of means for the efficient classification of the prisoners. Each prisoner is provided with a small, narrow cell for sleeping in, but during the day the prisoners, old and young, the novice and the hardened criminal, are allowed to associate in the halls or corridors of the gaols. It can easily be seen that this system "tends," as Warden Lavell states, "to the manufacture rather than the reformation of criminals," and his Honor, Justice J. E. Rose, says, "Young men are often convicted of offences which do not really show moral guilt. In the gaol they consort with hardened criminals and so are educated in crime. If the degenerated and vicious were to meet to devise a scheme for the propagation of crime, they could adopt no

system to serve their purpose more fully than the present gaol system."

The remedy is a radical one, but unfortunately, also, rather expensive, namely, to adopt the system inaugurated in all the local prisons and gaols of Great Britain, some fifteen years ago, and with most gratifying results.

In this system each prisoner is furnished with a room or cell large enough to sleep and work in and he is kept absolutely separate from all other prisoners. There is no association with or contamination from other prisoners. The system was not introduced, however, until the Home Office took the entire management of the gaols. Previous to this all possible means were used to induce the local authorities to make the necessary changes, but without avail. In the case of the Ontario gaols, we trust it may not be necessary for the Provincial Government to resort to such an extreme measure. Our County Councillors are surely amenable to reason, and to the dictates of duty in a case such as this, where the good of the entire community is involved.

In the meantime the classification of prisoners in gaols could be improved, firstly, by removing the simply destitute prisoners to poor-houses, making separate provision for the custody of children, and, thirdly, by providing one or more reformatories in the Province for the habitual drunkard.

The establishment of a reformatory or reformatories for the inebriate was recommended by the Ontario Prison Reform Commission, and if

the County Councils should petition the Government to this effect, the matter would doubtless be taken up at an early date. The establishment of poor-houses is in the hands of the County Councils, and as an encouragement to the counties, the Ontario Government has offered a bonus of \$4,000 for the erection of every such poor-house. We are very sorry to learn that in many of our rich counties the gaols are used as poor-houses, and that the aged destitute poor, however respectable, are compelled to end their days in association with the degraded, the vicious, and the criminal. This is out of harmony with the spirit of the age, with common humanity, and with the dictates of religion.

Referring to this blot upon our county municipal system, the Inspector of Prisons for Ontario, in his annual report for 1891, makes use of the following vigorous language, which, to our mind, is not at all too severe:

"It is a disgrace to the people of this Province to allow their aged poor, who have committed no crime against the laws of the land, to be incarcerated within prison walls, clothed in the distinguishing garb of prison criminals. In most cases these people have lived honest and respectable lives, and, perhaps, have reared and educated large families, but from circumstances over which they had no control, have lost children, property and health. It is inhuman, un-Christian, and unpatriotic, and should be prevented by most stringent legislation, if not immediately remedied by the authorities of the various counties."

### "IN HIS KEEPING."

"In His keeping:" once again  
Thrills my soul the sweet refrain,  
Soothing sorrow, care and pain.

While I know my Saviour near,  
Life's steep path, obscure and drear,  
I may tread without a fear.

Close enfolded by His wing,  
TORONTO.

Though I suffer I can sing  
Of the joy His love doth bring.

He will be my guide and stay,  
Till, at last, the shadowed way  
Brightens into perfect day.

Then, from all time's trials free,  
Kept by Him I still shall be  
Through a glad eternity.

—Amy Parkinson.

## THE CHURCH AND SOCIAL PROBLEMS.\*

THIS is a most hopeful and inspiring book. It strikes the keynote of the new era. It preaches the new social economy, the true Christian Socialism that is yet to reorganize society on a higher plane and on a juster basis. "The social question," says the author, "as one of public well-being, demands everywhere to be heard, everywhere to be dealt with, everywhere to be solved. It is the life-and-death question of this and the next generation, gazing at and transfixing us, like the old sphinx with its insoluble, weird face, or ready, like another Frankenstein, to pursue with horrible hate and nameless cruel wrongs the very civilization that has called it into existence. All the best thought of our own and other countries turns to this momentous subject. It is the duty of all men, and especially of large representative bodies of men, to turn their minds with what light and leading they have to an examination of social problems."

