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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
"THE GLORIOUS RETURN" OF THE VAUDOIS. Samuel Smiles, LL.D.....	395
GOD'S EMPIRE. W. H. H.....	408
THE MAMMOTH CAVE. Prof. Horace C. Hovey.....	409
MISSION WORK IN JAPAN.....	418
THE TWO MYSTERIES. Mary Mapes Dodge.....	429
FIRE AND SWORD IN THE SOUDAN. Rev. James Cooke Seymour.....	430
A WAY OF ESCAPE. Margaret E. Sangster.....	437
A LIFE OF TRUST.....	438
IN HIS STEPS. Charles M. Sheldon.....	442
A VOICE FROM THE WEST. Alfred Austin.....	452
SUNDAY-SCHOOL EXTENSION. The Editor.....	453
RHODA ROBERTS. Harry Lindsay.....	462
WHO SHOULD PARTAKE OF THE HOLY COMMUNION? Rev. W. I. Shaw, LL.D. ...	471
A POSSIBLE CONTEMPORARY REPRESENTATION OF THE CRUCIFIXION.....	473
REV. GEORGE RIVERS SANDERSON, D.D.....	475
A GREAT SCHOLAR PROMOTED. Gallimore Lygo.....	476
SCIENCE NOTES:—	
SOME BOTTLE VOYAGES..... 477	ON TO KHARTOUM..... 479
THE SUBMARINE BOAT "HOLLAND" 478	AUSTRALIAN FEDERATION..... 480
WORLD'S PROGRESS:—	THE WAR CLOUD..... 481
THE DYING STATESMAN..... 479	RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE..... 482
	BOOK NOTICES..... 485

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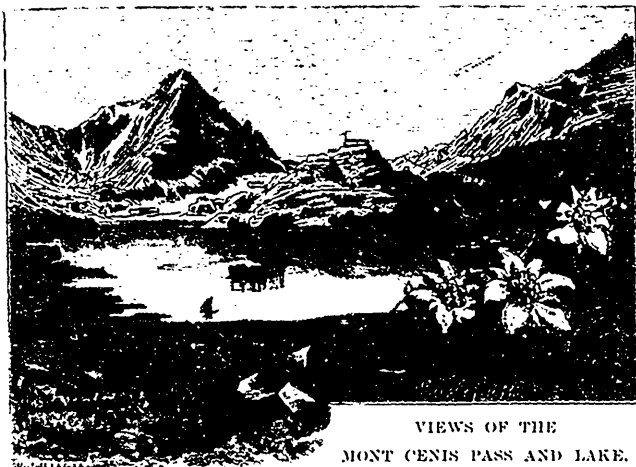
VAUDOIS VILLAGE IN HIGH ALPS.
ROMANESQUE TOWER IN BACKGROUND.
MODERN VAUDOIS COSTUMES

Methodist Magazine and Review.

MAY, 1898.

"THE GLORIOUS RETURN" OF THE VAUDOIS.

BY SAMUEL SMILES, LL.D.



VIEWS OF THE
MONT CENIS PASS AND LAKE.

Preliminary to Dr. Smiles' account of the crowning achievement of the Vaudois, we give an outline-sketch of their previous history, based upon the more recent history of "The Israel of the Alps," by Sophia B. Bompiani.

In the valleys of the Cottian Alps, between Mont Cenis and Mont Viso, a Bible-loving people have lived from "time immemorial." They have been persecuted and exiled by the Bible-hating power which has its seat in Rome; but they "kept the faith so pure of old," spite of torture, cold, destitution, and loss of life on the Alpine mountains. They were burned, they were cast into damp and horrid dungeons; they were smothered in crowds in mountain caverns—mothers and babes, and old men and women together: they were sent out into exile of a winter night, unclothed and unfed, to climb the snowy mountains; they were buried over the rocks; their heads were used as footballs; their houses and lands

were taken from them, and the little children were stolen to be educated in the religion they abhorred. Yet they refused to acknowledge the Roman Pontiff as the Vicar of Christ; to bow down to the wafer and believe it the body of Christ; to confess to priests, or to give up the Bible.

It was on behalf of the heroic Waldenses that Cromwell, moved to the depths of his strong heart by the news

of the massacre of 1655, ordered a general fast and gave two thousand pounds for the survivors. The great Protector threatened the Pope that the echo of his guns should be heard in the castle of St. Angelo.

It was on their behalf, too, that Milton wrote his stirring sonnet which rang like a trumpet throughout Europe:

"Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughtered saints,
whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains
cold;
Even them who kept Thy truth so pure
of old,
When all our fathers worshipped stocks
and stones,
Forget not; in Thy book record their
groans,
Who were Thy sheep, and in their ancient
fold,
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese that
rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks.
Their moans,
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyred blood and
ashes sow

O'er all the Italian fields, where still
doth sway
The triple tyrant; that from these may
grow
A hundredfold, who, having learned
Thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe."

One of the most dreadful persecutions of any people that ever took place was that of the Waldenses in 1686. In one

dispersed in convents or Catholic families. Five hundred adults were presented to Louis XIV. for the galleys at Marseilles. Eight thousand died in the prisons of Turin, where they were heaped one upon another, fed on black bread and foul water, and made to sleep on the bare bricks, on the earth or wet straw, eaten up by vermin and left all night without a light, even when the sick were dying.



NYON,
WHERE THE VAUDOIS BEGAN
THEIR "GLORIOUS RETURN."

ORILLIUS

month the valleys were depopulated. Some were burned alive, some flayed, some hung to the trees, some thrown from precipices, some used as targets for the soldiers. The remainder of the population, about twelve thousand—thirteen thousand having been killed—were driven like cattle to the prisons of Turin, thirty miles distant. Four thousand babies were torn from their mothers' arms, and

When the order came, obtained by the entreaties of the faithful Swiss, to liberate the survivors and send them over the mountains, although it was in the depth of winter, to a refuge in Switzerland, all were impatient to leave those terrible prisons.

Weak and sick, they prepared to leave at night, dressed as they were, in rags. The order was read to them at five o'clock

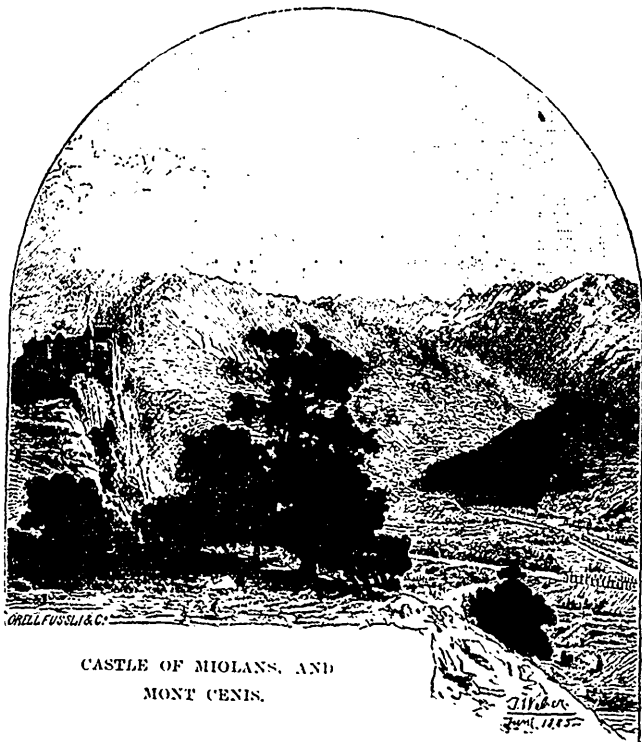
on a winter evening, and they walked ten or twelve miles that night, leaving behind, on their way, the dying and the dead. The valleys were left desolate, the churches destroyed, the houses burned, the mountains strewn with corpses.

"Heresy is extirpated; there are no more Waldenses in the valleys; their religion and their name are forever proscribed in Italy!" cried the Pope and Louis XIV. of France.

Three thousand five hundred Waldenses took the way of exile with no hope of ever seeing again their beloved valleys, and yet, three years and a half later, they

unsuccessful efforts to return before "The Glorious Return" of 1689.

The expelled Vaudois reached Switzerland in greatly reduced numbers, many women and children having perished on their mountain journey. The inhabitants of Geneva received them with great hospitality, clothing and feeding them until they were able to proceed on their way northward. Some went into Germany,



CASTLE OF MIOLANS, AND
MONT CENIS.

returned with joy, singing: "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

Three thousand reached Switzerland, but they were walking skeletons, weary, fotsore, famished, and half clothed. They were received with a transport of pity, love, admiration, and generosity. Shoes were given them immediately; five thousand yards of linen, and as many of woollen stuffs were soon made into garments, and they were taken joyfully to the homes of their friends. But, notwithstanding all this kindness, the exiles pined for their own land, and made two

some into Holland, while others settled to various branches of industry in different parts of Switzerland. Many little bands of the Vaudois refugees long continued to wander along the valley of the Rhine, unable to find rest for their weary feet. There were others trying to find a precarious living in Geneva and Lausanne, and along the shores of Lake Lemman. Then it was that the thought oc-

curred to them whether they might not yet strike a blow for the recovery of their valleys! The idea seemed chimerical in the ex-

apparently more desperate enterprise, was never planned.

Their leader was found in Henry Arnaud, the Huguenot refugee,



SUZA, MOST CELEN, DATES FROM THE TIME OF THE ROMANS. HAS AN ANCIENT TRIUMPHAL ARCH OF DATE 7 B.C.

treme. A few hundred destitute men, however valiant, to think of recovering a country defended by the combined armies of France and Savoy! A more daring, and

who was now ready to offer up his life for the recovery of the valleys. They were poor, destitute refugees, without arms or ammunition, or money to buy them. To

obtain the requisite means, Arnaud made a journey into Holland, for the purpose of communicating the intended project to William of Orange. William entered cordially into the proposed plan, supplied him with money, and encouraged him to carry out the design.

At length all was ready. The rendezvous was in the forest near Nyon, on the north bank of the Lake of Geneva. There, on the night of the 16th of August, 1689,

men, divided into nineteen companies, each provided with its captain, were now ready to march.

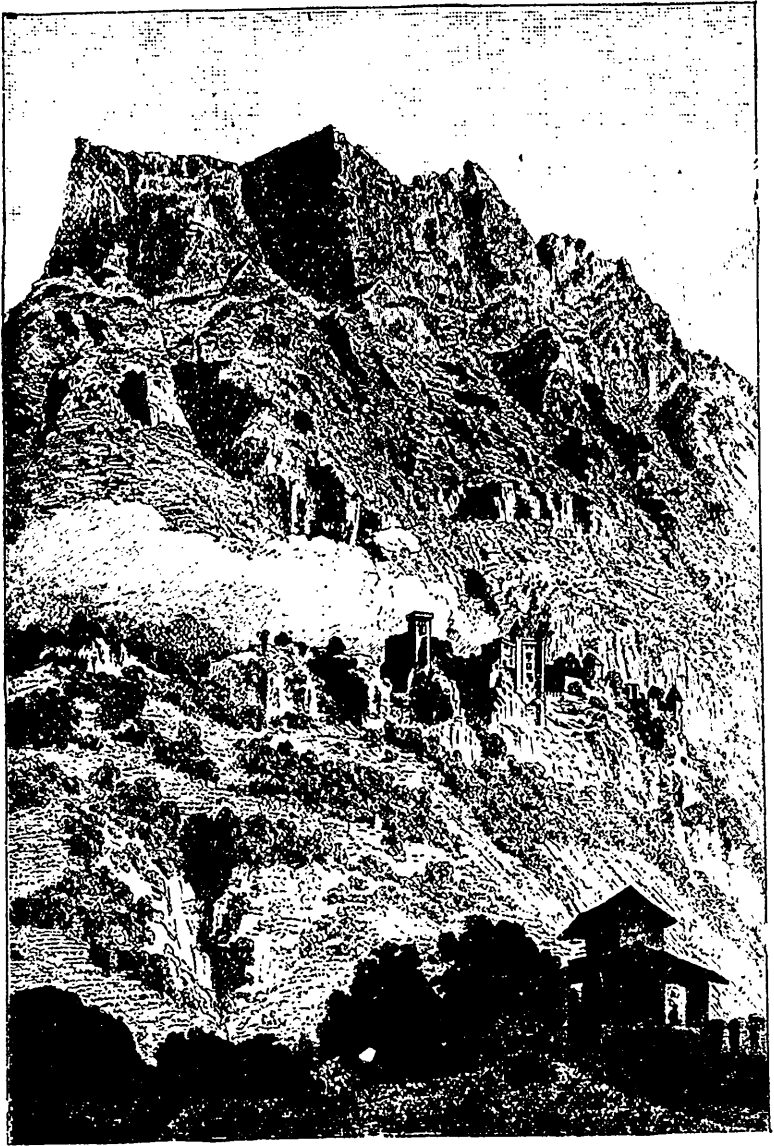
At the very commencement, however, they met with a misfortune. One of the pastors, having gone to seek a guide in the village near at hand, was seized as a prisoner and carried off. When it became known that the little army of Vaudois had set out on



CHURCH OF ST. JUST, SUSA.
MODERN COSTUMES.

they met in the hollow recesses of the wood. Fifteen boats had been got together, and lay off the shore. After a fervent prayer by the pastor-general, Arnaud, as many of them as could embark got into the boats. They soon rowed across to the other side. There Arnaud posted sentinels in all directions, and the little body waited the arrival of the remainder of their comrades from the opposite shore. They had all crossed the lake by two o'clock in the morning; and about eight hundred

their march, troops were despatched from all quarters to intercept them and cut them off. It was believed that their destruction was inevitable. But the Vaudois had well matured their plans, and took care to keep out of reach of the advancing enemy. Their route at first lay up the valleys towards the mountains, whose crests they followed, from glacier to glacier, in places almost inaccessible to regular troops, and thus they eluded the combined forces of France and



CASTLE OF MIOLANS AND MONT DE L'ARCLUSAZ.

Savoy, which vainly endeavoured to bar their passage.

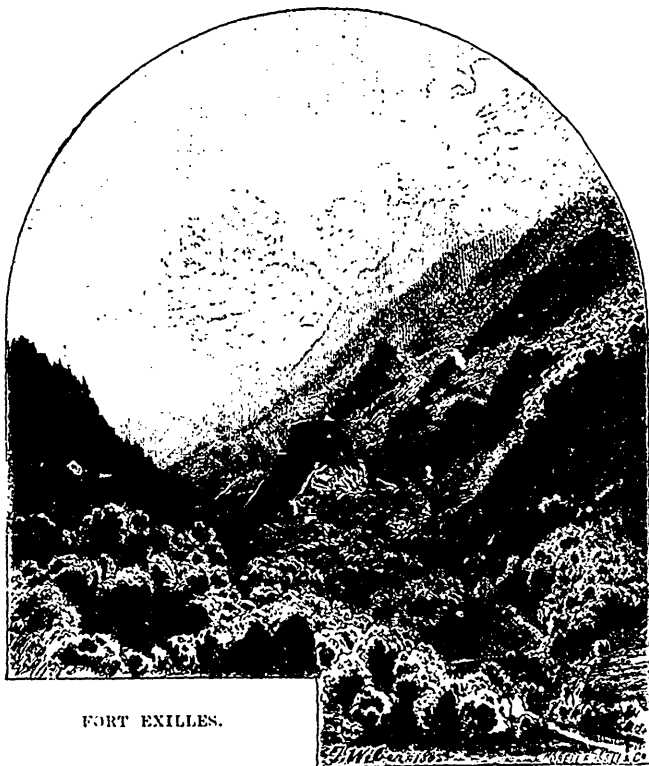
The little army, however, marched on to the bare hill of Carman, where, after solemn prayer, they encamped about midnight, sleeping on the bare ground. The third day they passed over the mountains, seven thousand feet

above the sea level, a long and fatiguing march. Rain fell heavily, soaking the men to the skin. They spent a wretched night in some empty stables; and climbed the Col Bonhomme, which they passed with the snow up to their knees. They were now upon the crest of the Alps, looking down

upon the valley of the Iscre, into which they next descended. They marched on Mont Cenis, which they ascended.

The snow lay thick on the ground, though it was the month of August, and the travellers descended the mountain of Tourliers by a precipice rather than a road. When night fell, they were still scattered on the mountain, and lay

the crest of the mountain, and sounded their clarions to summon the scattered body. They proceeded along the ridge, and perceived through the mist a body of soldiers marching along with drums beating; it was the garrison of Exilles. They discerned some thirty-six bivouac fires burning on the plain, indicating the presence of a large force. These were their



FORT EXILLES.

down to snatch a brief sleep, overcome with hunger and fatigue.

They were now close upon the large towns. Susa lay a little to the east, and Exilles was directly in their way. The garrison of the latter place came out to meet them, and from the crest of the mountain rolled large stones and flung grenades down upon the invaders. Here the Vaudois lost some men and prisoners. At last, after great fatigue and peril, they gained

enemies—a well-appointed army of some 2,500 men—whom they were at last to meet in battle.

The principal attack was made on the bridge, the passage of which was defended by a strong body of French soldiers. The Vaudois brigade rushed to the bridge, but seeing a strong body on the other side preparing to fire again, Arnaud called upon his men to lie down, and the volley went over their heads. Then Turrel,



CASCADES BELOW
FORT EXILLES.

the Vaudois captain, called out, "Forward! the bridge is won!" The Vaudois jumped to their feet and rushed on. The French commander was especially chagrined at having been beaten by a parcel of cowherds.

The victors filled their pouches with ammunition picked up on the field, took possession of as many arms and as much provisions as

they could carry, and placing the remainder in a heap over some barrels of powder, they affixed a lighted match and withdrew. A tremendous explosion shook the mountains, and echoed along the valley, and the remains of the French camp were blown to atoms.

On the ninth day of their march the Vaudois reached the crest of the mountain overlooking Fenestrelles, and saw spread out before them the beloved country which they had come to win. Arnaud made them kneel down and thank God for permitting them again to see their native land. They were now close to the Vaudois strong-

holds, and in a country every foot of which was familiar to most of them. But the valleys were swarming with dragoons and foot-soldiers. The Vaudois arrived, under consummate leadership before the famous Balsille.

This celebrated stronghold is situated in front of a narrow defile

Almighty alone, who is your protection."

An army of three thousand Piedmontese barred the way, but nothing daunted, the Vaudois, divided into three bodies, mounted to the assault. As they advanced, the Piedmontese cried, "Come on, ye devil's Barbets, there are more than three thousand of us, and we occupy all the posts!" In less than half an hour the whole of the posts were carried, the pass cleared, and the Piedmontese fled down the further side of the mountain, leaving all their stores behind them. Thus, after the lapse of only fourteen days, this little band of heroes had marched from the shores of the Lake of Geneva, by difficult mountain passes, through bands of hostile troops, which they had defeated in two severe fights, and at length reached the very centre of the Vaudois valleys, and entered into possession of their "Promised Land."

They resolved to celebrate their return to the country of their fathers by an act of solemn worship on the Sabbath following. They listened to an eloquent sermon from the pastor, Montoux, after which they chanted the 74th Psalm, to the clash of arms. They then proceeded to enter into a solemn covenant with each other, renewing the ancient oath of union of the valleys, and swearing never to rest from their enterprise, even if they should be reduced to only three or four in number, until they had "re-established in the valleys the kingdom of the Gospel."

But the trials and sufferings they had already endured were as nothing compared with those they were now about to experience. Armies concentrated on them from all points. The Vaudois could only obtain food by captur-



THE RIVER ARC,
BELOW FORT EXILLES.

of Macel, and is of such natural strength, that but little art was needed to make it secure against any force that could be brought against it. "All France and Italy will gather together against you," said their leader, "but were it the whole world, and only yourselves against all, fear ye the

ing the enemy's convoys, and levying contributions from the plains. Their enterprise seemed to become more hopeless from day to day.

That they should have been able to stand against them for two whole months, now fighting in one place, and perhaps the next day



THE FORTIFICATIONS OF EXILES AND THE BENT PARRACHIEE.

This handful of men, half famished and clothed in rags, had now arrayed against them 22,000 French and Sardinians, provided with all the munitions of war.

some twenty miles across the mountains in another, with almost invariable success, seems little short of a miracle. But flesh and blood could not endure such toil

and privations much longer. No wonder that the faint-hearted began to despair. Soon there remained only the Italian Vaudois, still unconquered in spirit, under the leadership of their pastor-general, Arnaud, who never appeared greater than in times of difficulty and danger.

Winter was approaching, and the men must think of shelter and

intrenchments and erect barricades. Foraging parties were sent out for provisions, to lay in for the winter, and they returned laden with corn from the valleys.

It was at the end of October that the little band of heroes took possession of the Balsille, and they held it firmly all through the winter. For more than six months they beat back every force that was sent against them. Winter having set in, the besiegers refrained for a time from further attacks, but strictly guarded all the passes leading to the fortress.

When the fine weather arrived, suitable for a mountain campaign, the French general, Catinat, assembled a strong force, determined to make short work of this little nest of bandits on the Balsille. On Sunday morning, the 30th of April, 1690, while Arnaud was preaching to his flock, the sentinels on the look-out discovered the enemy's forces swarming up the valley. In short, the Balsille was completely invested.

But the assailants found unexpected intrenchments in their way, from behind which the Vaudois maintained a heavy fire, that eventually drove them back, their retreat being accelerated by a shower of stones, and a blinding fall of snow and hail.

The Balsille was again completely invested. The entire mountain was surrounded, all the passes were strongly guarded, guns were planted in positions which commanded the Vaudois fort; and the capture or extermination of the Vaudois was now regarded as a matter of certainty.

The Marquis ordered a white flag to be hoisted, and a messenger sent forward, inviting a parley with the defenders of Balsille. The envoy was asked what he wanted. "Your immediate surrender!" was the reply. "You shall each of you receive five hun-



VAUDOIS COSTUME
OF SANT AMBROGIO, HIGH ALPS.

provisions during that season, if resistance was to be prolonged. It was accordingly determined to concentrate their little force upon the Balsille. Their knowledge of the mountain heights and passes enabled them to evade their enemies, and they reached the summit of the Basille by night, before it was known that they were in the neighbourhood. They immediately set to work to throw up

dred louis d'or, and good passports for your retirement to a foreign country; but if you resist you will be infallibly destroyed."

The defenders refused to capitulate on any terms. The Marquis threatened that every man of them would be hung. Arnaud's reply was heroic. "We are in the heritage which our fathers have left to us, and we hope, with the help of the God of armies, to live



COSTUME OF NOVALESA.

and die in it, even though there may remain only ten of us left to defend it."

The enemy's cannon began to play upon the little fort and bastions, which, being only of dry stones, were soon dismantled. The assault was then made simultaneously on three sides; and after a stout resistance, the Vaudois retired from their lower intrenchments, to those on the higher ledges of the mountain. They continued their resistance until

night, and then, finding the position untenable in the face of so overpowering a force, commanded, as it was, by the cannon on the adjoining heights, they determined to evacuate the Balsille, after holding it for nearly seven months.

A thick mist having risen up from the valley, the Vaudois set out, late at night. They climbed up on to the heights above, over icy slopes, passing across gaping crevices and along almost perpendicular rocks, admitting of their passage only in single file, sometimes dragging themselves along on their bellies, clinging to the rocks or to the tufts of grass, occasionally resting and praying, but never despairing. At length they succeeded in gaining the slope of Guinevert. Here they surprised the enemy's outpost, which fled towards the main body; and the Vaudois passed on, panting and half dead with fatigue.

When the morning broke and the French proceeded to penetrate the last redoubt on the Balsille, lo, it was empty! They could scarcely believe their eyes when they saw the dangerous mountain escarpment by which its defenders had escaped in the night. Looking across the valley, far off, they saw the fugitives, thrown into relief by the snow amidst which they marched, like a line of ants, apparently making for the mass of the central Alps.*

For three days they wandered from place to place, when news of the most unexpected kind reached them, which opened up the prospect of deliverance. The news was no other than this.—Savoy had declared war against France!

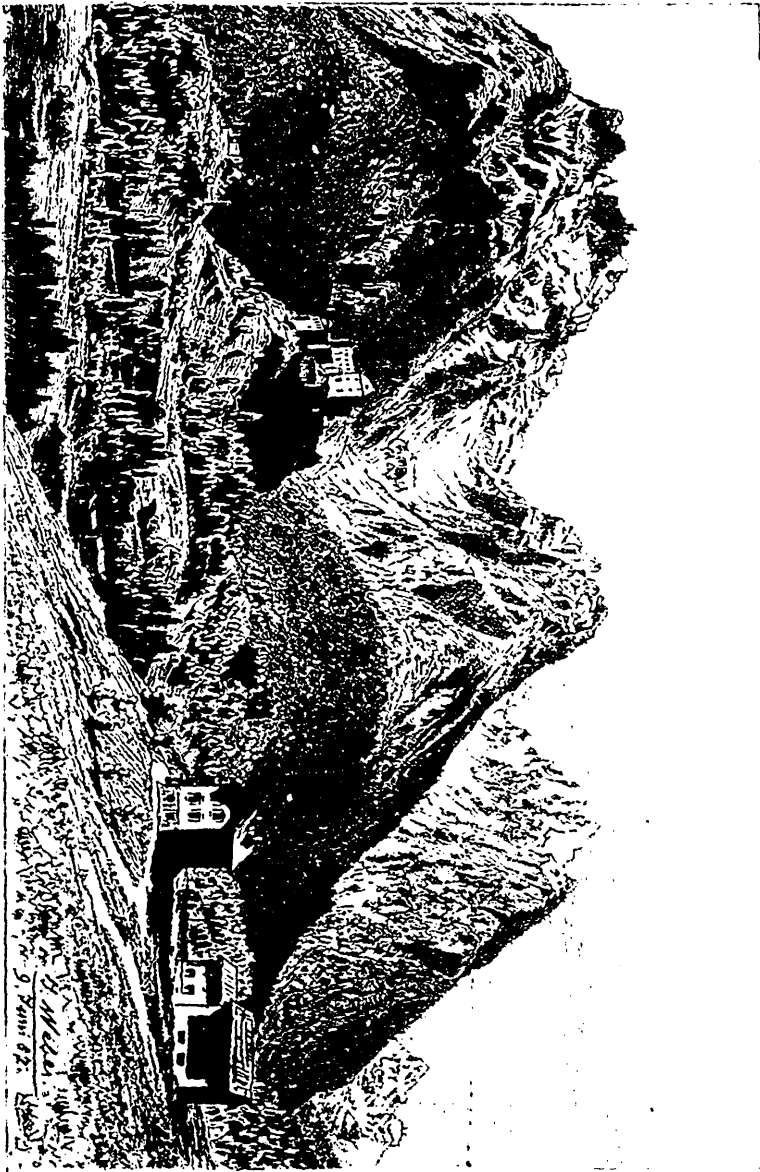
The Vaudois were now a power in the state, and both parties alike appealed to them for help, pro-

*The siege of Balsille excited the wonder of Napoleon I., who considered it one of the greatest military deeds in history.

missing them great favours. But the Vaudois, notwithstanding the treachery and cruelty of successive Dukes of Savoy, were true to

In the first engagements between the French and the Piedmontese, the latter were overpowered, and the Duke became a

ISOLATED FORT OF BALSILLE, VAUDOIS STRONGHOLD IN HIGH ALPES.



their native prince. They pledged themselves to hold the valleys and defend the mountain passes against France.

fugitive. Where did he find refuge? In the valleys of the Vaudois, in a secluded spot in the village of Rora, behind the Pelice,

he found a safe asylum amidst the people whose fathers he had hunted, proscribed, and condemned to death.

But the tide of war turned, and the French were eventually driven out of Piedmont. The Vaudois returned to their beloved valleys, and with joy remembered the Psalm—"If it had not been the Lord who was on our side, now may Israel say; . . . when men rose up against us: then they had swallowed us up quick, when their wrath was kindled against us."

The Vaudois long laboured under disabilities, and continued to be deprived of many social and civil rights. But they patiently bided their time; and that time at length arrived. In 1848 their

emancipation was at length granted, and they now enjoy the same rights and liberties as the subjects of Victor Emanuel.

Nor is the Vaudois Church any longer confined to the valleys, but it has become extended of late years all over Italy—to Milan, Florence, Brescia, Verona, Genoa, Leghorn, Naples, Palermo, Catania, Venice, and many even of the smaller towns. It has forty-four pastors and fifty-four hundred members in the mission churches of the peninsula, and twenty-two pastors and thirteen thousand five hundred members in the valleys. There is also a colony of Vaudois in Tennessee, U.S.A., who maintain their traditional faith and zeal.

GOD'S EMPIRE.

"Lest we forget—lest we forget."

BY W. H. H.

The grinning, white-tooth'd savage swings a-whooping down the hills.
His ragged god has promised him rich glories if he kills;
But you sting him with your "Maxim" and he's bound to screech and die,
So it's "Now, boys, rule Britannia!" where the stark-dead "fuzzies" lie.

Where the roar of tumbling icebergs lulls the she-bear to her sleep;
Where the far lights of Vancouver over Western waters creep;
Where the urging troopship's schooling through the dull Arabian waves;
Where the blue earth and the gold-quartz draw the wise men and the knaves:

By ships o' war a-many, and the daring of the race,
You stand rock-firm for Empire—though there's blood upon your face;
But lies all strength in mammoth-fists, ye mistress of the seas,
And in the mild caressing of the children at your knees?

The Kyber mouth may bristle with a sullen, stabbing foe,
But your eager, dashing fighters deal a sweeping, crushing blow;
And the mountains, bare and thorny, whisper tales to far Cabul,
Of the gorges dark with corpses and the bloody torrents full.

Yet, lies all force in valour and the backbone of your sons?
In the wild-calm, mad-cool courage that through all their heartblood runs?
In the lands of all the Empire let your priests hold Pagan rite,
If ye know not Christ in manhood that holds it truly strong to-night.

Blench not from holy duties to the nations in the dark,
But once besmirch the Message and ye may not bid them hark;
If "bind and hold for sake of gold" be scrolled across your flag,
Then drop that Cross athwart your mast and hoist a pirate's rag.

Then, ranging sons of Empire—see ye dabble not with sin,
Go, compass—till the reign of right upon the earth begin;
But see your proud name live not as a by-word and a tale,
As those whose arms waxed weak, who slackened screw and shortened sail,

When once the Lord, forsaken, turned their ripeness to a rot,
And the lesson of the Philistine's blind captive, men forgot—
Wouldst reap the bursting Blessing, yet? then tread ye on the Bane
So, in your lands through all the earth, the Christ may live again!

—All the World.

THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

BY PROF. HORACE C. HOVEY.



ENTRANCE TO MAMMOTH CAVE.

