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The Haunted Main.*

BY FRANK LILLIE POLLOCK.



HERE'S a tide of dreams and stories drifting up the bitter main,
Strewed with wreck of ruined glories, salt with streams of ancient pain,
Through the fog-walls split in sunder, from the seas of sun and thunder,
And the Carib isles of wonder dreaming still of scarlet Spain.

Of the galleons burned or taken, sacked and sunken hull and mast,
When the southern seas were shaken by the corsair cannon-blast,
And the lordly ports affrighted throbbled with panic when they sighted
Black-hulled ships from seaboards blighted where the death's-head flag had passed.

There the strength of Spain was shattered by those sons of dark renown,
And the Spanish treasure scattered careless-handed up and down,
When from ravage red, inglorious, came the buccaneers victorious,
And the reeking crews uproarious revelled in Port Royal town.

Red Port Royal!—fathoms under now lie rotting fort and pier,
Drunk with crime and gorged with plunder, swallowed by the sea-gulfs sheer;
And the sea they scourged with slaughter, mindless of the woe they wrought her,
Lulls beneath her quiet water picaeroon and privateer.

Stately don and English rover, long ago they paid the debt,
And the sunny tides sweep over their white bones with coral set;
But above the towns they raided, of the golden shores invaded,
Broods the memory unfaded of their dark vendetta yet.

Massacres and ambuscadoes, rich armadas laid aboard,
Iron-hearted desperadoes, seas of gold and blood outpoured—
Of these things the ports are keeping vengeful memory unsleeping
From the years of wrath and weeping when they lay beneath the sword.

Still they smile, the Windward, Leeward Islands of the haunted main;
But when storm drives in from seaward, through the midnight hurricane
Rides a spectre grim and gory, rent and red with feud and foray—
O'er the waves of savage story sweeps the ghost of slaughtered Spain.

* See article on the Antilles. Mr. Pollock is an accomplished Canadian Poet.



PARADE GROUND AND BARRACKS, CHENTU.
(Adjoining our mission property.)

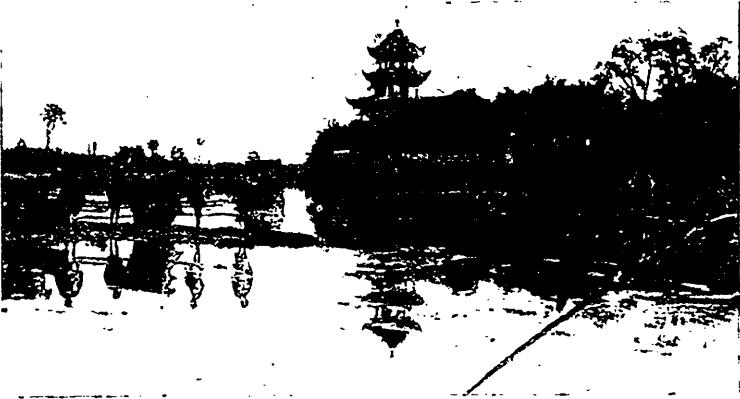


STREET IN CHENTU.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

FEBRUARY, 1904.

OUR MISSION IN WEST CHINA.



WAITING FOR THE FERRY, EAST GATE, CHENTU.



SZ-CHUAN, the province from which recently have come rumours of riot and unrest, is as a centre of trade and civilization by far the most important province of Western China. Mr. Edward Wilson Wallace, son of Professor Wallace, of Victoria University, in his "Heart of Sz-Chuan" has given us an admirable account of the land, its people, and its possibilities.* We congratulate our young friend on the production of this excellent text-book for the use of the Forward Movement.

Sz-Chuan, the banner province

* "The Heart of Sz-Chuan." By Edward Wilson Wallace. The Methodist Young People's Forward Movement for Missions. Text Book No. 2. Toronto: Methodist Mission Rooms. F. C. Stephenson.

VOL. LIX. No. 2.

of China, lies along the eastern boundary of Thibet, over which Britain is at present trying to establish a protectorate. It is peculiar by reason of its isolation. On the north, south, and east it is cut off from the rest of China by rugged and almost impassable mountains. In area it is about 200,000 square miles; in population, about 50,000,000. It is thus the largest province of China, containing one-eighth of the population of the Empire. Something of the density of its population may be realized when we try to conceive of a province slightly smaller than Ontario supporting two-thirds of the people of the United States.

Physically, Sz-Chuan is a country of fertile hills, of garden valleys, and of scenery almost unsurpassed. The slopes of the hills are terraced for agricultural purposes



WEST ENTRANCE TO FENG-HSIEN GORGE, ON THE YANGTSE RIVER.

from bottom to top, and are a mass of luxuriant vegetation. The soil of the plains is said to be as rich as can be found anywhere in the world, and it regularly yields two crops in the year. The climate is moist, and for the most part cloudy, but temperate, and healthful, even for foreigners, though sometimes its humidity has been found a little trying.

What of the people of this richly endowed land? Mr. Wallace says of them :

They are industrious and peace-loving traders, well-to-do, and livelier and quicker-witted than most Chinese. They are fond of pleasure, but are nervous and excitable. Hence they are an easy prey to any rumour that may arise regarding the foreigner, and are often worked upon by the officials, who, from selfish motives, dread the advent of Western progress.

Our Canadian missionary, Rev. G. E. Hart, well describes their progressive spirit, the heartiness with which they consider new innovations, the readiness of the literary classes to throw aside their old systems and ideas and supplant them with Western methods, and their anxiety to introduce machinery for irrigation, mining and railway communications.

They make splendid business men, and in the towns and cities the higher classes have a comfortable, well-to-do appearance. Throughout the country, also, the farms are well kept, and the half-timbered and whitewashed homes are embowered in trees and shrubs. While poverty is not absent, and beggars in all stages of emaciation crowd the roads near the towns, there is not the general air of destitution so common in other parts of China. The people, to quote one writer, are "apple-cheeked, snub-nosed, and round-faced," characteristics that go with a happy temperament and a fairly prosperous life.

But there is one drawback to this Chinese paradise. Over one-third of the cultivated land the poppy flaunts its blood-red bloom. The people are ruining themselves body and soul with opium. Even in the country districts, it is estimated that forty per cent. of the men and twenty-five per cent. of the women are addicted to the opium habit. So much of the land formerly given to the cultivation of rice is now given up to the poppy that the price of rice has increased one-third in the past twenty-five years. The one hope of salvation is, our mis-



HILLS BELOW ICHANG, ON THE YANGTSE RIVER.

sionaries feel, in teaching the children to hate the baneful drug.

Of the large and important cities of Sz-Chuan the provincial capital, Chentu, has a population of 500,000. As early as the thirteenth century it was visited by Marco Polo, and described as "very great, and exceeding rich." Chentu is sure to become the distributing centre for West China. Already it is pointed out as the goal of three proposed railroads. On the direct highway, between India and Peking, its political and commercial supremacy is but a question of time.

It is to Dr. Virgil Hart, to whom this book is appropriately dedicated, that Canadian Methodism is indebted for the suggestion of Sz-Chuan as a mission field. About the year 1890, when our Church

was seeking a new mission sphere, Dr. Hart, a Methodist Episcopal missionary, on furlough from China, was taking a much-needed rest on his little farm near Burlington, Ont. Dr. Hart knew well the possibilities of Sz-Chuan. He had laboured for twenty-six years as a missionary in China. In 1887 he had refounded in that province the Methodist Episcopal mission, destroyed during the riots of the previous year. Dr. Hart's suggestion as to a field was accepted, and he was put in charge of the Canadian mission. Three other men were also appointed, Mr. Hartwell, and Drs. Kilborn and Stevenson. To these were added the newly-wedded brides of Dr. Kilborn and Mr. Hartwell; and Miss Amelia Brown, a representative of our



HOUSE-BOAT BEING HAULED UP THE RAPIDS ON THE YANGTSE RIVER.



TRACKERS ON A ROCK, USC-SHAN GORGE, YANGTSE RIVER.

Woman's Missionary Society. Together they waved their last farewell to Canada on October 4th, 1890.

It was a journey of many days. At Shanghai they were detained most of the winter owing to riots and unrest in the interior. After proceeding to Hankow, and thence battling against low water and sand-bars as far as Ichang, over a thousand miles from Shanghai, they found there the house-boat on which they were to live for the next two months on their way to Chentu.

These house-boats are usually about eighty-five feet in length, with square bows and high projecting sterns. The deck is open from the bow about two-fifths of the length of the boat. Then the house-part begins and runs another two-fifths of the boat. This part is about eleven feet wide, with a ceiling from six to eight feet high. Behind this is an open space, in which stands the steersman, and a tiny room where live the captain

and his family. Over its door a small gold-covered idol stands in its little niche. On each side of the boat is an immense oar, requiring from five to eight men to work it.

Describing another trip, Mr. Endicott writes :

The boats are pulled up the river for the most part by men ; the winds, of course, sometimes assisting them. These men are called trackers, and are usually considered the "hardest" class in China. They run along the banks of the river, now clambering over boulders, and again along the sides of steep cliffs, where the footing is often very difficult. For hundreds of miles the rocks are worn smooth by the constant tread of their bare feet or straw sandals.

The ropes used to pull the boat are made of bamboo, and are of remarkable strength. It has been a revelation to us to see the strain they stand in the rapids. All along the rocks are marked by ruts, cut by the constant passage of ropes over them. The men pull the ropes by means of long sashes worn around the waist.

In such a boat our little party made their way up the beautiful but treacherous river, in constant danger from the



COTTAGE ON THE BANK OF THE YANGTSE RIVER.

rapids and hidden rocks. After leaving Ichang, the river no longer runs between low, fertile plains, but makes its tortuous way through narrow gorges, or broad openings between high hills. The scenery is very beautiful. The hills, many of them very steep, are covered with trees, and grass, and flowers. Wherever possible they are terraced for agricultural purposes. Nestlings in the valleys are pretty little villages, set in clumps of feathery bamboo, while on every hill a temple or pagoda rears its stately head.

Mrs. Kilborn was the first foreign-dressed lady to enter the streets of Chentu, and in a five minutes' walk she is said to have had nearly a hundred admiring boys, women, and men following her.

A house was secured, which accommodated not only the five missionaries, but afforded room for a dispensary, a chapel, a reading-room, and for the servants as well. It was here the first shadow fell upon the brave little band. Mrs. Kilborn had just added the finishing touches to the little sitting-room.

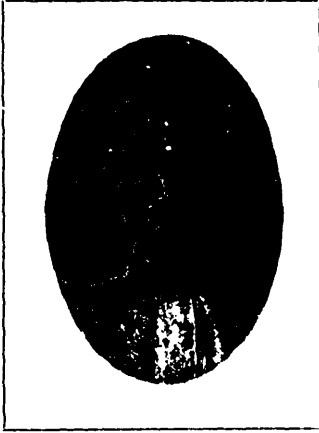
"Nothing grates upon my eye, everything harmonizes," she said.

That night she fell a victim to the dreaded cholera, and in less than twenty-four hours the brave and gifted young Canadian woman had passed beyond the veil.

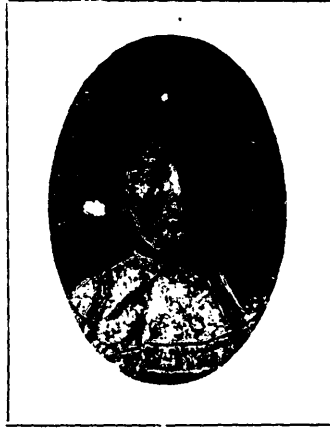
The shadow that thus early darkened the little home only intensified the consecration of the remaining workers. A dispensary was opened, and eighteen patients treated the first forenoon. A reading-room was also instituted, which became at once a centre of interest.

All day the room was thronged with well-dressed, intelligent people, who were interested in the tracts and books for sale, and also in the pictures and maps on the walls. During the first year over two thousand small books and calendars were sold, while the number of those who read but did not buy was very great. An intelligent man was put in charge of this work, to sell books and answer the thousand and one questions asked him.

A day-school was opened, and in the first month forty pupils were registered. The most satisfactory work was that for children, as the prejudices of the parents were in this way overcome, and the



DR. HENRY. W. M. S.



DR. KILLAM. W. M. S.

children trained up in the knowledge of our faith.

The work was hampered, however, by lack of room. Dr. Hart soon secured three acres splendidly located, and affording space for three houses, hospital buildings, a chapel, and schools. It was not till April of 1893, however, that the hearts of the missionaries were gladdened by their first convert, a modern Lydia, whose heart the Lord had opened.

The need for more workers had been greatly felt, and in the fall of

1892 the Board at home appointed the Rev. James Endicott, and Dr. H. M. Hare for the work in West China. The Woman's Missionary Society also sent out Dr. Retta Gifford, and Miss Sara Brackbill as conscripts for this holy war. Work was then opened up in Kiating, a large city a hundred and twenty miles south of Chentu. Mr. Wallace writes thus of Sunday work in China :

On Sunday morning a large sign in big characters was hung out—"Preaching to-day." At the time for service a big gong was pounded, and a worker was stationed on the street to gather a crowd



MISS BRACKBILL. W. M. S.



MISS FOSTER. W. M. S.

by singing or talking, and to induce them to enter the chapel. While these methods are still used in the newer districts, in the cities it is enough to have a sign announcing the service. On this sign, at Kiating, if not also at Chentu, are printed regulations for the conduct of worshippers in the chapel. They are told when to come and when to leave, and are commanded to keep silence. This they are told is the Christian custom to which they must conform. The Chinese idea of worship is a big noisy temple, where any and every one can talk. The people have, first of all, to learn the lesson of keeping silence before the Lord. Fifteen minutes before the time to begin a huge gong is

thus to witness for Christ. This is, perhaps, the most important part of the service. The testimony of a fellow-Chinese as to the truth and helpfulness of this new doctrine goes a long way to put the distrustful in a receptive mood.

After the regular service, the people are invited to the guest-room, to drink tea and chat. This is done, not only to keep them in the mission for the Sunday-school at one o'clock, but also to give an opportunity to any who desire further light on spiritual matters, to talk with one of the workers. The men meet in one room, and the women in another, and many a seeking soul has first found light in one of these personal talks.



THE HOME OF THE MISSIONARIES OF THE WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY
IN CHENTU.

beaten—taking the place of the church-bell in a Canadian church. After the singing of the first hymn, the doors of the chapel are locked. This is absolutely necessary, otherwise the noise of those entering late, and perhaps of those leaving, would spoil the service. Often Chinese complain that after coming to the chapel, they found the door locked, but when they learn that this was because they were late, they see to it that they are on time next service.

The service begins with singing, led by the children from the day-school. Then a short address is given by the pastor, to which the people usually listen very attentively. The pastor then calls for personal testimonies from the members of the church, who are glad to be able

The Sunday-school is conducted much as in Canada. The lessons are the same as those used here, and are printed on the mission press. A prominent feature is the study of the catechism. A small catechism has been prepared giving a brief summary of Christian doctrine, and this is taught and explained. The Chinese have marvellous memories, and enjoy such work as this.

All classes of people attend, from the humblest coolie to the haughty silk-robed official. The occasional presence of scholars and officials makes a good impression on the minds of the common people, who blindly follow the direction of those above them. The Bible-women in connection with the churches do splendid work in the way of inviting people to attend, and



MISS BRIMS. IN.
W. M. S.



MISS SWANN.
W. M. S.



MISS BROOKS.
W. M. S.



MISS FORD.
Died 1897.



MISS FORREST.
W. M. S.



DR. O'DONNELL.
W. M. S.

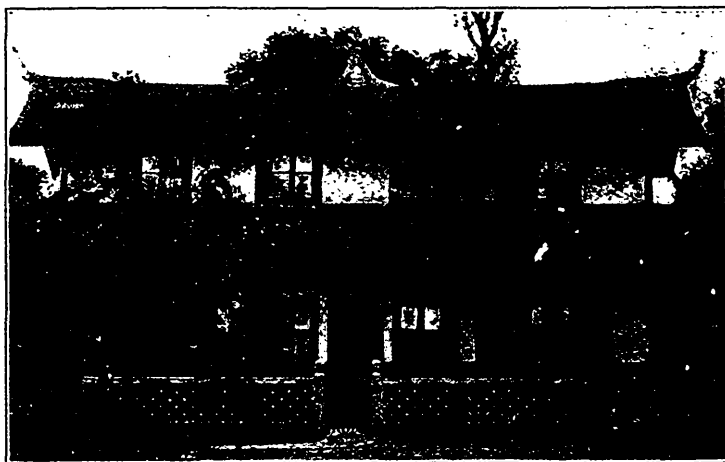
telling them the time of the services. This latter is very necessary, since the people have no clocks and often get hours astray as to the time.

Of the itinerating tours of the evangelist, he says :

Work in a new district is usually begun by a tour, during which the worker visits as many towns and villages as possible, and interests the people by means of his books, and also by talking to them, singly or in groups, wherever he has the opportunity. Oftentimes at the end of a long day's tramp he rests by a well-side, as his Master did once, and tells the women and men he may find of the living water from

terior, the medical man could go with comparative safety, healing the sick, and at the same time telling the Gospel story, and thus winning the good-will of the people for the evangelist who was to follow. Nowhere is medical skill more needed than in China. Nowhere are suffering and loathsome diseases more common. Half of the population have skin, ear, and eye diseases. These result largely from uncleanness and lack of hygienic knowledge.

The Chinese combat these evils



THE JENNIE FORD ORPHANAGE, CHENTU, CHINA.

on high. Or else in the close and crowded court of the inn, he may gather a group around him to listen to his good news. He leaves with them his books and the memory of his words, and passes on, perhaps not to return again for years. And, yet, when next an evangelist visits there he will find some one who remember what was said long before, and still keeps the little book he bought then, and possibly there is some heart in which the good seed has taken root and sprung up.

The importance of medical work in China was recognized from the first. In the days when the evangelist took his life in his own hands by venturing into the in-

with pint doses of herbal, beetle, and tiger-claw mixtures, skins of serpents, and powders made from frogs, caught at high noon on the fifth day of the fifth moon. Frequent calls come to our medical missionaries to attend attempted opium suicides.

The hospital work is by far the most satisfactory, as the missionaries have the patients under their influence for a longer time. Our mission has now three hospitals, one at Kiating, and two at Chentu, one of which is under the Woman's Missionary Society.

Too much cannot be said of the work being done by the noble representatives of our Woman's Missionary Society. We are glad to present the portraits of these devoted

the hospital, the dispensary, the missionaries' home shown in our engraving, the boarding-school, and the orphanage. This orphanage for outcast children was erected, it will



SCHOOL IN CHENTU, 1896, UNDER THE W. M. S.

women. The mission plant of their society in Chentu is situated about three-quarters of a mile from that of the General Board. It is surrounded by a brick wall twelve feet high. Within the compound are

be remembered, in memory of Miss Jennie Ford, who died two years after going to China. There are in it at present twelve orphans. One of the most terrible of Chinese customs is that of casting out

girl babies to die when the parents are either too poor or too careless to support them.

Drowning, strangling, burying alive, throwing out on the street to die of hunger, exposure, or dogs, are common deaths for Chinese girls. They have small feet, therefore can do nothing to earn money, are a bill of expense, and, in most cases, something to be got rid of. A woman who came to the hospital told the doctor that she had given birth to seven children, but only one was alive. On further inquiry she said: "The first was a little girl, and its father threw it into the river; the second also was a girl and the father buried it alive; the third was a boy, it was allowed to live; the fourth, a little girl, the father strangled." Our missionaries quite often see small infants lying, dying or dead, on the street or wayside.*

Most of the children in the orphanage have been picked up in the street. Thus, having never come in contact with heathenism, they will doubtless grow up to be effective Christian workers.

One of the most encouraging methods of work is through the boarding-schools. There are at present twenty-five girls in the schools.

On entering the school, the girls' feet must be unbound, and while this rule

* Letter from Mrs. W. E. Smith.

undoubtedly has prevented many girls from entering, it is already working a change in public sentiment regarding this cruel and senseless custom. Formerly they were called "slave girls," because of their big feet. Now the passers-by only say, "Oh! they are scholars; they study books!"

Of the work among the student classes, of the splendid success of Dr. Hart's printing press, of the medical and other forms of work among women, of the riots that made our missionaries flee by night, sometimes laying their homes in ruins, and sometimes giving them as their guerdon the martyr's grave—of these and many other phases of our work, we have not space to write. We must refer our readers to Mr. Wallace's admirable "Heart of Sz-Chuan."

The prospects of our missions were never so bright as to-day. Hitherto the work of the missionary has been mostly that of sowing the seed. But already the fruit is appearing. Many of the Chinese are beginning to cast about for a new faith. Shall we go to them now or let materialism sweep over the land as it did in Japan? The trader is bound ere long to take possession of Sz-Chuan. Which shall go first, commerce or the cross?

TO SOME GLAD END.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

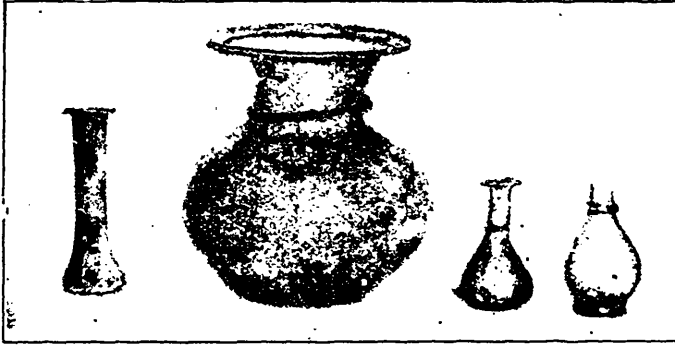
"We know that all things work together for good to them that love God."
—Rom. viii. 28.

Our souls in the precious
Assurance may rest,
That God to His children
Gives only the best;
That nothing, oh, nothing
Of sorrow or care,
Of pain or of weakness,
That ever we hear,
But serves some blest purpose—
Which not here may be
In its fulness unfolded
To you or to me,

But whose wisdom unequalled
And infinite love
A happy hereafter
Most surely shall prove.
Sad, sad though the crosses
We bend beneath now—
There's a crown of joy waiting
For each grief-worn brow;
And never a trial
On earth will be given,
But shall add to our guerdon
Of glory in heaven.

THE RELATION OF EGYPTOLOGY TO BIBLICAL AND CLASSICAL RESEARCH.

BY THE REV. E. M. BURWASH, M.A.



ROMAN GLASS FROM EGYPT, IN VICTORIA UNIVERSITY, TORONTO.

II.



THE mounds of the Delta, the Græco-Roman towns and cemeteries of the Feiyoom, the ancient camps and temples of the desert, afford other types of experience to the explorer, which it is unnecessary for our purpose to describe, but whose results may be of equal interest and importance. The number of persons embalmed in ancient Egypt during the entire time in which the practice prevailed (placed at about 4,700 years) has been estimated at 731,000,000, or nearly half the present population of the globe, and although mummies have been exported for manure, and used for firing locomotives, it is still safe to say that millions remain hidden beneath the drifting sands of the desert or silts of the Nile. Of the ruins of buildings, also, it is estimated that only one-fourth remains above the surface, the rest having been buried from the same causes.

Of the religious beliefs, so-called, and of the funerary rites of the Egyptians it is necessary to speak briefly, in order to understand many of the objects discovered in tombs. The practice of embalming, of course, implies the idea of a literal resurrection, or reunion of the different elements of the living man separated at death. Of these elements the Egyptians believed that there were six: the body, the soul, the intelligence, the shadow, the name, and the Ka. Of these, the soul, during its separation, performed a perilous probationary journey through a "demon-haunted valley of shades." "The intelligence, freed from fleshly encumbrance, wandered through space; the name, the shadow, and the heart awaited the return of the soul; while the Ka dwelt with the body in the tomb."

This "Ka" has been identified with the vital principle, or life of the body, the Egyptians considered it more important than the mummy itself, and the offerings of meats, wine, clothing, etc., placed in or



THE MYTHOLOGICAL TRINITY—
OSIRIS, HORUS, ISIS.

upon the tomb were for the use of the Ka. In order that the Ka might not want for a body in the event of the mummy's destruction, there were concealed in the walls of the tombs portrait statues of the dead. Curiously enough, as the Ka was itself an ideal creature, so also the physical appetite with which it was endowed, though truly enormous, was regarded as capable of an ideal satisfaction, namely, the presentation of very small offerings of food, accompanied by prayers, of which the following funerary tablet furnishes a sample:

FUNERARY TABLET OF PEPI-NA
(Sixth Dynasty)

O ye who live upon the earth !
Ye who come hither and are servants
of the gods !

Oh, say these words :

“ Grant thousands of loaves, thousands of jars of wine, thousands of jars of beer, thousands of beeves, thousands of geese, to the Ka of the Royal Friend Pepi-Na, Superintendent of the Royal Household, and Superior of the Priests of the Pyramid of King Pepi.”

All this suffices to show the somewhat crudely material and naturalistic ideas of the resurrection which the Egyptians possessed, falling infinitely short, in spirituality and

universal applicability, to that taught in 1 Cor. xv. The soul was represented as a human-headed bird, which is seen fluttering over the mummy, which it revisits periodically with messages of comfort. This idea the Greeks mistakenly transmuted into one of sinister meaning, so evolving the Harpy, and later the Siren. In all such cases of adaptation, and they are many, the breadth, clearness, and universality of Greek thought, as contrasted with the concreteness and conservatism and frequent grotesqueness of that of the Egyptian, is apparent. Yet the origins of the ideas are, as we shall see, Egyptian. To the Egyptian, the symbol was good, but to the Greek the grotesqueness of the conception produced the impression of evil.

Under the ancient empire wooden models of slaves were frequent deposits in tombs, perhaps originally corresponding to slaves who were killed that their spirits might attend that of their dead master. This gave way about the time of the twelfth dynasty to pottery figures representing deities, generally four



ANUBIS.

hundred in number, and disposed sometimes in rows on either side of the coffin. These "ushabtis" are sometimes inscribed with a title or character, as, for example, "the Divine Father," on a specimen in the Victoria University collection. Here we have the germ of an idea which long afterwards was to take root in the mind of the race as one of the fundamental conceptions of our relation to the divine.

The Egyptian religion cannot be said to be a consistent system. Its history seems to be somewhat as follows: Before the unification of



THE SOUL REVISITING ITS BODY AND HOLDING THE EMBLEMS OF LIFE AND DEATH IN ITS CLAWS.

the country under one king, and the development of civilization, the territory of Egypt was occupied by a number of tribes, corresponding to the nomes or provinces into which, later, the country continued to be divided. Each of these tribes had its totem animal or deity, in the same manner as the Indians of the Pacific coast. Hence it came about during the later history of the country that the cat was worshipped at Bubastis, the crocodile in the Fei-yoom, the bull, the jackal, and the ibis in other places.

At each of these centres, at the height of the development of the ancient religion, and before it became confused and degenerate through foreign influences, the priests claimed for their local deity universality, at the same time admitting that claimed by the others, each local deity being, as it were, a particular manifestation of the great All. This is the nearest approach to monotheism which the Egyptians attained.

It is doubtful whether this idea ever became diffused through the mass of the nation, and it is certain that at the end, under Roman rule, just before the introduction of Christianity, the emphasis seems to have reverted to the animals themselves. They were kept as sacred in the temples, and their bodies, by an extension or perversion of the ancient rite, carefully embalmed. Hence we have mummies of bulls, crocodiles, cats, ibises, etc., of the Roman period, and even of crocodile eggs. Thus the totem worship of the prehistoric period became pantheism under the Empire and degenerated into a degraded polytheism in the Græco-Roman period.

The final consummation of the resurrection depended, it should be noted, not only upon the preservation of the body, but also upon the success of the soul at the judgment, dependent upon the uprightness and purity of the life while on earth. The Book of the Dead deals with the life of the soul after death and contains the judgment scene, frequently inscribed upon the walls of tombs and upon funerary papyri, along with numerous prayers and invocations for use in funerary ceremonies. The following negative confession of the soul before the judgment seat of Osiris, taken from the 125th chapter of this most famous of Egyptian religious books, gives us an insight into the stand-

ards of morality prevalent among them:

“Glory to thee, O thou great God, thou Lord of Truth and Justice,” says the dead man, when brought into the presence of the eternal judge. “Lo! I have defrauded no man of his dues. I have not oppressed the widow. I have not borne false witness. I have not been slothful. I have broken faith with no man. I have starved no man. I have slain no man. I have not enriched myself by unlawful gains. I have not given short measure of corn. I have not tampered with the scales. I have not encroached upon my neighbour’s field. I have not cut off the run-

We do know that they absorbed idolatrous elements of the Egyptian belief, which broke forth into practice, and had to be repressed in the beginning of their pilgrimage to the promised land.

A much later, and quite well-authenticated example of such grafting in of ideas affects Christianity itself. In the ancient Egyptian mythology, Isis represented night; Horus, her child, the rising sun. They are depicted together as mother and child, the infant Horus seated upon the goddess’ knee. The Greeks borrowed the idea of Horus the child, transforming him into Harpocrates, the god of silence—the hush of dawn. When Chris-



SACRIFICIAL PROCESSION.

ning water from its lawful channel. I have not turned away the food from the mouths of the fatherless. Lo! I am pure! I am pure!”

The question of the transfusion of ideas from one religion to another through the contact of the nations which adhere to them, is one of great interest, and one of which Egyptology furnishes numerous illustrations. The question as to how much Israel absorbed during their sojourn in Egypt of the truer elements of Egyptian belief, filtered through their own spiritual monotheism, is one upon which we have no very precise data; but it is not irreverent to suppose that in this, as in other respects, the sojourn in Egypt was not without its purpose.

tianity invaded the valley of the Nile, the mother and child, as objects of worship, remained in the popular imagination, but changed from the old Isis and Horus to the Madonna and Child of Christian faith, thus establishing the worship of the Virgin.

