

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion  
along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la  
distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear  
within the text. Whenever possible, these have  
been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées  
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,  
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont  
pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/  
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/  
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from: /  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
						✓					



VIEW OF HARBOUR OF HALIFAX IN 1777, TAKEN FROM GEORGE'S ISLAND AND LOOKING UP TO KING'S YARDS AND BEDFORD BASIN.

# Methodist Magazine and Review.

SEPTEMBER, 1901.

## BUILDERS OF NOVA SCOTIA.\*

BY SIR JOHN G. BOURINOT, K.C.M.G., LL.D., D.C.L., LIT.D. (LAVAL).

### II.

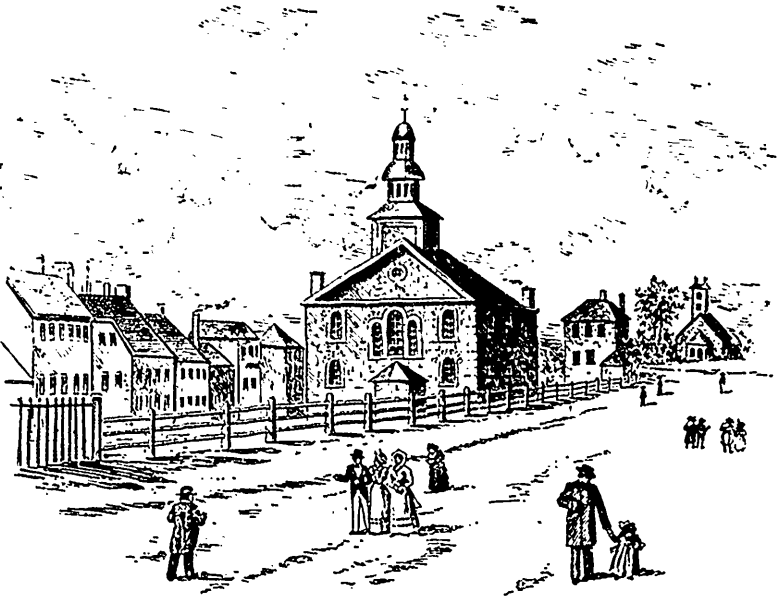
#### THE PROTESTANT CHURCHES.



THE Church of England had its teachers in the province when Nova Scotia became an English possession by the treaty of Utrecht, and eventually when Halifax was founded it became practically a State Church for very many years in the formative period of English institutions. Army chaplains necessarily for a while performed religious services at Annapolis, but the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel extended their operations to the province as early as 1722. The Reverend Mr. Watts was the first schoolmaster and missionary who was paid by that old and historic institution so intimately associated with the establishment of the Church in all the colonies of the British crown. St. Paul's Church—the oldest Protestant church in the Dominion—was commenced in 1750 on its present site, with materials brought from New England, and was opened for service in an incomplete state on the 2nd Sep-

tember, 1750. The present St. Paul's had additions made in the course of a hundred and fifty years, but its main framework is the same as in the middle of last century. Old St. George's, the next oldest historic church, always kept in repair since 1760, is to be seen on Brunswick Street. It is now always called the "Little Dutch Church" because it was built for German converts soon after the completion of St. Paul's. A church first called "Mather's" in honour of the famous Cotton Mather, of New England, was built in 1760 on Hollis Street, for the Congregationalists, many of whom came from New England, and the Reverend Mr. Cleveland, great-great-grandfather of a president of the United States, was the first minister.

The coming of the Loyalists gave a great impulse to the growth of the Church of England, as nearly all of the twenty-eight thousand people, who found their way to the maritime provinces, belonged to that faith. Over thirty clergymen sought refuge in these provinces, between 1776 and 1786, and the majority made their homes in the new colony of New Brunswick. A very few soon left for England, or returned to the United States, where



OLD ST. PAUL'S CHURCH IN 1800 AND LATER.

the distinguished Mr. Seabury, of Connecticut, became the first Episcopalian bishop.

The Rev. Dr. Charles Inglis, who had been a leading divine for many years in New York, and forced to fly from the country when the revolution was successful, was consecrated at Lambeth on the 12th August, 1787, as the first bishop of Nova Scotia—and of the colonies in fact—with jurisdiction over the provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Bermuda, and Newfoundland, until the Right Reverend Jacob Mountain was consecrated in 1793 first Anglican bishop of Quebec. Bishop Inglis was a member of the executive council, and exercised great influence in the government of the province. He was the founder of the University of Kings, which had its beginning as an academy, in 1787, became a college in 1789, and received a royal charter in 1802. It received large imperial and provincial grants for many years, and was a power in the

politics of the country, where a fierce controversy raged between the supporters and opponents of denominational colleges.

Until the separation of the executive from the legislative council, and the foundation of a responsible system of government, the Church of England was practically dominant in official life. The Church of England has made more progress since it is removed from the political animosities and religious jealousies which its position evoked in old times.

The new settlers who came to Nova Scotia from New England between 1760 and 1763 were, for the most part, Congregationalists, and by 1769 there were six churches of this denomination; but in the course of time those people became Presbyterians or Baptists. The same body gradually embraced a large portion of the most influential families of New England origin, and differences in the Church of England at Halifax added to their numbers. One of the early Baptists





BISHOP BINNEY.

ministers was the father of the eminent Canadian statesman, Sir Charles Tupper. The most striking figure in the history of the Baptists of Nova Scotia is undoubtedly that of Dr. Crawley, a member of a family which had always held an honourable position among the gentry of England. His father was a commander in the Royal Navy, where, as a midshipman, he had served under Nelson. The Captain settled in the island of Cape Breton, and the present writer well remembers his beautiful home across the harbour of Sydney, where the boyhood of Dr. Crawley was passed among the trees and flowers which were cultivated and tended with such loving care by his father and mother, who brought with them their fine English tastes and habits. For more than sixty years, after he had left the Bar, for which he was educated, and joined the Baptist Church in 1827, he exerted a remarkable influence in its affairs, especially in connection with Acadia College, which he was proud to see established on a firm foundation long before his death.

Dr. Crawley was in every sense a gentleman, not simply by artificial training, but by natural instincts inherited from a fine strain of blood. He was dignified and urbane, full of benevolent sympathy for young and old, and the language in which he clothed the elevated thoughts to which he gave utterance in the pulpit or on the public platform was chaste, clear and impressive. Even to his ninetieth year, when he closed a long, brilliant and useful career, his face retained that intellectual, refined cast which in his youth was a positive beauty.

The pioneer of the Methodist Church of Nova Scotia, and indeed of the maritime provinces, was the Rev. William Black, who preached for half a century, but made his first success at Sackville, New Brunswick, where in the course of years was established the prosperous university which owes its name of Allison to the liberal gentleman whose liberality gave it birth. So slow, however, was the progress of this church that by 1800 it only had five ministers in all Nova Scotia, while at the present time the Conference comprises one hundred and thirty-four members, who minister in two hundred and eighty churches



BISHOP CHARLES INGLIS.



REVEREND DR. FORRESTER.

to between fifty and sixty thousand persons. In 1786, Mr. Black made Halifax his base of operations for work from time to time among the societies which he established in various parts of the Province. Mr. Wesley corresponded with him, and encouraged him in his pioneer labours in a field untrodden until he took it up. He was undoubtedly one of the most successful missionary ministers of the province, when we consider the progress Methodism made through his untiring energy. Dr. Alder, who became one of the secretaries of the Wesleyan Missionary Society in the parent state, was also a useful worker for his Church in the formative period.\* One of the most eloquent ministers of this Church, obtaining a reputation beyond the province, was the Reverend Dr. Matthew Richey, whose son became, in 1883, a lieu-

\* See "Memorials of Missionary Life in Nova Scotia," by Charles Churchill, Wesleyan Missionary, London, 1845. Also, "History of Methodist Church, including Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and Bermuda," by Rev. Dr. T. Watson Smith, who has recently issued an interesting essay on Slavery in Canaan in Collections of Nova Scotia Hist. Soc., Vol. X.

tenant-governor of Nova Scotia in succession to Sir Adams Archibald. Dr. Richey was for a while president of the Victoria College, and also president of the Canadian, as well as of the Eastern British American, Wesleyan Methodist Conference.\* He possessed a degree of scholarship which was more exceptional in those days among the ministers of his Church than it is at the present time, when the necessity of university training is generally recognized.

The Presbyterians of Nova Scotia now number upwards of one hundred and ten thousand persons, and consequently rank second among religious denominations—the Roman Catholics coming first. They own over two hundred and sixty churches, and enjoy the services of a hundred and twenty-four ministers. The first Presbyterian ministers in Nova Scotia were the Huguenot missionaries who accom-



REVEREND DR. CRAWLEY.

panied De Monts in 1604 to St. Croix and Port Royal, but this experiment did not succeed, and we

\* See an excellent though short sketch of Dr. Richey's life by Fennings Taylor in "Portraits of British Americans" (Montreal, 1865), illustrated by Notman. The portrait I give is taken from this book.

hear no more of Calvinist efforts until Halifax was founded.

The most prominent clergymen long identified with the early development of Presbyterianism were the Reverend Drs. MacGregor and MacCulloch, of Pictou. The Secession Church arose in 1733, out of the hostility of a few conscientious ministers of the established Church of Scotland to the corrupting influences of a system of patronage which facilitated the growth of a time-serving and ignorant ministry, and also in the course of time divided into what were known as Burghers and Antiburghers. The origin of these names is explained by Dr. Patterson, in his life of Dr. MacGregor, of whom he was a grandson. It appears that the burghesses of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Perth were required by the law to take an oath, in which there was this religious clause: "Here I pro-



REVEREND WILLIAM BLACK.

From Reverend Dr. Richey's Memoirs.

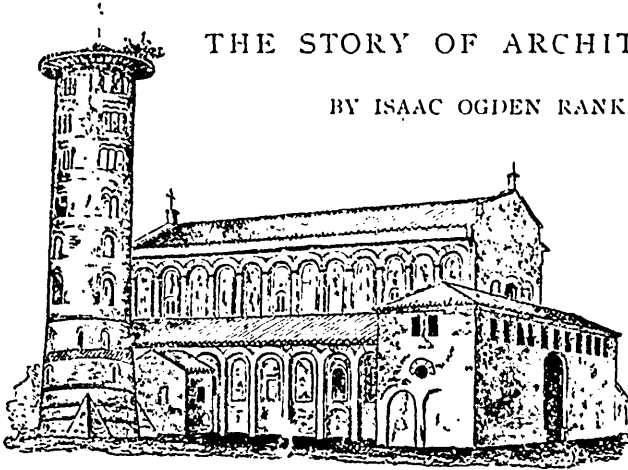
test before God and your Lordships, that I profess and allow with my heart the true religion presently professed within this realm, and authorized by the laws thereof; I shall abide thereat and defend the same to my life's end, renouncing the Roman religion called Papistry." Dr. Patterson explains that this clause was held by some ministers and elders "as implying an approval of the corruptions of the Church of Scotland against which the Secession was testifying, and they therefore refused to take the oath; but others held that it only meant the true religion itself in opposition to that of the Roman Catholics, and therefore were willing to take the oath, or, at least, regarded the point as one on which conscientious men might honestly differ, and which, therefore might properly be made a matter of forbearance." Those who condemned the taking of the oath were usually known as Antiburghers, while those who did not object to its terms were called Burghers.



REVEREND DR. MATTHEW RICHEY.

## THE STORY OF ARCHITECTURE.\*

BY ISAAC OGDEN RANKIN.



CHURCH OF ST. APOLLINARE, RAVENNA, BUILT A.D. 540.

## III.

## CHRISTIAN ARCHITECTURE.



CHRISTIANITY took three centuries to conquer Rome, but when the work was done, it found itself heir to the Roman tongue, the Roman law, the Roman art and buildings. It began by worshipping in private houses. It retreated in troubled days to the underground cemeteries, or catacombs, of Rome and other cities. It built churches, only to see them destroyed or confiscated in times of persecution. How it chose to build before the age of Constantine's conversion we hardly know. Only the chapels in the catacombs remain as examples of early Christian church building.

When, after a time of special persecution, the Christians came into power with Constantine, they received gifts of buildings already existing, or grants of money with which to build new churches. Christianity had been a purely spiritual force. It had originated nothing new in art or architecture.

It still used the forms and skill it found, and adapted them to its needs. It accepted and put to use the different forms of structure which came to it and could be adapted to its worship. Among the chief buildings in existence when it came to the throne, which also modi-

fied or helped the later Christian building, were the law courts or basilicas. Basilica means a king's hall, the place where princes or magistrates sat to administer justice. The early Greek and Roman basilicas seem to have been large roofless spaces surrounded by columns, but later they were walled in and covered over. They had room for a great many people, so that they were sometimes used for markets, and this spaciousness made them better adapted for the use of Christian congregations than the temples, which were often small and usually cut up into little rooms and halls, and which had been profaned by idol worship. At one end of the basilica was a raised platform, often in an alcove, where the prince or judge sat with his counsellors or associate judges.

At the end of 400 years the churches had given their city bishop almost a monarch's power. The prince's seat in the churches was reserved for him, the others were given to his associate ministers. In the new and larger churches to which the name of basilica came to be given the Christian altar stood where the Roman altar had been and the pul-

pit took the place of the clerk's or crier's desk. A few churches in old Rome were made over from temples and several from the large halls of baths, but some of the larger ones were basilicas, and their successors in Rome, as, for example, St. Peter's, are called basilicas even yet.

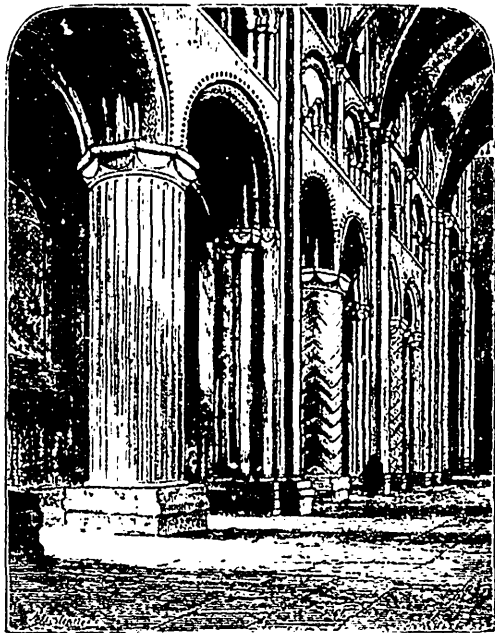
Hitherto it is the outside of buildings which has seemed most interesting, but from the beginning of the Roman, and more especially of the Christian age, it is the inside which becomes of most importance. The Greek temples were places to which people gathered. The Roman basilicas and churches were places in which people gathered.

When the Romans borrowed the Greek column and lintel, they kept the two together, as if they could not be parted, and used them largely as an ornamental addition to arched walls of masonry. Soon, however, they began to find them necessary for convenience within. They enlarged their floor spaces by building vaulted roofs or by the use of long beams extending across from wall to wall. In order to get still more room they cut these side walls up into square piers and made these piers smaller and smaller, until at last they carried the upper walls on a lintel (architrave) above a row of columns or, at last, on arches springing from bits of such an architrave above the columns. It did not seem to occur to them that the column could be used without this fragment of architrave.

When at last arches were built to spring directly from the capital of the column, with this final

throwing out of the lintel, the step from Roman to Christian architecture had been made. The Greek had only the column and the lintel. The Roman brought in the arch, and put the three together without real unity. The Christian threw out the lintel and joined the column and the arch in one.

This is the essential characteristic of Christian church architec-



NORMAN ARCHITECTURE, DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

ture, more essential than the shape of the arches (which were round in the earlier period, called Romanesque, and pointed in the later period, usually called Gothic), or the shape and decoration of the windows by which the different periods of Gothic are most easily recognized.

With the building of stone roofs new problems required solution. The great church of the Divine Wisdom (Sta. Sophia) in Constan-



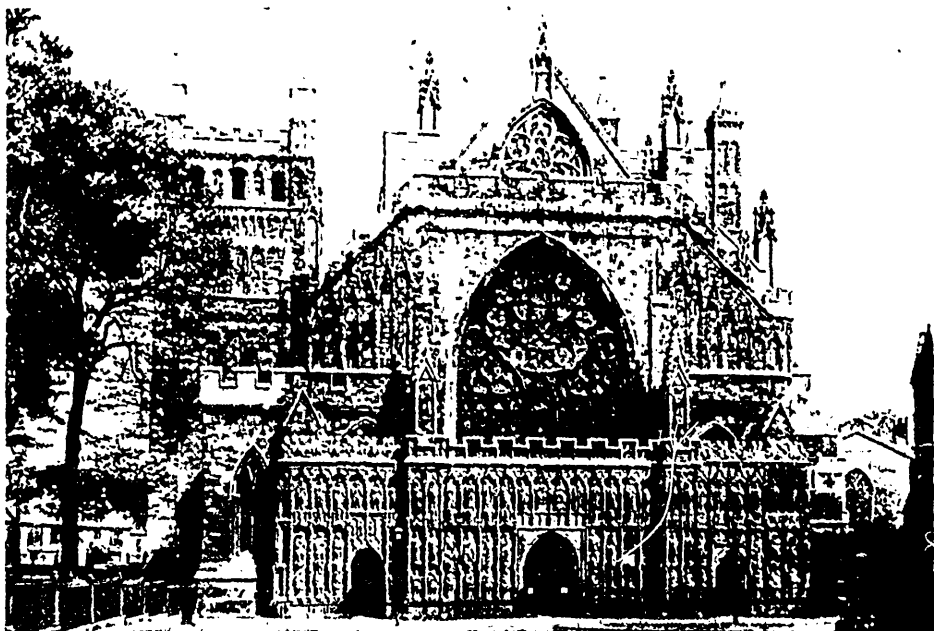
NAVE OF ELY CATHEDRAL, WITH LOFTY VAULTED CEILING.

tinople is built with similar subordination of the exterior. Its glory was in its huge dome and the beauty of its interior proportions. In the smaller church of St. Mark's at Venice the same ideas were followed.

In the north the pointed arch, a suggestion of which any one who looked at a round arch from the side could see, was found better fitted for the joining of vaults than the round arch had been. It lent itself to the upward look which the Christian builders came to love, as the Greeks loved the horizontal

line. The Gothic windows at first were narrow, lance-headed openings in a solid wall, then larger, and filled with tracery and painted glass, and at last so large that they nearly filled the end walls of the building.

Every feature of the churches came to be used as a visible image of some Christian truth. They were built in the form of a cross, and the steeple pointing toward heaven held up the cross so that every man as he went about his work might see it. The walls and columns were made higher



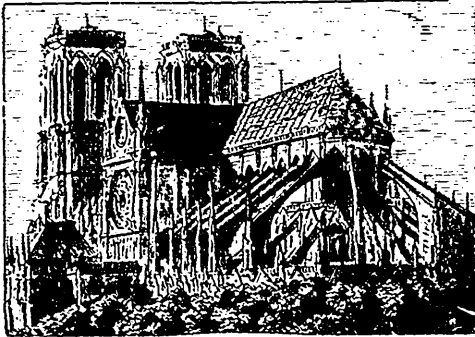
EXETER CATHEDRAL, SHOWING GREAT WESTERN WINDOW.

and higher that they might carry the thoughts of the worshippers upward. In Italy and the East blank wall spaces were covered with painted or mosaic pictures. So in an age when few could read, the churches became like great stone Bibles, of which the coloured windows, carvings, and paintings, and even the shapes of the stones, were like separate chapters.

This Gothic love of height showed itself in the narrowing in and uplifting of the walls. The columns were made slender for beauty and clustered together for strength, until they became parts of stone piers on which the weight of the arched roof rested. Towers and steeples were added. Painted glass was considered the most beautiful form of decoration and picture writing. The window spaces were made larger and larger until they weakened the strength of the walls, and it became necessary to hold up what

was left of them between the windows with outside props called buttresses, some of which touched the wall only at the top, and came to be called flying buttresses. So the work went on century after century, the people taking more pride and pleasure in their churches than in any other treasures they possessed, the architects trying to make these great stone Bibles in the city streets more and more full of meaning.

At last the spirit of the time changed. Builders began to take more pride in showing what wonderful things they could do with stone and mortar than in the religious use of the churches they planned. Instead of growing better and better, Gothic art grew worse and worse. Then came the age of printing and discovery. The ruins of Greece and Rome began to be studied again, and the old Greek and Roman writings to be read. A pagan art that cared for nothing but beauty



FLYING BUTTRESSES, NOTRE DAME, PARIS.

came back once more, and the Christian architecture of the earlier centuries perished.

It must not be imagined, however, that Gothic art concerned itself only with church building. There are beautiful Gothic palaces and houses left in Europe, such as the Ducal Palace at Venice and many public buildings in France and Belgium, which show that the masters of the style could adapt their art to any purpose. Nor is the use of the pointed arch, or even of the arch, a sure test of Gothic building. When it suited his purpose the Gothic architect could use the lintel, and the lintel alone, in a way that was characteristic of his age and full of beauty.

#### IV.

##### *RENAISSANCE ARCHITECTURE.*

In the age of Constantine, Christians were destroying pictures of the Greek and Roman gods. In the age of Columbus, Raphael and Correggio were painting new pictures of Greek gods and goddesses at the order of pope and abbes. Painting grew rapidly toward perfection, but the method of architecture had largely changed from growth to imitation.

The same year that America was discovered, Alexander Borgia

became pope. He was a man of evil life, who is supposed to have died of poison which he had intended for one of his guests. For a long time after, while the Reformation was beginning in Germany, Rome was a thoroughly pagan city. The popes lived splendidly, and lavished money upon art. Michael Angelo and Raphael were painting and building, but the work they did had cut loose from

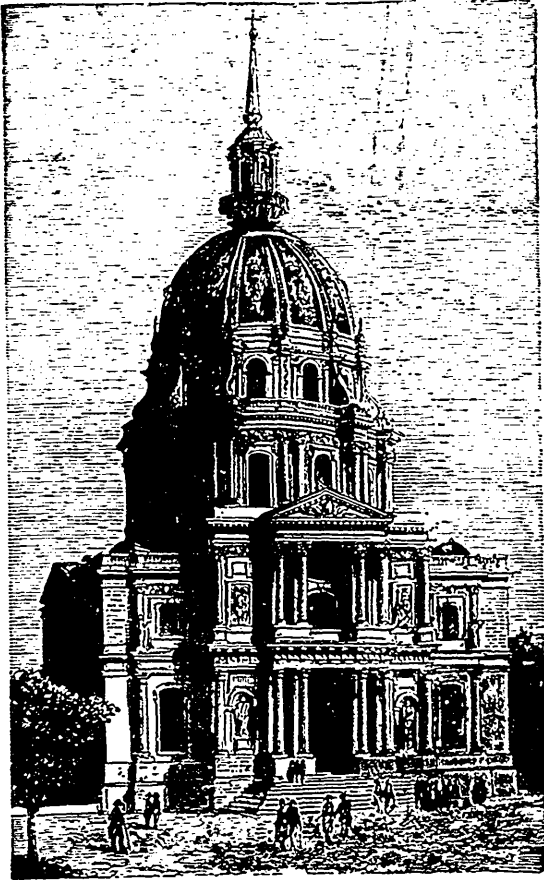
the older methods, and was done in quite a different spirit.

This is the turning-point of the movement in art, which is called the New Birth, or Renaissance. It had already shown itself in the architecture of Italy, but in the time of the pagan popes it became the fashion. The Christian, and especially the Gothic, building fell into contempt, and the ruins of old Rome became the models of a new and sumptuous style. A Latin book on architecture, by a Roman engineer of the time of Augustus, named Vitruvius, was found, and its rules were studied as a sort of infallible guide for architects. To the confused and often misunderstood rules of this old volume, and to the ruins of ancient Roman



GOTHIC INTERIOR.





GOOD TYPE OF RENAISSANCE—DOME  
DES INVALIDES, PARIS.

buildings, especially of the Coliseum, we owe most of the architecture of the Renaissance. In the hands of a few great masters it gave us some of the masterpieces of the world's building, but it worked mischief in the hands of weaker men.

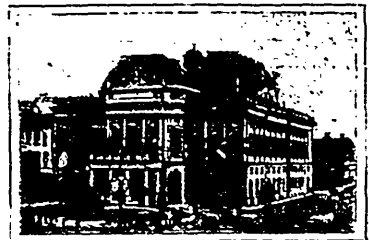
How much the popes and cardinals really cared for the old buildings after which they modelled their palaces may be judged by the fate of the Coliseum, which was studied and imitated most of all. Half ruined by an earthquake, they turned it into a stone quarry. Architects copied its de-

sign, and carried its fragments off piecemeal for new palace walls. Fortunately, it was so large that they only succeeded in taking about a third of it.