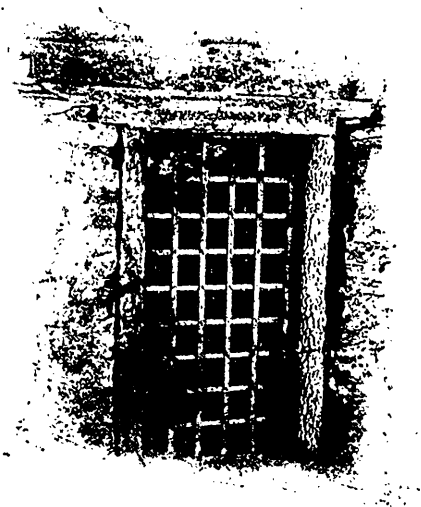
The State of Kentucky contains more and larger caves than any similar area in the world. The absence of running streams is one of the striking features of the cave region, explained by the fact that they flow underground, and re-appear as large springs feeding rivers of considerable size. There are also numerous valleys shaped like inverted cones, called "sink-holes," which serve to drain the surface around them. These sink-holes are said to average 100 to the square mile; and, according to Prof. Shaler, there are at least 100,000 miles of open caverns beneath the surface of the carboniferous limestone in Kentucky.

Mammoth Cave may be regarded, then, as the noblest specimen

of the 500 caves found in Edmondston County, and is certainly the largest known in the world. It is easily reached by trains on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, all of them stopping at Cave City.

The cave has a noble vestibule ! Amid tulip trees and grape-vines, maples and butternuts, fringing ferns and green mosses, is the gateway to this underground palace. The arch has a span of seventy feet, and a winding flight of seventy stone steps conducts us around the lovely cascade, into a roomy ante-chamber under the massive rocks.

The passage-way suddenly grows very narrow, at a point about 300 feet within, and here



THE GATE.

there is an iron gate made of rude bars crossing each other. Each guide carries a key, and the gate is unlocked and locked again for every party that may enter.

The current of air, that has already been quite noticeable, increases to a gale as we cross the portal, so strong indeed that our lamps are blown out. This phenomenon is due to the difference of temperature between the air within and that without. The current of air dies down, as we advance, and only a few yards beyond the iron gate we have no difficulty in re-lighting our lamps. Here we catch the last glimpse of daylight shining in through the entrance, and all that lies beyond is absolute darkness. Most visitors find a certain romantic charm on entering these regions of perpetual silence, where the pleasing alternation of day and night is unknown, as is also the change of the seasons, summer and winter being alike.

During the war of 1812-15, the United States Government, excluded from foreign supply, had

great difficulty in obtaining saltpetre for the manufacture of gunpowder. It therefore used the large deposits of nitrous earth which were found in this cave for that purpose. The earth was collected from various parts of the cave, by means of ox-carts for which roads were constructed that are in themselves surprising monuments of industry, and was carried to hoppers of simple construction, each having a capacity of from 50 to 100 bushels.

Advancing in the Main Cave, we pass under overhanging ledges, and about four feet from the floor we examine a cluster of little openings, like pigeon-boxes, worn by the action of the water. This is the post-office, where visitors generally leave their cards. There is a strange accumulation of these.

We next come to the Methodist Church, about eighty feet in diameter and forty feet high, where those ancient miners used to hear the Gospel preached by



A SNOW CLOUD.

itinerant ministers, who sought their welfare. The writer cannot soon forget a religious service he had the privilege of attending in

this natural temple, one summer Sabbath. The walls were hung with a hundred lamps, and the scene was impressive and beautiful. As the Psalm arose, led by the instruments, waves of harmony rolled through those rocky arches till they died away in distant corridors. The text from which the minister preached was peculiarly adapted to the place and the occasion: John xiv. 5, "How can we know the way?"

Here are more ruins of nitre-works, eight huge vats, lines of wooden pipes, pump-frames, and

the rocks. It is only a small basin, and the drops fall but a few inches, yet such are the acoustic effects of the arch that they can be heard for a long way, as they monotonously fall, drop by drop, just as, perhaps, they have fallen for a thousand years.

Singular effects are produced by the devices of the guides. At a certain spot we are requested to stand still while he goes back a little way and burns a blue light. The result is a splendid view of the Grand Arch, but the guide's pride is in a shadow profile cast



THE GIANT'S COFFIN.

other signs of former activity. What a busy set those old fellows must have been! One can almost credit their boast that they could dig saltpetre enough from Mammoth Cave to supply the whole world.

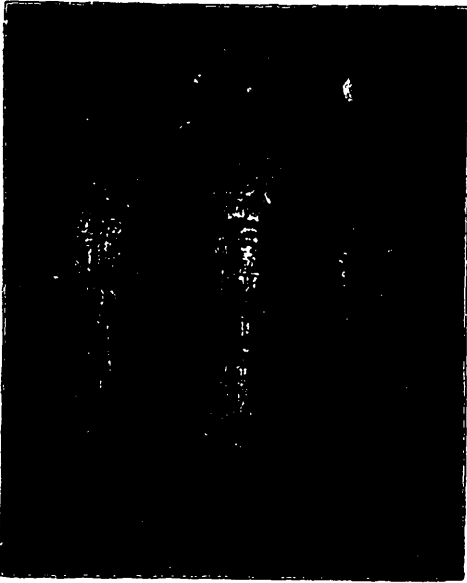
We pursue our way under the Grand Arch, sixty feet wide and fifty feet high, and extending for many hundred feet. During a moment's pause we are startled by what seems the loud ticking of a musical timepiece. It is but the measured melody of water dripping into a basin hidden behind

by the projecting buttresses. He assures us that it is an exact likeness of George Washington, and points out the familiar features of the father of his country. In case Englishmen are along, William tells them that he sometimes thinks it looks more like the Duke of Wellington. He was caught one day telling a simple-hearted German that it was the profile of Bismarck.

The incrustations of gypsum stained by the black oxide of manganese, seem to cut gigantic silhouettes from the ceiling of

creamy limestone. At first we ridicule these fancies, but at last they fascinate us. Wild cats, buffaloes, monkeys and ant-eaters—indeed, a whole menagerie is on exhibition, including the old mammoth himself.

The Giant's Coffin, as it is called, equals in size one of the famous blocks of Baalbek, being forty feet long, twenty wide, and eight or more deep, weighing 2,000 tons. As one passes it, it is with a feeling as if he had in-



EGYPTIAN TEMPLE.

truded into some solemn mausoleum.

The roofless remains of two stone cottages are next visited, as having a melancholy interest on account of their history. These, and ten frame ones, now torn down, were built in 1843 for the use of fifteen consumptive patients, who here took up their abode, induced to do so by the uniformity of the temperature, and the highly oxygenated air of the cave, which has the purity without the rarity of air at high altitudes. The ex-

periment was an utter failure; as was the pitiful attempt on the part of these poor invalids to make trees and shrubbery grow around their dismal huts. The open sunshine is as essential to rosy health as it is for green leaves. The salubrity of the cave, so far as its effects on the spirits and health of visitors are concerned, is decidedly marked. The air is slightly exhilarating, being surcharged with oxygen, and sustains one in a ramble of five or ten hours, so that at its end he is hardly sensible of fatigue.

A strangely beautiful transformation scene is exhibited in the Star Chamber, a hall 500 feet long, about 70 feet wide at the floor and narrowing to 40 at the ceiling, which is 60 feet above our heads. The light gray walls are in strong contrast to the lofty ceiling coated with black gypsum; and this, again, is studded with thousands of glittering stars, caused by the efflorescence of the sulphate of magnesia. The guide bids us seat ourselves on a long bench by the wall, and then, collecting our lamps, vanishes behind a jutting rock; whence, by adroit manipulations, he throws shadows, flitting like clouds athwart the starry vault. The effect is extremely fine, and the illusion is complete. The ceiling seems to have been lifted to an immense distance, and one can easily persuade himself that by some magic the roof is removed, and that he looks up from a deep canyon into the real heavens.

"Good night," says the guide, "I will see you again in the morning!"

With this abrupt leave-taking he plunges into a gorge, and we are in utter darkness. Even the blackest midnight in the upper world has from some quarter a few scattered rays; but here the gloom is without a gleam. In

the absolute silence that ensues one can hear his heart beat. Then we ask each other the meaning of this sudden desertion. But, while thus questioning each other, we see in the remote distance a faint glimmer, like the first streak of dawn. The light increases in volume till it tinges the tips of the rocks, like the tops of hills far away. The horizon is bathed in rosy hues, and we are prepared to see the sun rise, when all at once the guide appears, swinging his cluster of lamps, and asking us how we liked the performance. Loudly encored, he repeats the transformation again and again—starlight, moonlight, thunder-clouds, midnight and day-dawn, the latter heralded by cock-crowing, the barking of dogs, lowing of cattle, and various other farm-yard sounds; until, weary of an entertainment that long ago lost its novelty for him, he bids us resume our line of march.

We clamber over the big rocks to survey the Black Chambers. The walls and ceilings are completely coated with black gypsum. The funeral darkness defies magnesium, and refuses to be cheered even by red fire.

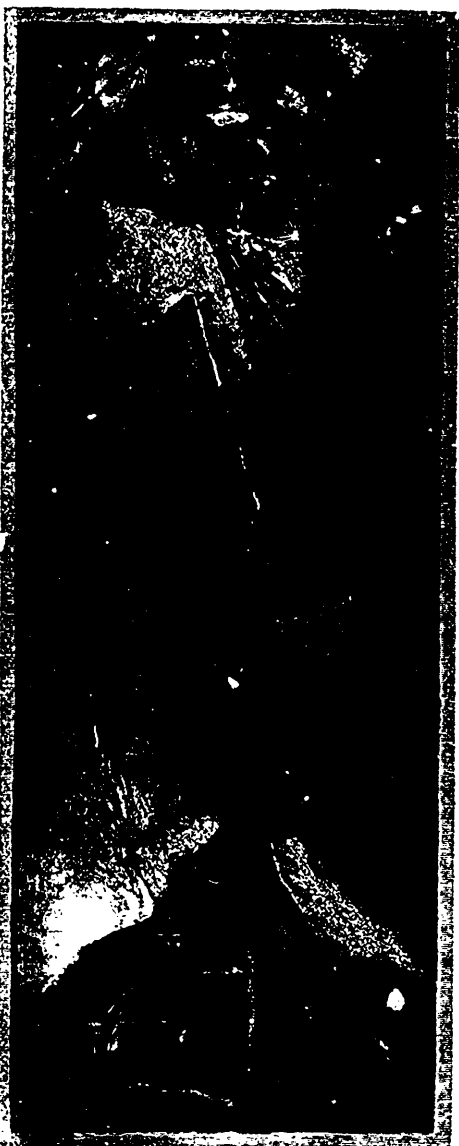
The Fairy Grotto is famous for its ten thousand stalactites, as varied in form as the shapes visible in the kaleidoscope.

Entering the Main Cave again, we continue our walk, until we find ourselves under the stupendous vault known as the Chief City. Amid its wonders we linger long. Bayard Taylor thus estimates this colossal room, "Length, 800 feet; breadth, 300 feet; height, 125 feet; area, between four and five acres!" We hold our breath lest if silence were broken the vast roof should fall.

"Why doesn't it fall?" I heard a timid visitor ask the guide.

"I know of no reason why it

should not fall at this very moment," said he, solemnly, "and I never come underneath without some degree of fear."



THE COCKSCREW.

Here we sit, while again the guide lights red fire and burns Roman candles, and discharges

rockets that find ample room to explode before they strike the far-distant walls.

Down a stairway, bearing the whimsical name of the Steeps of Time, we go to a lower level, and proceed along the Arched Way,



"THE BOTTOMLESS PIT."

leading to a wonderful region of pits and domes. Suddenly the guide cries, "Danger on the right!" Beside our path yawns a chasm called the Side-saddle Pit, from the shape of a projecting rock, on which we seat ourselves,

and watch with fearful interest the rolls of oiled paper lighted by the guide and dropped into the abyss. Down they go in a fiery spiral, burning long enough to give us a view of its corrugated sides and of a mass of blackened sticks and timbers far below.

Descending a long stairway, we find ourselves peering through a window-like aperture into profound darkness. The gloom is intensified by the monotonous sound of dripping water that seems to fall from a vast height to a dismal depth. By the magnesium light we discern the floor far below us, about an acre in area, its general level about 90 feet lower than the window. The height of the vault overhead seems to be about 100 feet; which gives 190 feet as the extreme altitude of this mighty chasm known as Gorin's Dome. The perpendicular walls are draped with three immense stalagmitic curtains, one above another, whose folds, which seem to be loosely floating, are bordered with fringes rich and heavy. These hangings, fit for Plutonian halls, were woven in Nature's loom by crystal threads of running water!

On retracing our way out of the Labyrinth, we next came to the famous abyss known as the Bottomless Pit, above which expands Shelby's Dome. Leaning over the hand-rails, we safely admire the gleaming rolls as they whirl to and fro, slowly sinking till they vanish, lighting up in their capricious progress the wrinkles and furrows made by the torrent's flow during untold ages. The depth is 200 feet.

The accompanying picture was taken from this point of view. There are within an area of 600 yards six of the largest naturally-formed pits in the known world, besides several others of smaller dimensions; and the entire group

is joined together by connecting passages.

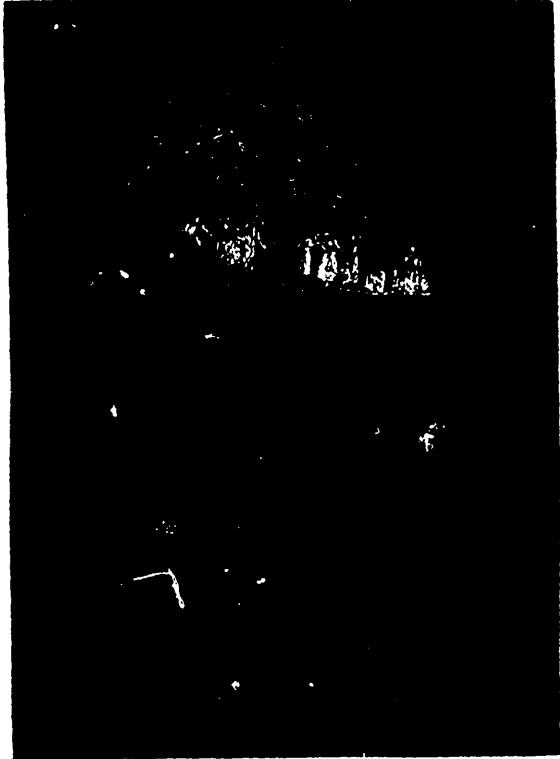
Mammoth Cave has gained a reputation as a cave of "magnificent distances." The Long Route is a day's journey underground. The signal for starting is given at 9 a.m., and the return is about 6 p.m., after nine hours of steady walking over a road, a little rough in spots, but for the most part quite smooth and easy. The distance is about eighteen miles.

By mounting three stairways, crawling through narrow crevices, and leaping from rock to rock, one may ascend for what would perhaps be a vertical distance of 150 feet, and thus reduce the journey from the mouth of the cave to Great Relief by nearly a mile. This tortuous passage is known as the "Cork Screw."

Mammoth Dome is the grandest hall in all this domain of silence and of night. We lighted up the huge dome, by burning magnesium at three points at once, and estimated its dimensions to be about 400 feet in length, 150 feet in width, and varying in places from 80 to 250 feet in height. The walls are curtained by alabaster drapery in vertical folds, decorated by heavy fringes of translucent stone. A huge gateway at the farther end of the hall, opens into a room so like the ruins of Luxor and Karnak, that we named it the Egyptian Temple.

Four boats await us on the banks of Echo River. Each has

seats on the gunwales for twenty passengers. The low arch soon rises to a height varying from ten to thirty feet, while the plummet shows a still greater depth below. The guide, with a hand-net, tries to catch for us a few of the famous eyeless fish that dart to and fro in the water. He captured numerous specimens, from two to six



CROSSING THE STYX.

inches long, and usually destitute even of rudimentary organs of vision. Several, however, had protuberances or sightless eyes, and one had good eye-sight. The gradations of colour are from olive-brown to pure white; while some of these are perfectly transparent. They have simple cartilage instead of bones, and are



LOVER'S LEAP.

destitute of scales. There are also blind and white crawfish.

Upon the water the echo is surprisingly sweet. A quiet lady in black velvet led the company in sacred song. The soft notes haunt the memory with a lingering spell. We remained long on Echo River, floating over its strangely transparent water, as if gliding through the air, and trying every echo its arches were capable of producing. A single aerial vibration given with energy, as by a pistol-shot, rebounded from rock to rock. The din awakened by discordant sounds was frightful. On the other hand, when the voice gave the tones of a full chord seriatim, they came back in sweeping arpeggio. Flute-music produced charming reverberations; and the cornet still finer effects.

The long vault has a certain key-note of its own, which, when firmly struck, excites harmonics, including tones of incredible depth and sweetness, reminding me of the profound undertone one hears in the music of Niagara Falls.

An extraordinary result was ob-

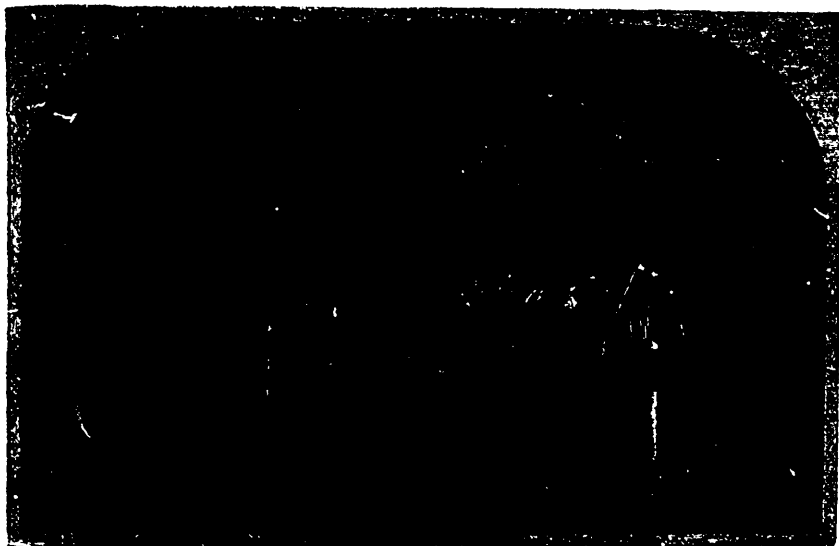
tained by the guide's agitating the waters vigorously with his broad paddle, and then seating himself in silence. The first sound that broke the stillness was like the tinkling of silver bells. Larger and heavier bells then seemed to take up the melody, as the waves sought out the cavities in the rock. And then it appeared as if all chimes of all cathedrals had conspired to raise a tempest of sweet sounds. Then they die away to utter silence. We still sat in expectation. Lo, as if from some deep recess that had been hitherto forgotten, came a tone tender and profound; after which, like gentle memories, were re-awakened all the mellow sounds that had gone before, until River Hall rang again. Those who try their own voices are pleased to have the hollow wall give back shout and song, whimsical cry and merry peal; but the nymphs reserve their choicest harmonies for those who are willing to listen in silence to the voice of many waters.

The full moon was riding in a



DINNER IN THE CAVE.

cloudless sky, when we emerged from our journey in the great cavern. We had, as usual, a practical proof of the purity of the exhilarating cave atmosphere, by its contrast with that of the outer



ON ECHO RIVER.

world, which seemed heavy and suffocating. The odours of trees, grass, weeds and flowers were strangely intensified and overpowering. We were grateful, however, for the impressions we had received, and for the memories retained of wonderful scenes and strange adventures. Feelings

akin to friendship had sprung up within us for Mammoth Cave, and it was with positive regret that we finally turned away from the fern-fringed chasm lying there in the soft moonlight, where the sparkling cascade throws pearly drops from the mossy ridge, and spreads its mist like a silver veil.

THE KINGLY PRESENCE.

By the splendour of the heavens, and the hush upon the sea,
And the majesty of silence reigning over Galilee—
We feel Thy kingly presence, and we humbly bow the knee,
And lift our hearts and voices in gratefulness to Thee.

Thy Messenger has spoken, and our doubts are fled and gone,
As the dark and spectral shadows of the night before the dawn,
And in the kindly shelter of the Light around us drawn,
We would nestle down forever on the breast we lean upon.

You have given us a Shepherd—you have given us a Guide,
And the light of heaven grew dimmer when you sent Him from your side—
But He comes to lead Thy children where the gates will open wide
To welcome His returning when His works are glorified.

By the splendour in the heavens, and the hush upon the sea,
And the majesty of silence reigning over Galilee—
We feel Thy kingly presence, and we humbly bow the knee,
And lift our hearts and voices in thankfulness to Thee.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

MISSION WORK IN JAPAN.*



SHINTO SHRINE.

The oldest and most successful foreign mission of the Methodist Church in Canada is that in Japan. This year is its semi-jubilee, it having been begun in 1873. It is appropriate, therefore, to note progress, to take stock of the work done, and of the outlook for the future. It was a brave undertaking for the Methodist Church of twenty-five years ago to establish this mission on the opposite side of the globe. This was largely the result of the consecrated zeal of the late Dr. Punshon, Dr. Enoch Wood, and Senator Macdonald. "They build-

* "The Gist of Japan." By the Rev. R. B. Peery, A.M., Ph.D. Illustrated. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co.

ed better than they knew." Our first foreign mission kindled a new zeal in the home Church. By the fostering aid and careful oversight of the Missionary Board and its secretaries, Dr. Lachlan Taylor and Dr. Alexander Sutherland, and the personal visit of the latter to the mission field, the work, under the blessing of God, has grandly prospered. Looking back on its history we may well say, "What hath God wrought!"

The minutes of the Japan Conference now before us give a summary of the progress of a quarter of a century's work. The two missionaries who led the van in this noble work, in the providence of

God, are still alive. Dr. Davidson Macdonald has been President of the Japan Conference every year since its organization in 1889, save in 1892, when his comrade in pioneer work, the Rev. Dr. Cochran, enjoyed that honour.

From this small beginning the mission has multiplied till there are now 7 male and 10 female missionaries, 21 native ministers, 6 preachers, 41 local preachers, 21 exhorters, 91 class-leaders, 43 Sunday-school superintendents, 147 teachers, 68 schools, and 2,640 scholars. The Christian baptisms number 3,513. There are 61 preaching appointments; 24 churches have been erected at a cost of yen 32,327, and 18 parson-

ages at a cost, including the value of land, of yen 19,000, and ten foreign missionaries' houses, valued, including land, at yen 28,500. School buildings, including land, are valued at yen 38,000. The value of church property, yen 117,847. The entire expenditure in

church at Azabu, one at Shizuoka, and one at Kofu, but the others are doing what they can in this respect. The native missionary at Kofu, Mr. Kobayashi, well known in Canada, reports, "We have peace and harmony prevail-



THE CHILDREN'S PARADISE.

the Japan Conference for the year ending 30th of June, 1897, was \$27,650. Of this the native churches have contributed yen 4,826.247, equal in gold to \$2,413.12.* The membership numbers 2,268, a net increase for the year of 142.

There is one self-sustaining

* At present the yen is equal to about 50 cents of Canadian money.

ing through all our membership, and growth in grace is the result."

There is an academy at Tokyo, with an attendance of about 300 students, an increase of 135 during the year. "New applicants are seeking admission in such large numbers," writes the native president, "that we are obliged to

turn some away." There is also an English school at Kanazawa with 120 students, a Christian boys' school at Kofu, the only one in the province, and a school for the blind at Takata.

The Woman's Missionary Society has also fifteen agents in Japan, and expended last year \$20,035 in that country.

The visit of the Rev. Dr. Carman, our General Superintendent,



YOUNG NURSES.

will doubtless greatly confirm and inspire the churches and missions in Japan, and will enable the approaching General Conference to have a more intelligent comprehension of the work and its needs. The country, its people, its civilization, its institutions are so unfamiliar to our minds that the following paragraphs by a veteran missionary will be read with much interest.

The chief city of the Empire is Tokyo, with a population of 1,323,295. It has many of the conveniences of modern Western cities, such as electric lights, water-works, tram-cars, telephones, etc. Osaka, the commercial centre, numbers 494,314; Kyoto, 328,354; Nagoya, 206,742; Yokohama, 160,439; Kobe, 150,993, and many others under 100,000. The climate of Japan is very moist and debilitating. Were it only on the machines and clothing that the dampness and mould settle, it would not be so bad; but we feel that this same clammy mould is going down into our very bones and marrow, gradually sapping their vigour and strength.

Love of the beautiful is a prominent and highly developed Japanese trait. I have seen day-labourers stand and gaze for a long time at a beautiful sunset, or go into raptures over a dwarfed cherry-bush just putting forth its tiny buds. Men who have worked in the fields all day, until they are exhausted, on their return home in the evening will stop by the wayside to pluck some beautiful shrub or flower and carry it back with them.

Go into the room of a school-boy and you will almost invariably find his table brightened by a pretty bouquet of flowers. When the cherries are in bloom the whole population leaves off work and turns out to enjoy them. Japan is a beautiful land, and no people are more capable of appreciating her beauty than her own.

A striking national peculiarity

is the slight value placed on human life. About seven thousand suicides occur in Japan each year. The slightest reasons will induce a man to take his own life. Statistics show that the proportion of suicides varies with the success or failure of the rice crop. If sustenance is cheap, people live; if it is dear, they rid themselves of the burden of life. The number of suicides also varies much with the season of the year, showing that such little matters as heat and discomfort will outweigh the value put upon life.

With many amiable characteristics, the unevangelized Japanese have some serious defects. A foreign employe in a Government school, when asked concerning the native character, replied in two words—deceit and conceit.

It is curious how strikingly opposed to our Western usages many of their customs are. Take the manner of addressing letters for instance. We write :

Mr. Frank Jones,
110 Gay Street,
Knoxville,
Tennessee.

A Japanese would write it :

Tennessee,
Knoxville,
Gay Street, 110,
Jones, Frank, Mr.

The latter is certainly the more sensible method, because what the postmaster wants to see is not the name of the man to whom the letter is addressed, but the place to which it is to go.

Many of the ladies do not wear any foot-gear at all in the house, but these same women could hardly be induced to expose their arms and necks as Western women do. In the West, curly hair is highly prized on girls and women; in the East, it is considered

an abomination. The most striking difference in regard to dress, however, is in mourning dress. Whereas in the West it is always black, in Japan it is always white. Japanese carpenters saw by pulling the saw toward them instead of pushing it from them; the planes cut in the same way; and screws are put in by turning them to the left instead of the right. Even in the nursery we find customs directly antipodal. While the American nurse takes the child up in her arms, the Japanese nurse takes it on her back.

The Japanese are an exceedingly polite people. They have been called the Frenchmen of the Orient in recognition of this national characteristic. When you are invited to a dinner the invitation will carefully state that no special preparation will be made for the occasion. At the beginning of the meal the hostess will apologize for presuming to set before you such mean, dirty food, and will declare that she has nothing whatever for you to eat, although she will doubtless have a feast fit for a king. The following is the style of Japanese compliment :

A. "Is the august lady, your honourable wife, well?"

B. "Yes, thank you; the lazy old woman is quite well."

A. "And how are your princely children?"

B. "A thousand thanks for your kind interest. The noisy, dirty little brats are well too."

A. "I am now living on a little back street, and my house is awfully small and dirty; but if you can endure it, please honour me by a visit."

B. "I am overcome with thanks, and will early ascend to your honourable residence, and impose my uninteresting self upon your hospitality."

A Japanese gentleman never

stops to converse with a friend, he only a child, without taking off his hat.

Japan has well been called the children's paradise. The advent of a little one, especially if it be a son, is hailed with delight. The "new born denizen of life's great city" receives as much coddling

Upon the girls of the family the cares of life soon devolve. They are the universal nurses, and very kind nurses they are. It is very comical to see these little creatures running about at their play, almost everyone of them with a big lump of a baby strapped on her back.



THE NEW BABY.

and petting as any Western babe. The parents exhibit much thoughtful kindness in preparing toys and games for the little folk as they grow older, and in sharing their amusements. They are such comical little fellows with their shaven heads, wooden shoes, and quaint costume that they look like a lot of dolls out on a masquerade.

The Japanese have reduced the principles of house-keeping to its simplest elements. Instead of the overcrowded rooms with their museum of bric-a-brac of Western houses, they have almost no furniture, and very simple, though tasteful, decoration, chiefly sprays of flowers in a vase.

Going to bed is a very easy

operation. It means merely spreading a wadded rug on the floor, and supporting the head on a wooden pillow covered with layers of paper, which may be removed as they get soiled. This uncomfortable looking arrangement is designed to protect the elaborate coiffure from being disturbed. The ever present pot of tea and plain repast make the meal a very simple function.

The Japanese have exquisite taste in landscape gardening. In a limited area, by means of terraces, streams, water-falls, and bridges, they will produce remarkable scenic effects. Especially are the surroundings of their temples, which are often approached by long avenues of whispering pines, extremely picturesque.

The most valuable part of Dr. Peary's book is that on mission work. Its methods, the qualifications needed for it, the hindrances to be met, the special problems and the promising outlook.

First, the missionary should have a large amount of common sense. No uncommon gifts will make up for the absence of this. He should also be married. The married man establishes a Christian home in the midst of his people, and sets them a concrete example of what Christian life should be. This example is one of the most potent influences for good operating on the mission field.

In home life perhaps more than in any other respect Japanese society is wanting. The renovation of the home is one of the crying needs of the hour.

A knowledge of the trials, perils, discouragements, temptations, hopes, and fears of the missionary may be very profitable to those who support our missions.

First, then, the mission home is an example to the non-Christian people around it. It is frequently

open to them, and they can see its workings. They often share its hospitality and sit at its table. Their keen eyes take in everything, and a deep impression is made upon them. It is often necessary, in self-defence, to refuse them admittance, except at certain hours. Not only are the seclusion and privacy of the home endangered, but the missionary also is in great danger of having his valuable time uselessly frittered away.

It should be to him a sure retreat and seclusion from the peculiarly trying cares and worries of his work. It should be a place where he can evade the subtle influences of heathenism which creep in at every pore—a safe retreat from the sin and wickedness and vice around it. While living in native style is very cheap, living in Western style is perhaps as dear here as in any country in the world.

Man is an animal, and, like other animals, he must be well cared for if he is to do his best work. No farmer would expect to get hard work out of a horse that was only half fed, and no mission board can expect to get first-class work out of a missionary who is not liberally supported. The missionary has enough to worry him without having to be anxious about finances.

If the missionary is not well he cannot work; but if he is left to pay for medical attendance himself out of a very meagre salary, all of which is needed by his wife and children, he will frequently deny himself the services of a physician when they are really needed. The work of the missionary is most trying, and the demands on his health and strength are very exhausting.

It is customary in Japan for the missionaries to leave their fields of work during the summer season

and spend six weeks or two months in sanatoria among the mountains or by the seashore. Large numbers of missionaries gather there, and for a short time the tried, isolated worker can enjoy the society of his own kind. The missionary returns from them in September feeling fresh and strong, ready to take up with renewed vigour his arduous labours.

contact with its missionaries. Nothing will so stir up interest and zeal in the mission cause as to see and hear its needs from living, active workers, fresh from the field.

We will pass by all physical hardships, such as climate, improper food, poor houses, etc. Although these are often greater hardships than the people at home



JAPANESE PILLOW.