The adoration of saints, and many festivals and customs engrafted upon Christianity, may in like manner be traced to the religions which it displaced. Such adaptations may be:

1. In matters of belief, which in the case of Christianity have almost always proved destructive to the purity of Christian doctrine.
2. In matters of ritual, only rarely advantageous; and

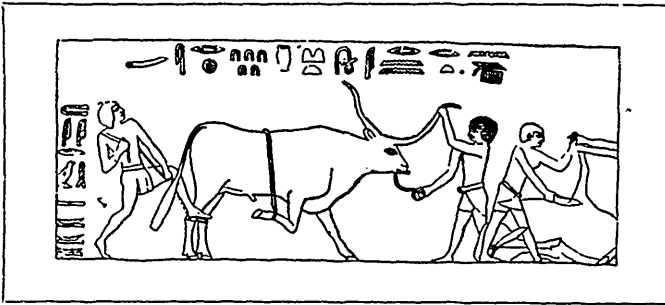
3. In matters of social custom, often praiseworthy and right, *e.g.*, the wedding-ring customs of Northern Europe.

Practically viewed, this question confronts us as one of the most important missionary problems of our own day.

The history of Egyptian influence upon Greek civilization is a subject which well repays investigation, and clears up many obscure questions with regard to Greek history and ethnology. "Before we have any writing, or any history of their own, we meet with the Ethiopians, the Libyans, the Phœnicians, the Babylonians, the Assyrians, in the hieroglyphic inscriptions of ancient

At this time the Greeks were rude savages, warlike and aggressive, who made periodical raids southward upon the tempting prize offered by Egypt, very much as did the Scandinavian vikings of a later age. They were frequently defeated by the Egyptians, and among the labourers forcibly employed upon the public works of Egypt before 2000 B.C., are found large numbers of Greek prisoners of war. In the inscription of Sankhara, they are known as Hanebu.

An incident of interest in connection with these early incursions is that of the Kamaras, who dwelt in Crete until expelled by the Mycenæans, when they descended upon



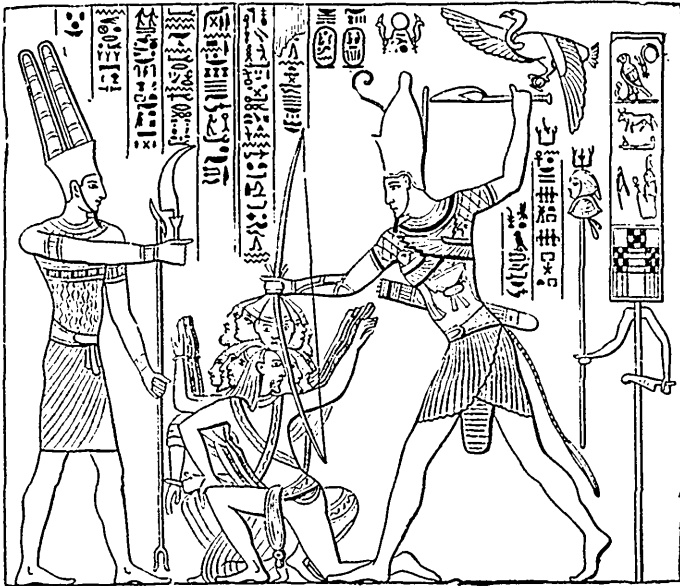
SACRIFICING CATTLE.

Egypt, and in these inscriptions we also find the first mention of the peoples of Greece and Italy."

Judged by their own recorded history, the people of Greece seem to have sprung, full-armed and glorious, from the sea. Their "history as told by themselves, begins with the first recorded Olympiad, seven hundred and seventy-six years before the Christian era, "but the first mention of the Greeks upon the monuments of Egypt goes back some seventeen centuries earlier, to a rock-cut tablet of the time of Sankhara, a Theban king of the Eleventh Dynasty, who reigned about two thousand five hundred years before Christ."

Egypt and made a valiant attempt to gain a footing there. They were with difficulty overcome and driven along the coast to the eastern extremity of the Mediterranean, where they finally settled, and make their appearance in Old Testament history as the Philistines. The early Greeks again appear in Egypt as the Danaï, or Danæans, some twelve or thirteen hundred years later, in the reign of Thothmes III. Two hundred years later, under Horemheb, they are again mentioned, and a bas-relief of that period gives us our earliest picture of a Greek, a woman, prisoner of war taken by the Egyptians.

Rameses II. and his two succes-



RAMESES SLAYING A GROUP OF AFRICAN AND ASIATIC CAPTIVES.

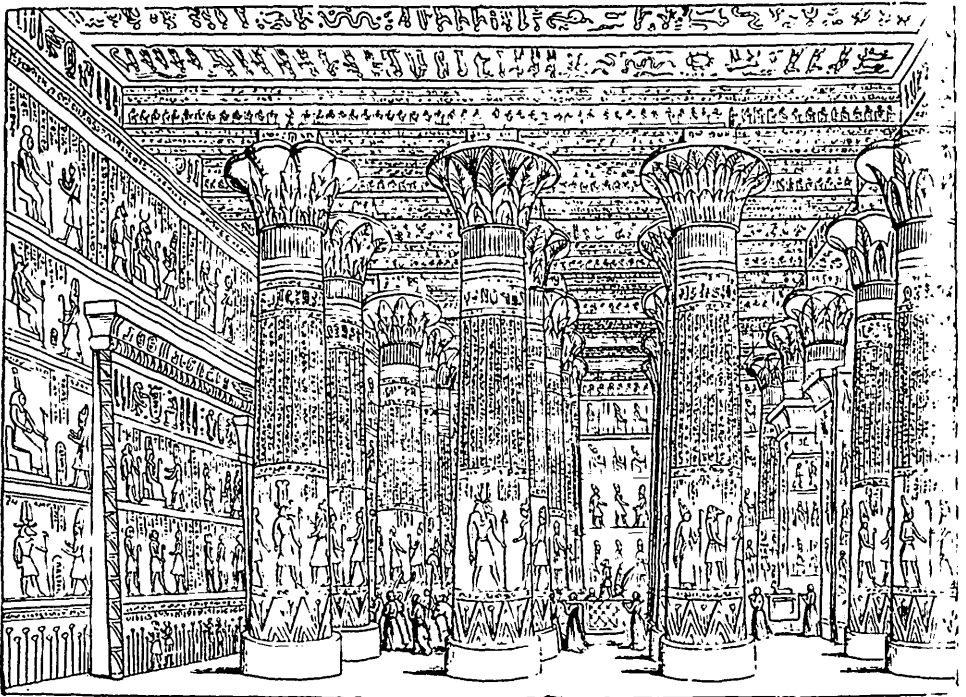
sors had frequent wars with the Greeks, in which they repelled their attacks, and took numerous prisoners, who were reduced to slavery. As the Greeks gradually rose out of barbarism, a new relation arose. Six hundred years later, Psammetichus, prince of Sais and Memphis, defeats his colleagues of the Duodearchy by means of an army of Carian and Ionian mercenaries, founding the Twenty-Sixth Dynasty. He then established a camp for his foreign troops at Daphnae, where he also conferred land upon them, and himself built a palace-fort for the occasional accommodation of himself and his court. Other Greek settlers, artizans, etc., arrived and a busy town grew up. Says Miss Edwards,

A port and a centre of Greek industry, known far and wide as Daphnae of Pelusium. This is also the town which in the Bible is called Tahpanhes, and this same palace-fort, founded by Psammetichus, 666 years before Christ, is the royal residence which Hophra, a later Pharaoh of the same dynasty, assigned for a refuge to the daughters of Zedekiah

when they fled from Jerusalem into "the land of Egypt." The Egyptian name for that ancient castle is unknown to us, but we read of it in the forty-third chapter of the book of the Prophet Jeremiah as "Pharaoh's house in Tahpanhes."* (See Jer. xlii. 13-15, and xliii. 4-13.)

Strange to say, when Professor Petrie, in 1886, was approaching this ancient site, now known as Tell Def'neh or Defenneh, his inquiry as to the name of the most striking of the ruins was answered by his Arab guides, "El Kasr el Bint el Yahudi," "the palace of the Jew's daughter!" Excavation disclosed a large Greek encampment, in the midst of which stood the palace, which had been sacked and burned, the basement chambers only remaining, affording an interesting example of the kitchen arrangements of an ancient palace. Whether this destruction was wrought by the Babylonians in fulfilment of Jeremiah's prophecy, we have no data to determine beyond the fact that two cylinders of

* "Pharaohs, Fellahs, and Explorers."



PORTICO OF TEMPLE AT ESNEH (RESTORED.)

Nebuchadnezzar are believed to have been found here by an Arab, and the certainty that the palace was destroyed within a century after its erection. Under the corners of the building were found plaques bearing the name of Psamtik or Psammetichus, proving the structure to be that described by Herodotus as founded by him. The brickwork which is before Pharaoh's house in Tahpanhes, translated brickkiln in the A.V., had long been a puzzle to translators, but proved to be a *mastaba* or raised platform of brick,* "suitable for out-of-door work, such as unloading goods, pitching tents, etc. . . . and this would be the most likely place for Nebuchadnezzar to pitch his royal tent, as stated by Jeremiah."

In the vases found here, we have

* "Ten Years' Digging in Egypt," p. 54.

interesting examples of the adaptation of Egyptian shapes and methods of ornamentation by the Greeks.

More interesting from this latter point of view than Daphnae is Naukratis, a Greek settlement of the same age as Daphnae, but situated in the western part of the Delta. This remained for several hundred years a meeting-place between the Greeks and Egyptians. The site of this city, long unknown, was discovered by Professor Petrie in 1885. Its identity, at first barely suspected, was made certain by the discovery of an inscription erected by "the city of Naukratis" in honour of one Heliodorus. Here the process of the adaptation by the Greek mind of Egyptian motives in building and decoration can be best studied. The oldest known Ionic column was discovered here, and

the volutes of the capital, long of doubtful origin, prove to be the reflexed sepals of the lotus, used so extensively in the capitals of columns in Egyptian temples. That the Corinthian capital is of the same origin, though probably true, is perhaps not quite so clear.

Nearly all the stock motives of classic architecture, both in construction and surface ornamentation, however, are traced back to Egyptian origins. The "key-pattern" and the spiral appear on the ceilings of twelfth dynasty tombs at Beni Hasan, twelve hundred years before their appearance at Orchomenos or Mycenæ, if, indeed, the spiral in its beginnings is not traceable to the ornamentation of prehistoric Egyptian pottery. The rosette, or "palmette," the "honey-suckle" so-called, the "egg and dart," and other motives of design long regarded as peculiarly Greek, prove to be but variations of the lotus. With these ideas, the Greek mind worked according to its own peculiar genius, adding grace where that was lacking, and always distinguishable by its own bright individuality, but the origins were Egyptian, and the chief wonder seems to be that a people so quick and ingenious as the Greeks should have adhered so strongly to these borrowed motives, instead of originating others.

The Græco-Roman period in Egypt gives us, from the Biblical point of view, a different interest. During the Ptolemaic times, many Jews dwelt in Egypt, the Septuagint translation of the Old Testament was made, and early copies of it are to be found among the papyri of this period, or a little later. Here also are to be found fragments of Greek literature, in some cases unknown before.

Coming down to the time of our Lord, many things in the every-day

life of the period illustrate and enforce the New Testament narrative. We find many alabaster vases for ointment, the counterpart of that from which Mary anointed the Master's head. The large water-pots are like those of Cana in Galilee, the lamps are those of the ten virgins. The garments of the period, preserved both in painting and in reality, recall the reference to our Lord's garments parted at the foot of the cross; and the dice of bone and ivory suggest the way in which the lot was cast. Bracelets and beads, spindles and thread, the playthings of children, the brazen collars of slaves, recall with vivid force the daily life from which many of the parables were drawn, and the very flowers of the field themselves are preserved to us in the wreaths placed reverently in the tombs of two thousand years ago.

The early struggles of the infant Church, persecuted in Egypt as elsewhere, the symbols of its faith, the hiding-places of its martyrs, the evidences of its internal divisions, all reward the labours of the excavator.

Mention should perhaps be made in closing of the recovery of immense numbers of ancient standards of weight and measure, by which we are enabled much more accurately to determine the ancient economic conditions, a knowledge which goes far towards determining the veracity of Biblical or other documents, where any question of historicity is raised by criticism. Of the whole study of Oriental archæology it may be said that there is no more valuable offset to the critical methods of study which have recently prevailed. The results often serve as an admirable check, verifying the critical results when true, modifying them when extreme, and in almost every instance confirming our faith in the historic verity and

contemporaneous origin of the original materials of the Biblical documents, even where their final form may have been the result of later work.

We listen with eagerness to the story of creation as told by the geologist or palæontologist. But the history of Man, and especially of Civilized Man, concerns us yet more nearly, and the earliest civilized man of whom we know anything, is the ancient Egyptian.*

* "Pharaohs, Fellahs and Explorers."

NOTE.—In order to assist in the work of Egyptian exploration, and to secure a part of the materials discovered for the use of Canadian students in a Canadian museum, Victoria University has undertaken the formation of a Canadian Branch of the Egypt Exploration Fund. Membership in this branch is granted to all subscribers of five dollars annually, and each member receives a copy of the work for the year, beside which, as above stated a share of the objects found is sent to the Victoria University Museum. Several cases of valuable and interesting material have already been received from this source, and others, including part of the last season's discoveries, are now on their way to Toronto.—E. M. B.



THE BIRTH OF CAIN.

BY ETHEL CLIFFORD.

All day long Eve wearied for the garden,
Not for her the comfort Adam knew
As he watched the wheat-ears slowly harden,
As the plaited roof above him grew.
"For the sake of all my lilies, pardon.
God," she prayed, "give back my violets blue."

Adam, sowing, watching, later reaping,
Wrestling with the earth and life and fate,
Knew no dreams for weariness in sleeping,
Knew no grief. But early still and late
Eve in dreams beheld the angel keeping
Watch beside the ever-hidden gate.

Till to Adam came a wondrous calling.
Sleeping hope like flame began to burn.
"'Tis God's messenger," he thought, "recalling.
Eden's gate stands wide and we return."
Then he knew whose voice, all song forestalling,
Held all joy and sadness turn in turn.

"My beloved sings," he said; "no other.
She would cheat my heart and hide her pain."
So went in, undreaming of another.
In the shadowed place where she had lain,
Radiant and transfigured, Eve the mother,
Leaning on her elbow, sang to Cain.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF PROMINENT MINISTERS OF BRITISH METHODISM.

BY JOHN LATHERN, D.D.



IT seems to be a law in harmony with the established order of things, that, at the evening of life, thought should turn back to scenes of an unforgotten and unchangeable past. Reverie and reminiscence may not attain to the dignity of biographical literature. But apparently trivial incidents and associations related to departed worth may contribute something of value to a completed memorial. Retrospect in such a case may be permissible, even at the hazard of an intrusive personality in the narrative, or a suggestion of egotism, which it is difficult to avoid. In these recollections, reference may be made only to distinguished ministers who have already passed the bounds of time and space, but whose names and memories are still an inspiration and incentive to consecrated service, and whose spirits shall continue in long and bright succession to stand forth in our ranks.

Dr. Jabez Bunting.

While still in my early teens, the name of Jabez Bunting became familiar as the colossal personality of British Methodism ; and it was confidently affirmed by his admirers that his greatness was such that in Parliament he might have become Premier, or in law Chief Justice. Of the two ministers stationed in a somewhat obscure circuit of the Upper Tyne, the superintendent at least would

usually have the privilege of attending Conference. It was a common thing, immediately after, to have the ministers and their families out with us to spend an evening ; we residing about a mile distant from the town. Very eagerly were those visits anticipated. But one main subject could find place in table-talk. We heard about Conference doings, the redoubtable Jabez Bunting, and the futility of opposition to his measures.

It was told in one case how the chivalrous and eloquent Dr. Beaumont had become prominent as a leader of a liberal party, and had bravely faced the redoubtable Jabez. His right to speak on a given subject having been questioned, Beaumont impetuously claimed that being "a member of the synod," he had as good a right to speak as any man. And he did speak, but after an impassioned and apparently unanswerable speech, had been completely crushed in debate and reduced to utter silence. As always, Bunting was master in the foray.

I had never heard the Conference designated as "the synod." There was an ecclesiastical flavour clinging to the word, and it was suggestive of originality. In that typical English home, the younger members of the family were expected to listen to their elders in respectful silence, and my thought on the matter could not find expression. But in spite of glowing tribute to Dr. Bunting's power in debate, that word "synod," in my estimate, scored for Dr. Beaumont.

The first time I saw Dr. Bunting

was in City Road, in the summer of 1855. Talking at the moment with the late John Kirk, and one or two others, in the main audience-room, replete with hallowed memories, the venerable doctor walked slowly in, bent, and bearing heavily upon his staff. He lingered, spoke a few words in a broken and tremulous voice, and then passed on to an adjacent vestry.

Towards the close of that same summer, having to spend two or three months in London, my habit was to worship in the Islington Methodist Church (or chapel, as it was then called). Dr. Bunting then resided in that vicinity, and was a member of the Islington congregation; occasionally present also at some social function of the Church. I then had an opportunity of witnessing something of the respect and veneration accorded to him by both ministers and people; to an extent which I have never known in any other case. The last time I saw or met this magnate of Methodism was on a London platform, on the occasion of some notable anniversary, where it was my privilege to occupy a seat. Robert Young, who became President of Conference the following year, had just returned from his ecclesiastical mission to the southern world, and received a most cordial welcome. But Dr. Bunting was manifestly the central figure. He spoke but a few words, with hoarse and faltering voice, and they were listened to with breathless interest. That scene passed into a treasured memory of life, vivid now as then, after the lapse of nearly half a century.

To Jabez Bunting must be assigned the honour, after Wesley, of giving coherence and balance to the polity of Methodism. For a generation the impress of his master-mind was to be felt and seen in nearly all the acts of Conference.

He was a great man in every way; his bearing imperial, and in the excitement of debate, imperious. His consummate ability and immense personal influence were universally acknowledged. Four times he was elected President of Conference. But whether in the chair or out of it, his influence was supreme; the result of sheer strength of character. It was well understood that where Jabez Bunting sat was head of the table. This predominance led to an opposition party, such as never before or since has existed in the British Conference. Agitators of the Connexion denounced him as a priestly dictator. And yet, strangely enough, with him originated nearly all the measures adopted for liberalizing the institutions of Methodism. What is the explanation of such an anomaly? The solution is not an easy one, and must not be attempted here. According to "Centenary Takings," Dr. Bunting was "a great man, great in mind and influence; too great to be forgiven."

Dr. George Osborn.

In the seclusion of the English Dale country, the Methodist people of half a century ago became well acquainted with the men of light and leading in the Connexion; at least so far as reputation was concerned. It was no uncommon thing at the street corner, the mine or shop, and even in the public-house, as well as in the home circle, to find discussion going on, in keen partisan spirit, as to the relative merits of preachers who came to the circuit on great anniversary occasions. In a solitary farmhouse or a labourer's cottage, you might hear how Dr. Beaumont had been mentioned in Parliament as the most consummate orator in England, how the mantle of the beloved and revered Robert Newton's pul-

pit eloquence was likely to fall on John Rattenbury (which it never did, however), and how Dr. Osborn was likely to succeed Dr. Bunting as the supreme legislator of Methodism. The name of George Osborn came into special prominence through the Ithuriel's Spear test, which he advocated for the purpose of identifying Revs. Everett, Dunn, and Griffith with the hateful Fly-Sheet business, and for relieving other worthy members of Conference from suspicion of complicity in the movement.

My first recollection of this eminent minister goes back to a certain Monday in City Road morning chapel. The London Examining Committee was in session, and the oral part of the examination of candidates had begun. The ordeal was a trying one; and, before it was over, tested fairly well the mental calibre, intellectual resources, and spirit of the men then offering for the Wesleyan ministry. Later there was a distribution into groups, but on that morning the candidates stood together, most of them in much trepidation, beginning with London on the right. Being from the Newcastle district, there was but one brother from Scotland to my left, an honour graduate of Glasgow University. To him Dr. Hannah put the first question concerning Sabellianism. My turn came next, being required to outline the Arian heresy, and the controversy involved. Prudence would have dictated a brief and unvarnished statement. But an over-ambitious and unwise attempt to trace the history and doctrine of the great schism shaped itself into bungled series of facts. A silence followed—a silence which might be felt, and it would have been a relief at that moment to have sunk through the floor. Dr. Hannah's eyes blazed

from beneath a massive brow, but not a word did he speak.

At that juncture, following no precedent, relief came in an unexpected way. Moved by sympathetic impulse, Dr. Osborn caught up the tangled thread of my efforts, straightened it out, and did splendid justice to the subject. The result of final classification showed that the masterly summary must have gone mainly to my credit. The bitterness of death was now past, and reaction from distressing nervous apprehension brought confidence and needed courage.

Dr. Hannah then asked for a definition of the main doctrine in which the Arian diverged from the Catholic faith, and the reply gave apparent satisfaction. At this stage of the "orals," the fact of having fairly well digested several manuscript volumes, outlines of Dr. Hannah's Didsbury Lectures, with their allusions to the "learned Grotius," and the "judicious Hooker," as often through the years between, stood me in good stead. In one case an examiner took exception to memorized definitions from Didsbury. The Rev. Luke Tyreman promptly repudiated the objection, and claimed that it was quite as meritorious to quote manuscript authority as to cite passages from Butler, Paley, and Watson.

On being accepted by the British Conference, and appointed to the work in Eastern British America, Dr. Osborn's kindness was manifested in many ways, and I have never ceased to wonder how so great a man came to take so kindly an interest in an obscure probationer. He accompanied me from London to Liverpool, introduced me to one or two influential Methodist families, and saw to securing needed comfort before my embarking for

America. A journey by rail, begun in the dark early hours of a November morning, meant more than had been anticipated. Finding that the books selected for reading on the voyage were "Edwards on the Will," and an exegetical volume by Dr. Owen, the Puritan divine, advice was kindly given in regard to the selection of theological books, methods of study, and the manner of utilizing time to the best advantage. Finally he put into my hand an introductory letter to Dr. Richard Knight, Chairman of the New Brunswick District. A few years later it was an infinite satisfaction to listen to Dr. Osborn's official sermon, as the retiring President, to hear one of his famous Conference addresses, and to sit at his feet at an ordination charge. On that occasion he read with marvellous force and unction the preacher's hymn, "Jesus, the Name High Over All," down to the last stanza. Having heard Edwin Booth recite Shakespeare, and other fine elocutionary efforts, nothing ever impressed me more than that rendering of Wesley's impassioned and stirring hymn. Dr. Maclaren, of Manchester, once said to a Methodist minister, "What a power that hymn-book of yours gives you in the pulpit." Unquestionably the growing habit of preachers omitting to read our great doctrinal and experimental hymns is a distinct loss of pulpit power.

A magnificent testimonial to Dr. Osborn, from leading laymen of Methodism, on his retiring from the full work of the ministry, was evidence of the appreciation in which his courageous, efficient, and faithful services were held throughout the Connexion.

Rev. Wm. Lockwood Thornton.

The Rev. Mr. Thornton presided at the Conference of Eastern British America, held at Sackville (and at

Toronto the same year), 1864. There are people still living who remember the exquisite beauty and hallowed unction of his addresses and pulpit ministrations. In purity of diction, and affluence of speech, he could not be well surpassed. By vote of Conference he was appointed Fraternal Representative to the ensuing British Conference. To my great surprise, on motion of Dr. Pickard, my own name passed as Associate in that honourable deputation. On leaving Sackville, Mr. Thornton spent a week in Halifax, where I was then stationed, and took part in the commemorative services of the Missionary Jubilee. He preached on the Sunday evening in Brunswick Street Church, to an overflowing congregation. The sermon was a limpid stream of classic eloquence. It abounded in splendid passages, and well sustained the preacher's pulpit and literary reputation. Towards the close of that week, Mr. Thornton, Dr. Robinson Scott, a most able and estimable minister of the Irish Conference, and myself embarked on the Cunard SS. "Arabia," for England.

The ocean voyage was both pleasant and profitable. Dr. Scott and myself roomed together, and so genial a travelling companion has never since come in my way. Mr. Thornton being the sole occupant of another state-room, to it we adjourned on successive days. The monotony of an Atlantic voyage was broken by conversations on questions of theology, criticism, and ecclesiasticism, these matters being pleasantly varied and relieved by amusing stories, and unique experiences of ministerial life. From day to day there was renewed evidence, on the part of both these eminent men, of literary culture and wide range of scholarly research. On one occasion there was an interesting discussion on the subject of "Knowing Christ after the

flesh," as understood by St. Paul. I ventured to give from memory a passage from Alexander Vinet, indicating a line of exegesis that diverged somewhat from the conclusions which seemed to have been reached. It was a surprise to find out in this incidental way the thoroughness of Mr. Thornton's acquaintance with Vinet, and the ease with which he classified several schools of continental theology.

At the ensuing British Conference, the Rev. William Lockwood Thornton, M.A. (he had obtained to wear the honorary degree of D.D.), was elected President, and filled the chair with dignity, urbanity, and efficiency. Occasionally when debate had passed the bounds of moderation, the President retained his wonted suavity of manner, but another light came into his face, a smile played around his curving lip, and expostulation or rebuke was edged with satire or gleamed with wit and humour of exquisite flavour, and rarely failed to accomplish its purpose.

The public service for the reception of fraternal delegates was held in one of the most spacious buildings of the town, thronged to its utmost capacity. All Bradford seemed to be on the move, with many from adjacent places. Representatives from America, Ireland, France, and Australia had to be heard, and later ones must have been badly hampered by time-limit in their speeches. Dr. Osborn was in the chair. The President spoke for Eastern British America, and swept a wide range of recent travel in racy and popular style. He expatiated upon scenes of American life, including a trip to Washington, reception at the White House, and a visit to battlefields of the recent Civil War, the audience being aroused to a white heat of enthusiasm, the feeling finding vent in genuine Yorkshire applause.

Before calling on the President, Dr. Osborn announced my name as a second representative from British America, and following the address introduced me to the meeting as the next speaker. Unfortunately I had taken a seat in the audience, without a thought of difficulty in reaching the platform. To break the blockade of a compact mass of people would have caused an undesirable sensation, for persons in the gallery were rising to their feet. There was nothing for it but to attempt a few words from the floor, mainly in the way of apology, becoming in that emergency more conspicuous than was desirable. But later speakers, crowded for time, must have blessed me for brevity of speech.

Mr. Thornton died suddenly on a Sabbath morning during the year of his presidency. A memorial hymn, written on the occasion of his obsequies, contained the following lines :

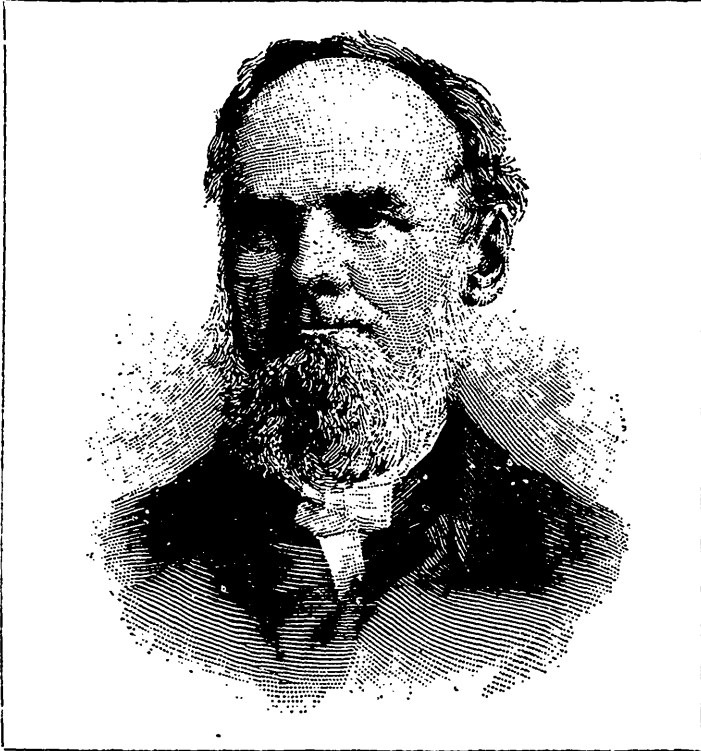
So the servant of God, in his earthly abode,
With his lamp in his hand,
Was called in the Bridegroom's presence to
stand.

Rev. William Arthur.

We think of Mr. Arthur as saint, sage, and scholar of the British Conference ; a writer of books that the world will not willingly let die, a wise legislator, and an almost unrivalled preacher. Deputed to attend the British Conference, I was favoured with an introductory letter from Dr. Charles Dewolfe to Mr. Arthur, with whom he had formed a close intimacy at the Hoxton Theological Institution. It was my good fortune, for about three weeks, to occupy a seat on the Conference platform next to that of the distinguished author of the "Tongue of Fire." He was still in the palmy period of his influential ministry, known and honoured far beyond the limits of Methodism ; and from him I received many tokens of

thoughtful consideration. Mr. Arthur's position in Conference was unique, at least in one respect. The first word he uttered in speech, when a great question was under consideration, was a signal for silence. The deep hush continued until he resumed his seat. Two other ministers only, Drs. Osborn and Punshon, challenged such attention, and

same parish. Trifling incidents in some cases pass into memories of life. On the table was a fine quality of Mediterranean fruit, which was always passed by Dr. Punshon. Expressing my surprise, he confessed that he had never tasted fruit in his life, and that a Scotch lady had told him that if, instead of Adam, he had been our first fore-



REV. WILLIAM ARTHUR.

exercised like magnetic spell and power over that critical, demonstrative, and sometimes impatient assembly.