The only solution which the author finds for these social problems is the application of the ethics of Christianity. "Before the Church lies the social question in its terrible perplexity, asking to be examined and solved. Man is himself the sphinx, the grave problem, and Christ in the face of God is the solution of it. There is urgent need for bringing the resources of this Gospel to bear on the great problems agitating our time with reference to the regeneration of society, the restoration of the family to the Christian ideal, the termination of the conflicts between capital and labour, and the social improvement of the people."

"The new political economy," he adds, "is full of hope, and 'looks for a new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.' In this hope of a worthy economic regime the Church is called to share,

and ought to regard its Gospel as the chief organ for fulfilling this exalted service. The sin of the Church has been to care more for distributing charity than for distributing wealth, in 'subordination to the kingdom of God and His righteousness.' Charity is good, but far better is the justice that quenches the need of it. The Church must awake to the grandeur of its task in seeking to adjust the industrial world to moral harmony, and in using its best energies to secure among men that reign of righteousness and that kingdom of heaven upon earth of which Plato caught a glimpse, and which the prophets of Israel and Jesus have announced to the world."

The author deals with the many varied aspects of this complex question, the land question, the labour question, rights and wages, the liquor question. On this subject he says: "If the money spent on intoxicating drinks were properly expended, it would give employment to 4,000,000 people; at present 500,000 are engaged in making and selling liquors—in destructive, not in productive labour, destroying as much grain as would make bread equal to about 1,200,000,000 of four-pound loaves. We go behind this drink bill of the nation to find it our national sin and national curse, which not only robs men of money, but robs them of intelligence, virtue, and religion, and brings upon them degradation, suffering, poverty, and all those social evils which so appal the hearts of philanthropic statesmen and well-wishers of their country."

Akin to this are the problems of poverty, sweating, housing the poor, child-life and rescue, woman's place and influence, the co-operative movements, and, high above all and grander than any dream of Plato, the new Christian commonwealth, the *Civitas Dei* which Augustine held over the

\* *The Church and Social Problems.* By A. SCOTT MATHESON, author of "The Gospel and Modern Substitutes." Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. vii.-375. Price, \$1 75.

dissolute city of Rome, the City of God coming down out of heaven, described in the Apocalypse of the inspired revelator. The Church, our author affirms, exists to spiritualize and regenerate social reform, to realize here and now the City of God on earth, civic righteousness among men, Christ's kingdom come with power and grace to every soul of man.

"To weary souls looking into other worlds for the fulfilment of their desires still does the question apply, 'Why stand ye gazing up into heaven?' For the ideal of God is a city of His own building, here, a city resting on His own name, and inhabited by His own presence. Men of aspiration are men who have worthy ideals, and this ideal of God—the splendid vision of a perfect society—is the greatest and most truly beneficent which we are able to conceive."

"The nineteenth century will be known as the age of physical science, but the twentieth century is likely to be known as the age of social science, the age of 'young men seeing visions and old men dreaming dreams' of the City of God. Let us ask God to write His name and the name of the Holy City upon us, that we may read some letters of that name for our inspiration and strength. Let the sense and dream of it abide in our hearts, that hours of solitude and darkness may shine with its descending light

"What shall we do, then, to secure the descent of the City of God—to hasten the advent of a better order? Our citizenship in that city must underlie and regulate and transform all earthly citizenship. The City of God hangs over our city, our town or village, wherever it may be; our faith should be to see a new London, a new Glasgow, a new Dumbarton, or whatever else it may be, and our task is to do all we can in helping to make it the City of God. Let the splendid vision as we work kindle our hearts into holy ardour, and move our hands to strenuous toil. We want a new Christ, a new heart, a new spirit of self-devotion to ideal ends, that will apply itself persistently in all departments of life. In the streets of our cities, through our citizen rights and duties, and in the midst of the incessant effort by which we are trying to make our way upwards, there must we be proving our connection with the Holy City on the fields of social life, and counting it an honour if we may but build the walls of the city at our door a little nearer heaven before we go. Let us keep the heavenly pattern before our eyes, and with such a widening horizon of interests and opportunities as these two citizenships—the heavenly and the earthly,—have in our time, let the sight more stir us to honourable emulation and enterprise than any vision that ever inspired crusader or knight errant in the days of old."