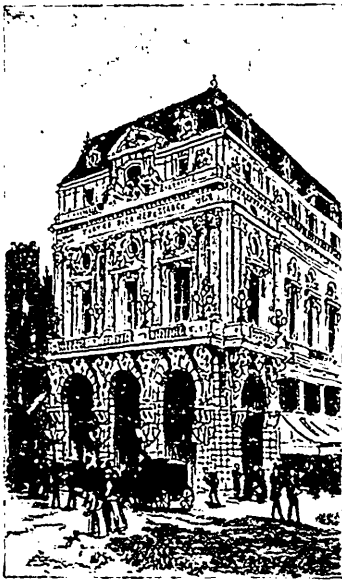
The system of arched openings, story above story, framed in by columns and entablatures, which marked for the eye the divisions of the stories in the Coliseum, is the key to most of the palace buildings of the time. Another mark is characteristic of the style. When a door or window was covered with a straight lintel, the architects of the Renaissance were not content to leave it so, but added a purely ornamental triangular or curved cap. This ornament is repeated over and over again along American city streets. It is the Greek pediment reduced to a mere projection on a flat wall surface, serving as a water-table for the windows. Even the old

broken entablatures were sometimes used again above the columns.

St. Peter's at Rome is the greatest of the Renaissance churches, as well as the largest church in the



FRENCH RENAISSANCE.



FRENCH RENAISSANCE, PARIS.

world. It was planned by Bramante and Michael Angelo, and its dome is of special interest, linking it through several buildings of an earlier period with the Roman time. The most perfect of the remaining buildings of old Rome is the Pantheon. It was probably the great hall of a bath, but is now used as a church, in which Raphael and King Victor Emmanuel and King Humbert are buried. It is covered by one of the most beautiful domes in the world, which may be called the father of all later domes. Again and again Christian architects imitated it or improved upon its structure.

Renaissance architecture prefers the arch as the essential feature of its work, and uses the column and entablature as ornaments. Its beauty depends upon the proportion and arrangement of its parts. Its success has been in palaces and public buildings, and in a few great, or very simple, churches. Like the Gothic, it ran out at last in absurdities in the hands of weak or vulgar architects.

It will be noticed that the line of study which has been followed in these papers has taken that kind of building which each different people cared most about, and which proved most suggestive to the architects who followed. With the Greeks it was the temple, with the Romans the public meeting place, whether law court, amphitheatre, or bath, with the Christians the church, with the luxurious priests and nobles of the Renaissance the palace. In our own day we care most about great structures for practical use—libraries, railroad stations, government or office buildings. As to style, we are always experimenting and always imitating. We order a new building of one historic style or another as we would order one flavour or another for a pudding, and it must be confessed that many of our experiments have been failures.

GERMAN RENAISSANCE DOORWAY,  
HALLES, NEUCHATEL.

## THE ROMANCE OF "THE KILLING TIME."

BY THE REV. ALFRED G. IRWIN, B.A., B.D.



SOME years ago, when the Rev. Thomas Guthrie, of Ragged School fame, was in the heyday of his renown, a meeting in the interests of his work was held in Edinburgh, and was addressed by the Duke of Argyle. In his introduction of the Duke, Mr. Guthrie remarked that this was not the first time that an Argyle and a Guthrie had spoken in Edinburgh from the same platform in a worthy cause." His allusion created the greatest enthusiasm, being greeted with round upon round of applause. He referred, as every Scotchman knows, to those stirring times, over two centuries since, when Archibald Campbell, Marquis of Argyle, and the Rev. James Guthrie, minister of Stirling, were executed within a few days of each other upon the same scaffold, the first-fruits of Scotland's harvest of martyrs in the cause of the Covenant.

Argyle had carried the king's crown at Scone, a dozen years before, and had placed it on the royal head. Guthrie, too, had been a staunch royalist, and had pleaded the cause of Charles I. against Cromwell. But they represented the head and front of the Covenanting movement, and that movement Charles II. had determined to destroy. He cherished a grudge against the Covenanters for the surrender of his father to the forces of the parliament. But his enmity was more largely due to his discernment that the claims they asserted, and the spirit they manifested, were directly antagonistic to the dearest

## I.

desire of his heart. A nominal Churchman, in reality a Catholic, and that, too, from political rather than religious motives—Catholicism supported the divine right of kings—a man apparently utterly without moral conviction, an unblushing sensualist, the veriest of triflers, he had one serious purpose, to attain to absolute power in Church and State. This purpose he prosecuted with a tenacity and a disregard for truth and honour characteristic of the house of Stuart, and followed it with a subtlety and cunning far exceeding that of any of his predecessors.

In his extremity, he had subscribed the Covenant, but in his prosperity he utterly repudiated his oaths. He was thus, by promise and consent, the champion and defender of the Presbyterian cause, but the first Scotch parliament of his reign—known by the unenviable sobriquet of the Drunken Parliament—passed an act declaring the king supreme in all matters alike civil and ecclesiastical. It formulated an oath of allegiance, and promulgated an Act Recessory, undoing at a stroke all the hard-won victories of twenty years in the struggle between presbytery and prelaticism.

On his way to the scaffold, Argyle, who had been a man of varied and gifted parts, declared, "I could die like a Roman, but choose to die like a Christian;" and Guthrie, whom Cromwell called "the short man that could not bow," when the napkin had been placed about his face, raised it to cry, "The Covenants, the Covenants shall yet be Scotland's reviving."

The cause of the Covenanters received a second serious blow, in the defection of James Sharp, minister of Crail. He had been sent to London to plead for Presbytery; but played a double game, and as a reward for his perfidy was created Archbishop of St. Andrew's. Parliament enacted that "all persons in public trust should subscribe a declaration renouncing the Covenant, as unlawful and seditious." The Covenantants were torn in pieces, and publicly burned by the common hangman in Linlithgow. It was ordered that all ministers who had been admitted to orders subsequent to 1649, should accept prelacy on pain of being banished from their parish.

Middleton, whose scheme this was, boasted that there would not be ten ministers who would fail to comply. To their lasting honour, be it said, nearly four hundred ministers resigned their livings; and in the face of an approaching winter, with but scant preparation, left their manses to seek shelter in the wilderness, and to subsist solely by the care of Him who "feeds the young ravens when they cry."

In the room of these pious and not unfrequently scholarly men, the bishops imported a herd of unlettered and irreligious curates—"the dregs and refuse of the northern parts," men either "debauched or stupid, or both." They speedily became the objects of mingled contempt and hatred. So notorious was their unfitness, that the wits of the day declared that "the cows in the North were in danger, since all the herdsmen had become ministers." The scorn of the people found vent in various ways. Unknown persons barricaded the church doors, and "the poor curate had to climb in at the windows. Sometimes his boots were filled with ants. Sometimes women brought their

children with them to church, and encouraged them to cry, till the voice of the preacher was drowned in a stormy chorus from the infant choir."

Persecution now became widespread. Some of the ejected ministers persisted in preaching, and openly denounced the Government. An ordinance was obtained, declaring such acts as sedition.

Many ministers were imprisoned. Some fled to foreign parts. The aged Lord Warriston, an eminent Covenanter, was pursued to Holland, surprised at his prayers, dragged aboard ship; and, despite age, and bodily and mental weakness, was conducted, on foot and bareheaded, from Leith to the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, and sent tottering to the scaffold.

Parliament proceeded to yet more extreme measures. The Scot's Mile Act commanded all nonconforming ministers to remove from their parishes within three weeks, and not to reside within twenty miles thereof. To this was added, what was known as the "Bishops' Drag Net"—an act to compel the people to attend the services of the obnoxious curates, or to part with a fourth part of their goods. A Court of High Commissions was established to enforce submission. It was compared to the lion's cave in the fable, where there were many footsteps leading in, but none returning. During the two years of its existence,

"It banished ministers, whipped women, and after branding and scourging boys, whipped them off to the Barbadoes as slaves. Worst of all, it made it an act of sedition even to give charity to the ejected ministers. If any of these had knocked at the door of one of his own parishioners and sought a cup of cold water, or a piece of pease-meal bannock, the asking and the giving were alike a crime."

But fines and banishment failed to secure submission, and in 1663 Sharp hastened to London to induce the king to levy and quarter an army on the people of West Scotland to "suppress the fanatics."

This army was commanded by Dalziel, a native of West Lothian, who had served in the army of the Czar, and distinguished himself by his brutal butcheries. He was an adept in cruelty. His favourite device was that of putting lighted matches between the fingers of women, to make them disclose information. So well did he play his part, that the more stubborn dissenters retired to the caves and the coalpits, the swamps and the morasses, the deep glens and lonely mountain tops, while the more timid returned to the prelates and the curates, under the compulsion of martial law.

Dalziel had not been long in authority before the heather was ablaze. A body of Covenanters seized and made prisoners of sixteen soldiers. They had now gone too far to recede. Their ranks were augmented by numerous peasants. At Lanark they renewed the Covenant, and published a declaration of defiance. They marched toward Edinburgh, their rear meanwhile pressed by Dalziel. They drifted, wet and weary with marching through winter roads, toward the Pentland Hills. Here, on Rullion Green, amid the gloom and darkness of a dreary November night, they were attacked by Dalziel, and utterly routed.

The persecutions which followed this abortive and quite accidental rising were exceedingly drastic. Men were hanged at their own doors. The heads of some were set up at Hamilton, Kilarnock, and Kircudbright and their right hands displayed at Lanark, where they had signed the Covenant.

Hugh McKail, a young minister only twenty-six, had characterized the king as "an Ahaz on the throne," Middleton as a "Haman in the State," and Sharp "as a Judas in the Church." He fled to Holland. On his return he found his wife and family exiled from their home, and all their substance wasted by the soldiers. He had joined the Pentland rising, but was compelled through illness to retire. He was subjected to the most cruel torture of the boot. The torture was excruciating.

"One touch more," cried the cruel Rothes, and the bones cracked as the mallet fell.

"I protest solemnly in the presence of God," cried McKail. "I can say no more, though all the joints in my body were in as great torture as that poor leg."

Having failed to accomplish their design, the council condemned him to death. "A thrill of emotion passed through the multitude as McKail came upon the platform." His crippled foot appealed to their sense of pity. His youth, his talent, his courage, his piety, impressed them. We are told that there was such a lamentation as was never known in Scotland before. As the rope was placed about his neck, he lifted the handkerchief from his eyes, and with a heavenly glow upon his face, exclaimed,

"As there is great solemnity here, a scaffold, a gallows, and people looking out of windows, so there is a greater and more solemn preparation in heaven, of angels to carry my soul to God.

"Farewell, father and mother, friends and relations. Farewell, the world and all delights. Farewell, meat and drink. Farewell, sun, moon and stars. Welcome, God and Father. Welcome, sweet Lord Jesus, the Mediator of the New Covenant. Welcome, blessed Spirit of Grace, God of all consolation. Welcome, glory. Welcome, eternal life. Welcome death!"

The vast multitude burst into sobbing as the fair form swung in the air, and Hugh McKail, at the age of twenty-six, had won the martyr's crown.

The promotion of Lauderdale, an ex-Covenanter, who had become a courtier, to the post of High Commissioner, brought a brief period of respite. Then efforts toward harmony were "interrupted by the shot of a pistol." It was fired at Sharp, by one Mitchell, a partially insane preacher, who attempted to assassinate the bishop as he entered a coach in Edinburgh. Mitchell escaped, but six years later was arrested. At his trial, after terrible torture, he was sent to the Bass Rock prison. He was, however, subsequently retried, "and sent to glorify God in the Grassmarket."

It was some years later that a company of men, twelve in number, had assembled on a lonely spot, on Magis Muir, near St. Andrew's. Their object was to waylay and chastise, perhaps kill, one Carmichael, an active tool of the prevalent tyranny. They learned that Sharp, the arch-fiend of the persecution, accompanied by his daughter, was travelling in his private carriage from Edinburgh to St. Andrew's. "It was a tragic scene—the servants palsied with terror, the old man and his daughter clinging to the carriage as to an ark of safety, the dark and vengeful faces of the

twelve men. Hackstoun a little apart, and Burley, with his sword bared and quivering with homicidal eagerness, the broad landscape, with distant St. Andrew's, and the smoke from his palace, visible in the bright May sunshine. Sharp prayed for mercy. "He would save their lives, give them money, even lay down his title of Bishop."

They answered, "We intend to take your life, not for hatred of your person, nor for prejudice you have done to us; but because you have been an avowed opposer of the Gospel and kingdom of Christ, and a murderer of his saints, whose blood you have shed like water. Thy money perish with thee! Mercy for thee who never didst show mercy to others!" The swords of Balfour and the others were buried in his bosom.

This dark and terrible deed was looked upon by many as a judgment from God upon the arch-persecutor, but it brought down even fiercer vengeance upon the Covenanters. It added a new test to the inquisitorial investigations, "Is Sharp's death murder or no?" Sharp succeeded in the Council by the Bluidye MacKenzie, the Jeffries of Scotland; and shortly afterwards the notorious Claverhouse appeared on the scene. He was a merciless man, who in his excesses of cruelty surpassed even Dalziel.

---

#### "MY FATHER'S HOUSE."

The Father's house hath many rooms,  
 And each is fair;  
 And some are reached through gathered gloom,  
 By silent stair;  
 But He keeps house, and makes it home,  
 Whichever way the children come.  
 Plenty and peace are everywhere  
 His house within;  
 The rooms are eloquent with prayer,

The songs begin,  
 And dear hearts, filled with love, are glad,  
 Forgetting that they once were sad.

The Father's house is surely thine,  
 Therefore why wait?  
 His lights of love through darkness shine,  
 The hour grows late.  
 Push back the curtain of thy doubt,  
 And enter—none will cast thee out!  
 —Marianne Farningham.

## THE ROMANCE OF MISSIONS.

*ST. BONIFACE, THE APOSTLE OF GERMANY.*

BY THE EDITOR.



O records of missionary adventure exhibit nobler heroism than those relating the story of the introduction of Christianity into the pagan wilderness of Central Europe. Its rude superstitions gave place reluctantly to the gentler genius of the Gospel. The stern mythology of the north seemed to find somewhat akin in the rugged strength of the Teutonic races. But the religion of the cross was shown to be no less adapted to the rudest and most barbaric natures than to those of the highest culture and refinement.

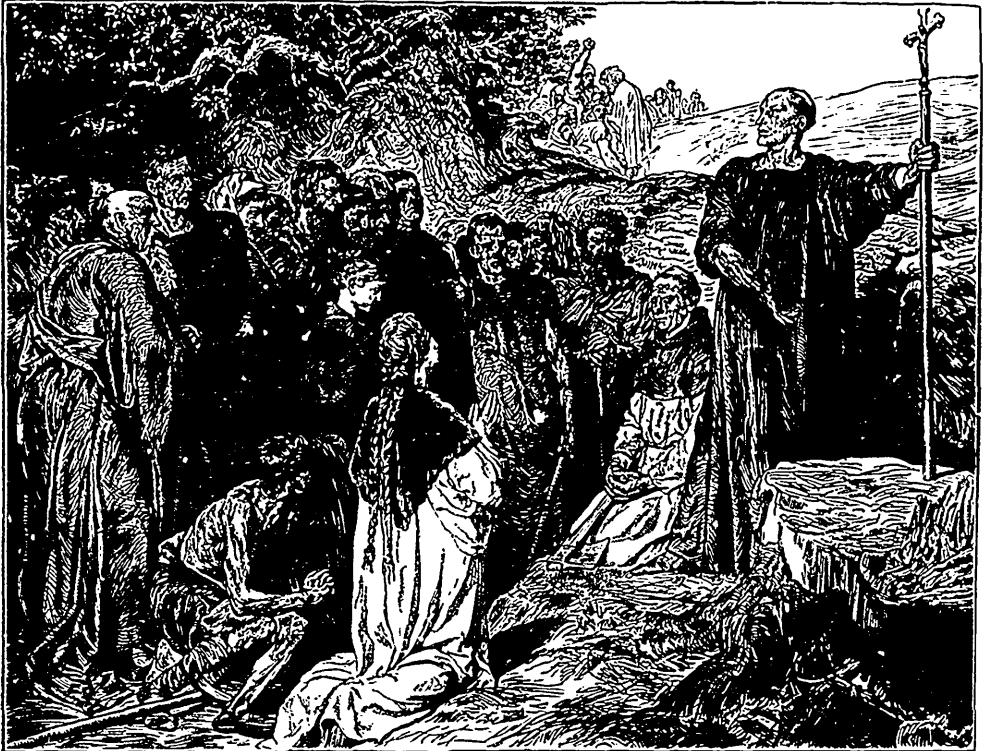
All Protestant Christendom is indebted to a German monk for emancipating the souls of men from the spiritual thralldom of Rome. It was to an English monk that, eight hundred years before, the German lands were indebted for the first preaching of the Gospel, not yet corrupted with the papal superstitions by which it became subsequently degraded.

Near the ancient city of Exeter, in the beautiful county of Devon, was born, towards the close of the seventh century, Winfrid, the future apostle of Germany. The son of a working wheelwright, he was early taught to labour with his hands. He was also carefully educated in a conventual school, the only sanctuary of learning in those stormy days. He was designed by his parents for secular life, but a dangerous illness turned his thoughts towards serious things.

He became eminent for his diligence and devotion, and for his deep acquaintance with the Scriptures. In his thirtieth year he received ordination, and his remarkable eloquence and superior talents and learning won for him great repute as a preacher. He was honoured with the confidence of King Ina, of Wessex, and the way to fame and fortune seemed open for him in his native land.

But a nobler ambition fired his soul. A few years before, Willibrord, a Northumbrian monk, educated in one of those Irish monasteries which were then the most famous for learning and piety in Europe, had gone with twelve companions as a missionary to Frisia, as the low fen lands of Belgium and Holland were then called. They met with great success and great persecution; and some of them won the coveted crown of martyrdom. The tales of their heroic deeds stirred the heart of the English monk, and he burned to emulate the zeal and to share the trial and triumph and the everlasting reward of his countrymen who were toiling among the pagan Frisians. He was destined to surpass them all in suffering and success, and in perennial fame wherever the records of Christian heroism are remembered.

In the year 717 he sailed from London, even then a busy port, to the coast of Normandy. Joining a band of pilgrims, he proceeded on foot through France and over the Gallic Alps to Rome. From Pope Gregory II. he obtained a commission to preach the Gospel among the pagan tribes of Germany. In the following spring, therefore,



*R. Brendamour. X.A.*

THE FELLING OF THOR'S OAK AT GEISMAR. "FROM THE TIMBER OF THEIR FALLEN IDOL WAS CONSTRUCTED A CHAPEL FOR THE WORSHIP OF CHRIST."

with a band of fellow missionaries, he traversed the plains of Lombardy, climbed the rugged Swiss Alps, threaded the wilds of the Black Forest, full of elk and bison, bear and wolf, lynx and glutton, and, for all he knew, of worse beasts still. Arrived in the heart of ancient Thuringia, he opened his commission. The wild German ritters were not impervious to the truth. Their stern hearts melted at the tender story of Calvary, and converts were made to the religion of Jesus.

Rejecting an invitation to become bishop of Utrecht in the Frisian land, which had become partially Christianized, Boniface plunged into the wilds of Hesse. Multitudes of the fierce Saxons, subdued by the power of the Cross, soon received baptism at his hands. Nevertheless, his converts were prone to

relapse into paganism or, in strange confusion, to blend their old superstitions with their new creed. At Geismar, in Hesse, stood an ancient oak sacred for ages to Thor, the god of thunder. It was the object of peculiar reverence, and was the rendezvous of the heathen assemblies of the neighbouring tribes. In vain Boniface argued and entreated against its idolatrous veneration. He therefore boldly resolved to destroy the idol, for such in reality it was. He advanced, axe in hand, to cut down the obnoxious giant of the forest. A vast multitude assembled, restrained from interference by a sense of awe and terror. Many expected the instant destruction of the intrepid monk by the power of the outraged deity. But blow fell on blow and still Thor gave no sign. In vain his votaries invoked his power. Like Baal, he



was on a journey, or was sleeping, and heeded not their prayers. At length the mighty monarch of the woods shivered through all his leafy branches, tottered on his throne, reeled, crashing down, and lay prone upon the ground, shattered into pieces by the fall. The vast multitude were convinced that the Lord He is the God, and from the timber of their fallen idol was constructed a chapel for the worship of Christ.

Soon throughout the Schwartzwald, writes the historian of the conversion of Germany, "the heathen temples disappeared; humble churches rose amid the forest glades; monastic buildings sprang up wherever salubrity of soil and the presence of running water suggested an inviting site; the land was cleared and brought under the plough; and the sound of prayer and praise awoke unwonted echoes in the forest aisles. The harvest truly was plenteous, but the labourers were few."

At Mayence on the Rhine Boniface established his see in 751. As he was the son of a wheelwright he assumed as his seal a pair of wheels. To this day, after twelve hundred years, these are still the arms of the city. They are inscribed in stone on the city gates, blazoned on the city standards, and perforated on the vanes of its towers. This humble heraldry of toil is nobler than any heraldry of arms.

The venerable missionary, venerable both by his years and his apostolic character, boldly rebuked sin in high places. The smiles or frowns of earthly potentates inspired in him neither hope nor fear. Learning that King Ethelbald of England was living a life of flagrant sin, he administered a scathing reproof, and tried to shame him into repentance by contrasting his conduct with that of the pagan Saxons in the German forests, who, though without the law of Christianity, did by nature the things

contained in the law, and testified by stern punishments their abhorrence of the crimes committed by the recreant Christian king.

Though bowed beneath the weight of years and labours manifold, the missionary ardour of this apostolic bishop knew no abatement. Six times he crossed the Alps in the interest of his vast mission field. The welfare of his spiritual flock was a burden that lay heavy on his heart. In his seventy-fifth year he was called upon to restore upwards of thirty churches which had been destroyed by invasions of the heathen Frisians. He made an urgent appeal to Pepin of France for the protection of the persecuted Church. He wrote:

"Nearly all of my companions are strangers in this land. Some are aged men who have long borne, with me, the burden and heat of the day. For all these I am full of anxiety, lest after my death they should be scattered as sheep having no shepherd. Let them have a share of your countenance and protection, that they may not be dispersed abroad, and that the people dwelling on the heathen borders may not lose the law of Christ. My clergy are in deep poverty. Bread they can obtain, but clothing they cannot procure unless they receive aid to enable them to persevere and endure their hardships. Let me know whether thou canst promise the granting of my request, that, whether I live or die, I may have some assurance for the future."

This truly apostolic epistle brings to us across the dim and stormy centuries the assurance of the faith and prayers and godly zeal with which the foundations of the Christian civilization of the German Vaterland were laid by this pious English monk so many hundred years ago.

His work was well-nigh done. His death was as heroic as his life. Though upwards of seventy-five years of age, his missionary zeal burned as brightly as when in his eager youth in his English home he yearned to preach the Gospel to the pagan tribes. He resolved to make

a dying effort to win the heathen Frisians to the religion of Jesus. He had already selected his successor in office, and he bade him a solemn farewell. Among the books which he took as his companions on his last journey was the treatise of St. Ambrose on "The Advantage of Death," with which he sustained his soul as he went calmly to his fate. He felt an assurance that he should not return, and directed that with his travelling equipment his shroud might also be put up.

With a retinue of ten ecclesiastics and forty laymen he embarked at Mayence, on the Rhine, on his last missionary expedition. He glided down the rapid river, whose castled crags are haunted still with old-time memories. At length they reached the dreary fen land of the heathen Frisians. For a time all went well. Many pagans were converted and several churches were planted. But the heathen party, enraged at the success of the missionary band, resolved on an exterminating blow. On a blithe June morning the shimmer of spear-points was seen approaching the Christian encampment. Soon the clash of arms and shouts of an infuriate multitude were heard. Some of the bishop's retinue counselled resistance, and began to prepare for a defence. But the venerable Boniface stepped forth from his tent, his white hair streaming in the wind, and gave command that not a weapon should be lifted, but that all should calmly await the crown of martyrdom.

"Let us not return evil for evil," said the dying saint. "The long-expected day has come. The time of our departure is at hand. Strengthen ye yourselves in the Lord, and He will redeem your souls. Be not afraid of those who can only kill the body. Put all your trust in God, who will speedily give you an entrance into His heavenly kingdom and an everlasting reward."

Enbraved by these heroic words,

that doomed missionary band calmly awaited their fate. The onset of the heathen was furious. The struggle was brief, and soon the blood-bedabbled robes and gory ground and mutilated bodies were the mute witnesses of this dreadful tragedy. The victorious pagans eagerly ransacked the tents, but their only treasures were some leathern cases containing the precious parchment Gospels and other manuscripts of the monks. These were speedily rifled and the books strewn upon the plain or hidden in the marsh. Pious hands afterwards gathered up with loving care these relics, and conveyed them, with the body of the great missionary, to the monastery of Fulda which he had founded.

In a stone sarcophagus in the crypts of the monastery still sleep the remains of the Apostle of Germany, and here has been treasured for ages the time-worn copy of St. Ambrose on "The Advantage of Death," which, with his shroud, was stained with his blood. This simple relic brings vividly before the imagination that heroic martyrdom eleven hundred years ago—June 5th, A.D. 755—by the shores of the Zuyder Zee:

Many centuries have been numbered  
While in death the monk has slumbered,  
'Neath the convent's sculptured portal,  
Mingling with the common dust :

But the brave deed through the ages,  
Living in historic pages,  
Brighter grows and gleams immortal,  
Unconsumed by moth or rust.