One day was taken for an outing. Messrs. Arthur, Punshon, and two or three other prominent ministers were invited guests of Isaac Holden, Esq., M.P., at his splendid suburban residence. My own invitation was probably due to the fact that the host and myself were natives of the

father in Eden, there would have been "Na faa."

It was my delight to accompany Mr. Arthur to a stately church, where he was to preach by special appointment. The sermon was on the "Witness of the Spirit." It was rich in exegesis, illustration, aphorism, and at times rose to a rapt eloquence that fairly entranced the audience; standing out in my recollection as one of two or three

greatest sermons heard during a lifetime. A tall and pleasant-looking minister was called upon to pray. His voice was metallic rather than musical, but thrilling and penetrating. The prayer lasted for twenty minutes. Except in Dr. Hannah's supplications, I have never listened to such mighty pleading with God. What holy unction! I had heard for the first time the fervent Alexander McAulay.

The potent influence of William Arthur, as some of us remember, was deeply felt at the Washington Ecumenical Conference. His opening sermon, "The Holy Seed the Credentials of the Church" (Isa. viii. 18), was most fitting to the occasion. The last time I saw or heard him was at a meeting held in the interest of the American University, at the Arlington Hotel, Washington.

Dr. Wm. Morley Punshon.

By a rare combination of gifts, natural and acquired, intellectual, emotional, rhetorical, and elocutionary, Morley Punshon became a peerless orator; the greatest in his own sphere, perhaps, that Methodism or England produced during the latter half of the nineteenth century. Under the influence of his pulpit and platform efforts, audiences were delighted and thrilled to rapture. His earliest circuit appointments were within a narrow radius of my English home, and at that time he came to be known as "The Star of the Northern Pulpit." Many opportunities were then afforded of listening to his incomparable eloquence. In those days passages flashed as rockets far into the open sky, and then broke in coruscations of splendour.

My first recollection of Morley Punshon goes back to an Alston anniversary, at which he preached an afternoon sermon, and gave the principal speech at the evening

platform meeting. Just then beginning my work as a local preacher, a reader of Parliamentary speeches, having an eager desire to know more of Methodist celebrities, those efforts were a revelation as to the possibilities of oratory. Of such dazzling eloquence I had not dreamed. Even now, sitting at my desk, after more than fifty years, the vision of the preacher is as vivid as ever, and his words come back as an echo. I happened to be at Newcastle, at the time of Mr. Pun-



REV. MORLEY PUNSHON, D.D.

shon's marriage to the first Miss Vicars. She was a lady of charming personality, with brow as fair as the purest Parian marble. The famous orator was a bright conversationalist. One of my last days in England, before leaving home for Fredericton, N.B., was spent with him, guests of one of our most delightful English families.

During my second Fredericton incumbency, charged also with responsibility as chairman of the district, it was a great joy to welcome Dr. Punshon to the city. He lectured and preached to immense audiences. He was also President of the Conference of Eastern Brit-

ish America, held at Fredericton, 1868. What surprised many of us, as also the British Conference, was that practical qualities, aptitudes for administration, and executive ability were scarcely less remarkable than his unrivalled oratorical endowments. Dr. Punshon was the guest of Mr. Justice Wilmot, just then appointed first native Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick. A day was taken, after Conference, for needed rest and recreation, and he greatly enjoyed the balmy and delicious air of Evelyn Grove. Dr. Nelles, of Victoria University, was of the party. Wilmot, Punshon, and Nelles; what a trio of brilliant conversationalists! One episode of the day was Dr. Punshon's dramatic rendering of the immortal Pickwick breach of promise case, as described by Dickens.

After having heard Dr. Punshon in Newcastle, London, and other great centres of English population, on this side of the Atlantic, and on great occasions, I have regarded as his greatest oratorical effort that given at Brooklyn, New York, as Representative to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. His speech

"thrilled as when an angel spoke, or Ariel's finger touched the string." He paid tribute to the recently sainted dead of that Church: to Baker, the distinguished jurist; Clark, the able administrator; Thompson, of golden speech; Kingsley, dying with the consecration of apostolic travel upon him, and Cookman, who went home like the plumed warrior, stricken into victory in his golden prime. The scene which followed cannot be described. Looking down upon the audience from the platform, I saw stalwart men weep and shout for joy.

My latest interviews with Dr. Punshon were at the Birmingham Conference of 1879. In speech he was affluent as ever, and showed consummate skill in debate. But there was a change. He was the same, and yet not the same. Traces of suffering, as it proved from insidious and fatal disease, were visible in his face. In most pathetic tone he expressed an earnest wish to make one more visit to Canada. Soon after he had finished his course, and there was but the hopeless longing:

O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.

-
- "O bitter wind towards the sunset blowing,
What of the dales to-night?
In yonder gray old hall what flares are glowing,
What ring of festal light?"
- "In the great window as the day was dwindling
I saw an old man stand,
His head was proudly held, and his eyes kindling,
But the list shook in his hand.
- "O wind of twilight, was there no word uttered,
No sound of joy or wail?
'A great fight and a good death,' he muttered,
'Trust him, he would not fail.'
- "What of the chamber dark where she was lying
For whom all life is done?
Within her heart she rocks a dead child, crying,
'My son, my little son!'"

COLLEGE AND CHURCH.

BY FRANCIS HUSTON WALLACE, M.A., D.D.,

Dean of the Faculty of Theology, Victoria University.



AS is the college, so will be the ministry; as is the ministry, so will be the Church.

The Church imperatively demands a ministry so quickened of God and trained of man that it will be able to adapt the unchanging Gospel of God's grace to the

ever-varying conditions which it may meet, and, with whatever novelty of plan and method, retain the old power and maintain the old success. The Church needs no new Gospel. She will not win the world by muffling her message, emasculating her doctrines, lowering her ideals. She lives and prospers in proportion to her conviction of the highest truths, her devotion to the most arduous duties, her loyalty to her divine Founder and Lord.

What we would see in the Church we must first see in her ministers. Unless the ministers are dominated by the highest motives and the profoundest truths, so that they live and move and have their being in a thoroughly spiritual world, we need not look for great spirituality or large achievements in and by the Church. Elegance of style, subtlety of thought, breadth of outlook, accuracy of scholarship are all admirable and useful. But fundamental and indispensable are strength of conviction and consequent reality of life and utterance. A pulpit which simply starts questions, suggests difficulties, engenders doubts, is weak, even when not positively pernicious. Men need help, not toward doubt, but toward conviction.

On the other hand, a preacher who simply rehearses old sermons, old truths, old phrases, who does not think, and grow, and help other men to think and grow, alienates the fresh young life of the Church from him, if not from Christ.

The true preacher's aim is to produce in his hearers living convictions, which will inspire true action, and mould true character. In order to do this, the preacher must have living and strong convictions himself, so living and so constraining that they will set his logic and his scholarship on fire, and make his whole personality a persuasive power. How real the utterances of some men seem! And it is because they have profound convictions of truth.

Now how, in these days of scientific, historical, and philosophical investigation, when newspapers, magazines, and books are full of religious doubts and difficulties, how shall our young ministers come to strong convictions on the supremely great and sacred themes which it shall be their duty to proclaim?

We cannot for a moment dream of secluding them from the thought and life of their own time in seminaries of theology so planned and controlled as to foster a blind devotion and an unthinking orthodoxy. Our Protestant love of truth exclaims against such an attempt. Moreover, how could men so trained meet the difficulties and guide the thoughts of the brainy, reading men and women, of whom there are so many in all our congregations? There may, indeed, be many who do not desire to think, who desire only a pleasurable sensation or a soothing lullaby from their preacher.

But, after all, the pulpit which does not hold the thinking men will finally lose all. The true preacher is the man who knows the currents, the tendencies, the problems of his own time; who is not carried off his feet by them, but still has earnest convictions on the great saving truths of the Gospel; and who knows how to press those convictions on other men.

How shall the young minister get such convictions? By working for them. There is no other way. He must face the live questions of his own time in a candid and open spirit; he must study, at first hand, the subjects which he is to preach; he must manfully grapple with the problems of philosophy and history, criticism and interpretation. He must spend long enough time in these pursuits to get beyond the first stages of investigation, which may be more or less unsettling, and to reach positive results. So will he attain assured convictions and find a solid foundation for life and preaching. Such a man will not only have such a personal experience of the Gospel as may be very satisfactory to himself, but at the same time such intellectual grasp of Christian truth as shall qualify him to help others. Such a man, moreover, will not stagnate, but will make steady progress in knowledge, conviction, power.

The Church of every age is under the necessity of adapting its theological formulæ, as well as its practical work to its own intellectual and social conditions, of so expressing and presenting Christian facts and principles as to commend them to its own generation, of bringing forth out of its treasure things new and old. Reverence for the past is good, but reverence for truth is better. To recall the noble achievements of our fathers is wise and wholesome. But wiser and more wholesome is it to achieve some-

thing noble ourselves. We must have courage for the future, as well as reverence for the past. Only let not courage for the future degenerate into a reckless craze for novelty; nor reverence for the past into a cowardly distrust of the truth of God, the providence of God, the Spirit of God.

The task of our theological colleges is to train divinely-called men for the glorious work of commending the saving message of the Gospel to the heart and conscience of our own time, and so of leading men into a personal experience of salvation, and into all the earnest endeavours and enterprises of Christian service. But the methods of one age may not suit the conditions of another. The old Brown Bess which won Waterloo would not have made much headway against the Mauser in South Africa. The old-fashioned, heroic frontal attack did not prove as successful as strategy. A new situation demanded new methods; and Roberts and Kitchener, with the quick insight of genius, adapted themselves to the new situation and snatched victory from defeat.

Even so we solemnly owe it to the Kingdom of God that we should train our young ministers so to adapt the methods of their ministry to the conditions of our time that through them the Gospel may win perpetual triumphs as the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.

The spirit of our age is scientific. A noble loyalty to facts is its characteristic. This spirit has penetrated all spheres of investigation. History has been reconstructed by critical sifting of evidence, and the history of the origins of Christianity could not escape the test. There has been most careful, detailed, painstaking study of all the historical and literary questions which lie at the foundation of Christianity as a

historical religion. When and by whom were the books of the Bible written? Are the accounts given in the New Testament of the life of Jesus and the labours of the apostles worthy of credence? Above all, what did Jesus of Nazareth actually do and teach? Did he rise from the dead?

Now, what have we as Christians to fear from the investigation of such questions? Have we followed cunningly devised fables? Must we avoid the light? Nay! The more carefully we study critical questions in a humble and candid spirit, the more thoroughly do we become assured that the facts of history are with us and Christianity is divine.

Higher Criticism, of which so many uncomplimentary things are said, while often used as a means of attack upon evangelical Christianity, is properly but a method or branch of study, concerned with the investigation of the literature of the Bible, specifically the date and authorship, the literary and historical character of its several parts. There is an evangelical as well as a rationalistic Higher Criticism. The evangelical scholars go just so far as the Biblical facts guide and warrant them on the fair principles of literary and historical evidence. But they utterly repudiate that rationalistic canon of criticism which leads to arbitrary, extreme, and disquieting conclusions, namely, the rejection of the miraculous, the supernatural, wherever found.

It may be fairly asserted that the net result of the critical movement of the nineteenth century is that the Christian faith has a vastly stronger hold on the thought of the world to-day than it had in the eighteenth century. The foundations have been uncovered, and we see that they are solid. That prince of British Biblical scholars, the late A. B. Davidson, of Edinburgh, said shortly before his death: "So far

as the doctrines of the faith are concerned, criticism has not touched them, cannot touch them, and they remain as they were."

How can the young minister come to this reassuring conclusion for himself? Only by patient study. We cannot ignore these questions. The inner evidence of our own experience must be seen to harmonize with the facts of history in order that our faith stand secure. Without critical investigation, the thoughtful young minister must always hesitate and be uncertain and apologetic. In order that its rising ministry be men of profound convictions of truth, the Church must provide such instruction in the critical studies of our time as shall be at once liberal and conservative, honest, candid, loyal to truth, and at the same time loyal to the Church, and, above all, loyal to Jesus Christ.

We cannot respect a man who deliberately abuses either the pulpit or the professor's chair to undermine those fundamental positions of Christianity which he has solemnly vowed to defend. Neither can we respect preacher or professor who shuts his eyes to evidence and sinks into dogmatic somnolence, or fiercely denounces views and persons that he has not taken the pains to understand.

The tendencies of our times have forced scholars to study, as the supreme question of theology, the facts of the life and teaching of Jesus Christ; and there are multitudes of such scholars to-day who feel with great confidence that if men only fairly faced the historical facts concerning Jesus they would be constrained to reverence Him as unique in history and to receive Him as their divine Lord. Not metaphysical presuppositions, not logical deductions, not dogmatic definitions—however valuable all these may be in their proper place—but the personal Christ, liv-

ing, teaching, dying, rising, ascending, interceding, ever present in our time of need, the Saviour and the King—this is the source of Christian life, the centre of Christian theology.

Now, in order that the young minister should vividly realize this quickening fact, should be inspired with this dominant conviction, two things are necessary. First, that he should thoroughly master the critical questions, at least in outline and in principle; and, secondly, that he should go far enough in theological study to know that the critical questions are but preliminary, that the great interests and issues are experimental and practical, after all.

Our brethren in Great Britain may teach us at this point. They have frankly accepted the methods of criticism, and the results of a reasonable criticism. But they have got beyond these questions. Their interest is to-day less in the preliminary critical investigations, and more in the substance of truth. They do not drag doubtful and unsettling questions into the pulpit. Their work is constructive, not destructive. They put themselves into frank and hearty touch with the tendencies of the time; but they do this, not in a negative, but a positive spirit. So they are rejoicing in a new confidence in the holy Gospel, and are going out in their great Forward Movement into fresh triumphs for the Kingdom of God.

We must have an educated ministry. But if the ministry is to be educated, the safety of the Church demands that it be thoroughly educated. "A little learning is a dangerous thing." If a man is to study the critical questions and the philosophical problems connected with Christianity, he should study them thoroughly enough to know their proper place and proportion, and not to fling into the faces of won-

dering congregations crude and startling opinions, whether radical or conservative, on subjects on which he has had no adequate opportunity to come to sober judgments.

For the work of the ministry, an arts course, with a little smattering of theology, is but a poor preparation. After an arts course, with its intellectual development and stimulus, there should follow an equally thorough course in theology, else our young ministers will come forth really not as well prepared for their life work as the heroic pioneers, who knew what they knew, and had practical power.

In the preparation of a physician, a full arts course is valuable, that the mind may be the better developed, and the outlook widened; but a full medical course is simply indispensable. There is too much feeling that if a candidate for the ministry gets a good general education, he can then pick up theology for himself. But will he? There are very few who ever secure such a scholarly knowledge of the Bible as shall make them able, up-to-date, attractive expositors of the Scriptures, for the upbuilding of the Church in solid character, save those who have laid foundations of such Biblical knowledge in a thorough theological course at college. Modern conditions of circuit work do not tend to the formation of habits of Biblical study; the best to be hoped is that such habits formed at college should be kept up on the circuit.

Our candidates for the ministry need more time at college in theological study. Our theological professors do not get half a chance with a large proportion of our students. Many of our students take much of their work with us in the midst of the rush and pressure of an arts course. Can we wonder that such men are often very crude, unsettled, and unsettling in their

views when they come forth from college? The waters of thought have been stirred by the science and philosophy of the arts course, and have not yet had time to settle.

No college can control, or ought to seek to control, the thinking of its students; the most it can do is to wisely guide their development. They read not only the books of the course of study, but many others, along with the current magazines and reviews; they investigate for themselves; very often their conclusions are by no means those of their professors. I am very far from depreciating an arts course as part of the training of a minister. I am only emphasizing a full theological course as simply indispensable.

The candidates in the so-called ordinary course are with us only two years, and much of that lamentably short time is devoted to arts subjects, such as rhetoric, logic, psychology, and ethics. The candidates in the B.D. course, or the graduates' course, commonly spend only one year at college in theology, taking a large part of their theology either during their arts course, or extramurally, while preaching on probation. It seems to the writer that the interests of the Church imperatively demand such revision of our Discipline as shall ask of candidates in the ordinary course at least three years at college, with two on circuit, for their probation; and of graduates in arts, at least two years at college in studies exclusively theological. Such a change would make possible not only more time for a thorough grounding in Biblical study, but also better opportunity for training in homiletics, elocution, and the practical duties of the pastorate.

There should never be any pressure brought to bear to diminish the young minister's period of col-

lege study, but every encouragement to lengthen it. It is not true church statesmanship, looking at the long run of the interests of the Church, and of the Kingdom of God, to supply "the work" at the expense of the education of our young ministers. It would be wiser to occasionally leave places unsupplied, or supply them with superannuates and local preachers, than to handicap the men of the next generation by shortening their term at college.

My last word is a plea for sympathy between college and Church. No man is fit for a chair in a theological college who lacks large and earnest sympathy with the practical work of the ministry and of the Church in general, or who forgets that his main aim should be to train up good preachers and good pastors.

On the other hand, the ministry and the Church should pray earnestly for the theological professors, whose work is at once so vitally important and so extremely delicate; pray that they may not be too coldly intellectual, too perfunctory, or too extreme either in a conservative or a liberal direction; that they may be honest and faithful and earnest, with warm hearts as well as strong heads, filled with love to their students, their Church, and their God, and so qualified for the solemn task of training men to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ.

Only out of hearty, prayerful sympathy between pastors and professors, between Church and college, can there arise the strongest and warmest life in our colleges; and only out of colleges filled with spiritual, as well as intellectual life and power can there come forth a ministry divinely qualified to win the world to Christ.

THE QUEEN OF THE ANTILLES.



KING STREET, KINGSTON, JAMAICA, ON CHRISTMAS MORNING.



THE recent cyclone in the northern part of Jamaica, and the appeal of Canadian Methodism on behalf of the churches of that historic island, have afresh called attention to its needs, its attractions, and its possibilities. It is classic ground of Methodism. Here some of its first trophies were won. Here Dr. Thos. Coke, the father of Methodist missions, made one of his earliest missionary visits, and here the Mother Church of Methodism carried on for over a hundred years one of its most successful missions. It had, in 1903, one hundred and fifty-two Methodist churches and eighty-six other preaching

places, one hundred thousand members and adherents, one hundred and ten day-schools, and thirteen thousand scholars. The cyclone of last year, the worst in the century, destroyed eighteen of these churches, seriously injured twenty-five more, and destroyed or injured twenty-eight school buildings. The total loss amounted to \$100,000. The British Conference had just voted \$150,000 toward their total church indebtedness of \$300,000, so the burden of their appeal rests chiefly on Canadian sympathy.

A considerable number of Canadians during our winter months seek the sunny south for physical and mental recuperation. Many of



A STREET SCENE IN KINGSTON, JAMAICA.

these go to California or Florida, but here is a British possession, much more strikingly tropical and salubrious, with incomparably finer scenery, which it costs much less to reach, and where it is much less expensive to remain, than either of these places. Canadians paying a visit to a southern clime, without a long fatiguing land journey, may sail on the broad Gulf Stream and traverse the sunlit Caribbean seas, enjoy an ideal tropical visit, and at the same time incidentally benefit our Western Indian fellow subjects "in that summer isle of Eden, lying in dark purple spheres of sea."

To the north and east of Jamaica, and easily accessible therefrom, lie other interesting islands of the Greater Antilles. To the south and west lie the mainland of South and Central America. Jamaica is, therefore, in the "heart of the Caribbean," that almost land-locked

sea, which has been aptly termed "the American Mediterranean." And around Jamaica are grouped islands and coasts which are second only to it in beauty and interest.

Jamaica is reached in six days from New York, by the weekly sailing of the Atlas Line of the Hamburg-American Steamship Company. The course is due south. Every turn of the screw, therefore, carries the traveller into more southern waters and balmy airs. By night the waters dance and gleam with phosphorescent lights, and the Southern Cross shines overhead. Almost in the course of the steamer, and the first land sighted, is the famous island of San Salvador (now called Watlings), which was the first point reached by Columbus, and erroneously supposed by him to be the mainland. It was not until his next voyage, two years later, that he discovered

Jamaica. And it was upon Jamaica that Columbus was shipwrecked in his last voyage, in 1502, and he was obliged to remain there a year before help came. As one approaches the island, its magnificent mountains loom up on the horizon. At their base lies the destined port, the commercial metropolis of the island. In the background tower the Blue Mountains, rising nearly eight thousand feet, nearly a mile and a half, above the sea—a perpetual vision of de-



A COCOANUT PALM.

light with their deep cerulean hue and the ceaseless play of light and shade, of glory and gloom on their majestic slopes. Few islands in the world present their equal.

Jamaica is a British possession, with all that this implies of its society, government, and British law. Amid the tropical beauty of the south is established the civilization of the north. There is significance in the name itself. The name originally was Xaymaca, signifying a "land of wood and water"; which is only another way of saying that it

is a land of luxurious verdure and smiling streams, a land to delight the eye of man, while it ministers to all his wants. It is the heart of the Caribbean Sea; or, to change the figure, the brightest jewel on its breast. All conditions combine to render the island an ideal winter resort. The climate in itself is delightful. What is called "the dry season" begins in November and continues until May. During these and the intervening months, the temperature averages about 70 degrees. The dry, pure air and abundant sunlight are at once exhilarating and salubrious.

Though having an area of 4,193 square miles, the island is easily traversed. It is intersected by fine, wide macadamized roads, unexcelled anywhere in the world. They connect every village and town, and make riding, driving, and wheeling most enjoyable. Moreover, the island has a complete railway system conducted under government auspices. One passes orange groves, sugar estates, coffee plantations, cascades, gorges, bright flowers, and strange trees. Both in the interior of the island and on the coast, features and places of interest abound. There are 550 miles of coast line, with numerous safe and ample harbours.

Kingston, the capital and chief town of Jamaica, represents modern ideas of construction, enhanced by a tropical setting. The government buildings and residence of the governor are located here, and here centre the social and aristocratic life of the island. The streets are well paved, and lighted by electricity, and an electric car service extends through the city and reaches outlying points. The residential sections are particularly beautiful, suggesting a well-kept park of the highest class. In addition to the social enjoyments of the city, concerts, yachting, bathing, and similar

pleasures afford diversion to the winter visitor. The hotels of Kingston are equipped to supply every want of their guests, and hotels and lodging-houses are to be found in most of the towns on the island.

Port Royal lies at the end of a narrow neck of land which shelters the harbour of Kingston. Prior to its destruction by earthquake in 1692, the town was described as the finest in the West Indies, and one of the richest places in the world. In those adventurous days, Port Royal was the headquarters of buccaneers, whose exploits had formed

Columbus to make the very apt illustration in his reports that the "whole island seemed like a crumpled up piece of paper." He found it thickly populated by the peaceful Caribs, but the Spaniards



THE BLUE MOUNTAINS, JAMAICA.



the basis of many of these stories of adventure which have since thrilled old and young. The ruins of the old town are still visible on a clear day from the surface of the water beneath which they lie, and divers are sometimes fortunate in bringing curious relics to the surface.

The weird, irregular, mountainous appearance of Jamaica caused

soon began a war of total extermination against these harmless natives.

Finding the natives useless for labour, the Spaniards began importing large numbers of pure-blood negroes from the Congo coasts of Africa. The seas at this time teemed with a rascally host of pirates, freebooters, and pillagers—who were only too ready to traffic in this kind of human flesh—and soon vast plantations began growing up tilled by these miserable slaves. The Spaniards ruled this charming island after this manner for 161 years.

The British, in 1655, captured the island, which has remained under their control ever since. There was a season of prosperity for many years. Planters waxed rich, new and costly houses and public buildings were erected, and the very acme of prosperity was reached. This continued up to about 1831, when the total abolition of slavery took place.

The freed negro often became a squatter on the rough interior lands; yet the wonderful abundance of wild-growing native fruits permitted him to exist with but little effort. The plantations began to run down from lack of labourers. England began sending thousands of Indian coolies to Jamaica on long term labour contracts. This somewhat relieved the situation, but

Ravenzo D. Baker, sailing a Cape Cod schooner among the West Indies, stumbled on to the idea of bringing into Boston a cargo of bananas that he procured in Jamaica for little or no outlay. At that time bananas sold in Boston for ten cents each, and were often sold

for \$25 a bunch. The whole consumption of bananas in the United States, prior to 1870, did not exceed \$30,000 worth. In 1877 a fruit company was organized, a system of banana culture was established, a fleet of swift steamers was built and brought not only bananas by the million bunches, but vast quantities of oranges, cocoanuts, grape fruits, pineapples, pimento, and coffee. In the year 1899 the United Fruit Company was organized, with a capital of twenty million dollars.



PORT ROYAL, JAMAICA.

in the meantime Cuba and the southern United States had become extensive sugar producers, and Jamaica consequently never regained the lost supremacy in the sugar field.

In the year 1870 there started almost by accident another era of prosperity for Jamaica. Captain

It now owns 240,000 acres of land and leases 260,000 more acres in Jamaica and the countries of the Caribbean Sea. It operates seventy-six fast steamers, fourteen of which are passenger vessels, and brought into the United States last year 21,000,000 bunches of bananas.

In one of Charles Kingsley's charm-

ing books, "At Last," he described the delights of a visit to the West Indies, and some of the most interesting chapters of Miss North's "Recollections of a Happy Life" are devoted to the attractions of the islands. But even yet, in spite of what these distinguished travellers, and many others less famous, have said about the rich loveliness of Jamaica and Trinidad, the delightful climate and the romantic associations of the British West Indian possessions, people are still content for the most part to read about them without going there.

The journey by rail from Port Antonio to Kingston gives a good idea of the country. This railway was the first ever constructed in a British colony. Kingston is a bright little town, and rejoices in an excellent service of electric trams, which give it an up-to-date appearance.

There is nothing to be feared from the climate, if people will use their common-sense and adopt the precautions which are necessary in all warm countries, such as Italy, especially taking care to avoid chills at sundown. Sunstroke, I may say,



VIEW FROM NEWCASTLE, JAMAICA.

The bounty system has nearly killed the sugar industry in the islands; but in view of the fact that a convention for the abolition of all sugar bounties, both direct and indirect, has been signed by all the foreign powers, to take effect from September 1, 1903, there is room to hope that Jamaica may yet enjoy a meed of prosperity. The fruit industry can never take the place of the sugar industry, which is a manufacturing industry, giving employment to all classes, and calling for a considerable amount of technical and scientific knowledge.

is practically unknown in the West Indies. Then, during the whole of the tourist season, the North-East Trades are blowing, and this tempers the heat, and makes the climate very pleasant.

The strategic value of Jamaica, writes Mr. Rankin, is very great, and when the two great oceans are connected by the Panama Canal the value of the island will be increased an hundredfold of what it is at present, lying, as it is, directly en-route between Central America, South America, Canada, and the United States. Captain Mahan,



CHURCH, SPANISH TOWN, JAMAICA.

the well-known American author, in an article on the West Indies, in a late number of Harper's Magazine, says: "With such advantages of situation, and with a harbour susceptible of satisfactory developments as a naval station for a great fleet, Jamaica is certainly the most important single position in the Caribbean Sea."

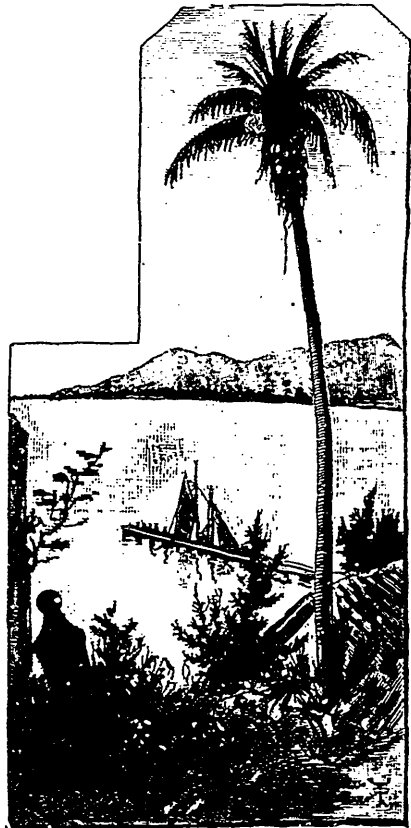
The ancient blood of the fighting African warriors has passed away from the men into the veins of the women, and at the present time the men are lazy and indolent, and the women do all the work. It is she who, with fifty pounds poised upon her head, walks twenty miles to town and market twice a week. It is the women who do the field work, the sugar-cane cutting, the banana picking and loading, and it was only one day last week that when passing through the town I came upon a gang of women busily

engaged in pulling down an old stone building.

One decree of civilization which the native girl refuses to adopt is the wearing of shoes and stockings. Her dress must be trim and neat, stiffly starched, and smoothly ironed; her hat must be bright and gay with some impossible colours, but her feet are usually bare.

The negro is still very superstitious, and very unwilling to mention his superstitions to a stranger. Notwithstanding his own unshaken belief in them, he feels that to acknowledge them would be to make himself ridiculous in the eyes of the unsympathetic white man.

The Obi man, who was once such



A BIT IN JAMAICA—VIEW FROM OLD ROCK FORT.

a menace to the white people, is now almost unknown, as those who even as yet do practise this lucrative art are, on account of the strict laws against it, obliged to be very guarded in their dealings with the people. They act the part of the doctor, the fortune-teller, the wizard, something in the style of the witches of the olden days, and are supposed (by the negroes) to make wondrous cures and fore-sights. But the fact that the Obi man's powers do not succeed with the white man has finally induced the negroes to believe that the white

globe. With plains so fertile, with hills and mountains so noble and fruitful, with ample shelter throughout its coast for shipping, with English language, laws, and institutions, and, above all, with the light and power and purity of the Christian religion, Jamaica cannot sink. She will doubtless emerge from the shadows of adversity, to combine secular prosperity with political liberty and Christian truth and life.