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#### THE DEAD YEAR.\*

Yet another chief is carried  
From life's battle on his spears,  
To the great Valhalla cloisters  
Of the ever-living years.

Yet another year—the mummy  
Of a warlike giant, vast—  
Is niched within the pyramid  
Of the ever-growing past.

Years roll through the palm of ages,  
As the dropping rosary speeds

Through the cold and passive fingers  
Of a hermit at his beads.

One year falls and ends its penance,  
One arises with its needs,  
And 'tis ever thus prays Nature,  
Only telling years for beads.

Years, like acorns from the branches  
Of the giant oak of time,  
Fill the earth with healthy seedlings,  
For a future more sublime.

\* This poem, by John Savage, is considered by the Editor of "The Irish Poets," the finest production of the kind in the English language.

## Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

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

### WESLEYAN METHODIST.

During the past year the profits of the Rev. T. Champness' Publishing House amounted to \$4,500. Next year he hopes to realize still more. He lately published a Chinese version of the Prodigal Son.

A new training-school for young women has been established at Rugby, under the care of Miss Champness, which will prove a fine centre for village evangelization.

The South African Conference has held its eleventh session. The adherents number 154,000, of whom 36,367 are members, with 15,219 on probation, and 7,412 in junior classes. The Conference will soon become self-supporting. Five years ago it received an English grant of \$65,000; this year the grant was \$17,000 less.

In South Australia meetings are being held to promote organic union among the various Methodist churches in that province. Chief Justice Way is greatly in favour of the proposal. A similar movement is at work in New Zealand. The basis of union contemplated is very similar to that of the Methodist Church in Canada.

Lord Ashburnham has given a site for a chapel in Hastings Circuit. His Lordship is a Roman Catholic, and made the gift in a most generous and gentlemanly manner.

The Duke of Marlborough laid the foundation for a Wesleyan place of worship at Combe. His Grace is very popular among the people of the locality.

The Bishop of Richmond some time ago gave a party at Stanhope rectory, to which the Wesleyan and Primitive Methodist ministers and their wives were invited. The Bishop and his good wife are very much esteemed by the Nonconformists.

Some interesting facts were made

known at a recent meeting of Queen's College, Taunton, which gives a middle-class education to the sons of Wesleyan laymen. Some of its old boys and old masters have won high distinction in the battle of life. One is known to be a Chinese mandarin, some are in Japan, others in India, Australia, South Africa, South America, Canada, France, Italy, Scotland, Wales, and in all parts of England. The school commenced fifty years ago with 33 boys. The highest number attained was 271.

### METHODIST EPISCOPAL.

Rev. James R. Day, D.D., LL.D., who has been a popular pastor for several years, has been unanimously elected Chancellor of Syracuse University.

The cash receipts of the Missionary Society amounted to \$1,196,068.77, being a deficiency for 1893 of \$60,764.15. The total appropriations for 1894 are \$1,150,000. The Japanese mission in California is marvellously prosperous. Rev. Dr. Peck, Missionary Secretary, has postponed his visit to the Asiatic Missions on account of the depressed condition of funds.

In the Ohio University at Delaware there are more than 1,200 students.

Bishop Fowler told of some fine specimens of the work of grace in Japan. One man gave up his employment to get time for study and prayer. He went into solitude and communed with God. He came back with a shining face. The missionary expounded to him the doctrine of Christian perfection, of which he had never before heard. He exclaimed, "That's what I have got; God has given me that; I have it." Another went to a boarding-house among his unconverted countrymen

in order to bring them to Christ, and succeeded marvellously.

Some Japanese converts in San Francisco went into Washington and Oregon, and held a meeting in a restaurant, which continued for weeks, and resulted in the conversion of 400 young men. One young man walked 500 miles along the Pacific railway to talk to the Japanese employees. There are 400 Japanese young men in San Francisco members of the Church.

Richard Grant and Anderson Fowler, Esqs., have donated to the Missionary Society property in Chili valued at \$200,000, which is entirely free from debt.