For the missionary's personal benefit he should be permitted to come into frequent contact with the home Churches. He needs to come into contact with the broader faith and deeper life of the home Churches, and receive from them new consecration and devotion to his work. The Church at home needs also to come frequently into

know, they are but "light afflictions" to the missionary. Very many of the missionary's burdens are summed up in the one word whose height and breadth and length and depth none knows so well as he—that word "exile." It is not merely a physical exile from home and country and all their interests; it is not only an intellec-

tual exile from all that would feed and stimulate the mind; it is yet more—a spiritual exile from the guidance, the instruction, the correction, from the support, the fellowship, the communion of the saints and the Church at home. It is an exile as when a man is lowered with a candle into foul places, where the noxious gases threaten to put out his light, yet he must explore it all and find some way to drain off the refuse and let in the sweet air to do their own cleansing work.

The native Church, not having generations of Christian ancestry behind it, and not being a Christian environment, is often, it may be unwittingly, guilty of heathen practices that sorely try the heart of the missionary. The struggle between the new life and the old heathenism is still seen in the church members and even in the native ministry. Each missionary, if he would be well and cheerful in his work, must learn to cast all burdens of such a character on the Lord, and not be oppressed by them.

If the missionary life has its sorrows and disappointments, it has its pleasures and joys as well. It is with great pleasure that I turn from the dark to the bright side of our lives.

First I would mention that sweet peace and joy that come from the consciousness of doing one's duty. The true missionary feels that God has called him into the work, and that he is fulfilling the divine will. This knowledge brings with it much pleasure. He hears the words of his Master, "Lo, I am with you alway," and he gladly responds, "In Thy presence is fulness of joy." The brooding Spirit of God is especially near the Christian worker in foreign lands, and imparts to him much joy and peace.

Another of the missionary's joys is to see the Gospel gradually taking hold of the hearts of the people and renewing and transforming them. Who could desire sweeter joy than to watch the transforming power of the Gospel in the heart of some poor heathen, changing him from an idol-worshipping, immoral creature into a pure, consistent Christian? For gloom and dejection it gives joy and hope; for blind, irresistible fate it gives a loving providence. The change is so great that every feature of the face expresses it.

I mention this first because I regard it as the most important of all methods. The supreme vocation of the missionary is, not to educate, not to heal, but to preach the Gospel. He should personally engage in this evangelistic work, should himself come into actual contact with the unevangelized masses, and should proclaim the Gospel directly to them. He should not only train native evangelists, but should be an evangelist himself, teaching his helpers, by earnest, zealous example as well as by precept, right methods of the proclamation of the Gospel.

At first very few people will come into the house, but numbers will congregate in the street and will listen to what is said.

Among the first things a missionary does in beginning work in a town is to open a Sunday-school. The children are generally more accessible than the older people, and many of them will come to the school. The first instruction is usually by means of large Bible pictures that catch the eye and teach a religious truth. By-and-bye, when the work becomes more substantial and the interest more developed, the pupils can be organized into classes and more systematic instruction given. If there are any Christians in con-

nection with the chapel their children form the backbone of the Sunday-school.

The Japanese are a very social people, and it is wonderful how a little personal kindness, and interest in them will break down the prejudice against us and our work. As a rule, the missionary who goes into a native home with humility, simplicity, and love, will gain the good-will of the whole household. Men feel freer to talk

Perhaps the most attractive and interesting feature of all mission work is this forming and moulding, under one's own hand, of the theology, the life, and the activities of a young church. The one who is privileged to do this occupies a position of responsibility than which none could be greater.

No true missionary living in a non-Christian land will confine his labours to the town in which he resides. His heart will be con-



ENTRANCE TO JAPANESE TEMPLE.

about religious subjects in the privacy of their own homes.

It is a very pleasant experience to enter a friendly home in the evening, to sit around the social hibachi (fire-box), sip tea, and talk about the great questions of time and eternity. One is generally received with cordiality and made to feel at home. He is listened to attentively and respectfully, and the questions asked are intelligent, appreciative ones.

stantly yearning over the people in the surrounding towns and country, and he will gladly take advantage of every opportunity to make them occasional visits, telling to them also the old, old story.

The facilities for itinerating in Japan are excellent. Most of the important points are easily reached by rail or water. But in general, on an itinerating tour, the missionary has little use for the steamers and railways. The points

he wants to visit are not on the great thoroughfares, but are in out-of-the-way places. There is, however, a good system of roads, and the jinrikisha, which is everywhere found, is easily capable of carrying one forty or fifty miles a day. This little cart resembles a buggy, except that it has only two wheels and is much smaller. The seat is just large enough to accommodate one person. A small Japanese coolie between the shafts furnishes all the necessary motive power. These are very convenient and comfortable little conveyances, and are the ones in ordinary use by missionaries in their itinerating work.

In recent years the bicycle has become popular for this purpose. As the "wheel" has been made to serve almost every other interest, it is but fair that it should also serve the Gospel. Perhaps to-day one-half of all the male missionaries in Japan ride wheels. They have decided advantages over the jinrikisha, chiefly in the way of speed, personal comfort, and pleasure.

When fields where no regular work is carried on are visited the missionary must take his helper with him. When on one of these tours he will spend one or two days in a village, talking personally with all who will come to him. Very likely he will rent a room in the inn in which he is stopping, and he and his helper will there preach one or two evenings. Sometimes, if the weather is good, he obtains permission of the authorities to hold the meeting in the open air, and preaches on the street or in the public squares. Wherever an audience can be gathered the message is told. After one or two days spent in this manner they move on to the next town, and there do as they did before, thus going their whole round. The most that is accom-

plished by this method of preaching is to spread abroad a general knowledge of Christianity among the people and break down their prejudice against it. Not many conversions result from it.

We cannot overestimate the value of a good Christian newspaper. It will carry Gospel truth to people whom the missionary and the native evangelist cannot reach, and it will help much to nourish and strengthen the life of the native converts. In such a paper the latter will probably see their religion set forth in all its relations to the questions of practical life in a way they seldom hear it done in sermons. I think parish papers, which are becoming so common at home, would also exert a splendid influence in Japan.

Japan has been pronounced at once the most promising and the most difficult of all fields for evangelistic work. Perhaps the most potent at present is the extreme nationalistic feeling, which has brought into disrepute everything of foreign origin. It is hard for us to realize the fanatical intensity of their patriotism. Having been taught for so many centuries that this is the first virtue, the people have exalted it above everything else. "Japan first, forever, and always," is the universal motto. There is hardly a man, woman, or child in the Empire to-day who would not be perfectly willing to lay down his life for the good of the country.

But the desire for a purely native theology, which this strong, benighted patriotism begets, is even more hurtful than its sowing seeds of discord among the workers. Many of the leading native ministers and laymen say that it is folly for their Churches to perpetuate the theological divisions and creeds of the West, and they propose to develop a theology peculiarly their own. Now Chris-

tianity cannot be kept pure and sound without paying due regard to its historical development; and the Japanese, in cutting loose from this, have already run into heresy. The danger is that a Christianity may be developed which is lacking in all that is distinctly Christian, and which will be harder to overcome than the old heathenism.

According to the regulations, no one religion is to be favoured more than another in the schools, and complete religious liberty is to be allowed. But the general tenor of the education given is un-Christian—an exaltation of reason above faith, of science above religion. Especially is the tendency of the higher education against any form of religion. The educators of Japan are training a nation of atheists and agnostics. All religious sentiment is crushed in the schools, other things being substituted.

Most of our converts, unless their relatives and friends are Christians, are ostracized; in many cases they are utterly cut off from their families and are disinherited.

While we are labouring to Christianize the people, our own countrymen, the representatives of Christian lands and the exponents of a Christian civilization, are in the foreign ports setting a most ungodly example. The natives are quick to notice these things, and they reason that, if our faith is as good as we represent it to be, why have our countrymen not profited better by it? The presence of these anti-Christian representatives of Christendom is a great hinderance.

It has been said of both Chinese and Japanese that they were invented by the devil to keep Christian missionaries from speaking freely with the natives. Whether that be true or not, it certainly is true that Japanese is one of the most difficult languages on the

globe. To know it well, three different languages must be acquired; spoken Japanese, written Japanese, and Chinese.

Now, what is the condition of the native Church in Japan today? There are 100,000 Christians, including Protestants, Greeks, and Romanists. These Christians have manifested commendable zeal, earnestness, and piety. Very much is yet to be desired in the matters of orthodoxy, self-support, and internal harmony, but it is not sure that this native Church is more lacking in these respects than native Churches in other mission fields. I think in time there will come to the Church in Japan a sounder faith and a fuller Christian consciousness, and that she will faithfully bear her part in the evangelization of this land.

With but a few exceptions, a more faithful and talented body of men than the foreign missionaries in Japan cannot be found. There are in all branches of the Church, including Greek and Roman Catholics, 876 European missionaries. This number includes single and married women. Such a force, led by the Holy Spirit, ought to be able to do much to hasten the coming of the kingdom in Japan.

The attitude of the Government has changed recently, and instead of hindering it has actually encouraged and in several ways helped in our work. During the late war with China it permitted the sending to the army of three native chaplains, and on the field encouraged and helped them all it could. These men were not officially styled "Christian chaplains," but were called *imonshi*, or comforters.

The same is indicated by the fact that the authorities willingly gave permission for the distribution of Bibles to the soldiers in

every department of the army. They even aided in the distribution, and often arranged for those who distributed them to preach to the soldiers. I think few non-Christian lands have ever gone so far as this in their encouragement of Christianity.

Buddhism will die hard, but she is too old, effete, and corrupt permanently to withstand her younger and more powerful foe. The inherent truth of Christianity must ultimately give it the victory. Every part of the Empire is absolutely open, and there is nothing to hinder a full and free proclamation of the Gospel in every town, village, and hamlet in Japan. "To those who can look back thirty years, or even only twenty years, the change in the position of Christianity in Japan is most striking, indeed well-nigh incredible." From a hated and despised thing it has risen to a position in which it commands the respect of many of the best men in the land.

The course of Christianity in the future will not be an unopposed, easy march to victory. There yet remains a great deal to be done. Many clouds still linger on the horizon, making us anxious about the morrow. But so much has already been done that the Churches at home should feel encouraged to renew their energies for the final contest. This is no time for retreat, for hesitancy, or for cavil; this is a time for prompt reinforcement and liberal support. Let the home Churches feel that such is their present duty toward the work in Japan.

With an assured faith, built upon the firm promises of God, we confidently look forward to the time when the Empire of Japan shall no longer be a mission field, but shall herself send the message of light and life to the darkened millions around her.

May God hasten the day.

THE TWO MYSTERIES.

BY MARY MAPES DODGE.

We know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still;
The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so pale and chill;
The lids that will not lift again, though we may call and call;
The strange, white solitude of peace that settles over all.

We know not what it means, dear, this desolate heart's pain;
The dread to take our daily way, and walk in it again;
We know not to what other sphere the loved who leave us go,
Nor why we're left to wonder still, nor why we do not know.

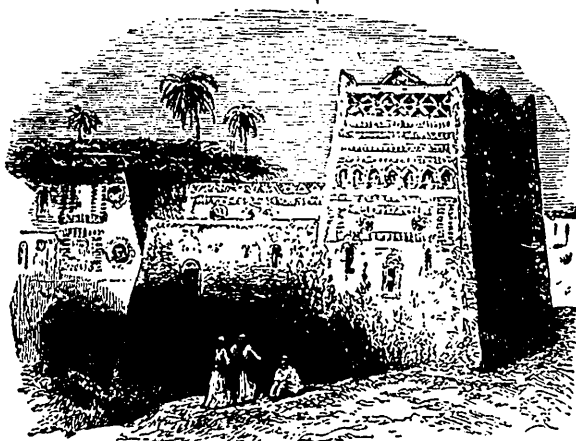
But this we know: Our loved and dead, if they should come this day—
Should come and ask us, "What is life?" not one of us could say.
Life is a mystery as deep as ever death can be;
Yet, oh, how dear it is to us, this life we live and see!

Then might they say—these vanished ones—and blessed is the thought:
"So death is sweet to us, beloved! though we may show you naught;
We may not to the quick reveal the mystery of death—
Ye cannot tell us, if ye would, the mystery of breath."

The child who enters life comes not with knowledge or intent,
So those who enter death must go as little children sent.
Nothing is known. But I believe that God is overhead;
And as life is to the living, so death is to the dead.

FIRE AND SWORD IN THE SOUDAN.

BY REV. JAMES COOKE SEYMOUR.



SHEIKH'S HOUSE ON THE UPPER NILE.

The Soudan will be a central point of interest for a good while to come. The tragic death of Gordon—that majestic impersonation of chivalry, unselfishness and piety—the Anglo-Egyptian campaign of conquest under Sirdar Sir H. Kitchener, now pushing its way to Khartoum—the projected British transcontinental railways from Cape Town to Cairo, and from Zanzibar to the Atlantic—one of the most stupendous commercial schemes of this or any other age—the still greater considerations of subsequent Christian civilization and missionary evangelization—are enough to fix and keep the eye of the Christian world on the great Dark Continent and on one of its most important sections—the Soudan.

What is the Soudan? It is the "country of the blacks." In its very widest area, it stretches from the Red Sea to the Atlantic, and from Equatorial Africa to the great Sahara. In a narrower and more usual sense, it comprises some two millions of square miles of the territory between the

Senegal River and Abyssinia. Within this region there are three distinct hydrographical systems, corresponding to the main physical divisions of Western Soudan draining the Niger southward to the Atlantic—Central Soudan draining to the great central depression and land-locked basin of Lake Tchad—and Eastern or Egyptian Soudan, draining through the

Nile northward to the Mediterranean. It is to the Egyptian, or Eastern Soudan, the present article has reference.

For some seventy years, dating from 1819, this region had been under the precarious rule of Egypt. Of late, and especially since the British occupation of Egypt, European officers have been largely employed in the government of the country. Of all these, by far the most distinguished and influential was General Gordon. Under his direction, a young Austrian officer—Rudolf C. Slatin—better known as Slatin Pasha, received employment, and subsequently became Governor of the Province of Darfur, in the year 1881.

The history of Slatin Pasha's captivity in the Mahdist Empire, written by himself, is as full of thrilling interest as of valuable information concerning that land.*

* "Fire and Sword in the Soudan." A Personal Narrative of Fighting and Serving the Dervishes, 1879-1895. By Rudolf C. Slatin Pasha, C.B. London: Edward Arnold. Toronto: William Briggs.

The Arab race, the Moham-
medan religion, and the slave
trade predominate throughout this
entire region. The whole three
concentrated their energies in one
man, the Mahdi, and enabled him
to carve out an empire, which for
startling rapidity of growth, un-
mense extent, and despotic power,
is no small marvel even in this age
of wonders. In many Moham-
medan countries, there has existed
a belief that on the completion of
twelve centuries from the Hegira,
the Mahdi, or new deliverer, would
appear. The twelve centuries
were reckoned to come to an end
on the 12th of November, 1882.

A young Soudanese—Moham-
med Ahmed—a native of Don-
gola, became possessed with the
idea that he was the Mahdi. He
was the son of a carpenter, and
was born about the year 1840.
While still a boy, he was ap-
prenticed to his uncle to learn a
trade. One day the uncle gave
him a severe beating, which so en-
raged him that he ran away. He
reached Berber, and became for
several years the pupil of the well-
known Moslem teacher, Moham-
med el Kheir. When he arrived
at manhood, he quitted Berber
and went to Khartoum and be-
came the disciple of the celebrated
Sheikh, Mohammed Sherif. In
the course of time a dispute arose
between the disciple and his mas-
ter, which ended in the former set-
ting up as an independent teacher,
of superior sanctity and authority.

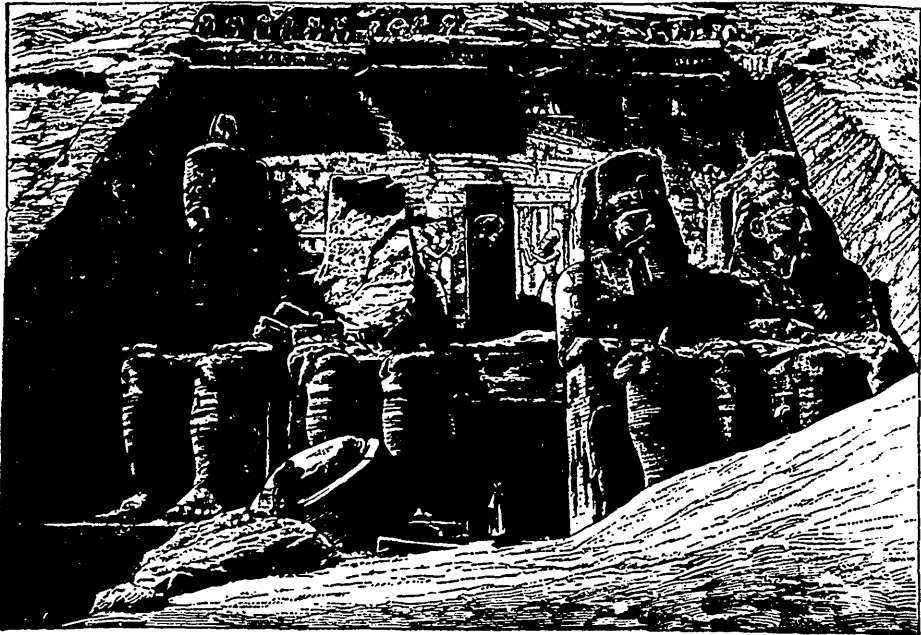
He now retired, with a few fol-
lowers, to the island of Abba,
where he lived in a cave, giving
himself up to the life of a Moslem
ascetic. His repute for sanctity
became so great that the masters
of sailing vessels and even Gov-
ernment steamers stopped to ask
his blessing on their journey on
the Nile, in return for which he
received many valuable gifts. He
often issued from his seclusion to

preach among the neighbouring
Arab tribes.

“His outward appearance was
strangely fascinating; he was a
man of strong constitution, of
very dark complexion, and his
face always wore a pleasant smile,
to which he had by long practice
accustomed himself. Under this
smile gleamed a set of singularly
white teeth, and between the two
upper middle ones was a V-shaped
space, which in the Soudan is con-
sidered a sign that the owner will
be lucky.”

In May, 1881, he began to write
letters declaring himself the Mahdi,
whom Mohammed had foretold.
He said that he had been sent to
inform Islam that he would bring
a new state of things into the Mo-
hammedan world, that he would
establish the equality of man, and
make the rich share with the poor.
At first his followers were few.
But after several skirmishes with
the Egyptian troops, in which the
latter were badly defeated, his
prestige and fame began to spread
rapidly. Keeping close to the
example of the Prophet, he made
his Hegira to Gedir, and there ap-
pointed his four Khalifas. Three
of these were powerful chiefs, of
different Arab tribes, one of whom,
Abdullah, of the Baggara tribe,
became the Mahdi's successor, and
the present ruling Khalifa.

With almost Napoleonic de-
cision, the Mahdi seized his op-
portunity to strike some heavy
blows before the Egyptian Gov-
ernment could place any strong
reinforcements in the field. He
and his fierce Dervishes set their
hungry eyes on El-Obeid, the
rich capital of Kordofan. The
city was closely besieged. Famine
soon raged in all its gaunt hor-
rors. Thirty dollars was the
price of a chicken. Eggs a dol-
lar apiece. Twenty dollars for a
pound of coffee. A thimbleful
of salt cost a dollar. A little



FAÇADE OF GREAT TEMPLE AT ABU-SIMBEL, ON THE UPPER NILE.

later, dogs, mice, cockroaches and white ants were eaten. The dead and dying filled the streets. The air was black with carrion-kites. These ugly birds became so distended by constant gorging that they could not fly away, and were killed by the soldiers, who devoured them with avidity.

El-Obeid fell, and with it the power of the Egyptian Government in Kordofan. The influence and resources of the Mahdi rose accordingly. The Government was thoroughly aroused. In September, 1883, General Hicks, an experienced Indian officer, was sent to Kordofan with ten thousand men. They formed a square, with six thousand camels in the centre. General Hicks had associated with him in the command, Ala Ed-Din Pasha—a man imbued with the old Turkish ideas of war. The two could not agree. The soldiers were largely conscripts sent to the Soudan against their will. The march

was through unknown regions, in some places through grass taller than a man's head, in others, where for days not a drop of water could be found. Hundreds of the camels died every day, and their loads were piled on to the others who were still alive. Hicks had the greatest difficulty in keeping his men together.

Gustav Klootz, a German non-commissioned officer, foreseeing the almost certain annihilation of the force, deserted to the enemy. Meanwhile the Madhi had worked up his fanatical Dervishes to a pitch of the wildest enthusiasm. He told them that the Prophet had announced to him that on the day of battle they would be accompanied by twenty thousand angels, who would attack the unbelievers. The Mahdi, with more than a hundred thousand warriors marched out of El-Obeid. A continuous fire was poured on the crowded square. Every moment a weary man, horse, or camel

would fall to the bullet of an invisible enemy, and for hours this decimation continued, while the wretched troops suffered agonies of thirst, and were unable to move in any direction. Utterly demoralized, poor Hicks' soldiers moaned, "Where is Egypt? Oh, our Lady Zenab, now is your time to help us." The Mahdist soldiers, lying flat on the ground, unharmed by the shower of bullets which passed over their heads, answered back, "Di el Mahdi el Muntazer." "This is the expected Mahdi."

General Hicks was one of the last to fall, fighting gallantly sword in hand, till pierced by several spears. The heaps of the slain extended over a distance of two miles. At the close of the struggle, only one hundred of the Egyptian army were found alive. The Mahdi and his victorious Dervishes entered El-Obeid in triumph. He was mounted on a magnificent white camel. Thousands upon thousands moved to the ever-swelling murmur of "La Ilaha il'Allah." "There is no god but God." Clouds of dust filled the air, and as the Mahdi passed by, the spectators threw themselves down and kissed the ground, while the women shouted, "Madhi Allah"—"The Madhi of God."

Slatin Pasha saw that further resistance was useless. He had done all he could as a brave and loyal officer. He surrendered, and with him the whole Province of Drafur. Slatin's life was spared. The astute Mahdi saw that an heroic and capable officer like Slatin, who knew Arabic well, and also several European languages, might be of service to him in the future. And he was right.

It gratified the Mahdi's pride also to be able to show the former Governor of Darfur—and a European officer at that—in dire cap-

tivity. And dire it was. Slatin was kept very close to the Mahdi, the better to guard against the slightest attempt at escape, or any outside communication, other than the Mahdi pleased.

Next came the news of the Egyptian Government's overthrow in Bahr-el Ghazal—the richest of all the Soudan provinces, which stretched southward to the Province of Equatoria. The Egyptian rule was all but annihilated. Mahdism was well-nigh supreme everywhere. Now people began to ask, "Where is Gordon?" The Pall Mall Gazette said, "There is only one thing that we can do. We cannot send a regiment to Khartoum, but we can send a man, who, on more than one occasion, has proved himself more valuable than an army. Why not send Chinese Gordon, with full powers, to Khartoum, to assume absolute control of the territory, to treat with the Mahdi, to relieve the garrisons, to do what can be done, to save what can be saved, from the wreck in the Soudan?"

Gordon knew the difficulties before him probably better than any man in England. But on the 18th of February of that year, 1884, he was in Khartoum. He soon discovered things to be in a much worse condition than he had supposed. He attempted to negotiate with the Mahdi. He sent him a message saying, "I will make you Sultan of Kordofan."

"I am the Mahdi," was the only answer returned.

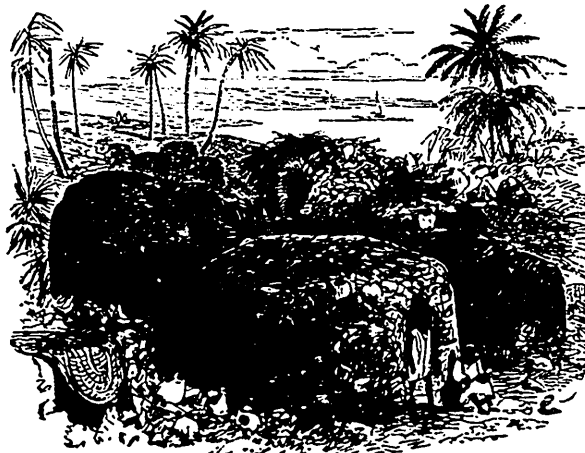
The Mahdi sent Gordon a letter advising him to embrace the Mohammedan faith. His emissaries came into Gordon's presence keeping their drawn swords in their hands, and spreading a filthy jibbeh—dervish coat—before him, said,

"Will you become a Mussulman?"

"No!" shouted Gordon, fling-

ing the coat across the room. He then cancelled the offer he had made to the Mahdi. Khartoum was soon invested on all sides by the Mahdi's immense hordes. The Mahdi called upon Gordon to surrender.

"Not for ten years," was the reply of the intrepid General. He afterwards sent the message—"When you, Mahdi, order the Nile to dry up, and walk across with your troops, and come into Khartoum to me, and take me, then I will surrender the town to you, and not before."



SOUDANESE MUD HUTS ON UPPER NILE.

It was said that had one single British soldier reached Khartoum, its fate might have been different, such was the power of the British name in the Soudan. But no British reinforcements came to fulfil Gordon's oft-repeated promises, until two days too late. All was over. Khartoum had fallen.

The innumerable hordes of savage Dervishes poured into the city. The first rush was for the palace. Gordon stood on the top of the steps leading to the divan.

"Where is your master, the Mahdi?" he asked.

No notice was taken of his ques-

tion. The first man up the steps plunged his huge spear into Gordon's body. He fell forward on his face without uttering a word. His murderers dragged him down to the entrance of the palace. Here his head was cut off, and sent to the Mahdi. Thousands of the Dervishes pressed forward to stain their swords and spears with his blood. One of them brought the head to Slatin.

"My heart," he relates, "seemed to stop beating, but with a tremendous effort of self-control I gazed silently at the ghastly spectacle. His blue eyes were half open, the mouth was perfectly natural, the hair of his head and his short whiskers were almost quite white.

"Is not this the head of your uncle, the unbeliever?" he asked.

"Yes," I said quickly. "A brave soldier who fell at his post. Happy is he to have fallen; his sufferings are over."

"Ha, ha!" was the reply. "So you still praise the unbeliever—but you will soon see the result."

Ten thousand people were massacred. "And yet," says Slatin, "I doubt if the fate of the survivors was very much better. The search for treasure began, and no excuse or denial was accepted. The unfortunate people were flogged until their flesh hung down in shreds from their bodies. The most appalling methods were resorted to to discover hidden treasure. Young women and girls only were exempted from these abominable tortures, and reserved for the harem of the Mahdi, who, on the actual day of

the conquest made his selections and turned over the rejected ones to his Khalifas and principal Emirs. The picking and choosing continued for weeks together, until the households of these inhuman scoundrels were stocked to overflowing with all the unfortunate youth and beauty of the fallen city."

Another witness testified, "There were openly enacted sights which would have melted hearts of stone. The weeping and lamentation of the white women as they prayed and besought the pity of their masters, the rough jeering and foul replies of these monsters—it is all too horrible to relate."

The English relief expedition came within sight of Khartoum and steamed away—and none too soon. The Mahdi at once despatched a strong force after them, under Nejumi, one of his best generals. He was furious when he found that they had escaped. The bravery of the English in advancing on Khartoum with such a small number of men, is always a source of wonder to the Soudanese.

The Mahdi, now absolute master of the country, gave himself up to a life of boundless indulgence. He secured for himself every dainty which Khartoum could produce. He wore shirts and trousers of the finest material. His courtyard was full of women, from little Turkish girls of eight years old, to the pitch-black Dinka negress, or copper-coloured Abyssinian. Hitherto he had been content with a small straw mat for his bed; he now lay on fine bedsteads brought from Jedda, while the floors were spread with Persian carpets.

He had announced that God had assured him he would live for forty years to complete the reform of Islam throughout the world; but his life of debauchery brought

his career to a close in about four. He died in June, 1885.

The shock of his death was terrible. The empire he had so strangely founded was on the verge of shaking to pieces. But one powerful man arose—the Khalifa Abdullah—whom the Mahdi had nominated as his successor. After several bloody battles with his rivals, he firmly established his authority.

Abdullah was as proud and audacious in his ideas of his powers as he was resolute in attempting to carry them out. To his Kadis he said, "The Mahdi is the representative of the Prophet, and I am his successor. Who, therefore, in the whole world holds so high a position as I?"

As cunning as the Mahdi himself, he was, if possible, even more despotic, unscrupulous, and cruel. Whenever any of his public men became, in his opinion, too dangerous as rivals, that was sufficient cause for their immediate execution. When the sound of the hoarse ombeya was heard—a very powerful wind-instrument made out of an elephant's tusk, hollowed out—the people knew well what it was calling them together for—another victim of the Khalifa was going to be hanged.

The most fanatical loyalty to the Mahdi and the Moslem faith was constantly on his lips, but he was as constantly setting aside the precepts of both one and the other, whenever it suited his purpose. Khartoum was abandoned, and the Khalifa commenced to build a new city—Omdurman—on the opposite shore of the Nile. All true Mahdists and Moslems of the Soudan were to make this their Mecca.

A costly mausoleum was erected to the Mahdi. The design was the work of a skilful European architect, one of the Khalifa's white prisoners. The Khalifa announced

that the design of the building had been communicated to him from heaven.

During its construction, he frequently asserted that angels lent their assistance. An Egyptian, hearing this, and aware that many of his countrymen were masons, remarked to some of them, "You are probably the Khalifa's angels and require neither food, drink, nor payment." Had the Khalifa heard this, he would undoubtedly have removed this wag's head.

The most important place in Omdurman is the "Beit-el-Mal," the seat of the Khalifa's "Treasury." Here is collected the plunder gathered from the provinces, and here is the headquarters of the slave trade of the Soudan. Here are sold every day, slaves brought from the east and west and south, as far as Equatoria—Emin Pasha's old province. The Mahdi and the Khalifa have given a fearful impetus to the slave trade in all its worst horrors.

Thirst for conquest has marked the Khalifa's whole career. To the north-east his greatest general, Osman Digma, has been conducting incessant campaigns. To Abyssinia he sent another great warrior, Abu Anga, with an immense army. Southward he has attempted to extend his rule to Equatorial Africa and the head waters of the Nile. Westward, even to the Arab tribes of Wadai. But, above all, he has coveted Egypt, and ever dared to despatch an army for its conquest. Surely the overthrow of such a menacing tyranny as this, founded on the wildest fanaticism, the basest lust, and the most ferocious cruelty, would be an infinite relief to the unhappy Soudan.

Slatin Pasha, who after twelve years of indescribable misery, at last escaped from the iron grip of the Khalifa, declares that it is ab-

olutely necessary that the head waters of the Nile should not be under the control of either the Khalifa, or any European power, other than the one in possession of Egypt. He thinks that it is not the Khalifa who is to be dreaded so much as the daring schemes of European engineering skill, which might so divert the head waters of the Nile as to leave Egypt a strip of barren land.