Jamaica is about 150 miles long and 50 broad, and consists chiefly of hills and mountains, running



PORT ANTONIO AND HARBOUR, JAMAICA.

man's Obi is more powerful than the black man's, and the latter is gradually dying out of favour and existence with the advent of civilization.

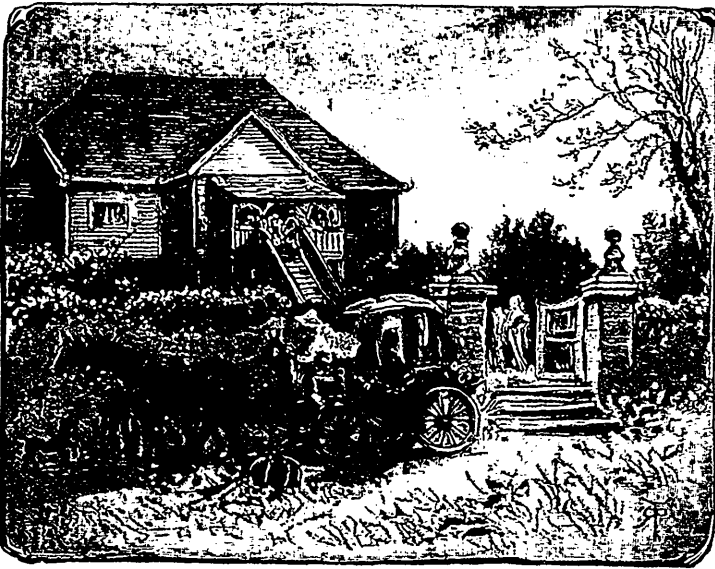
Jamaica, writes the Rev. John G. Manly, who was for some years a missionary in the West Indies, though but a speck on the map, is the queen of the British Antilles; and in fertility of soil, riches of productions, variety and salubrity of hill-climate, magnificence of scenery, and convenience of geographical position, yields to few of the islands that stud and gem the

through the whole length, from east to west, in an unbroken chain, which towers to the greatest altitude in the eastern end, forming the celebrated Blue Mountains, whose peak is 8,000 feet above the sea. The town of Kingston, which is now both the political and commercial capital, contains about 40,000 inhabitants. The population of the whole island is about 800,000, and is increasing both in its gross amount and in the ratio of white to black, which at present is about one to ten.

The heat of Jamaica is greatly

tempered by the sea breeze, sometimes called "the doctor," which sets in strongly about ten in the forenoon, and also by the land breeze, which comes down from the mountains about ten at night. The former especially renders the climate less sultry than that of the same continental latitudes. There is every variety of climate above frost and snow in some part of the island; but these are nowhere known. With such care and prudence as are requisite in all coun-

no less than 598 botanical species, in the plain of Liguanea alone. The cocoa bean, found in large pods, that makes the beverage (chocolate) that Linnæus loved so well and called "Theobroma," the food of the gods, must always be distinguished from the large and well-known cocoanut, and from the esculent cocoa-root, which, roasted or boiled like the potato, is the chief vegetable diet, called "bread-kind," of the labouring classes of Jamaica. Ginger is easily grown, but exhausts



PLANTER'S HOUSE, JAMAICA.

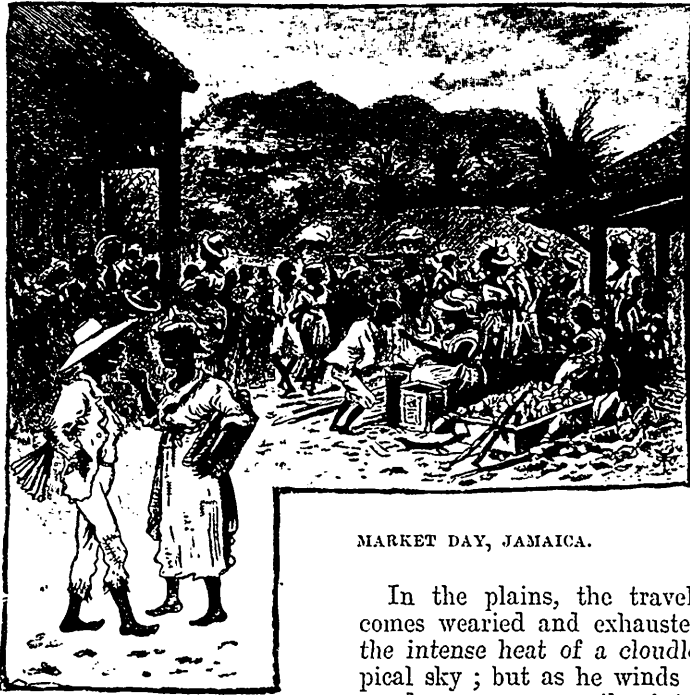
tries, the climate of Jamaica, especially of the uplands, is decidedly fine and healthy; but the marshy lowlands are unquestionably insalubrious. Many deaths of Europeans in Jamaica have arisen from intemperance and recklessness, instead of the climate.

The chief produce of the lowlands is sugar, and of the mountains coffee. The vegetation of the island is singularly rich and luxuriant. Dr. Macfadyen, of Kingston, ascertained and assorted

the soil. The indigo plant once greatly flourished in the English settlements. Pimento, or allspice, sometimes called Jamaica pepper, is perhaps the island's most distinctive produce, and grows on a handsome tree in the uplands and hills. The island also produces maize, the date, cocoa-nut, sago-palm, cabbage-palm, palma Christi, or castor oil, bitter wood, sassafras, cinnamon, Barbadoes aloe, croton, tobacco, cassava, limes, lemons, citron, and orange, etc.

Besides its well-known mahogany, now scarce, there are cedar, ebony, wild orange, *lignum vite*, and several others. The cotton tree excels every other in size and grandeur, rising and spreading in its enormous trunk and majestic branches like the lord of the forest. At a considerable elevation ferns begin to abound, and in the higher mountains become trees.

stately and ornamental tree must be ruthlessly felled. The pineapple, the guava, the mango, the custard apple, the pomegranate, the melon, the tamarind, the papaw, the cashew, and many others are found to afford great variety and fineness of flavour. There is scarcely any European fruit or vegetable but may be cultivated at some elevation.



MARKET DAY, JAMAICA.

Even an Irishman would utterly forget the potato in his enjoyment of the white and Indian yam. The enormous leaves and beautiful clusters of the plantain and banana greatly heighten the picturesque appearance of the field and garden. The bread-fruit is remarkably handsome and very productive. The beautiful cabbage-palm, growing in the mountains to the height of 150 feet and upwards, forms at its summit a leafy heart, which our own cauliflower cannot equal; but to obtain the precious morsel, the

In the plains, the traveller becomes wearied and exhausted from the intense heat of a cloudless tropical sky; but as he winds his upward way among the interlacing hills, and in the shade of bamboo clusters and overarching trees, he feels as if suddenly transferred to another land and inspired with new life.

When protracted drought appears to have nearly annihilated vegetation, let us suppose that a rainy season, May or October, sets in. Now we have gathering clouds, livid lightning, and pealing or crashing thunder, as if the world's storm forces were concentrated in Jamaica; night and day, for several days in succession, the waters come

down in sheets, or as if emptied from innumerable buckets; the streets become deep and rapid streams; the rivers overflow their banks and sweep away cottages and bridges; and then again, the rains suddenly cease, the sun shines out with unclouded light and intense heat, and vegetation revives with great rapidity and vigour.

We must never forget that the people make the place. Many of the best families of the United King-



A BIT IN JAMAICA.

dom contributed of old to Jamaica's cultured and ruling race, and made slavery there, on the whole, much less cruel and calamitous than in many other slave-lands; and this refinement lingers, though not so much renewed from its source as formerly.

The slaves in all our West Indian colonies were so well prepared for freedom, by faithful Christian missions, that when the hour of liberty struck, there was no out-

break or violence. The apprenticeship system in Jamaica, as a method of transition to full freedom, did not work well and had to be abridged. The proprietary classes or their agents made many mistakes in working out the institutions of common and equal freedom.

The history of Jamaica, as of all the West Indies, beginning with the European discovery, comprises two great eras—slavery and freedom. As soon as the terrible tyranny of Europe had exterminated the aboriginal red race, it imported the black race of the "Mother of Mourners," for similar bondage. America and Africa, in swift succession, groaned and bled under the white man's heel. But Europe's own tardy reformation brought remedy and redress at length to the slaves of the West. Ignorant, small-souled, and unprincipled men sometimes sneeringly ask whether the emancipation of the slaves has proved successful. Successful! Is it successful to stop lying, to cease stealing, to forbear murdering, to renounce human cruelty and feculence? Not the success of emancipation but its righteousness is the question. "If the heavens should fall, let justice be done."

A land of tyranny has become a land of freedom; the sound of the whip and the chain has ceased; thousands upon thousands that lived like "the horse or the mule" have attained understanding and freedom; property has become proprietor; tools and chattels are transformed into self-ruling men and women; "God's image in ebony" has come forth from the house of bondage; "the vilest slavery that ever saw the sun" is a thing of the past; and the glorious Gospel of the grace of God has now free scope to illuminate, hallow, and civilize the souls for whom the Saviour died.

The Gospel saved and civilized the slaves, and prepared them for

freedom. The precedence of this noble work belonged to the Moravians, but the greater bulk of it is justly claimed by the Wesleyan Methodists and the Baptists. Adverse winds drove Dr. Coke and his band of missionaries from their chosen track, and gave them to the high emprise of saving and civilizing our West Indian slaves.

What is to hinder Canada from sending its agricultural produce and manufactures to the Southern markets, both insular and continental, instead of depending on uncertain and unfriendly markets? Why do we not open an extensive and lucrative trade with our West Indian fellow-colonists? Why do we not exchange our lumber and bread-stuffs for their capital sugar, coffee, pimento, etc.? For Canadian invalids, who seek a southern winter, there can be no better place than Jamaica.

St. Kitts is interesting as being the mother colony of the West Indies. It was actually settled by British colonists in 1623; whereas Barbadoes, which enjoys the unique distinction of never having been under a foreign flag, although visited in 1605, was not finally settled till 1625. It is purely a sugar island. The things to see here are a volcano, which one hopes is extinct, and which bears the cheerful name of Mount Misery, and a huge mass of volcanic rock, called Brimstone Hill, which was once strongly fortified by the Government, and obtained the name of the "Gibraltar of the West Indies." The fortifications have now been dismantled.

In the English Harbour, at

Nevis, two hours' drive from St. John's, the capital, Nelson refitted his fleet, and so made possible the great victory of Trafalgar, after he had chased the French admiral Villeneuve to the West Indies and back again.

Dominica is one of the prettiest of the West Indian islands, and as it produces fruit and cocoa in addition to sugar, one is not distressed, as in the purely sugar-producing islands, by evidences of depression. The Boiling Lake, a geyser of boiling sulphur, 300 feet long by 200 feet wide, is one of the most curious things to be seen in the West Indies. It is a weird place among huge boulders and spouting springs of many colours. Every now and then it is emptied by some subterranean channel, and then reappears.

The scenery of Trinidad is unsurpassed for grandeur and beauty in the whole of the West Indies, but the great lion is, of course, the wonderful Pitch Lake of La Brea. This huge lake covers ninety-nine acres, and brings in an annual revenue of £15,000. It is the most uncanny and curious sight imaginable, this vast expanse of brown pitch, with streamlets of clear water running over it in all directions. In places it is quite soft, and you can pick up the pitch and handle it without soiling your hands, thus contradicting the well-known proverb.

[Would not the comprehension of the British West Indies, as well as the Bermudas, within the jurisdiction of the Canadian Methodist Church be eminently feasible, and contribute probably to their ultimate inclusion in the Dominion?—Ed.]

KNIGHTED.

Only a word—but I knew!
Merely a touch—but I grew,
Healed and whole and blest,
Strong for the quest!

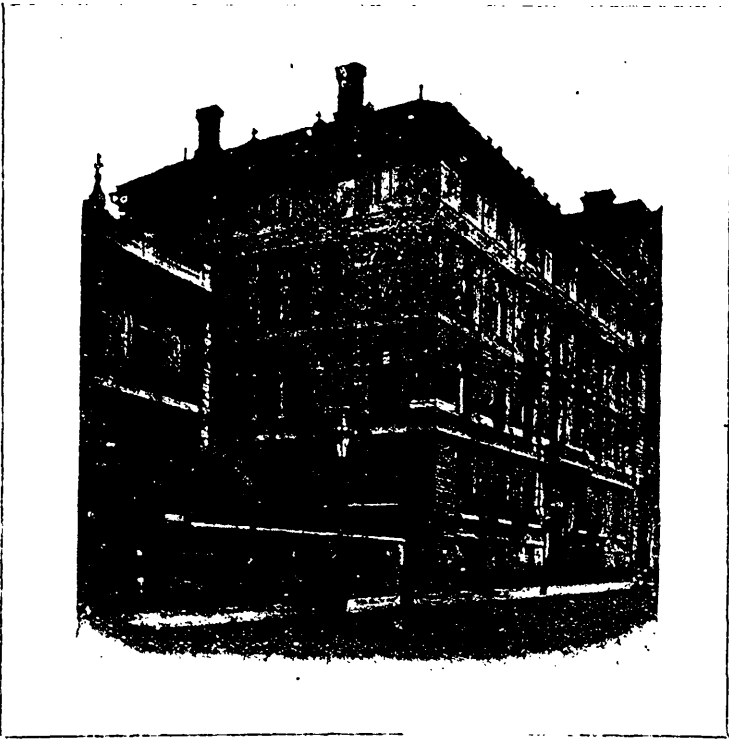
Only a word—but I went
Into my banishment,

Singing your name and glad—
New G- had!

And you—did you know or guess
How your face leaned to bless;
How of your faith was made
God's accolade?

—By Arthur Ketchum.

THE BOOK OF THE NATIONS.



THE BIBLE HOUSE, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C.



A HUNDRED years ago a little Welsh girl travelled thirty miles on foot to beg or buy from the Rev. Thomas Charles, a Welsh Methodist minister, a copy of the Word of God. Mr. Charles, after vain efforts to obtain a sufficient number of copies of the Scripture to feed the famine of the bread of life, proposed to organize a society for that purpose. "And if for Wales, why not for the kingdom, and for the world?" A public meeting was held March 7th in London, and the British and Foreign Bible Society was organized with a fund of £700. In 1806, when

the first waggon full of Bibles came into Wales "it was received like the Ark of the Covenant, and the people with shouts of great joy dragged it into the city."

That little Welsh girl by her thirty miles' walk across mountains and moor began a mightier work than she or any one then or since living could conceive. How great a matter a little flame kindleth. The story of the world-wide operations of the Bible Society is one surpassing romance. It is fitting, after the passing of a hundred years, to review briefly that achievement, and to say, "What has God wrought," and to forecast its mighty future, and say, "In the name of the Lord we will go forward."

The prologge.



W^have here translated

(brethern and susters moost dere and tenderly beloved in Christ) the new Testament for youre spirituall edifyinge / consolacion / and solas:

Exhortyng instantly and besichyng those that are better sene in the tonge then y / and that have hyer gysst of grace to interpret the sence of the scripture / and meanyng of the scripture / then y / to consyde and ponde my labour / and that with the spryte

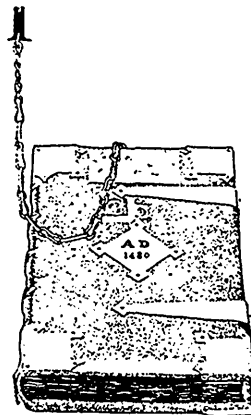
of mekenes. And yf they perceyve in any places that y have not attained the very sence of the tonge / or meanyng of the scripture / or have not given the right engysse the worde / that they put to here hand to amend it / remembryng that so is there due tye to doo. For we have not receyved the gysst of god for oure selues only / or for to hyde them: but for to bestowe them unto the honomyng of god and christ / and edifyinge of the congregacion / which is the body of christ.

FAC-SIMILE OF PART OF THE PROLOGUE TO TYNDALE'S NEW TESTAMENT.

We are in the habit of thinking that a book has achieved a great success when it attains a circulation of 100,000. When it reaches seven figures, and the publisher announces the sale of one million, the fact is recorded by the press, and we regard it as something phenomenal. And when to this is added the boast that it has been translated into several European languages, we speak of it as one of the most remarkable books of the age. Yet how many people realize that there is one book of which hundreds of million of copies have been circulated, complete, or in parts, and this in hundreds of different languages.

The British and Foreign Bible Society was founded in 1804, its sole object being to translate the Bible into all the languages of mankind, to publish the versions and,

finally, to circulate them over the whole face of the inhabited globe. The first book to be issued by the Society was St. John's Gospel in



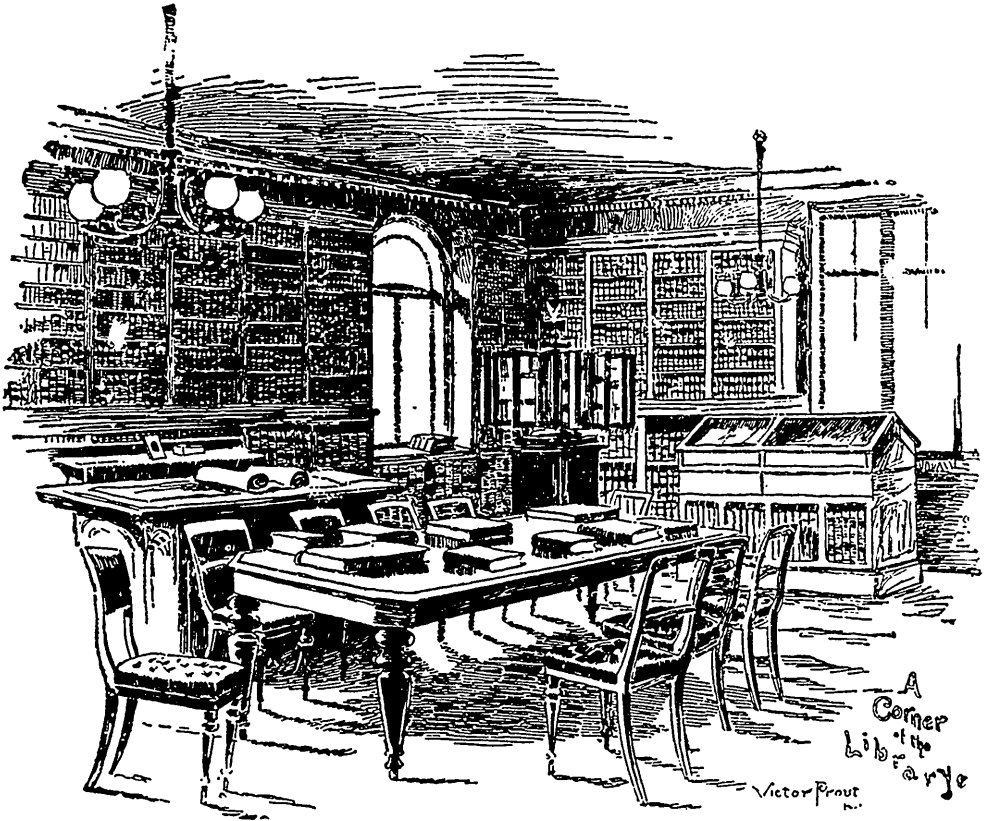
A CHAINED BIBLE.

So precious was the Word of God that it was chained to a desk in the churches and the people assembled in crowds to hear it read.

*King's College,
Windsor Castle - March 8. 1897*

*"On Earth peace,
"Good will toward Men."*

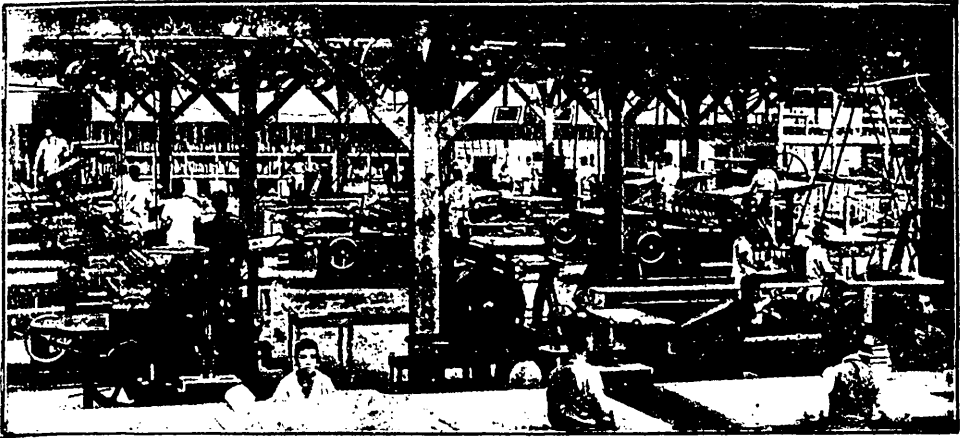
FAC-SIMILE OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S INSCRIPTION IN NEW TESTAMENT OF WHICH
300 COPIES WERE ISSUED TO THE SCHOOLS OF AUSTRALIA AS A
SOUVENIR OF THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.



*A
Corner
of the
Library*

Victor Prout

THE LIBRARY, BIBLE HOUSE, LONDON.



ROOM IN A JAPANESE PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT WHERE SCRIPTURES ARE PRINTED FOR THE BIBLE SOCIETY'S WORK IN JAPAN.

Mohawk, for the Red Indians on the Mohawk River.

Since that small volume went forth to carry the Gospel to a far-off people in their own tongue, the Society has issued over 180,000,000 copies of the Scripture, complete, or in parts. Two thousand volumes are sent out every working hour, from January to December. A century ago the Bible was current in about forty different languages. To-day the Bible, or some portion of it, is published in over four hundred languages; no fewer than three hundred and seventy appear on the Society's list, which includes every great vernacular of the world. Over sixty different sets of characters are employed in printing these languages, some of which read from right to left, or from the top straight downwards in vertical columns, and some from the last page to the first.

When the Bible Society was founded, the Bible was a sealed book to four out of every five of the inhabitants of the earth; to-day the Bible lies open, more or less completely, to seven out of every ten human beings. And towards this result the British and Foreign

Bible Society has contributed more than all other agencies put together. But the ideal of the Bible Society is not only to provide the Bible in every language, but especially to secure one Bible in each language. Whatever else divides Christian missionaries in a foreign field, at least they should be able to appeal to one and the same version of the Holy Scripture. At the present time about 1,000 linguist missionaries and native assistants are organized into translation and revision committees in many distant parts of the world, working under the Society's auspices and mainly at its expense.

It is difficult to realize the immense labour involved in translating a single Gospel into the speech of some savage tribe. First of all, that speech must be learnt by daily familiar intercourse with the savages themselves—an arduous and perplexing task. Then there remains the most trying problem of all, which is not linguistic, but ethical—to discover terms which will convey to the untutored folk the moral and spiritual ideas of Christianity. They have no names and no thoughts to correspond with



THE FIRST BIBLE-CART IN MANCHURIA. IT WAS DESIGNED BY COLPORTEUR WANG SAO TOUN, WHO IS SEATED ON THE RIGHT OF THE CART.

the greatest watchwords of the Gospel. And so it becomes necessary not only to convert and to baptize the natives, but to convert their very words from foul and cruel meanings, and to baptize their vocabulary into the service of Christ.

Plainly such work as this possesses a high scientific interest and value. From one point of view the Bible Society appears as a great philological institute. It has actually crystallized and given shape to languages of barbarous tribes which before had no alphabet in existence. In addition to preparing the Scriptures for the people, the Bible Society is also engaged in circulating them far and wide. Last year it issued over six million copies complete or in parts. This was partly accomplished by colporteurs and Bible-women abroad. Its eight hundred and fifty colporteurs sold over 1,830,000 copies. The So-

ciety's grants for colporteurs during the past year amounted to £43,282. It also supports over six hundred and fifty native Christian Bible-women in the East, in connection with nearly fifty different missionary organizations.

As the work of the Society expanded and its translations increased, it was found necessary to devise some means by which the books could be placed within the reach of the people for whom they were intended. It was not sufficient merely to provide a store of Bibles at some central spot—the books must be sent out among the nations, whether far or near, for whom they had been prepared. More than this, they must be taken to men's doors, put into their hands, and a word of commendation or testimony added, if, by such means, further souls could be induced to search the Scriptures.

In order to supply the outlying

portions of the world, no less than the cities, with the Scriptures, the Bible Society decided to employ colporteurs—men who tramp the country like pedlars, with packs of books upon their backs, going from house to house, and from village to village, offering the Word of God to the people in their own tongue, at prices which the poorest can afford to pay.

The colporteur is usually a native of the country in which he is employed. These men are consequently of all nationalities, and all shades of colour—white Europeans, black Africans, yellow Chinamen, red Indians, brown Malays; wherever native Christians are available to carry the Gospel to their fellow-countrymen, the Society endeavours to engage some for the work.

As a rule, the colporteur plods along on foot, bearing his load of Scriptures. In Manchuria he carries his cases of books suspended from each end of a long bamboo cane, which he dextrously balances over his shoulder. Around Rome he travels in a donkey-carriage. In Madrid a donkey walks beside the Bible-man, laden with volumes. In mountainous districts, such as many parts of South America, the colporteur trusts to the sure-footed mule. In the Far East he uses a bullock-cart. In Siberia he travels by sledge. In the Soudan and in Mongolia he crosses the deserts with a small caravan of camels. In the Australian bush he uses a covered cart, in which he sleeps and lives during his long journeys. Where the rivers are the main highways of traffic, as in many parts of Russia and China, the colporteur travels by boat, selling his books at the villages and huts along the banks. These men encounter many hardships and endure at times great privations. Some have even forfeited their lives in their efforts to take the Bible to their fellow-countrymen. Last year,



TWO BIBLE COLPORTEURS IN ALEXANDRIA.
Both these men are natives of Nazareth.

one of the Society's colporteurs in Morocco, and another in China, suffered a martyr's death.

Curious things are offered by people who have no money in exchange for the Word of God. When the Bible Society sent out the Scriptures to the Hottentots in Namaqualand, South Africa, one man said to the missionary, "If you will let me have a Bible I will do three days' work in your garden." In the Sunday-school, when the missionary announced that he had Bibles for sale, one child said, "I have a goat; I shall buy a Bible for myself." Another said, "I will run and ask my father for a goat." In this way goats were turned into Bibles. In San Salvador the Society's agent was given candles in payment for the Scriptures. A beehive, potatoes, and a pair of wooden



COLPORTEUR ROHRSETZER AND HIS MULE READY
FOR A JOURNEY IN BOLIVIA.

skates have been offered the colporteur in Scandinavia. In Uganda the natives bring their cowrie-shells; in the New Hebrides they collect and prepare copra and arrowroot. In Morocco, a corpporteur writes: "Only a few of the people could pay in cash; the rest offered eggs or butter, and one boy brought a hatchet in exchange for a Gospel." In Kashmir a Bible-man was offered honey by the hillmen.

A Swiss missionary on the West Coast of Africa writes: "In payment for the Scriptures I have had to accept swords, daggers, sandals, amulets, or native-made straw hats." In Mongolia, where the nomads have no money, the Society's agent has had to barter the Scriptures for sour milk, rotten

cheese, pieces of silk, and fuel. A translator in the Solomon Islands says: "You would smile if you could see the 'curios' paid for the Gospels—dog's teeth, shells and combs." When the Gospel of St. Luke was being printed in Tahiti, the Tahitian islanders came to the mission with lengths of fishing nets, and bamboo canes of cocoanut oil and waited patiently for days till their copies were printed off. The Eskimos, on the coast of Labrador, offered the Moravian missionaries sea-birds' eggs and casks of seal-oil in grateful acknowledgment of the Scriptures sent them by the Bible Society.

One commanding feature of the Society's work is the way it aids all foreign missions. In beginning work in a foreign field, the desire of every Protestant missionary is to have some portion of the Bible translated into the language of the people of the country, in order that they may learn to read God's Word for themselves. But the work of translation and publication is

costly, as well as laborious, and the funds of the missionary societies are seldom adequate to supply the barest necessities of the workers in their various fields. If these societies had also to produce the Bible in the multitudes of languages they require, their work would be severely handicapped, and in many cases practically paralyzed. The Bible Society, by confining itself exclusively to the work of translation and diffusion, is able to aid all missionary societies, leaving them free to devote their whole energies to the work of evangelization. At the present time the translations and revisions are proceeding in more than one hundred different languages, while about one thousand representative missionaries and na-



NATIVE CHRISTIAN BIBLE-WOMEN IN BENGAL.

tive assistants are organized into committees in various parts of the world. Their work in the majority of cases is being supervised and financed by the Bible Society.

As a rule, the Scriptures needed for the foreign field are sent out by the Bible Society, free of cost, and carriage paid, to the missionaries at their distant stations. In return, the missionaries remit to the Bible house any proceeds arising from copies which they sell, after deducting the expenses of circulation. At best only a fraction of what the Bible Society expends on the preparation and delivery of these missionary versions can ever come back to it (as the result of such sales, last year, only forty per cent.), while the missionaries obtain all the Scriptures they require without any cost whatever to their own societies.

In addition to its eight hundred and seventy colporteurs, the Society also employs six hundred and fifty native Christian Bible-women in Eastern lands, to work among their illiterate and neglected sisters, who are doomed to pass their lives in

seclusion, cut off from all religious teaching outside their own homes. The Bible-women, who are under the supervision of the missionaries, visit the women's quarters, reading the Scriptures to the inmates, and teaching any who may be willing to learn to read for themselves.