The Japanese Minister to Mexico was a convert to Christianity before he left his native land, and as soon as he reached the city of Mexico he joined the church of his choice.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society has an income of \$277,289.99, the largest in its history. It has auxiliaries in Switzerland and Germany, and supports 145 missionaries—22 in Japan, 8 in Mexico, 31 in China, 2 in Bulgaria, 36 in India, 6 in Korea, 2 in Malaysia, 2 in Italy, 5 in South America, and 3 in Burmah. Its organ, *The Heathen Woman's Friend*, has 21,529 subscribers, and not only pays its way, but in eleven years has contributed \$26,000 to the work. At least 50,000 women receive help annually from the medical missionaries of the Society.

Rev. C. H. Yatman, at a recent meeting at the Academy of Music, New York, raised several thousands of dollars for the work of twenty-eight deaconesses, who are working among the poor in connection with nineteen of the city M. E. churches.

A Forward Movement has been commenced in Chicago. The Standard Theatre has been taken as a centre of the movement, which will be largely aided by the Epworth Leaguers.

There is a Jewish mission in New York, conducted by Rev. Jacob Freshman, at which there is an attendance of from 800 to 1,000 at the services held on Saturdays. Four thousand testaments have been distributed, and 200 children are in the

industrial school. A house has been established for persecuted Jews.

At Boston University, Miss Clark, Ph.D., is a member of the advanced class in Assyrian. So far as is known she is the first American woman to carry Semitic studies to such a length.

North-Western University, Evanston, has 2,463 students. The property is valued at \$5,250,000. The income is \$525,431, but the expenditure exceeded this by \$10,000.

#### EPISCOPAL METHODIST CHURCH SOUTH.

Southern papers recently report 2,800 conversions.

The Spanish missionary publications include Wesley's Sermons, Paley's Natural Theology, the Catechisms and Sunday-school literature, and are adapted for circulation in all the Spanish American republics. The Southern Baptist Church has resolved to use the Sunday-school literature of this house in its mission in Cuba.

A Portuguese paper has been begun in Brazil.

#### THE METHODIST CHURCH.

All missionary candidates and their families, before being sent to foreign missions, are to undergo a thorough medical examination as to their physical adaptation to the country of their prospective work.

The students of Albert College have determined to send one of their number, the Rev. J. A. Livingstone, as a missionary to Africa to labour under Bishop Taylor. They will be responsible for his support.

The *Missionary Outlook* is greatly improved. We question whether there is a better monthly missionary journal published. Its circulation of 10,000 ought to be largely increased.

The missionaries on furlough are being well utilised. Rev. Mr. Saunby has been in the Maritime Provinces, Rev. J. Woodsworth, General Superintendent of Missions in the North-West, will spend January and February in Ontario, and Rev. D. Jennings, from British Columbia, will also render aid. These brethren,

in addition to the Secretaries and local assistance, should bring up the required amount of \$250,000, every cent of which will be needed.

Some friends are devising liberal things. One in Newfoundland has sent the first subscription towards a printing press for China Mission. Another in Toronto sent \$100 for drugs for the same mission.

Reports of the annual meetings of some of the Branches of the Woman's Missionary Society are published in the November number of the *Outlook*, and contain gratifying accounts of the progress of the work. We were particularly pleased with the literature department. Spread sound missionary literature, and the results will be gratifying. The visit of Miss Preston, on furlough from Japan, will doubtless give a great impetus to the Woman's department of missions.

We find that the statement in last number as to the origin of the first Epworth League in Canada was not strictly accurate. We understand that two Leagues were formed the same week in Barrie, in August, 1889. One of these was organized on Monday and one on Friday. The Rev. Dr. German had the honour of establishing the first of these, and Rev. R. N. Burns, B. A., the second. It is to the credit of this plucky little town that it inaugurated this great movement in this country.

#### PRIMITIVE METHODIST.

Scotter circuit has sent more than twenty men into the ministry, and several of them attained high connexional positions.

Rev. J. M. Brown, late of Cornwall, has sailed as a missionary to West Africa, and Rev. G. H. Butt has gone to the South Africa Mission.

The Van Mission has been a grand success, and has accomplished much good.

It is believed that there are 600,000 hearers, besides members of the Church. There are fifteen lay preachers to every minister. The Book Room publishes seven magazines. The net profits of the Book Room were last year 12½ per cent.