However that may be, we cannot help wishing success to the gallant expedition now operating in the Soudan. The Soudanese know well that it is the British flag that waves over the expedition—Gordon's flag. They now know the difference between the Mahdist type of goodness and the Gordon type. It was a common saying among the Moslems of the Soudan, while Gordon was still living, "Had Gordon been one of us, he would have been a perfect man."

For the destruction of that inveterate "sum of all villainies," the slave trade—for the ridding the world of one of its most abominable tyrannies—for the protection of woman's honour—for the free course of the Gospel of Christ—the only hope of wretched humanity anywhere—for the evangelization of scores of millions of our degraded fellow-men, and the establishment of our Christian civilization in one of the largest and most promising sections of the globe—we trust the grand British flag will soon wave in triumph over the length and breadth of the Egyptian Soudan.

Slatin never ceased planning to escape. But the lynx-eyed Khalifa defeated every attempt. It was with the utmost difficulty that he conveyed to his family in Europe the knowledge of his condition. For years they had made strenuous efforts to effect his rescue. At last, a couple of

Arabs, with the help of a thousand pounds to pay expenses, accomplished the perilous undertaking.

By a very adroit stratagem Slatin had managed to get a few hours ahead of pursuit. For twenty-one hours the camels were driven at full speed. After a long series of hairbreadth escapes and clever devices, Assuan was at last sighted. "I cannot describe," says Slatin, "the feelings of joy which possessed me. My woes were at an end. Saved from the hands of fanatical barbarians, my eyes beheld once more the dwellings of civilized people, in a country governed by law and justice. My heart went out to my Creator

in thankfulness for His protection and His guiding hand. I was received in the most friendly manner by the English officers in his Highness the Khedive's service, and by the Egyptian officers as well. The postal steamer was starting northward, and I availed myself of it to continue my journey. Escorted by all the officers, to the tune of the Austrian national anthem, which brought the tears to my eyes, I went on board amid the hurrahs of a number of tourists of all nations assembled on the bank."

In Cairo, Slatin was overwhelmed with congratulations and honours, and among the rest he was made a Pasha by the Khedive.

A WAY OF ESCAPE.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

From the turmoil, the trial, the conflict of life,
From the hour of darkness, the hour of tears,
From the struggle, the sorrow, the anguish, the strife,
Which we meet and we dread in our fast-fleeting years,

Thank God! there is ever a way of escape,
We may fly from the din, we may step from the mart,
Our course for the day may in quietness shape,
Our looks may grow bright in the peace of the heart.

There is always the comfort of leaving the load
At the foot of the cross that stands hard by the way;
There is always the gladness of walking the road
With One whose dear words are our strength and our stay.

There is work to be done, there are lessons to learn,
There are nobler things waiting than heaping up self,
And ever, as flowers to sunlight that turn,
We may turn unto Jesus, forgetful of self.

Though life be a battle, though sometimes defeat
And sometimes sore wounds be our portion and grief,
Yet this is our comfort,—we shall not retreat
At the end of the fight, if we follow our Chief.

In the stress and the pain, in the languor and woe,
By the pattern He set us our course we will shape;
Whatever the peril, the issue, we know,
Is safe in His hands, and the way of escape,

Which he marked from the first, will be ours at the end.
So victors we tread, though the marching be steep,—
We are led by our Captain, our Master, our Friend;
Though the battle be stubborn the rest will be deep.

—S. S. Times.

A LIFE OF TRUST.

THE LORD'S DEALINGS WITH GEORGE MÜLLER.

REV. GEORGE MÜLLER.

By the death of the Rev. George Muller, of Bristol, at the age of ninety-three years, passed away one of the most memorable examples of a life of trust since the days of Abraham,—the Father of the Faithful. His life story, named in our sub-title, is the record of the marvellous way in which God honours them who honour him. The following are the salient features of this remarkable life.

George Muller was born at Halberstadt, Prussia, in 1805. Until he was twenty years of age he was never acquainted with a single real Christian. Although confirmed at the age of fourteen and 'actually preparing for Holy Orders, he was idle, dissipated, guilty of falsehood and dishonesty, and when sixteen years of age he was sent to prison for living in great style at a hotel without any resources and then trying to run away without paying his bill. This disgraceful incident to some extent sobered him, and he took

seriously to his studies at Halle, so that at the age of twenty he was well educated and had gained distinction at the university, although he was still utterly godless and never read the Bible. At that age he was invited by a fellow-student to a little prayer-meeting in a tradesman's house, frequented by four undergraduates. He immediately abandoned the theatre, the ball-room, and the card-table, to which he had been passionately addicted, and resolved that his future life should be as completely different from the past "as light from darkness and as black from white."

He resolved to become a missionary. His father's disappointment at his choice led to the poor student's determination to accept no more money from him, since "he had no prospect that I should become what he wished me to be, a clergyman with a good living." He began preaching among the miners near Halle, and then in the prisons and poor-houses of Berlin. He went to London to become a missionary to the Jews, but he was soon after led to begin his ministry in Bristol among a cholera-smitten people. He determined in his mind to build and maintain a great orphan house, and began to lay the matter before the Lord. Gifts came in, and people began to offer their services as teachers or caretakers. It was wholly a work of faith and there was no appeal. The first contribution towards the orphanage consisted of one shilling from a poor missionary, and the first legacy consisted of six shillings and sixpence halfpenny, the savings of a short life, by a little lad on his deathbed. April, 1835, the

first orphan house was opened with twenty-six children under a voluntary matron.

How this modest charity enlarged, year by year, until the attention of the Christian world was fixed on the mammoth system of orphanages at Ashley Down, is a story too long for present telling.

There were many times when treasury and larder were empty, and the grim shadow of want hung over the thousands of orphan children committed to his care, but in these periods of trial his faith shone but more brightly; he would gather his flock of little ones around him, and in simple, trustful prayer lay their need before the heavenly Father. And the orphan's God always heard and unfaillingly supplied the want.

As the result of his life of faith five massive buildings have been erected on Ashley Down at a cost of £115,000, or some \$575,000, for building, fitting, and furnishing. These buildings have a total of 500 rooms, and can accommodate 2,050 orphans and 112 teachers and helpers. The average sum expended yearly in support of these orphans is £26,000, or \$130,000. The aggregate number thus succoured reached over 10,000.

Aside entirely from the orphanage work, there have been established 127 schools for 123,000 pupils in many lands.

The work of the wide circulation of the Scriptures in many different languages has been carried on. Up to this time there have been distributed 275,000 Bibles, 1,426,500 New Testaments, 218,000 portions of the Bible, such as Gospels, etc., and 21,000 copies of the Psalms, and other devout books to the number of 111,489,607.

Upon direct missionary labours, in various lands, £255,000 (\$1,275,000) have been expended, giv-

ing partial or complete support to hundreds of missionaries.

For more than half a century he generously assisted missions in England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, France, Germany, Austria, Belgium, Spain, Italy, the United States, Canada, South America, Essequibo, Demerara, South Africa, Central Africa, North Africa, Egypt, Palestine, Armenia, India, Straits of Malacca, and China.

Five times in succession he had offered himself to God for missionary service; but for some reason not then apparent, God did not accept him for this form and field of activity, much to his disappointment and surprise. He did permit him, however, to assist more than one hundred men to enter the foreign field. Still more marvellously God has permitted George Muller himself, when near eighty, to go on sixteen mission tours to forty-two different countries, including twice to India; the Straits of Malacca, China, Japan, New South Wales, Victoria, Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand. For seventeen years of his later life he has moved about in this manner, travelling in all over two hundred thousand miles. Muller emphasizes prayer as the one great weapon for carrying on God's war against the powers of evil. The money received and expended by him has been about \$6,974,000; and, as he emphatically claims, all received from God in answer to prayer, without in a single case directly or indirectly asking any man for a penny.

Here, says Dr. Pearson, is the unique spectacle of a solitary man, himself entirely without money, poor to the day of his death, so far as independent means are concerned, undertaking, in simple reliance on the promises of a prayer-hearing God, to support hundreds

of missionaries, distribute millions of Bibles and other books and tracts, build five huge orphan-houses and support 2,000 orphans, himself travelling over forty-two countries; and in all these lands preaching the Gospel and bearing witness to the faithfulness of God. Yet he has never had any property in lands or money in banks wherewith to meet these immense daily costs. In sixty-five years he has never known one instance in which the prayer has not been answered and the need met, though sometimes literally only from meal to meal, with no adequate surplus for the next! Moreover, in order not to weaken his testimony to a prayer-hearing

offered unto God for twenty-five years." And he added, "I have been daily praying to God for fifty-two years for the conversion of two men; and I have no doubt they will both turn to God, for God has laid on my heart, and permitted and enabled me daily, for over half a century, to bear before him in faith, in the name of Jesus, this request; and now I often praise him in advance for what he is going to do in answer to my prayers."

In appearance he was tall, erect, stately, was hearty and hale, and courteous and warm-hearted in his intercourse. Up to his end "his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated." On the



GEORGE MÜLLER'S ORPHANAGES—FIRST AND SECOND BUILDINGS.

God, he has enjoined on all of his helpers never to make known the exigencies of the work to any one outside the institution, but to unite with him in spreading all such wants before God alone. Lest his annual reports might be thought to be indirect appeals, for some three years no report was published, and yet the supplies continued to come with as little interruption and in as great abundance as before.

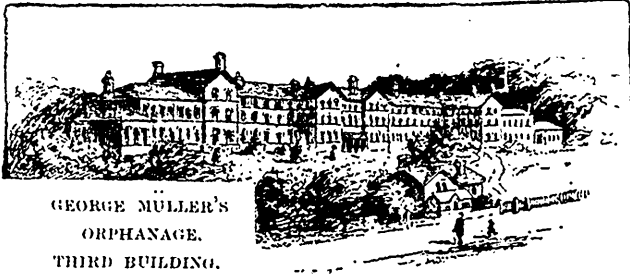
Mr. Müller's confidence in prayer is boundless, yet childlike in simplicity. He gave this fact to his co-workers as a tonic to their faith: "I have," said he, "only yesterday afternoon received the answer to a prayer daily

Sunday preceding his death he preached as usual in one of the sanctuaries of which he had been pastor for the unparalleled period of sixty-seven years. His faculties remained bright and fresh to the very close. A singular feature of his absolute confidence in God was that he always refused to accept a regular salary or to insure any of his institutions against fire.

He was a great lover of the Bible, which during the latter period of his religious life he read through four times every year. He systematically read the Bible from the first chapter of Genesis to the last of the Revelation more than one hundred times.

On Ashley Down, near Bristol, are the Müller's Orphan Houses, the noblest charitable institution and grandest monument of Christian faith in the world. These houses, all of the same size and design, occupy capacious grounds. The large open space in front of each house is tastefully laid out with flower beds and walks,

scrupulously clean. Everything is in the most perfect order. The children are well fed and comfortably clad, all in the same style of dress, and look healthy and happy. This work of faith is his truest monument. These words, uttered near the close of his three-and-seventy years of Christian service, may well be his noblest epitaph :



which are decorated with choice flowers and shrubs, and at each of the principal entrances there is a neat gate-keeper's lodge.

The houses are opened to the public one day in the week, that is to say, one of the five houses can be seen every day except Saturdays. The time required for this is about two hours. The rooms are large and airy, and are kept

"I have invariably found the Lord to be my helper, even under the greatest difficulties and in the greatest wants and necessities, of whatever character they were. And with regard to pecuniary supplies, I have, simply in answer to prayer, without asking a single person for a penny, obtained for this work £1,416,000"—nearly \$7,000,000.

GEORGE MÜLLER.

BY AMOS R. WELLS.

While others taught a race to thrust and fence
And shaped new nations with their measuring-rod,
Thou didst lay hold of heaven's omnipotence,
O Caesar of the promises of God !

While other hands grew large to grasp and hold
What slipped, and left them like an empty pool,
Thou wert a millionaire of heaven's gold,
O Cresus of the promises of God !

While others through the maze of seen and heard,
Conjectures, fancies, all unsteady trod,
Thou hadst one lore : that God would keep his word,
O Solon of the promises of God !

IN HIS STEPS.

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON.

Author of "The Crucifixion of Phillip Strong."

CHAPTER VI.

"For I came to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law; and a man's foes shall be they of his own household."

"Be ye therefore imitators of God, as beloved children; and walk in love even as Christ also loved you."

When Virginia left the carriage and went to Loreen, she had no definite idea as to what she would do or what the result of her action would be. She simply saw a soul that had tasted of the joy of a better life slipping back again into its old hell of shame and death. And before she had touched the drunken girl's arm, she had asked only one question, "What would Jesus do?" That question was becoming with her, as with many others, a habit of life.

She looked around now, as she stood close by Loreen, and the whole scene was cruelly vivid to her. She thought first of the girls in the carriage.

"Drive on; don't wait for me! I am going to see my friend here home," she said, calmly enough.

The girl with the red parasol seemed to gasp at the word "friend" when Virginia spoke it. She did not say anything. The other girls seemed speechless.

"Go on! I cannot go back with you," said Virginia.

The driver started the horses slowly. One of the girls leaned a little out of the carriage.

"Can't we—that is—do you want our help? Couldn't we—"

"No, no!" exclaimed Virginia; "you cannot be of any use to me."

The carriage moved on, and

Virginia was alone with her charge.

She looked up and around. Many faces in the crowd were sympathetic. They were not all cruel or brutal. The Holy Spirit had softened a good deal of the Rectangle.

"Where does she live?" asked Virginia.

No one answered. It occurred to Virginia afterwards, when she had time to think it over, that the Rectangle showed a delicacy in its sad silence that would have done credit to the boulevard.

For the first time it flashed upon her that the immortal being, who was flung like wreckage upon the shore of this earthly hell called the saloon, had no place that could be called home.

The girl suddenly wrenched her arm from Virginia's grasp.

"You shall not touch me! Leave me! Let me go to hell! That's where I belong! The devil is waiting for me. See him!" she exclaimed hoarsely. She turned and pointed with a shaking finger at the saloon-keeper. The crowd laughed.

Virginia stepped up to her and put her arm about her.

"Loreen," she said firmly, "come with me. You do not belong to hell. You belong to Jesus, and He will save you. Come."

The girl suddenly burst into tears. She was only partly sobered by the shock of meeting Virginia.

Virginia looked around again. "Where does Mr. Gray live?" she asked. She knew the evangelist boarded somewhere near that tent.

A number of voices gave her the direction.

"Come, Loreen, I want you to go with me to Mrs. Gray's," she said, still keeping her hold of the swaying, trembling creature, who still moaned and sobbed, and now clung to Virginia as before she had repulsed her.

So the two moved on through the Rectangle towards the evangelist's lodging place. The sight seemed to impress the Rectangle seriously. It never took itself seriously when it was drunk; but this was different. The fact that one of the most beautifully-dressed girls in Raymond was taking care of one of the Rectangle's most notorious characters, who reeled along under the influence of liquor, was a fact astonishing enough to throw more or less dignity and importance about Loreen herself. The event of Loreen stumbling through the gutter dead drunk always made the Rectangle laugh and jest. But Loreen staggering along with a young lady from the society circles uptown supporting her, was another thing. The Rectangle viewed it with soberness and more or less wondering admiration.

When they reached Mr. Gray's boarding place, the woman who answered Virginia's knock said that both Mr. and Mrs. Gray were out somewhere, and would not be back until six o'clock.

Virginia had not planned anything farther than a possible appeal to the Grays, either to take charge of Loreen for awhile, or find some safe place for her until she was sober again. She stood now at the lodging after the woman had spoken, and she was really at a loss to know what to do. Loreen sank down stupidly on the steps and buried her face in her arms. Virginia eyed the miserable figure with a feeling that she was fearful would grow into disgust.

Finally a thought possessed Virginia which she could not resist. What was to hinder Loreen from going home with her? Why should not this homeless, wretched creature, reeking with the fumes of liquor, be cared for in Virginia's own home, instead of being consigned to strangers in some hospital or house of charity? Virginia really knew very little about any such places of refuge. As a matter of fact, there were two or three such institutions in Raymond; but it is doubtful if any of them would have taken a person like Loreen in her present condition. But that was not the question with Virginia just now. "What would Jesus do with Loreen?" was what Virginia faced, and she finally answered it by touching Loreen again.

"Loreen, come. You are going home with me. We will take the car here at the corner."

Loreen staggered to her feet, and to Virginia's relief, made no trouble. She had expected resistance, or a stubborn refusal to move. When they reached the corner and took the car, it was nearly full of people going up town. Virginia was painfully conscious of the stare that greeted her and her companion as they entered. But her thought was directed more and more to the approaching scene with her grandmother. What would Madam Page say when she saw Loreen?

Loreen was nearly sober now. But she was lapsing into a state of stupor. Virginia was obliged to hold fast to her arm. Several times she lurched heavily against Virginia, and as the two went up the avenue a curious crowd of people turned and gazed at them. When she mounted the steps of the handsome house, Virginia breathed a sigh of relief, even in the face of the interview with her grandmother; and when the door

shut and she was in the wide hall with her homeless outcast, she felt equal to anything that might now come.

Madam Page was in the library. Hearing Virginia come in, she came into the hall. Virginia stood there supporting Loreen, who stared stupidly at the rich magnificence of the furnishings around her.

"Grandmother—" Virginia spoke without hesitation and very clearly—"I have brought one of my friends from the Rectangle. She is in trouble and has no home. I am going to care for her a little while."

Madam Page glanced from her granddaughter to Loreen in astonishment.

"Did you say she was one of your friends?" she asked, in a cold, sneering voice that hurt Virginia more than anything she had yet felt.

"Yes, I said so." Virginia's face flushed, but she seemed to recall the verse that Mr. Gray had used for one of his recent sermons, "A friend of publicans and sinners." Surely Jesus would do this that she was doing.

"Do you know what this girl is?" asked Madam Page in an angry whisper, stepping near Virginia.

"I know very well. She is an outcast. You need not tell me, grandmother. I know it even better than you do. She is drunk as this minute. But she is also a child of God. I have seen her on her knees repentant. And I have seen hell reach out its horrible fingers after her again. And by the grace of Christ, I feel that the least I can do is to rescue her from such peril. Grandmother, we call ourselves Christians. Here is a poor, lost human creature, without a home, slipping into a possible eternal loss, and we have more than enough. I have

brought her here and shall keep her."

Madam Page glared at Virginia and clenched her hands. All this was contrary to her social code of conduct. How could society excuse such familiarity with the scum of the streets? What would Virginia's actions cost the family, in the way of criticism and the loss of standing, and all that long list of necessary relations which people of wealth and position must sustain to the leaders of society? To Madam Page, society represented more than the Church or any other institution. It was a power to be feared and obeyed. The loss of its good will was a loss more to be dreaded than anything, except the loss of wealth itself.

She stood erect and stern, and confronted Virginia, fully roused and determined. Virginia placed her arm about Loreen, and calmly looked her grandmother in the face.

"You shall not do this, Virginia. You can send her to the asylum for helpless women. We can pay all the expenses. We cannot afford, for the sake of our reputations, to shelter such a person."

"Grandmother, I do not wish to do anything that is displeasing to you; but I am going to keep Loreen here to-night, and longer if I think it is best."

"Then you can answer for the consequences! I do not stay in the same house with a miserable—" Madam Page lost her self-control. Virginia stopped her before she could speak the next word.

"Grandmother, this house is mine. It is your home with me as long as you choose to remain. But in this matter I shall act as I fully believe Jesus would in my place. I am willing to bear all that society may say or do. So-

ciety is not my God. By the side of this poor, lost soul, I do not count the verdict of society as of any value."

"I shall not remain here, then," said Madam Page. She turned suddenly and walked to the end of the hall. She then came back, and said, with an emphasis that revealed her intense excitement and passion.

"You can always remember that you have driven your grandmother out of your house in favour of a drunken woman." Then, without waiting for Virginia to reply, she turned again and went upstairs.

Virginia called for a servant, and soon had Loreen cared for. She was fast lapsing into a wretched condition. During the brief scene in the hall, she had clung to Virginia so hard that Virginia's arm was sore from the clutch of the girl's fingers.

Virginia did not know whether her grandmother would leave the house or not. She had abundant means of her own; was perfectly well and vigorous, and capable of caring for herself. She had sisters and brothers living in the South, and was in the habit of spending several weeks in the year with them. Virginia was not anxious about her welfare, so far as that went; but the interview had been a painful one to her. Going over it, as she did in her room before she went down to tea, she found little cause for regret, however. "What would Jesus do?" There was no question in Virginia's mind that she had done the right thing. If she had made a mistake, it was one of the judgment and not of the heart. When the bell rang for tea, she went down, and her grandmother did not appear. She sent a servant to her room, and the servant brought back word that Madam Page was not there. A few minutes later Rollin came in. He

brought word that his grandmother had taken the evening train for the South. He had been at the station to see some friends off, and had by chance met his grandmother as she was coming out. She told him her reason for going.

Virginia and Rollin confronted each other at the table with earnest, sad faces.

"Rollin," said Virginia, and, for the first time almost since his conversion, she realized what a wonderful thing her brother's change of life meant to her. "Do you blame me? Am I wrong?"

"No, dear, I cannot believe you are. This is very painful for us. But if you think this poor creature owes her safety and salvation to your personal care, it was the only thing for you to do. O Virginia! to think that we have all these years enjoyed our beautiful home and all these luxuries selfishly, forgetful of the multitude like this woman! Surely Jesus in our places would do what you have done."

And so Rollin comforted Virginia and counselled with her that evening. And of all the wonderful changes that Virginia was henceforth to know on account of her great pledge, nothing affected her so powerfully as the thought of Rollin's change in life. Truly, this man in Christ was a new creature. Old things were passed away. Behold, all things in him had become new.

Dr. West came that evening at Virginia's request, and did everything necessary for the outcast. She had drunk herself almost into delirium. The best that could be done for her now was quiet nursing, and careful watching, and personal love. So in a beautiful room, with a picture hanging on the wall of Christ walking by the sea, where her bewildered eyes caught daily something more of its

hidden meaning, Loreen lay, tossed she hardly knew how into this haven; and Virginia crept nearer the Master than she had ever been, as her heart went out towards this wreck which had thus been flung torn and beaten at her feet.

Meanwhile the Rectangle waited the issue of the election with more than usual interest. And Gray and his wife wept over the pitiable creatures who, after a struggle with surroundings that daily tempted them, too often wearied of the struggle and, like Loreen, threw up their arms and went whirling into the boiling abyss of their previous condition.

The after-meeting at the First Church was now regularly established. Henry Maxwell went into the lecture-room on the Sunday succeeding the week of the primary, and was greeted with an enthusiasm that made him tremble, at first, for its reality. He noted again the absence of Jasper Chase, but all the others were present and they seemed drawn very close together by a bond of common fellowship that demanded and enjoyed mutual confidences. It was the general feeling that the spirit of Jesus was a spirit of very open, frank confession of experience. It seemed the most natural thing in the world for Edward Norman to be telling all the rest of the company about the details of his newspaper.

"The fact is, I have lost a good deal of money during the last three weeks. I cannot tell how much. I am losing a great many subscribers every day."

"What do the subscribers give as their reason for dropping the paper?" asked Henry Maxwell. All the rest were listening eagerly.

"There are a good many different reasons. Some say they want a paper that prints all the news; meaning by that, the crime details, sensations like prize fights, scan-

dals, and horrors of various kinds. Others object to the discontinuance of the Sunday edition. I have lost hundreds of subscribers by that action, although I have made satisfactory arrangements with many of the old subscribers by giving them even more in the extra Saturday edition than they formerly had in the Sunday issue. My greatest loss has come from a falling off in advertisements, and from the attitude I have felt obliged to take on political questions. This last action has really cost me more than any other. The bulk of my subscribers are intensely partisan. I may as well tell you all frankly that, if I continue to pursue the plan which I honestly believe Jesus would in the matter of political issues and their treatment from a non-partisan and moral standpoint, The News will not be able to pay its operating expenses, unless one factor in Raymond can be depended on."

He paused a moment, and the room was very quiet. Virginia seemed specially interested. Her face glowed with interest. It was like the interest of a person who had been thinking hard of the same thing Norman went on now to mention.

"That one factor is the Christian element in Raymond. Say The News has lost heavily from the dropping off of people who do not care for a Christian daily, and from others who simply look upon a newspaper as a purveyor of all sorts of material to amuse and interest them—are there enough genuine Christian people in Raymond who will rally to the support of a paper such as Jesus would probably edit, or are the habits of the people so firmly established in their demands for the regular type of journalism that they will not take a paper unless it is stripped largely of the Christian and moral purpose?"

"I may also say, in this fellowship gathering, that owing to recent complications in my business affairs outside of my paper, I have been obliged to lose a large part of my fortune. I have had to apply the same rule of Jesus' probable conduct to certain transactions with other men who did not apply it to their conduct, and the result has been the loss of a great deal of money: As I understand the promise we made, we were not to ask any questions about, 'Will it pay?' but all our action was to be based on the one question, 'What would Jesus do?' Acting on that rule of conduct, I have been obliged to lose nearly all the money I have accumulated in my paper. It is not necessary for me to go into details. There is no question with me now, after the three weeks' experience I have had, that a great many men would lose vast sums of money under the present system of business, if this rule of Jesus were honestly obeyed. I mention my loss here because I have the fullest faith in the final success of a daily paper conducted on the lines I have recently laid down, and I had planned to put into it my entire fortune in order to win final success. As it is now, unless, as I said, the Christian people of Raymond, the church members and professing disciples, will support the paper with subscriptions and advertisements, I cannot continue its publication on the present basis."

Virginia asked a question. She had followed Mr. Norman's confession with the most intense eagerness.

"Do you mean that a Christian daily ought to be endowed with a large sum like a Christian college in order to make it pay?"

"That is exactly what I mean. I have laid out plans for putting into *The News* such a variety of material, in such a strong and

truly interesting way, that it would more than make up for whatever was absent from its columns in the way of un-Christian matter. But my plans called for a very large outlay of money. I am very confident that a Christian daily such as Jesus would approve, containing only what he would print, can be made to succeed financially if it is planned on the right lines. But it will take a large sum of money to work out the plans."

"How much do you think?" asked Virginia quietly.

Edward Norman looked at her keenly, and his face flushed a moment, as an idea of Virginia's purpose crossed his mind. He had known her when she was a little girl in the Sunday-school, and he had been on intimate relations in business with her father.

"I should say a half-million dollars, in a town like Raymond, could be well spent in the establishment of a paper such as we have in mind," he answered. And his voice trembled a little. The keen look on Edward Norman's grizzled face flashed out with a stern but thoroughly Christian anticipation of great achievements in the world of newspaper life, as it had opened up to him within the last few seconds.

"Then," said Virginia, speaking as if the thought were fully considered, "I am ready to put that amount of money into the paper on the one condition, of course, that it be carried on as it has been begun."

"Thank God!" exclaimed Henry Maxwell, softly. Edward Norman was pale. The rest were looking at Virginia. She had more to say.

"Dear friends," she went on—and there was a sadness in her voice that made an impression on the rest that deepened when they thought it over afterwards—"I do not want any of you to credit me

with an act of great generosity or philanthropy. I have come to know lately that the money which I have called my own is not my own, but God's. If I, as a steward of His, see some wise way to invest His money, it is not an occasion of vainglory or thanks from any one simply because I have proved honest in my administration of the funds. He has asked me to use for His glory. I have been thinking of this very plan for some time. The fact is, dear friends, that in our coming fight with the whiskey power in Raymond—and it has only just begun—we shall need *The News* to champion the Christian side. You all know that all the other papers are for the saloon.

"As long as the saloon exists, the work of rescuing dying souls at the Rectangle is carried on at a terrible disadvantage. What can Mr. Gray do with his Gospel meetings when half his converts are drinking people, daily tempted and enticed by the saloon on every corner? The Christian daily we must have. It would be giving up to the enemy to have *The News* fail. I have great confidence in Mr. Norman's ability. I have not seen his plans; but I have the confidence that he has in making the paper succeed if it is carried forward on a large enough scale. I cannot believe that Christian intelligence in journalism will be inferior to un-Christian intelligence, even when it comes to making the paper pay financially. So that is my reason for putting this money—God's, not mine—into this powerful agent for doing as Jesus would. If we can keep such a paper going for one year, I shall be willing to see that amount of money used in the experiment. Do not thank me. Do not consider my promise a wonderful thing. What have I

done with God's money all these years but gratify my own selfish, physical, personal desires? What can I do with the rest of it but try to make some reparation for what I have stolen from God? That is the way I look at it now. I believe it is what Jesus would do."

Over the lecture-room swept that unseen yet distinctly felt wave of divine presence. No one spoke for a while. Henry Maxwell, standing there, where the faces lifted their intense gaze into his, felt what he had already felt before—a strange setting back out of the nineteenth century into the first, when the disciples had all things in common, and a spirit of fellowship must have flowed freely between them such as the First Church of Raymond had never known. How much had his church membership known of this fellowship in daily interests, before this little company had begun to do as Jesus would do? It was with difficulty that he thought of his present age and its surroundings. The same thought was present with all the rest also. There was an unspoken comradeship such as they had never known. It was present with them while Virginia was speaking, and during the silence that followed. If it had been defined by any one of them, it would, perhaps, have taken some such shape as this: "If I shall, in the course of my obedience to my promise, meet with loss or trouble in the world, I can depend upon the genuine, practical sympathy and fellowship of any other Christian in this room who has with me made the pledge to do all things by the rule, 'What would Jesus do?'"

All this the distinct wave of spiritual power expressed. It had the effect that a physical miracle may have had on the early disciples in giving them a feeling of

confidence in their Lord that helped them to face loss and martyrdom with courage and even joy.

Before they went away this time, there were several confidences like those of Edward Norman. Some of the young men told of the loss of places owing to their honest obedience to their promise. Alexander Powers spoke briefly of the fact that the Commission had promised to take action at the earliest date possible. He was already at his old work of telegraphy. It was a significant fact, that since his action in resigning his position, neither his wife nor daughter had appeared in public. No one but himself knew the bitterness of that family estrangement and misunderstanding of the higher motive. Yet many of the disciples present in the meeting carried similar burdens. These were things which they could not talk about. Henry Maxwell, from his knowledge of his church people, could almost certainly know that obedience to this pledge had produced in the heart of families separation of sympathy and even the introduction of enmity and hatred. Truly, "a man's foes are they of his own household," when the rule of Jesus is obeyed by some and disobeyed by others. Jesus is a great divider of life. One must walk either parallel with Him or directly across His path.

But more than any other feeling at this meeting, rose the tide of fellowship for one another. Henry Maxwell watched it, trembling for its climax, which he knew was not yet reached. When it was, where would it lead them? He did not know, but he was not unduly alarmed about it. Only, he watched with growing wonder the results of that simple promise as it was being obeyed in these various lives. Those results were already being felt all over the city.

Who could measure their influence at the end of the year?

One practical form of this fellowship showed itself in the assurances which Edward Norman received in support of his paper. There was a general flocking towards him when the meeting closed, and the response to his appeal for help from the Christian disciples in Raymond was fully understood by this little company. The value of such a paper in the homes and in behalf of good citizenship, especially at the present crisis in the city, could not be measured. It remained to be seen what could be done now that the paper was endowed so liberally. But it still was true, as Edward Norman insisted, that money alone could not make the paper a power. It must receive the support and sympathy of the Christians in Raymond, before it could be counted as one of the great Christian forces of the city.