This heroic life and death are but one example of the pious zeal of the mediæval apostles and missionaries of Europe. Dr. Maclear describes the missionary movement as follows:

"Eager, ardent, impetuous, they seemed to take the continent by storm. With a dauntless zeal that nothing could check, an enthusiasm that nothing could stay, they flung themselves into the gloomiest solitudes of Switzerland and

Belgium and Germany, and before long their wooden huts made way for the statelier buildings of Luxeuil and Fulda and St. Gall. With practised eye they sought out the proper site for their monastic home, saw that it occupied a central position with reference to the tribes among whom they proposed to labour, that it possessed a fertile soil, that it was near some friendly water-course. These points secured, the word was given, the trees were felled, the forest cleared, and the monastery arose. Soon the voice of prayer and praise was heard in those gloomy solitudes, the thrilling chant and plaintive litany awoke unwonted echoes amid the forest glades. The brethren were never idle. While some educated children whom they had redeemed from death or torture, others copied manuscripts or toiled over illuminated missal or transcribed a Gospel; others cultivated the soil, guided the plough, planted the apple-tree and the vine, arranged the bee-hives, erected the water-mill, opened the mine, and thus presented to the eyes of men the kingdom of Christ as the kingdom of One who had redeemed the bodies no less than the souls of His creatures."

Sturmi, a successor of Boniface, founded the first monastery in the awful forest of Burchwald. Unattended, he sailed up lonely rivers and traversed pathless wildernesses where the foot of man had never trod before. By day he protected himself against wild beasts by chanting hymns and prayers. At night he kindled a fire of faggots, signed himself with the sign of the cross, and committed his soul to the protection of God. Before long he had four thousand monks under his command, felling the forest, ploughing the glebe—planting, tilling, building, dyking and draining—turning the wilderness into a garden, the scene of pagan savagery into the seat of Christian civilization.

The Western monk never exhibited the delirious fanaticism which marked the Eastern confraternities. He was characterized, in the earlier and purer days of monarchism, by submission to authority, by intense missionary zeal, and by industry of

life. "Beware of idleness," wrote St. Benedict, "as the greatest enemy of the soul." *Qui laborat orat*, was the motto of his order. Under the inspiration of this principle, work, before degraded as the task of slaves and serfs, became ennobled and dignified as a service of duty.

The Latin confraternities were also less austere and ascetic than the Eastern orders. They exhibited less of spiritual selfishness and clearer conception of Christian obligation. "I serve God that I may save my lost soul," exclaimed the Stylite, and, fakirlike, cursed the world as a scene of baleful enchantment, and in his dying hours refused to look upon the face or regard the tears of the mother who bore him. The gentle heart of St. Francis Assisi, the flower of the Western monks, went forth in affection to all created things, and inculcated boundless beneficence as the essence of Christianity. In his "Song of the Creatures," he gives thanks for his brother the sun, his sister the moon, his mother the earth, for the water, the fire, and even for his sister Death—"Laudato sia Dio mio Signore—messer le frate sole—per suor luna—per nostra madre terra—nostra morte corporale."

But the monastic system, however clear in the spring, became miry in the stream. It shared an inveterate taint from which sprang frightful corruptions invoking its destruction. The picturesque ruins of the abbeys and priories of a by-gone age are the monument of an institution out of harmony with the spirit of modern civilization—an institution to be remembered with gratitude, it is true, for its providential mission in the past, but without regret for its removal when that work has been accomplished. In lands where it still exists it is an anachronism and an incubus—a belated ghost of midnight walking in the light of day.

## SIR HENRY FAWCETT.\*

## THE BLIND POSTMASTER OF ENGLAND.

## I.



HENRY FAWCETT was born at Salisbury, August 26th, 1833. His father, William Fawcett, a draper, was a man of great vigour of body, genial temperament, a good political speaker, and became Mayor of Salisbury. His mother, Mary Cooper, the daughter of a solicitor, was a woman of strong common-sense, deeply interested in politics, and an ardent reformer.

The boy, Henry, active, enthusiastic, and merry, was placed at a small dame-school. That he did not help the quiet and order of it is manifest from a remark made by him to his mother: "Mrs. Harris says that if we go on, we shall kill her, and we do go on, and yet she does not die!"

At the age of eight the boy was sent to the school of Mr. Sopp, at Alderbury, five miles from Salisbury. He was not especially pleased, as his letters home show. He writes, "I have begun 'Ovid.' I hate it. . . . This is a beastly school—milk and water, no milk; bread and butter, no butter."

At fourteen he entered Queen-

wood College. Here the lad became much interested in science. A composition which he wrote on "steam" so pleased the father, that he promised to give Henry a sovereign. It was the first thing which convinced Mr. Fawcett that there was "something in the boy." He preferred study to boyish sports, and, in spite of prohibitions, would desert the playground to steal into a copse with his books.

"In an old chalk-pit, he would gesticulate as he recited, till passing labourers had doubts as to his sanity. Even at this time, when the boys talked of their future lives, he always declared that he meant to be a member of Parliament—an avowal they received by 'roars of laughter.'"

The Dean of Salisbury, Dr. Hamilton, was consulted as to the future of this lad, who "meant to go to Parliament." Upon seeing Henry's mathematical papers, the Dean said at once that he ought to go to Cambridge University.

As the father was not a rich man, Henry decided upon that college which gave the largest fellowships. He had a certain rustic air, in strong contrast to that of the young Pendennis who might stroll along the bank to make a book upon the next boat-race. He rather resembled some of the athletic figures who may be seen at the side of a north-country wrestling ring."

Though fond of sports, "He never," says his classmate, Stephen, "condescended to gambling. The moral standard of Cambridge was, in certain respects, far from elevated; but Fawcett, though no ascetic, was in all senses perfectly blameless in his life."

Fond of mathematics himself,

\* The life-story of a great statesman who, in spite of his blindness, conquered his way to the very first rank in the British Ministry; who devoted his energies to the welfare of the poor, the friendless and oppressed; and especially to those suffering the same disabilities as himself—a man who in spite of his infirmities lived an active, uncomplaining, nay, joyous existence, is well worth telling. We are dependent for the facts here given chiefly to the admirable sketch by Sarah Knowles Bolton.—Ed.

Fawcett soon became the centre of a little circle of mathematicians and reading men. Especially was the political economy of John Stuart Mill read and discussed. Sincere, never ashamed to show his enthusiasm and warm-heartedness, he made many friendships which lasted through life. One of Fawcett's qualifications for making friendships was his utter incapacity for being awed by differences of position. He was equally at his ease with an agricultural labourer or a prime minister, or a senior wrangler.

He became prominent in the debates at the "Union," speaking on National Education, The Crimean War, University Reform, and other topics. He won a scholarship at the college examination in 1854, and determined to try for the senior wranglership—a most exciting contest.

"In the Tripos," says Stephen, "for, as I imagine, the first and last time of his life, Fawcett's nerve failed him. He could not sleep, though he got out of bed and ran round the college quadrangle to exhaust himself. He failed to gain the success upon which he had counted in the concluding papers." He stood seventh on the list.

At Christmas, 1856, he was elected to a fellowship, which brought him two hundred and fifty pounds a year. Still determined to be a member of Parliament some day, he began the study of law at Lincoln's Inn, London. Desiring, as ever, to excel in public speaking, he joined a debating society, which held its meetings in an old-fashioned room near Westminster Bridge. It is said that Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer once came here, mistaking it for the House of Commons, and only perceived his mistake when he heard no dull speeches and saw no one asleep.

Young Fawcett's eyes now began to pain him from over-use, and he

was obliged to give up law for a time. He found employment by taking a pupil, who went with him to Paris to study French, and mathematics at the same time under Fawcett.

A letter written about this time to an intimate friend of the family, Mrs. Hodding, shows the strong purpose of the young man of twenty-three:

"I started life as a boy with the ambition some day to enter the House of Commons. I feel that I ought to make any sacrifice, to endure any amount of labour, to obtain this position, because every day I become more deeply impressed with the conviction that this is the position in which I could be of the greatest use to my fellow-men, and that I could in the House of Commons exert an influence in removing the social evils of our country, and especially the paramount one—the mental degradation of millions.

"I have tried myself severely, but in vain, to discover whether this desire has not some worldly source. I could therefore never be happy unless I was to do everything to secure and fit myself for this position. For I should be racked with remorse through life if any selfishness checked such efforts. For I must regard it as a high privilege from God if I have such aspirations, and if he has endowed me with powers which will enable me to assist in such a work of philanthropy. This is the career which perhaps the too bright hopes of youth have induced me to hope for."

To remove "the mental degradation of millions!" This was, indeed, what Fawcett ever after lived and worked for. How seldom do we regard, as he did, aspiration "as a high privilege from God," and yet this is often the making of a man or woman. Aspiration, as a rule, means that one has power within him to achieve results.

Alas! how soon was this life-plan to be thwarted—this hope crushed; thwarted it would have been in the case, perhaps, of nine persons out of ten, but not thwarted in young Henry Fawcett.

On September 17th, 1858, Fawcett went out shooting with his

father on Harnham Hill. It is a lovely place, where he had often come to view the landscape, enriched by beautiful Salisbury Cathedral. The father, with incipient cataract of one eye, and forgetting for the moment where his son stood, fired at the birds. A few shots entered young Fawcett's chest, but two shots went higher, one passing through each glass of his spectacles, directly into the eyes, remaining imbedded behind them. In one instant the brilliant young student was made blind for life.

His first thought was, he afterwards told his sister, that he should never again see the view upon which he had looked that perfect autumn afternoon. When he reached his home, his first words to his sister were, "Maria, will you read the newspaper to me?" Total darkness came, and remained till his death.

Young Fawcett was calm, even cheerful, but his father was broken-hearted. He had looked forward to great success for his son; he and Henry were in a remarkable degree companions and confidants, and now both lives seemed almost valueless. He told a friend, "I could bear it if my son would only complain."

Young Fawcett said years later, that he had made up his mind "in ten minutes" after the accident to carry out his cherished plans as far as possible. But it was evident that blindness must prove an almost insurmountable barrier to success. He thought of attempting to go on with the law, but soon gave it up. He tried to write with his own hand, but soon had to discontinue it. "But," said Stephen, "he had resolved to stick to his old ambition. Blind, poor, unknown, he would force his way into the House of Commons."

At first he had occasional fits of depression, which he tried to keep

from the knowledge of his mother and sister, whom he idolized; but he soon came to make cheerfulness the habit and comfort of his life, and the joy of those about him. He resolved to be as happy as he could, and expressed, in later years, "some impatience with people who avowed or affected weariness of life." There was only one thing which he dreaded, loss of energy. He kept his wonderful activity, both of brain and body, to the last.

Cheerful, determined though he might be, the hard fact was ever present—he was blind. He left Lincoln's Inn, and went back to Cambridge, to give himself to study—through the eyes of others. He engaged as his guide and amanuensis a boy, Edward Brown, the son of a college servant at Corpus Christi College. Nine years later Brown entered Trinity College to study for the Church. He went out to Natal, and died before he had been a year in his work.

At Trinity Hall, Fawcett, as ever, gathered about him a delightful circle. His chief studies were now in the line of Political Economy, though he found time for Shelley and Wordsworth, Milton and Burke. He listened eagerly to the reading of parliamentary debates, and every newspaper within reach.

He prepared essays for the British Association and the Social Science Association. His first public appearance was in September, 1859, a year after he became blind, before the British Association at Aberdeen, where he gave a paper on the "Social and Economical Influence of the New Gold."

"He astonished," said Mr. Stephen, "an audience, to most of whom even his name had hitherto been unknown, by the clearness with which he expounded an economic theory and marshalled the corresponding statistics as few men could have done even with the ad-

vantage of eyesight. The discovery of Fawcett was the most remarkable event of the meeting."

In the following year he served on a committee appointed to investigate the question of strikes. He was now but twenty-seven years old. Evidently he was to take a part in the thought and work of England, although blind.

The blind young author was an ardent disciple of John Stuart Mill.

A few years later Fawcett said in distributing some prizes at Manchester, "As I was reading Mill's 'Liberty,' perhaps the greatest work of our greatest living writer, as I read his noble, I might almost say his holy, ideas, thought I to myself, If every one in my country could and would read this work, how infinitely happier would the nation be!"

In 1863, the Professorship of Political Economy became vacant at the University. There were four candidates. Some said Fawcett could not preserve order in his classes; and most, of course, regarded his loss of sight as an unfortunate objection. The election was warmly contested, but Fawcett won the prize.

He wrote to his mother: "The victory yesterday was a wonderful triumph. All the masters opposed me, with two exceptions. My victory was a great surprise to the University. I thought, on the whole, that I should win, but I expected a much smaller majority." Fawcett continued to deliver his yearly course of lectures at Cambridge as long as he lived.

At thirty years of age the blind Fawcett had become a professor at one of the great universities of the world, an author, and was ready to enter politics. But it was not an easy matter to enter. Thousands who were rich, and had sight, and were more prominent even than he, were eager for every position.

Nothing daunted, he determined not only to try, but to succeed.

The death of the admiral, Sir Charles Napier, left a vacancy in the representation of Southwark.

The Southwark committee were pleased with the blind young politician, and consented to hold meetings in his behalf. At the first meeting but few were present to hear the unknown candidate; but soon, as he spoke every night, hearers came from all parts of London, and the street outside the place of meeting was often crowded.

He made new friends constantly. He declared that he would not spend one shilling to influence votes, and the people believed in the purity of his principles. But his blindness was the insurmountable obstacle.

"How can he catch the eye of the Speaker?" said one.

"How can he understand about laying out new streets?" said another.

Fawcett explained how he could inform himself by putting pins in a map. How little the people then realized that he was destined to do more important work for England than the laying out of new streets!

Finally, Fawcett was obliged to give up the contest in favour of a well-known candidate, Sir Austin Henry Layard.

Young Fawcett was told by his friends that he could never get into Parliament, and that, as he had already shown marked ability in some mining transactions, he "better go on the Stock Exchange and make a fortune."

He replied:

"No; I am convinced that the duties of a member of the House of Commons are so multifarious, the questions brought before him so complicated and difficult, that, if he fully discharges his duty, he requires almost a lifetime of study. If I take up this profession, I will not trifle with the interests of my country; I will not trifle with the interests of my constituents by going into the House of

Commons inadequately prepared because I gave up to the acquisition of wealth the time which I ought to have spent in the acquisition of political knowledge."

There was now a vacancy in the representation of Cambridge. Fawcett became a candidate. The Conservatives opposed him as a Radical, and they were shocked that he was willing to admit Dissenters to fellowship! The contest cost six hundred pounds, and Fawcett was defeated.

A vacancy occurred soon after at Brighton. Again, Fawcett became a candidate. The contest, "in which rotten eggs and Brighton pebbles played their part, was bitter in the extreme. Fawcett was opposed because he was poor, and would not, as well as could not, spend money on the election; he had favoured co-operation, and was therefore said to be "plotting the ruin of the tradesman," and worst of all, and above all other objections, he was blind. For the third time he was defeated.

To any other man but Henry Fawcett, the case must have seemed utterly hopeless. Not so to him, who had made up his mind when a boy that he would some time enter the House of Commons. He tried a fourth time for Brighton, and was elected. At thirty-two Fawcett had become a member of Parliament.

What must have been his feelings as he sat in his seat for the first time! He thus writes to his father:

"I have just returned from my first experience of the House of Commons. I went there early in the morning, and soon found that I should have no difficulty in finding my way about. I walked in with Tom Hughes, about four minutes to two, and a most convenient seat, close to the door, was at once, as it were, conceded to me; and I have no doubt that it will always be considered my seat. Every one was most kind, and I was quite overwhelmed with congratulations."

Fawcett showed his good sense by remaining comparatively quiet

in the House of Commons for some months. His first set speech was on March 13, 1866, on the Reform Bill for the extension of the franchise.

The Conservatives contended that the common people did not desire the right to vote. Fawcett spoke earnestly on behalf of the working classes. He urged that the great questions of the future were those affecting labour and capital, and those most deeply concerned had a right to help make the laws.

Fawcett's second speech, made the following month, was upon the opening of fellowships to Dissenters. At Oxford University, strange as it may seem in this nineteenth century of freedom of speech and belief, a Dissenter could not take a degree. At Cambridge a Dissenter could hold a scholarship, but not the higher reward of a fellowship. Many fellowships in both universities could be held only on condition of taking orders in the Church of England.

Fawcett argued that every religious test which excluded any sect from the universities should be abolished. He felt that the fellowships should be given to the most distinguished men. Fawcett laboured in support of the University Tests Abolition Bill, till, after being twice rejected by the House of Lords, in 1869 and 1870, it was passed in 1871 by both Commons and Lords. Clerical fellowships were abolished in 1877.

Fawcett desired especially to see the children of agricultural labourers as well provided for intellectually as those in manufacturing districts. Both in Parliament and in the press he was constantly asking for better education, more comfortable homes, higher wages, and happier lives for the labourers.

"Many years of my life," he said, "were passed on a large farm. It is a fact that the vast majority of agricultural



labourers never can, or at least never do, make any provision for old age. There are districts of the best cultivated land in the country, where it would be almost impossible to find a labourer who had saved five pounds. As a class, they look forward to be maintained upon parish relief when they are unable to work. It therefore appears that our agricultural economy is such that those who till our soil frequently spend their lives in poverty, and end their days in pauperism.

"Leisure is a priceless blessing to those who possess some mental cultivation, but it hangs heavily on the hands of those who are as uneducated as our agricultural labourers. I remember one winter's evening calling upon one of these labourers, about seven o'clock; I found him just going to bed.

"On being asked why he did not sit up an hour or two longer, he said in a tone of peculiar melancholy which I can never forget, 'My time is no use to me; I can't read. I have nothing to do, and so it is no use burning fire and candle for nothing.' When I reflected that this was a man endowed by nature with no ordinary intellectual power, I thought what a satire his words were upon our vaunted civilization.

"A man's moral qualities are, as a general rule, developed by the proper

training of the mind. It is of peculiar importance in agriculture that the workman should possess a high moral character. The profits of the farmer often entirely depend upon the honesty and the fidelity with which his labourers do their work."

Mr. Fawcett laboured constantly for compulsory education, and after years of effort saw it accomplished by Mr. Mundella's bill in 1880.

He found by personal investigation that children were taken away from school at a very early age, and made to earn to help to support the family. In one village there was not a single youth who could read sufficiently well to enjoy a newspaper. "A child when he is seven or eight years old can earn a shilling a week by holloaing at crows, and when a year older gets two shillings a week as plough-boy. These children are almost invariably taken away from school at this early age, and they consequently soon forget the little they have learned."

---

## QUIETNESS.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

"When he giveth quietness, who then can make trouble?"—Job xxxiv. 29.

"He giveth quietness." Sweet words of blessing,  
When the storm gathers, and the skies are dark;  
Out of the tempest to His sheltering bosom  
Fly, O my soul, and find a welcome ark.

"He giveth quietness." O Elder Brother,  
Whose homeless feet have pressed our path of pain,  
Whose hands have borne the burden of our sorrow,  
That in our losses we might find our gain.

Of all Thy gifts and infinite consolings  
I ask but this: in every troubled hour  
To hear Thy voice through all the tumult stealing,  
And rest serene beneath its tranquil power.

Cares cannot fret me, if my soul be dwelling  
In the still air of faith's untroubled day;  
Grief cannot shake me if I walk beside Thee,  
My hand in Thine, along the darkening way.

Content to know there comes a radiant morning  
When from all shadows I shall find release;  
Serene to wait the rapture of its dawning,  
Who can make trouble when Thou sendest peace?

## THE ROMAN VILLA AT DARENTH.



THE account of the Roman occupation of England for four centuries is written not only in the works of Latin authors, but also on and under the surface of our island. Fragments of the walls still remain, whose strength, after nearly two thousand years, laughs to scorn our modern buildings. Roman tiles formed the best material with which some of our early church builders could work. Many of our finest roads leading straight over hill and down dale were the work of the Romans. Under the earth none can say what relics remain as yet undiscovered; but enough has been found to show us much of the way of living of the Italian invaders of our island.

Their great road, Watling Street, from Richborough to London, and so on to the Roman wall, passed through Canterbury and Rochester, and had one of its halting-places at Springhead near Darenth.

One would naturally expect that a settlement would spring up here, and therefore the discovery of Roman coins and other antiquities during the past fifty years, was not a matter of much surprise. The church of Darenth, too, was known to contain large quantities of Roman tiles in its walls, which must have been obtained from buildings in the neighbourhood. A steam-plough which had been employed in a neighbouring field had been broken by the strength of some old foundations under the surface, while the labourers sometimes turned up Roman tiles when digging. It had also been noticed in dry summers, that certain lines

of irregularity in the crop, crossing and recrossing each other, might be seen.

All these things pointed to the likelihood of the old foundations of a Roman villa still existing under the soil. There must have been at the time of the Roman occupation many houses in the neighbourhood whose occupants were engaged in furnishing supplies to the station at Springhead, or else had placed their dwellings so as to be conveniently near to the river Darenth as well as the main road.

Two gentlemen living in the neighbourhood at last determined to put the matter to the test, and obtaining leave from the tenant farmer on whose land the supposed site was, they began to dig. At the depth of a foot they came upon a Roman pavement composed of small pieces of red brick.

The harvest of 1894 had been already cleared, and there was thus an excellent opportunity for making further excavations. A portion of the field was at once enclosed, and a lease obtained from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, who are the owners of the land. Mr. George Payne, F.S.A., a celebrated authority on Roman Antiquities, was asked to superintend the work, and the whole of the subsequent excavations have been carried out under his directions, and in many places, where the work was of special delicacy, by his own hands.

The present appearance of the villa is rather like that of an immense house, where the excavations have been completed, and the foundations brought almost to the level of the ground. There are many things, however, which we should not expect to find in the

foundations of a modern house, as well as several things missing, which we should expect to find.

The first surprise in digging was the enormous size of the villa. The piece of land at first enclosed was 300 feet square, but it was soon found that the walls extended beyond this in every direction. The enclosure was increased to 450 feet square, and the foundations were found to cover the greater part of this extensive area. It is, indeed, the largest Roman villa that has yet been discovered in England.

Its outer walls are two feet in thickness and built of flint with layers of tiles, and faced with plaster.

One of these tiles, on being measured, was found to be fifteen inches long, eleven and three-quarter inches wide, and two and a half inches thick.

The general plan of the house consisted of a long suite of rooms, extending from east to west for a length of 380 feet. Corridors ran along the back and front; one the whole distance, the other only half-way. The space in front of the long corridor was divided into two large courtyards, separated by an apartment ninety feet in length, the use of which is uncertain. It is eleven feet in width, and had walls four feet in thickness. At the end of it is a semicircular tank, once lined with lead, and having a waterway leading into it. The lead has long since gone, but the character of the interior shows clearly that it was once so lined. No other Roman villa yet discovered has a similar apartment, and hence the uncertainty as to its use.

Starting at the eastern end, the first thing to be noticed is the elaborate arrangement for heating the rooms. Coming from sunny Italy to this country, one of the things they felt the most must have

been the coldness of our winters. They still continued the practice of their own country, to keep one part of the house for winter, and to reserve the cool, shady rooms for summer use. No less than six rooms at the north and east of the Darenth villa have these underground arrangements for heating the rooms called hypocausts (heated from below).

The floor of the room was supported either by columns of tiles about eight inches square, as the room in our illustration shows, or by flue tiles about two feet in height, or else by parallel rows of chalk blocks with spaces between for the fuel. The hot air thus passed under the whole floor and up the walls, by means of flue tiles.

Nearer the centre of the house are the rooms set apart for bathing, some heated by hypocausts, and some for cold baths. The bath was an important part of the daily life of the Roman, the wealthy nobles often spending some hours a day at the baths. One of the baths at Darenth contains a trench which seems to have been for the feet of the bathers. The leaden pipe for carrying off the water from one of the baths is still preserved. There is also a large swimming-bath, about fifty feet long and twenty feet wide, which is reached by a descent of four steps, which are carefully rounded so that the bathers should not scratch their limbs.

Towards the west are other rooms, which show that water was let in at one end of the series, and after passing through them was let out again by a channel which probably led to the river. It has been suggested that these rooms may furnish a clue as to the probable occupation of the owner, say tanning, or dyeing.

The flooring of the various rooms is of various materials. In

some, it is composed of square red tiles imbedded in cement, in others of cement alone, while in others, again, it consists of small cubes or fragments, from half an inch to an inch square, laid down piece by piece in cement to form a pavement.

The walls were coated with plaster, upon which colours were laid, sometimes plain, sometimes in ornamental design. Fragments of plaster showing the colour upon them have been found in the rubbish with which the floors were covered.

One of the most interesting discoveries in connection with the excavations has been that of fragments of Roman window glass, not blown or rolled, but cast in a mould. No whole pane has been found, but there are enough pieces to show that the size was 11 3-4 inches long by 8 3-4 inches wide.