A new church for Fernando Po is being constructed in London.

#### ITEMS.

The life and work of the late Bishop Crowther, the first African Bishop of the Church of England, are to be commemorated by the erection of a "Crowther Memorial Church."

Exeter Hall, London, some time ago was crowded to bid farewell to 105 missionaries who, under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society, were going to West Africa, Eastern Equatorial Africa, Egypt, Persia, Bengal, North-west Provinces of India, West India, South India, Ceylon, Mauritius, South China, Japan, and New Zealand.

Mr. Burt, M.P., who was once a coal miner, states that in the heyday of prosperity the miner's wages averaged 47s. 6d. a week. An exceptionally good man, however, working under exceptionally favourable circumstances, would earn in 1873 from 15s. to 20s. a day. Nowadays miners earn only from 30s. to 35s. per week at their peculiarly laborious and uncongenial occupation. The men have greatly improved in their tastes and ideas in recent years. Cock-fighting and pugilism are no more, and football is very popular among them. They mix more with other classes than formerly, and they have plenty of good reading-rooms and libraries for their use. Many even go in for gardening, and compete for prizes among themselves at flower shows.

A new missionary ship, to be called "John Williams," is about completed. The cost will be \$85,000.

The Indian government in Burmah has prohibited the possession or use of opium in Lower Burmah, thus depriving itself voluntarily of a large income. It has always been prohibited in Upper Burmah.

Damascus, one of the oldest cities in existence, a place of 200,000 inhabitants, has not a single hospital for the sick. Does not this show that the Mohammedan religion, which the people profess, has little

love in it or sympathy for the afflicted?

A young woman connected with the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, has gone as a missionary among the wild men of the Calabar territory of Africa. These people are as untamed as wild animals, and are so distrustful of each other that they have not combined in forming a town community, but each family has its own bush, and no one walks abroad without gun and cutlass. This young woman has been received most cordially, and is treated respectfully as she goes among the scattered people. She has acquired considerable influence, and has succeeded to some extent in checking their savage customs.

The self-denying deeds of Sarah Hosmer, of Lowell, are worth telling again and again for an example. She heard that a young man might be educated in the Nestorian Mission Seminary for \$50. Working in a factory, she saved this amount and sent it to Persia, and a young man was educated as a preacher of Christ to his own people. She did the same thing six times. When more than sixty years of age, living in an attic, she took in sewing until she sent out the sixth preacher. She was truly a missionary in the highest sense.

John D. Rockefeller has come to the assistance of the University of Chicago with another \$500,000.

Father Ashnell, priest of St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Church, Terre Haute, recently told his congregation, "There is great distress in this parish, owing to hard times. I have a deposit in the bank which comprises my savings for some years, and also the pension I got as a Union soldier. This is at the disposal of the destitute so long as it holds out." Many burst into tears.

St. Mary's Roman Catholic church, Long Island, was recently destroyed by fire. The pastor of the Baptist church near by offered the priest the use of it, and the kind offer was promptly accepted. The millennium must be near.

The Baptists of England will soon add one hundred to their army of missionaries among the heathen. This is made possible by the \$600,000 fund gathered during the "centennial year."

Rev. Dr. MacKay, of Formosa, is visiting Ontario.

#### RECENT DEATHS.

Rev. Dr. C. F. Deems, pastor of the Church of the Strangers in New York, died recently. He had been incapacitated for pastoral work more than a year. He was at first a minister in the M. E. Church South, but after the civil war he came to New York. The church of which he was so long the pastor numbered only fifteen persons when he preached his first sermon; when he retired there was an attendance of more than 1,000. Dr. Deems was a man greatly beloved, and was an author of no mean ability.

Rev. J. C. Price, D.D., President of Livingstone College, Salisbury, N.C., died October 25. He was one of the most celebrated coloured men in America. At the Ecumenical Conference at London in 1881 he produced a most profound impression by his oratory. At the last Ecumenical in Washington he made one of the addresses of welcome. He was a successful teacher as well as orator, and probably no coloured man ever did so much for his race.

Rev. John Fraser, of the Presbyterian Church, Canada, has departed this life. He was a man of extensive learning, having been well educated in Scotland. The last forty years of his life were spent in Canada. One of Mr. Fraser's daughters is a medical missionary in India.