The week that followed this Sunday meeting was one of great excitement in Raymond. It was the week of the election. Donald Marsh, true to his promise, took up his cross and bore it manfully, but with shuddering, with groans and even tears, for his deepest conviction was touched, and he tore himself out of the scholarly seclusion of years with a pain and anguish that cost him more than anything he had ever done as a follower of Christ. With him were a few of the college professors who had made the pledge in the First Church. Their experience and suffering were the same as the President's: for their isolation from all the duties of citizenship had been the same. The same was also true of Henry Maxwell, who plunged into the horror of this fight against whiskey and its allies, with a sickening dread of each day's encounter with it. For never had he borne such

a cross. He staggered under it, and in the brief intervals when he came in from the work and sought the quiet of his study for rest, the sweat broke out on his forehead, and he felt the actual terror of one who marches into unseen, unknown horrors. Looking back on it, afterwards, he was amazed at his experience. He was not a coward; but he felt a dread that any man of his habits feels, when confronted suddenly with a duty which carries with it the doing of certain things so unfamiliar that the actual details connected with it betray his ignorance and fill him with the shame of humiliation.

When Saturday, the election day, came, the excitement rose to its height. An attempt was made to close all the saloons. It was partly successful. But there was a great deal of drinking going on all day. The Rectangle boiled and heaved and cursed and turned its worst side out to the gaze of the city. Gray had continued his meetings during the week and the results had been even greater than he had dared to hope. When Saturday came, it seemed to him that the crisis in his work had been reached. The Holy Spirit and the Satan of rum seemed to rouse up to a desperate conflict. The more interest in the meetings, the more ferocity and vileness outside. The saloon men no longer concealed their feelings. Open threats of violence were made. Once during the week Gray and his little company of helpers were assailed with missiles of various kinds, as they left the tent late at night. The police sent down special protection, and Virginia and Rachel were always under the protection of Rollin or Dr. West. Rachel's power in song had not diminished. Rather, with each night it seemed to add to the intensity and reality of the Spirit's presence.

Gray had, at first, hesitated about having a meeting that night. But he had a simple rule of action, and was always guided by it. The Spirit seemed to lead them to continue the meeting, and so Saturday night he went on as usual.

The excitement all over the city had reached its climax when the polls closed at six o'clock. Never had there been such a contest in Raymond. The issue of license or no license had never been an issue under such circumstances. Never before had such elements in the city been arrayed against each other. It was an unheard-of thing that the president of Lincoln College, the pastor of the First Church, the dean of the Cathedral, the professional men living in the fine houses on the boulevard, should come personally into the wards and, by their presence and their example, represent the Christian conscience of the place. The ward politicians were astonished at the sight. However, their astonishment did not prevent their activity. The fight grew hotter every hour; and when six o'clock came neither side could have guessed at the result with any certainty. Every one agreed that never had there been such an election in Raymond, and both sides awaited the announcement of the result with the greatest interest.

It was after ten o'clock when the meeting at the tent was closed. It had been a strange and, in some respects, a remarkable meeting. Henry Maxwell had come down again, at Gray's request. He was completely worn out by the day's work, but the appeal from Gray came to him in such a form that he did not feel able to resist it. Donald Marsh was also present. He had never been to the Rectangle, and his curiosity was aroused from what he had noticed of the influence of the evangelist in the worst part of the

city. Dr. West and Rollin had come with Rachel and Virginia; and Loreen, who had stayed with Virginia, was present near the organ, in her right mind, sober, with a humility and dread of herself that kept her as close to Virginia as a faithful dog. All through the service Loreen sat with bowed head, weeping a part of the time, sobbing when Rachel sang the song, "I was a wandering sheep," clinging with almost visible, tangible yearning to the one hope she had found, listening to prayer and appeal and confession all about her like one who was a part of a new creation, yet fearful of her right to share in it fully.

The tent had been crowded. As on some other occasions there was more or less disturbance on the outside of the tent. This had increased as the night advanced, and Gray thought it wise not to prolong the service. Once in a while a shout as from a large crowd swept into the tent. The returns from the election were beginning to come in, and the Rectangle had emptied every lodging house, den and hovel into the streets.

In spite of the distractions, Rachel's singing kept the crowd in the tent from dissolving. There were a dozen or more conversions. Finally the crowd became restless, and Gray closed the service, remaining a little while with the converts.

Rachel, Virginia, Loreen, Rollin and the Doctor, President Marsh and Henry Maxwell, went out together, intending to go down to their usual waiting place for their car. As they came out of the tent they at once were aware that the Rectangle was trembling on the edge of a drunken riot, and, as they pushed through the gathering mobs in the narrow streets, they began to realize that they

themselves were objects of great attention.

"There he is, the bloke in the tall hat. He's the leader!" shouted a rough voice. President Marsh, with his erect, commanding figure, was conspicuous in the little company.

"How has the election gone? It is too early to know the result yet, isn't it?" He asked the question aloud, and a man answered, "They say second and third wards have gone almost solid for no license. If that is so, the whiskey men have been beaten."

"Thank God! I hope it is true," exclaimed Henry Maxwell. "Marsh, we are in danger here. Do you realize our situation? We ought to get the ladies to a place of safety."

"That is true," said Marsh gravely. At that moment a shower of stones and other missiles fell over them. The narrow street and sidewalk in front of them were completely choked with the worst elements of the Rectangle.

"This looks serious," said Maxwell. With Marsh and Rollin and Dr. West he started to go forward through the small opening, Virginia, Rachel and Loreen following close, and sheltered by the men, who now realized something of their danger. The Rectangle was drunk and enraged. It saw in Daniel Marsh and Henry Maxwell two of the leaders in the election contest who had perhaps robbed them of their beloved saloon.

"Down with the aristocrats!" shouted a shrill voice, more like a woman's than a man's.

A shower of mud and stones followed. Rachel remembered afterwards that Rollin jumped directly in front of her and received on his head and chest a number of blows that would prob-

ably have struck her if he had not shielded her from them.

And just then, before the police reached them, Loreen darted forward at the side of Virginia and pushed her aside, looking up and screaming. It was so sudden that no one had time to catch the face of the one who did it. But out of the upper window of a room over the very saloon where Loreen had come out a week before, some one had thrown a heavy bottle. It struck Loreen on the head and she fell to the ground. Virginia turned and instantly kneeled down by her. The police officers by that time had reached the little company.

Donald Marsh raised his arm and shouted over the howl that was beginning to rise from the wild beast in the mob,

"Stop! You've killed a woman!"

The announcement partly sobered the crowd.

"Is it true?" Henry Maxwell asked it, as Dr. West kneeled on the other side of Loreen, supporting her.

"She's dying!" said Dr. West briefly.

Loreen opened her eyes and smiled at Virginia. Virginia wiped

the blood from her face, and then bent over and kissed her. Loreen smiled again, and the next moment her soul was in Paradise.

And yet, this is only one woman out of thousands killed by this drink evil. Crowd back, now, ye sinful men and women in this filthy street! Let this august, dead form be borne through your stupefied, sobered ranks. She was one of your own children. The Rectangle had stamped the image of the beast on her. Thank Him who died for sinners, that the other image of a new soul now shines out of her pale clay! Crowd back! Give them room! Let her pass reverently, followed and surrounded by the weeping, awestruck company of Christians. Ye killed her, ye drunken murderers! And yet, and yet. O Christian America! who killed this woman? Stand back! Silence there! A woman has been killed. Who? Loreen. Child of the streets. Poor, drunken, vile sinner! O Lord God, how long? Yes. The saloon killed her. That is, the voters in Christian America who license the saloon. And the Judgment Day only shall declare who was the murderer of Loreen.

A VOICE FROM THE WEST.

BY ALFRED AUSTIN,

Poet Laureate.

What is the voice I hear

On the wind of the Western Sea?
Sentinel, listen from out Cape Clear,
And say what the voice may be.

"'Tis a proud, free people calling loud to a
people proud and free.

"And it says to them, 'Kinsmen, hail!
We severed have been too long;
Now let us have done with a wornout tale,
The tale of an ancient wrong,
And our friendship last long as love doth last
and be stronger than death is strong.'"

Answer them, sons of the self-same race,
And blood of the self-same clan,
Let us speak with each other face to face,
And answer as man to man,
And loyally love and trust each other as
none but free men can.

Now fling them out to the breeze,
Shamrock, thistle and rose, [these.
And the Star Spangled Banner unfurl with
A message to friends and foes,
Wherever the sails of peace are seen and
wherever the war wind blows.

A message to bond and thrall to wake,
For wherever we come, we twain,
The throne of the tyrant shall rock and quake
And his menace be void and vain,
For you are lords of a strong young land
and we are lords of the main.

Yes, this is the voice on the bluff March gale.
"We severed have been too long;
But now we have done with a wornout tale,
The tale of an ancient wrong,
And our friendship last long as love doth last
and be stronger than death is strong."

SUNDAY-SCHOOL EXTENSION.

*THE HOME DEPARTMENT.**

BY THE EDITOR.



WILLIAM DUNCAN, PH.D.

The trend of most modern movements is to bring the privileges of the few into the possession of the many. Higher education is within the reach of every man of earnest will. College pro-

fessors are leaving their cloistered halls and carrying the torch of learning into darkest wastes. University settlements are housing in the slums. Books were once the privilege of the few. The Bible was chained to the reading desk. Great libraries were guarded like king's treasures. Now a centrifugal movement sends libraries travelling around to the homes of the people. The Chautauqua Circle brings a college

* "Home Classes, or the Home Department of the Sunday-school: its History, Purpose and Plan, Organization, Methods, Requisites and Difficulties." By M. C. HAZARD, PH.D. Boston: Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, cloth, 50 cents net. Paper, 25 cents net.

course to everyone who desires it. Christian Socialism extends the blessings of a higher civilization to God's great family of the poor. It municipalizes monopolies by which the few were made rich at the expense of the many. It claims that the people should own and administer street railways, gas and water distribution. It seeks to nationalize the great highways of commerce by land and by water, and the great forces of nature for the public good. The reign of the people has come,—or is coming. All stable government must be broad-based upon a nation's will. The most autocratic Czar or Kaiser must defer to its behest.

Through the ages the Church of God has been the most striking embodiment of this Christian democracy. Within its walls "the rich and poor meet together and the Lord is the maker of them all." When it violated this principle a blight and mildew fell upon it. When it acknowledged and practised it, it multiplied and grew.

The great Sunday-school movement is an illustration of this diffusive energy. Begun as a narrow movement to take the ragged children off the street, it has spread throughout English-speaking lands, and has opened its doors to all who will come in, both gentle and simple, lofty and lowly. It has enrolled over twenty million Bible students and two million Bible teachers. It has created a great and comprehensive literature; it has condensed commentaries into pamphlets and pages, which are scattered

"Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the
brooks
In Vallombrosa."

It has enlisted the co-operation of a great army of loving hearts.

of consecrated souls. In the parlours of elegant churches, in the slums of the cities, on the boundless prairies, in the backwoods, in the fishing village, in the lumber and mining camp, amid the cotton fields and cane brakes of the Black Belt, it gathers every week twenty millions of souls for the study of the Word of Life.

The magnificent conception of a uniform international system—the teaching of the same lessons on the same day throughout all Bible reading lands—has made possible this marvellous achievement. The Sunday-school system is entering upon a period of new development. It is sharing the trend of the times. It is feeling the pervasive influence of the divine leaven which is leavening the whole world. It is entering upon a great extension movement which, in the providence of God, shall have larger sweep and greater range than anything yet attained.

The kingdom of heaven cometh not with observation. Not with boom of cannon, roll of drum, and blare of herald's trumpet are the great moral movements announced. Herod the Great was born in the purple; Jesus, the Christ, was born in a stall.

Nothing could be more obscure than the beginning of the Sunday-school Home Department. In 1881 a Christian woman in New York State collected a group of boys and girls upon a porch to study the Sunday-school lesson. She asked "the same recognition and help as a teacher as was accorded to other teachers. But these were withheld because she was not in the same building at the same time with the other teachers, instructing her class under the personal supervision of the superintendent."

Dr. William Duncan, a Congregational layman, saw the large

possibilities of extending the boundaries of the Sunday-school from the narrow walls of the school-room to the furthest reach of the parish. At the New York State Sunday-school Association he announced the vital truth: "Where there is a parlour, a kitchen, an empty room in the barn; where there is a tree which God has made to throw shade upon the earth; where there is a Christian mother who loves her sons and daughters; where there is a Christian sister who feels like doing something for the Master, —there these boys and girls can be gathered in and taught about Jesus."

The movement, however, was of slow growth. To the International Convention, held in Toronto in that year, 1881, Dr. Duncan sent a communication on the subject. Dr. Vincent strongly endorsed it. "Let a good man or woman," he said, "get together five or six or eight or ten little people and teach them the Word of God; and where we have one Sunday-school now, let us have ten of these little classes." The Hon. S. H. Blake gave it his hearty support, and spoke of Christ coming to the homes of the people with the Bread of Life. Dr. Duncan, the same year, issued a small paper to push the movement and sought the co-operation of the religious press to reach the 800,000 children out of Sunday-schools in New York State alone. "Some neighbourhoods," he urged, "have not children enough for a school, but five or six are worth saving. These are to be gathered into 'Home Sunday-school classes,' that some Christian women who cannot be teachers in Church schools, because of their distance from them, will be willing to take into their homes."

From this Neighbourhood Class, as it was called, the important

element of general canvass and systematic visitation was absent. This is the vital core of the Home Department. Gradually the new idea spread like leaven. It was discussed in Sunday-school Conventions and Sunday-school papers. The conception was enlarged so as to embrace not merely the young, but those of all ages, the infirm, the sick, the gray-haired grandsire and prattling child.

The movement commended itself to the different Churches, and has received the endorsement of the International and World's Sunday-school Conventions. "The number," says Dr. Hazard, "is rapidly, even phenomenally, growing, and the suggestion is that soon there will not be a Sunday-school which pretends to be well equipped which will not have its Home Department."

In 1894, in Brooklyn alone 53 Departments had been formed, with a membership of 1,800; in the town of Stockbridge, Mass., were 27, with 1,400 members; in the State of Massachusetts about 20,000. In New York State in 1895 there were 4,500 visitors, who had under their care 27,500 scholars.

Nor is the movement confined to the United States and Canada. It has been adopted in Austria, Germany, Russia, and even in India. To Austria it is peculiarly adapted, for the laws prohibit independent or officially unrecognized meetings, so that the Home Department can accomplish what cannot be done through the Sunday-school.

Dr. Hazard thus defines this great movement:

"The purpose of the Home Department is to secure, through associated effort in connection with the Sunday-school, a general and systematic study of the Scriptures."

The need of such study he thus urges :

"The Bible does not have the place in the home which it ought to have. In families generally it is an unstudied and almost unread volume. The newspaper, the magazine, the novel crowd it out. Wherever the Bible is studied the home is sweetened and purified. Better a half-hour of close study than a dozen hours of superficial reading, or reading which has merely for its object the perusal of the whole Bible in a specified time."

Bishop Vincent thus emphasizes the importance of the Home Department :

"Sometimes people who want to go to Sunday-school cannot. Distance hinders. Weather hinders. Illness hinders. To those people the stay-at-home school is a blessing. It passes the time away swiftly and pleasantly. It takes people 'out of themselves.' It prevents gloominess and melancholia. It brings good company into the house—prophets and apostles, kings and angels, and the Christ himself. It opens great windows that give far-reaching perspectives. A Sunday-school at home is a great thing for a home. Let us have a country full of such schools. Think of the new element put into every-day life by that school—the consciences quickened, the interest in divine things awakened, the better literature distributed, and the best religious work carried on. Let us commend the home school as a plan to be made effective. Test it! Test it at once! Begin at your home—whether you, the reader of these lines, be superintendent, teacher, or pupil. Look up neglected children or those who for any reason do not go to Sunday-school. Find a place—somebody's kitchen or parlour. Appoint a meeting. Get lesson and other papers. Begin!"

In further illustration of the benefit of the Home Department Dr. Hazard describes the classes for whom it is specially designed.

"(1) *The Shut-ins.* There are the aged and infirm. It is pitiful to think how much they are left to themselves. In many a home they simply occupy a corner. They are made to feel that their days of usefulness are entirely gone by. It is hard so to be left out of everything.

They will be rejoiced to know that they still can be associated with others and have a place with them. This knowledge will do much to dissipate their loneliness and increase their self-respect. Already it has brought joy and comfort to many.

"Time goes slowly by to the sick. The tendency with them is to morbid dwelling upon their disease. They should be given something to do, not beyond their powers, which is cheerful and stimulating, and which will take them out of themselves. A little work each day upon the lesson, as strength will permit, and the leaden-footed moments will take on wings. If one recovers, it will be to greater usefulness; and if one dies, those lessons will illuminate the valley of the shadow of death.

"Then there are the mothers who are kept at home by their little children and their household duties. Their never-ending round of tasks becomes almost unbearable drudgery unless the heart and the mind are stimulated. For them the time taken for Bible study is an absolute gain. They will be the fresher and the stronger for it. When the heart is cheered, duties become light. And then, too, they will be better mothers for so doing—kinder, more patient, more loving, wiser. For the sake of the children and the whole household they should be disciples of Christ.

"There is usually no opportunity for the servants to attend the Sabbath-school. The Home Department offers to them the opportunity of studying the Sunday-school lessons. Thus the parlour and the kitchen may be associated together, and each be the better for the fact."

"(2) *The Shut-outs.* There are the commercial travellers, the railroad conductors, brakemen, engineers, newsboys, railway postal clerks, telegraph operators, hotel clerks, drug clerks, steamer officers and employees, army officers and soldiers, civil engineers and their assistants, boatmen, etc., etc. Whether he is on the rail or the ocean or in camp he can take his Quarterly and soon put himself into sympathetic connection with those at home.

"Some families are situated so far from church and Sunday-school that they cannot attend either service, or more than one. Others are in small communities where there are no church or Sunday-school privileges, or live in localities where they are isolated from all the benefits of society. To such families the Home Department is an inestimable boon. It brings them into connection with

thousands of others. They feel the impulse of the spiritual life which throbs in the church, and Sunday-school. This mental and moral stimulus is just what they need. It is like bringing into the home a telegraph wire which connects it with the great world without, though it may be upon some lonely mountain top or in some unfrequented vale."

When the Sunday-school is forced by the inclemency of the weather to suspend, the Home Department practically keeps it going without dropping a lesson, so that in resuming not a Sunday has been really lost.

A corps of Home Department visitors going over the field once every quarter is of incalculable assistance to the pastor and of advantage to the Church. Dr. Hazard gives a number of touching illustrations of the benediction thus brought to the aged, the sick, the lonely, the forgotten. In one Home Department nine persons over seventy years of age are studying the lessons; in another an old lady of ninety-seven, and in another a man of ninety-six.

Especially do invalids welcome it. One lady said, "You don't know how I feel when I hear the bell ring on Sunday morning; I want so much to go to church."

Another said, "I thank you for helping me to study God's Word. I have found Christ, and I want to join the Church."

Another, on her dying bed, said: "Tell my pastor that my home study record is full, up to date."

This Department reaches out its arms of love and sympathy and embraces those who have no homes. Dr. Hazard mentions one class twelve of whose number were in mountain camps ninety miles away. "It takes some correspondence to sustain such a Department, but how welcome it must be to those lonely miners!" Another class in Connecticut has in its membership eight persons who have removed

to Utah. Mothers can by this means keep in touch with their children who, in our migratory modern life, have moved far from home.

A Sunday-school in Dakota started a Home Department through a stage driver, who offered to deliver the lesson helps and papers to any along his route who would join.

But does this Home Department lessen the attendance and influence of the Sunday-school? Quite the reverse. The following are testimonies on this subject:

"It invariably tends to the up-building of the Sunday-school in membership, in interest, and in power."

"The inevitable result of awakening interest in Bible study at home seems to be to bring to Sunday-school all who can come."

A theological student found that there were ninety-six persons in the Sunday-school. Organizing a Home Department, one year afterward the statistics of the school were as follows: In the main school, 116; in the Home Department, 136; total, 252.

The most hallowed results often follow this home teaching. A man so given up to drink that he attempted suicide, while confined to bed from his injuries was induced to join the Home Department. His study of the Bible led to his conversion, to his victory over his depraved appetite, and to his joining the Methodist Church.

Not seldom, instead of drunkenness and wife-beating, the Home Department has brought concord and love.

A backslider, restored to the favour of God, when dying exclaimed: "God bless the man who first thought of the Home Class!"

Dr. Duncan thus sets forth the organization of the Home Department:

It should have : 1. A superintendent. 2. Secretary and treasurer, when large enough to need one. 3. Visitors. 4. Home classes.

The supreme need is consecration to the service of Christ. The superintendent should be inspired with a love for souls and a great desire to see them ingathered into the kingdom. He should be so enthusiastic that others will take fire from his flame. He should be a man of tact, persistence, and courage, whom nothing will daunt or dismay. He should map out thoroughly the field, select a corps of visitors, assign them their work, keep accurate record, and plan social and instructive and religious gatherings for the members of his Department.

No element is more vital than the quarterly visitor. The visitor is generally a young lady of leisure and culture and winsome ways, who first secures the promise of the Home Department scholar to spend, at least, half an hour in the study of the Scriptures every week, and then makes periodical visits to receive reports, help with difficulties, and distribute the lesson literature. The genial influence of such visits to the homes of the poor and neglected, or those who are shut out from social intercourse by sickness or isolation, is in itself an unspeakable benefit. It is an exhibition of Christian altruism that overcomes prejudice and wins confidence. It is a proof that the Churches are not mere social clubs of the well-to-do, but that they seek to remember the forgotten, to visit the neglected, and to benefit the needy.

The intellectual stimulus of such study upon even sluggish minds is very great. They feel the inspiration of keeping step with the great army, who are every week study-

ing the same chapter of the Bible. They acquire a new interest in the greatest classic of all the ages, and many are led to reformed lives.

One of the most striking results of the Home Department is the way in which it helps the pastor in his work, and thus benefits the whole Church. The visitors can find out those who have membership letters from other Churches, but have neglected to present them; those who are concerned about their salvation, but are too timid to make it known; those who are in trouble through sickness, or sorrow, or sin; those who can be developed into Christian workers in the Sunday-school, the League or Endeavour Society, or other forms of Christian work.

The pastor, too, may greatly help the Home Department. He can initiate the movement. He can organize one in connection with his own Church and school. He can commend it in his pastoral visits to business men, to the aged, the infirm, the invalids, the mothers, servants, nurses, etc. He can preach upon it, he can mention it in public prayer, he can encourage its workers, and can in many ways identify himself with it.

The following are testimonies of pastors as to its importance :

Rev. R. E. Burton, of Syracuse, N.Y., says: "We believe in it first, last, and all the time. I do not think there is a single department of church work in which results are more easily, quickly, and largely realized. If pastors only knew the advantages of such a department, they would at once introduce it into their churches."

Rev. Dr. Hallock, of Rochester, N.Y., says: "Another feature is the co-operation secured between the parents and the Sunday-school teachers. Parents through the Home Department become interested in the Sunday-school lessons, and studying them themselves also teach them to their children, and are interested in them and their studies, while

before they paid no attention, but turned the children over entirely to the Sunday-school teacher."

A great deal more use can be made of the Sunday-school library than is generally done. It can become the effective means for circulating good reading in some families where only trashy literature is known. The shut-ins especially will appreciate good books. In some places a "messenger service" has been formed from the school or the Epworth League, of boys or girls who take pleasure in delivering and returning the books. The library may thus go forth on a mission of comfort, instruction, and evangelization. These libraries already far outnumber all the other libraries in the country, and they may be greatly developed in size and scope, and elevated in tone. In our own church they number 375,000 volumes, and about \$25,000 are expended yearly for Sunday-school literature.

The domestic effect of the Home Department is most salutary. Parents take a new interest in the Bible studies of their children, and feel a new sympathy for the Sunday-school. Fresh themes of thought take the place of mental vacuity. New topics of conversation are suggested instead of trivial gossip. A love of books and of the Book of books is greatly fostered.

The requisites for introducing the Home Department are very simple. A few cards of explanation, the Sunday-school Quarterly, which can be had for five cents, an envelope for receiving voluntary contributions and making returns.* These contributions almost always exceed the cost of supplying literature for the classes,

and leave a handsome balance for missionary or other objects.

Dr. Hazard thus summarizes the benefits which are conferred by the Home Department :

"1. It increases attendance upon the main school. In almost every instance the Home Department becomes a feeder to the main school.

"2. It furnishes an effective method for evangelizing the field covered by a church. A corps of visitors regularly canvassing its territory is a great reinforcement to the church.

"3. It comforts and helps invalids.

"4. It recovers backsliders. The effect of home study of the Bible is to bring them back again into the church.

"5. It develops family religion. The members of a family cannot study the Bible together without being brought face to face with those questions which relate to their soul's salvation.

"6. It increases church attendance. Interest in Bible study is always followed by an interest in the services of the church.

"7. It develops Christian workers. Nothing is better adapted to make Christians effective labourers for Christ than to appoint them as visitors in the Home Department. The churches need this agency for its splendid discipline. It furnishes something specific for the members of a church to do, which is within their power, and which will be productive of great results.

"Wherever it has been thoroughly tried, the home department has been found to be a great evangelistic agency. It is calculated to reach those individuals and families who are without the Gospel in a Gospel land, and for whom the Church is responsible. The plan is simple, inexpensive, and effective. By all means adopt it."

There are, of course, difficulties and discouragements. About every aggressive Christian movement there will be. Of this the inertia of human nature is one. Many dislike new things. There may be difficulties of getting a good superintendent, or good visitors. The canvassers will certainly meet with many, and sometimes very original, objections. The chief one is, at bottom, a dis-

*These requisites are furnished free for introduction by the Methodist Book-Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

inclination to study the Scriptures. We quote again from Dr. Hazard:

"Miss Van Valkenburgh, of Plattsburg, N.Y., has enumerated some of the excuses for not joining the Home Department which she received from business men. Their insincerity is manifest. One man said that he could not join because he had to take care of the baby while his wife attended the Sunday-school, and he had no time for study. Another would not because his wife went to the Sunday-school, and that was religion enough for the family. One declared that he didn't know whether there was any other world, and was perfectly willing to run the risk. Another was doing two pious things already—he never signed notes as security, and never joined any secret societies; he did not feel that he could do any more. One man was in too much trouble financially. Many 'had no time'; others were 'too tired'; some were afraid that if they made the promise they wouldn't keep it. One wasn't a heathen; he read the Bible when he wanted to. Another was trying faithfully to keep the temperance pledge; he could not possibly undertake anything more. Translated, these puerile excuses in each case meant 'I do not want to study the Bible.' Visitors will hear just such evasions in almost every community.

"If the visitor accepts them as final, her home class will be relatively small. Miss Van Valkenburgh did not accept them at all, but on the first call did not press the matter of joining. She simply explained the plan and advantages of the Home Department, left the Quarterly and other matter—and called again. In most of the cases she succeeded in obtaining the home class pledge. Many visitors make the mistake of trying to accomplish too much upon the first visit."

Others may object that they went to Church, and no attention was paid to them; the pastor has never called upon them; none of the Church people have ever manifested any interest in them.

Others do not know how to study. But here comes the visitor's opportunity—and with tact and kindness to offer help. Others are unwilling to take the pledge. Some get tired and discouraged. Some will move away, and some will die, but many more

will persevere, will join the school and join the Church.

"And if, seated by the casket, the visitor knows, as in some cases she will, that to the one who occupies it she has opened the door of life, and feels sure that that one has gone from the Home Class here to the Great Teacher above, how grateful she will feel that such a privilege has been given her!"

We attempt no originality in the treatment of this subject. We are largely dependent upon the testimony of others. We especially commend to the study of all interested in the subject Dr. Hazard's admirable book on the Home Department, from which we have so largely quoted in these pages.

It will be seen what large possibilities for the mental development, moral training, and social betterment of the people, for the brightening of dark lives, and the cheering of solitary souls, the Home Department offers. The number reached by this means in our country might by general and systematic co-operation be very largely increased.

It is only four years since the Home Classes have been enumerated in our Sunday-school statistics, although the Home Department has been cultivated for a considerably longer time. In 1895 we reported 1,856 members in this Department; in 1896 we reported 3,419, and in 1897, 5,435. This is a very rapid increase, and it is expected that the returns for 1898 will be greatly in advance.

Our Sunday-schools in the last quadrennium report an increase of 26,496, or over ten per cent. on the previous quadrennium. Yet there is room for a much greater increase. We have 4,455 preaching appointments. At every one of these we ought to have a school, or at least a Home Department.

Yet we have only 3,307 schools, leaving 1,148 appointments without either Methodist school or Home Department, in either summer or winter.*

Moreover, the statistics report only 2,046 schools as open throughout the entire year, leaving 1,261, chiefly in the remote and isolated places, where, on account of stress of weather or bad roads, the school must be interrupted during the winter. Often it is difficult to reorganize them in the spring. The connection of the lessons is lost, and their value and the interest in them becomes greatly impaired.

Here the Home Department may be of special value. The lesson leaves and papers may be received and distributed, and the home study of the lessons continued. The people may thus be kept in touch with the Sunday-school work throughout the long months of the winter, and the school be ready for early reorganization without the loss of a single lesson in the spring.

But a still larger field opens before us. For every one of our 262,404 scholars in our schools it

ought not to be difficult to secure, at least one Home student of the lesson. But there are still larger possibilities. The 278,064 members of our Church must be multiplied by five to reach the number of those who return themselves in the official census of the country as the adherents of Methodism and dependent upon it for their religious instruction. Of these we reach less than one-fifth in our Sunday-schools. What are we doing for the special training in the Word of God, the foundation of all religion and morality, for the other four-fifths?

Here is grand work for our schools, our Epworth Leagues, and Churches. What an impulse a general effort for Bible teaching would give to every department of Church life and Church work! How it would fill our schools, enlarge our congregations, increase the intelligence and piety of our people! Let the watch-word for the opening year of the new century be a million souls taught in the Word of God, as well as a million dollars raised for aggressive Christian work.

*There are, of course, at many of these appointments Union Sunday-schools.

We have a list of 111 schools having home departments. In this list Montreal Conference comes first, having thirty-three, next New Brunswick Conference, having nineteen, next Hamilton Conference, having sixteen, next Toronto Conference, having fourteen, next London, Bay of Quinte, and Manitoba Conferences, having each eight, next Nova Scotia and Newfoundland Conferences, having each two, and next British Columbia Conference, having one.

The largest number enrolled is at Deseronto, with a membership of 250, the next is Mitchell, with 228, the next Queen Street,

Kingston, with 150, the next Portland, St. John, N.B., with 149, the next St. John's West, Newfoundland, with 148, the next Galt, with 136. In Newdale, Manitoba, is one with 100 members. That it is not necessary to have such a large membership to carry on successful home departments is shown by a number of schools of twenty or under, one or two even having as few as four members.