An Englishman, accustomed to find his mother-tongue suffice his needs in the world's great centres, seldom comprehends how limited, after all, is its actual utility. In Africa, for instance, there are scores of tribes speaking languages the very names of which are scarcely known to us in the British Isles—the Lolo language, spoken by ten millions of people on the equatorial tributaries of the Congo; Galla, the language of a fierce tribe of about six millions in Abyssinia; Fanti, spoken by two millions on the Guinea Coast.

One of the most remarkable aids to Bible translation was the syllabic characters invented by the Rev. James Evans, pioneer missionary in the North-West. By the use of a few simple figures he was able to

represent the sounds of the Cree language so simply and effectively that intelligent Indians could in a few hours learn to read, even though their own dialect had never before been committed to writing. This system was speedily adopted by the British and Foreign Bible Society for the printing of the Scriptures in the Cree and many cognate languages. It has even been used in the form of raised characters for the instruction of the blind natives of China, who number about two million souls.

Mr. Evans' patience and perse-

ments, he was deeply stirred, and walking up and down the room, declared that men had received a tomb and monument in Westminster Abbey, who had not done as much for the welfare of the race.

The Rev. Arthur H. Bestall, of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, one of the chief revisers of the Burmese Bible, for the Bible Society, writes :

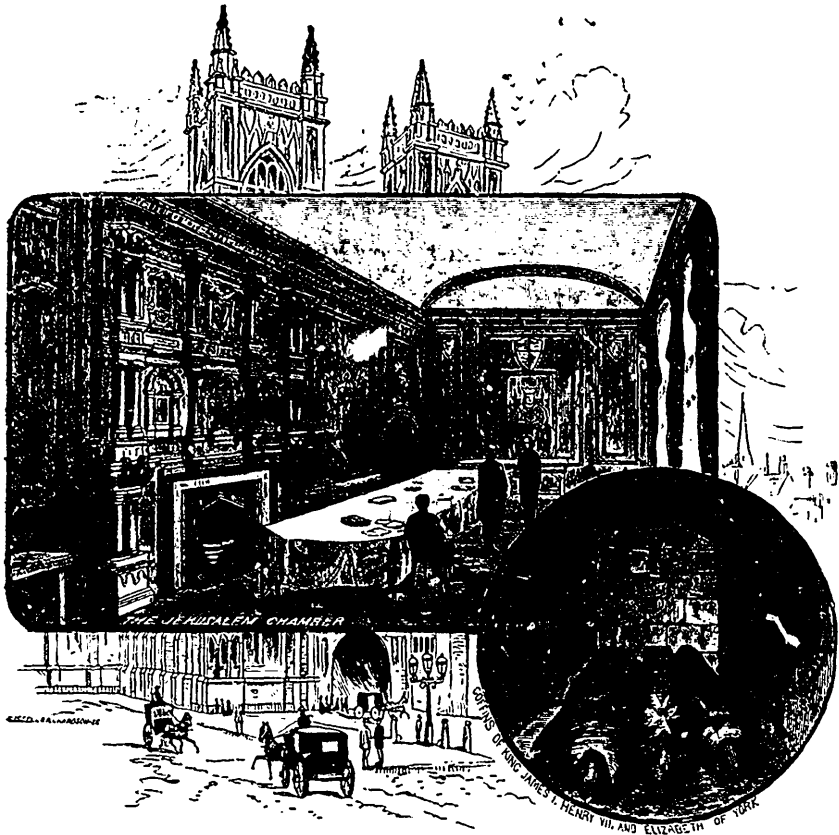
"I send a small picture of a grass and bamboo hut. On the plains of Burma the thermometer for three months ranges from 100 deg. to 110 deg. Fahrenheit in our houses, and



ONE OF THE SOCIETY'S COLPORTEURS WITH HIS BOOKS AND BICYCLE IN MILAN.

verance in printing his first selections of the Scriptures, hymns, and catechisms were as remarkable as his genius in inventing the characters. He procured sheets of lead, which lined the tea chests imported by the Hudson's Bay Company, and from them cast metal type. For ink he used a fluid mixture of gunpowder ; for paper the thin bark of the birch-tree. The pages were neatly sewn by deer thongs or tough fibre into little books. When Lord Dufferin was told at Rideau Hall, by the Rev. E. R. Young, of this man's achieve-

it is very difficult to get through much work requiring concentrated mental effort. Hence as Government has opened a hill station only forty miles away from Mandalay, I have built this hut at Maynugo, where the temperature is 20 deg. lower than in ex-king Theebaw's capital, and where breezes blow and English violets grow ! There, for a week at a time, I am able to pursue the work of preparing the Gospels for the press. I hope the picture of the little hut may be of interest to many. It is called 'The Bible Hut !' and although it only cost



JERUSALEM CHAMBER AND ROYAL CRYPT, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

hour of noon, for before that she was engaged distributing a loaf of bread and a pound of beef each to thirty-nine poor persons, in accordance with a bequest, which had been current for several hundred years.

The influence upon the language and literature, the thought and life of all English-speaking people for well-nigh three hundred years of the Authorized Version of the Word of God, what pen could write or mind conceive?

The latest event which makes this famous chamber a place of attraction to the thousands who cross its threshold from year to year, was the Committee for the Revising of the Holy Scriptures, who met there from 1870 to 1879.

It has been said that this Committee represented a broader scholarship, a profounder learning, a keener critical ability, a more unsectarian bias, a broader philanthropy, and a more evangelical Christianity than any previous assembly of revisers or translators ever possessed.

The committee held eighty-five sessions, and on the day which witnessed the completion of their work the Dean of Lichfield composed the following sonnet in commemoration :

“ Propitious hour! in which we saw with joy
Our hopes well-nigh fulfilled, the approaching end
Of nearly nine years' toil. The Almighty Friend

Has blessed our work, and given us to enjoy
His peace throughout this dignified employ.
His love has been our banner on our road !
His truth has led us—truth without alloy !
Therefore, we knelt, and humbly thanked
our God.

Glory to God ! for he our minds has taught
To shed some rays of light, which he has
given,

Upon the abiding Word which came from
heaven ;

Contented we, if through our careful thought
These living waters henceforth flow more
clear,

The longing soul to satisfy and cheer.”

A German historian, General Von Rudloff, has said, “that a more zealous, intelligent, and learned body of divines seldom, if ever, met in Christendom.”

A hundred years ago, the Scriptures had been printed in but three African languages, Coptic, Ethiopic, and Arabic ; to-day the British and Foreign Bible Society publishes the Bible, complete, or in portions, in eighty of the languages indigenous to Africa, apart from those needed by the Europeans or Asiatics who have taken up their abode in the continent. The diversity of tongues to be found in one country is often a matter of surprise. Last year, the Society's agent sold the Scriptures in fifty-three languages in the Russian Empire ; in twenty languages in Austria ; in twenty-eight languages in Burma ; in over thirty in South Malaysia ; in fifty-three in the Egyptian agency ; while in Capetown the Bible-women sold copies in fourteen different languages.

The miracle of Pentecost is thus repeated, and men of all the babbling tongues of earth read in their own mother tongue wherein they were born the Word of God.

It is interesting to note that the Society is often permitted to work in countries that are closed to ordinary missionary enterprise. For instance, in the Empire of Russia Church and State alike give the Society's representatives encouragement and assistance, granting them free rail and steamer passes and free carriage for the Bibles.

The Soudan is another case in point. Since our occupation, after the defeat of the Mahdi, it has been deemed advisable, for political reasons that aggressive missionary work should not be permitted as yet among the Moslem population. But the Bible Society three years ago was allowed to establish a depot at Omdurman, in the market-place ; and there, for more than three years, it has been selling the Scriptures in a dozen different languages, while native Christian colporteurs are at work on the Blue and White Nile.

Despite the wide extent of work accomplished during the Bible Society's first century, much still remains to be done. There are millions of the human race speaking languages into which not so much as a single Gospel has yet been translated. The cry on every side is for more colporteurs and Bible-women to aid the missionaries, more especially in the outlying portions of the mission field. The advance of missions makes yearly increasing demands on the Society. The spread of education, especially in foreign countries, is raising up tens of thousands of new readers every year.

In order to meet the many imperious fresh claims that are pressing upon the Society from every side, it is proposed to celebrate its hundredth birthday by raising a special Centenary Fund of at least 250,000 guineas, which is to be devoted to the enlargement of its work in all departments. His Majesty the King, who as Prince of Wales laid the foundation stone of the present Bible House in Queen Victoria Street, E.C., has headed the list with one hundred guineas. The Prince of Wales and the Parent Committee have contributed ten thousand guineas. The fund has already reached over fifty-eight thousand guineas. Contributions in Canada may be sent to Mr. John Young, the Bible Society Depositary, 103 Yonge Street, Toronto.

THE RADIO-ACTIVE ELEMENTS.*

BY MADAME SKŁODOWSKA-CURIE.



Y investigations of radio-active substances have been carried on for some four years. I began my researches with a study of the radiations of uranium, which had been discovered by M. Becquerel. Such an interesting vista of possible original discovery was unfolded that my husband, M. Curie, gave up what work he had in hand in order to take part in my labours. We put forth our united efforts to the task of isolating some new radio-active substances and pursuing the study of them.

One point is definitely established from the chemical point of view. This is the existence of a new chemical element, strongly radio-active—the metal radium. The preparation of pure chloride of radium and the determination of the atomic weight of radium itself constitute the most important part of my personal work. At the same time that my labours have added a new element with certain very curious properties to those already

known, a new method of chemical investigation has also been established and confirmed by experiment. This new method is based upon radio-activity, considered as an atomic property of matter. It is exactly this property which has served M. Curie and myself so well in the discovery of radium.

The discovery of radio-activity is due to the researches that followed Prof. Roentgen's announcement, when it was noted that there were effects upon photographic plates due to certain phosphorescent and fluorescent substances. There was a question whether the emission of the Roentgen ray was not always necessarily accompanied by the production of fluorescence, whatever might be the cause of this last phenomenon.

Becquerel's observations on uranium at first seemed to be nothing more than a further example of this phenomenon of fluorescence. Subsequent experiments, however, showed that the results obtained had nothing to do with fluorescence. It was not necessary that the uranium salts should be exposed to the light. Uranium itself and all its compounds acted in the same man-

* Abridged from *The Independent*, the editor of which remarks: "When the new wonders of radium were announced to the world a few months ago not the least part of the surprise was due to the rumour that a woman was associated with the remarkable discovery. In some quarters, however, a doubt was thrown on the effective collaboration of Mme. Curie with her husband and others. But the perusal of the following pages will show that Professor Curie is rather the helpmate of his wife in this magnificent piece of scientific work. Professor Pierre Curie fills the chair of physics in one of the scientific schools of the great Paris University, and Mme. Curie, who is of Polish origin, has been recognized for several years in French scientific circles

as a force, especially in laboratory work. She was born at Warsaw in 1867 and was educated in the college of that city. Coming to Paris in 1891, she took up scientific studies at the university, where she received the master's degree in physics and mathematics. She married Professor Pierre Curie in 1895, and in the next year passed the examination which permitted her to become candidate for a professorship in girls' colleges. In 1900 she was appointed Professor of Physics in the State Woman's Normal School at Sèvres, near Paris. She has published two or three works on physical subjects, and is about to defend a thesis before the Paris University, when she will take her doctor's degree, the highest degree given in France."

ner, and metallic uranium was the most active of all. M. Becquerel found afterward that when compounds of uranium were kept in complete darkness they still continued, even for years, to act on photographic plates through black paper. Becquerel then claimed that uranium and its compounds emitted special radiations, which he named uranium rays. These have since been called Becquerel rays by scientists generally. Becquerel proved also that these radiations can penetrate thin metallic plates, and that they are capable of discharging electrified bodies.

After the discovery of the uranium or Becquerel rays investigations were made in order to discover other substances that might act in the same way. Schmidt, a German observer, was the first to publish the fact that thorium and its compounds have the same radiating quality. My own investigations had led me to the same discovery at the same time. When I published my work on this question in April, 1898, I had as yet no knowledge of M. Schmidt's publication. I called substances which emitted rays, as do uranium and thorium, radio-active, and this name has been generally adopted since.

I continued my investigations for the purpose of finding further radio-active substances. I became especially interested in a number of minerals, some of which had shown themselves active in this way. The most promising were pitchblende, chalcocite, autunite, monazite, thorite, orangite, fergusonite, and cleveite. All of these radio-active minerals contain either uranium or thorium. Their radio-activity was not a matter of astonishment, but the intensity of the radial phenomena was beyond all expectation. For instance, there were certain pitchblendes, mineral oxides of uranium, which were found to be

four times more active than metallic uranium itself. Chalcocite, a crystallized phosphate of copper and of uranium, was found to be twice as active as uranium. Autunite, a phosphate of uranium and of lime, was at least as active as pure uranium. These facts were not in accord with preceding observations, for so far no mineral had proved itself more active than uranium or thorium.

It became very probable that if pitchblende, chalcocite, and autunite have a radio-activity so marked, it is because these substances contain in small quantities some strongly radio-active material differing from uranium, from thorium, and from the simple chemical elements so far known. It was this hypothesis that tempted M. Curie to join me in the effort to extract from pitchblende a new radio-active substance.

Observations made upon pitchblende enabled us to establish the existence in this mineral of two substances strongly radio-active, though chemically different. One of these was polonium, which we found and named in our own laboratory, and the other was radium, which we discovered in collaboration with M. Bémont.

Polonium is a substance rather closely related to bismuth in its chemical properties and associated with it in chemical separations.

Radium is a substance which constantly accompanies the barium obtained from pitchblende. A third strongly radio-active substance was discovered by M. Debierne, who gave it the name of actinium. Actinium is associated with certain iron compounds contained in the pitchblende.

All three of the new radio-active substances are found in pitchblende in absolutely infinitesimal quantities. In order to obtain them in a concentrated state we have been

obliged to treat several tons of the residue of uranium mineral. We are able to extract from these thousands of pounds of primary material a few decigrammes of substances which are prodigiously radio-active, as compared with the mineral from which they come. Needless to say, the work is long and difficult and costly.

Fortunately, we have had the aid—for which we are very glad to offer our thanks and acknowledge our obligations—of many who have been very ready to help us.

Quite recently the Institute of France has placed at our disposal the sum of 20,000 francs (about \$4,000) for the extraction of radio-active materials. Thanks to this sum, we have been able to begin the chemical treatment of some five tons of mineral. This work is, however, as yet unfinished.

As a result of our successful labours certain other new radio-active substances have been announced as discovered.

Personally, I occupied myself especially with the work of isolating radium and polonium. Notwithstanding almost constant application for several years, I have succeeded only with regard to the first of these substances. As pitchblende was a costly mineral, we could not at first deal with large quantities of it. After the extraction of a certain amount of the uranium, which gives pitchblende its value, the insoluble residue is considered valueless. This residue contains a number of radio-active substances, its radio-activity being four and a half times greater than that of metallic uranium.

Some idea of the difficulties that remain may be obtained from the fact that besides the principal ingredients—sulphates of lead and calcium, some silica, aluminum, and oxide of iron—practically all the metals in larger or smaller

quantities are contained in the residue.

In studying the radiations emitted by radio-active substances, one may make use of any of the properties of the radiating power. For instance, one may utilize the action of the rays on photographic plates, or their power of ionizing the air and making it a conductor, or their power of provoking fluorescence in certain substances. The first two methods have been employed since the beginning of the investigation of uranium rays. The fluoroscopic method can only be applied to new material, strongly radio-active, for substances which are feebly radio-active, as uranium and thorium, do not produce any appreciable fluorescence. The electrical method is the only one which gives an exact idea of the intensity of any given set of radiations. The two others are especially suitable for giving qualitative results, and do not furnish any definite ideas of intensity.

The penetrating power of the rays is a very important quality. I have found that radium emits rays which can be observed in the air at several metres distance. After a certain distance, however, the intensity of the radiation varies sensibly, diminishing in proportion to the square of the distance traversed.

The radiations from polonium are propagated in the air for a distance of only a few centimetres. Its rays are extremely absorbable and can only traverse solid plates that are very thin. The difference in absorption of the rays in solid plates constitutes a fundamental difference between radium and polonium. Some radium rays, for instance, pass through a considerable thickness of solid matter, for example, several centimetres of lead or glass. These rays are extremely penetrating, and are not absorbed by anything, no matter what its size or composition.

Certain interesting effects of radium have been considered as possibly of practical utility in the arts.

From the beginning of the investigations on radio-active substances the spontaneity of their radiation has been a problem which has had the greatest interest for all students and investigators in physics. To-day we are further advanced in our knowledge of radio-active substances, and we know how to isolate one radio-active body of great radiant power—radium. While the nature of radiation is actually better known than before, the cause of spontaneous radio-activity remains as much of a mystery as ever, and this phenomenon is still an enigma for us. Spontaneously active substances, and, above all, radium, are sources of energy. The amount of energy to which they give rise is revealed to us by the radiations of Becquerel and by the chemical and luminous effects produced, and the fact that there is a constant disengagement of heat.

It has been asked, then, if the energy thus manifested is created in the radio-active substances themselves, or, rather, if it is not borrowed by them from external sources. None of the numerous hypotheses which have been founded on these two methods of viewing the question have as yet received any experimental confirmation.

The supposition can be made that radio-active energy was stored up long ago, and that it exhausts itself little by little, somewhat as is the case with phosphorescence of long duration. The supposition may also be made that the radio-active energy manifested corresponds to a transformation of the nature of the atoms of the radiant substance which may be in process of evolution. The fact that radium gives out heat continuously speaks for this hypothesis. The supposition

can be made that the transformation of energy is accompanied by a loss of weight and by the emission of material particles which constitute the radiation. The source of energy may also be looked for in the force of gravitation. Finally, a last supposition is that space is constantly traversed by radiations as yet unknown which are arrested in their passage through radio-active substances and there transformed into radio-active energy.

There are many reasons for and against these diverse methods of viewing the problem. Attempts at the experimental verification of the application of such hypotheses have given negative results. The radio-active energy of uranium and of radium does not appear, so far at least, to become exhausted in any way, or even to experience any appreciable variation in the course of time.

While our researches have not given as definite results as we would wish, they have given rise to a scientific movement of an entirely original character. The investigations, particularly with regard to radium, have proved a starting point for a number of investigations with regard to new radio-active substances and to the enthusiastic studies of the radiation of such substances already known.

The Independent pays the following tribute to the part played by a Canadian physicist in the development of this great discovery :

We have observed that while scholars in the United States have shown a creditable enterprise and have done their full share of new research in certain departments, such as astronomy and geology, their record in chemistry and physics has been an inadequate one. The great discoveries in these branches in late years, that of argon, helium, and neon, and later

that of radium and polonium, as also the discovery and investigation of the Roentgen rays, the Becquerel rays, and, latest, of the extraordinary behaviour of radium, have all been the prize of European study.

But now we learn with much satisfaction that a Canadian physicist, Professor Rutherford, of McGill University, has been making some investigations of the first importance as to the emanations from the three allied elements, thorium, uranium, and radium. He finds, as reported in an extremely interesting article in the *May Contemporary Review*, that the emanation from these substances can no more be affected by heat or by chemical change than can their weight. The emanation of rays, which are actually substantial, is constantly going on, and must have been going on continuously for millions of years. It is a question why, then, they are not wholly evaporated, as it is another question what becomes of the gaseous substance of the emanation.

Professor Rutherford raises the question whether it is not one of the rare gases, like helium, produced by the breaking up of a very composite element. He finds that while the emanations are so infinitesimally minute that they cannot be caught and weighed, and they might escape from an ounce of the element for

a thousand years without any loss of weight discoverable by the balance, yet their presence can be electrically discovered. Further, the emanations from thorium or uranium can be conveyed in a tube around the room and are lost at a regular rate. By extreme cold they can be condensed, like the gases, so as to be quite dormant, but will reappear when the temperature rises. Professor Rutherford compares the behaviour of the emanations from these elements and the vastly stronger ones from radium, and his investigations bring us somewhat nearer to a comprehension of the nature of chemical atoms.

It is known that an atom of hydrogen contains not less than a thousand electrons—that is, smaller atoms—each conveying a charge of electricity. An atom of thorium, uranium or radium will contain more than two hundred times as many, and they seem to be loosely attached, as if crowded in their motions, and are constantly flying off. We believe that about five grains of radium is all that Mme. Curie has yet made, hardly the weight of a pinch of snuff; and yet they say this minute amount of this extraordinary and enigmatical substance, which melts ice indefinitely with no discoverable source of heat, has energy to make the walls of her laboratory glow at night.

CHRIST, PITY MY BLINDNESS.

BY FLORENCE LIFFITON.

Christ, pity my blindness
And shine on my night.
Shed Thy loving-kindness
Around as the light.

With sins that encumber
I turn me to Thee
Whose mercies outnumber
The sands of the sea.

By Thy love forsaken
And mourning apart
O what shall awaken
The song in my heart!

O hear my confession
Of evil within.
Forgive my transgression
And purge me from sin.

Toronto.

A SINGULAR LIFE.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD.*

"What is that to thee? Follow thou me."

—Jesus Christ.

VIII.



APTAIN HAP had reached the years when a trip to the Grand Banks is hard work, dory fishing off the coast a doubtful pleasure, and even yachting in an industrial capacity is a burden. He had a quick eye, a kind heart, a soft foot, and the gentle touch strangely enough sometimes to be found in hands that have hauled in the cod-line and the main-sheet for fifty years. In short, Captain Hap made an excellent nurse, and sometimes served his day and generation in that capacity.

Bayard lay on the straw mattress under the photograph of Leonardo's Christ, and thoughtfully watched Captain Hap. It was the first day that conversation had presented itself to the sick man in the light of a privilege; and he worked up to the luxury slowly through intervals of delicious silence.

"Captain Hap, I am quite well now—as you see. I must speak next Sunday."

"Call it Sunday arter," suggested "Cap'n Hay!"

"It was only a scratch on the head—wasn't it, Cap'n? And this cold. It is a bad cold."

"For a cold, yes, sir; quite a cold. You see, it anchored onto your lungs; there air folks that call such colds inflammation. That there cut on the head was a beautiful cut, sir; it healed as healthy as a collie dog's, or a year-old baby's. We'll have you round, now, sir, before you can say Cap'n Hap!"

"Cap'n Hap!"

"Well, sir?"

"You've done something for me—I don't know just what; whether it's my life that's saved, or only a big doctor's bill."

"Ask Mrs. Granite, sir, and that there handy girl of hers; we're all in it. You kept the whole crew on deck for a few days. You was a sick man—for a spell."

"Captain, I am a well man now; and there's one thing I will know. I've asked you before. I've asked you when I was out of my head, and I've asked you when I was in it, and I've never got an answer yet. Now I'm going to have it."

"Be you?" said Captain Hap. His small, dark, soft eyes twinkled gently; but they took on lustre of metal across the iris; as if a spark of iron or flint had hit them.

"It is time," said Bayard, "that I knew all about it."

"Meaning"—began the captain softly.

"Meaning everything," said Bayard impatiently. "The whole story. It's the best thing for me. I dream about it so."

"Yes, I've noticed your dreams was bad," replied the nurse, soothingly.

"Captain, where's the 'Clara Em'?"

"To the bottom," responded the fisherman cheerfully.

"And the men? The crew? Her captain? Job Slip? How many were drowned? Out with it, Cap'n! I'm not very easy to deceive, when I'm ir. my senses. You may as well tell me everything."

"Mebbe I mought," observed the captain. "Sometimes it's the best way. There wasn't but one of 'em drowned, sir,—more's the pity."

Bayard uttered an exclamation of shocked rebuke and indignation; but the old captain sat rocking to and fro in Mrs. Granite's best wooden rock'ng-chair, with the placid expression of those who rest from their labours, and are not afraid that their works should follow them.

"Fellars that'll take a new fisherman—a regular dandy like that—and smash her onto Ragged Rock, bein' in the condition those fellars were, ain't worth savin'!" said the seaman severely. "Your treasurer here, J. B. S. Bond, he says last time he come to see you, says he: 'The whole of 'em warn't worth our minister!'"

"I must speak to Mr. Bond about that," said the young man with a clerical ring in his voice. "It wasn't a proper thing for him to say. Who was drowned, Captain Hap?"

"Only Johnny," replied the captain indifferently. "He was born drunk, Johnny was; his father was so before him; and three uncles. He ain't any great loss."

"Did you see Johnny's mother, Captain,—on the cliff, there,—that night?"

"I didn't take notice of her particular," replied Captain Hap comfortably. "I see several women round. There's usually a good many on the rocks, such times."

"Well, you've got me," said Bayard with a smiling sigh. "I'm a little too weak to play the parson on you yet, you Christian heathen—you stony-hearted minister of mercy!"

"Sho!" said the captain. "'Tain't fair to call names. I can't hit back; on a sick man."

"Very well," said Bayard, sinking back on his thin, small pillows.

"Just go ahead and tell me the whole business, then. Where is Job Slip?"

"Off haddockin'."

"Sober?"

"So far. He's come over here half a dozen times, but the doctor wouldn't let him up to see you. His wife come, too. That woman, she'd kiss the pebbles underneath your rubber boots."

"Where's Johnny's mother?"

"They took her to the Widders' Home yesterday. Some of 'em screeches all the way over. Folks say she never said nothing."

"What became of all those men—the crew and captain?"

"Why, they waited till ebb, just as I told you. Then they come ashore, the whole twelve on 'em. The crew they come first, and Cap'n Salt—that's Joe Salt—he follered after. There was some folks waited round to see 'em off—but it came up dreadful thick, spite of the breeze; so thick it had stems to it. You couldn't see the vessel, not a line of her, and 't was kinder cold and disagree'ble. So most the folks went home. But they got ashore, every man-jack of 'em alive."

"Thank God!" breathed the sick man.

"Well," said the captain, "that's a matter of opinion. You've talked enough, sir."

"Just one more, Cap'n Hap! Just this! This I've got to know. What was it—exactly—that those men did? How did they come to be in such a plight? How in the world—that beautiful new boat—and an intelligent officer at the helm, Captain—how on earth did it come about?"

"The 'Clara Em' was sot to sail," replied Captain Hap. "That's about all. Her owners they were sot, and the cap'n he was sot. It was the sotness done it. They'd make the market first, you see, if they got the start—and it's a job gettin' your crew aboard, you know. Anything to get your crew. Drunk or sober, that isn't the point. Drunker they be, the easier to ship 'em. See? Get your crew. Get 'em anyhow! They was all full, every mother's son of 'em. Cap'n Joe, he was the only sober soul aboard, and that's the truth, and he knew it when he set sail. Yes—oh, yes. The storm was comin'. He knew it was breezin' up.—Oh, yes, of course. So he got some sober men off the wharves to help him at the sheets, and he put up every stitch. Yes, sir! Every stitch he had! And out he sails—with thirteen drunken men aboard—him at the wheel, and not a hand to help him. That's the English on 't. The boat was drunk, parson! He driv right out the harbour, and it was a sou'easter, and blew quite a breeze o' wind, and you see he tacked, and set in, and he was tackin' out, and it had breezed up consider'ble more'n he expected. So he drove right on the reef. That's about it."

"But why didn't he take in sail?"

"How was he goin' to do it with that crew? Why, he couldn't leave the wheel to tie a reef-point."

"But there was his anchor."

"Did you ever try to heave one of them big anchors? It takes four men."

"What a situation! Horrible!"

"Wall, yes; it was inconvenient—him at the wheel, and a dead drunk crew, thirteen of 'em, below. Why, they was too drunk to know whether they drowned or not."

"Can the boat be raised? Will she ever be good for anything?"

"Kindlin' wood," remarked the captain dryly.

"Captain Hap," asked Bayard feebly, "do things like this often happen?"

"Sometimes."

"Isn't this an extreme case?"

"Well, it don't happen every day."

"But things of this kind—do they occur often? Do you know of other cases?"

"Windover don't have the monopoly of 'em by no means," mused Captain Hap. "There was the 'Daredevil' over on South Shore. She was launched about a year ago. She went on a trial spin one day, and everybody

aboard was pretty jolly. They put all their canvas up to show her off. It was a nor'wester that day, and they driv her right before the wind. She jest plunged bows down, and driv straight to the bottom, the 'Dared-vil' did. Some said it was her name. But rum done it."

"What do people say—how do they take it here in Windover, this case of the 'Clara Em'? Weren't they indignant?"

"Wall, the insurance folks was mad."

"No, but the people—the citizens—the Christian people—how do they feel about it?"

"Oh, they're used to it," said Captain Hap.

Bayard turned wearily on his hard bed. He did not answer. He looked out and towards the sea. The engraved Guido over the study-table between the little windows regarded him. St. Michael was fighting with his dragon still.

"He never got wounded," thought the sick man.

"Captain," he said pleasantly, "these rooms seem to be full of—pleasant things. Who sent them all?"

"Them geraniums and other greens? Oh, the ladies of the mission, every mother's daughter of 'em, married and single, young an' old. Jellies? Yes. Jellies enough to stock a branch grocery. What there is in the female mind, come to sickness, that takes it out in jellies"—mused the captain.

"I've taken solid comfort out of this screen," said Bayard gratefully. "I did suffer with the light before. Who sent that?"

"That's Jane Granite's idee," replied the captain. "She seems to be a clever girl. Took an old clo'es-horse and some rolls of wall-paper they had in the house. They gave fifteen cents a roll for that paper. It's kinder tasty, don't you think? Specially that cherubim with blue wings settin' on a basket of grapes."

"That reminds me. I see—some Hamburg grapes," said Bayard, with the indifferent air of a man who purposely puts his vital question last. He pointed to a heaping dish of hot-house fruit and other delicacies never grown in Windover.

The captain replied that those come from the Boston gentleman; they'd kept coming all along. He thought she said there was a card to 'em by the name of—

"Worcester?" asked the sick man eagerly.