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By a typographical error in notice of Funk & Wagnalls' "Humanities" in last number (page 642), its size was given as 25 instead of 250 pages.

## Book Notices.

*The Lord's Prayer. Sermons preached in Westminster Abbey* by F. W. FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S., Archdeacon of Westminster. New York: Thomas Whittaker. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 279. Price, \$1.50.

In this volume Archdeacon Farrar, in a series of admirable discourses, brings out clause by clause the profound, we may say fathomless, depth of meaning of the Matchless Prayer. The book is characterized by all the felicity of diction, all the wealth of illustration, all the earnest spirit by which the sermons of this great preacher are marked. It is a cause for devout thankfulness that in the venerable abbey, which more than any other building in the world represents the historic continuity of the English race, such clear, strong, prophet-like utterances ring forth as those of Frederick W. Farrar. He belongs not to one Church, but to all the Churches. His catholicity is as broad as Christendom.

"All Christians," says Archbishop Leighton, "are God's clergy." "All Christians," says St. Peter, "are a royal priesthood." "All Christians," says St. John, the beloved disciple, "are kings and priests." "Alas!" adds Dr. Farrar, "most Christians have forgotten—they have been fatally taught to forget—what Christ and the apostles taught: that there are in the Christian Church no priests except in so far as all are priests; that our presbyters are purely representative, and in no sense vicarious; that the veil of partition is rent asunder from the top throughout: and that the very humblest may have free, unimpeded, personal access direct, and with no need for any intermediary but Christ, into the immediate presence, into the inmost audience-chamber, into the very holy of holies of the eternal God."

The thoughtful pondering of this

book cannot fail to give a depth, a breath, an earnestness to our own prayers which they have never had before.

*Russia and Turkey in the Nineteenth Century.* By ELIZABETH WORMLEY LATIMER. Octavo, pp. 413. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$2.50.

It is much easier to obtain a history of the dead and buried empires of Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, than to procure one of this living, breathing nineteenth century. Many persons are better informed concerning the remote past than concerning the events of their own lifetime. Mrs. Latimer has done much to supply the lack of an intelligent and compendious recent history. A few months ago we reviewed her admirable book on "France in the Nineteenth Century." We have no less pleasure in calling attention to the present volume.

South-eastern Europe has been for over four hundred years the battleground between Islam and Christianity. Again and again the Moslem cavalry have swept up to the very gates of Vienna. But the Turkish power has been steadily forced back, almost to the gates of Constantinople. Mrs. Latimer gives a lucid and even luminous account of the development of the Russian and Ottoman powers, and of the later acts of this great conflict. The work is admirably done. It is no dry-as-dust chronicle, or mere record of battles and treaties, but it is lit up with countless womanly touches respecting the social aspects of the times, and with clever character-studies of the principal actors in this great world-drama.

We take, for instance, the following on the relations of the Emperor Alexander I. of Russia and Madam

de Krüdener, of both of whom portraits are given. Madam de Krüdener, the widow of Baron von Krüdener, in her youth was a devotee of fashion, but realized its emptiness and inability to satisfy the soul. A Moravian shoemaker, "a German Methodist," our author calls him, by his cheerful piety arrested her attention, and in all sincerity and simplicity preached Christ unto her. Soon, with all the fervour of the forgiven soul, she loved Him who first loved her. She forthwith travelled throughout Europe preaching Jesus, in cabins of poverty and castles of the great. She brought her divine message to the Emperor Alexander, sated and sickened with the festivities at Vienna after his victory over Napoleon. For three hours she probed his conscience to the quick and explained the way of salvation. The news of the battle of Waterloo reached them as they were reading the Psalms. They fell upon their knees, and after prayer and thanksgiving the Emperor exclaimed, "How happy I am! I am a great sinner, but God will employ me to give peace to the nations!" Madam Krüdener shortly afterwards died, with the words upon her lips, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." The impression made upon the mind of Alexander was never effaced.