We have written to each of these 111 home departments and with scarce an exception the answer bears testimony to the success of the movement and its great benefit both to the school and the church and the individual members.

BE TRUE.

Thou must be true to thyself
If thou the truth wouldst teach;
Thy soul must overflow if thou
Another's soul would reach.

It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech;

Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed.

Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a thoughtful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble deed.

RHODA ROBERTS.

A WELSH MINING STORY.

BY HARRY LINDSAY.

Author of "Methodist Idylls," etc.

CHAPTER XXVI.

DICK FOWLER'S JEALOUSY.

But Rhoda was still beyond all power of work, and therefore quite unable to accept the reappointment as mistress of the Trethyn school. She was, however, able to go about almost as usual, especially when the weather was at all favourable. At such times she would go the round of the sick in Trethyn and minister to their sufferings. Sometimes George Ford would accompany her to the sick chambers she visited, and either read the Bible for her to her patients, or, like the good chapelman that he had become, fervently prayed with her for their recovery. Indeed, George Ford had grown to be one of Rhoda's most hopeful converts, and his life proved the real character of the change wrought in him. And never once during all these days of ministering kindness did George Ford breathe a word further to Rhoda of his slumbering love, or take the slightest advantage of the intimacy granted him.

Dick Fowler, however, was less considerate of Rhoda's feelings. He never gave up hope of eventually winning her. One evening he made it his business to call upon Rhoda quite unexpectedly. He had calculated that Seth would be at the chapel that night, and that he would be able to see Rhoda alone.

"I thought you would have been at the service," said Rhoda when he was seated.

"Not this evening," said Dick; "I wanted to see you to-night, and I thought I would take the opportunity of your father being out to call."

Very truthful, yet very bold words. But she did not pretend to see any covert meaning in them, and waited for Dick himself to speak.

"How are you to-night, Rhoda?" he asked presently. "Are you any better?"

"A little," she said merely.

"Do you find yourself getting any stronger?"

"Sometimes I think I do, but often I think I don't. I can't say there is much real improvement in my health. I am, however, now taking some famous mixture which is to be a certain cure, they tell me," and a playfulness in expressing the words betrayed itself in Rhoda's eyes.

"I hope so," said Dick fervently.

"Thank you," replied Rhoda, not knowing what better to say.

For a few moments they sat in silence, busied with their own thoughts.

"I came to speak to you," presently said Dick, in halting speech, "upon—but perhaps you are not well enough to-night to listen to me?"

"Oh, yes, I am," she replied quickly, well knowing what was coming, and being only too anxious to get it all over; "say what you have to say to me. I am quite well enough for that."

"Don't you suspect my errand?" queried Dick softly.

That was not a question which Rhoda suspected at all events, but she looked straight into his face without flinching.

"Do you credit me with powers of divination?" she asked.

"Divination!" exclaimed Dick, "divination!" he repeated meditatively, as if trying to understand the meaning of the word, which, however, was altogether beyond him. "I don't quite understand you."

Rhoda smiled, but did not enlighten him. Her use of the word was merely to confuse him, and to take the edge off his pointed question. But he was not to be turned aside so easily.

"But, really, Rhoda, you do know why I've come," he urged in a pleading voice.

"Is it about chapel affairs?"

For a few moments Dick looked both shocked and pained.

"Chapel affairs! Really, Rhoda, I thought you would have understood me better than that. I've come to repeat my love to—"

"Oh, but you mustn't do that?" ex-

claimed Rhoda quickly; "you know we've settled that long ago."

"Nay," said Dick, with sorrow in his voice and his pale face grown wonderfully paler, "not settled. You really cannot think that I can at once put from me my love to you. That——"

"Not at once, perhaps," said Rhoda, "but you will by-and-bye. And, indeed, you must," she said, growing more emphatic in her tones, "for the answer I have already given you is final."

"Is it because you love the young squire, Rhoda?" he demanded presently, and in tones almost ferocious.

Startled by so unexpected and unwelcome a question, for a moment or so Rhoda could only stare wonderingly at Dick, her face burning the while.

"Rhoda," he cried, "I demand an answer. Is it through Edward Trethyn that you've changed your love to me?"

"I never professed any love towards you," said Rhoda haughtily, but it was quite plain Dick's question had unnerved her.

"Have you professed any toward Edward Trethyn?" stubbornly persisted the young collier.

"Dick Fowler," cried Rhoda, "you're most insulting, and I request you at once to desist speaking to me in this manner."

"Not till you answer me," said the young fellow doggedly; "I've come with my mind made up, and——"

"You say you love me?"

"More than Edward Trethyn, or anyone else for that matter, be he who he may, could do and——"

"Then will you show your love for me by at once leaving this house?" sharply queried Rhoda, and her manner and bearing conveyed all that her words expressed.

"Rhoda?" cried Dick aghast, "how can you treat me thus! Is it that you're only trying me? Oh, Rhoda, won't you be mine?"

"Never!" said Rhoda emphatically, and even contemptuously, "and had I ever been so inclined your unseemly conduct and language to-night, as well as upon several former occasions, would certainly change all my feelings towards you."

"Have you no thought of the past——"

"I tell you," she exclaimed, now

thoroughly roused, "I request you to leave this house at once."

"Very well," he said, rising to his feet, "I will go now; but let me tell you this—you sha'n't marry Edward Trethyn. I'll put a block in the way of that. Listen! I go from here straight to Superintendent James to tell him who Dr. Shearer's assistant really is."

Before Rhoda had time for reply he was gone, leaving her half dead with cold and fear. How had Dick Fowler got possession of this secret? All forgetful of the knocking at the door, Rhoda was about to follow Dick and call him back to question him, when, lifting up her eyes, she saw that George Ford stood beside her.

"Oh, George!" she cried, "I'm so glad you've come!"

She was greatly flushed and excited.

"You seem troubled, Rhoda," he said kindly.

"Yes; Dick Fowler has been here."

George had met Dick on the doorstep as the latter sulkily passed by on his way home.

"He has been saying such cruel things."

George looked at her, and his gaze met hers. In that look he had a presentiment of the trouble, but only a presentiment of it; the full certainty of it did not yet dawn upon him.

"And he has gone away angrily," said Rhoda, "and threatening."

"Threatening?"

"Yes; oh, George, whatever will we do?"

Now his presentiment fled, and the full truth flashed upon him. The tacit understanding which had existed between them concerning the great secret (and as yet it had been nothing more than a tacit understanding, and no single word had passed between them on it) now broke down, and George Ford spoke out plainly.

"Is it in reference to Edward Trethyn?" he said, lowering his voice cautiously.

"Yes."

"How has Dick learned it?"

"I cannot say," she replied, "but he does know it, and I feel he will do mischief if he is not stopped."

"How can we stop him?" mused George Ford, speaking more to himself than to Rhoda.

"We'll have to take some one into our confidence," said Rhoda.

"Who?"

Rhoda shook her head despondingly.

"I really cannot name anyone," she said in grief.

George Ford paced the room in deep thought, his brows knit, and his whole face betraying the puzzle the situation was to him. Presently, however, he came to a decision, and, sitting down beside Rhoda, told her of it.

"The young squire," he said, "must be got clear away from Trethyn at once."

Rhoda looked troubled.

"It must be," said George, with quiet decision. "It's all for the best. I will go at once to Dr. Shearer's and explain matters. The doctor is evidently Edward Trethyn's friend, and when he finds I am too, he will be ready to listen to me and act upon my advice."

For awhile Rhoda remained silently meditating upon the proposal. Then she said:

"Yes, p'raps it'll be best to do as you say. At all events, it can do no harm, and may do a great deal of good."

"I think so," said George, simply, and at once rose to go.

These incidents all happened on the same evening, and at about the same time as the interview between Edward Trethyn, Lawyer Jeffries, Detective Carlyle, and Sir Charles Montgomery was taking place at Bucklands Park.

Edward had just recounted his experiences to them, and had greatly amazed them by declaring that all the time he had been missing he had never been very far from Trethyn.

"What I can't understand," said Sir Charles Montgomery, "is the strange report which came to Trethyn of our young friend's death."

"Drowned in the Avon," muttered Lawyer Jeffries.

"Yes; how could such a report ever have been sent here?" went on Sir Charles. "To me that's a mystery."

"A report," said the lawyer, "so exact in all particulars, and in every detail corresponding with Mr. Edward, even to the marking of his linen."

"The marking of the linen was a mere coincidence," said Detective Carlyle, "for the drowned man may have had the same initials as Mr. Trethyn."

"Who identified the body?" asked Sir Charles.

No one seemed to know, and each looked to the other for an answer to the question.

"Did anyone from Trethyn?"

Again the gentlemen present professed ignorance upon the point.

"Well," said Sir Charles, "the whole thing seems a complete mystery to me. What do you say of it, Mr. Carlyle?"

"I've just been thinking the same," replied that gentleman; "and, further, I think it is a mystery which demands immediate investigation."

"I quite agree with you," said Sir Charles; "and I hope, Mr. Detective, that you'll at once make it your business to investigate it."

"That I certainly shall," replied Mr. Carlyle; "for it appears to me that there has been some underhand (I was almost saying diabolical) work in connection with it which ought to be brought to light."

At the words all present looked into the detective's face in amazement, as if waiting for him to explain his suspicion more fully, but he merely answered:

"I really fear it; and, if so, I'll find it out."

"Very well," said the lawyer, in his quick, businesslike way. "we'll let that pass. And now, what about the future?"

"One question before that," said the detective. "Who are your friends in Trethyn, Mr. Edward?"

"You mean those who have befriended me of late?"

"Yes; it may be necessary for me to know their names, as those people may be of service to me."

"They have been necessarily few," said Edward.

"Naturally," said the detective; "such a close secret could not have been so well kept if many knew it."

"My only friends have been Seth Roberts, his daughter, and Dr. Shearer."

"Good!" said the detective, jotting down the names. "And now, Mr. Jeffries, your question."

"I was asking what about the future?"

"Do you mean in regard to our future action?"

"Yes; that is one thing. But I was going to suggest that Mr. Edward keep away awhile from Trethyn."

"That has already been decided,"

said Sir Charles. "It has been arranged that he is to remain here as my guest until the whole affair is cleared up."

"That is the knotty point," said the lawyer; "and how to get at it I really can't say. A suspicion has always been present in my mind that Stephen Grainger knows more about Squire Trethyn's death than anyone else, but the puzzle is how to get at him."

"In all these kind of cases," said the detective, "there is a circumstantial evidence which to the mind brings the guilt conclusively home to the suspected one, though of insufficient character to sustain it legally. Now, gentlemen, I've been engaged upon this case for a considerable period, and have minutely sifted every little detail of evidence known, besides, as you may guess, acquiring a great deal of fresh evidence; and I think I may safely give you my conclusions. I have formed three conclusions, and they are these: First, Edward Trethyn did not cause the death of his father; secondly, Stephen Grainger knows who did; thirdly, whoever the actual criminal was, he certainly had a confederate."

"That's reducing matters into a workable order," said the lawyer, rubbing the palms of his hands together in a satisfied manner.

"You won't expect me," said the detective, "to give you the reasons for my conclusions, but you may rely upon it that I have good and sufficient reasons."

"Have you formed any conclusion in your mind," asked Sir Charles, "as to the identity of the actual criminal?"

Detective Carlyle did not answer for a moment, as if debating within himself the wisdom of replying, but presently he said, with low emphasis, and in a confidential voice:

"I think I have, and also to who the confederate was, but, as I said before, it is a conclusion without legal proof."

"One thing, however, is settled," said the lawyer, "by Mr. Edward's safety, and that is that Arthur Bourne Trethyn will never inherit."

"They tell me," said Sir Charles, "that he is drawing pretty freely upon the revenues of the estate."

"That is so," said the solicitor.

"I almost wish now," said the baronet, "that I had not given up the

trusteeship. But now let us get back again to our future plans. What do you suggest, Mr. Detective?"

"I confess," said that gentleman, "that for the moment I'm nonplussed. I don't see how to get at the agent. It is a question which I fear will require consideration."

At this point Edward let fall some observation about having met Stephen Grainger in the park some time since at night-time.

"Eh!" queried the detective quickly. "You met him?"

"Yes."

"Then he knows you are in Trethyn?"

"I believe," said Edward, smiling, "that he took me for a ghost."

"Why? Was he frightened?"

"Very much so."

"Did you speak to him?"

"Yes; I warned him that a day of retribution was coming to him for his treatment of the men of Trethyn, and I conjured him to bring the disastrous strike to an end."

"How long is this ago?"

"Several nights."

The detective suddenly held up his finger, as if he would command instant attention.

"I've got it," he cried.

At once every face was turned towards him in an expectant attitude.

"The solution of our difficulty lies in this ghost story," he said. "Mr. Edward, are you brave?"

"I am ready to carry out all your suggestions," said Edward.

"Very well, then," said the detective, "this is my plan. Edward Trethyn shall play the ghost again. Some night when we are assured the agent is at home Edward Trethyn shall venture into the park and cross his path. Do you see?"

"Yes, yes," came the eager answers.

"Mr. Jeffries and myself will accompany Mr. Edward into the park, and conceal ourselves behind convenient trees."

"Yes," urged the eager listeners.

"Should the agent deem Mr. Edward to be no ghost at all, but his real self, and approach him, then Mr. Edward will suddenly retire, we'll come out from our hiding-place and engage the agent in conversation while Mr. Edward makes good his escape. If he affirms that he actually saw Mr. Edward we must play upon his feelings, telling him he is suspicious,

fanciful, and all that sort of thing. You follow me?"

"Yes, yes," from everyone.

"But, on the other hand, if the agent shows any sign of misgiving as to the reality of the figure before him, then Mr. Edward here will address him——"

"In sepulchral tones," said the lawyer, entering fully into the spirit of the thing.

"Yes," laughed the detective, "if he likes." But my plan is to play the ghost of Denmark, and he will charge the agent of having murdered his father."

At the word Sir Charles Montgomery started suddenly, and uttered an involuntary "Oh!"

"It is the only way, Sir Charles," said the detective, "and from our point of concealment Mr. Jeffries and I will be able to hear all that passes."

"If he doesn't reply?" asked Sir Charles. "Supposing he takes fright and scampers off?"

"To me," said the detective, "that will be evidence of guilt; but I've an impression he'll be too terrified to hurry away, and also that he will, of necessity, in some way, reply to the ghost. But we'll see, we'll see."

"And having heard what he says, what then?" asked Sir Charles.

"Leave that to me, Sir Charles," answered the detective.

It was all, therefore, agreed upon as Detective Carlyle suggested, the detective promising to ascertain a suitable night for the trial of the plan, and also promising to call again to prime Edward with suggestions for the night.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SKINNING THE AGENT.

Dick Fowler carried out his ill-mannered threat, and at once communicated his suspicions concerning Edward Trehyn to Superintendent James.

"Really!" exclaimed that intelligent officer, with well-feigned interest, for the reader is already aware that the news was stale to the superintendent. "Really, you don't say so!"

"Indeed I do," asseverated Dick Fowler.

Mr. Superintendent James was now really interested, but not in reference to the secret Dick Fowler disclosed.

How had the young collier come into possession of the secret, and what were his objects in turning informer? Those were the interesting questions which presented themselves to the mind of Superintendent James.

"I always thought you were a friend to the young squire?" he asked.

For a moment Dick Fowler was confused and silent.

"Eh?" urged the officer.

"Right is right," said Dick, lamely, and with that answer the superintendent had to be satisfied.

"Well, now," said the superintendent, craftily, "whatever you do, don't you breathe a word of this to anyone else. If you do you may destroy everything. Leave it to me, now."

"Very well, sir," said Dick.

"And you promise me absolute secrecy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you swear that to me?"

"I never swore in my life, sir," said Dick. "I'm a chapel man."

Superintendent James saw his opportunity.

"But you're standing in the police-offices now, young man, and we never take any man's word here. You must swear."

Very sore at heart, and feeling wicked in the very act, Dick Fowler was obliged to swear eternal secrecy to the superintendent, while that gentleman laughed inwardly, and complimented himself upon his acuteness in so effectually stopping the mouth of the would-be mischief-maker.

"You know what you've done?" he asked, solemnly.

"I do, sir," said Dick, demurely.

"Very well," said the superintendent in the same solemn tones, "see that you break not your oath, and now good-day."

"It never would have done," mused the superintendent when Dick had gone, "to allow that young fellow to open his mouth to everybody. It might have reached the agent's ears, and then we would have been compelled to take official notice of the statement. As it is, things will all work out right in the end if only Carlyle can have fair play."

George Ford, too, carried out his intention of visiting Dr. Shearer's and putting him on his guard against Dick Fowler.

"It's all right," said the doctor, when he was fully sure of his ground in reference to the trustworthiness of George; "it's all right, lad. The young doctor"—even now Dr. Shearer wouldn't betray himself in speaking out the name—"has gone from here, and it's all right."

Nothing more could George elicit from the doctor, but he went away with the feeling that at least Dick Fowler's purpose was foiled.

A week passed away, and still Edward Trethyn remained Sir Charles Montgomery's guest at Bucklands Park. During this time Edward was of necessity thrown very much into the society of Miss Nellie Montgomery. At first, as may be well supposed, this was not at all agreeable to Nellie, for, in remembrance of her father's talk with her of a little over a week ago, Nellie felt a shyness and a difficulty in meeting with Edward or in talking with him. But soon this shyness wore away, and the two were often to be seen strolling through the lovely Bucklands Park, secure in the thought that no stranger could break upon their privacy. All this exceedingly gladdened Sir Charles Montgomery's heart, and he congratulated himself in having done a good stroke of business in inviting Edward Trethyn to become his guest.

"You will see, my dear," he said to Lady Hettie, "that our expectations will all be realized by this visit and the two families united."

Would it be so? Was the tendency already in that direction? Could any outsider have seen the two young people at this time as they wandered through the park, or rested in shady places, they might well have been pardoned if they had thought so. And could they still further have read one of their hearts, Miss Nellie's, they would certainly have been confirmed in their suspicions.

Did Edward Trethyn know it? No, certainly not. Rhoda was still his chief thought. She was his betrothed bride, and nothing could ever change his feelings towards her. Miss Nellie was to him but as a sister; for the fireman's daughter Edward cherished a deeper, a richer affection.

Another week passed away, and yet Edward continued in hiding at Bucklands Park. Detective Carlyle had called once or twice, and had

explained that the agent had been away from Trethyn on some business or other, and, therefore, their little plan must wait its chance. But Stephen Grainger had returned now, and Edward was to be ready at any moment for the call upon him.

During all this time things had undergone a vast change in Trethyn. The end of the strike had brought back something of the old contented feeling in the place, and good days appeared again in store for Trethyn.

Saturday night had come, and the men had assembled at the pit's mouth to receive their first wages since the strike, for it was usual for the master to retain the first week's wages in hand as a kind of guarantee that the men would not leave their work without due notice, otherwise they would forfeit the week's pay. A week's wages was now due to each of the men assembled, and from their wages they expected, as usual, the deduction of a week's rent, for they all lived in houses belonging to the estate. What was their surprise when they not only were charged the week's deduction, but a sum over and above this!

"What does this mean?" demanded Rake Swinton, assuming the leadership of the men and approaching the pay clerks.

"The reductions are made according to orders," said the clerks.

"Whose orders?"

"Mr. Grainger's."

"For what purpose?"

"Mr. Grainger says it is his orders to raise all the rents."

"Orders from whom?"

"The heir of the estate."

"And to raise them without notice?" asked Seth Roberts.

"We really don't know," replied the clerks; "we are only acting under the immediate orders of the agent."

"Where is the agent?" cried a score of voices. "We must see him at once. We'll never submit to this injustice!"

But the agent was away from home. The clerks had not seen him since morning.

"When will he return?" quietly asked Seth.

"To-night."

"You're sure of that?"

"Yes; we've no cause for thinking otherwise."

"Has he gone away to escape our demands?" asked Jehu Morris.

The clerks said they did not think so, but Rake Swinton loudly maintained that he must have done so. An impromptu meeting was at once held, and Rake Swinton was unanimously voted to the chair. Usually the men chose Seth Roberts at such times for their chairman, but the younger section of the miners now deemed him too cautious for the post at so momentous a crisis, and voted for Swinton as one whom they knew would not tolerate a middle course. The meeting only lasted a few minutes, and only one resolution was proposed: "That all men were at once to cease work until their full demands were granted." As the strike had continued so long, the resolution was a hardship to every man in Trethyn, but it was nevertheless passed with resolute unanimity, and then the men dispersed to their homes.

"When are these troubles to end?" queried Mr. Thornleigh of a number of men whom he met homewards tending.

"When Stephen Grainger is in his grave," fiercely replied Jehu Morris.

"When they will end, sir," said Seth Roberts, drawing near the rector, "I really cannot say, but I know what will be the upshot of them; at least, I fear for what it'll be."

"What?"

"It'll end in an explosion, or something of that sort. Already the accumulation of gas in the various parts of the mine is so great that there's only one-half of the pit that now can be worked."

The Reverend Philip Thornleigh shook his head as if greatly impressed by the intelligence, and went slowly on his way.

Night came on, and, as the clerks had surmised, Stephen Grainger returned to his home. Detective Carlyle had also heard of the probable return of the agent, and, it being a dark and suitable night for his purpose, hastily summoned Edward Trethyn and Lawyer Jeffries to the park, as per arrangement. Gaining a very favourable situation within a score of yards from the agent's house, the three gentlemen planted themselves behind a huge oak tree, and there awaited the approach of the agent.

"It is just 9.30 now," said the detective, as they settled themselves, and speaking in a low tone. "The train is due at 9.05, and if he comes round by the Manor, as is very prob-

able, we may expect him here almost immediately."

He had scarcely finished speaking when footsteps were heard approaching, and the detective breathed the monosyllable, "Hush!"

Gradually the footsteps drew nearer and nearer, but the sound seemed as if more than one man was coming through the park. The three watchers strained their ears and listened breathlessly. In a few moments they were fully convinced of what they had as yet only surmised, for, peering out of their hiding-place, they were astonished to see a number of silent figures pass them cautiously.

"Who are they?" whispered Lawyer Jeffries.

"Hush!" whispered back the detective. "They are the Black Brotherhood. We're destined to see some fun here to-night."

"Are they robbers?" queried Edward.

"Bless you, no, sir!" replied the detective, "they are only some of the miners playing a game. And they have more than once brought Stephen Grainger to his knees. Haven't you ever heard of them? Of course, it could not be expected that you would. But wait. Hush!"

"I have heard of the Brotherhood before," said the lawyer presently, "but I thought they were now disbanded."

"So thought I," said the detective, "but it's to-day's business that has brought them together again. Perhaps you haven't heard that the agent has raised all the rents in the place?"

No; neither of the detective's companions had yet heard that news, and were about to comment upon it, when the detective silenced them again.

"Hush!" he enjoined. "Watch!"

Quietly and cautiously the cloaked figures crept through the park, until they were about a dozen yards beyond where the three watchers were standing. Then a whispered word was uttered, and at that word the men divided themselves into two bands, and hid themselves behind the trees on either side of the path. This done, all stood motionless and silent, and the quietness as of the very grave reigned through the park.

"Whatever you do now," whispered the detective, "don't stir; the slightest rustle of the feet may attract the men's attention."

The caution was a right one, but it was not needed now, for shortly

afterwards other footsteps were heard coming through the park, and, from the peculiar tread of them, the detective at once recognized them as being the agent's. Nearer and nearer drew the footsteps, until at last they sounded as right opposite the place where the men were hiding. Suddenly dark forms moved from out of the trees, and in a twinkling formed a circle round the amazed agent. Detective Carlyle crept nearer, and, now accustomed to the darkness, could see that the agent was terribly scared and pale-looking, and that he was trembling in every limb."

"So you've deceived us," said the leader of the gang.

The agent was too terrified to at once reply, and stood trembling like an aspen leaf.

"Haven't you a tongue, sir?" demanded the leader, fiercely. "What is the meaning of these reductions in the men's wages to-day?"

"Really, really, good sirs," said the agent in a whining voice, which almost made the three watchers lose their gravity and burst out into loud laughter, "I am only acting according to orders."

"We've not come to discuss that," said the leader, "but we've come to demand justice for the men of Trethyn."

"Yes, good sirs," whined the agent fearfully, no doubt painfully remembering his former experiences with this awful Brotherhood, and only too anxious to appease them in any possible way.

"Orders or no orders," said the leader, "we've come to demand full payment to every man of that which is due to him."

"They shall have it," said the agent meekly.

"When?"

"At once."

"When is that?"

"At the earliest opportunity."

"Monday morning?"

"Yes, first thing; before the men go down to the pits."

"No man shall go down, sir," said the leader, "until every farthing is paid."

"They shall be paid," whined the agent; "indeed, indeed they shall."

"Very well," said the leader, "that will do. But now we shall require a pledge from you of your good faith."

"Oh! you may rely upon me," cried the agent.

"No, sir, we can't," said the leader; "your word is not to be trusted, so we must therefore pin you down to it. What money have you about you?"

At the question Stephen Grainger was greatly agitated, for he happened to have a considerable sum on his person just then, having that day received some big payments which he had been too late to bank.

"Oh, good sirs!" he pleaded, "you may trust me; indeed, indeed you may. I promise you faithfully."

"No, sir," said the leader sharply, "we will not trust you. We've done that too often already. But you, sir, can trust us. We intend to skin you of all your valuables, and hold them as a pledge of your word to us to-night; and when you've fulfilled your word, we'll faithfully return every one of them."

The lawyer, listening with all his ears, clutched the detective's arm at the words.

"Hush!" whispered the detective, "it's all right."

"I'd never trust them," whispered the lawyer.

"Wouldn't you?" simply answered the detective.

"Don't you think, Mr. Carlyle," softly queried Edward, "that we ought to interfere?"

"Why?"

"They're robbing him."

"Nonsense!" said the detective, "it's all right. These men will keep their word, you mark me. I've no fear on that score. Besides, the leader of them, although he's disguised, and although he's affecting a strange voice, is quite palpable to me. But listen!"

"Your purse, sir," demanded the leader, and the agent could not help obeying the imperious command.

"Now your pocket-book, sir."

Crammed with bank notes, the pocket-book was at once given up.

"Now your watch and chain, sir." Stephen Grainger hesitated.

"Sir," said the leader, "what we ask for we mean to insist on, and if you do not give them up voluntarily, we'll take them from you by force, that's all, and perhaps with a little rough treatment, too."

The watch and chain were at once given up.

"Now the rings on your fingers."

Without the smallest resistance the two rings which the agent wore, one of them set with a most brilliant

diamond of the first water, were also handed to the leader.

"Your scarfpin next."

That, too, was immediately given up.

"I think that'll do," said the leader. "But, sir," he said, advancing nearer to the cowed agent in a menacing manner, "don't give us any cause to visit you again. Remember, full restoration to every man must be made first thing on Monday morning."

Before the agent could answer the cloaked figures had dispersed and vanished amongst the trees.

"They're gone," whispered the lawyer.

"And see! the agent flies, too," cried the detective.

It was so. The moment Stephen Grainger realized that he was free he instantly took to his heels and fled homewards, as for dear life. Unable to restrain his feelings longer the detective broke forth into loud laughter, in which he was immediately joined by his companions.

"So end our plans for the night," he said presently.

"End unceremoniously," laughed Edward.

"And without the tragedy we hoped for," said the lawyer.

"True," laughed the detective, as they turned their steps homewards. "It is plot and counter-plot here, and the actors in the counter-plot have had their innings first."

"What do you now suggest?" asked the lawyer.

"Oh, we must meet again!" said the detective; "but this has not been a wasted night."

"It has been a most amusing one," said Mr. Jeffries.

"Very," laughed Mr. Carlyle. "But now, seriously, what do you think of it?"

"I scarcely know," said the lawyer. "Already it seems but a dream to me, and I can hardly credit my senses."

"What do you think of it, Mr. Edward?"

"My thoughts," said Edward, "are divided between detestation of the agent and of the illegality of these desperate men. I confess I think the agent has deserved all he got to-

night, and that the little wholesome fear they put into his craven spirit will do him no harm; but it still appears a fearful thing to me that any gentleman should be thus waylaid and intimidated in the manner which we've witnessed to-night."

"Ah, sir," said the detective, "it's the long reign of tyranny in Trethyn that has brought these men to this. It is that, sir, that has called this Brotherhood into existence. It isn't the work of a day or a month or a year, but the foul work of years of grinding oppression."

Neither Edward nor Mr. Jeffries spoke. They were both busy with their own thoughts, and indeed each of them well knew that there were justice and truth in the detective's words.

"But these men," said the lawyer presently, "should have sought the legal remedy."

"I was at one of the mass meetings of the men the other day," said the detective. "It was held on the side of yonder mountain there, and was attended by thousands of miners from the other valleys who came to show sympathy with the men of Trethyn. One speaker dwelt upon the point of legality. 'Men,' he cried, 'there are certain questions which never can be satisfactorily settled by legal means.' Now, I am an officer of the law, and somewhat a stickler for it, too, but I am entirely of that man's opinion, and I say that such men as the agent of Trethyn never can be met by the law alone. Such men keep well within the law, and all the time work untold mischief upon their fellow-men."

"But you wouldn't tolerate violence?" asked the lawyer.

"On the contrary, I would severely punish everyone guilty of it, but these men will not commit violence, and, trust my word for it, they will prove faithful and honourable to the undertaking we have listened to. I've more faith in the promises of these men than in all the agent's plausible speeches. And give them their rights, and no town could possibly have a nobler or more peace-loving set of men than these of Trethyn."

WHO SHOULD PARTAKE OF THE HOLY COMMUNION?

BY THE REV. W. I. SHAW, LL.D.

Principal of Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal.

The answer from universal Christendom is almost unanimous, baptized believers in Christ. But how are Christian believers to be recognized, and how is their status to be determined? Here also there is no serious difference of view. Apart from spiritual and ethical conditions, which are of supreme importance, all the Churches expect profession of faith to be associated with Church membership. The contrary of this is regarded as most anomalous. That exceptional cases may be found of individuals claiming to be Christians and deliberately refusing to be members of any Church must be admitted, but what pastor is there who does not strive to rectify the mental or moral aberration accounting for such an anomaly?

If the position of these persons is correct, all Church organization is at once seriously imperilled, the assuming of obligations of Church membership is unnecessary, and there is no guarantee for the continuance of the institution of the ministry or of the Christian ordinances, including the sacraments themselves. The glory of the Church, as portrayed by Paul to the Ephesians, is a baseless fancy, and in fact the Church becomes a mere association or lyceum whose instructions you may attend or not as you please. However, this point is scarcely in dispute, that every professed Christian should be a member of some branch of the Church.