Many antiquities of interest have been dug up in the vicinity. One of the most curious is a bell which suggests a modern bicycle bell. There seems to be no doubt, however, as to its genuineness. It is a curious instance, showing how conservative mankind is. Among other articles which have been found are a comb, a key-head, a bone pin, a bronze ornament, a pair of tweezers, several knives,

and a horse-sandal, some of which are not unlike those at present in use. The knives are not set into handles like our modern cutlery. The horse-sandal recalls the shoe which is put over the horse's foot sometimes, to prevent him from slipping into the soft earth.

Many coins have also been dug up, several of which belong to the reign of Tetricus, and dating from A.D. 267 to 272.

No clue has yet been found as to the time when the villa ceased to be occupied. There are no traces of charred roof or walls, so that it probably was not burnt down. The fact that all the walls are brought down to the level of the ground, is easily explained by the way in which the ruins were used as a quarry from which to obtain materials for building the church, and doubtless other buildings too.

The foundations of the villa lie four or five feet below the present level of the ground, and must have been in constant danger from the overflow of the river. To remedy this, a wall 340 feet in length had been built between the house and the river. The difference of level is largely due to the continual washing down of the soil from the higher slopes, though the turning over of the soil and the action of earth-worms have no doubt helped to bring about the result.

---

#### L'ENVOI.

And they were stronger hands than mine  
That digged the Ruby from the earth—  
More cunning brains that made it worth  
The large desire of a King ;  
And bolder hearts that through the brine  
Went down the Perfect Pearl to bring.

Lo, I have wrought in common clay  
Rude figures of a rough-hewn race,  
For Pearls strew not the market-place  
In this my town of banishment,  
Where with the shifting dust I play  
And eat the bread of Discontent.

Yet is there life in that I make—  
Oh, Thou who knowest, turn and see.  
As Thou hast power over me,  
So have I power over these,  
Because I wrought them for Thy sake,  
And breathed in them mine agonies.

Small mirth was in the making. Now  
I lift the cloth that cloaks the clay ;  
And, wearied, at Thy feet I lay  
My wares ere I go forth to sell.  
The long bazaar will praise—but Thou—  
Heart of my heart, have I done well ?

—Rudyard Kipling.



OLD MISSION CHURCH AND CLOISTERS—SANTA BARBARA.

IN SARDIS.

BY LOUISE MANNING HODGKINS.

Revelation ii. 1-6.

Foul the streets of Sardis thread  
 Many a way of shame,  
 Walk I there *among* the dead,  
 Dead beyond reclaim.

Slain by passion, greed and crime,  
 Oft across my way,  
 Lies the youth in manhood's prime,  
 Lies the head of gray.

Yet the King of spirits seven,  
 In His hand a star,  
 Speaks from out His highest heaven,  
 "There thy goings are!"

"Strengthen, comfort, watch apace,  
 Not one soul deny;  
 Ready are they for My grace;  
 Ready, too, to die.

"Raiment fair awaits thy toil,  
 Where beyond the strife  
 Stands thy name without assail  
 In the Book of Life."

Lord, I kiss thy garment's hem  
 Only heavenly might  
 Can in Sardis take of them  
 Who shall "walk in white."

—Union Signal.

## LORD LEIGHTON.



HOWEVER has seen the majestic frescoes in the South Kensington Museum representing the Arts of Peace and War, must have been profoundly impressed with the genius of the great British artist, Lord Leighton. These are thus described by our accomplished Canadian artist-critic, E. Wily Grier, R.C.A.

The first of these designs represents a quay or wharf in a sea-port of ancient Greece, in the background of which, in a semi-circular colonnade, a group of languid beauties is seen, gossiping or braiding their hair. In the immediate foreground (if water may be so described) is a boat laden with fruit and merchandise. On the quay are vendors of fruit, pottery, etc. The whole composition is treated with a view to beautiful arrangement of line, mass and colour without regard to realistic or antiquarian accuracy. This is the keynote of Leighton's success. With a knowledge of the manners and customs of the people of Greece presumably as complete as that of any other painter of his intellectual scope, he never allowed that knowledge to pedantically obtrude itself; his pictures have, therefore, the high æsthetic value of genuine artistic creations in which considerations of historical accuracy have played only a minor part.

In the second panel, or lunette, representing the Art of War, the president struck a more forcibly dramatic note than in the first. The costumes would represent, probably the mediæval period of the world's

history, when the flame of war was quickly spread, and when every man carried his life in his hands. In the busy preparations which are being made by the young warriors in this picture to meet successfully the invasion of the enemy, Leighton has seen his opportunity for a motley picturesqueness which he never reached before nor since. In the busy movement and bustle of the scene, one almost hears the clanging of the armourer's hammer as he rivets on the coat of steel; and, on the left, in the shadow of a palace wall, a group of matrons are stitching and patching the doublets and hose of the departing lords.

A brief sketch of this distinguished artist, more honoured by his nation than any other, together with presentation of some of his more notable works, will be of interest to our readers. We abridge this in part from an article in the *American Methodist Magazine* and from other sources:

When, in the month of January, 1896, the tidings of Lord Leighton's death were announced to the world, a general feeling of the deepest regret was manifested. Unlike the artist-poet, Alfred Tennyson, he hardly lived to enjoy his peerage, so nobly won. Indeed, the new-year list of honours, which included him among the peers of the British realm, was published in the very month of his demise.

Since the days of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the friend of Samuel Johnson and John Wesley, whose "Discourses on Painting" still remains a classic, the national interest in the subject has deepened and enlarged. In many respects Ruskin's theories of art stand in contradiction to the somewhat formal utterances of the great and good Reynolds. The latter theories in-



"THE MUSIC LESSON."

sist more on the inherent quality of all high art, as including the whole man, spiritual and religious.

The art held up to admiration in Reynolds' time was the semi-pagan art of the Renaissance. Ruskin rejected Renaissance ideals, and reverted to the simpler, more direct aspirations and methods of pre-Raphaelitic times. These aspirations are found alive in the deliverances of Leighton. "As we are, so our work is!" he declares in a memorable discourse, "and the moral effect of what we are will control the artist's work, from the first touch of the brush or chisel until the last." And again:

"Believe me, whatever of dignity, whatever of strength, we have within

us, will dignify and will make strong the labours of our hands; whatever littleness degrades our spirit will lessen them and drag them down. Whatever noble fire is in our hearts will burn also in our work, whatever purity is ours will also chasten and exalt it; for as we are, so our work is, and what we sow in our lives, that, beyond a doubt, we shall reap for good or for ill in the strengthening or defacing of whatever gifts have fallen to our lot."

These heartfelt passages are worthy of the great president who did so much to raise the whole character of English art. It is not wonderful that he should have early attracted the favourable notice of the late Queen, and that his first marked success, "Cimabue's Madonna," should have found in her



"VIOLA."



a purchaser. Forty-six years ago Queen Victoria paid three thousand dollars for the painting.

Leighton was a north-country man, born on the coast of Yorkshire, at the fashionable seaside town of Scarborough. He came of a professional family, his father and grandfather having been physicians. The latter, Sir James Leighton, was at one time in attendance at the court of St. Petersburg, as physician to Alexander I. and his redoubtable son, Nicholas. His son Frederic, father of the painter, studied medicine at Edinburgh, where he took his doctorate in medicine; and he had brilliant prospects, which were clouded by an affliction of deafness. In place of following medical pursuits, he devoted himself to metaphysics. The lad was therefore accustomed from boyhood to high ideals and strenuous thought.

Like Ruskin and Browning, he was happy in enjoying the intimacy of a careful and judicious parent. When ten years old he already showed signs of artistic aptitudes. His mother, who was ailing, spent a winter on the Continent to restore her health, and she took her boy with her. He had the advantage of studying drawing at Rome with Signor Meli. Four years later he was at Florence with his father, where they met Hiram Powers, the noted American sculptor. To the anxious inquiry from the father, "Shall I make him an artist?" Powers replied: "Sir, you have no choice in the matter; he is one already."

Leighton's early influences were distinctly cosmopolitan. Not only did he owe much to the somewhat decadent Florentine and other Italian schools, but he also gained valuable hints from personal association with the great German, Johan Eduard Steinle, the Frankfort master. He was thus enabled to correct many of the mannerisms which

characterized current Italian methods, and which he was only too prone to exaggerate. Leighton always expressed himself as deeply indebted to Steinle, whom he considered underestimated by the world. His seventeenth year he spent at the *Stadtelches Institut*, in Frankfort. Next year he proceeded to Brussels, where he worked without a master, and produced his first piece worth recording, "Cimabue Finding Giotto in the fields of Florence." This was purchased by Queen Victoria. It was reminiscent of the three years he had spent in the city of the Medici. From Brussels he went to Paris, and later we find him at Rome, where he made the acquaintance of the famous French painters, Gerome and Bouguereau. Here also he met his fellow-countryman, Robert Brown- ing, then busily engaged in writing his "Men and Women." The poet and the painter were working in closely allied territories, and were afterwards to be linked together. Another gifted writer, the French- woman, Georges Sand, was in Rome at this time, and was among the circle of his acquaintances.

In the year 1869 he was elected a fellow of the Royal Academy. His diploma picture was in the sphere of Christian art. It represents St. Jerome, naked to the waist, kneeling with uplifted hands at the foot of a crucifix, while a lion hovers in the background. Already a new influence was manifest in his work, for the gorgeous East had begun to throw its spell over him. In the year 1868 the eyes of the world were centred on the Suez Canal, where M. de Lesseps was just completing, under imperial auspices, his famous waterway. Leighton visited Egypt in this year, and made a voyage up the Nile with the Frenchman, the Khedive himself providing the steamer which carried them. The only picture he exhibited at the Academy in 1870



"LETTY."

was named "A Nile Woman," and became the property of the late Queen of England. The figure, that of a girl, stands in the moonlight, balancing an empty pitcher on her head.

Leighton was particularly successful in illustrating Bible incidents, the field in which he chose to work being the Old Testament. Those who have seen his grand study, "Moses Views the Promised Land," will hardly forget its ma-

jestic outlines. Other studies are: "Cain and Abel," "Abram and the Angel," "Eliezer and Rebekah," "The Death of the Firstborn," "The Spies' Escape," "Samson and the Lion," and "Samson at the Mill." The nine compositions constitute a "Bible Gallery," and have been reproduced in a popular form by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

The painter is associated with the publication, in 1863, of George

Eliot's "Romola," to each instalment of which he supplied a full-page drawing, as the story appeared monthly in the *Cornhill Magazine*. So much were these drawings esteemed that they were afterwards reprinted in the form of a "Cornhill Gallery."

Some years later he furnished a masterpiece, which serves to interpret Robert Browning's "Balauktion's Adventure." This famous painting, produced in 1871, is named "Hercules Wrestling with Death for the body of Alcestis." The scene is laid by the sea, and the body of the dead queen, robed in white, lies in the centre of the picture, under the branches of great trees. On the right the grey spectre of death is pressing forward to the bed where she lies, and is kept back by the giant strength of the mighty Hercules. On the left there is a group of mourners beautifully poised; while in the rear stands old Pheres. So delighted was Browning with the presentation that he inserted in his poem, published shortly afterward, a tribute to the painter's genius:

I know, too, a great Kambian painter,  
strong,  
As Herakles, though rosy with a robe  
Of grace that softens down his sinewy  
strength:

And he has made a picture of it all.  
There lies Alkestis dead, beneath the sun  
She longed to look her last upon, beside  
The sea, which somehow tempts the life in  
us

To come trip over its white waste of waves,  
And try escape from earth, and fleet as free.  
Behind the body I suppose there bends  
Old Pheres in his hoary impotence;  
And women-wailers in a corner crouch  
Four—beautiful as yon four, yes, indeed!  
Close each to other, agonizing all,  
As fastened in fear's rhythmic sympathy,  
To two contending opposite. There strains  
The might o' the hero 'gainst his more than  
match,

Death, dreadful not in thew and bone, but  
like  
The envenomed substance that exudes some  
dew,

Whereby the merely honest flesh and blood  
Will fester up and run to ruin straight,

Ere they can close with, clasp and overcome  
The poisonous impalpability  
That simulates a form beneath the flow  
Of those grey garments. I pronounce that  
piece  
Worthy to set up in our Poikile.

The French critic, M. Robert de la Sizeranne, speaks of this great painter's distinctly English touch, veiled though it be by his eclecticism.

"Leighton finds his chosen field," he adds, "in subjects which elevate the thought towards the pinnacles of existence and of history, so that one cannot recall a nose or a limb without remembering some high gospel lesson, or, at least, some great social obligation. The grandeur of human fellowship, the nobility of peace, such is the theme that inspires him oftenest and best; and it is an idea for which he found his inspiration at home."

Mr. Wyly Grier enumerates among other of his best-known works the following:

"The Fisherman and the Siren," "The Triumph of Music," "Paola and Francesca," and "Romeo and Juliet." A rapid succession of pictures came from his prolific brush, till his art reached a sort of culminating point in the "Daphnephoria," a canvas of huge dimensions, which was exhibited in 1876.

The picture, "Wedded," has become widely known through the medium of a popular engraving, its serene, chaste beauty having won a place in many hearts. In "The Music Lesson," Leighton's powers as a painter of drapery are shown in the large—I had almost said noble—disposition of flowing line and voluminous fold; and the childish earnestness of the young musician is tenderly portrayed. "A Vestal," "Viola," and "Letty," although amongst his minor works, are charming examples of feminine beauty; while the "Orpheus and Euridice" and "Summer Moon" may be ranked with the best of his seriously elaborate compositions.

## SOGA, THE KAFIR MISSIONARY.

BY THE REV. J. W. DAVIDSON, B.A., B.D.



A TYPICAL KAFIR CHIEF.

TO the left of the vestry door in the eastern wall of a neat, commodious, and substantial mission church, on the banks of the Magwali Stream, thirty miles beyond King William's Town, in British Kafiraria, is

fixed a tablet, the Kafir inscription on which declares:

"This stone is to keep us in remembrance of the Rev. Tiyo SOGA, the first ordained preacher of the Kafir race. He was a friend of God; a lover of His Son, inspired by His Spirit, a disciple of His Holy Word; an ardent patriot, a large-hearted philanthropist; a dutiful son, an affectionate brother; a tender husband; a loving father; a faithful friend; a learned scholar; an eloquent orator; in manners a gentleman; a devoted missionary who spent himself in his Master's service; a model Kafir."

It is the loving gift of W. White Millar, of "The Heart of Midlothian," to the memory of his departed friend, whose nameless but unforgotten grave is beneath the apple blossoms of the orchard which was watered with the tears of his earliest efforts for the elevation of his race.

Interesting even to the borders of romance is the story of his life. Instructive and inspiring is the record of that which he became and did. Said the venerable Moffat to a Boer boss who declared Kafirs to be no better than dogs, "Yes,

friend, but the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from the master's table." Over the entrance of many a Boer church on the sunburned veldt of South Africa is the warning, "Dogs and Kafirs not admitted here." Tiyo Soga is an exemplification of the fact that the "dog" can be metamorphosed into a man; that even the poor Kafir can become an educated Christian gentleman, a sincere, zealous patriot, a useful citizen of the world. Heathenism, oppression, drink, witchcraft, and polygamy shadowed the land of his birth. His young life was exposed to the taint of the beer parties, obscene songs, nocturnal revelries, and superstitious cruelty which give tone to the dull monotony of the Kafir kraal. With such a heritage, in the midst of such an environment, few Britons would have done as well.

He was the seventh son of Nosutu, the "great wife" of Councillor Soga, of the Gaika tribe. His mother named him Sani, a contraction for Zisani, meaning "What bringest thou?" but his father soon changed it to Tiyo, after an influential Galeka councillor, who was brave on the battle-field and wise in the counsels of the great Kaffir parliament. The infant boy was destined to attain celebrity by his wisdom and courage in the bloodless conquests of the Gospel in his cradle land.

In 1818, eleven years before the birth of our hero, the Rev. John Brownlee had, on the initiative of the Cape Government, at the invitation of Chief Gaika, established a mission station on the Chumie river, in the district of which Councillor Soga was headman. This work was taken up in 1827, and ex-

tended by the Rev. Wm. Chalmers, of Glasgow. At the Soga kraal a school was opened. Hither, in spite of the severity of his father's chastisement for neglecting the herds, resorted Tiyo, to secure an education. His mother, who had become a Christian, and severed her conjugal relationship with her husband, encouraged the boy, and he soon became a teacher in Chalmers' school. Gradually, almost imperceptibly, he was weaned from his father's kraal and its barbarous life.

The only memorial of this mission station, which was frequented by the lad dressed in his sheepskin karosses and two knobkerries, is the consecrated spot by the Gwali rivulet, where, among many graves, closed until the great resurrection morning, is the sepulchre of the Rev. Wm. Chalmers, who, after twenty years' labour, died at his post at the early age of forty-five.

Eight miles from the Chumie was the mission seminary of Lovedale, presided over by the Rev. Wm. Govan, under the control of the Free Church of Scotland. In 1844 Tiyo competed and failed in open examination for a scholarship which gave free admission to the school. Tiyo's spiritual teacher, being convinced that the lad was one of great character and promise, himself arranged with the principal of the Lovedale institution for the

boy's education. He earnestly pursued his studies. The sting of his failure, the rivalry of school-fellows, and the natural ambition of an earnest schoolboy, soon placed him at the head of the class lists.

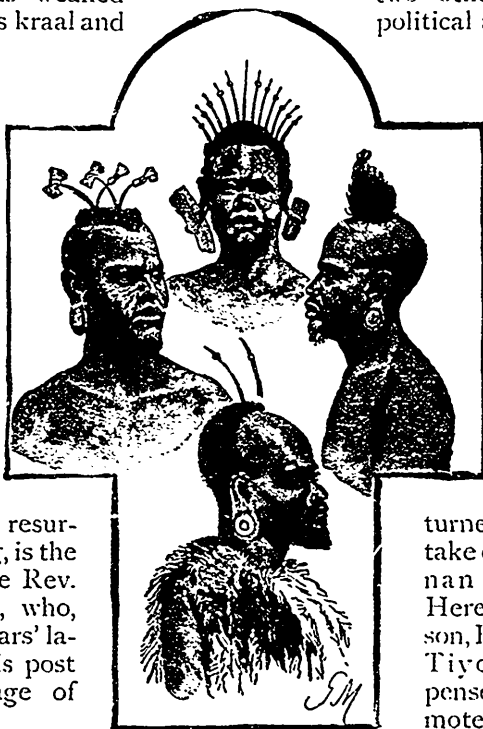
His moral qualities balanced his intellectual keenness. He was sensitive to the beauty of goodness. It is a noteworthy fact that, of his schoolmates at Lovedale, five entered the Christian ministry, whilst two others entered into political and civilian life.

In 1846 the "War of the Axe" broke out between the Kafirs and the British. The Lovedale institution was broken up and the pupils dispersed; the Reverend Mr. Govan, the principal, resigned, and, taking Tiyo with him, returned to Scotland to take charge of Inchinnan Free Church.

Here John Henderson, Esq., of Park, bore Tiyo's school expenses till he was promoted to Glasgow Free Church Normal Seminary. While he was at the Sem-

inary, John Street United Presbyterian Church adopted Tiyo with a view to his education as a missionary. The promptings of the Spirit led him to make open profession of faith in the living Saviour and seek the seal of adoption into Christ's family. He was baptized in 1848.

Soon afterwards he returned to South Africa as a catechist, and laboured with conscientious zeal



KAFIR HEAD-DRESS.

among his own Gaika tribe. In 1849, while the iniquitous machinations of the impostor, Mlanjeni, were rallying the dismembered Gaikas against the British with the avowed object of driving them into the sea, Tiyo accompanied the Rev. Robert Niven in an attempt to found a mission station in the very centre of the far-famed Amatole, the Kafir stronghold in all former years. But the smouldering embers soon burst into a flame. The delusive charms, magic pretensions, and dark falsehoods of Mlanjeni shot a thunderbolt at the British. The scenes of horror so utterly prostrated Mrs. Niven that return to Europe was imperative. Tiyo Soga accompanied his chief.

John Street Church now assumed the responsibility of preparing him for ordination. At Glasgow University the thought of his perishing countrymen, the expectation of those who had taken a deep interest in his progress, and his long-standing resolve, "To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield," preserved him from dangerous paths and inspired zealous application. He was persevering, painstaking, and systematic. In the examination hall he took honourable rank. In his pulpit appearances his ability found him ready and attentive audience. During his school days he was universally esteemed and beloved by his fellow-students, and at their close in 1856, their plaudits, well-wishes, and prayers followed him from the college halls and ordination altar of John Street Presbyterian Church.

After a few months' itinerancy, visiting various churches, in a successful effort to excite an interest in the Kafir Mission, he married Miss Janet Burnside, a pious, thrifty, frugal, devoted Scotch-woman, who marched heroically and faithfully by his side through the eventful scenes of his brief and chequered life. While Tiyo Soga

was speeding over the sea to his homeland, superstitious fatuity, led by conspiracy against British ascendancy, was transforming that garden of beauty into a wilderness. Chief Kveli fired the native hatred of the British. Under his influence a witch-doctor, named Mhlakaza, through the medium of his niece, Nongase, prophesied an approaching resurrection from the dead of all the old chiefs and their followers, who would unite with the tribes to drive the white men out of the country and restore the glory of the Amakosa nation. In order that this should be accomplished, it was proclaimed that all Kafirs must destroy their cattle and their corn. All temporal blessings were to ensue. Death would be abolished, and the race would become gifted with immortality and perpetual youth. The deluded people believed and obeyed. Their whole means of subsistence were sacrificed, but the sun of the day announced for the resurrection set on the prophecies unfulfilled.

The despair bred by destitution prepared the way for outrage. Upwards of one hundred thousand wild Kafirs, stung by the bitter pangs of hunger and the deeper pangs of disappointment, driven to despair, their cattle recklessly killed, and nothing found in their stead, were ready, like a pack of famished wolves, for havoc. It was unsafe to travel. Bloodshed, plunder and confusion prevailed. Only by promptness, wisdom, and charity on the part of the Government and the colonists was war averted, and the victims of this fanatical act of self-destruction saved from starvation.

The returning missionary found his people a despised nation, ruined, scattered, famishing. But with a brave heart and true, trusting in the overruling providence of God, he took up the work of resuscitating the mission. A site for a new station was secured in the famine

depopulated Kafir land of corn and milk. After many difficulties met and disappointments faced, a mission house was erected and duly opened.

But this was only the beginning of toils. For nearly two long years did Tiyo Soga labour within the church and beyond it, at evening classes, and in Kafir kraals, before the time of the first-fruits arrived. That April Sabbath when two

A more commodious place of worship became a necessity. The missionary secured, from his own people and the colonists, the sum of £362, and the building was begun, and in June, 1862, was opened for the worship of God. It cost £1,465, and of this amount Tiyo Soga, by his own efforts, raised £600. Within a few weeks it became the spiritual birthplace of fourteen souls.



KAFIR MEN'S HEAD-DRESS.

young men were admitted to the great ordinance of the Christian Church was a joyful day at Magwali. Sweet thereafter tempered the bitter. The work steadily progressed. By the year 1859 nearly four thousand people had settled at the Magwali. Out-stations were established; the eldership was increased; a systematic itinerancy was carried on, and the most fondly cherished hopes were being gradually realized.

Difficulties followed prosperity. The peace and harmony of the station were broken by a wave of vice. There is depth of moral degradation in the Kafir character which it is difficult to eradicate. The kraal is a hotbed of iniquity. But worry, and the discomforts of his poor manse, had done their work, and towards the end of 1862 Tiyo Soga was thoroughly prostrated. Distressed by painful suspense, and harassed by some of the bitterest trials and by some of the darkest dispensations of Providence, he was driven to seek comfort from the Friend of the suffering and sorrowful. The blackness of midnight darkness passed into the peace and beauty of the dawn.

The Mission Board granted him several months' furlough, advising that he proceed to the drier regions beyond the Orange River. His correspondence on this occasion bears incidental testimony to the success of Wesleyan missions at Lesseyton and Glen Grey. Of the former place he writes: "There is here an industrial school, attended by twenty-eight youths who are taught various trades. Several

have already gone forth as full-fledged journeymen. Altogether, they are in advance of any native Christians I have seen."

On his return from furlough, he was authorized by the committee to abandon his decaying wattle-and-daub cottage and build a more substantial and comfortable dwelling. For this purpose they made him a grant of £650. The house was completed and occupied in 1863.

A commodious school-house was erected to replace the crumbling one first constructed. Towards this he contributed £90 from his meagre salary. His heart was cheered by an accession to the missionary staff. The general state of his work was also more promising, while the moral tone of the membership, which now numbered 138, was more satisfactory.

The arduous labours and difficulties of a missionary's life among the Kafirs seriously impaired the constitution of Tiyo, and obliged him to take a six months' furlough and pay a visit to Cape Town. To his great joy, he was again partially restored to health and strength.

During his busy years, Tiyo found time for valuable literary work. To his people, who read it with avidity, he gave Bunyan's immortal allegory in their own tongue. From the very commencement of his missionary career he employed his leisure in collecting Kafir fables, legends, proverbs, fragments of Kafir history, rugged utterances of native bards, and records of the ancient habits and customs of his country, which were published. He



KAFIR WOMEN'S HEAD-DRESS.

began a series of practical expositions on the parables of our Lord, but the interposition of a higher hand arrested the work. He was one of the revisers of the Kafir Bible, but he lived to see the completion of only one of the four Gospels before his death.