The personal and political history of the successive Emperors of Russia are succinctly given, and the tale of the intrusion of the Ottoman power into Europe, of the heroic defence and cruel conquest and sack of Constantinople are briefly told. Of greater interest, however, are the accounts of the more recent Crimean war. The occasion, though not the cause, of this war was the rivalry of the Greek and Latin monks at Bethlehem concerning the custody of the keys of the Grotto of the Nativity. Louis Napoleon, "the eldest son of the Church," undertook to champion the Latin against the Greek monks.

We cannot help thinking that England was made the cat's-paw of the astute and unscrupulous Napoleon. The British bore the brunt of battle by sea and land, while the

French shirked much of the danger and claimed much of the glory. Mrs. Latimer, on the authority of Kinglake, says, "Napoleon III. egged on the war which brought to the grave fully half a million of workmen and soldiers." The sad story of departmental mismanagement and unavailing valour, of blunders like the charge of Balaclava and at the hospitals of Scutari, of the deadly work of cholera and typhus, of crowded ships and deadly trenches, the tales of the battles of Alma, Balaclava, and Inkerman, and of the capture of the fatal fortress of Sebastopol, fill many stirring pages.

A gleam of light is thrown across the sadness of the scene by the moral heroism of Florence Nightingale, the English Santa Philomela, whose memory gilds with the spell of goodness the horrors of war. This gentle lady exhibited the spirit of a crusader. On her own responsibility she commanded the soldiers to break open the storehouse and take possession of the medical stores, blankets, and food needed for the sick soldiers.

A greater glory than that of arms was the emancipation of 53,000,000 serfs by the Emperor Alexander II. His cruel assassination was a poor reward for one of the noblest deeds ever done by man.

The story of the Turkish war of 1877 is succinctly told, when the Russian cavalry swept up to the very gates of Constantinople, Turkey's best provinces were wrested from her, and the map of south-eastern Europe was forever changed. The sinister side of the Russian administration in Siberia, in Asia, and the persecution of the Jews, are frankly described. The wane of the Turkish empire and growth of the Danubian kingdoms of Servia and Roumania, and the emancipation of the Baltic Provinces, form the closing chapters of the volume.

The mechanical execution of the book is a credit to the city of the World's Fair. A special feature is its more than score of excellent portraits of emperors, sultans, generals, and of the beautiful Empress of Russia, Queen Natalie, Elizabeth of

Roumania, and of the recently married Princess Marie. A good index completes the volume.

*Sub-Cælum: A Sky-built Human World.* By A. P. RUSSELL. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 267. Gilt top. Price, \$1.25.

It is a pleasant task to theoretically reconstruct society on a higher plane and with a nobler ideal. Plato in his "Republic," Sir Thomas More in his "Utopia," Bacon in his "New Atlantis," Lytton, Bellamy, and many others have essayed this kind of world-building, conveying the loftiest ideals. Augustine's "*Civitas Dei*" placed before the dissolute city of Rome, a reflex of the still sublimer City of God, the new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness, revealed in the Apocalypse of St. John.

We have recently read in manuscript an admirable book of this sort, marred, however, in our opinion by the fatal defect of utterly ignoring the influence of revealed religion and basing the higher evolution of society on a purely agnostic theory. One of the most ingenious of these books that we have read is the one under review. The author depicts with much detail the reconstructed society of his sky-built human world. It must be a pleasant place to live in. He differs from most theorizers in basing his book on a common-sense interpretation of the evolution of society as science and morals are developed.

Such books give opportunity for a vein of ingenious satire in describing the conditions of our present civilization. This one describes the education of the future, the chairs of "common sense" in the universities, the ennobling and purification of language, the growth of polite manners and charitable judgments, the relations of food to morals, courts of conciliation and arbitration, the prevalence of the Golden Rule, etc. Idleness becomes disreputable, flowers and fruits abound profusely, also fish-ponds, poultry, and especially

the sub-cælum oyster. Scientific drainage and sanitation are perfect, but public buildings, hotels, and the like, are constructed only for one generation, it being cheaper to build anew than to reconstruct old, effete, microbe-infected buildings. The clangor of bells is abolished and music prevails. Weddings are ideal in their adaptation, drunkenness and divorce are abolished, inventors and scholars are particularly honoured. The reign of the microscope and camera have come. Horses are bred for their moral qualities. The social conscience is cultivated, amusements are ennobling and elevating, one of the choicest forms being histrionic reading from the classics. Of course, a high estimate is put on woman. The government is supported by income and annuity taxes. Religion is a life, its essence the Sermon on the Mount, and the new commandment, Love, is its principle, God and humanity the unwritten creed. Worship is conducted in stately buildings, thousands of trained voices, accompanied by the grand organ, sing, "Be thou, O God, exalted high." The book is full of suggestion and inspiration to weary toilers on earth who seek to lift the world up nearer to the heart of God.