Next, what are the privileges of Church membership? Many answers of rich significance can be given to this inquiry, and millions testify to the preciousness of their privileges in the Church of God. Among these I venture to put the sacrament of the Lord's Supper in a very prominent place, an institution which superseded the rite of the Passover in the Old Testament, a rite which was limited to the organized body of God's people, and concerning this Paschal feast it was divinely commanded, "There shall no stranger eat thereof," Ex. xii. 43. So the institution of the Eucharist, as described by the synoptic gospels, and by Paul, who, he says, received his instruction from the Lord (1 Cor. xi. 22), and other reference to it in the New Testament, including its very abuse in Corinth,

all imply its confinement to the Christian Church, which was composed of professed believers in Christ. Pliny's familiar testimony to the early celebration of communion by Christians in Bithynia illustrates the same fact, and so do the narratives of Justin and the *Didache* in sub-apostolic times. The whole body of symbolic literature on this point, Greek, Latin, Lutheran and Reformed, has the same significance. In the great Prelatical Churches, and in the Lutheran Church, membership begins with baptism, which opens the way to confirmation and the Eucharist. So is it with the Baptist Church, with the omission of confirmation. In the Presbyterian Church the communion table is "fenced" sacredly by the limitation of this fellowship to members of the Church.

It was to me a most significant incident that I recently met an elderly and most respected and wealthy citizen of Montreal in the upper part of the city with a package of envelopes which he showed me. He asked me what I thought they were. I replied, "They look like invitations to an evening entertainment." "No," he said, "they are much better than that, they are members' cards for communion next week, and each communicant returns his card at the time of the service." He added with a kindly catholic spirit, "If members of other Churches wish to commune with us their names are sent to the pastor, who will forward them cards like these." All honour to the grand old Presbyterian Church, which, since the days of Calvin's somewhat too violent fencing of the table and purging of the temple in Geneva in 1538, has regarded so sacredly this solemn feast.

I may be reminded of "the wideness of God's mercy" and the vastness of Christ's kingdom, which, in our Arminian thought, may include Socrates and Cornelius, and which, we certainly believe, includes the Quakers, who have neither ministry nor sacraments, and who make no claim to be a church. I am speaking, however, only of the Church, and not of special developments of spiritual life outside of the actual organization of the Church; which in the very nature of the case should restrict the precious privilege

of communion to its members or those contemplating membership.

Again, I may be reminded of the broad invitation of our ritual. This form, with which we are familiar, is really very ancient. It was begotten of the Anglican Liturgy, which in part was begotten of the Gallican Missal, which was begotten of Eastern liturgies as old as the fourth century, and in all of these, in almost identical words, there is the invitation, "Ye that do truly and earnestly repent of your sins," etc. In this invitation there seems to be a requirement only of repentance, but it may be observed that in conclusion it also calls upon the communicant to "draw near with faith." Partaking of the communion is therefore a profession of faith, and should be accompanied by the assuming of all responsibilities of Church membership, including Christian fellowship, attendance of public worship and support of the church of which the communicant is a member. Thus are we "the body of Christ, and members in particular."

What a variety of announcements of the Lord's Supper in city, town and country one may hear through a long term of years; sometimes there seems to be an imploring appeal to stay, as if this would be a favour to the Almighty in general, and the Methodist Church in particular. Sometimes there is a simple intimation with no remark. Sometimes the minister very wisely announces, "It is hoped all members of the Church will remain, and members of any other Church will be cordially welcome." Very often it is an invitation to all who have saving faith in Christ, and this is certainly unobjectionable if proper steps are taken to lead believers, not members of any Church, to realize their duty and privilege. Sometimes it is added that whether such persons are members of any Church or not, they should stay and commune. Am I right in anxiously apprehending that this announcement offers a premium to people to keep out of Church membership altogether? The way seems clear for them to pass as Christians, being so formally recognized in this most solemn rite, and at the same time escape all obligations of Church membership, financial, spiritual and moral. In fact whatever improprieties they commit, the next week no one could chide them with any inconsistency on the score of Church membership. They are amenable to no Church for their conduct.

If there is irregularity at this point it is easy to account for it by two considerations. First, these unlimited invi-

tations are begotten of catholicity. There is, thank God, the broadest spirit of charity inherited by our ministry from John Wesley; but catholicity, one of the grandest of qualities, may be a stumbling block in doctrine and practice to many a good man besides Henry Ward Beecher. Second, there is a commendable and anxious wish on the part of pastors to draw out suitable persons to some profession of faith in Christ. This is certainly a most worthy aim, but should there not at the same time be some instruction, public or private, as to the obligation of such people, not only to Christ but also to "Christ's body, which is the Church"? Paragraph 39 of our Discipline certainly demands this instruction.

Universal Methodism would be vastly the gainer if it heeded the warning of the British Wesleyan Conference in 1889, "That the table of the Lord should be open to all comers is surely a great discredit and a serious peril to any Church." Looseness on this point will incur the contempt of the world, and very often the contempt of the very persons who find approach to the Lord's table so easy. That the Holy Communion should be thrown open to persons who are not members of any Church, and have no intention of becoming members, must strike most Christians as not a little startling.

I do not admit that practically we are worse off than the great Prelatical Churches, Greek, Latin and Anglican; I think we are better off as regards the moral and spiritual character of our communicants. I do think, however, we have much to learn on this subject from our Presbyterian brethren. Like them let us without superstition honour the Holy Communion, and also let us have more distinct delimitation of Church membership. I am not ignorant of practical difficulties of the pastorate as to that sacred document, the register of members, which should be as nearly as possible the counterpart of the Lamb's Book of Life. Cannot the General Conference, by some more definite legislation than we have at present, aid the pastors in their anxious wish first to purge the register of all unsuitable names, and second, to secure the names of all of their people whom they now welcome as Christians at the Lord's table, while conserving at the same time the privilege and duty of fellowship in the class-meeting. In this matter we can profit by the experience of the Presbyterian Church in its care as to the admission of names and

in its periodical sifting of the lists by the kirk sessions, as well as in its emphasizing of the Lord's Supper as a precious privilege only of Church members. In ordinary organizations, political, literary, commercial, etc., the boundary lines of membership are clearly indicated. Why should they be so hazy and indefinite in the Methodist Church, if by wise legislation and deepened spiritual life we can

have some definite knowledge in any congregation as to where the world ends and the Church begins? Hundreds of anxious pastors would gladly welcome such an improvement in our present system; hundreds who are conscientiously striving to make their church register an honest reflection of actual spiritual conditions.

A POSSIBLE CONTEMPORARY REPRESENTATION OF THE CRUCIFIXION.



"ALEXAMENOS WORSHIPS HIS GOD."

Some of the most interesting sidelights upon history have been found in the "graffiti," or wall inscriptions, of Pompeii and Herculaneum, and of the Catacombs and ruins of ancient Rome. Some of these were mere satirical scribbles or caricature pictures. One of these, which was discovered by Father Garrucci in 1857, we have personally examined in the museum of the Collegio Romano. It is thus described by Rev. Samuel Manning, LL.D.:

"In the chambers which were occupied as guard-rooms by the Prætorian troops on duty in the palace of the Cæsars, a number of rude caricatures are found roughly scattered upon the walls, just such as may be seen upon barrack-walls in every part of the world. Amongst these is one of a human figure nailed upon a cross. To add to the 'offence of the

cross' the Crucified One is represented with the head of an animal, probably that of an ass. Before it stands the figure of a Roman legionary with one hand upraised in the customary attitude of worship. Underneath is the rude, misspelt, ungrammatical inscription, 'Alexamenos worships his God.' It can scarcely be doubted that we have here a contemporary caricature executed by one of the Prætorian guards ridiculing the faith of a Christian comrade."

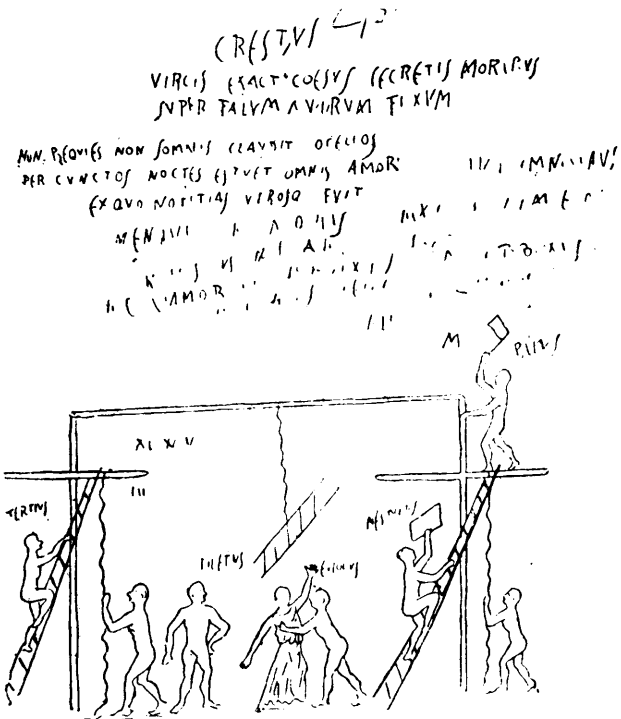
Other similar caricatures have been found. A short time ago another graffito of much interest has been found in Rome. Copies of both these graffiti have been forwarded to us by Prof. L. Reynaud, an esteemed correspondent in Rome. Prof. Reynaud, however, is not convinced that they are representations of the Crucifixion. The second graffito is thus described in an article in "L'Illustrazione Italiana":

"Not since the discovery of the 'logia' containing some unpublished sayings of Christ has anything been found which compares in interest to the student of Christian archaeology with the alleged discovery in the palace of Tiberius, on the Palatine Hill in Rome, of a 'graffito' representing the Crucifixion. A 'graffito,' it may be said, is a picture or inscription scratched on the wall. Making graffiti was a habit to which the Romans were very much addicted, and owing to it we have been fortunate in obtaining much information which we could not have obtained in any other way.

"A distinguished archaeologist, Prof. Orazio Marucchi, the director of the Egyptian Museum of the Vatican, has devoted himself for many years to the study of epigraphy, and now he has brought himself into great prominence owing to his discovery of the graffito referred to. The picture is scratched on the level of the ground close by the angle

of one of the passages which lie under the structures adjoining the Bridge of Caligula, in the immediate neighbourhood of the Clivus Victorie. The building is really a gallery made by Caligula to connect the Palace with the Forum. One reason that even the archaeologist has great difficulty in making out the topography of the Palatine is that it is covered with a vast series of substructures which supported the palaces and which afforded rooms and passageways for the servants and especially the soldiers. At any mo-

mount ladders placed against them. Each person in the great tragedy is duly inscribed with his name, and 'Piletus' was undoubtedly intended for Pontius Pilate. The inscription of twelve or fifteen lines begins with the word 'Crestus,' which is already known as a rough form of the name of Christ. There is considerable doubt as to the meaning of the rest of the inscription. M. Marucchi deciphers part of it: '*Crestus, virgis caesus decretus mori, super palium viris fixus est,*' which is to say, 'Christ, after been beaten with rods, having been condemned to die, has been attached living to the cross.' Various interpretations have been made of other parts of it, some of the lines being love verses. It was, however, quite customary to add to or subtract from such inscriptions; so this objection of archaeologists does not militate against the theory that the picture really represents the Crucifixion. Some contend that Prof. Marucchi is mistaken, and that the scene represents a ropewalk, and how does this do away with 'Crestus' and 'Piletus'? M. Marucchi makes a great point in showing that behind the central figure there seems to have been a third cross, for it is still possible to distinguish a third ladder running



RECENT GRAFFITO FROM PALACE OF TIBERIUS.

ment a force of soldiers could be concentrated at any point of danger.

"It is not surprising that the soldiers for diversion used to scratch lines and drawings on the rough plaster of the wall. The 'graffito' of the Crucifixion is very crude, as is so often the case in sketches of this kind. It is believed that the picture was drawn by a soldier who took a more or less active part in the Crucifixion on Mount Calvary. The figures are about fifteen centimeters (six inches) high. At the right and left are crosses, and soldiers

up the same height as the others and also a third rope hanging downward like the rest. Other professors say that the 'graffito' represents the preparations for a battle. All doubts will probably be set at rest when Prof. Marucchi publishes a pamphlet upon the subject. This pamphlet is in preparation. The 'graffito' is carefully protected by a grating, and it is probable that the study of it may bring some new details to light, but at the present time the evidence points to its being a representation of the Crucifixion."

REV. GEORGE RIVERS SANDERSON, D.D.

One by one the veterans are falling. Within a fortnight Rev. Dr. Barrass, Rev. Dr. Sanderson, and the Rev. J. Shuttleworth passed away full of years and full of honours. Dr. Sanderson was one of the grand old makers of Methodism in this land; one of the men who, with the Ryersons, Hurlburts, Green, Spencer, Rice, Williams, Fish, Blackstock, John Hunt, and others, laid broad and deep and stable the foundations of the goodly structure, the Methodist Church in Canada.

Dr. Carroll describes meeting him in 1837, a young man of about twenty, late a student in the newly opened academy at Cobourg. He was born at Kingston, converted under the ministry of the Rev. Joseph Stinson, whom, in person, voice, and manner of preaching, he much resembled. He was then about twenty years of age. He had ridden from Kingston to Cobourg on horseback, and was riding to his distant circuit on the River Thames, including the townships on the north-west shore of Lake Erie as far as Lake St. Clair—a long and arduous ride, a prelude of excessive labour.

Within five years of his ordination he was elected editor of the *Christian Guardian*—a remarkable tribute to his ability and sound sense. After five years service on the *Guardian* he spent three years at Cobourg, and was then appointed to the office of Book Steward at Toronto, succeeding the Rev. Dr. Green, being succeeded by the Rev. James Spencer. Then followed successive appointments for three years each at London, Port Hope, Picton, Belleville, Kingston, St.

Catharines, London and Sarnia. He received every honour that his brethren could confer upon him. He was elected chairman of the district a score of times, was Secretary and President of the Conference, was representative to the British Wesleyan Conference in 1861, co-delegate of the Canadian Conference in 1871, and delegate to three General Conferences. He received the degree of D.D. from old Victoria University, of which, as an academy, he was one of the first students. Dr. Sanderson had much to do with the establishment of the Sunday-school literature of our Church, which has expanded to such large proportions. He was a man of fine musical taste and rendered valuable service in the editing of the successive Sunday-school hymnals and in the selection of the beautiful and appropriate Scripture texts which accompany our present Canadian Hymnal. But his best title to our love and homage is his soul-saving ministry. The converts won of his earnest preaching in many parts of this land, and the up-building of the Church of God, are his truest monument.

Dr. Sanderson was in warm sympathy with all the aggressive enterprises of our Church, and especially with the Epworth League and Young People's Forward Movement. None who were present will ever forget the fervour, the pathos, and the power of his prayer at the first convention of the Epworth League in the city of London. For several years Dr. Sanderson has lived in comparative retirement in the city of London, rendering such service as his strength would permit.

THE HIGHEST GOAL.

BY THE REV. J. H. CHANT.

The highest goal is not success,
If that be made the aim;
But *faithfulness*, tho' counted less.
Is what God promises to bless:
These goals are not the same.

And if I aim to do my best
In every line of life,
My effort will be surely blest,
And I will find in toil sweet rest,
Tho' in a world of strife.

And when before the throne I stand
To answer for the use
Of gifts received from God's own hand,
Newburgh, Ont.

He will not then, in wrath, demand
From me some strong excuse

To show why I had not attained
The goal of grand success,
Such as some noted men have gained,
For if my work is not sin-stained
God will my failures bless.

And I will hear Him say, "My son,
A throne thou hast attained;
Without applause thy race was run,
Midst failures oft thy work was done,
Life's highest goal is gained."

A GREAT SCHOLAR PROMOTED.

BY GALLIMORE LYGO.

There are, amongst the ministers of the English Wesleyan Church, some of the most distinguished scholars and theologians of the age. One of these, in the person of the Rev. Dr. William F. Moulton, of Cambridge, has just passed away at the comparatively early age of sixty-three. His death involves a great loss to the world at large and to Methodism in particular.

Dr. Moulton was the son and grandson of Methodist ministers, and was himself President of the British Conference in 1890. In his youth he had a passion for scientific and mathematical studies, and he captured the London University gold medal in 1856. On finding himself called to the ministry, however, he abandoned his favourite pursuits, and devoted himself to the study of the sacred languages. His fame as a master of Greek and Hebrew became world-wide, and he was appointed one of the revisers of the New Testament. The Bishop of Durham, Dr. B. F. Westcott, the famous commentator and scholar, on hearing of the death of Dr. Moulton, wrote the following affectionate tribute to his worth and attainments: "What shall I say! The last of those with whom I have been closely united is a great part of my life's work has been called away, and I, the oldest of all, am left. . . . It was my happiness to make Dr. Moulton's acquaintance in the revision of the New Testament in 1870. By a fortunate chance I sat next to him at our first meeting and kept the same place during the whole work. He had already established his reputation by his masterly edition of Winer. Close and constant intercourse increased my admiration for his learning and scholarship, and to this was added a personal affection which has grown deeper through all the years that have followed." The Bishop touchingly adds: "I have been blessed beyond most men in my friends, and I reckon it among my greatest happinesses that I

have numbered Dr. Moulton and Dr. Dale among them."

For sixteen years Dr. Moulton was a tutor at Richmond Theological College. The story goes that before his marriage the students used sometimes to wonder where their tutor could possibly find a lady who would be a helpmeet for one such as he. After his marriage, however, their minds were set at rest, for upon one of them going to his study he found the Doctor and Mrs. Moulton reading Hebrew together. In course of time a son was born to the Doctor, and the students avowed that it was "the Moulton (molten) image."

In 1874 Dr. Moulton became the headmaster of the Leys, Cambridge, where his vast knowledge and his deep personal sympathy won him the love of his assistant masters and his pupils. Some of the latter have risen to positions of great eminence in the United Kingdom, and their tributes to his worth and work on the occasion of his death make a collection of reading that is touchingly beautiful.

During the last few years Dr. Moulton has been engaged on the work of fixing the marginal references that are to be placed with the text of the Revised Version of the New Testament. Upon this he has spent a great deal of conscientious care, and of it the Bishop of Durham writes: "Even in their original form these references were an invaluable commentary; and through them I believe that Dr. Moulton will lead many generations of students to recognize with a personal conviction the unity and variety of the Bible. No memorial of his life could be more appropriate, or, I think, more welcome to himself."

Dr. Moulton is survived by three eminent brothers, one of whom, Dr. R. G. Moulton, is a professor in Chicago University, and his two sons, both ministers of the English Wesleyan Church, are already well-known as brilliant scholars and as authors.

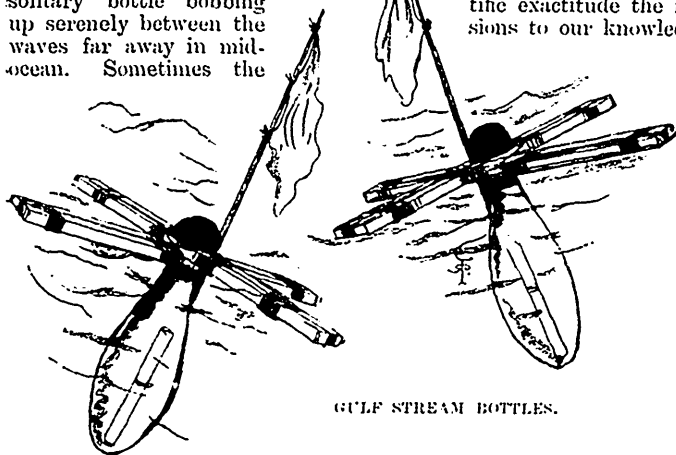
On eyes that watch as well as eyes that weep
Descends the solemn mystery of sleep,
Toiling and climbing to the very close,
The weary body, longing for repose,
On the gained level of the day's ascent,
Halts for the night and pitches there its tent.

—Abraham Colts.

Science Notes.

SOME BOTTLE VOYAGES.

Occasionally there may be seen on the ocean a solitary bottle bobbing up serenely between the waves far away in mid-ocean. Sometimes the



GULF STREAM BOTTLES.

bottle is recovered, and found to contain a message to be delivered to some particular address, or else it may hold a piece of paper inscribed with the date and location of its consignment to the waters, thus indicating perhaps that it was "at sea" for many weary months, if not years, and had drifted thousands of miles.

Half a century ago, Commander Becher, of the British navy, conceived the idea of making the *Nautical Magazine* of his day the vehicle for a systematic record of interesting bottle voyages.

The first remarkable fact we gather from a study of the two hundred and ninety-three bottle voyages before us is that where several bottles have been set afloat in the same region they have, with few exceptions, drifted along the same path. A reward is generally offered for the details of the recovery of these bottles. Lord Brassey offered £5 for such information.

One hundred and nineteen bottles had their voyages recorded in this way. Four of them were found to have drifted 2,020, 2,260, 3,600, and 3,900 miles; while among the more interesting occurrences noted we find that, of two bottles cast out from the *Blonde*, in 1826, within five days of each other, one was espied fourteen and the other sixteen years afterwards at the same spot on the French coast.

The Hydrographic Office at Washington, D.C., stands *facile princeps* in the matter of preparing special and reliable charts and indicating thereon with scientific exactitude the most recent accessions to our knowledge of oceanic currents and winds obtained through floating bottles.

The Prince of Monaco, in his yacht *L'Hirondelle* made a special study of the surface-drift of the mid Atlantic. Bottle-paper "No. 1" of the chart for January, 1896, is one of a very large number of papers thrown overboard by his Highness. Along a line, 600 miles in length,

over 900 bottles were despatched. Paper "No. 1" is remarkable in that it was recovered after a lapse of seven years within a few miles of the spot where another of these bottles was found.

The various destinations attained by bottles cast adrift just a little north of the Azores shows the uncertainty of the movement of the surface-currents in this region. Thus, of five bottles, all thrown overboard in the summer season, within an area of 100 square miles, one of these bottles was picked up on the coast of Norway; two on the west coast of Ireland; one on the Spanish and another on the French coast.

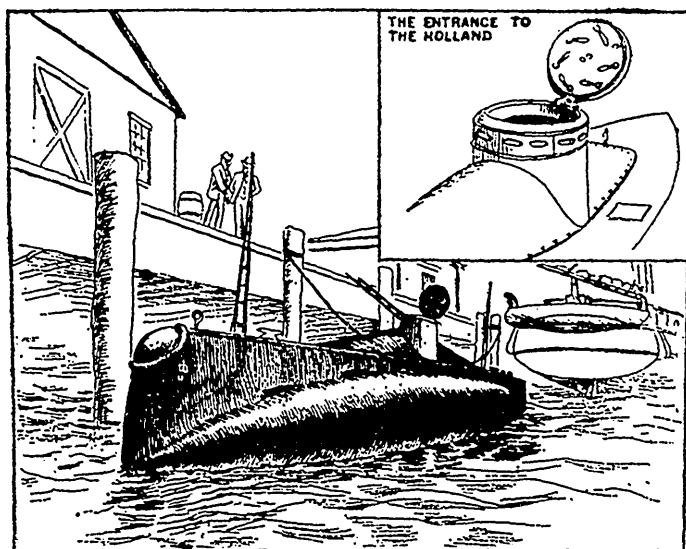
It further appears, from the chart for January, 1896, that two bottles starting from the same spot on almost the same day drifted in totally opposite directions, one going far northwards to the Shetland Isles, the other to the west coast of France. But all such discrepancies have been explained in the synoptic charts as due to sudden changes in the direction of forceful winds.

The longest drift recorded is that of 8,500 miles in the case of a bottle cast from the ship *Allerton* to the south of the Falkland Islands and recovered after an interval of slightly less than three years on the shores of the great Australian Bight.—Robert P. Ryan, in *The Outlook*.

THE SUBMARINE BOAT "HOLLAND."

The *Holland* is properly a diving-boat. While lying on the surface of the water it can fire an aerial torpedo, containing 100 pounds of gun-cotton, the distance of a mile. It carries three 18-inch White-head torpedoes, which it discharges from a tube in the bow under water. It has a submarine gun in the stern, intended to propel a projectile a distance of 500 yards under water. It is propelled on the surface by a gasoline-engine. Under water the motive force is supplied from electric storage batteries. Two horizontal rudders cause the boat to dip its nose when they are pressed down in the rear. Elevated, they bring the boat to the sur-

Sir Henry Bessemer, who died in England on March 15, leaves a name which will be forever associated with, perhaps, the most important single manufacturing invention of our times—the Bessemer process of making steel. The twenty million tons of steel now made in the United States and Great Britain sell at an average price of less than \$25 a ton, while forty years ago the price was \$250 or more a ton, and the production was only a two-hundredth part of the present output. This startling result is in large measure due to the Bessemer process. Pig iron contains about five per cent. of carbon, while only one per cent. is desired in steel; to get rid of the excess of



THE SUBMARINE BOAT "HOLLAND."

face. The boat can also be sunk by allowing tanks to be filled, which nearly overcome its buoyancy. When the boat is to be brought to the surface this water is expelled by compressed air, several large tanks of which are carried to supply fresh air to the crew constantly, and to operate the aerial gun in the bow. An elaborate system of registers indicates the depth of which the boat has descended. To remain under water the boat must be kept moving. It is fifty-five feet long, and about eleven feet in diameter at the centre. Its crew will consist of six men. It is supposed to be capable of running fifty miles under the water. Such boats will go far to make warships useless, and will do much to abolish war.

carbon, while still leaving the necessary one per cent., and to do this cheaply, was Bessemer's problem. He realized from his patents the sum of \$5,000,000 in all.

DENSITY OF THE OCEAN.—So dense is the water in the deepest parts of the ocean that an ironclad, if it were to sink, would never reach the bottom.

Cyclometers are in use in cabs in Berlin, Leipsic and Dresden. They record the exact amount of miles travelled and the legal fare of the occupants.

The jawbone of the average whale is twenty-five feet in length. The tongue of such a monster will yield a ton of oil.

The World's Progress.

THE VIGIL.

The New York *Independent* prints in a recent number a noble poem by Henry Newbolt on "England's Vigil." It presents the knight-errant of the nations who rides abroad redressing human human wrong and championing the right. It is worthy to rank with Kipling's "Recessional." We quote three stanzas :

England ! where the sacred flame
Burns before the inmost shrine.
Where the lips that love thy name
Consecrate their hopes and thine,
Where the banners of thy dead
Weave their shadows overhead,
Watch beside thine arms to-night,
Pray that God defend the Right.

Single-handed, unafraid,
Hither all thy heroes came,
On this altar's steps were laid
Gordon's life and Outram's fame.
England ! if thy will be yet
By their great example set,
Here beside thine arms to-night
Pray that God defend the Right.

So shalt thou, when morning comes,
Rise to conquer or to fall,
Joyful hear the rolling drums.
Joyful hear the trumpet's call,
Then let Memory tell thy heart,
"England ! what thou wert, thou
art !"
Gird thee with thy ancient might,
Forth ! and God defend the Right !

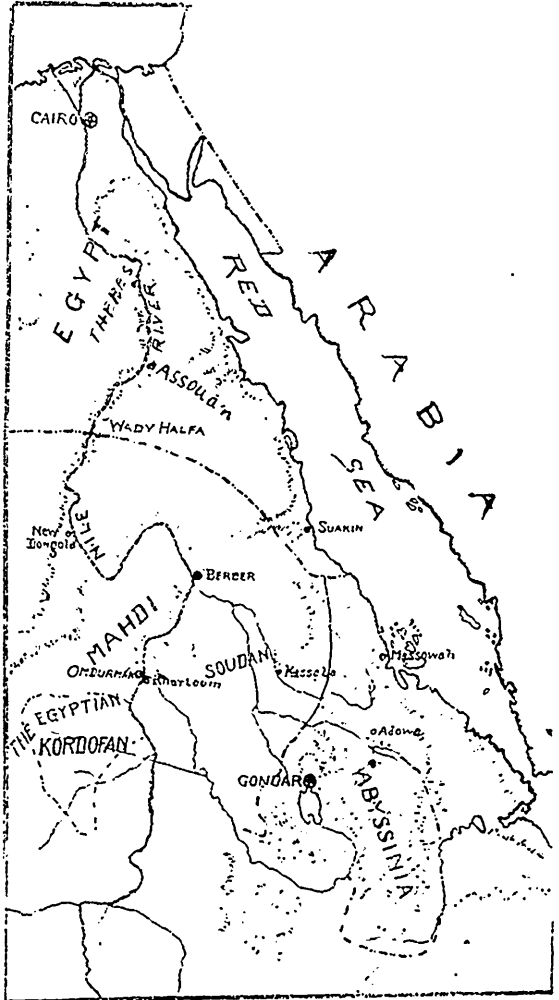
THE DYING STATESMAN.

There is something exceedingly touching in the way in which the whole world may be said to watch around the death-bed of England's great statesman. In taking his last leave of Bournemouth, he gave his benediction like that of an apostle, in the words, "God bless you all; and bless this place and the land you love." He has given up his cherished literary work, and is calmly and serenely waiting the end. The cable despatch says : "His state of mind is one of complete happiness. His life goes on quietly and evenly. Music is his chief solace. It soothes the pain."

ON TO KHARTOUM.

Mr. Seymour's article in this magazine

on the atrocities of the Dervishes in the Soudan, better enables us to appreciate the boon to civilization of the crushing defeat of these bloodthirsty miscreants on the Upper Nile. It is painful to read



THE NILE VALLEY.

of the slaughter of hundreds, and even thousands, of men, even if they be only savage "fuzzy-wuzzies." But they are receiving the deserved punishment of thugs and assassins. With all her faults, Britain is as surely the instrument of

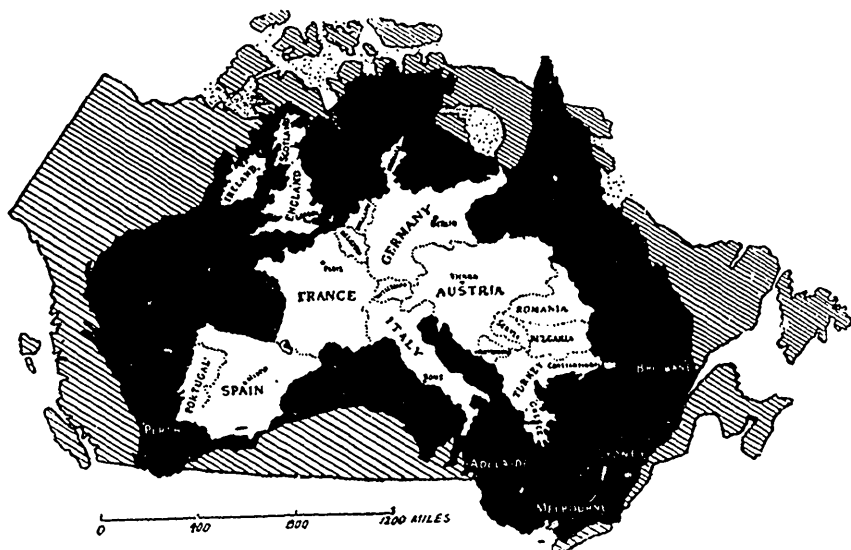
God in carrying civilization to the heart of Africa, in casting out the heathen for the establishment of righteousness, as were Joshua and Caleb in destroying the idolatrous Canaanites. It is hard to hear of brave white soldiers killed by brave black ones, but it is the price Britain pays for being the great police force of Christian civilization.