Tiyo Soga had built a comfortable, commodious church. He had a growing membership, flourishing schools, an interesting field for itineration, and a number of attached European friends. Peace, prosperity and comfort tempted him to remain, but he cheerfully left his comfortable home and began life once more in a Kafir hut, in the midst of a dreary wilderness, among a people opposed to his message.

The mists and damps which constantly arose from the sea rendered his new mission unsuitable to his infirm state of health, and he fast wasted away.

Weary, worn, suffering from physical prostration, he toiled on. His new church at the Tutuka was opened in April, 1871. He was singularly happy and cheerful on



that occasion. It proved to be a farewell gathering. It was sunset time, and his footsteps were near the open gates. The couch on which he lay was so placed that he could look out in the direction of his own Gaika country, where he was born and had laboured for the best years of his life. He suddenly gathered all his strength and broke out into an audible, fervent prayer in Kafir, commending to the care of God all missionary preachers of the Gospel, the Tutuka membership, the children of the schools, the Galeka tribe, his own family, and especially his sons beyond the seas, whom he desired to return to teach his own people. Then he peacefully fell asleep, and all the rivers were behind.

Thus lived and died a great and good man. Christian enterprise and self-sacrifice are words on every page of his life history. Simplicity and godly sincerity marked out the true nobleman and Christian gentleman. His earnestness, pathos, and tenderness won many friends, and deep, abiding love. A tone of sadness pervaded his whole life, for he stood alone. He towered above his race, yet a gulf separated him from white men. Generous even to a fault, he was often imposed on by the unscrupulous. Dignified, yet without vanity or conceit, he carried himself a man, a gentleman, and a Christian. His memory in South Africa is blessed.

Hudson, Que.

---

#### BEYOND.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Queen Victoria always spoke calmly of death, regarding it with a certain fond anticipation, as a reuniting with loved ones from whom she had been long parted.

It seemeth such a little way to me  
 Across to that strange country—the Beyond :  
 And yet not strange, for it has grown to be  
 The home of those of whom I am so fond,  
 They make it seem familiar and most dear,  
 As journeying friends bring distant regions near.

So close it lies, that when my sight is clear  
 I think I almost see the gleaming strand.  
 I know I feel those who have gone from here  
 Come near enough sometimes to touch my hand,  
 I often think, but for our veiled eyes,  
 We should find Heaven right round about us lies.

And so for me there is no sting to death,  
 And so the grave hath lost its victory.  
 It is but crossing—with a wasted breath,  
 And white, set face—a little strip of sea,  
 To find the loved ones waiting on the shore,  
 More beautiful, more precious than before.

---

These thorns are sharp, yet I can tread on them ;  
 This cup is loathsome, yet He makes it sweet ;  
 My face is steadfast towards Jerusalem,  
 My heart remembers it. . . .

Although to-day I walk in tedious ways,  
 To-day His staff is turned into a rod,  
 Yet will I wait for Him the appointed days,  
 And stay upon my God.

—Christina Rossetti.

## ANTIQUE SPOONS.

BY T. W. GREENE.



IN the history of domestic implements it may not, perhaps, be generally known that the simple and homely spoon boasts a position of considerable antiquity, and has, at one period, at least, of artistic excellence, been the subject of considerable ornamental skill on the part of its producer. We are accustomed to think of our more remote ancestors as supplying themselves with food in the most natural, not to say barbarous fashions. Even the elegant Ovid, writing two years before the Christian era, gives the injunction, *Carpe cibos digitis*.

We must, however, leave to the learned antiquary the task of finding the exact date at which the invention of such instruments took place, and the name of the country in which their use was first introduced. Certain it is that two kinds of spoons were known to the Romans. One, figured

in our initial, they called a "coch-

lear," because they used the point of the handle to draw snails and mussels out of their shells, the bowl serving for eggs, jellies, and other aliments of little consistency. Copies of three ancient silver spoons are given in the Museo Borbonico of about the size of a dessert spoon, one of which is a cochlear with round bowl and point, the other two being of oval shape, and with round handles. Another Roman spoon, with a bowl of oval shape, may be seen in the interesting collection of antiquities at Mayence, carved in bone or ivory, and actually possessing the familiar "rat-tail" hereafter to be mentioned.

My object in the present paper is to give some idea of the development, artistic and other, of the spoon in more modern times; and my task, I may note, is rendered easy by the presence of the hallmark to be found on English specimens in silver, which is, when legible, an infallible guide as to the year of their manufacture. In fact, as a general rule, every English piece of plate of the last four hundred years is both signed and dated, being stamped with the initial or initials of the maker, as well as a letter of the alphabet indicating the year of its origin.

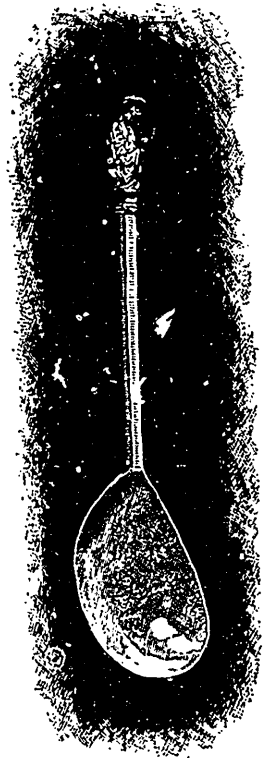
In the Middle Ages there are proofs of the existence of spoons as far back as the thirteenth century, but these were, no doubt, for the most part, of wood, or of pewter. The fork, however, was not in general use till after the time of Elizabeth.

It must be a matter of common experience among those who are acquainted with the study of antiquities in the provinces, that objects of art whose origin has pre-

tentions to a more or less remote date are almost invariably referred to the time, if not to the possession, of one of four rulers of England—Queen Elizabeth, Charles I., Oliver Cromwell, or Queen Anne. These seem to constitute the great popular landmarks of history, for the preservation of whose memory tradition has as yet done more than Education Acts and School Boards. But, however unfair it may seem to ignore the claims of other monarchs to the credit of works of art produced in their time, there is, no doubt, much sense and convenience in the above division, and it is one which happens to approach exactness in the changes which have occurred in the form of spoons. For plate, like other luxuries, such as jewellery and dress, has been the sport of fashion, and subject to all the caprices of that fickle goddess. The division must, however, be understood in this sense: that the forms which prevailed in the time of Elizabeth existed also in the reigns of her predecessors for a hundred years, as well as for a generation or more afterwards. The second division, which begins rather with the Restoration than the Commonwealth, is of much shorter duration, ending with the death of Queen Anne, in 1714; and then we come to another distinct period of some fifty years, extending to the third quarter of the last century. It now remains to consider the distinctive shapes that belong to each of these divisions of time.

We are told by Mr. Cripps, in his valuable work on "Antique Silver," that "the most ancient piece of English hall-marked plate in existence is a simple spoon," bearing the date of 1445-6, in the reign of Henry VI. This year falls within the great epoch of the Renaissance in Italy, whence taste and culture spread so rapidly to other countries of Western Europe. The specimen in question is even historical, and

is known to collectors as the "Pudsey Spoon," having been given to Sir Ralph Pudsey by King Henry VI., together with his boots and gloves, after the rout at Hexham. This spoon is now preserved at Hornby Castle, Lancashire, by a descendant of Sir Ralph Pudsey. Its pedigree is said to be undoubted; and in proof of its authenticity it bears the royal badge of a single rose engraved on the top of the handle, which resembles a common seal with six sides. The form of spoons from this time down to the Restoration varies only in the



APOSTLE SPOON (I).

designs affixed to the points of the handles, but differs in every respect from the modern type. Thus, the bowl is pear-shaped; the stem is firm and solid as a pillar; and the handle is either a plain round knob

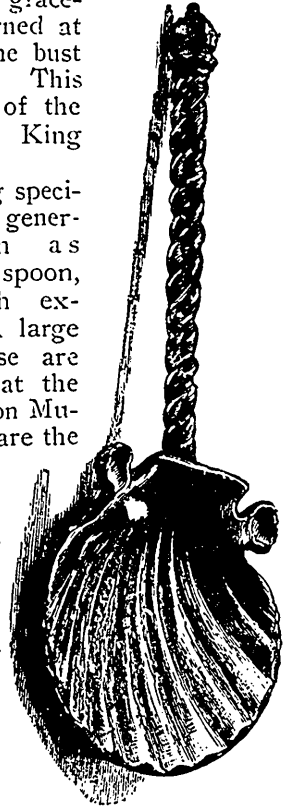
or ball, or any carved device into which the skill of the maker could convert it. We find, for instance, the figure of an apostle, the head and shoulders of a maiden, a lion *sejant*, an owl, a pomegranate, an acorn, a diamond, a scallop-shell, or most commonly of all, a seal. The character is, therefore, highly ornamental and pleasing to the eye, without any loss of utility, and is quite in harmony with the decorative and artistic fashions of this very interesting period.

Fig. 2 is a solid bronze spoon about fourteen inches in length, too massive to be comfortably raised to the mouth, but very serviceable for heavier work. It probably belongs to the fifteenth or sixteenth century. One may easily conceive that a barbarian of the lowest state of intelligence, being in want of such assistance as a spoon supplies, might avail himself of a shell to serve his purpose; and it would need no great amount of ingenuity to apply to this something in the form of a handle. The specimen here figured, then, embodies this idea, the bowl being fashioned like a scallop, and attached to a strong spiral handle, which ends in a solid knob somewhat in the form of a crown. Fig. 1 is taken from a genuine apostle spoon of the time of Elizabeth, bearing the date 1587, the personage of St. Peter being identified by the attribute of the key. It should be remarked that there is always one peculiarity about the London-made spoons of the first or Elizabethan period. This is, that the interior of the bowl is stamped with the leopard's head, a hall-mark which runs through the whole series of English plate, but which in the later times was invariably placed on the back of the handle. This so-called leopard's head, however, is really the face of the grand old English lion, the name of leopard having crept in from the use of the heraldic French

"leopard" in ancient documents, and meaning no more than a lion figured and seen full-face. The likeness to our national emblem is, however, so striking that a cursory inspection will prevent any zoological confusion. It should be added that even in the days of the Commonwealth the head is adorned with a crown, which only disappeared from the hall-mark in the year 1823.

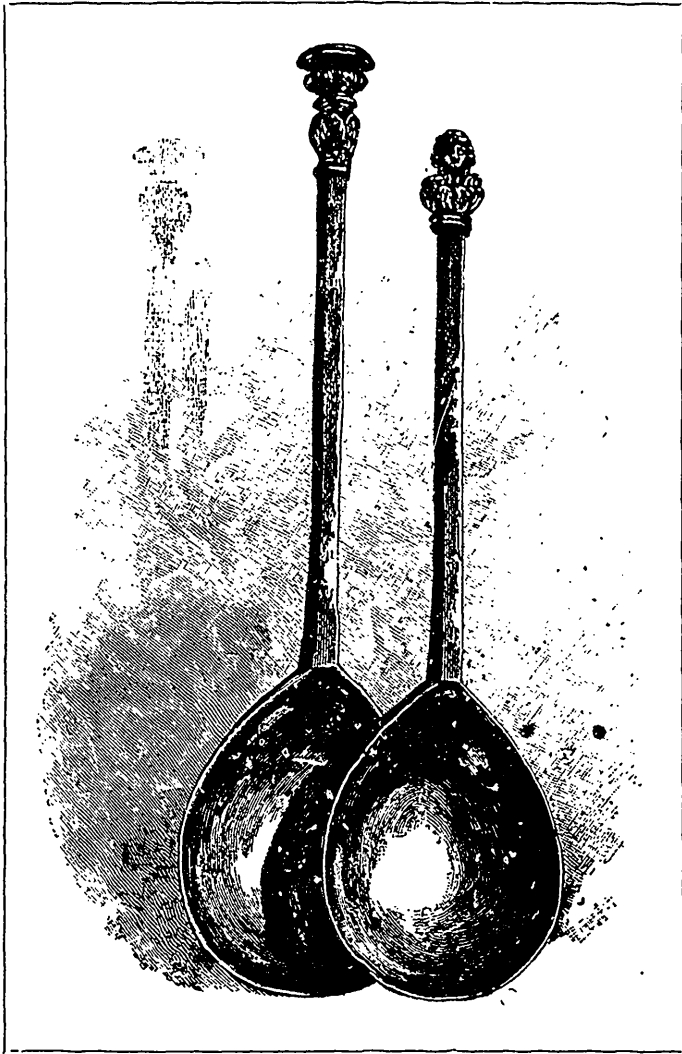
Fig. 4 is a very graceful spoon, adorned at the end with the bust of a maiden. This bears the date of the ninth year of King James I.

The remaining specimen (Fig. 3) is generally known as the seal-top spoon, a name which explains itself. A large number of these are now exhibited at the South Kensington Museum, and they are the least rare of the various forms belonging to the period, having been made down to the end of the Commonwealth. This particular spoon, however, was not made in London, but at Exeter, Devon, and is stamped with the principal mark of that



BRONZE SPOON (2).

town. Instead of the lion, or "leopard's" head *inside* the bowl, we find the letter X, still surmounted by a crown; while in the place of the usual marks at the back of the stem the name of the maker, "Radcliffe," appears in full—a silversmith who is known to have worked in that important city of the West in the latter days of Charles I. The full



SEAL-TOP AND MAIDEN SPOONS (3 AND 4.)

names of other makers are also known to have been stamped in this way, and a spoon with a lion *sejant* in the possession of the writer bears that of "Wade." But such marks are exceptional and rare, signature by initials being the rule. Another kind of handle, which was made, perhaps, more frequently in the time of Cromwell than before it (though known also in the early years of Elizabeth), consists of a

plain stem cut off obliquely at the end, as if with one stroke of a knife, in an iconoclastic fashion, the ornament at the end thus completely disappearing, without any alteration to the bowl. The change which occurred at the Restoration affects every part of the spoon; but any notice of this, or of other and subsequent transformations, would lead us far beyond our present limits.

## MISSIONS AND THE SOCIAL PROBLEMS.

BY THE REV. J. P. BERRY, B.A.



As we stand at the meeting of the centuries, we are led to take a sweeping glance over the one just past to learn its achievements and also its failures, and then we peer wistfully into the future to gain a vision of that which is to be. As loyal subjects of King Immanuel, that which we see most clearly in the past, as well as that which we discern in the coming time, must surely, we deem, be related to the establishment of His kingdom. A century ago we find practically no interest in the extension of the bounds of that kingdom. Representative Christian men looked upon the idea of foreign missions as altogether fanatical and Utopian, whereas to-day it is one of the foremost problems of the age. Over five hundred societies and auxiliaries are organized to carry on this work, with an annual income of over \$19,000,000. The foreign missionaries are a force of 15,460, and are assisted by a native army of 77,000. The Bible has been translated entirely, or in part, into 420 languages and dialects, placing it within the reach of nine-tenths of the human race.

The Church has grown more during the past century than during the previous eighteen centuries. A hundred years ago it had a membership of approximately two hundred millions, but to-day it has become over four hundred millions. The results achieved are truly marvellous; whole tribes have been turned from cannibalism to the service of the loving Father. Glorious

victories are being constantly gained in darkest Africa, in India, in troubled China, in the Land of the Rising Sun, and in the islands of the sea. What literature is more truly fascinating than the records of the miracles which are being wrought in foreign lands to-day in the name of Jesus of Nazareth?

But this is only one side of the question, for after all the jubilant rehearsals of our progress, after all the consecrated services of a Carey, a Judson, a Livingstone, a Paton, a Thoburn, there are more men and women in the darkness of heathenism to-day than ever before. Great as the advancement has been, the Church has not yet caught up to the heathen birth-rate. The reported increase in membership for the year previous to the Ecumenical Missionary Conference (although it is true that no figures can give a correct idea of the amount of good seed that has actually fallen into fertile soil), is a little less than eighty-four thousand, whereas we have been told that a million a month in China are dying without a knowledge of God. With all the advance of Christianity there has been in many cases an even greater advance in the use of rum, opium, and the curses and vices of civilization.

In view of these awful facts, what can be hoped for missions of the twentieth century? The problem does not appear to be growing more simple and easy of solution, but more and more complex. The tremendous magnitude of Christian missions has probably never been recognized as at the present day. The basis of the movement seems to have been gradually changing during the past generation. The

emphasis is now placed not so much on the future peril of the heathen as upon their present degradation, not on their future salvation, but upon their present redemption. The aim is not the mere proclamation of the Gospel to the world, but the Christianization of the world.

With great reason may we thank God for the clearer vision of our work, for a fuller consciousness of the burden of our responsibility, yea, and also for a spirit of dissatisfaction over the achievements of the past. One of the best evidences of the divinity of the Gospel is discontent with present success. Never has the Church recognized the incompleteness of its work as it does to-day. Never have the sins and needs of the world been so evident, and never has their appeal gone home to the consciousness of men and women as now. Never has the Church faced its work so determinedly and hopefully as at the present time. Its glory is not in the victories of the past, but in the triumphs yet to come.

We have seen streams of salvation proceeding from the Christian nations to the ends of the earth, but with those streams there have gone floods of iniquity. The problem which presents itself is not simply how to increase the present missionary activity, but how to do something towards the closing of these flood-gates of vice. Is there not some means not only of greatly increasing the influences which make for righteousness and life, but also for decreasing those which make for evil and death? Yes. The purification of the fountain whence proceed these streams. The influence of a Christian nation upon a heathen world is to be measured not solely by the number of missionaries it may send out, but by the individual character of its citizens. The giving of missionaries is not enough, it must be supported by Christian living at home.

One great barrier to missionary progress in the more enlightened nations of the East is their knowledge of the unchristian condition of affairs in the so-called Christian nations. Their attitude is "Physician, heal thyself." Rev. H. H. Coates, in an address on his work in Japan, said: "Japan will never become more Christian until we become more Christian here."

With the extension of the kingdom there must come an intensification; with the broadening there must be a deepening. Our work is not simply the subjection to Christ of the pagan world, but the bringing of our every thought, motive and duty into that same subjection. The Church will be enabled to Christianize the world abroad just in proportion as it Christianizes business, politics, amusements, and society in its midst.

But when we begin to talk of the application of the principles of Christianity to politics, to the capital and labour problems, and to the various social questions, some earnest souls will protest and cry out for the "pure gospel." Just what is meant by that expression it is difficult to say, yet it seems to mean something abstracted from man's relationship with man, and from the great problems and burdens of humanity, and has something to do with the other world. These people would divide life into the secular and the spiritual, and practically regard Christianity as applicable only to the latter. But to the one with the spirit of Christ everything he touches becomes sacred. The antagonism between the spiritual and the worldly is not in things, but in men. To the spiritual everything has its spiritual aspect, but to the worldly all things are worldly. The great sin against God of Judah and Israel, according to the teaching of the prophets, was man's inhumanity to man. The Master, in the parables

of the Unmerciful Servant, of Dives and Lazarus, of the Good Samaritan, and in the description of the last judgment, shows us the same thing—that a love to God, which does not manifest itself in loving actions towards men, is spurious. "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of these ye did it not to me." The kingdom of love, which Jesus came to establish, is for this world. He did not teach his disciples to pray that they might be taken to heaven, but rather that the will of God might be done here, even as it is done in heaven. He told men to look forward to a better, nobler, diviner social order than any they had ever seen. Sometimes, and it is perhaps not to be wondered at, his followers have become discouraged at the slowness of the growth of that kingdom, and patiently and resignedly submit to the ills of life, with the hope of redress beyond. But that is not in accord with the teaching of Jesus. "He proclaimed a better social order for this earth, unfolded the laws of that social order, and bade his disciples be the heralds of, and to do their best in, the establishment of that kingdom of love, and in the driving out of injustice and wrong." The aim of the Gospel, therefore, is not simply to fit men for another world, but to fit them for this world, and to make this world fit to live in, whether in Ontario or in China.

Wherever men are in need, whether that need be due to unjust legislation or cut-throat competition, to greed and ambition of capitalists or ignorance and selfishness of workingmen, to social ostracism or to their own sins, there is the man of God called to bring relief, to seek redress, as far as it may be within his power. Possibly there are many men, women, and children who, through our social, political, and commercial systems, or through the drink traffic, are in as sad condition as was the

man who fell among thieves, and we unwittingly pass by on the other side, not because we are pitiless, but because we do not come close enough to see and understand the need. Rightly or wrongly, many are beginning to think the Church cares little for those things which press so heavily upon them, and the result is they care little about the Church.\*

This is a period of unrest. We are in a stage of transition, passing from that extreme individualism which followed the Reformation, where each man was supposed to be able to stand alone, to where we see that no man can live to himself. All phases of life are becoming intensely complex. We see this tendency in international relations, such as the Peace Congress, and in the present co-operation against China. The nations are becoming more and more dependent upon each other through the intricacies of trade, and in this we have one of the greatest safeguards of peace between the great powers. It is evident again in commerce, in the great corporations, trusts, and monopolies. Then there are professional associations, trade unions, fraternal societies, clubs, and various organizations of socialistic tendencies. These all show that man has more than individual interests, in fact, it shows that men are beginning to realize that they must become their brother's keeper, although the conception of brotherhood is very narrow. The capitalist usually limits it to his fellow-capitalists, and the tradesman to

\* Dr. Sutherland, in his book, "The Kingdom of God and Problems of Today," says: "Ten thousand voices are clamouring on this one subject and the voices have every variety of tone. . . . To comprehend the meaning of all this may not be easy; but one thing is clear: discontent so deep and widespread must have its source in some real trouble, which, if we could but reach it, would suggest some remedy."



the one who follows the same trade. All classes have yet to learn who is their neighbour.

Many view these currents with alarm, regarding them as fraught with danger to the world. In the industrial world much real hardship has resulted. Many in the churches regard these movements as a drifting away from the old landmarks of safety. Often with conflicting reasons these tendencies are opposed by men within and without the churches, and seek a return to the former conditions. But that is impossible, and we may be thankful that it is. The unrest of to-day, as seen in the capital and labour controversies, and in the social agitation, though often manifesting itself in ways to be much regretted, is yet due, partially at least, to the working of the gospel leaven, and is an evidence of life and growth. Man is gaining a clearer conception of the potentialities of his being, and with it there is a hungering and thirsting for better things. Says Albion W. Small, in the *American Journal of Sociology*:

"Man is beginning to discover himself, and this self-discovery by man incites to new world discovery and conquest. . . . Man always wanted life and liberty and happiness, but never did these wants mean so many things to any man as they mean to some men to-day. Never did the mass of men bring within the sweep of their wants as large a fraction of that which complete man will demand and obtain."

The practical fraternal spirit of to-day is due, whether generally recognized or not, to the message of Jesus Christ proclaiming the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. The unrest, the outward stretching, the upward striving, is attributable to the fact that He has brought life—more abundant life—to the children of men. Retreat is impossible; to advance has necessarily many attendant dangers. The chief peril is in men failing to recognize their indebtedness to

Jesus Christ, and practically forgetting or ignoring the fatherhood of God, and thus they deprive themselves of the great, inspiring, uplifting power of His love.

Jesus Christ was the friend of the workingmen, and He was always so regarded by them; but the same thing cannot be said of His Church. In many cases the labouring people are not attracted to the Church in the present day as they were to Jesus Christ when "the common people heard him gladly." Why? May an explanation, partial at least, be found in that the Church has not kept in touch sufficiently with the spirit of the times, with the growth of the kingdom, and is still giving its message on that extreme individualism which regards man's great duty to be to save himself and to get to heaven, rather than to do God's will and to save others? That extreme individualism has been outgrown in the commercial, industrial, and social spheres, but the Church apparently has not recognized the fact, and consequently is not suiting its message to meet those changed conditions.

"Touching the wide range of man's social needs, we have too often said, like the disciples at Bethsaida, 'Send the multitude away'; and when this has been the case we have no right to complain if many of them have gone away to their lodge-rooms and their trades-unions for the things that they needed but could not find in the Church."\*

The great opportunity of the Church at the present time is in taking hold of these great tendencies towards concentration, co-operation, and fraternity, to spiritualize them, to sanctify them for the glory of God in the highest, and for peace on earth.

By this we are not to understand that the duty of the Church or the ministry is to enter the political field, or engage in any of the con-

\* Dr. A. Sutherland, in "The Kingdom of God and Problems of To-day," p. 174.

flicts between capital and labour, or identify itself with any particular "ism" as a cure-all for the ills of man. Seldom, if ever, will the facts warrant such a course, but its work is to keep the end, *i.e.*, the glory of God and peace on earth, before the minds of those engaged; yes, and also the principles which must govern the "means," but the application of those principles it had better leave alone, as it is something on which the best and wisest men are continually differing.