*Annotations upon Popular Hymns.*

By CHARLES SEYMOUR ROBINSON, D.D. For use in Praise-meetings. Sq. 8vo., pp. 581. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$2.50.

Dr. Robinson is well known as one of the most accomplished hymnologists and editors of books of praise. His "*Spiritual Songs*," and two volumes of *Laudes Domini* have made his labours known throughout Christendom. This book has been a labour of love which has employed many years. He has poured out the rich treasury of his hymn lore in these pages. He gives biographical notes on most of the great hymn writers of all the ages, and anecdotes and incidents of the circumstances under which these hymns were written or have been used. The publishers have ably supplemented his

labours by the illustration of this volume, in which are hundreds of portraits of the hymn writers whose songs have been an uplift and an inspiration to human hearts in every land beneath the sun. It adds wonderfully to our appreciation of these noble hymns to know the circumstances under which they were called forth and the noteworthy and sometimes thrilling incidents by which they have been accompanied. Copious indexes are given. The editor strongly commends the practice of having a song-service in which the evening shall be devoted to the hymns of some of these great writers, as Wesley, Bonar, Havergal, Watts, Montgomery, Cowper, and the other sweet singers of the Churches' universal choir.

*Samantha at the World's Fair.* By JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE (Marietta Holley). Illustrated by Baron C. De Grimm. New York, London, and Toronto: Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto: William Briggs.

"Samantha Allen" has won wide fame by her shrewd, witty comments on things in general and on the minor and major morals of society in particular. With her peculiar vein of humour there is shrewd common sense, a biting sarcasm in scathing wrong, and a generous appreciation of everything that is good. This is just what we would expect of Mrs. Holley, who, we believe, is a good Methodist lady.

The World's Fair, with its oddities and eccentricities, and the diversions of the Plaisance, furnish excellent opportunities for her vein of humour. She never loses a chance to strike a blow at the liquor traffic and other forms of evil, all the more effective because they are not at all "preachy." She finds ample opportunity to express her views about woman's rights, the W. C. T. U., the absurdities of fashion, and other moral reforms. She scores the Exhibition management for their Sabbath-breaking and the Government for its treatment of the Indians. A very funny picture exhibits the majestic

statue of Columbia disfigured by fashionable attire—leg-of-mutton sleeves and all the rest of it.

Baron De Grimm's numerous pictures catch the very spirit of the letter-press. The page of numerous authentic portraits of Columbus is really not much of an exaggeration after all of the diverse presentments of this world-famous man. Josiah himself is an admirable foil for his worthy wife, his tastes are so exceedingly unæsthetic. He preferred the "butter-woman," which was worth thirty cents a pound, anyhow, "to a hull carload of marble figgers," and the "picters made of corn and oats and beans" to the finest art triumphs of the Fair. Samantha's remonstrance with the Princess Eulalia for cigarette smoking is very unconventional and very funny. Besides the general laugh which it will provoke, the book will leave a wholesome impression on the mind, which is more than can be said of most so-called books of humour. That writer is a benefactor of the race who will employ the shafts of irony and satire in the denunciation of wrong and defence of right.

*The Holy War made by Shaddai upon Diabolus for the Gaining of the Metropolis of the World; or, the Losing and Taking Again of the Town of Man-Soul.* By JOHN BUNYAN, with a preface by Alexander White, D.D., author of "Bunyan Characters," etc. Antique style. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 70c.

The greater fame of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" has to a large degree eclipsed that of his "Holy War." We fear that both these books are nowadays more talked about than read. We heartily commend this antique style edition of a noteworthy book. The military figures adopted and the description of the siege of the town of Man-Soul will make it fascinating reading for even boys and girls, while mature Christians will find profound instruction in its wonderful allegory.