Harold Frederica writes on best authority that the Anglo-Egyptian force will go straight through to Uganda, that soon Fashoda will be a British post, and the whole of the White Nile valley will be a safe route for British commerce. A glance at our map will show the progress being made in this great crusade.

area of Australia. Even Canada and the United States have little to boast of in the way of larger area. When the South African confederation is complete, and it will be in the near future, Great Britain's proud title, the "Mother of Nations," will be more than ever true.

METHODIST UNION UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

The example set by the Methodists of Canada seems likely to be followed both in Australia and the United States, and we hope also in Great Britain. The latest advance in this direction was made at a meeting of a joint commission of the Methodist Episcopal Church and the



A HINT AS TO COMPARATIVE AREA OF CANADA (SHADED LINES), AUSTRALIA (BLACK), AND EUROPE (WHITE) MINUS RUSSIA AND SCANDINAVIA.

AUSTRALIAN FEDERATION.

Canada has set a brave example to our British kinsmen at the Antipodes, both in its political federation and its ecclesiastical union. In both these respects the Australians seem apt imitators. That great island-empire, we may confidently expect, will soon be brought under one federal government. A glance at our map will show what magnificent possibilities the twentieth century may see actualized in that vast southern continent. The whole of Europe, with its crowding millions, its great nations and stately cities—omitting Russia and Scandinavia—seems almost lost in the broad

Methodist Church, South, of the United States. They formulated a plan of union containing, among others, the following suggestions:

1. That the General Conferences of the two Churches be recommended to order the preparation of a common catechism, hymn-book, and order of public worship for both Churches.

2. While recognizing the value and growth of the Epworth Leagues of the respective Churches, and rejoicing in the spirit of fraternity manifested in their biennial international conferences, yet the attention of the respective General Conferences is called to the International Ep-

worth League Conference in the absence of any legal provision for it, and suggests to the General Conferences the propriety of recognizing and regulating it by legal provisions.

3. That the General Conferences of the respective Churches be recommended to adopt measures for the joint administration of their publishing interests in China and Japan.

It was also agreed that where either Church was supplying the needs of the people new work should not be organized. It was recommended also that the creation of a great Methodist university at Washington, Christian, catholic, and tolerant, exclusively for post-graduate study and original research, should be a chief object of united effort. The second of the above recommendations is distinctly the outcome of the Epworth League Convention, when the young Methodists of the continent were assembled in our city.

TRIUMPHANT DIPLOMACY.

Almost every week brings rumours that Russia or France or Germany has circumvented Great Britain in the far East. But before the week has passed it is shown that British diplomacy has maintained British statesmanship and British honour against the foreign diplomats. Her whole course in the Yellow Sea has been one of unselfish generosity. As such, it commands the respect even of her enemies, and the admiration of all nations. The confidence of China, withheld from the nations who are clamouring for the partition of her empire, is freely given the only great power that defends it.

The position of Wei-Hai-Wei, ceded to Great Britain, is the key to the Gulf of Pechili. It furnishes an admirable base of operations twelve hundred miles north of Hong Kong, and is a sufficient offset to the recent Russian and German acquisitions.

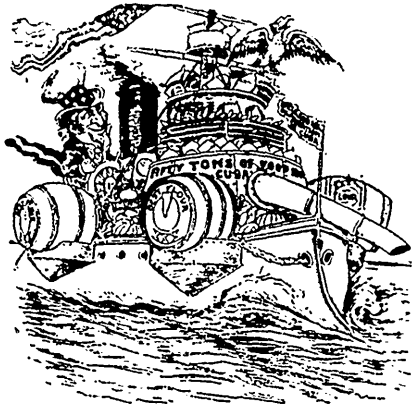
It is Russia's right and duty to secure an ice-free terminus for her trans-Siberian railway. It would be the pettiest "dog-in-the-manger" policy that would seek to prevent it. Russia has a sublime mission to fulfil in civilizing the Tartar, Mongol and Manchurian hordes of Siberia and its southern border.

BONDS OF BROTHERHOOD.

Commerce is, after all, one of the strongest forces making for peace and brotherhood. God has made the different countries necessary to each other. It is as true in economics as in religion

that no man liveth for himself or is sufficient for himself. The grain and stock markets of the world are the best barometers of peace.

The even partial reciprocity in trade between Canada and the United States is greatly to the benefit of both countries, and is a strong bond of peace and goodwill. It is somewhat of a surprise to find that through the bonding privilege of the Canadian railways, 5,350,000 tons of American merchandise are carried through Canada. It was, of course, to be expected that the great grain States of the west would avail themselves of this shortest route to the sea. "But," says the *Boston Herald*, "one would not



LET THIS KIND OF WAR GO ON.

have supposed that merchandise coming from Alabama to Massachusetts, from Georgia to New York, Kentucky to Maryland, and Ohio to Pennsylvania would find its way into Canada before reaching its destination."

Notwithstanding the gigantic engineering and other strikes in Great Britain, its trade and commerce have gone up by leaps and bounds, and during the last year have attained the highest total ever reached. After voting twenty-three million pounds for the naval increase, and as much more for the army, it has still five million pounds to expend in civic improvements in London—the erection of new government offices, municipal buildings, and the completion of the South Kensington museum.

THE WAR CLOUD.

It was the dream of Victor Hugo to see the united states of Europe confederated as a pledge of peace. It is signifi-

cant of much that the great powers seem anxious to prevent the outbreak of war in either hemisphere. The presentation of their joint note to President McKinley in the interest of peace is said to be without parallel in history, and one fitting to occur on the advent of the twentieth century. A similar note to Spain caused the granting of an armistice. Continued pressure might lead to peace. It is but the logical sequence of the action of the powers in endeavouring to prevent war in Crete and in Greece.

The *Guardian* well remarks: "One truth must be plain to all, whether war is declared or not, namely, it is harder than ever to have a great international war. The forces that can avert war are strengthening every day. The Prince of Peace will reign, and the meek shall inherit the earth."

Too high commendation cannot be given President McKinley for the firmness with which he has resisted the pressure of the advocates of war. The best sentiment of the nation is with him. The

religious bodies and religious press strongly support him, and the better class of the secular press.

If the interests of humanity should be the supreme motive, in what manner can it help the *reconcentrados* who are being succoured chiefly by American relief to have this cut off and be left for weeks, it may be months, to a horror of starvation and death? How will it help the interests of humanity to cause the slaughter of hundreds, it may be thousands, of Americans, as well as of Spaniards and Cubans!

The President may well shrink from signing a declaration of war. It would be in effect signing the death-warrant of thousands of his fellow-citizens. The noblest kind of war in which the United States can enter is that in which she has already won such deathless renown, the shipping of many tons of food and hospital supplies, and sending the plumeless soldiers of the Red Cross to relieve the destitution of the *reconcentrados*. It would cost less than a single ironclad to feed them for a year.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

THE NEEDS OF THE KLONDIKE.

The dreadful tragedy on the Chilcat Pass is a revelation of the perils that lie in wait for the gold-seeker on the Klondike. A railway or a waggon road into the interior is an imperative necessity. The avalanches seem to prohibit both the Chilcat and White passes. The country will demand that some safe way of access to its gold mines be secured without delay, and, what is more important, that some way of exit be secured to escape the perils of famine and fever and winter, described in "The Song of Hiawatha":

"O the long and dreary winter!
O the cold and cruel winter!
O the famine and the fever!
O the wasting of the famine!
O the blasting of the fever!
All the earth was sick and famished,
Hungry was the air around them,
Hungry was the sky above them,
And the hungry stars in heaven
Like the eyes of wolves glared at them!"

The fifty thousand, or hundred thousand, people who are pressing into the Klondike must have some way of receiving relief or finding escape, or such a

calamity may befall as will make the ears that hear it tingle.

The brave-souled deaconesses and nurses and missionaries who go to minister to the bodies and souls of the gold-seekers must be reinforced in numbers and sustained by the faith and prayer and material support they need. The Churches of Canada should devise large and liberal things for this most urgent need ever pressed upon it. Many of those calling for our help are our own sons and brothers and kinsfolk, and all, even the most reckless and wicked, are men for whom Christ died. They will respond warmly to the efforts of the Church on their behalf. The miners are the most generous of men, and will themselves contribute liberally to the support of the Klondike mission.

CHAUTAQUA EXTENSION.

The ingenious mind of Bishop Vincent, which has organized so many comprehensive schemes, proposes another of great value—a Chautauqua extension movement. Many thousands of persons cannot go to any of the sixty Chautauquas on this continent. Bishop Vincent pro-

poses to bring Chautauqua to them. He suggests local assemblies during the winter in towns and cities on this continent. The morning hours, it is suggested, should be devoted to normal Bible study, some works in exegesis and discussions of methods in Christian work and reform. The afternoon and evening meetings are to be of a more literary and popular character, so as to secure the support of the best cultured people. "The work should all be of high order, and of the kind to uplift in thought and purpose." Such an assembly, he rightly conceives, is calculated to stimulate public interest in all that makes for the moral and intellectual good of the country.

This is not merely a theory. It has been tried with success in some of the cities of the United States, and we see no reason why it should not succeed equally in Canada. The Bishop suggests the employment of local talent, together with that of scientific experts in the topics treated.

This Chautauqua extension need not be confined to a large city. In smaller cities, such as Hamilton, London, St. Catharines, Brantford, Guelph, Peterboro', Kingston, Belleville, or "any city over 4,000," the Bishop suggests, a most helpful week's work—as good in its way as anything at the parent Chautauqua—might be secured. For further particulars and suggestions address Bishop John H. Vincent, Buffalo, N. Y.

A ROYAL EVANGELIST.

Prince Oscar Bernadotte, second son of the King of Sweden, says the *Outlook*, has been conducting a series of evangelistic services in the city of Copenhagen. The Prince startled his country and surprised the world a few years ago by marrying a maid-of-honour at the court. He first met her in a hospital ward where she was visiting the sick. His father, the king, made no objection to the marriage, but stipulated that, in accordance with the law, the prince should renounce all right to succession to the throne, and resign his title of Royal Highness. Since 1888 he and his wife have been recognized as among the noblest Christian workers in the country, and during the last two years he has devoted himself largely to evangelistic work. He has a marvellous acquaintance with the Scriptures, and reads them with extraordinary dramatic power. With perfect modesty and intense and unquestioned earnestness, the prince and his wife seem to be

reaching multitudes in their own country who before have been untouched by the Gospel message.

More recent intelligence comes that Prince Oscar and Princess Ebba contemplate leaving Fridhem, their beautiful home on Gothland Island in the Baltic, and sailing to Africa as missionaries, in response to the appeal from jungle and slave-pen in that unhappy land where men, women and little children are hunted as beasts, and, like beasts, sold for burden-bearing and to be slaughtered for food.

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

Charles Garrett's great work in Liverpool is the oldest of all the great town missions of the British Wesleyan Church. He was its founder twenty-three years ago, and he has ever since been its superintendent. The income has reached the large sum of \$30,000. The mission has a rescue home which has already proved a "haven of refuge" unto many who were sick of their sin. The remarkable evangelistic work is continued with unabated zeal in the three chapels and eight halls, the two lodging-houses and two railway stations. These are situated in almost every part of the city. The mission supports homes for friendless girls and boys, for lads and young men, for servants and aged widows and for little children. It has a mission dining-room for working-girls, where 30,000 dinners are served annually, and a mission for the dwellers in lodging-houses. There is in one a men's Bible-class 500 strong. The mission staff consists of four ministers and twenty male and female paid helpers. While the mission property is worth more than \$125,000, the debt is about \$2,500.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL MISSIONS.

The seventy-ninth annual report of the Methodist Episcopal Church is a pamphlet of over 400 pages. The domestic missions include the evangelistic efforts in the more scattered sections, and also the work among the immigrants and foreign residents. Thus the Society carries on work in the United States among the Portuguese, Italians, Jews, Bohemians and Hungarians, Japanese and Chinese, French, Welsh, Indians, Mexicans and Mormons. The educational work for the coloured people is under the care of a separate board.

The foreign missions are in Scandinavia, Germany and Switzerland; in

Italy, South America and Mexico, Bulgaria and Russia, Africa and Asia.

In South America, east of the Andes, the fields occupied are Argentina, Uruguay, Paraguay and Brazil. In these there are over 10,000 adherents. In Italy there are 19 native ordained preachers, and a Church membership, including probationers, of about 2,000. The work in the cities, especially in Rome, has been prosperous, the Epworth League and Sunday-schools doing a good work.

A notable result was achieved in St. Andrew's Methodist Episcopal Church, New York City, in the contribution on a single Sunday of \$105,000 for the discharge of debt from that magnificent church. This should be an encouragement to other debt-burdened churches to make a supreme effort to really own the house in which they worship God.

SOUTHERN METHODISM.

The Rev. Dr. Tigert, the editor of the *Methodist Review*, Nashville, Tenn., writes in the *Independent* as follows: The Thirteenth Quadrennial General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, will assemble in Baltimore, Md., May 5th, 1898. It will be composed of 272 delegates—136 clerical, and 136 lay. These delegates will represent forty-seven Annual Conferences in the United States, in Mexico and South America, in China and Japan.

The total number of church edifices is 14,086, increase, 901; of travelling preachers, 5,989, increase, 492; of members, 1,466,757, increase, 148,966; of Sunday-schools, 14,187, increase, 816; of Sunday-school teachers, 104,135, increase, 8,659; of Sunday-school pupils, 851,480, increase, 86,212.

All the interests of the Church are in a prosperous condition—publishing, missionary, church extension, educational, etc. The greatest single financial achievement of the quadrennium is the private subscription of \$140,000 for the extinction of the missionary debt, which is now in rapid process of liquidation.

INTERNATIONAL AMENITIES.

A pleasant incident in connection with the recent meeting of the International Sunday-school Committee in Chicago was the banquet tendered by the citizens. In reply to the cordial address of welcome by Dr. J. L. Withrow, ex-Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, the Rev. Dr. Potts made a very happy response on behalf of Can-

ada, and quoted with fine effect the laureate's noble poem, entitled "A Voice From the West," which we give elsewhere. These international amenities are of incalculable benefit in knitting together the kindred countries.

Now it is the turn for our friends of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, to respond to the suggestion of the British Wesleyans for a grand thanksgiving offering to God with which to enter the opening doors of the twentieth century. The Nashville *Christian Advocate* strongly endorses the proposal.

THE FREE CHURCH COUNCIL

of England met in the city of Bristol in March. There were about eight hundred delegates, representing the six millions of Nonconformists in England. Hugh Price Hughes put the thing well when he described the body as representing "one Church of many denominations." Dr. Clifford, the incoming President, said that the Free Churches throughout the world were five times as strong as the Anglican Churches. And his figures proved it, as he quoted them from the hand-book published by the Council. The total of Anglican communicants, 3,122,156; that of Methodists, 7,085,400; Baptists, 4,608,402; Presbyterians, 3,770,077; Congregationalists, 1,161,273, making a total of 16,625,152 communicants in the Free Churches, against 3,122,156 in the Anglican.—*Westeyan*.

ITEMS.

The meetings of Mr. Moody in New York have been thronged from their beginning. The great building in which they are being held accommodates thousands, and the evangelist has been preaching with all his old-time fervour and earnestness. He commends himself not so much by his eloquence as by his absorbing moral earnestness, and by the impression that he always leaves of a man who lives near to God and has no object in life but to help others to realize that they are his children.—*Outlook*.

Our readers will regret to hear of the death, at Windsor, Ont., of Mr. W. K. Snider, one of the best-known conductors on the Grand Trunk. He had been for many years in the employ of that company, and it is safe to say was one of the most trusted officials. Mr. Snider was well known in religious circles as a revivalist and a lecturer, and was a very active Christian worker.

Sir Robert Hart, the Englishman who controls China's customs service, is a Methodist.

Asia is growing in population faster than either Europe or America; the gain in India alone between 1881 and 1891 reaches 33,000,000.

The Emperor of China has sent to the British and Foreign Bible Society's bookstore for 400 foreign books translated into the Chinese language.

It is stated that Miss Annie Taylor has at last entered Thibet, that impregnable stronghold, "as a *bona fide* trader; she deals in medicine, for which there is great demand, and meantime loses no opportunity for missionary work."

The Rev. A. M. Hitchcock, aged ninety-one, the oldest minister in the Troy Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died at Glen's Falls, April 8th. He was a native of Stanbridge, Que., and was a son of the Rev. Barnabas Hitchcock.

Judge Tucker, of India, the brother of the well-known missionary, "A. L. O. E.," was in the habit of giving to missions \$200 every month. He gave as a reason for his liberality this fact: "There are in India 86,000,000 adult population; 5,000 die daily. Every day's delay means 5,000 souls."

A Congo native, who had been taught to read and write, sent the following to the Archbishop of Canterbury: "Great and good chief of the tribe of Christ, greetings: The humblest of your servants kisses the hem of your garments, and begs you to send his fellow-servants more Gospel, and less rum. In the bonds of Christ, Uganda."

Last year Wesley College gave \$1,050 to missions; Yale, \$1,200; Mount Holyoke, \$549; Cornell, \$500; and Oberlin, \$650. The 80 students of McGill University, Canada, last year gave \$1,833, and only five out of the 80 are exempt from the necessity of earning their livelihood, in some measure at least, while they are students. An average of nearly \$23 each!

The feeling of fellowship in England, called out by the American attitude, says the *Outlook*, has deepened and widened. Professor Bryce declares that he has always believed that "beneath the sometimes troubled surface there is a deep and strong current of sympathy for each other, as well as a sense of essential unity, in the two great and free English peoples on the opposite sides of the Atlantic."

In the death of the late Cardinal Taschereau, at the venerable age of seventy-six, a distinguished Canadian has passed away. He was the first Canadian to receive the rank of an ecclesiastical Prince in the Church at Rome. He was broader in his sympathies than the limits of that Church and laboured earnestly in the cause of temperance and philanthropy. During the terrible ship fever at Gosseille half a century ago he zealously ministered to the needs of the Irish immigrants. He himself caught the fever, and for a long time his life was in peril. His high office as Cardinal made him of necessity a man of war and champion of his Church, but this fact should not lessen our appreciation of his many and manly virtues. In the words of his Church we may say: *Requiescat*—"where beyond these voices there is peace."

Book Notices.

Asshur and the Land of Ninrod. Being an Account of the Discoveries made in the ancient ruins of Nineveh, Asshur, Sepharvaim, Calah, Babylon, Borsippa, Cuthah and Van, including a Narrative of Different Journeys in Mesopotamia, Assyria, Asia Minor and Koordistan. By HORMUZD RASSAM. With an Introduction by Robert W. Rogers, Ph.D., D.D. Cincinnati: Curts & Jennings. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xiv.-432. \$3.00.

It is a tribute to the enterprise of the Western Methodist Book Concern that

it has issued one of the most interesting and instructive volumes of exploration in the cradle lands of our race. The spade has become one of the best commentators on Holy Writ. The discoveries of Layard, Rawlinson, Smith, Hilprecht and Hormuzd Rassam, throw a new light on the sacred text. During half of the current year some twenty millions of scholars and teachers will be studying the history of Israel and Judah which is so intimately blended with that of Assyria and Babylon. This fact lends additional interest to this volume, and to the

whole subject of exploration in the Valley of the Euphrates.

The author made no less than four expeditions to Mesopotamia, and had to encounter much opposition through the restrictions and prohibitions of the Sultan of Turkey. He states that the Arabs, Kurds and Turkomans are most tractable people to deal with. He always found them true, loyal and hospitable. It is not they, but the agents of the Sublime Porte who are the obstructives to exploration.

It is a striking confirmation of the prophecies of Scripture that the great cities of Babylon and Nineveh became so completely lost to human history. Babylon was buried in a mud-mound; Nineveh was so thoroughly forgotten that for ages her site was unknown, so that a cultivated Greek, leading home his broken army of ten thousand men, passed right by it, and never knew that beneath the mud and sand lay the remains of vast palaces.

The book contains much of stirring adventure and romantic interest, and of illustrations of oriental costumes "hoary with age and full of instruction for the modern students of the Bible."

Progress in Woman's Education in the British Empire, Being the Report of the Education Section, Victorian Era Exhibition, 1897. Edited by the Countess of Warwick. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$2.10. Pp. xxiv.-370.

The Queen's Jubilee furnished an admirable opportunity for taking stock of the assets of the Empire. One of the most instructive assemblies was the Educational Congress held in the Women's Work Section of the Victorian Era Exhibition at Earl's Court, London. Many important papers were read and addresses given which are reproduced in this volume. It is very gratifying to find such a brilliant society leader as the Countess of Warwick editing this important volume, preparing a text-book of "Facts for Women," and editing the "Life of Joseph Arch," a tenant on Earl Warwick's estate. Nor is she without able assistants in this work. The Duchess of Sutherland, Lord Loch, the Marquis of Lorne, Lady Georgina Vernon, Sir Douglas Galton, and many educational experts, contribute important papers. Lord Lorne's is upon "Education in Canada"; Prof. Robertson, of Guelph, writes on "Agricultural Education for Women in Canada."

The elementary and higher education of women in India, South Africa, New Zealand, and the other colonies, as well as in Great Britain and Ireland, make a perfect treasury of information on this subject. The Countess of Warwick is enthusiastic in her sympathy with the advancement of women. She claims, with Victor Hugo, "the nineteenth as the Woman's century." We have only now, she says, "to take occasion by the hand and make the bounds of freedom wider yet." She mildly pokes a little fun at the conservatism of the older universities, "the home of lost causes and forsaken beliefs." She appositely quotes the words of Whittier: "Of course the world is growing better; the Lord reigns; our old planet is swinging slowly into fuller light. I despair of nothing good. All will come in due time that is really needed. All we have to do is to work and to wait."

The Best of Browning. By REV. JAMES MUDGE, D.D. With an Introduction by REV. WILLIAM V. KELLY, D.D. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. \$1.50.

Browning was slow in winning recognition, but he is winning it very widely. No poet save Shakespeare has had so many critics and interpreters. Dr. Kelly considers Browning "the mightiest spiritual force in the Victorian age." Dr. Mudge's book is just what is needed as an introduction to Browning. He gives first a brief biography, then some helps and hints on how to read Browning, and notes the benefit of Browning as a study. He then gives nearly two hundred pages of extracts and complete poems with annotations explaining the difficulties and obscurities which, it must be confessed, exist. "Saul" is described as one of the best and grandest poems ever written, "Rabbi Ben Ezra" as one of the noblest and best religious poems in the language. "Christmas Eve" and "Easter Day" are others of similar character. Browning is especially a poet for preachers. They will find more of high suggestion and inspiration in him than in any other poet we know.

Cheerful Yesterdays. By THOMAS WESTWORTH HIGGINSON. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$2.00.

Col. Higginson is almost the last survivor of that group of brilliant writers who launched the *Atlantic Monthly*

over forty years ago. His literary memories go back beyond the half-century. He knew everybody best worth knowing in New England and the middle West. In our judgment his highest glory was his unselfish devotion to the succour of the slave, at a time when an abolitionist was the butt of scorn and persecution. He recounts some stirring incidents of the Underground Railway, and of John Brown and his fellow-heroes in the Kansas campaign. Col. Higginson saw active service in the civil war, but his most delightful reminiscences are those of literary London and Paris twenty years ago. He gives graphic accounts of interviews with Browning and Tennyson, Darwin and Tyndall, and many other notables.

The Ideal Life. Addresses Hitherto Unpublished. By HENRY DRUMMOND. With Memorial Sketches by Ian Maclaren and W. Robertson Nicoll. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. Price, \$1.25.

Few men have done more in a comparatively short life to stimulate the Churches of Christendom to higher thinking than the late Prof. Drummond. This is largely due to the magnetic personality of the man. Dr. Watson (Ian Maclaren) describes him as "one of the most perfect Christians I have ever known or expect to see this side of the grave." He captured the hearts of the students of Edinburgh University, and inspired many of them to fuller consecration to the service of God and man. His mastery of science commanded the admiration of scientific readers, even where they did not accept his interpretation of "natural law in the spiritual world."

The influence of the Edinburgh professor as an aggressive evangelist was a tower of strength to the cause of Christ. These addresses touch the very heart of the Christian life. They are on such subjects as Sin: its guilt, its stain, its power; Salvation, Forgiveness, Regeneration, Redemption; and the relation of God's Will to Sanctification, and How to Know the Will of God by Doing it. The strong, clear convictions, the deep human sympathy, the earnest Christian faith of Prof. Drummond still speak in these posthumous pages.

John Wesley as a Social Reformer. By D. D. THOMPSON. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. 50 cents.

The world is now coming to recognize

how far the founder of Methodism was in advance of his compeers in social economics as well as the spiritualities of religion. To the present day his forceful utterances in opposition to the slave trade, to the drink traffic, to smuggling and other evils, remain unsurpassed in strength and scope. His sympathy with the colliers of Northumberland and Durham, and with the tin and copper miners of Cornwall, grappled with hooks of steel those strong but often turbulent characters to that early Methodism which proved so staunch a friend. The mission of Methodism to-day is to emulate his wide-minded sympathy and zeal in the interest of the toilers in the human hive.

The Pilgrims in Their Three Homes, England, Holland, America. By WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. \$1.25.

The story of the Pilgrim Fathers of New England is one of perennial interest to the English-speaking race. Dr. Griffis has made it a special study, and has visited the homes of the Pilgrims at Scrooby and Nottingham, at Amsterdam and Leyden, at Plymouth and Salem. He has obtained a good deal of new information, and recounts it in an exceedingly interesting manner. The use of maps, portraits and other illustrations greatly enhances the value of this volume. The reverent tone in which the author speaks of "our fathers' old home—dear and mighty England" is typical of the sentiment of the better class of American writers.

Canadian Men and Women of the Time: A Hand-book of Canadian Biography, edited by HENRY JAMES MORGAN. First edition. Methodist Book-Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Pp. xii.-1,118. Price, \$3.00.

This portly volume is a monument of the energy and enterprise of both its author and publisher. Over 1,100 closely printed pages are filled with highly condensed accounts of Canadian men and women who have done something for their country worthy of commemoration. It will cultivate the feeling of Canadian patriotism to look over this volume. Mr. Morgan has consulted an enormous number of authorities and endeavours to give an impartial estimate of the characters sketched. To all editors, or persons having occasion to refer to the lives and

labours of Canadian public men and authors, this book will prove invaluable.

The Story of the Malakand Field Force. An Episode of Frontier War. By WINSTON L. SPENCER CHURCHILL. With maps, plans, etc. London: Longmans, Green & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

At many points on Britain's far-extended frontier armed conflicts with the natives are pretty sure to take place. "These frontier wars," says Lord Salisbury, "are but the surf that marks the edge and the advance of the wave of civilization." The eyes of the world have been fixed upon the recent conflict on the Indian frontier. In this volume Lieut. Churchill, who saw extensive service in the campaign, gives a graphic account of the extraordinary difficulties and perils of Britain's forward policy. The numerous maps and diagrams make the military operations very intelligible. The sons of Britain and their dusky allies have not lost their intrepid valour in fighting against great odds, in perhaps the most difficult region for military operations in the world.

Facts that Call for Faith. A Series of Discourses. By REV. DAVID GREGG, D.D. New York: E. B. Treat & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. \$1.00.

Dr. Gregg is a well-known Presbyterian pastor of Brooklyn, N.Y. He has written much on the great religious questions of the day. In this volume he discusses the great fundamental facts in which religion finds its basis: God, Christ, the Bible, the Church, prayer, death, the resurrection, and immortality. They are strong, clear statements of Christian doctrine.

The Twentieth Century City. By REV. JOSIAH STRONG, D.D. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. Toronto: William Briggs. 16mo., paper, 25 cents; cloth, 50 cents.

With the same fascinating presentation

of facts and figures which made "Our Country" one of the great books of the century, Dr. Strong discusses the danger arising from the vast movement of population towards the cities and the growth of their preponderating influence in the nation, points out the principles which may be applied successfully to the solution of the great problems of modern society, and makes a ringing appeal for action.

A Romance of the Snows. By GILBERT PARKER. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. (Limited). \$1.25.

This is another volume of the Canadian copyright edition of this distinguished Canadian writer's books. It is dedicated to Sir William C. Van Horne as "a connoisseur of art and lover of literature." It describes vividly the old French and Indian life in what was till recently the Great Lone Land of Canada.

The Science of Political Economy. By HENRY GEORGE. Toronto: George N. Morang. Pp. 585. Price, \$2.00.

This attractive volume is a proof that what has been called "the dismal science" may be made interesting as well as instructive by a man of genius. Henry George translates the title of his book into the more general and attractive one, "The Science of Getting a Living." The Canadian edition of this book is an exceedingly well-printed and well-bound volume of 585 octavo pages, with an excellent portrait of the author. This book is of so important a character that we have placed it in the hands of an expert in the philosophy of Henry George for an adequate review.

Weeping Ferry, and Other Stories. By MARGARET L. WOODS. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co., Limited.

This is a collection of short tales by an author, to us, hitherto unknown. The episode of life "behind prison bars" in a Russian dungeon is one of extreme pathos.

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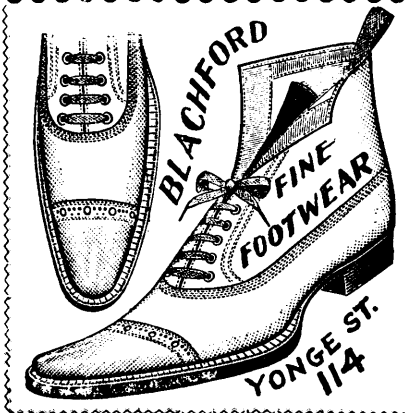
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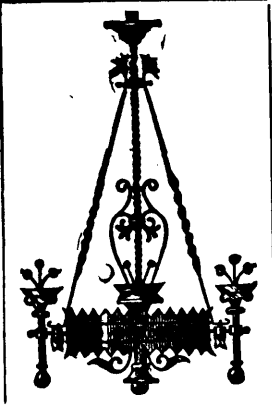
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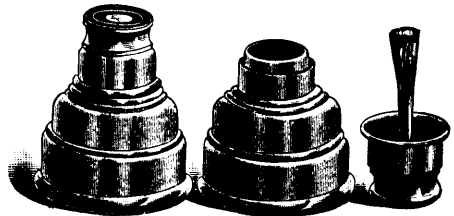
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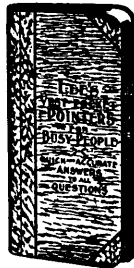


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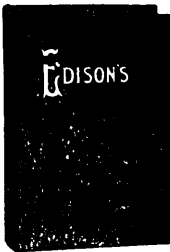
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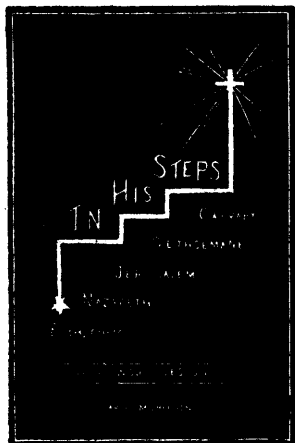
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