But many are hopeless as they view these great questions; they have little faith in the Christ being able to redress the social evils of our day, to purify the foul waters of politics, to overthrow the hideous monster of intemperance, and to transform the industrial and commercial systems so as to make the end the creation of men rather than of wealth. If they lack faith here, how much real faith have they in the establishment of the kingdom of God anywhere on earth? The Gospel is the power of God unto salvation, whether dealing with the cannibalism of politics and commerce, or that of Fiji. The same power which overthrew slavery in the nineteenth century now grapples with all these evils, and will not rest until they also are overthrown.

There is sufficient dynamic power in Christianity to meet all the moral needs of man. But that power has to be definitely applied. Man must adapt the means to the end here as truly as in the physical world. What a marvellous provision God has made to meet all the physical needs of man, and yet not until the nineteenth century did man begin to awaken to a realization of the great forces placed within his reach. Electricity has always surrounded man, but the genius and concentration of an Edison has been necessary to reveal its power and usefulness. Is it too much to say that for man to feel a need, whether in

art, science, or commerce, is to make the discovery, sooner or later, that nature is able to supply that need? Men are beginning to believe that the consciousness of want is an indication of the further richness of nature; that God in nature has made provision for every physical need. Man is now able to so harness up its unseen forces that, in spite of his own physical weakness, he is practically able to do all things.

There is also a mighty Niagara of power in the Gospel of Jesus Christ for the accomplishment of the moral purposes of man. God has made no less provision for man's higher needs than he has for his lower. There is no want of man, individual or social, to which Christianity does not undertake to supply the need, even according to the riches of the glory of God. But man's genius, consecrated and concentrated, is needed to apply that power as truly as in the realm of electricity. If the nineteenth century has been noted for the discovery and application of the great physical forces to the necessities of man, is it too much to hope that the twentieth century may be characterized by the application of the dynamics of the Gospel to the moral needs of men in the social, political, and industrial spheres?

The Church, and the various organizations of socialistic tendencies, represented by such works as "Looking Backward," "Poverty and Progress," and "The Preparation of Ryerson Embury," do not differ so much in their estimate of present conditions and in their conceptions of an ideal society, but they certainly differ widely in their means of realizing their ideals. The one places emphasis primarily upon a change of environment, the other on a change of heart. One says adopt the single-tax, or profit-sharing, or government control, and we will have another paradise upon

earth; the other says get men "converted," and the millennium will appear."

Is there not truth in each of these positions? Legislation, environment, can never radically change man's character; no externals can ever make wolves dwell together as sheep; but at the same time, is man's power independent of his associations fully apprehended? No one would make such a claim. "Conversion" is a beginning of the solution, and more than that, it is the only beginning possible. Let the spirit of unselfish service, of brotherly love implanted at conversion, be followed to its natural conclusion, and not only will his own personal environment become speedily transformed, but that of all who associate with him. But let a man settle down to that state where his one great aim is to cut his own way through to glory, here or hereafter, and advance in the establishment of the kingdom of God on earth is well-nigh impossible. "The soul of all improvement," says Robert Hall, "is the improvement of the soul."

"But why," some one asks, "bring in the temperance question, the capital and labour, and such problems in considering missions?" It is for the reason that they are all interrelated and interdependent, and therefore must be settled together. In reviewing the progress of the sciences during the nineteenth century, we find that each science has constantly been giving aid and suggestions to others. Medical science, *c.g.*, has reaped untold gain from chemistry, natural science, and biology. Biology is the outgrowth of chemistry, geology and zoology. There is scarcely an industry or profession that is not dependent directly or indirectly upon the findings of the laboratory. One branch of science has leaned upon another, and progress for one has helped forward the others. All

have been vitalized by the belief that the universe is *one*, is living, growing, developing from day to day. Orthodox economists long held economics aloof from ethics, and announced laws with no moral content whatever. Carlyle, Ruskin, and the masses generally have been demanding that they be kept separate no longer, that economics should be transformed into a moral science, dealing not only with what *is*, but with what *ought* to be, and with the aim of giving not so much cash as healthy souls. One economic writer has summarized the results by saying that "all political economy is being rewritten in the light of the Sermon on the Mount." Every political question is rapidly becoming a social question, and every social question a religious question. These problems cannot be held apart and settled separately. They are not mere skin diseases, but touch the very vitals of society. Each reacts on all the rest, and one cannot be cured without the others. They all spring from a common root—selfishness, sin. They are settled by a common principle—self-sacrifice or, if you will, the Cross of Calvary. The Cross in the individual life is God's solution of the problems of society and human life.

If a man does not recognize the bond of brotherhood binding him to his fellow-workmen, his employer or employee, and to his fellow-citizens, it cannot be expected that he will recognize that which binds him to his brother in China or Africa. If he love not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love his brother whom he hath not seen. If men are ever to become thoroughly enthusiastic in sending the Gospel to the pagan world, they must first have a practical knowledge of its value in all the relationships of their own life. When men take hold of their business concerns with the same spirit that they expect the

missionary to take hold of his work, the coffers of the missionary societies will immediately begin to overflow; yea, more, commerce will become an ally of the missionary in raising the peoples of foreign lands. Wanted—men who are as enthusiastic in seeking the subjection of our politics, and industrial and social life, to Christ, as is the missionary in the winning of heathendom to Christianity.

May our colleges become centres where men may secure such a vision of life and the world that they will see and feel even more keenly than they do the necessity of carrying the Gospel of Christ abroad, and at the same time the equal necessity of carrying that same gospel into every phase of our home life. Then will not only the direct missionary activity be greatly increased, but the streams of influence now going abroad, often only to blight and blast, will become potent factors in causing the moral wilderness to blossom as the rose.

The missionary agitation has done much to banish slavery and intemperance, and to quicken all philanthropic movements; in fact, the nineteenth century seems to show that Christian missions was at least the forerunner, if not the parent, of these enterprises. May these movements in turn do their part in extending the boundaries of the kingdom of our Lord and His Christ.

This may seem to be a long way around, but if we are able to read the signs of the times aright, it is the way God is leading us. There are no short cuts to success in His work. Impatience—the demand for quick returns—is one of our

great hindrances. "The trouble," said one, "is that God is not in a hurry and I am." But our success consists in finding out the way God is going, and going that way too.

As Robert Bruce of Scotland lay dying, he made this request: "When I am dead, take out my heart, and as my successor goes into battle, let him carry this heart of mine fastened with a chain about his neck, that he might understand that in his fighting Bruce is still with him." So his successor carried the heart of the dead warrior into battle. One day his men were beginning to break ranks and scatter. What could he do to rally his men again to the conflict? He thought of the heart of Bruce, and taking it from his bosom, he flung it far into the ranks of the enemy, exclaiming, "Go forth, heart of Bruce, we will follow thee or die." Under that magic spell they turned and followed that heart—they followed it to victory. Our leader has thrown His own heart into the conflict—not a cold, dead heart, but a living, throbbing heart—throbbing with a divine passion for the redemption from sin and misery of the children of men. He is calling upon us to throw our hearts into the struggle, to follow after Him, to falter not until all the hosts of the redeemed shall shout Victory! victory! Other kingdoms have been founded upon the love of power, but speedily to crumble. Jesus Christ seeks to establish His kingdom upon the power of love, and with the golden chains of that mighty eternal force, to bind the sons of men in universal brotherhood about the feet of God.

Apsley, Ont.

---

The riddle of the world is understood  
Only by him who feels that God is good,  
As only he can feel who makes his love

The ladder of his faith, and climbs above  
On th' rounds of his best instincts.

—*In Quest.*

## ROMANCE OF A COUNTRY TOWN.

BY ANNETTE L. NOBLE,

*Author of "Dave Marquand," "How Billy Went Up in the World," etc., etc.*

## CHAPTER XI.



R. ALLER was ill about ten days at the hotel in Kent. His symptoms were not at all alarming, and when the days were peculiarly fine he rode out with Doctor Summers. Mr. Willard came over to stay with him from time to time, and the young man found the enforced quiet not unprofitable. A very real disgust and remorse filled his soul when he reviewed the time since he left college. It seemed to him that these days in Kent must ever after appear to have been the transitional period from "childish things" to the putting on of manhood, with its duties and responsibilities.

When at last he had gotten the better of his chills and fever, he came over one Sunday to Cairnes, and, after the church exercises, bade good-bye to his summer acquaintances, telling them he was to go back to "business" on the morrow. In this way he avoided the necessity of calling at their houses, for to have gone to Miss Goddard and left the Hopkinsons unvisited would have given occasion for remark. Everybody gave him a warm greeting, and many were the invitations he received "to come again next summer." Hope was not visible.

That young lady's state of mind had not been uniformly placid since she so summarily dismissed Mr. Aller. Mr. Willard had in her presence—though apparently for her mother's benefit—indulged in an analysis of his friend's character which differed totally from the estimate put on him by the sewing society cutters and slashers of cloth and reputation. Again, Kate, to whom Hope had confided the whole matter, did not hesitate to tell her that she might have tempered her wrath with mercy, for it was not at all likely Mr. Aller ever made the speeches attributed to him. Had he been shallow enough to think such things, he would have kept them to himself, knowing that they would

surely be repeated if uttered. Now this was extremely unpleasant as a theme for meditation, because, after all, Hope had done nothing that she could undo.

The next afternoon Mr. Aller was more than two hundred miles from Cairnes, and rapidly increasing the distance between himself and these people whom he never expected to see again. He could bear with equanimity the thought that certain of them were lost to him for ever, but what would he not have given to know that he might return a welcome guest to that little parsonage, which even yet seemed to him the most enchanting place on earth? His love for Hope was so much stronger than his resentment, that he was homesick for Cairnes again at every thought of her. Indeed, he was finding more excuses for her treatment of him than Hope herself was able to make, now that she was suffering a revulsion of feeling. Aller was human enough to wish he might be able some time to do something so excellent and praiseworthy that the report of it would penetrate even to Cairnes.

About five o'clock Aller was tired, and resolved to break his journey for the night. He learned that the city of L— would be the second stopping place, and reached at six; but they had gone only a little way farther when the train halted at the outskirts of a small town, where there seemed to be much excitement. In a moment or two, it was understood that ten minutes earlier there had been a collision on the track just beyond, and several cars had been demolished. The passengers swarmed out, Aller with them, to see the extent of the damage done, and found that no one had been killed; many were badly shaken and bruised, one man had his leg broken, but the baggage cars had fortunately been the ones overturned. Hearing that the track would not be clear for hours, Aller bethought himself to walk into the near town and stop for the night. The shortest way to it lay through pleasant fields, and the afternoon light on its roofs and spires lent the village a picturesque attractiveness.

Before starting, he walked about among the victims of the disaster, and found them for the most part in excellent spirits and greatly thankful to have escaped so well. The contents of a number of trunks were spread out, and with the women frantically rushing around among them, he was reminded of "bargain day" in a metropolitan dry-goods shop; but his services not being required, he started for the town. It was a country village, larger than Cairnes, with a big white wooden hotel, which looked like a young ladies' seminary, in a grove of maple-trees. He was given a cosy room that reminded him of the "spare chamber" in his grandmother's house, and soon after taking possession he was aware of some unusual commotion in the room adjoining. He asked the cause when the maid brought him hot water and towels.

She was a good-natured, sympathetic girl, ready to tell all she had learned, and so broke forth at once:

"O, don't you know, it is the man as had his leg broke in the accident! They fetched him right here as quick as ever we could send a democrat waggon with a mattress in it to bring him. The doctor and the waggon got here together, just a minute before you did, and the leg is going to be set right off. Such a nice, patient old gentleman, too, as is hurt, and he ain't so very old, either, but his head is bald, and he was on his way home to Cairnes, and he——"

"To Cairnes! What is his name?" exclaimed Aller, startling her with his earnestness.

"Hopkins, sir, and a minister. I heard them sa——"

"I know him—that is, I know his family. I am just from Cairnes. Go right in there and see if I can be of any help—no, wait, I will see myself!" and Aller, without an instant's delay, appeared to the surgeon in the next room and delivered his own message. He was a red-haired Scotchman of few words, but he gave Aller a searching look, then told him to stay around if he liked, and he might be of use. The proprietor of the hotel and two young men were also present. Mr. Hopkins was under the influence of chloroform when Aller, coming near, studied his face. He was a tall, thin man, with very handsomely-cut features, scanty gray hair, and a mild, sweet expression even then, when his face was colourless and a little drawn from the pain not quite subdued.

The operation was as speedy as possible, and Aller, if he did not greatly help, did not hinder. Meanwhile he explained to the landlord his interest in Mr. Hopkins, and requested that everything possible should be done for his comfort, adding, "I shall stay with him myself for a day or two, or until he hears from his friends."

The doctor remained until Mr. Hopkins had recovered from the anaesthetic, and had been made comfortable for the night. He then allowed Aller to tell his patient very briefly who he was, and what he proposed. Aller had not said a dozen words before the minister eagerly grasped his hand, exclaiming that Mrs. Hopkins had mentioned him in almost every letter, and thanking him gratefully for his proffer of help.

"It lifts a load off me, you being here. You will write what has happened now; a telegram would frighten them terribly," said Mr. Hopkins, with a kindly glow in his clear eyes—eyes so like Hope's that Aller's heart gave a queer leap.

There was a door between the two rooms, which Aller had opened, and soon he let it be understood that he was for the present installed as the minister's nurse. On learning that Mr. Hopkins was not expected home for several days, but had planned a surprise, he agreed that it would be best not to telegraph, but to write by the morning mail. Mindful of the doctor's charge about keeping his patient quiet, he soothed him with pleasant talk of Mrs. Hopkins and Marjory, and saw him peacefully sleeping early in the evening.

Now Aller was exceedingly kind-hearted, and had he found Bill Bogert or Joel Huggins in the same predicament as was Mr. Hopkins, he would have delayed his journey for either of them, and made sure that every care and comfort would be given. But the sufferer being Mr. Hopkins, Aller was unboundedly glad of what he called, in his inmost soul, a chance "to get even with Hope." She had hurt him most cruelly. All the revenge he asked was to render the utmost kindness to one whom she loved, and then to let her writhe a little under her inability to return her thanks. Perhaps it was not at all noble in the young man, but it was very natural.

The next day he wrote a letter to Mrs. Hopkins, telling her that her husband had slept well, eaten a hearty

breakfast, and was in excellent spirits. The surgeon declared the injury a simple fracture, needing only time and patience for perfect cure. He, Mr. Aller, had plenty of time at his disposal, and would stay with Mr. Hopkins until it was perfectly convenient for her to leave home. As soon as the surgeon would allow, Mr. Hopkins would be taken home, but until that time he was very comfortably located. Mr. Aller then added, at Mr. Hopkins' request, that the hotel seemed to be "one of the most inexpensive houses he had seen in all his travels," and the board of Mr. Hopkins "would not amount to any considerable sum, even if they were to remain longer than it was probable they should." That Mr. Aller had drawn the landlord into any private transactions on his behalf never once entered Mr. Hopkins' head, although he marvelled much at the kindness and generosity shown him throughout his stay of weeks.

That same day Mr. Hopkins declared that, thanks to his doctor or his nurse, he was far more comfortable than he would have supposed the new possessor of a broken leg could have been under any circumstances. He talked to Aller as if he had known him for years, no doubt because Aller, coming from his parish, could tell him of all his home interests. He described the places he had visited, the people he had met, and asked many questions about Mr. Willard. He was a guileless, unsophisticated man, and Allen in turn was drawn to him with a feeling not unlike that which he had for Hugh Willard. Before the sunset of the second day after their meeting, he had talked to the older minister with a freedom that even at the time seemed surprising. He forgot that Mr. Hopkins was not unlikely to be shocked by his confidences, he let the fact of his being Hope's father go for nothing. He had met a wise, good, kindly man, who liked him, and whom he should never see after a few days, and he was as open as he could have been to his father. If such a man could help or encourage him to make his life a success, why not trust him? And help and encouragement Aller did receive.

On the morning of the third day, Mr. Hopkins had a hurried note from his wife, saying that she would be with him that evening, and thanking "Mr. Aller for his kindness." It

might have been fancy, but Fred thought the thanks were rendered a little stiffly, and he dwelt on an additional clause to the effect that it was a "pity to detain Mr. Aller from proceeding on his journey;" so, much as she would like to thank him in person, it "was not necessary for him to be hindered any longer."

"No, of course," exclaimed Mr. Hopkins. "I must not be selfish. My wife will get here either at five or at eight, and you can go on at five. Ah! what is this on the last page?"

Mr. Hopkins read it composedly, and explained: "She may not come after all. I mean Mrs. Hopkins. She says, after reflection, it seems wiser to send Hope. Mrs. Ostrander and Mr. Ferris say that Mr. Willard will now have to hold the fort for me a few weeks longer. The care of the house and Marjory, with Mrs. Hopkins' many other duties, all considered, they think perhaps Hope better come first to me, even if she changes off later with her mother. Yes, that is the best way, no doubt!"

"Humph, and I may go about my business before Miss Hope arrives! So that is the real purport of the solicitude about my being hindered!"

"Yes," continued Aller, speaking aloud this time. "No doubt Miss Hopkins can be spared from home rather easier on short notice. As for me, I may as well move on, if I can be of no further service."

He did not feel wholly glad at the warm expressions of grateful friendliness in which Mr. Hopkins at once indulged, when, after a consultation of time-tables, it was decided that the train most likely to be taken by Hope would be the one arriving at eight. Aller concluded to resume his journey at five. The rest of the day passed rapidly, until it was time to say good-bye to Mr. Hopkins and repair to the station. He was the only traveller who bought a ticket of the sleepy agent who waked up enough to regard him curiously for a few minutes, and then retired from view. He read the time-tables and steamship advertisements on the wall, watched an express waggon come and a load of freight depart. Finally, far down the track, he heard the whistle of the approaching train—and suddenly wished he had waited until eight o'clock and—himself unseen—had looked once more on a certain fair

face that he was not able to forget, nor yet to remember with any pleasure. On came the train with a roar and a screech. He was tempted, when it slackened speed, to stand where he was and let it go on without him. Doors slammed, the conductor stepped to the platform, then a fat woman followed with a poodle, then almost into his arms came Hope Hopkins. She looked up to see who retreated so suddenly, and in that first surprise of recognition, Aller saw confusion suffuse her beautiful face with colour, but the quick light in her eyes was not anger. It was more like the relief of one who in bewilderment sees a way of escape; then she was less at ease than he ever saw her before. That fact took away all his own embarrassment.

"I am glad to tell you, Miss Hopkins, that your father is getting on wonderfully well. The hotel is but a little way from here. I go on this train."

He had not held out his hand, but she had put out hers, stammering, "I am so glad—I mean about father—and I wanted time to thank you—"

"Not at all. Cairnes people have a claim on me. Is Willard well?"

The whistle blew. She looked straight in his eyes, in a kind of desperation of fearless innocence, exclaiming, "You are angry at me! You had a right to be, but if you knew how my pride had been hurt that day, and I thought that you—somebody had gossiped. There! you must go, but I wish you could go away my friend."

Again she held out her hand to take his, and in the act to wave him towards the moving train. He took hers in a close clasp, and audaciously remarked, "I was going on the later train, and I should so much like to know—more."

It was more than ever embarrassing for Hope when, instead of vanishing out of her sight and her life for all time, as she supposed him about to do, this eager youth was left standing at her side awaiting a cool explanation of her impetuous farewell.

He came to the front again at once, saying: "Miss Hope, your father does not expect you by this train, and when I left him he was going to sleep. There is a lovely walk here down to an old mill. Won't you take it with me?"

He led the way at once, and she followed, very grateful at the tact he showed in beginning to tell her of

the accident, with details of her father's share in it. He was not exactly sure whether he himself were not in a dream or under the beatific influence of chloroform as they turned down a pretty by-way bright with goldenrod and asters. Hope was all alone with him, and not scornful. She was entrancingly shy and self-conscious, this once severe Hope, who had rejected him and—

"Nothing else he hears or hears;  
All the landscape seems to swoon  
In the happy afternoon."

When at last they did come nearer an understanding, an outsider might have thought that no very precise statements were in order. Aller did not renew his suit, and Hope did not by any means give him to think that she refused him in haste to repent at leisure. But she did let him know that she had all along liked him and believed him in earnest in his meaning to live worthily and becoming a man among men, like his friend Willard. She gave him in outline the facts, or rather the fictions, of the sewing-society day, and frankly confessed that she had misjudged him, and knew it later, on cool reflection. She expected him to resent this misconception of his character, but there again she erred. She was touched by his humility and gladness at a renewal of their friendship. Yes, the artfully artless young man put matters on that basis, and before they had reached the old mill, and retraced their steps, Hope had promised to answer his letters and he had arranged to visit Cairnes another summer. Yes, she had admitted that she "cared" for him, and altogether Aller was very much happier in taking the eight o'clock train than he could have been had he gone on his way at five.

"Sometimes, Miss Pixley, I have sorter wished," said Mrs. Huggins, "that I hadn't mentioned several things that poor Mrs. Ferris told me, and I hope you never'll let 'em go no farther."

"I never will tell anybody one single thing that I haven't already let drop," said Sophronisba, vaguely aware that she could not have produced an item kept in reserve, had her life depended on so doing.

"You see," continued Polly, "she told me some things that I've found out since couldn't be as she said they



was. I've no idea but they seemed so to her, only she got all mixed in tryin' to tell 'em and now repeated, they might make trouble."

"Indeed they might," said Sophie, solemnly shaking her head. "Did you ever hear about the Loomis Parker fuss that like to split the Seven Day Baptist Church all to pieces over at Hoadley Corners? And it all come from such a little thing. Sister Susan Loomis was a soft-spoken, conscientious creature as ever lived, and Roxana Parker was another, only a little more touchy. The Loomises took milk of the Parkers, and little Bob Parker fetched it over to them. Roxana never was close, and she just as often poured in half a pint extra as not. One day when Mrs. Loomis was pourin' it out of Bob's pail, she says, 'Your ma's such a woman for Scripture measure'—meaning, of course, pressed down, running over an' all that. She forgot it next minute. Bob, he warn't very well up in the Bible, and he went home, and says he, 'Miss Parker says she never see such a woman. You scrimped your measure, and it's just like ye.' I can tell you, Roxana was mad. She fumed, she told the whole family, she got so riled she could not remember exactly Bob's words, so about a week after it got to the Loomises that Roxana said Susan had called her 'mean' and 'stingy,' and the land knows what all. The two women from that time talked so much to everybody, and so fast, they got way off from the startin' point. Their little boys fit at district school, and their girls made faces at one another. Nelly Loomis sent back a photograph album Nate Parker gave her as a philoppeen present. Mr. Parker said he never wanted to hear Mr. Loomis again in prayer-meeting, and Mr. Loomis said the Baptists hadn't no use for such a stick of a Sunday-school superintendent as Mr. Parker was. Finally old Father Carleton, who had got one foot, as it were, in heaven, and was just sort of waiting to go all the way in (a saint he was!) he went right to the root of the matter, and asked Susan Loomis to stop a-vowing that she never said this thing nor that, and state just what she did say. He got Bob and Roxana herself to come to the parsonage and hear. If you'll believe it, that aggravatin' Bob, the

minute Susan said, 'Mrs. Parker sent me so much milk that day that I said it was Scripture measure—Bob, he sings out, 'I told you so, ma, didn't I? Anyway, that's what she said.' I took that lesson to heart and I make allowances."

"Yes, you ain't uncharitable," commented Polly, "and poor infallible bein's as we are hain't no call to be so."

When she returned and gave Sophie the viands, with a red fruit napkin for elegance, Sophie inquired sympathetically: "How is dear Brother Ferris, and does he bear up under his trial?"

It was Polly then who was uncharitable, who doubted her neighbour's motives, and almost regretted treating her to big pears. It gave her unalloyed delight to respond, "Mr. Ferris has let the farm to Joel for a year and —"

Polly stopped to hunt for her ball of yarn, snarled under the wooden rocker.

"And what?" asked Sophie, rapidly swallowing a bit of cake.

"And Mr. Ferris is going around the world."

"Around—the—world—in eighty days!" gasped Sophie, some connection of ideas supplying her with the Frenchman's phrase.

"In eighty days! No, indeed; he will be gone a year, anyway. He said in a talk with Miss Ostrander which I overheard, that he needs a change, his life has been in one rut. He wants to see new people and learn new things. He wants to go to the Holy Land."

"My gracious—clea. off there!" cried Sophronisba; adding, "Pa's brother's stepson has been to Hong Kong, perhaps that is on the way—in going around the world."

"Oh, he means to take in everything," calmly remarked Polly. "And I don't know a man that will learn more than John Ferris will a-doing it. I don't begrudge him the privilege."

"Will he ever want to settle down again, do you think?"

"Yes; some men wouldn't, but he will. He'll take in ideas enough to last a lifetime," said Polly, blithely. And then Tom Pixley came to the gate with his "team," and Sophie had to go home without learning any more.

## CHAPTER XII.

Mr. Willard sat idle a long time at the parsonage one afternoon, musing at intervals on his approaching departure from Cairnes. He would be very sorry to go, for he had learned to like very many of the people, and to be interested in almost all of them. He was conscious that in the future, when he remembered Cairnes, there would arise before him visions of good Mrs. Hopkins, of Sophronisba Pixley, of Mrs. Huggins and Joel, the Ferrises, the Ostrandens, Bill Bogert, and the old doctor. He was in the meantime very sensible that just now his intensest interest in Cairnes centred in one person—Kate Hamilton. Up to a certain time he had been reasonably sure that she found his acquaintance agreeable, but of late she had unmistakably avoided him. Since Ailer's unpleasant interview with Hope the difference in their manner of intercourse had been very marked.