That was it: Worcester.

"He hasn't been here, has he? The gentleman hasn't called to see me?"

The nurse shook his head, and Bayard turned his own away. He would not have believed that his heart would have leaped like that at such a little thing. He felt like a sick boy, sore and homesick with the infinite longing for the love of kin. It was something to know that he was not utterly forgotten. He asked for one of the Boston pears, and ate it with pathetic eagerness.

"There's been letters," said the captain; "but the doctor's orders are agin your seeing 'em this week. There's quite a pile. You see, its bein' in the papers let folks know."

"In the papers! What in the papers?"

"What do you s'pose?" asked the captain proudly. "A fellar don't swim out in the undertow off Ragged Rock to save a fool of a drunken fisherman every day.

"I'll be split and salted!" added the fisherman-nurse, "if we didn't have to have a watchman here three nights when you was worst, to keep the reporters off ye. Thirteen Windover fellars volunteered for the job, and they wouldn't none of 'em take a cent for it. They said they'd set up forty nights for you."

"For me?" whispered the sick man. His eyes filled for the first time since the 'Clara Em' went ashore on Ragged Rock. Something new and valuable seemed to have entered life as suddenly as the comfort of kin and the support of friends, and that bright, inspiring atmosphere, which one calls the world, had gone from him. He had not expected that precious thing—the love of those for whom we sacrifice ourselves. He felt the first thrill of it with gratitude touching to think of, in so young and lovable a man, with life and all its brilliant and beautiful possibilities before him.

It was an April night, and sea and sky were soft in Windover.

A stranger stood in Angel Alley hesitating at a door, which bore above its open welcome these seven words:

"The Church of the Love of Christ."

"What goes on here?" the gentleman asked of a bystander.

"Better things than ever went on before," was the reply. "They've got a man up there. He ain't no dummy in a minister's choker."

The stranger put another question.

"Well," came the cordial answer, "he has several names in Angel Alley: fisherman's friend is one of the most pop'lar. Some calls him the gospel cap'n. There's those that prefers jest to say, the new minister. There's one name he don't go by very often, and that's the Reverend Bayard."

"He has no right to the title," murmured the stranger.

"What's that?" interposed the other quickly. The stranger made no reply.

"Some call him the Christ's Rest man," proceeded the bystander affably.

"That is a singular—ah—remarkable cognomen. How comes that?"

"Why, you see, the old name for this place was Seraph's Rest—it was the wust hell in Angel Alley—see? before he took it up an' sot to prayin' in it. So folks got it kinder mixed with the Love of Christ up on that sign there. Some calls the place Christ-love for short. I heerd an I-talian call him the Christman t' other day."

The stranger took off his hat by instinct, it seemed unconsciously; glanced at the inscription above the door, and passed thoughtfully op the steep, bare stairs into the hall or room of worship.

The service was already in progress, for the hour was late, and the gentleman observed with an air of surprise that the place was filled. He looked about for a comfortable seat, but was forced to content himself with standing-room in the extreme rear of the hall. Crowds overflowed the wooden settees, brimmed into the aisles, and were packed, in serried rows as tight as codfish in a box, against the wall. The simile of the cod was forced upon the visitor's mind in more senses than one. A strong whiff of salt fish assailed him on every side. This was varied by reminiscences of glue factories, taking unmistakable form. An expression of disgust crossed the stranger's face; it quickly changed into that abstraction which indicates the presence of moral emotion too great for attention to trifles.

The usual New England religious audience was not to be seen in the

Church of the Love of Christ in Angel Alley. The unusual, plainly, was. The wealth and what the Wind-over Topsail called the society of Windover were sparsely represented on these hard settees. The clean, sober faces of respectable families were out in good force.

These good people, not quite certain whether their own reputations were injured or bettered by the fact, sat side by side with men and women who are not known to the pews of churches. The homeless were there, and the hopeless, the sinning, the miserable, the disgraced, the neglected, the "rats" of the wharves, and the outcasts of the dens.

The stranger stood packed in, elbow to elbow between an Italian who served the country of his adoption upon the town waterworks, and a dark-browed Portuguese sailor. American fishermen, washed and shaven, in their Sunday clothes, filled the rear seats. Against the wall, lines of rude, red faces crowded like cattle at a spring; men of the sea and the coast, men without homes or characters; that uninteresting and dangerous class which we dismiss in two idle words as the "floating population." Some of these men were sober; some were not; others were hovering midway between the two conditions: all were orderly, and a few were listening with evidences of emotion to the hymn, in which by far the greater portion of the audience joined. A girl wearing a tam-o'-shanter and a black fur cape, and singing in a fine, untrained contralto, held her hymn-book over the settee to the Italian.

"Come, Tony! Pass it along!" she whispered, "I can get on without it. Make 'em pile in and sing along the wall, there!"

With rude and swelling cadence the fishermen sang:

"I need Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord."

Their voices and their hearts rose high on one of those plaintive popular melodies of which music need never be ashamed:

"I need Thee, oh, I need Thee,
Every hour I need Thee;
Oh, bless me now, my Saviour" . . .

The stranger, who had the appearance of a religious man, joined in the chorus heartily; he shared the book

which the girl had given to the Italian, who came in a bar too late, and closed the stanza on a shrill solo :

“I co—home to Thee.”

This little accident excited a trifling smile ; but it faded immediately, for the preacher had arisen. His appearance was greeted with a respect which surprised the stranger. The audience at once became grave even to reverence ; the Italian cuffed a drunken Portuguese who was under the impression that responses to the service were expected of him ; the girl in the tam-o'-shanter shook a woman who giggled beside her. A fisherman whispered loudly :

“Shut up there ! The parson ain't quite tough yet. Keep it quiet for him ! Shut up there, along the wall !”

There is nothing like a brave deed to command the respect of seafaring men. Emanuel Bayard, when he plunged into the undertow after Job Slip's drunken, drowning body, swam straight into the heart of Windover. A rough heart that is, but a warm one, none warmer on the freezing coast, and sea-going Windover had turned the sunny side of its nature, and taken the minister in. The standards by which ignorant men judge the superior classes—their superb indifference to any scale of values but their own—deserve more study than they receive.

It had never occurred to Bayard, who was only beginning to learn to understand the nature of his material, that he had become in three weeks the hero of the wharves and the docks, the romance of Angel Alley, the admiring gossip of the Banks and Georges', the pride and wonder of the Windover fishermen. Quite unconscious of this “sea-change,” wrought by one simple, manly act upon his popularity, he rose to address the people. His heart was full of what he was going to say. He gave one glance the length of the hall. He saw the crowds packed by the door. He saw the swaying nets, ornamented with globes and shells and star-fish, after the fashion of the fishing-town ; these decorations softened the bare walls of the audience-room. He saw the faces of the fishermen lifting themselves to him and blurring together in a gentle glow. They seemed to him, as a great preacher once said of his audience, like the face “of one impressive, pleading man,” whose life hung upon his words. He felt as if he must weigh them in

some divine scales into which no dust or chaff of weakness or care for self could fall.

Something of this high consciousness crept into his face. He stood for a moment silent ; his beautiful countenance, thin from recent suffering, took on the look by which a man represses noble tears.

Suddenly, before he had spoken a word, a storm of applause burst out—shook the room from wall to wall—and roared like breakers under his astonished feet. He turned pale with emotion, but the fishermen thundered on. He was so still so weak that this reception almost overcame him, and involuntarily he stretched out both his hands. At the gesture the noise sank instantly ; and silence, in which the sigh of the saddest soul in the room might have been heard, received the preacher.

His sensitive face, melted and quivering, shone down upon them tenderly. Men in drunken brawls, and men in drowning seas, and women in terrible temptation, remembered how he looked that night when the safe and the virtuous and the comfortable had forgotten.

The stranger back by the door put his hat before his face.

IX.

The preacher began to speak with a quietness in almost startling contrast to his own evident emotion, and to the excitement in the audience-room. He made no allusion to the fact that this was his first appearance among his people since the wreck of the ‘Clara Em,’ and the all but mortal illness which had followed his personal share in that catastrophe. Quite in his usual manner he conducted his Sunday evening service ; a simple religious talk varied by singing, and a few words from the New Testament.

Suddenly, without a hint of his purpose, the young minister's gentle voice rose into the tones of solemn arraignment.

“I came here,” he said, “a stranger to this town and to its customs. It has taken me all this while to learn what your virtues and your vices are. I have dealt with you gently, preaching comfortable truths as I have been expected to preach them. I have worked in ignorance. I have spoken soft words. Now I speak them no more ! Your sin and your shame have

entered like iron into my soul. People of Windover! I accuse you in the name of Christ, whose minister I am!"

Before he had spoken ten words more, it became evident that the young preacher was directing 'he full force of his conscience and his intelligence to a calm and deliberate attack upon the liquor habit and the liquor traffic.

Shot after shot poured down from those delicate, curving lips. Broadside followed broadside, and still the fire fell. He captured for them the elusive statistics of the subject; he confronted them with its appalling facts; he pelted them with incidents such as the soul sickens to relate or to remember. He scored them with rebuke under which his leading men grew pale with alarm. Nothing could have been more unlike the conventional temperance address, yet nothing could have been more simply, manly, reasonable, and fearless.

"For every prayer that goes up to God from this room," he said, "for every hymn, for every sacred word and vow of purity, for every longing of a man's heart to live a noble life, there open fifty dens of shame upon this street to blast him. We are pouring holy oil upon a sea of mud. That is not good religion, and it is not good sense. We must prove our right to represent the Christian religion in Angel Alley. We must close its dens, or they ought to close our lips. I am ready to try," he added, with his winning simplicity, "if you are. I shall need your help and your advice, for I am not educated in these matters as I ought to be. I was not taught how to save drunken men in the schools where clergymen are trained. I must learn now—we must learn together—as best we can. . . . Oh, my people!" His voice passed from the tone of loving entreaty into that of prayer:

"People of the Church of the Love of Christ! Approach God, for He is close at heart. . . . Thou great God! Holy, Almighty, Merciful! Make us know how to deal with sin, in our own souls, and in the lives of others. For the sake of Thy Son whose Name we dare to bear. Amen."

The hush was stung by a long, low, sibilant sound; a single hiss insulted that sacred stillness. Then a man, purple to the brows, rose and went out. It was old Trawl, whose saloon had been a landmark in Angel Alley for fifty years.

The stranger, who had been more

moved than it seemed he cared to show by what he had heard and seen, passed slowly with the crowd down the long stairs, and reached the outer air. As the salt wind struck in his face, a hand was laid upon his shoulder. The young minister, looking pale and tired; but enviably calm, drew the visitor's hand through his arm.

"I saw you, Fenton," he said quietly, "when you first came in. You'll come straight to my lodgings with me. . . . Won't you?" he added wistfully, fancying that Fenton hesitated. "You can't know how much it will mean to me. I haven't seen anybody—why, I haven't seen a fellow since I came to Windover."

"You must lead rather an isolated life, I should think," observed Fenton with some embarrassment, as the two stood to hail the electric car that ran by Mrs. Granite's humble door.

"We'll talk when we get there," replied Bayard, rather shortly for him. "The car will be full of people," he added apologetically. "One lives in a glass bell here. Besides, I'm a bit tired."

He looked, indeed, exhausted, as the electric light smote his thin face; his eyes glowed like fire fed by metal, and his breath came short. He leaned his head back against the car window.

"You cough, I see," said Fenton, who was not an expert in silence.

"Do I? Perhaps. I hadn't thought of it." He said nothing more until they had reached his lodgings. Fenton began to talk about the wreck and the rescue. He said the usual things in the usual way, offering, perforce, the tribute of a man to a manly deed.

Bayard nodded politely; he would not talk about it.

Jane Granite opened the door for them. She looked at the minister with mute, dog-like misery in her young eyes.

"You look dead beat out, sir," she said. But Ben Trawl stood scowling in the door of the sitting-room; he had not chosen to go to the service, nor to allow her to go without him. Jane thought it was religious experience that made this such a disappointment to her.

"Ah, Trawl," said the minister heartily, "I'm glad to see you here."

He did not say, "I am sorry you were not at church," as Ben Trawl pugnaciously expected.

Bayard led his guest upstairs, and shut and locked the study door.

"There!" he said, faintly. "Now, George Fenton, talk! Tell me all about it. You can't think how I am going to enjoy this! I wish I had an easy-chair for you. Will this rocker do? If you don't mind, I think I'll just lie down a minute."

He flung himself heavily upon the old carpet-covered lounge. Fenton drew up the wooden rocking-chair to the cylinder stove, in which a low fire glimmered, and put his feet on top of the stove, after the manner of Cesarea and Galilee Hall.

"Well," he began, in his own comfortable way, "I've accepted the call."

"I supposed you would," replied Bayard, "when I heard it was under way. I am glad of it!" he said cordially. "The First Church is a fine old church. You're just the man for them. You came right over from their evening service to our place to-night? You must have hurried."

"I did," said the guest, with a certain air of condescension. "I wanted to hear you, you know—once, at least."

"When you are settled, you can't come, of course," observed Bayard quickly. "I understand that."

"Well—you see—I shall be—you know—in a very delicate position, when I become the pastor of that church."

Fenton's natural complacency forsook him for the instant, and something like embarrassment rested upon his easy face; he showed it by the way he handled Mrs. Granite's poker.

"It's 72 deg. in this room already," suggested Bayard, smiling. "Would you poke that fire any more? . . . Oh, come, Fenton! I understand. Don't bother your head about me, or how I may feel. It's you I want to hear about."

"Well," replied the guest, warming to the theme with natural enthusiasm, "the call was unanimous. Perfectly so."

"That must be delightful."

"Why, so it is—it is, as you say, delightful. And the salary—they've raised the salary to get me, Bayard. You see it had got out that I had refused—ah—hum—several calls. And they'd been without a man so long, I fancy they're tired of it. Anyhow, I'm to have three thousand dollars."

"That is delightful, too," said Bayard, cordially. He turned over on his old lounge, coughing, and doubled the thin, cretonne pillow under his head; he watched his classmate with a half-

quizzical smile; his eyes and brow were perfectly serene.

"I shall be ordained immediately," continued Fenton eagerly, "and bring my wife. They are refitting the parsonage. I went in last night to see that the carpets and papers and all that were what they should be. I am going to be married—Bayard, I am going to be married next week."

"And that is best of all," said Bayard in a low voice.

"She is really a lovely girl," observed Fenton, "though somewhat limited in her experience. I've known her all my life—where I came from, in the western part of the State. But I think these gentle country girls make the best minister's wives. They educate up to the position rapidly."

Bayard made no answer to this scintillation; a spark shot over his soft and laughing eyes; but his lips opened only to say, after a perceptible pause,—

"Where is Tompkinson—he of the long legs and the army cape?"

"Settled somewhere near you, I hear; over across the Cape. He has a fine parish. He's to have two thousand—that's doing well for a man of his stamp."

"I don't think Tompkinson is the kind of man to think much about the salary," observed Bayard gravely. "He struck me as the other sort of fellow. What's become of Bent?"

"Graduates this summer, I suppose. I hear he's called to Roxbury. He always aimed at a Boston parish. He's sure to boom."

"And that brakeman—Holt? He who admired Huxley's 'Descent of Man'?"

"Oh, he is slumming in New York City. They say he is really very useful. He has some sort of mission work, there, at the Five Points. I'm told he makes a specialty of converted burglars."

"I haven't been able to follow any of the boys," said Bayard, coughing. "I can't very well—as I am situated. It does me good to hear something about somebody. Where's that round fellow—Jaynes? With the round glasses? I remember he always ate two Baldwins, two en—tire Baldwin apples."

"Gone west, I believe. He's admirably adapted to the west," replied Fenton, settling his chair in his old comfortable way.

"What an assorted lot we were!" said Bayard dreamily. "And what a

medley we were taught! I haven't opened one of my note-books since I came here."

"Oh, in your work," said Fenton, "you don't need to read, I should think."

Bayard's eyes sought his library; rested lovingly on its full and well-used shelves; then turned away with the expression of one who says to a chosen friend: "We understand. Why need anything be said?" He did not otherwise reply.

"I should say that was a pretty serious experiment you inaugurated to-night in your service. If you'll allow me to say so, I should call it very ill-advised."

"It is a serious experiment," replied Bayard gravely.

"Expect to succeed in it?"

"God knows."

"Bound to go on with it?"

"Till I succeed or fail."

"What do you propose? To turn temperance lecturer, and that sort of thing? I suppose you'll be switching off your religious services into prohibition caucuses, and so forth."

"I propose nothing of the kind. I am not a politician. I am a preacher of the Christian religion."

"I always knew you were eccentric, of course, Bayard. Everybody knows that. But I never expected to see you leading such a singular life. I never took you for this sort of fanatic. It seems so—common for a man of your taste and culture, and there can be no doubt that it is unwise, from every point of view, even from your own, I should think. I don't deny that your work impressed me, what I saw of it to-night. Your gifts tell—even here. It is a pity to have them misapplied. Now, what was your motive in that outbreak to-night? I take it, it was the first time you had tackled the subject."

"To my shame—yes. It was the first time. I have had reasons to look into it, lately—that's all. You see, my ignorance on the subject was colossal, to start in. We were not taught such things in the Seminary. Cesarea does as well as any of them—but no curriculum recognizes Job Slip.

"I visited sixteen of the dens of this town this last week," continued Bayard. "I took a policeman, and went through the whole thing. I wouldn't go to church if I were they. I shall dream about what I saw—I don't know that I shall ever stop dreaming about it. It is too horrible to tell. I

wouldn't even speak what I saw men and women live. Six thousand seamen sail this harbour every year. I can't get at the number of dens they support; such figures are runaway lunatics, you understand; they have a genius for hiding; and nobody wants to find them. But put it low—call it two hundred—in this little town. If it isn't the business of a Christian Church to shut them—whose is it? If it isn't the business of religious people to look after these fellows—whose is it? I say, religious people are answerable for them, and for their vices! The best people are responsible for the worst, or there's no meaning in the New Testament, and no sense in the Christian religion. Oh," said Bayard, with a sound that was more like a moan than a sigh, "if Christ could come into Angel Alley—just this one street! If He could take this little piece of a worldful of human woe—modern human misery, you understand, all the new forms and phases that Palestine knew nothing about—if He could sweep it clean, and show us how to do it now! Think, Fenton, think, how He would go to work—what that would be! . . . sometimes I think it would be worth dying for."

"Now," said Fenton, "take yourself. I fancy you believe—Do you suppose you are doing the kind of thing He would set about, if He were in your place?"

"How can I tell?" replied Bayard in a voice so low that it was scarcely articulate. "How can a man know? All I do know is, that I try. That is what—and that is all—I try to do. And I shall keep on trying, till I die."

He spoke with a solemnity which admitted of no light response, even from a worldly man. Fenton was not that, and his eyes filled.

"Well," he said, after a silence, "you are a good man, Emanuel Bayard. God go with you."

"And with you," replied Bayard, holding out his hand. "Our roads lie different ways. We shall not talk like this again."

"You won't mind that? You won't feel it," said Fenton, uncomfortably, for he had risen to leave, and the conversation hung heavily on his heart, "if I don't run across your way, often? It would hardly do, you see. My people—the church—the circumstances"—

"Good-bye," said Bayard gently. It was all he said. He still held out his hand. His classmate wrung it, and

passed, with bowed head, from his presence.

Bayard was a weak and weary man next day,—the events of the previous evening had told upon him more than he would have supposed possible,—and he gave himself a luxury. He put the world and the evil of it from his heart and brain, and went out on Windover Point, to sun himself, alone; crawling along, poor fellow, at a sad pace, stopping often to rest, and panting as he pushed on.

“That call of George Fenton’s upset me last night,” he said aloud, as he sank down at the base of a big boulder in the warm sand. He sometimes talked to the sea; nothing else in Windover could understand him; he was acquiring some of the habits of lonely people who live apart from their own class. He had lain there in the sand for some time, as motionless as a molusk at low water.

“All a man needs is a little common rest,” he thought. The April sun

seemed to sink into his brain and heart with the healing touch that nothing human ever gives. He pushed his hat away from his face, and looked up gratefully, as if he had been caressed.

As he did so, he heard footsteps upon the crisp, red-cupped moss that surrounded the base of the boulder. He rose instinctively, and confronted a woman—a lady. She had been walking far and fast, and had glorious colour. The skirt of her purple gown was splashed with little sticks and burrs and bits of moss; her hands were full of saxifrage.

Oddly enough, he recognized the costume before he did the wearer; so incredible did he find it that she should stand there living, glowing, laughing,—a sumptuous beauty, stamped against the ascetic sky of Windover.

“Oh, I did not expect—I did not think”—she stammered. He had never seen Helen Carruth disconcerted. But she blushed like a schoolgirl when she gave him, saxifrage and all, her ungloved hand.

(To be continued.)

THE NEW LIFE.

Old sorrows that sat at the heart’s sealed gate,
 Like sentinels grim and sad,
 While out in the night damp, weary and late,
 The King, with a gift divinely great,
 Waited to make me glad.

Old fears that hung like a changing cloud,
 Over a sunless day,
 Old burdens that kept the spirit bowed,
 Old wrongs that rankled or clamoured loud,
 They have passed like a dream away.

In the world without and the world within,
 He maketh the old things new;
 The touch of sorrow, the stain of sin,
 Have fled from the gate where the King came in,
 From the chill night’s damp and dew.

Anew in the heavens the sweet stars shine,
 On earth new blossoms spring,
 The old life lost in the life divine,
 My will is thine, thy will be mine,
 The song which the new hearts sing.

—*The Angelus.*

“SIN” AND “MISERY.”

BY ETHEL F. HEDDLE.

CHAPTER I.

MY NEW FRIENDS.



VERY soon after I came to the village the two old men were pointed out to me as a kind of bogey.

“There are old ‘Sin’ and ‘Misery’! You mind what you are about, or I’ll be sending you over to them.”

So spoke Janet, our cook. I stared at the two bent figures of the two old men, vaguely terrified, vaguely puzzled. They were tall old men, with white scanty hair, bent shoulders, and shabby clothes. One was scowling, or always seemed so, under shaggy eyebrows; the other was gloomy; both were silent. But I scarcely knew one from the other at first, and I used to wonder why one was called “Sin” and the other “Misery.” One day I ventured to ask Janet about it.

“Why do they call them that, Janet? What did they do?”

“Something wicked, connected with a bank lang syne,” Janet said, comprehensively. “That’s to say, auld ‘Sin’ was the wicked one! Folks gied them the names lang syne. They’re queer-looking carlies! They keep theirsels’ tae theirsels’. But whiles I’m kind o’ vexed for them! They’re grand at the flowers, tae! Noo dinna hender me wi’ mair speirin’! Ye would speir the life out o’ a cat!”

That was a favourable remark of Janet’s, and I did not heed it now. It was curious, I sometimes thought, the objections, grown-up people had to answering questions. They had been in the world so long, and we so short a time, and we wanted naturally to know the reason of things! It is not wrong to want to know the reason of things. A good many questions puzzled me at this time. Why I had no father and mother, and why my grandfather, who did not care about me at all, and scarcely looked at me (he was compiling a life of Confucius) should have charge of me? Why he was always bending over

musty old books? Why other little lassies in the village had pretty frocks and new summer hats, while I had old gingham and a terribly battered sun-bonnet? Why other lassies’ mothers kissed them and gave them pennies, when no one ever kissed me? Why people looked so solemn in church, and never smiled on Sundays? Why it was thought so deadly a sin when it was discovered I did not know the Shorter Catechism? Why “Sin” and “Misery” were called so? What was a bank? Dear me, life was all a puzzle! I was cogitating about some of these things, on a certain lovely day in May, as I stood by the gate which led into Sin and Misery’s house. It was a curious old cottage, very desolate and weather-beaten, and too near the mill “lade” (stream) to be healthy, but it had a glorious garden, and Sin and Misery sold fruit and flowers from it, and, people said, eked out their living thus. They sold nothing in the village; they sent the produce to the nearest town. They had no dealings with the village, which had banished them to Coventry long ago. To-day the house was illuminated by the yellow rays of the sun; but even thus it seemed to frown under its pent roof, to scowl under the ivy which covered it—secret, remote, repellant of all advances. Only the garden was gay. All abloom with sweet spring flowers, daffodils, and “dusty millers,” and primroses. There was a great May-tree out in the centre—a double red hawthorn; and I thought I had never seen anything so lovely in my life! How I wished I could have one little spray! I drew a long breath, and then I looked about me. Suppose I crept in? The branches grew low, and swept the grass. Would it be wrong to go up, knock at the door, and ask for just one little piece? I was really not so very afraid of the old men; they looked sad, I thought, that was all, and sadness does not terrify children. So I crept in and up to the old green door. I knocked timidly. Some one came slowly along the passage—a feeble, shuffling step—and then “Sin” stood before me. We eyed each other in silence for a mo-

ment, and then he spoke in a strange, muffled, dusty voice, that seemed to me to come from some curious remote regions. "What is it, bairn?"

I did not know how to address him, but I wished to be polite. I suppose every one called him by the name I had heard.

"Mr. Sin," I began, "I am the wee lassie that bides with the minister and Janet. We have no flowers in our garden. Would you be so kind as to give me a little bit of yon bonnie red hawthorn? It's awfu' bonnie!"

He stared at me as if in great surprise. They never went near the village; they never spoke to people, and people never spoke to them. I dare say it was the first time a request had been made to him for many and many a long year.

"A wee bit of hawthorn!" he repeated, vaguely, but with a faint inflection of pleasure. It seemed to me that the shadows lifted in his face. "Certainly—oh, certainly!"

We walked down the path and on to the grass together. Presently, as if half-absently, I slid my hand into his. He looked so tired and old! And if he had been wicked, I was sure he was sorry. We are always sad when we are sorry for being naughty, I knew.

"It's very kind of you," I said.

He gave a queer little sound at that, and we stopped, then, at the tree, and he broke me off great sprays. Then, without speaking more, we walked to the gate. Just there he stopped, and put his hand up to lift back the flap of my sun-bonnet.

"What was that you called me?" he said, doubtfully. "I didn't quite catch it—Mr. what?"

I had always been told to tell the truth, and to answer at once.

"Mr. Sin! They call you 'Sin' and 'Misery,' you know, in the village. But I won't, ever again. Only I didn't know any other name. Please don't be angry!"

"'Sin' and 'Misery'!"

He gave a strange, mirthless laugh, and then turned slowly and walked back, shaking his head. But he told me to come again, for all that. I took my hawthorn home, and amazed Janet, but I did not tell her what I had called him, and she did not ask. I gave her few details. I went very often to the garden after that. We became great friends, the two old men and I, though I liked "Sin" best. They

made me quite free of the place, and I used to run messages for them and post letters, and even now and then work a little in the kitchen. I loved household work, and Janet taught me to be of use. She said she "Couldna abide idle folk—even idle bairns!"

Sin would sit watching me, while I made tea and toasted bread, with a very gentle look; I grew to know it very well. Soon I decided in my own mind that he could not ever have been wicked; it was quite impossible! Before one knew, one might think so; the eyes were so deep set; the heavy brows made him look as if he were scowling; but one could never believe it, once one really saw how gently he could look and speak. Misery was more like his name. So silent and gloomy an old man I had never seen, and the curious thing was that he scarcely talked, even to his own brother. Sin did all the talking. Misery would respond with a strange, stiff voice. He always seemed to me to thank his brother, when Sin did him any little service, as if he were reluctantly expressing gratitude to a stranger. Sin was always the same, kind and gentle and patient. I loved Sin.

The bright summer passed, and with autumn Misery had a bad touch of rheumatism, which chained him to the house and to a chair. Sin attended him, and I ran all the messages. Janet let me do as I liked. I was a "queer auld farrant bairn"; as long as I went to school and kept myself tidy, I might do as I would; and "the puir auld bodies could not harm a bairn," she said.

It was bright October when the stranger came to the "Lade House," and I learned the old men's story. The apples and pears were ripe, the strawberries and raspas were over. Sin's chrysanthemums were a great success, and his dahlias had been a picture. That day he had gathered me the last golden rose from the glorious Gloire-tree. It was to be mine, he said, because I was "such a dear wee lassie." I kissed Sin for it, and he seemed to think he was well repaid.

I had made tea as usual, and was consulting Sin about a story I had read in my new book, "Bluebeard's Wife."

"Why didn't people find out about the secret room?" I asked. "Weren't there any police in Bluebeard's country?" I asked Janet; and she said

the police often made as stupid mistakes as ither folk. 'That a blue coat and an awfu' air o' superiority, dinna mak' ye clever!' But why didn't some one find it all out?"

"Because certain things in this world are bound to remain mysteries, bairn."

It was Misery's voice, harsh and bitter, and I looked round in surprise. Sin did not lift his head, but I thought I heard him sigh, and just then a loud knock came to the front door. We all started, and I ran to open it.

A tall man, with a florid, cheerful face, wearing a fur-lined overcoat, stood there, and, before I could speak, walked past me into the hall.

"Mr. Daubeny and his brother live here, I believe? You can say, Mr. Paul Daubeny."

I was so surprised that I said nothing.

"Well," he said, as if waiting for me to speak, or to show him in. "Where are they? Are you the only domestic of the establishment? Show me the way in."

"Paul! Paul!"

Sin had come out into the passage, and now stood in a strange, quivering silence, his hands held out.

"I knew your voice! I knew it at once! Come in, come in!"

Misery, too, seemed to rouse into new life at the stranger's entry, and he had risen, and now held out his hands, his face flushed and eager.

They sat down and talked, or, at least, Mr. Paul did most of the talking, and they had tea together, Sin helping the other two, as was his way.

"And you have done well, Paul? Why did you never write?"