It was depressing for the young minister to reflect that Kate was possibly as wholly unaware of his sentiments toward her as Hope had been of Ailer's, or that perhaps, warned by Hope's experience, she had resolved to discourage any similar advances on Willard's part. For a "long, long time," ever since the picnic, the young minister had known that he had lost his heart to Kate; but if she knew it, she had made no sign. It depressed him to think that she might be far too ambitious to marry a poor man, and one who proposed for himself the role of a temperance evangelist. She had lived in the city, and travelled in Europe, and, for aught he knew, might be engaged to some youth with a fat pocket-book. It was certainly time that Willard found out if he were hoping for impossibilities. He would call on Kate that very afternoon and ask her to correspond with him when he left Cairnes. Was not letter-writing always the opening wedge in cases like this?

It occurred to him then to go out and ask Andy if Miss Hamilton was at home. When he reached the old well he stopped, and, moved by an impulse which he never resisted, he let down the bucket and heard it hit the sparkling water deep below, then raised its trickling drops of coolness, which made him thirstier yet for the coming draught. He was turning away when he saw at his feet a

torn photograph of Kate, that Andy had neglected to take to the playhouse with his other treasures. Like Andy, the minister did not consider it "horrid." He looked at it so steadily, while he wondered whence it came, that Marjory saw him and also wondered; then he coolly put it in his breast pocket, and went away, forgetting his errand to Andy. Marjory sat thoughtfully, but received no light at the moment. It came to her turn just then to be a giraffe, and all her thoughts were diverted to stretching her pretty neck for parade.

Mr. Willard, persuaded that Kate must be very lonely without her friend Hope, went toward the cottage, pondering ways and means of approaching Miss Goddard's summer guest, for the summer was almost gone. He found the ladies sitting together, with books and work, in the pretty parlour, which was bright with the late and brilliant flowers.

"What do you hear from Mr. Hopkins?" asked Hannah, after the first greetings.

"He is getting on surprisingly well, and Miss Hope writes in the best of spirits. She says her father enjoys this first really idle time of his life. He writes letters and delights in the books that she draws from the public library for his benefit. All such reports are very soothing to my conscience, for it makes my pleasure in staying longer in Cairnes seem less selfish.

"When you go from here, I suppose it will be to take some permanent charge," remarked Hannah, not interrogatively.

To her surprise, he quickly returned, "No, Miss Goddard. I am going to become a 'temperance evangelist,' as the phrase goes. I am impelled to preach Christ as the only sure hope and help of the drunkard."

"Then you are called to a good work," said Hannah. "But is it not something of a sacrifice?"

"Yes, and no," replied Mr. Willard, talking with Hannah, but letting his eyes wander to Kate. "I do not flatter myself that I have such a high order of talents that great city churches would cry for me, and all the power I possess, moral and intellectual, will have full scope in the work I enter on. Fortunately I am not dependent on a regularly paid salary. I have a very modest little income of my own."

"But will you never have any local

habitation, and be for ever on the wing?" asked Hannah, then was sorry she had put such a suggestive question.

The colour rose in the young man's face, as he laughingly exclaimed, "Oh, I have no thought of becoming a man without a country—or a home!"

"Speaking of wandering, reminds me," said Miss Goddard, changing the subject quickly, "that Mr. Ferris starts on his travels in a week or two."

"And I am right glad for him. That man needs a wider outlook than he has ever had," said the minister, watching the bit of lace on which Kate sewed.

There was a sound of youthful voices outside the open window, and Hannah said, "Andy is here now, Kate, and I will send him to the post-office with your letters."

She took three letters from the table, and went out. They could hear her talking, giving Andy his instructions to return soon, and then asking Marjory if they had enjoyed their play. She did not come back immediately, and Mr. Willard picked up a volume of Matthew Arnold's poems and made some comment on them, wondering all the while how he should begin his siege. He was saved any undue tax on his mental resources.

Marjory sauntered into the room with her dingy doll, hanging limp over her chubby arm. She looked reflectively at Mr. Willard, and then walked over and leaned on Kate's shoulder, gazing full in the ministerial countenance so placidly beaming on her.

"Mr. Willard," said she, "that photograph of Miss Kate that you looked so long at and then put it in your breast pocket, was Andy's. He left it by our well. Have you got it with you now?"

The culprit actually turned pale, and Kate's needle stopped midway in its course; with a lightning glance she took in the alarm and confusion quickly changing to fun in Willard's mobile face. He hesitated a second, then he drew from near the region of his heart a very grimy picture of the young lady sitting opposite, and meekly surrendered it to Marjory, saying:

"I await my sentence, but recommend myself to your mercy, Miss Hamilton. You can guess how I covet the reality when I am driven to steal the shadow from a little black boy."

"There comes Andy now," quoth Marjory.

"Then go and return him his treasure," said Willard, with cheerful alacrity, and having gotten rid of the little damsel, he leaned toward the lace worker who had resumed work with great energy.

"Now I will tell you how and why I fell into sin. Marjory has only paved my way to a confession I was eager to make."

A half-hour later, when Miss Goddard re-entered the room, it was to invite the young minister to remain to supper. He astonished her by rising to grasp her hand with fervour, replying, "Yes, cousin Hannah, I will."

She looked from him to Kate, understood it all, and with her gracious directness of speech said, "I am very glad to have you for a cousin."

A week or two after this evening Mrs. Ostrander said to Miss Goddard, "Hannah, you ought to be ashamed of yourself to be so sly. You know why Mr. Willard smiles away to himself so seraphically when he supposes nobody notices it. Which girl is it, and when?"

Hannah demurely answered, "I was going to tell you to-day. It is Kate, and when Mr. Hopkins gets home, and is well enough, I am going to have the prettiest wedding in my house that you and I can plan for. It will probably be between Thanksgiving and Christmas. Hope and Mr. Aller will stand up with them. I shall invite every one I can get under my roof to whom such a feast would give pleasure. Will you help me, Maria?"

"With all my heart!" returned Mrs. Ostrander. "But, mark my words for it, Hannah, we have not seen the end. There is Hope——"

"Yes, I should not be surprised if some time——"

"And then"——interrupted Maria, mischievously; but meeting the serene gaze of Hannah's blue eyes she concluded to ask where the next Missionary Society would meet.

The End.

No action, whether foul or fair,  
Is ever done, but it leaves somewhere  
A record written by fingers ghostly,

As a blessing or a curse, and mostly  
In the greater weakness or greater strength  
Of the acts which follow it.

—Longfellow.

## THE SAINT OF THE PARSONAGE.

BY JAY BENSON HAMILTON, D.D.

My visit to a Western Methodist Conference was made memorable by a very unusual experience. The Catholic priest invited the presiding Bishop and all the official visitors to the Conference to dine with him. By a special courtesy I was included among the guests. The only other guest was the mayor of the city, who was a communicant of the Catholic Church. The dinner was a banquet provided by the best caterer of the city. No expense had been spared. The elegant and elaborate feast was evidence of the high honour the host sought to pay his invited guests. The after-dinner chat was, if possible, more delightful than the banquet had been. The host was a capital storyteller. His experiences had been adventuresome and thrilling. He had come to the town when but a young man, and had lived his whole life in the one parish. He laughingly said :

"The Methodists and the Catholics had a race for this town. It was like that famous one so often related, where several ministers entered by the first train, but the Methodist distanced all competitors by riding on the cow-catcher. The first Methodist minister was on horseback, and I was afoot, and, of course, he beat me a whole day."

The mayor, who was one of the first settlers, and was as full of reminiscences as the host, suggested, with a sly wink at the Bishop :

"The Methodist minister beat you in more ways than one. He had a wife who always kept him on horseback, while you have had to go afoot alone. You never could catch up."

The priest joined in the hearty laugh at his own expense, and then, in a voice that was full of emotion, exclaimed :

"Blessed little woman ! If every priest could have for a wife such a saint as she was, it might be well for our Holy Church to absolve us from our vows of celibacy. I watched her for a year, and I fear I worshipped her almost as long. I confess I found myself at times somewhat confused between the two holy women, the mother of our Lord, and the wife of the Methodist minister. Protestantism would do well to canonize a few

saints, if she has any more like the little girl who redeemed this town."

The little woman who had been dead so many years was living still. Her memory was yet fresh and bright as the priest and the mayor related incidents of her unselfish life of love.

The mayor said :

"The Baby' was a young fellow who had run away from home and dropped down among us for a lark. He had long curls, and the smooth, innocent face of a girl, but he was the ringleader in every form of devilry. He was the most desperate and reckless daredevil I ever knew. He stabbed to death the bully of the town at the very feet of the Methodist minister who was conducting a religious service in one of our saloons. 'The Baby' never seemed the same after that night. He tried to be light-hearted and jolly as before, but his eyes had a look of fear as if he was accustomed to see ghosts. I caught him wiping his white hand one day. It was perfectly clean, and as pretty as a woman's hand. I said :

"'Baby,' what is the matter with your hand ? Do you want us to flatter you by calling it pretty ?"

"With a strange look of terror in his blue eyes that fairly made me creep all over, he whispered :

"'I fancy sometimes there's blood on it. Old Dick's blood, you know. He is never absent from me now. He sleeps by my side at night, and walks by my side all day. There he is, now, looking over your shoulder.'

"I started and turned around in my fright, really expecting to see the desperado who had terrorized us when he was alive. When I saw no one I laughed and jeered at the boy.

"'You're crazy. I helped dig the grave in which we buried him. I took such great pains in putting him in that I have no fears of his ever getting out.'

"'I am afraid I will go crazy,' the trembling boy whispered. Then, with a hollow laugh, that made my blood turn as chill as ice, he began to sing a vile song. He was soon the centre of an admiring crowd, for his voice was a tenor, with notes like liquid gold. The jollity

ended in his being put to bed dead drunk, as was now a nightly occurrence.

"Within a day or two after our conversation, 'The Baby' was taken down with malignant diphtheria. The doctor said to him as soon as he saw him :

" "'Baby," do you want me to be honest with you ?"

" "Yes," the boy whispered.

" "You must die. I cannot help you. Nothir~ can save you."

" "I am glad," the boy replied. 'I'd like to see the Methodist parson's wife.'

" "I would not dare let her come, Baby. She would be sure to take this dreadful disease. She would pay for her folly and mine with her life,' the doctor sternly said.

"The lad wept as if his heart would break. He refused to be comforted. As soon as it was possible I slipped out of the room, and ran to the Methodist parsonage, and told the little woman. She did not wait a second, but snatching up her hat accompanied me to Baby's room. I stood back out of sight and let her knock. The doctor opened the door and started as if he had seen a spirit.

" "You must not enter, madame,' he said very curtly. 'It will be sure death.' He attempted to close the door in her face. She tarust in her little foot so that the door could not be closed. She smiled and spoke very sweetly :

" "Doctor, if you can risk your life for money, I can risk mine to save a soul. Christ has promised to be my protector. When he is with me, I am afraid of nothing. This poor boy needs a woman's care. If his mother or sister were here you could not frighten them away. Please let me in."

" "The Baby' looked like an angel when he saw her. His face lighted up with an unearthly joy that fairly made it shine. He reached out his hand, and, taking the woman's white hand, pressed it to his swollen lips as he whispered :

" "I knew you would not be afraid to come. I just wanted you to pray with me once as mother would do if she were here.'

"Although there were two or three of us strange men standing around she did not seem to see us. She knelt down by the bedside, and held his hand while she prayed. I felt as if she brought God right down into that

little room. She talked as if she were 'Baby's' mother. I believe I can repeat that prayer to-day, every word of it. I know I cried like a child, while the doctor sobbed aloud. 'The Baby' smiled all the time. His big eyes, peeping through a huge tangle of golden hair, were never taken from her face. When she whispered 'Amen!' he said :

" "I knew if you were to pray God would hear you ; he would come ; he is here ; I am not afraid now. If you are willing to risk your life to help me, Christ, who died to save me, will not let me be lost. I have been a very wicked sinner, but my mother taught me that He came into this world to save sinners. I ask Him now, for your sake and for mother's sake, to forgive me and save me. He will, I know. He does——' The white face became transfigured with a strange light. His eyes seemed to see some one. His lips moved as he silently prayed. The silence was broken by the words spoken aloud, but in a feeble tone, as sweet as music :

" "Tho—I walk—through—the valley—of death—I will fear—no evil—for Thou—art with me.'

"He became unconscious, and never spoke again. The parson's wife remained by his side until all was over. When the story was told all over town no man heard it without tears, or without a prayer. The little woman saved more souls by her one prayer than either the priest or the preacher did by a hundred sermons."

The priest, who was silently weeping, said, in a voice broken and trembling :

"That is so, I am sure."

After a moment, partially regaining his composure, the priest said :

"I witnessed a similar scene, which is as fresh to-day as if the years that have passed were so many minutes. A ruffian had beaten a wretched girl so terribly that she was about to die. When they attempted to arrest him, he had blown his own brains out. I lived near, and was immediately summoned. The dying girl was sobbing and shrieking as if she were demented. She kept calling for her mother, and would listen to nothing I could say. There was but one decent woman in town. It was the parson's wife. It was then two o'clock in the morning. I sent a messenger to the Methodist parsonage who told the little woman the awful story. It was but a few

moments before she entered the room. She put her little hand in mine, and said in a voice as sweet as that of an angel:

"I thank you, father, for sending for me."

"She turned and seemed to forget that I was present. Five girls, with flashy garments and painted faces, were huddled together by the side of the bed of the dying girl. The poor creature cried out in an agony that made her companions cling in terror to each other as the hot tears ploughed their way down their painted cheeks.

"O mother, mother! If I could only have you hold my hand, I would not be afraid to die. But to die all alone, like this, alone, alone, all alone."

"The words ended in a wail so awful in its piercing sorrow and woe that it would have melted the hardest heart. The parson's wife crowded her way through the group of girls, and, stooping down, pressed her lips to the bruised and swollen face, as she said in a voice of sweetest music:

"My sister, let me hold your hand."

"The dying girl gave one glance into the beautiful face so close to her, and, putting out her hands, shrieked as she tried to thrust the little woman away:

"You're the parson's wife! Don't touch me! I'm a guilty, wretched thing! My very touch would stain your white hand. And I was pure like you once."

"A bitter wail, followed by hysterical weeping, shook the frail body as a leaf is tossed by a brisk breeze. The parson's wife stooped down, and, taking the girl in her arms, held her in a strong and loving clasp.

"My sister, I am but a sinner saved by grace. You cannot pollute me. But Jesus can make you as white as snow."

"The only answer was a clinging clasp of the girl's arms about the little woman's neck, and a flood of tears upon her breast. After she had sobbed herself into a helpless quiet, she breathed a sigh, as if she were a frightened child that had at last found its mother's breast. When she had become calm, the parson's wife, with swift and skilful movements, made the bed as comfortable as possible, and then, putting her arms around the girls huddled together, softly said:

"My dears, will you please me by going to your rooms and changing your clothing, so that you may be company for me here?"

"In a few moments the girls returned modestly attired, and with clean faces. Each was welcomed with a smile and a kiss. The night was spent in tender words with the dying one. As day began to break, the end approached. The parson's wife saw the signs, and, kneeling by the bedside, she took the girl in her arms as her mother would have done, and began to pray.

"The simple, tender prayer was a child's talk with its father. She held up to God a broken flower crushed and stained. She pled for forgiveness for the dying one who had been led into sin by deceit, and was now hurled into eternity by wicked and cruel hands. Each petition was followed by a whispered 'Yes!' from the girl. At last, as the morning sun flashed its first rays into the room, they fell across the face of the praying woman. The dying girl caught the gleam, and, looking into the shining face, thought she saw her mother as she saw her when she was an innocent child nestling upon her knee. Her darkening eyes opened wide. She smiled and whispered:

"Mother, mother! I knew you would come. I'm not afraid now. Hold my hand!"

"The girl's hand fluttered for a moment in the warm clasp of the parson's wife's hand. The light of the eyes fastened upon the loving eyes beaming above her gently faded, but the gaze never wavered until a gentle sigh and a stony stare showed the sinner was at rest.

"After the funeral the little woman took to her home the five wretched girls and never let them get beyond her loving care until she had saved them and provided for them respectable and loving homes. One of them is the wife of our friend, the mayor.

"Would you believe me, this plucky little woman captured every vicious girl who came to our town, and took her to the Methodist parsonage, and sent her away to begin a new and a pure life. The reformation wrought in our wicked town by this heroic and holy woman seemed a miracle. She was universally loved and almost worshipped. She lost her name, and was known to all, whether Protestant or Catholic, as 'The Saint of the Parsonage.'"—The Independent.

## THE CHURCH ON THE ROCK.

BY MRS. EMMA E. HORNIBROOK.

It was literally founded on a rock, for the granite which guarded the coast stretched inland for many a mile, under greensward and brushwood. All around it, at irregular distances, yawned great quarries, like mighty mouths. The noise of pulley-wheels, when the derrick was at work, blasting and chipping, with occasional signals of the stone-boats, which went on during the week, gave place to the church on the one day in seven, when her bell was the only sound that broke the stillness beside the murmur of the waves upon the shore. Then the house of God opened her doors in welcome, and "the rich and poor met together; God the Maker of them all." Land labourers and fishermen formed a bodyguard for summer visitors or well-to-do quarry owners.

Spiritually it was founded upon a rock, for, if the faith of Peter, and not the man himself, was the foundation of which the Master Builder spoke, as some assert, surely the unpretentious edifice was evidence of a simple belief in the prevailing power of God's truth. Far back, more than a quarter of a century before, the necessity for some place of worship, where united prayer might be offered, and the Scriptures read and explained, was borne in upon the minds of a godly few. They met together, they waited upon God, and they began to build. The material was at hand, and many a workman gave his time and labour gratuitously after the regular day's work was done.

Nor were the women idle. They spun and they wove what they spun into mats, selling them to defray necessary expenses. When it became more widely known that there was no other English-speaking church in the neighbourhood, interest was awakened, and the mats found a ready market.

"Say, wife," said old Chris Downes, one night before retiring, "Mebbe I'll go to bed in my pants."

"Why, Chris Downes, what ever do you mean? You'll do nothin' o' the kind."

"Mebbe if I took 'em off I'd find 'em wove into mats afore mornin'."

The old fellow chuckled at the

humour his wife's zeal had evoked, and the thing became a standing joke.

Toilers of the deep gave of their spoil, and petty farmers of the fruits of the earth, quarry labourers of their hard-earned wage. In time, a neat white church reared its head on the slope of the hill, overlooking sea and land. It was furnished with pine pews, and painted inside a pale sea-green. There was no ornamentation, but a small cross and crown in the archway behind the reading desk, and over it in gilt capitals, "Let The People Praise Thee, O Lord." The sun painted the windows, and the distant murmur of waves upon the shore was at first the only accompaniment to the human voices. Outside was placed a board announcing services, leaving space for the pastor's name. For he was coming—this God-sent man, who was to shepherd them. They had not got him yet, but he was coming.

"Hello, old fellow!" exclaimed a gentleman, as a young man stepped off the train at a railway station some twenty miles distant from the little church. "It is good to see you again. Shall we walk? My quarters are near."

They had been college chums, these two, but afterwards their paths diverged. Henry Howlett, the elder, had entered a university, while Vincent Lyle avowed his intention of following a certain line for which his tastes seemed to fit him. Indeed, so marked were his qualifications that soon after graduating, he had an offer of a lucrative position. All at once this plan was overturned.

"How was it that you changed your mind?" his friend asked, as they sat on a broad piazza some hours later.

They were gazing out over the rock-bound coast at the wide sweep of ocean. Clouds had drifted, leaving room for a single bright ray to shoot alhward the rising tide in a golden ripple. Vincent Lyle's eyes followed its play.

"It was this way," he said, after a pause. "One day I seemed to awake in a new world, a world so different from what I had hitherto known, that existence could never again take on its old shape. As surely as yon

beam of light has touched and tinged the ocean, a sudden revelation—inspiration—call it what you will—coloured my life. I gained a spiritual insight, and became the subject of a spiritual kingdom. There was no violent emotion, nothing of what has been deemed essential to conversion. Yet I knew myself a changed man. By-and-bye I discovered how little else I knew, and began to read and reflect. With increased light came a sense of responsibility. I must give my best for the best; my strength to the promotion of the highest good. I was 'my brother's keeper.'

"The mental strain must have been greater than I was aware, for, suddenly, I found myself physically brought low. I needed a change. You know how I always loved the sea, brought up near it as I had been. So well did I love it"—and here the narrator could not restrain a boyish laugh—"that I once asked a fellow, who was going to the shore while I remained in the city, to bring me back a tarred rope's end—I did, indeed. I kept it in my room; I almost felt like putting it among my clothes. I begged, too, for a bottle of salt water, and a handful of seaweed, but some beggar opened the bottle, thinking it must contain something good to drink, and after a pull—as I suppose—threw it away in disgust."

There was an indulgence of merriment for some moments. This relieved the mind of Howlett. If his friend had "got religion," it was at least of a breezy nature.

"I went down to a quiet boarding-house on the coast," Lyle continued. "A girl was there who attracted me;—don't smile, it hurts me! One day, as we sat on the rocks, I began talking, half to myself, of what had been upon my mind. She looked at me curiously, with a sort of sweet gravity I had never before seen on her face. Suddenly she asked, 'Are you preaching?' I had not intended to preach, and to this auditor least of all, but I was sure afterwards that there were argument and persuasion, with the dogmatism of conviction, in my speech and manner. Any way, the idea she had evoked stuck. I opened my mind to one of the noblest of men, the greatest of modern preachers. The result was, that I studied for the ministry. And now, here I am, at the end of my course,

somewhat worn out, but greedily hailing the invitation you gave me."

"And the girl?" Howlett ventured after a pause.

"I never saw her since. She is a singer in a city church, and was on her vacation at the seaside."

It soon got about that an ordained minister was staying at Plume's Point, and he was surprised by a visit from a select committee of the church on the rock, requesting him to conduct a service. Regarding it as an opportunity for usefulness, he readily consented.

Shall we tell how he found his place? How he spoke as his auditors had never heard man speak before, with a direct and forceful simplicity which could not fail to attract and awaken thought? His prayers brought them to the gates of pearl. A few days later, one or two of the most influential members voiced the desire of the people in extending a unanimous call to the young stranger.

"You cannot live on what they will give you, man," said Howlett.

"I think I can," was the quiet reply.

His genial spirit, hardihood and ready appreciation won the approval of the knights of labour. The children clung to him. Even the most aristocratic summer visitor could not find fault with his gentlemanly bearing and well-toned voice. All parties were satisfied.

Vincent Lyle had not been long installed in his charge when he encountered his first difficulty, the evil influence of a youthful member. One evening after he had striven and prayed, he found waiting for him at the church door, a stalwart fellow of about nineteen, evidently under the influence of liquor.

"I'm—proud—of—you," hiccupped the lad, for he was little more.

The minister put his hand on the young sinner's shoulder.

"And I hope to be proud of you," he said. "Come home with me."

"Land's sakes! If it ain't Solly Shedd's boy!" whispered a woman. "If our minister prays him into the kingdom, an' he comes to stay, it's nothin' short of a miracle o' grace."

"But, Sister Lee, he's been converted twice a'ready," put in another.

"Guess 'twas only from the teeth out," returned the woman. "The rum went lower than the change o' mind, an' soaked into the old nature."

The fact so ambiguously stated was



true. Ben Shedd, the greatest young scapegrace, was the son of the greatest saint in the village. "Old Solly," senior deacon of the church on the rock, toiling on the sea for a livelihood, was a well-known character in the neighbourhood. He had collected some treasures of the deep, and other curiosities, which could not be bought for money, and offered for sale, when at home, some ordinary odds and ends which no one wanted to buy. A man of observation and no mean education, upright, sincere and honourable, his lightest promise was as reliable as any millionaire's bond. It was the grey head of such a father that his only child was bringing down "with sorrow to the grave."

The minister kept Ben that night, and was closeted with him next morning. There were other interviews, and a partial reformation, but at heart Mr. Lyle was not satisfied. Many a time did he shield the ungrateful boy from his father's righteous indignation. Many a time did he kneel with the old fisherman in prayer. But he took in the prodigal once too often.

One night, after some weeks' sober work in a quarry, Ben appeared at the minister's lodgings, again under the influence of liquor. He was not drunk, but sullen and resentful.

"No use in facin' the old man," he said. "Down on my luck, sir; every cent gone in two deals. Guess I'll quit."

"You can stay here to-night, and go to work in the morning," Mr. Lyle replied. "But, Ben, I cannot always take you in this way. In God's name, get some one to hold on to you when you're passing a saloon, if you may not give it a wide berth. Other men have had to do it until they got the better of the drink habit."