It was Misery who spoke. He had turned away from Sin, and seemed to have taken the other's attention, as it were, to himself.

"I suffered the greatest anxiety for you. When the tragedy happened, I could not conceive why you should go. Of course, you felt the disgrace and the misery, as I did, but still to go like that, without a word——"

He broke off then; but to my surprise the man called Paul turned away from him, and looked at Sin, with an expression of most blank amazement. The other looked back at him swiftly, and held up his hand unseen to Misery; and Paul, after a stupefied pause, said nothing.

"I won't force your confidence," Misery said then, bitterly. "Do as you please. But perhaps we may know if you have done well?"

"I've made a pile. What are you two doing here? I tried my hand at a lot of things for five years, doing first one thing, then another, engineering, railroad works, oil works, prospecting, travelling for Yankee firms, making 'here a little and there a little,' but never 'striking ile.' And then I went in for speculation—lost everything; tried again—struck ile. And last year I picked up about £80,000! Yes, for my share! and the best of it is"—here he burst out laughing—"the thing was, you may say, all in the air. A bogus plantation of india-rubber trees, in Guatemala, that exists in my own imagination alone. But there it is. I formed a company, and we—well, we engineered it."

The two old men were staring at him; both were evidently appalled and startled; but Sin made another slight gesture, and Paul stopped abruptly, and half-crossly, saying something about "they would not understand if he explained."

"I do not know that I desire to understand," Misery said, harshly then. "I have heard of such things, and such bogus companies, but I little thought to live to hear my father's son own to making a fortune by such means. My poor father! It was well he and my mother never lived to see their sons grow up. It is well the grave hides its dead deep in its breast—too deep for sound to penetrate. If they could have known—the prison for one—disgrace, dishonour."

"Arthur!"

The words came with a kind of moan from Sin's lips, and Misery broke off. He seemed to pass his hand over his face distractedly, then suddenly rose and crept from the room. We could hear his door shut passionately, and then there was silence.

Paul Daubeny broke it.

"Hugh!" he said, in a low voice, "do you mean to say you never told him? Do you mean to say you deceived even him? That he thinks you took the bonds. By Jove! it's too bad."

I think they had both forgotten me. Sin was looking out at the speaker sadly from his strange, white,

wizened old face. A look of wonderful pity and tenderness.

"Where would have been the use of telling him?" he said. "He—he would not have liked it. He might have made it difficult. Even now, it would not do to tell him. He was always proud and passionate, and he had a great love of justice. I don't mean to wound you, Paul!"

The other laughed out suddenly and sarcastically.

"Oh, don't apologize," he said. "My feelings aren't delicate, as the man says in the play. You're a queer old chap, Hugh! And you took my place and the blame, and suffered all that; for what reason? I'd like to know! It puzzled me often."

"I'll tell you," the other said, patiently. "I thought you knew. When my mother was dying, she had a great dread upon her about you. She dreamt you were sinking into a deep pit. She called me to her, and begged me to save you, if at any time you were in distress and danger. You were her Benjamin, her darling. I promised her. I loved my mother. I felt, somehow, as if she would know if you—if they imprisoned you. I was an old man, my life was almost over. So when the bonds were gone I took the blame, and warned you to go. I could not tell Arthur, and he, of course, thinks I disgraced her, too. But he was kind, and when I came out he had taken this house and he brought me here. He did not turn against me."

"It's a deuced queer story. I feel rather mean, I own. And you did all this for the sake of an old promise to a dead woman?"

"I never regret it, Paul. I often fancy I see her face in the dusk. I assure you I do, and she is always smiling on me. My mother loved you and Arthur best. I was always stupid and quiet. But her sweet face seems always to smile on me now. As if she knew everything. And it is reward enough, reward enough, Paul!"

His eyes had grown dreamy. They had a strange bright light. I had seen him sitting often like that in the dusk before we lit the lamp, while Misery bent in chilly silence over his book. I wondered if my poor old man had been seeing his mother's face, then. I did not understand all they said, but I gathered the meaning.

How his mother must love him up in heaven!

"Well, it's a rum go, altogether!" Paul said at last. "But, as you say, it's all over now, and, of course, you are pretty far down the road. I suppose you are nearly sixty-nine or so, aren't you, Hugh? And if it's any satisfaction to you, you certainly saved my career. For I've done well. I'll write you a cheque before I go, if you like. I'm due in Glasgow to-morrow, so I must be off. Have you a pen and ink?"

But Sin shook his head resolutely. "Nothing for us, Paul; we need nothing, and we can't take that money."

"As you please, of course. I sail for New York on Saturday."

It was getting dark, but Paul left before I did. I don't think he said anything more, but he ran up and called "Good-bye" to Misery, and then summoned the fly, which was waiting at the gate.

I fancy something he had said, probably his careless parting, had hurt my old man for, when I got my hat and jacket he was sitting rather sadly and desolately by the window. I climbed up on his knee, and kissed him, and his face brightened, and he held me close. I wanted to comfort him, but did not quite know how. So I merely said, "I love you, I love you," and kissed his sad white face.

We sat like that for a little, and then he led me carefully home. He always came with me when it was dark. I did not tell Janet the story. I knew better than that.

CHAPTER II.

MISERY UNDERSTANDS.

"Your old man is ill, Lucy. They got the milk-boy to call. Perhaps you'd better run over."

I had just come in from school, and it was late in December. Snow was on the ground, and I dashed down my bag, and ran off, Janet calling on me to mind and come in for tea, as she had made cream-scones. I was too concerned to hear. It was Sin. I had seen him failing for weeks, now I found him in bed with pillows piled up behind him, and Misery was attending to him, silent and grim as usual.

After that they let Janet come, at my earnest entreaty, and I began to understand from her talk that Sin was going to die. I asked him once if it was true, and he said, "Yes." I do not think I had any fear about it. When we are little, we believe firmly and unflatteringly in the pearl and gold heaven of St. John's beautiful allegory, and I had always loved to read about heaven. The end of Revelation was my favourite chapter. Sin had read it to me many and many a time. He said he liked it, too.

"Shall you be able to walk in the golden streets," I said to him one day, "just as we walk here? Shall you live near the gates? I would, if I were you. I wish you would. Then you'd watch out for me. I'd be lonely if I saw no one. I don't know what my mother was like, you see. And she'll not know me."

"I'll watch out for you, my wee lassie."

"And for poor Misery?"

"Yes, I'll watch for him, too."

"Your mother will be watching for you. She'll be very glad to have you come, and she'll be able to thank you for that."

He looked half-startled, turning his head suddenly.

"For what, Lucy?"

Neither of us had seen or heard Misery enter, in the dusk; he stood now, in his usual silence, near the door.

"I heard what you said, and what that gentleman said," I answered, my warm hands on his thin cold one.

"How you took the blame, and said you took the bonds for your mother's sake, and to save him. What are bonds? And did you really go to prison, dear Sin? For him? Oh, it was very kind of you. I think your mother will be very glad when you come. She'll want to thank you so much!"

Some one was pushing me gently aside. Misery was bending over the bed. I heard a kind of wail.

"Hugh! Is it true? Is it true?"

They looked in each other's faces. Sin moved his head restlessly.

"I did not mean to distress you, Arthur. He was tempted and he fell. And his young life would have been ruined. I was wrong to have put so much in his power. I had not watched over him enough. He was so much

younger than we were. He meant to replace the money."

"Hugh! Hugh! And all these years, all these years, I have been cruel."

"No, no," the other said, in his weak, husky voice. "You were kind. I had nothing, and you took me here. You did not know."

"And they called us 'Sin' and 'Misery.' You, 'Sin.' It is bitter, it is bitter!"

"Arthur," my old man said, "much in life is bitter; and we take the wrong step, and we judge each other hardly, all of us. But there is a better world, and 'He knows the frailty of our frame.' I like that verse. He will think of us as children, Arthur, as we think of yonder wee lassie. And when we are sorry, He bids us come home, and begin all over again."

Hugh's head sunk down on the pillow. I knew I'd better leave them, so I stole up to say good-night. But first I took fast hold of Sin's free hand.

"Good-night! And you'll mind about watching at the gate, if you go in the night?"

I had said that every time, since I heard Janet say he would likely "go in the night."

"I'll mind," he said, cheerfully. "Lift her up to kiss me, Arthur. My wee blessing. God bless my wee blessing! You'll see after her, Arthur? I'll be at the gate, Lucy. I'll see you first of all. You'll never have time to feel lonely."

I went away, quite happy.

And my old man did go in the night. They never let me see him again, but I went to the grave on the evening of his funeral, and put the wreath I had made upon it. Janet said I was "rale auld farrant," because I did not cry. She looked at me in a kind of wonder.

"And you sae fond o' him. Puir auld Sin!"

"You must never call him that again, Janet," I said. "For he is one of the angels now; and they grow quite young again in heaven. He told me that. Only I told him that he mustn't change so that I shouldn't know him."

"Oh, guid sake, bairn," Janet said; that was all.

I was a great deal with Misery, after

my old man died, and then a very strange thing happened. Paul Daubeny died in the States, and Arthur was his heir. And then I heard there was a great deal of money; but that Misery would not touch a penny of it. He had given it all back, they said, to the shareholders of the bogus company. That was all exposed. Misery did not long outlive his brother, and the Lade House was sold for the benefit of some of Paul's "dupes," too, so people said.

I thought about it the night Misery died, and then Janet asked me,

"What I was dreaming about, noo?" "About up there," I said, nodding my head at the blue fleckless sky. To me it was only the floor of that happy place to which both of the old men had been called,— "Up there, how glad he will be to see poor old Misery! And now he has only to watch for me."

I thought of him always thus, close to the gates. I think of him thus still; when, any day, the bright gates may fall ajar, he will be there. And then we will all three be content.—
The Young Woman.

THE LATEST METHODIST WORKS ON SYSTEMATIC THEOLOGY.*

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

A generation has scarcely passed since an eminent theologian made the statement that Methodism had produced no great theologian, except Richard Watson. The statement was scarcely true, even then when the work of such men as Fletcher, Treffrey, Bledsoe, and other early writers was already before the world. Even if true it was not a matter of reproach, for the intellectual harvest of a great religious movement never appears until after the springtime and summer of its evangelistic work. But no great rekindling of spiritual life in the Christian Church has ever failed as yet to give the Church a fresh and more profound presentation of Christian truth, and Methodism is no exception to the rule.

The spirit of revival must first do its work, but the clearer mental as well as moral and spiritual vision is sure to follow. The evidence of this is rapidly becoming manifest in the works of such men as Pope, Miley, Raymond, Summers, Beet, and Banks, and a score of others who have

covered, not the entire field, but particular aspects of Christian truth.

The two volumes before us are the most recent addition to our library of Methodist theology. Dr. Sheldon's work is in full and systematic form, and is constructed on a thoroughly original plan in five parts. Part I. deals with the presuppositions of the Christian system, viz., "The Principles or Conditions of Rational Certainty," "The Existence of the Infinite Person," and "Revelation." Part II. discusses "The Doctrine of God and His Relation to the World at Large," under the usual heads of the Attributes, the Trinity, and Creation and Providence. Part III. treats of "The Subjects of God's Moral Government," viz., angels and men. Part IV. takes up "The Person and Work of the Redeemer," and Part V., "The Kingdom of Redemption," including individual salvation, the Church and its final completion.

The plan of the work is certainly marked by a clear-cut unity and compactness, which must recommend it to the student. Of his treatment of particular subjects we can only select one or two examples. The name of Dr. Bowne has been so long, so prominently, and with such great distinction associated with Boston University, that we turn to Part I. of the work of his colleague with no small expectations, for this is the part which deals with the philosophical pre-

* "System of Christian Doctrine." By Henry C. Sheldon, Professor in Boston University. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye, New York: Eaton & Mains, 1903.

"Personal Salvation." By Wilbur F. Tillet, D.D., Dean of the Theological Faculty, Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tennessee. Publishing House of the M.E. Church, South, 1903.

suppositions of the Christian system. in this we are not disappointed. His philosophy is spiritual, and builds from Kant, but asserts in the clearest terms the objective validity of knowledge.

When he comes, however, to the categories, he hesitates with Kant, seemingly intimidated by what Whately calls the fallacy of objections, and we think he fails to give the emotional side of our nature its full value in the apprehension of truth.

No doctrine is more central in the Christian system than that of the Atonement. In his treatment of this subject, Dr. Sheldon proceeds upon the safe and sound principles of an analysis of the teaching of the New Testament; stating very distinctly nine chief points of that teaching, with a full quotation of passages. These may be summarized as follows: Christ's suffering and death were designed of God to take away sins, by a sacrificial offering, which secures their forgiveness, and redemption, by making propitiation; this mediation alone secures salvation, and all spiritual benefits, and proceeds from the love of God.

In answer to the old question, propounded by Limborch, "Has Christ's work an objective bearing?" (towards God), his answer is in the affirmative, and rejects such theories as those of Bushnell, and Ritschl, which find in the atonement only a moral influence on man. On the other hand he refuses to accept either the mystical theory, which identifies Christ with our nature after a physical manner, or

the substitutionary theory of Calvinism, although recognizing the element of truth in each of these. For the same reason he sets aside the governmental theory, and finds the final necessity for the atonement in the "perfect balance of moral perfections," a thoroughly sound conclusion.

We have no hesitation in commending this volume to our readers as a helpful and able compend of Christian doctrine.

Our second volume deals with a single topic of theology, the doctrine pertaining to the spiritual life. As a basis of this, nearly one-third of the volume is occupied with a preliminary study of the topics, to which our spiritual life is directly related: The Fatherhood of God, man in his moral and religious nature, probation, sin, atonement, gracious ability, and the work of the Holy Spirit. He then enters on the treatment of his specific subject, under the usual topics, Conviction of Sin, Repentance, Saving Faith, Justification, Regeneration, Sanctification, the Witness of the Spirit, the Unity of Salvation, Spiritual Growth, Apostasy, Sin in the Regenerate, Christian Perfection, ending with a thoughtful chapter on "The True Theory of the Christian Life."

This work discusses these topics at much greater length than the preceding, and is full of thoughtful and fresh presentation of truth. The author writes a theology for preachers, and adds to each chapter a valuable bibliography.

THE SWEETEST LIVES.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds both great and small,
Are close-knit strands of unbroken thread,
Where love ennobles all.
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells:
The book of life the shining record tells.

Thy love shall chant its own beatitudes
After its own life working. A child's kiss
Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad.
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong.
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest.

AN EMPIRE BUILDER.*



THE REV. DR. RYERSON.

After J. W. L. Forster's Portrait in Victoria University.

It was certainly fitting that in the forefront of the series on the "Makers of Canada" should appear the life of this great Canadian. And no man was more fitting to record that life than the great educationist who has followed him, with no unequal footsteps, in the presidency of Victoria University. With a wide knowledge of the field to be traversed, of the great questions to be discussed, of the important results which have been achieved, Chancellor Burwash has presented a strongly limed, and, we deem, a just and accurate portrait of the great ecclesiast, educationist, and empire-builder, Egerton Ryerson. The assistance rendered by Dr. Reynar and Dr. J. G. Hodgins are also invaluable.

It has almost the picturesqueness of romance, the life story of this

* The Makers of Canada. Egerton Ryerson. By Nathaniel Burwash. Edition de Luxe. Toronto: Geo. N. Morang & Co. pp. 303.

great Canadian. When as a boy of eighteen he joined the Methodist Church, his father said, "You must either leave them or leave my house." But the sense of duty of the son was not inferior to that of the sire, and he gladly espoused reproach and suffering for conscience's sake.

Dr. Ryerson once submitted to the present writer a pile of his early journals describing his mission work among the Indians at Port Credit, which included also frequent preaching in Toronto, then York. "How can I ever," he says, "face the cultured intelligence of this town?" What would he have said could he have foreseen his future relations to the country.

He threw himself with zest into his mission work. That he endured some hardness may be gathered from his account of his place of abode. "In one of these bark-covered and brush-enclosed wigwams, I ate and slept for some weeks, my bed consisting of a plank, a mat, and a blanket, and a blanket also for my covering; yet I was never more comfortable and happy." The spirit of chivalry in which he entered upon his work is clearly seen in his diary when he says, "I feel an inexpressible joy in taking up my abode with them. I must acquire a new language to teach a new people."

In ten days after his arrival at the mission he resolved to build a house to serve the double purpose of a school and place of worship. In six weeks the house was built and paid for. He showed the Indians how to plough and plant, to clear and fence and burn the brushwood, and build their houses, working with his hands as he well knew how.

Egerton Ryerson became a controversialist, not from choice, but of necessity. Dr. Strachan's famous sermon of July 3rd, 1825, disparaged the Methodists as "disloyal, ignorant, incapable, and idle." It was felt that reply must be made, and upon young Ryerson the lot fell. It made a sensation scarcely less violent and general, he says, than a Fenian invasion. "At that time the Methodists had no law to secure a foot of land on which to build parsonages or chapels and in which to bury their dead; their ministers were not allowed to solemn-

nize matrimony, and some of them had been the objects of cruel and illegal persecution on the part of magistrates and others in authority. And now they were the butt of unprovoked and unfounded aspersions from two heads of Episcopal clergy, while pursuing the 'noiseless tenor of their way' through trackless forests and bridgeless rivers and streams, to preach among the scattered inhabitants the unsearchable riches of Christ."

The doughty old Colonel, when he found that his son was not only a Methodist but a champion of the Methodists, was astounded at his audacity. Thus, at the age of twenty-three, this young Canadian entered upon his long career of dominant influence in the Church of his choice and in the counsels of his country. He became, while yet a young man, first editor of *The Christian Guardian*, and first president of Victoria College, "which was born," says Dr. Burwash,

"out of the struggle for religious liberty and equal civil rights."

The story recorded in this book is in large degree a history of Methodism during its formative and most critical period. Dr. Ryerson lived to see it grow into the largest Protestant Church in the Dominion, to be the first president of its General Conference, and to foresee in the near future the larger union which has swallowed up all the differences of the past. Dr. Ryerson's part in this evolution, his influence in the counsels of the province and the homeland, and specially his educational work, find here faithful record. Dr. Ryerson's grandest monument is the public school system of Ontario, one of the most enlightened, liberal, and effective in the world. This book is one of the veritable edition de luxe of the "Makers of Canada," projected and so successfully inaugurated by the Morang Publishing Company.

THE PATHWAY OF PAIN.

BY KATE UPSON CLARK.

I have trodden the pathway of pain, where I hoped I might never go ;
I have felt the pitiless winds that over its barrens blow ;
I have drunk of the bitter brooks that along its borders flow.

I have seen the crowds press down that narrow and stony path,—
Some led by the Angel of Sorrow and some by the Angel of Wrath,—
But each with the faltering footstep that ever the wretched hath.

Their eyes were wild and tearful ; their cheeks were sodden gray ;
And as they stumbled onward, they moaned the livelong day ;
And I said "O God, preserve me from walking that doleful way !"

When the Angel of Sorrow calmly bade me to follow him,
I shuddered and cried, "I cannot!"—and my very sight grew dim ;
But I had to rise and follow, though I shook in every limb.

At last my eyes are opened. I see a golden light,
Which shows me far-off starry worlds, before as black as night ;
That dark and dismal pathway hath suddenly grown bright.

And I own a million brothers,—a million sisters dear,
And I love them all with a pity which brings the farthest near,—
A love which thrills my being,—as Heaven had entered here.

For I see that when you have trodden the thorny path of pain,
This selfish world is never the same chill place again,
Henceforth you love the sorrowing with ardent might and main.

And songs of consolation breathe sweet from pole to pole ;
And the cheat of the outer varnish like a shell off all doth roll ;
And you stand with your fellow mourners, quivering soul to soul.

Then fear not, anxious mortal ! When you tread the path of pain
God links you with your comrades there, in a new, resplendent chain ;
And for every pang you suffer, He pays you back again.

—*Harper's Bazaar.*

Current Topics and Events.



ALL THE WORLD WAITS.

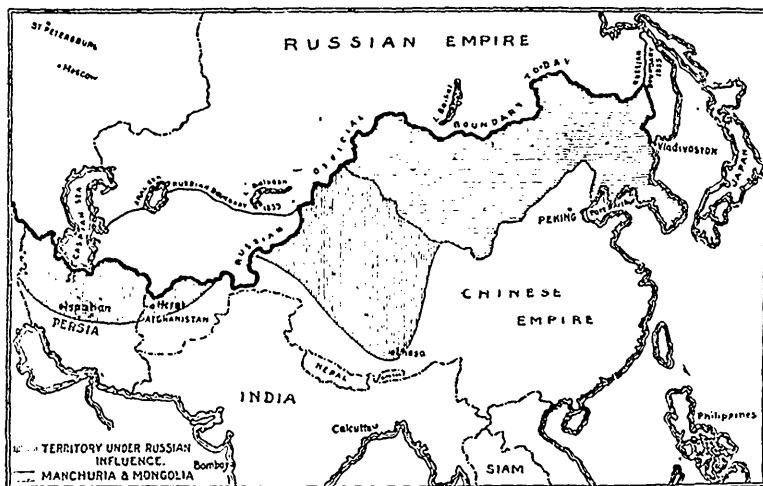
—Harper's Weekly.

“GIVE PEACE IN OUR TIME, O LORD.”

The churches of Christendom ought to breathe this prayer with intense earnestness. The destiny of thousands, it may be of millions, hangs in the balance. A crisis of fate is impending; whether war, wide wasting, shall ravage the world, set back the clock of civilization and wreak direst woe and havoc to vast regions of the earth. Every chivalrous instinct of mankind throughout the world is, we think, on behalf of the gallant Japanese, who do not flinch from measuring their valour with the strength of the Colossus of the North.

“If you scratch a Russian,” said Napoleon, “you will find a Tartar underneath.” A thin veneer of civilization hides the savage of the Caucasus and the Steppes. Russia

was the latest country in Europe to emerge from barbarism. Even Peter the Great was little better than a semi-civilized savage. Scarce as much can be said of Ivan the Terrible and Catharine the Cruel. We include not only the peasantry, but the selfish bureaucrats in this accusation. Till within fifty years the mujiks were serfs of the soil, sold with the cattle and herds of the estates, living and dying in abject ignorance and superstition. But the military bureaucracy has crushed alike its own peasantry and all conquered peoples, has scourged alike with the Cossack's knout the students in its colleges and the peasants in the field. The pitiless treatment of the Poles and Finns, the bitter persecution and cruel massacres of the Jews, the Doukhobors, the



MAP SHOWING RUSSIAN ADVANCES IN ASIA IN THE LAST FIFTY YEARS.

Stundists, the Armenians; the crushing of free thought, the exile of thousands of the noblest sons of Russia to the icy regions of Siberia, and the horrors of its mines and prisons; the atrocities in war, as when three years ago thousands of Chinese were driven into the Amoor and drowned under fire of shot and shell; the cruelties which have made the word Cossack a name of terror, even the burning of Moscow and the hanging like wolves on the flanks of Napoleon's disastrous retreat, all show the innate savagery of the Russian.

M. Deutch, a Russian writer quoted in *The Outlook* of January 16th, says: "More than ten thousand peaceful Chinese were butchered or drowned, by direct order of the Russian authorities, at Blagoveshchensk and in its immediate vicinity. The entry of our army into Manchuria was not merely signaled by flaming dwellings; nothing and nobody was spared. Women, children, and the aged were pitilessly slaughtered. But even some of the officers themselves told with a shudder of the bloodthirsty instincts developed by these 'heroes' in a war against unarmed men, women, and children on Chinese soil. A rich and thickly populated land was reduced, in a few months, to a barren desert, where charred ruins were visible here and there, and corpses were left to the wolves and the vultures." Says Mr. Kennan, "Russia's rule in Manchuria seems to have begun with the atrocities of Tamerlane and Genghis Khan."

Rudyard Kipling, with the swift intuition of genius, has gauged the character of Russia in the words:

When he shows as seeking quarter, with
paws like hands in prayer,
That is the time of peril—the time of the
Truce of the Bear!

Over and over the story, ending as he began:
There is no truce with Adam-zad, the Bear
that looks like a man!

The lying evasion and deception of his promise to evacuate Manchuria while strengthening his grip, and his professions of seeking peace while preparing war are thoroughly characteristic—and Russian. Our map presented herewith shows the remorseless, glacier-like, benumbing action of Russian advance. The open ports are closed, trade withers, freedom dies wherever the glacier comes.

The plucky little nation of the Farthest East that unites the vivacity of the French with the doggedness and daring of the Briton; the nation that has shown more progress in half a century than any other in the world: the nation which, though not Christian, exhibits more tolerance for Christian missions than so-called Christian Russia, deserves the support and moral backing of her Christian ally, Great Britain, and we trust will emerge from the conflict, if conflict must come, freer and stronger than

ever. The Czar is doubtless a kindly and peace-loving man, but is dominated by the military bureau that counsels war. We hope that the good offices of Edward the Peacemaker may avert the horrors of an earth-shaking conflict by sea and by land.

The conflict of Japan, with 40,000,000 of people and 150,000 square miles of mountainous territory, with Russia, with a population of 140,000,000, and eight million square miles of territory, is like that of David with Goliath of Gath. But thrice is he armed who knows his quarrel just, and possibly not for the first time colossal might must yield to intrepid right.

EXPANSION OF RUSSIA.

A glance at the foregoing map will show the enormous aggressions of Russia on Asia within recent times. The vast extent of Manchuria and Mongolia, shown in the horizontal shading, and the sphere of influence covering Thibet, leaves comparatively little of the once enormous Chinese Empire. The British expedition to Thibet will probably check the last move and bring that great table-land of Asia under British control. In an article in *World's Work*, Charles W. Barnaby thus discusses the aggressions in Asia :

It is difficult to conceive how any one could, in view of the several centuries' demonstration by Russia of her aspirations in regard to acquiring additional territory and of her methods of accomplishing the desired end, have any other idea than that she had all along intended to appropriate Manchuria and Mongolia ; and that any one should still doubt Russia's intention after these demands—which are a direct violation of her pledges—were made known, is simply astounding. For, while it is well known that Russia took advantage of the Boxer uprising to occupy and uphold Manchuria, the fact that she also occupied Mongolia seems to have escaped notice.

In 1900, Russia, using the Boxer uprising as a pretext, put Mongolia under military control, and practically secured the whole of that vast country without firing a gun.

It is important to note here, that, in taking Mongolia, Russia also took at the same time a considerable strip of China proper. Russia considers that

Mongolia extends to the Chinese Wall.

Russia has made numerous promises to remove her troops and restore Manchuria to China, but continually finds excuses for not doing so. Instead, however, of withdrawing the troops as agreed, Russia made a number of demands on China, which should make it clear that she intends to stay. That Russia has got and intends to hold Manchuria and Mongolia there is not the slightest cause to doubt, while she unquestionably has Korea marked for early acquisition, having rescued it from Japan in 1895 for that express purpose.

The Russo-Greek Church is about to erect a cathedral in Cleveland, Ohio, which it is said will cost in the neighbourhood of one million dollars. The money will be furnished by the Holy Synod, technically by the Czar of Russia, the head of the national Church.

On the other hand, one reads of the Russian debt of 17,250,000,000 francs, of which foreigners hold over 4,250,000,000, besides railway shares. A Norwegian author comes forward with the statement that it is foreign gold upholding the Russian autocracy ; that war is bound to come, and the payment of interest will cease ; that in the end Russia will return thanks for assistance received by state bankruptcy.

Finland, says *Public Opinion*, is now feeling the full effects of the new regime established by Russia under Governor-General Bobrikoff. Arbitrary arrests and banishments are the rule of the day, and the formality of trial in so-called political offences is entirely dispensed with. The first exiles who left Helsingfors were met at the station by immense crowds, the people showering them with flowers and other expressions of sympathy. At stations along the line to Abo the train was met by crowds singing the national anthem. The people are said to be stupefied by the proceedings of the new regime, personal liberty and legal rights now being for the first time denied to them.

FISCALITIS.

This epidemic rages merrily throughout the Old Land. The perfervid apostle of protection meets



THE RIVAL PRESIDENTS.
—Bradley, in the Chicago News.

enormous crowds and enthusiastic cheers and counter cheers. Whether he is winning votes time alone will tell. Mr. William Bryan, the defeated candidate for the presidency of the United States, tells him that this voluble enthusiasm does not count for much. He knows. It is certainly an education of the people along the most practical political and economic lines. Such an attack upon cherished



JOE: "I think I could manage the German and the American, but what am I to do with this big dump-ling from Canada!"
 "In consequence of this bounty"—paid by the Canadian Government on all pig-iron made in Canada from Canadian ore—"the Canadian ironmasters have exported Canadian pig-iron to this country, and have sent us, or, to use the current phrase, have dumped upon us, in two years, 1601-2, nearly as much iron as Germany, Holland, Belgium, and America put together."
 —W. S. B. McLaren, in The Times, Nov. 24th.

institutions, says a French critic, if perpetrated across the channel, would precipitate duels, barricades, and a revolution. But the level-headed Britishers fight it out in the forum, at the hustings, and the polls, and thus does "Freedom broaden down from precedent to precedent."

INTERNATIONAL COQUETRY.

The Honourable John Charlton has long and deservedly held a place of prominence and power in the councils



RECIPROCITY.

A Pleasing Picture by John Charlton, the Optimistic Canadian Artist.
—From the Minneapolis Journal.

of Canada. He was an influential member of the Joint High Commission which some time since met at Washington, and has steadfastly advocated the advantages of reciprocity as a bond of peace as well as means of prosperity. He has faithfully shown the American people that their unjust and jealous tariff laws, instead of coercing Canada into annexation, have had the very opposite result, have thrown her on her own resources, developed her European trade, and made her practically independent of American trade relations. The possibility of preferential tariff has



THE OPEN DOOR.

wakened many American Boards of Trade to a new phase of the question and has stimulated quite a coquetting between Uncle Sam and Miss Canada. A western cartoonist has cleverly shown this, with the possible result of Uncle Sam's lowering his tariff wall.

UNCLE SAM AND THE OPEN DOOR.

Uncle Sam has been one of the most determined advocates of the open door in Manchuria. He demands it for the expansion of American trade. Our cartoon shows the inconsistency of his own closed door in the United States, as is shown by the Chinese Exclusion Act. We are not free from the same inconsistency ourselves.

As we surmised that he would, Dr. Dowie seems to have weathered the financial storm that threatened the prosperity of Zion City, and by the help of his dupes is able to assume the self-satisfied aspect shown in the cartoon.

Nothing is sacred to the pencil of the cartoonist. Many of our readers have seen in the original, or in pic-

tures, the two charming cherubs which Raphael painted to fill a vacant space at the foot of his masterpiece, the Sistine Madonna. The American cartoonist parodies these as the rival candidates for the presidency, Hanna and Roosevelt—who are anything but cherubic-looking in the picture. The mysterious initials, G. O. P., which we see so often painted on the Republican elephant mean, of course, the Grand Old Party.



ELJAH DOWIE.—"They say I'm broke."
—Lovey, in the Salt Lake Herald.

THE ARID LAND PROBLEM.

Canada is to be congratulated in that she has no irrigation problem in connection with her Great West. Nature has watered "the world's granaries." The United States Government is now about to invest \$10,000,000 in arid land reclamation. By this expenditure they hope to add at least \$50,000,000 to the landed values in the irrigated regions. Land now completely valueless, when assured of a permanent water supply, will be worth a minimum of fifty dollars per acre.

The plans of five enterprises have been submitted to the Government. These are the construction of a reservoir on the Sweetwater River in Wyoming; the building of the unique St. Mary Canal in Montana, which will divert the waters of one watershed and turn them through the divide upon another watershed, so that they will eventually find their way into the Gulf of Mexico; the "Nevada project," which involves the construction of reservoirs lying in whole or in part in the State of California; the construction of a six-mile tunnel to serve as a conduit for the flow of the Gunnison River in Colorado; and the storage of water in the Salt River near the mouth of Tonto Creek in Arizona.

A STRIKE FOR LOWER PAY.

One of the curious fruits of unionism is revealed in the strike in a boiler-shop in Jersey City. The union had fixed the minimum wage to be paid in that shop at \$3 per day. But it was found that the firm was paying \$3.75 a day to a few men whose work was much better than the average. The firm was then notified that it must establish a uniform rate of \$3 per day, and no more. Compliance with this order was refused. Accordingly, the men went on strike; the more skilled workmen, who were getting \$3.75 per day, went with their companions, thus striking against their higher pay. The police had to be called to protect the non-union men who took the place of the strikers.

The principle that the lazy, incompetent workman is worth as much as the most skilled of his companions

can never be promotive of the interests of the labouring class as a whole. It is self-evident that such a stand can only tend to discourage self-development, and reduce the whole class to the level of the lazy and incompetent. The labouring classes have undoubtedly had their grievances, with which all right-minded men have sympathized, but this suppression of the inducements to rise above the mediocre is undoubtedly one of the bad fruits of the struggle. To be sure, all union men are not in sympathy with the Jersey City strike.

Judge W. H. Thomas, of Alabama, thus summarizes recent statistics:

Killed on American railways, three years ending June 30, 1900	21,847
Killed (British forces) during South African war, including death from disease	22,000
Homicides (three times the number for one year, 10,465)	31,395

That is, the homicides in the United States are nearly half as many again as either the deaths from railroad accidents in the same country in time of peace, or the deaths in South Africa from war. The figures show an appalling disregard of human life in the United States.

The New York Commercial Advertiser has the good sense to say: "As a matter of fact, annexation becomes every year a more and more improbable dream. Canada is growing up into a strong and prosperous state, with interests and with an individuality that are peculiarly her own."

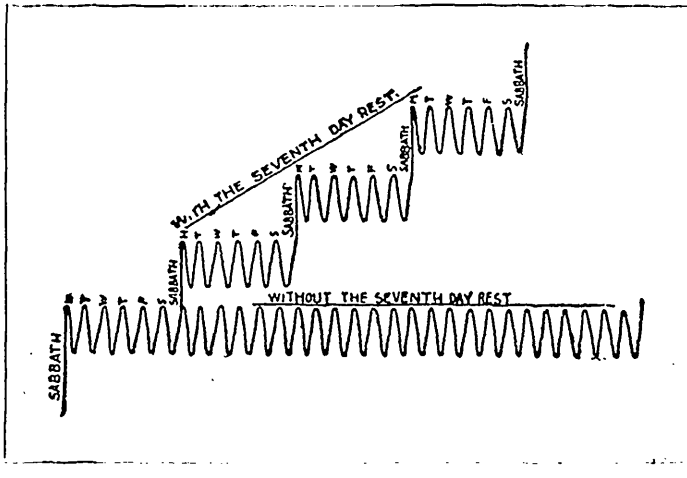
In addition to the Atlas Line weekly service from New York to Jamaica referred to on another page, there is a monthly steamer by the Pickford & Black Line from Halifax, calling at Bermuda and Turk's Island, and a fortnightly steamer for Bermuda, Barbadoes, Trinidad, and Demerara. This might be more convenient for the Maritime Provinces. The rate to Jamaica by all the lines is, we think, the same—\$40 one way, \$75 for the round trip.

Wait then, my soul, and edge the darkening cloud
With the bright gold that hope can always lend;
And if to-day thou art with sorrow bowed;
Wait till to-morrow and thy grief shall end.—Henry Burton.

THE FOURTH COMMANDMENT WRITTEN IN OUR BODIES.

The Sabbath law is written in science as well as Scripture, in the body as well as the Bible.

At a World's Fair in Paris, ninety-eight years after the Sabbath was assassinated in that country during the "Reign of Terror," when a tenth-day holiday was substituted for a dozen disastrous years, a hygienic medal was awarded to certain arguments for the Sabbath as necessary to the longest and strongest life. Chief of these arguments was that of Professor Haegler, of Basle, which can be best presented by aid of the following diagram.



Each downward stroke represents the exhaustion of an average day's work, and each upward stroke the incomplete five-sixths recovery of a night's rest, which is not the same in every case, but serves to illustrate the principle involved. When a man works earnestly with hand or brain, he uses every hour more oxygen than he breathes, especially as he breathes only three-fourths of a full breath when absorbed in work, even if the body is not, as it often is, in a constrained position or in an imperfectly ventilated room.

The labourer who is taken as an example breathes thirty ounces of oxygen in a day, but uses thirty-one, and this extra ounce he draws from the bank of his own body. He is therefore one ounce in debt to nature at the close of the day, which is the scien-

tific measure of his weariness. The heart goes slower when one ceases walking or working, even to stand, still slower when he sits, yet slower when he lies down, and slowest of all when he sleeps. And so this labourer, by a full night's sleep after a full day's work, gets back five-sixths of his lost ounce of oxygen. But only five-sixths. The night does not balance the day, but leaves a debt to be settled by the weekly rest.

As the guide-board points to the next town, the imperfect recovery produced by a night's rest points forward to the Sabbath. As the successive stones

of the lithographer bring out the perfect picture at last, so the successive nights of the week print the fourth commandment in our very blood and nerves. A sixth of an ounce weaker every morning means six-sixths of an ounce short on Sabbath morning, a whole ounce short, a whole day behind, nature saying just as loudly on Sabbath morning as on Monday night, "You need rest"; only in the case of Sabbath morning one needs not sleep, but waking rest; and the best waking rest is a complete change from the week's selfish work for money to the Sabbath's unselfish works of mercy.

By a whole day's rest nature is brought back on Monday morning to the same height—barring the imperceptible influence of age—as that of the Monday previous, a square ledger balance with nature. And so every

week one may climb the invigorating heights of the Sabbath, renewing his youth like the eagles.

Leaping with God from seven to seven,
Till that we both, being tossed from earth,
Fly hand in hand to heaven.

The man who omits this Sabbath rest, working monotonously every day, and resting only at night, "runs down," as the expressive common phrase aptly puts it.

These conclusions of Mr. Haegler, the greatest specialist on the relation of the Sabbath to health, are, for substance of doctrine, those of the whole medical profession, which hundreds of doctors have expressed with less particularity. But Dr. Haegler finds his most illustrious endorsement in Professor Hodge, of Clark University,

Worcester, Mass., who has demonstrated in his biological laboratory that the nerve cells are not fully restored from a day's wear by a night's rest, and that they need to be fully restored every few days, and that such perfect restoration cannot be accomplished with less than thirty to thirty-six hours of continuous rest, which means a rest-day added to the adjoining two nights, a rest such as the Sabbath affords.

Surely in no nation and in no age has it been so necessary, to guard against national nerve-exhaustion as in our own, when we are passing from the nineteenth century of steam into the twentieth century of electricity, and when the problems of the whole world are laid every morning at our doors.—C. E. World.

Religious Intelligence.

RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE BIBLE.

BY BISHOP MANT.

The Book of God ! And is there then a book
Which on its front that awful title bears ?
Who hold it, what high duty must be
theirs,
And what high privilege, therein to look,
To read, mark, learn, digest ! But in this
book
Of earth pent up, and blinded by earth's
cares,
Its hopes and joys, if nan the treasure
dares

To scorn, such scorn shall the great Author
brook ?—
How longed the holy men and prophets old
God's truth to see ! How blest, whom He
hath willed
To see His truth in His own book enrolled !
Pure is the Book of God, with sweetness
filled ;
More pure than massive, unadulterate gold,
More sweet than honey from the rock
distilled.

IN THE MIDST OF LIFE WE ARE IN DEATH.

This solemn truth has been forced upon our minds by the tragic occurrences of the closing and the opening year. The disasters by sea and land, by flood and fire, have made us feel "on what a slender thread hang everlasting things." The Chicago horror especially lacked no element of the tragic. The very conditions under which it occurred, amid the mirth and merriment of the holiday season, the fairy spectacle to which mothers with their children were specially invited, converted in a moment into a holocaust of flame and pain and death, stagger the imagination. Far be it from us to add one iota to the sorrow of the survivors, but surely there is a

lesson in all of this for us. The words of the Master, "Those eighteen, upon whom the tower in Siloam fell, and slew them, think ye that they were sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem ? I tell you, Nay : but, except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." But surely the crowded theatre, with its glare and glitter, its tinsel and its sham, with its false and shallow sentiment, is not the best atmosphere physically or morally for young children—or their elders either. Better youthful games in the open air or by the social hearth than all the elaborate frivolity of the theatrical extravaganza.

Another lesson is forced upon us—the greed and selfishness of stage management in every city in the land

that invites its patrons to death-traps where a similar disaster is dependent on a hundred contingencies. A flare of gas, a grounded wire, a spark in tinselled drapery, a senseless panic, might anywhere produce similar results. Our churches and our public halls should be rigidly inspected and made to conform to the strict requirements of the law.

The condemnation by the American press of the theatre management is strong, but not too strong: "Deliberate and wicked recklessness," "There is not the shadow of a shade of an excuse for the men who neglect needful precautions," "Managers are not men of murderous intention, yet in their recklessness or ignorance they may be almost as dangerous as an insane person with homicidal proclivities."

Yet these awful scenes have been gilded with gleams of heroism that give alleviation to the sadness of these tragedies. The railway engineer in the disaster at Dawson, Pa., who, scalding to death, cried out in his agony to flag the following train, was as true a hero as ever found death upon the battlefield. The captain of the "Clallam," who went down with his ship, trying to save his passengers; good Bishop Fallows and the firemen and police who risked their lives to save the victims of the Chicago fire, ennoble humanity, and are the more striking by their contrast to the cowardice and imbecility of the theatre ushers who, leaving locked the exits of which they were the guardians, sought safety in flight when they might have saved hundreds.

GENEROUS GIFTS.

The gifts to colleges, hospitals, libraries, and the like in the United States for 1903 have amounted to over \$73,000,000, about \$1 per head for every man, woman, and child in the country. Of this Mr. Carnegie took the lead with a total of nearly \$26,000,000. Yet this is not equal to the year's income, leaving intact his principal. Mr. Rockefeller comes next with about \$3,000,000; Pierpont Morgan, with only \$10,000. This great sum does not include the large givings to home and foreign missions and church work. The sense of stewardship and duties of wealth are realized in no country more than in the United States. Were Canada to give proportionately there would be nearly \$6,000,000 for public philanthropies and probably as much more for church and

missions. We have not accumulated capital like our wealthy neighbours, but there is a growing sense of stewardship to God. The most generous bequest ever made in Canada was that of \$2,000,000 by the late Hart A. Massey, which has brought succour to many struggling causes, and in its aid to many philanthropic and religious purposes will be found a blessing for all time.

While the most generous of people, our American friends are also the most reckless. The death of six hundred in the Chicago fire awakens a widespread horror, but the loss of life by railways in 1903 was 3,554, with 45,977 injured, an increase of nearly 7,000 on the previous year. This is far more than all the fatalities of the Cuban war. There were 5,219 railway collisions, about fourteen a day. In England collisions are almost unknown and fatal accidents very, very rare.

ENORMOUS LOSSES OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH IN AMERICA.

The Berlin Germania, one of the most influential Roman Catholic journals in Europe, has attracted considerable attention lately by a series of articles, signed "A German-American," on the subject of the decline of Roman Catholicism in the United States. In that country, this writer says, the "Church" has suffered enormous losses. She is proving herself incompetent to hold her own. The following are a few extracts from these articles:

"The number of Roman Catholics in the United States in 1900 was 10,774,932, with 13 archbishops, 80 bishops, about 12,000 priests, 10,427 churches, 3,812 parochial schools, 183 higher educational schools for boys, 688 similar institutions for girls, 8 universities, 76 seminaries, and 247 orphans' homes. These figures ought to be double what they are. Within the last century fully 8,000,000 Roman Catholics have emigrated to America, and their descendants must number 24,000,000. The reasons for the enormous losses are many, among them chiefly the great expense entailed by the maintenance of Church and School in America, as contrasted with the State-established church systems of Europe. It is also necessary to take into account the great confusion of nationalities and languages, the practical materialism that prevails, the influence of the several orders to which the Church

is uncompromisingly opposed, the godless public press, and the liberalized tendencies of 'Americanism' within the Church itself.

"It is a notorious fact that in public life and work the Roman Catholic Church is systematically crowded into the background in America. It is utterly impossible for a Roman Catholic ever to be elected to the Presidency of the United States. Of the governors of the various States there is not a single one who is a member of the Roman Catholic Church. Of the ninety members of the United States Senate, only two or three are members of our Church, and of the three hundred and fifty-seven members of the Lower House the relative proportion of Roman Catholics is no greater. Into many of the penal and corrective institutions a Roman Catholic priest is not even permitted to enter, and the Roman Catholic inmates are not seldom compelled to take part in the Protestant services. The public schools, the high schools, and the State universities are officially non-religious, yet in reality they are preponderatingly under Protestant influence."

RUSSIAN INTOLERANCE IN MANCHURIA.

Every Protestant Christian must view with deep concern Russia's seeming determination to possess this province of the Chinese Empire, since if her schemes are not thwarted our mission work therein will soon come to an end. These signs are most significant and alarming. Russia has not permitted the restoration of stations destroyed by the Boxers. Dr. Greig, a medical missionary, having broken through the cordon of guards to the north last year, was forcibly deported. The province has been put under the archimandrite of Peking, and all Christian teaching is strictly limited to representatives of the Greek Church, and chapels have been put into the hands of Russian priests.

THE CHINA ISLAND MISSION.

So far as at present reported, the total number of Chinese converts baptized in connection with our work during 1902 is 1,106. It should be remembered that these figures do not represent the total number of souls saved, but only those who, after much testing, have been admitted to the fellowship of the Church. During 1901

the admissions into church fellowships numbered only 422. Do we not see in these figures great cause for thanksgiving to our God who has so graciously wrought through His servants to bring about this most gratifying result? The provinces most fruitful in baptisms are Cheh-kiang and Shansi—the martyr provinces—and Sz-chuan and Kiang-si.—China's Millions.

FORTY-EIGHT YEARS A MISSIONARY.

Rev. Henry H. Jessup, D.D., the veteran missionary to Syria, gives the following as the lessons that he has learned in his missionary life. They are worth noting:

My first lesson is one of gratitude to God that I have been enabled to live so long in such a blessed work.

The second is that, if I could live my life over again, I would choose the missionary work above all others.

The third is one of sorrow and humiliation at my many mistakes and failures, and of strong desire that I might try again with new purpose, new wisdom, and new consecration.

The fourth is the inadequacy and worthlessness of the human element in the missionary work unless vitalized, inspired, and controlled by the Divine.

The fifth is the vantage-ground occupied by the new missionary of today over those who went out fifty years ago.

The sixth is that the great convulsions, wars, and massacres which desolate mission fields such as the Syrian massacres of 1860, and the Chinese Boxer outbreak of 1900, are the ploughshares upturning the soil for the good seed, and preparing the way for reconstruction, regeneration, and reformation.

The seventh is that the Bible is bound to supplant the Koran, the Vedas, and the books of Confucius.

The eighth is that the world needs the Gospel and will not be at rest until it has received Jesus Christ.

The ninth is that the most precious service of the missionary is the oral preaching of the Gospel.

THE BIBLE FOR RUSSIAN JEWS.

Mr. Bergmann, a well-known Jewish missionary, writes to a London paper: "I have, at the earnest request of several Jewish friends, and after much prayer, commenced a second translation of the Old Testament in another

Yiddish dialect, so that in these two dialects all Yiddish-speaking Jews in all parts of their dispersion will be able to read and understand their own Scriptures. The hunger for the Word among the Jews is everywhere increasing, and doors are being everywhere opened for its circulation. The Emperor of Russia has given me permission to circulate the Scriptures among the millions of Jews who reside in that vast empire."

BEGGING IN AFRICA.

A missionary writes that the native African is decidedly fond of begging, and will beg at every opportunity, and for everything upon which his eyes may rest, from a pin or nail to the very clothes you wear, and under any pretence whatever he will ask for a gift. If he points out the road to a village, it is: "Fundis, 'ngi tuse" (Missionary, give me a present). If he shows you a stream of water, or comes to your meeting, it is the same thing.

A certain traveller tells about a native who was saved by a missionary from being killed. He came to the mission later, not to thank the missionary for saving his life, but to ask for a piece of cloth because his life was saved. This would not be unusual for an African. We have had natives ask us for presents because we had done them some service. We suppose they thought that one good turn deserves another. This shows their simple childlike mind. In order to have any peace along that line, one must let them know at once that no presents will be given, except in exchange for presents. To exchange presents is a sign of friendship.

SAMOANS GIVING TO MISSIONS.

It appears that these Christians have a foreign mission in Fiji, and when recently an appeal was made in its behalf this is what occurred:

One after another of that great gathering rose up and made promises of money, ranging from \$1 to \$20, and, in one case, \$50, each fresh offer being received with great cheers, the cheers being changed to laughter when some would-be wit announced his gift as 100 cents, followed by another who promised its English equivalent of 48 pence; and not to be outdone, the "German" Samoan called

out his subscription of 400 pfennigs—sounding a large sum, but in reality being, if anything, less than the others; and, to crown all, one man announced his offering as a "kini" (guinea), his wife's as 4 marks, and his child's as 12½ cents! For two hours at least we sat, busy recording the names and amounts promised, and in some cases receiving the cash. At last we had to close, owing to the lateness of the hour. But next morning still more promises were made, so that before our meetings closed we were assured of the success of Kureca's appeal; for more than £300 was promised or given.

Japanese missionaries have united in the production of a union hymn-book which is being issued from the press of the Methodists. It was promised for use October 1st. Congregationalists, Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, and Disciples all took part in its compilation; and it expresses the common faith and common hope of the universal Church. It will contain 450 hymns, 125 of which appear also in the newly revised Episcopal Hymnal.

In Yokohama is a large Christian printing company which has 220 persons in its employ, and all these are gathered every Monday morning for a religious service before beginning the work of the week. The manager is an elder in the Presbyterian Church, and the company has a large business, not only through Japan, but in Korea, China, and the Philippine Islands.—*Missionary Review*.

DEATH OF COLONEL HADLEY.

Colonel H. H. Hadley, well-known in Toronto in connection with the Jerry McAuley Mission, died in Colorado, December 2nd. He was a brilliant officer in the Secession War, but fell under the power of drink. In 1888 Colonel Hadley was converted and began mission work. He organized sixty rescue missions and several total abstinence societies, and raised over \$250,000 for their support. It is said that he addressed over 5,000 audiences on the subject of total abstinence and rescue work. His brother, S. H. Hadley, is the Superintendent of the Water Street Mission, New York. Many friends rejoice in his life and mourn his loss.

Book Notices.

"A Keystone of Empire: Francis Joseph of Austria." By the author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress." New York: Harper & Bros. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo. Pp. 322. Illustrated. Price, \$2.25 net.

We all like to get an inside view of court life. This book gives such a view. The author was a lady-in-waiting upon the late Empress Elizabeth of Austria, and was a keen observer and student of court life and court doings. It is sad tale she has to tell, that quite disillusioned the reader of the glamour and glitter of court pageantry. Like the doom that brooded over the house of Atreus is the tragic story of the house of the Habsburgs—so the author spells it.

Few kings have been so "battered by the blows of fate" as the knightly Francis Joseph. He has seen army after army defeated with tremendous slaughter—at Magenta, Solferino, and Konnigkratz. His brother Maximilian was shot as a usurper at Queratero in Mexico, while the unhappy Maximilian's wife still lingers a hopeless maniac. His only son perished shamefully by his own hand. The Empress Elizabeth, whom he deeply loved, after a life of alternate estrangement and reconciliation, was done to death by an assassin's dagger at Geneva. The sister of the Empress, the Duchess of Alençon, perished heroically at a charity bazaar fire at Paris. Another sister and her husband were hurled from the throne of Naples and lived for years in obscurity in Paris. His own life was dominated by an imperious mother, the Archduchess Sophia, who made the life of the Empress Elizabeth a living martyrdom.

The very year of his accession saw Vienna in the throes of a revolt, akin to those of the French Revolution of '89. The sixteen wrangling nations that make up the Austro-Hungarian Empire have been often in turmoil, and when the "keystone" of the arch falls out the empire seems destined to fall in ruins. The story is told with much minuteness in this graphic narrative, whose title might well have been "The Miseries of a Palace."

The aged Emperor, now in his seventies, has had the longest reign of any sovereign in Europe, except Louis XIV. and Queen Victoria. Like Vic-

toria the Beloved, he has been the idol of his people. "The only man," said Napoleon III., "who ever returned a crushed and beaten soldier from the field who was received with acclamation by his subjects." How different from the treatment of Napoleon by his people—himself driven into exile, his empress a fugitive from the Tuileries, his son slain by a Zulu assegai on the veldt of Africa. The author of this book possesses full knowledge of the inner history of which she writes. She severely condemns the pride and tyranny of "Sophia the Pitiless," and keenly sympathizes with her beloved mistress, the Empress Elizabeth.

The old Emperor is a model of industry. At early dawn he rises from his iron camp-bed, shaves himself, sometimes calls a council at seven o'clock, goes unattended through the streets as we have seen him in Vienna, works like a bureau clerk at the reports of nineteen ministers of two separate and often rival parliaments; attends the details of two distinct governments, is the acting head of an army of a million, visits incessantly the sub-sections of his empire, especially in times of flood, famine or fever, and endeavours in all things to be the father of his people.

The author is mistress of a remarkably picturesque style. Her descriptions of nature are highly poetic. She makes fine rhetorical use of specific rather than generic terms, as birch and oak and wych-elm and ilex, the lilies and irises, the nettles and absinthe plant, instead of a vague general phrase. The account of her visit to the ruined castle of the Habsburgs in Switzerland, now used as a stable for cattle, which the Emperor, and his son Rudolf tried in vain to restore, is as vivid as a painting by Salvator Rosa. At times the description of court pageantry is overdone and the personality of the writer is too prominent, but the book, as a whole, has a strange fascination, the plain prose of fact being stranger than the fancies of fiction. In the hands of a Shakespeare, or a Schiller, what a drama could be written of these stirring scenes "where tragedy with crimson pall sweeps by!" This is a book of such importance that we shall put it in the hands of a thoroughly competent writer as the subject of a special article.

"Geographic Influences in American History." By Albert Perry Brigham, A.M., F.G.S.A. Boston: Ginn & Company. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xiii-336. Price, \$1.25; by mail, \$1.40.

Buckle and other writers of his school have asserted that history is merely a matter of soil, climate, and environment, or, as otherwise expressed, "Man is what he eats; character is a function of latitude." Such dicta, says Professor Brigham, are entirely too strong, and are sure to confuse rather than guide. That environmental influences character need not be asserted, and the purpose of this book is to interpret and explain such influence. The author begins with the geological and physiographical character of the country, and shows how they affect civilization. The book is exceedingly interesting and instructive, not only to students and teachers, but to the general reader. It gives new interest to travel and to the study of history. The book is illustrated with seventy-two striking half-tones and sixteen maps and physiographic reliefs. The influence of the Appalachian Barrier, and the great lakes on commerce; and the chapters on mountain, mine, and forest life, are full of suggestion to ourselves as well as to American and Canadian readers.

"Wesley and Goethe." By James W. Bashford, Ph.D. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 97. Price, 35 cents net.

A few months ago we published in this magazine an extended estimate of the contrasted characters of Wesley and Voltaire. Principal Bashford here makes a not less interesting and instructive comparison of the great preacher and the great poet of the eighteenth century. Wesley lived to the age of eighty-eight, Goethe to the age of eighty-three, and their lives were largely parallel in time. The one was a flaming evangelist spending his life for the salvation of souls, the other was a self-centred egotist who trampled under his foot the conventions of society and laws of morality in his sordid selfishness. He was a great poet, it is true, and Dr. Bashford credits him with an intellectual acceptance of Christianity in his old age.

The book is a thoughtful, just, and generous study of these two foremost

intellects of their time, with the result, in the writer's judgment, that probably Wesley has had no superior since the Master trod the earth. Lecky devotes to him more space in his history than he gives to any king, cardinal, or general. Cardinal Manning, the highest authority in the Roman Church, pronounced John Wesley "the greatest man modern England had produced." James Freeman Clarke, the distinguished Unitarian writer, states that "the Christian Church has produced only three men of the highest type, Paul, Luther, and Wesley;" and Southey writes, "Wesley will exercise more influence centuries and probably millenniums hence than perhaps any other man of his age." This book will well repay thoughtful study.

"The Dream of Dante." An interpretation of the Inferno. By Rev. Henry F. Henderson, M.A. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 136. Price, 2s. 6d.

The vision of the Tuscan poet of the unseen worlds is one of the noblest conceptions of the middle ages, and one of the world's greatest poems. Yet a book written in a foreign tongue six hundred years ago must have difficulties and obscurities. To explain these, to interpret its spiritual significance, to set forth its beauties and its lessons, is the purpose of this book. It serves as a key to unlock the meaning of one of the greatest works ever written. It will be found helpful, not merely to young students of Dante, or those who wish to know something of his genius and achievement, but also to those who have made a special study of his works.

"Our Angel Friends in Ministry and Song." A Gift Book for Every Day in the Year. By Alfred Fowler, D.D. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo. Pp. 606. Price, \$2.50.

The great purpose of religion is to make the unseen real to our minds. Where the faltering footsteps of reason cannot follow, the revelation of God unveils the future to our view, and by faith we discern the invisible. Cloud-encompassed as we are by the things of time and sense, we need, day by day, to lift our souls above the sordid cares of earth, and catch inspiration from the verities of the unseen. "As we trudge along the

dusty road of duty," to use the words of Dr. Cuyler quoted in this book, "the angels often meet us, although our eyes recognize no visitant with the lustre of heaven on his wings."

From a wide range of the best prose and verse of the English language, the editor of this book has compiled a choice anthology of what the seers and sages, the poets and prophets of the race have taught concerning the world of spirits. It gives us an uplift and an inspiration to turn to the revelation given us in God's Word, and interpreted by the wisest and best of mankind concerning the spiritual world by which we are surrounded. In the words of that glorious hymn, "Jerusalem the Golden":

They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,

And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng;
O, holy, blessed harp-notes
Of that eternal hymn,
O, sacred, sweet reflection,
And peace of seraphim.

The book is well illustrated by a number of pictures from the great painters, and has at its close a section of appropriate music. Mrs. Margaret Sangster and our own Chancellor Burwash write highly appreciative introductions to the text.

"Historical Evidence of the New Testament." An Inductive Study in Christian Evidences. By Rev. S. L. Bowman, A.M., S.T.D. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 732. Price, \$4.00. (Reserved for further notice.)

LOVE AND KNOWLEDGE.

BY AMY PARRINSON.

Thou knowest, Lord—again and yet again
Returns the troubled soul unto her rest.
This, all her refuge in perplexity—
That Thou dost know. Oft wonderings arise,
And questionings that here can never have
An answer. Thou dost know, for Thou hast planned
The whole from the beginning. 'Tis Thy hand
Which points the way along this narrow path
Obscure with shadows. 'Tis Thy voice that bids
The weary feet to traverse all its length
And never falter, since Thine arm will shield
From unseen dangers. Thy Great Tender Heart
Feels every burden laid upon Thy child
As if it were Thine own, yet knows so well
The needed discipline, that even love,
Such love as Thine, doth not remove the weight
But only lightens it with pitying touch
And words of sympathy.

Lord, in Thy strength—
And in the blessed confidence it hath
That Love as well as Knowledge is behind
All mysteries—the heart can still endure,
And with the patience which Thou wilt bestow,
Can wait for Thy revealings.

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