That night the pastor had an urgent call to the bedside of a dying woman. He went, nothing doubting. When he returned, some hours later, Ben Shedd was gone, and with him the minister's well-earned quarter's salary. A desk had been pried open, and a rifled drawer met the eye of its owner as he entered the sitting-room.

He never told old Solly of his loss and the boy's defection. Ben had run away; that was all. The neighbours should never point to their pattern of piety and say, "His prayers were as idle words; his only son is a fugitive and a robber!"

Vincent Lyle had learned economy; he was not to know want. He struggled on for some weeks, and then—oh, seal of his consecration, and token of divine favour!—came, most unexpectedly, the rich gift of \$500 from a maiden aunt. She had not approved of his change of profession, but honoured him for the courage of his convictions. He thanked God and went steadily on.

Two years passed, and he loved his work better and better. To the people he was a true shepherd; for the church a faithful minister. The winters were trying, but he endeavoured to lighten their tedium. Sometimes he had to trudge in uncleared snow through blinding blizzards. Sometimes in the teeth of a storm, which bore to his ears the last signals of perishing men. More than once he had hazarded his life in a vain effort to save them. But through all these perils, by land and by sea, his fine constitution, though impaired by over-study, asserted itself, and he grew strong and vigorous in mind and body.

It was Sunday. All night the wind had sobbed and shrieked, and the waves swept with a sullen, ominous dash upon the shore. Day came with a scowl, murky and threatening, with occasional flecks of snow.

"'Tis blowin' up for a gale," remarked one fisherman to another, "but the boats most gotten in."

Looking seaward, they could discern a schooner lying-to under a double-reefed fore-sail.

"She ain't a haddock boat," said old Solly. "If there's any one aboard that knows the coast, she may make the cove, but she's sou'-east of the island, and can't see to wind'ard."

Then the snow thickened, like a great white shroud, wrapping out the scene of disaster and death.

All that day the storm swept the ocean, waves rising to masthead height for any unfortunate craft that might encounter them. Occasionally, as the dense haze upon the coast was lifted for a moment, a rocket cleft the murky darkness, or the boom of a signal of distress mingled with the roar of the water. But even these were fair, and only discernible to practiced eyes and ears. The sea, which had been to many a man "friend and fire and bread," was now his cruel enemy.

Toll—toll—toll! At intervals the bell of the church on the rock rang

out. There was no hope that they would hear it at sea—those men battling there for dear life—but some might be nearing shore, running for the shelter of the cove. Oh that the familiar sound might reach and guide some wanderer home! For others it was a lament!

A few of the aged and very young, too anxious at heart to heed the cold, met in the church for prayer. The minister led. Then he went out into the darkness, and took his place with the strong men, who were gathered on the wharf, scarcely able to keep a foothold against the immense combers which broke over and threatened to sweep it away. Solly Shedd was there.

"Had you not better go back to the church?" shouted the minister in his ear.

"It's callin' me!" answered the old man. "There's somethin' out yonder I must reach. An' it ain't a dead hand, for it beckons!"

"God help him!" muttered the minister. "When the storm goes down his senses will have gone with it."

Bit by bit they were beaten back by the storm, but still old Solly refused to leave the place. He clung to an iron stay, coiling a rope around his arm.

Then came a sudden and ominous lull, as if the hurricane was gaining force for a fresh rush. Or was it that the God of nature stilled the war for that one precious opportunity? In that awful moment voices—human voices—cries for help—came to their ears.

"Let me go!" shrieked Solly. "They're in the cove, an' the sea-wall's givin' way. Don't you hear its thunder? Men—mates—they'll be dashed to pieces a'most within our reach. Give me a lantern—quick!"

With great difficulty, for all lights had been extinguished, one was found. Solly and the minister, followed by others holding on to them, crept forward to the edge of the wharf. A giant wave broke over them, but a rope, fastened to an iron support on the shore, and clutched by many hands, still held.

One gleam the lantern gave, but that ray was sufficient to show a form, tossed like a plaything, on the white-crested billows.

Sh—h—h! A rope shot through the whirl! A rope from an old man's hand, but sped with the steady aim of long practice. It dragged—yes! it was caught—something heavy was attached! It was not the shifting motion of the sea that swayed it.

A phalanx of strong fishermen laid hold of each other, and of the line. Around the waists of the foremost other ropes were passed. With an irrepressible cry they hauled in through the towering foam—a man!

They bore him through the darkness to the church on the rock; it was the nearest shelter. And there, as the lights fell on his unconscious face, old Solly knelt and cried:

"My God, I thank thee! 'This my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found!'"

Ben Shedd lived; lived to take a place in the kingdom and manifest the reality of a change of heart. As he afterwards said, night and day—night and day, the memory of his father and the minister he had so shamefully wronged, never left him. He saved his wages, and had taken ship for home, to restore the money he had stolen. The soaked notes and a cheque were found inside his shirt.

During five years of steady labour Vincent Lyle had the joy of seeing the church on the rock prosper and increase. It was truly a light set on a hill. When at last he quitted it for a more extensive field of labour, he left one in charge who was well qualified to carry on his work.

But through all these years he was not alone. There came to him a true helpmate, a city girl, content—yes, more than content—to share his crosses and his blessings. The beauty of her fresh young voice attracted many visitors, while the purity of her enunciation and phrasing seemed to invest the simplest and best known hymns with new power.

"You made a preacher of me," her husband said one day, "but I often feel when you sing that you are the more effective preacher of the two."

The quiet of a shadow-haunted pool  
Where light breaks through in glorious  
tenderness,  
Where the hushed pilgrim in the shadow  
cool  
Forget the way's distress—

Such is this hour, this silent hour with  
Thee!

The trouble of the restless heart is still;  
And every swaying wish breathes reverently  
The whispers of Thy will.

—Lucy Larcom.

## THE SERMON OF DONALD CAMP.

BY ELSPETH MORAY.

The Rev. John Bell sat in his study with two letters before him. The searching morning light fell upon a face grave almost to sternness, wearing upon brow and lip an expression of surprised annoyance. He tapped restlessly on the table with his long pale fingers as he scanned the last-opened letter, and then, with an inarticulate expression of irritation, leaned back in his chair. His wife's entrance turned the current of his thought.

"Do you go this morning?" she asked.

"Yes, by the ten-forty. I am very much annoyed about Forsyth. He has backed out at the last moment and is sending Camp here."

"Again!"

"It is most provoking, especially at an anniversary, when the people expect something different. I cannot expect them to be satisfied with a man of Camp's abilities. Indeed, when he preached here before, Dr. Barry assured me it was distressing to listen to his language. There seems to be nothing studied; and the result is a want of refinement and scholarly training which, in a congregation like mine, is sure to shut Camp out from any appreciation."

"Oh! well, he may do better this time," his wife said, rather lamely. "And, besides, my dear, Dr. Barry can hardly see good points in any minister save yourself."

The Rev. John attempted to disclaim through a smile. "Barry is a man of great penetration, though, and culture. It is really a privilege to speak to men of such a stamp—men who read philosophy themselves and know higher criticism."

"From whom is your other letter?" inquired his wife, who always felt misty and uncertain in mind when he mentioned these significant words.

"Oh! yes, I wished to speak of it. It is a note from Mrs. Muir asking me to speak to Walter. I am sure I do not see in the least what I can do for him outside of the pulpit. If he fails to be impressed by my sermons, I am afraid, personally, I can do him no good."

"Perhaps, dear, he doesn't understand your sermons," the little wife suggested timidly. For her own part

she usually sat astounded at her husband's eloquence, but made no pretence of understanding him.

"If he does not understand my sermons then, my dear, he ought to join the Salvation Army," returned the Rev. John with solemn emphasis. "That is the place for him. I really doubt if I have spoken three words to the fellow in my ministry here, so it would be out of place to accost him."

Mrs. Bell was reading the letter.

"Dear Mr. Bell," it ran, "forgive my presumption in writing, as I have no opportunity of speaking. Dear Mr. Bell, it is about my Walter. Since his father died I have had a hard fight with poverty, but I have tried to bring Walter up well. He is not a bad boy—far from it—but lately he has become very careless in attending the church, and I am afraid is taking up with bad companions. I have no one to advise me, and have made bold to write to you. If you would speak to Walter, and point out to him the dangers of the path he has chosen, I will be very grateful.

"Respectfully yours,

"Margaret D. Muir."

Mrs. Bell laid down the letter with a sigh.

"Poor Mrs. Muir, I am so sorry for her," she said.

"Well, my dear, so am I, but I am hardly responsible for her thriftless son." He looked at his watch. "I'll have to leave in half an hour," he said. "I suppose Camp will be here on the seven express. I will have time to run around to Barry's and see the doctor. I would not like him to think I was instrumental in bringing Camp here."

The next day, Sunday, dawned gray and dull. Dr. Barry looked at the sky from the windows of his luxurious study, and turned to his dancing fire with a smile.

"Not coming out, father?" asked his daughter Rose from the doorway.

"No, my dear, not to-day. Mr. Bell called on me yesterday and told me that Camp was preaching to-day. I confess my patience cannot stand another dose of him." He smiled self-reproachfully, and stretched out a velvet slipper to the blaze.

"Why does Bell send such idiots to take his place?" cried young Edward Barry hotly. He was dressed to accompany his sister to church, but stood now glancing longingly at some novels on a side-table.

"Oh! come, now, Ned," his sister laughed, "Don't you pretend to know the difference between sermons. You do not listen any too well to the Rev. John Bell."

"It was not his fault that we had Camp," Dr. Barry said, and he gave them the minister's explanation.

"Oh! well," Rose answered, "for my part I rather liked Mr. Camp. He gave the cushion a house cleaning with his thumps, and wakened me quite up."

Her father smiled indulgently and waved his pipe in farewell as the two young people disappeared.

Donald Camp was what his fellow-students called "a fine fellow, Camp, but,"—that "but" meant one-and-forty drawbacks. He was too sincere to be brilliant. He had not the most imaginative soul nor the most facile speech, yet he steadily refused to write either sermons or prayers. A made-up prayer was to him the abominable thing. His conscience had had a thin skin from the beginning of its existence, and he carefully abstained from hardening it in the slightest degree till every pin-prick inflamed it. He was intensely sensitive to instinctive right. But a lawyer would have laughed him to scorn. He loved denunciations, and he thought he flattened out the bulwarks of higher criticism, as he thumped out the dust from the pulpit-desk. But he never read a word of it, and every book in his study would have been approved by John Knox. But withal he was so genuine, so purely good, so warmly believing, that he often touched the cold, intellectual heart with a regret for the faith of past years, and brought quick tears to the eyes of women whose souls were so often akin to his own. Margaret Muir was both touched and strengthened. While Ned Barry yawned and chinked the silver in his pocket, she listened with her whole soul in her faded eyes, and new and fragrant resolves blossomed out in her heart. When she went home she found her son by the stove reading. She went straight up to him and bent her cheek to his. Walter laid down his

book and waited for the explanation of the unusual caress, for they were a reserved pair, rarely showing the affection truly existing between them.

"Well?" said he.

"Walter," Mrs. Muir whispered, "go to church to-night. I want you."

"Well!" he said again. His mother's voice had a note in it, not new, but it had not yet failed to touch him.

"I don't often ask you now—it's my blunder. I want you often enough. I can't go twice myself that long distance, but I want you to go, and go to-night, Walter." She was pale, and her voice trembled.

"All right, mother," her son replied uncomfortably, and she dropped the subject.

The Barry's seat was empty in the evening. Many of the other occupants of pews had taken advantage of their pastor's absence to hear the other ministers of the city. Walter Muir slipped into a back seat alone. The text was a common one, and perhaps one of the elders was right when he said afterwards that there was not a new thought in the sermon. Dr. Barry was enriching his mind with the latest of the psychological treatises. In a distant town the Rev. John Bell preached an eloquent discourse on "Ecclesiastes." His people would have been proud had they seen the rapt attention of his auditors and the complacent satisfaction of the more intellectual class. As it was, they listened critically to Donald Camp, and wondered wherein the difference lay. But at night, under the starlight, with his dumb soul inarticulately crying for speech, Walter Muir walked homeward with tears upon his face.

A few weeks later he joined the church. The Rev. John asked him various questions concerning his faith and change of heart, and expressed his own satisfaction regarding it.

"Can you tell me," he said, not without a certain patronage, "what particular sermon it was of mine which led you to think seriously of these subjects?"

Walter did not answer immediately. When he did it was with a directness and quietness beyond reproach.

"It was Mr. Camp's evening sermon, sir. He preached on 'Multi-

tudes in the Valley of Decision,' and when I was coming out he was at the door shaking hands. I wanted to speak to him, but could not. He must have seen something in my face. I don't know, but he grasped my hand warmly, and said, 'God bless you to-night,' just as if he knew I was deciding. Somehow I believe he did know. Anyway I did decide."

The simple, brief history of the human soul! When has it failed to interest? Red and white alternately flickered on the minister's face. In a flash the years of his ministry passed before him in their passive complacency unbroken by the tragedies in the every-day heart. In that moment he could recall not one soul

which stood apart and blessed him for the warmth and gladness of a new life.

When the young man finished, the minister's keen, gray eyes softened with a film of tears. He held out his hand.

"I am very glad," he said. His voice was not so clear and strong as usual. "I hope we shall get to know one another and—help one another in our Christian life. Good-bye! God bless you!"

When Walter had gone he stood thoughtfully by his desk and his heart prayed in the silence. It was not the prayer of the Pharisee.—The Westminster.

---

### THE PURE IN HEART.

BY WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

They who have kept their spirit's virgin whiteness  
Undimmed by folly and unstained by sin,  
And made their foreheads radiant with the brightness  
Of the pure truth whose temple is within,  
They shall see God.

Freed from the thrall of every sinful passion,  
Around their pathway beams celestial light;  
They drink with joy the waters of salvation,  
Add in His love, whose love is infinite,  
They shall see God.

Though clouds may darken into storms around them,  
The promise pours through all its steady ray;  
Nor hate can daunt nor obloquy confound them,  
Nor earth's temptations lure them from the way  
That leads to God.

They shall see God! Oh, glorious fruition  
Of all their hopes and longings here below!  
They shall see God in beatific vision,  
And evermore into His likeness grow—  
Children of God!

So when the measure of their faith is meted,  
And angels beckon from the courts on high—  
Fill'd with all grace, the work divine completed,  
They shall put on their immortality.  
And dwell with God!

---

I pray the prayer of Plato old:  
God make thee beautiful within,

And let thine eyes the good behold  
In everything—save sin.

—Whittier.

## A TURNED LESSON.

BY M. FREDERICK.

There were those who pronounced Stephen Crawford morose, or taciturn; others, more kindly disposed, remarked vaguely on the "eccentricity of genius"; but, those who knew him, knew, also, that a strong, deep and enduring affection underlay the outwardly unemotional demeanour.

Stephen Crawford had come to the quaint, quiet town of B—, ten years before the time of writing, as the organist to the Episcopal church. During the years that ensued, Stephen Crawford had formed no intimate acquaintances, and it was well known that his sweet, frail wife devoted all her time to her husband.

The fall afternoon was drawing to a close; a dull, leaden sky hung low, relieving itself, intermittently, by a heavy shower. Stephen Crawford leaned his head wearily upon the hand, from which the pen had dropped, and with the other pushed from him several manuscript sheets of music. After some few minutes, he rose from his seat, and, gathering up the sheets before him, descended the stairs. Opening the dining-room door, he entered. Near the bright fire, seated in a low rocking-chair, was a sweet-faced young woman; the delicately-cut features were expressive with an almost ethereal beauty, and the golden-brown hair formed a perfect aureole to the marble-white brow and strangely brilliant eyes. She was girlishly slight, and one, judging from her appearance, would not credit her with ordinary strength. Her husband entered with his coat and hat, preparatory to going out.

His wife looked up from her sewing, with a smile, and said, "Have you completed it, dear?"

His face brightened visibly, as he took his wife's hand in his own and looked into her face. "I cannot, exactly, say that I have," was his reply, "somehow, I seem unable to get just what I want, for one stanza. Before the darkness deepens, I intend going over to the church to try it, so good-bye, treasure, for a while." He stooped and kissed her, then left the room.

A few minutes' brisk walking brought him to the old church, now beginning to wrap itself in the sombre

garments of the evening. The solemn silence soon rang, and echoed with the soft, intense melody of the organ, as it seemed almost vocal, under the touch of a master-hand. Unaware of the presence of any one, but himself, Crawford sang, beginning with "Abide with me, fast falls the even-tide."

Down in the back pew, almost concealed from view, sat a tall, spare man, whose noble, intellectual face was aglow with keen appreciation as he sat there under the spell of the music.

Clearly, sweetly, and with a nameless pathos, was that grand prayer-hymn sung, until "Amen!" and the receding notes of the organ aroused the rector from his reverie. He rose and walked hastily to the chancel. The organist sat motionless, with his head bowed upon the keys of the instrument, as he had so often seen him, before.

"Crawford," said the rector, "I have been listening to you, with what pleasure, I cannot tell you. I am doubtful if you ever excel this effort. But I notice you have not set that one stanza, one which, I think, can hardly be omitted, 'I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless,' to music. Have you purposely omitted it?"

Crawford turned around sharply: "How can I find music for it, when there is no responding echo, in my heart, to its sentiment? Just think of it—

"I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless,  
Ills have no weight and tears no bitter-  
ness.

Where is death's sting——"

He stopped abruptly, and after a moment's pause, looking the rector full in the face, asked bitterly, "Could I say that? Do I fear no ill?" A half-smothered groan broke from his lips, and he turned away in quest of his coat.

Well the rector knew that Crawford was secretly rebelling, and with an anguish which only a silent, reserved man feels, against the fate by which he was soon to lose one dear to him. That she was slipping away from him, he had no doubt, and in his heart

Stephen Crawford knew he blamed the God who had power to destroy and to make alive. In the presence of the grief of this man, the rector felt as though he must be silent. However, he followed him down the aisle, and near the door laid a restraining hand upon his arm.

"Crawford, my poor fellow, believe me, I feel for you." The earnest tone impressed his hearer, and he paused, as the rector continued, "If you would but take this awful load you are trying to carry to the Burden-Bearer, it would make another man of you. You cannot bear up under it alone, it will mar your life, tinge all your work, and, perhaps, cause you to drift into unbelief. Compel yourself to believe in an All-wise, All-loving Father, who takes the deepest interest in the minutest affairs of our individual lives, and permits nothing but what will perfect our character and make us meet for his service."

Crawford made no reply, but grasped the rector's hand, and then quickly left the church.

Autumn months were succeeded by winter, and but a month after Stephen Crawford's superb Christmas anthems had delighted his hearers, his frail, sweet wife was committed to her narrow resting-place, in the old churchyard.

Twenty years have passed away! Oh, the patience of the Great Teacher! Waiting, patiently waiting till that unlearned lesson is learned. Graciously guarding from all consequent danger, the rebellious pupil. Twenty years' tuition, and Stephen Crawford's lesson is learned.

A bright spring morning! The trees were donning their gayest attire, and all nature had awakened to new life. An apparently aged man came slowly up the village street, in the direction of the church. He paused at the sexton's cottage and obtained the key. Before entering the church, however, he turned aside to the churchyard, and, without hesi-

tation, sought a grave, well-kept, and adorned by a chaste, simple stone. That grave had been well cared for by an honest villager, who regularly received money for that purpose. Although the face of the stranger bore the stamp of sorrow, it was not sad as he stood by the grave. After some few moments he turned and entered the church.

From the rectory window the rector had seen the stranger enter the churchyard, and, later, the church. His interest was aroused, and he decided to go over to the church and interview him. As he approached the church, the notes of the organ fell on his ear, and as he listened, the words, "Earth's joys grow dim," greeted him. He listened—ah! he had heard that before—Stephen Crawford.

Quietly entering, he seated himself where he would be unobserved by the organist, and waited.

"I fear no foe"—the voice was true, though not strong, and the unseen listener, recalling all the circumstances, listened to the words which had found, at last, an echoing melody in the musician's heart. "Reveal thyself before my closing eyes"—the voice was lower, but, at "Heaven's morning breaks," it rang out in triumph, and as suddenly ceased. The rector, moved by an unnamed fear, hastened to the chancel, and there, with his hand pressed to his heart, and his head fallen forward on the instrument, from which he had so often evoked such marvellous melody, sat Stephen Crawford. When they carried him from the church they saw that a radiant smile lighted his face, and knew that after the storms that had been the prelude of heaven's everlasting morning, Stephen Crawford had found a safe and quiet harbour. They laid him beside his wife in the old churchyard, and, on the tombstone, the rector caused to be graven:

"After long agony, rapture of bliss,  
Right was the pathway leading to this."

If there be some weaker one,  
Give me strength to help him on;  
If a blinder soul there be,  
Let me guide him nearer Thee.  
Make my mortal dreams come true  
With the work I fain would do;  
Clothe with life the weak intent,

Let me be the thing I meant;  
Let me find in Thy employ  
Peace that dearer is than joy;  
Out of self to love be led,  
And to heaven acclimated,  
Until all things sweet and good  
Seem my nature's habitude.

—Whittier.

## BIBLICAL CRITICISM AND ITS RESULTS.

BY THE REV. W. HARRISON.



THE past fifty years have, in the biblical and theological world, been years of persistent and thorough examination. The line of an intense and widely comprehensive investigation has been cast into every department of religious teaching, and questions of every character and colour have been pressing for attention and solution. It is not too much to affirm that this period of a scholarly criticism, covering all the literature which constitutes the canon of Scripture, has frequently assumed a disturbing and threatening tone, and the most alarming consequences have again and again been feared. Upon no other book in the world has so much profound attention been bestowed for such vast periods as upon that volume which, by common consent, furnishes the ground of the brightest aspirations and the most cheering and sustaining hopes.

Men with large gifts have for years made it their special aim and duty to gather up every possible fragment of information as to the composition of the Scriptures, their authorship, authenticity, and the various qualities which have combined to give the biblical documents such a marvellous and magnificent position and supremacy in the literature of the world. Again and again lovers of the sacred books have been startled and pained by announcements made by unfriendly assailants as to the incredible and unhistoric contents, first of this book, then of that, and there have been moments when it seemed as if the temple of revelation was being shaken by the winds and waves of a pitiless and continued criticism which have swept around it.

A vast amount of literature has been created by the prolonged conflict. By general consent, it is felt, however, that the mission of the critic, so far as it relates to the structure of the individual parts of the scriptural canon, is about finished. As a most competent authority has recently said :

“ Criticism has lost the enthusiasm

of youth, and is reaching the repose of middle age ; her wiser students are growing cautious, and are less daring in their theories. The time for distant voyages of exploration is over, and the season for surveying the newly-discovered coasts has come. It is not likely that the further study of either Testament will result in any find so brilliant as to dazzle the Church's imagination, or so startling as to shake their faith. Before the scholarship of believing men now lies the sober task of correcting rash speculations, clearing up details, working upon the text of Scripture, assimilating information from ancient remains, and classifying results.”

As the smoke of battle clears away, and the confusion and noise of contending camps are less distinctly heard, it is profoundly interesting to notice what has disappeared and what still remains of the greatest book that mankind has ever been called upon to read and heed. One thing is certain, and that is, that a fair, earnest, competent criticism has honestly earned the gratitude of every Christian believer in the world. By its noble and untiring efforts the Bible has been edited with foot-notes, and clear light has been thrown on its construction. Each volume has been set in its true historical circumstances, its author has become a living person, the history of the particular period has been re-created, and the human life of vanished ages has been set before us in fresh and striking colours.

As the Bible comes from the hands of a believing scholarship, it is a richer book for the Christian, because, while its soul has been left untouched, its whole form has been illuminated and made more intelligible. The practical outcome of long years of critical examination is happily illustrated by the work now going on in connection with one of the great English cathedrals. Workmen have been busy taking down the facade and cleaning off the grime and dust from the carvings, numbering each stone as they cleaned it. When the work is finished, each stone will be put back in its place, and the facade



will rise as before, only the accretions of the centuries will disappear.

True, there is trouble and unrest during the cleaning process, but that period of disturbance is almost over, and from it we shall find—in fact, are now finding—that the Bible is issuing from the trial, with the old truth no whit diminished, but more clear to the apprehension and more satisfying to all the demands of a profound and intelligent faith.

The Church of Christ has not lost her faith in the form and contents of her unfailling and glorious Book. No Bible Society in the world is for a single moment contemplating the closing up of its work of translation or publication of that volume, or any part of it, which has done so much to raise the moral and religious temperature of the world. No Church in existence, which, with any consistency, calls itself Christian, is proposing to drop out of the sacred collection any one of its parts, because the criticism of the past half of a century has so discredited its history and claims as to make it impossible to retain it any longer. The universal Church of God has no such surrender to make, nor is there the slightest prospect that any such abandonment will take place in the near or far-distant future. Thinking, believing men are feeling now, more than ever, that the Word of God, as found in the Christian Scriptures, is one of the permanent and indestructible forces of the world, that its authenticity and value are receiving fresh credentials as the years unfold their treasures

and sorrows and needs on a fuller scale than ever before.

Let it not be assumed for a moment that in our present discussion of the critics' work we ignore the human side of this matchless Book, or the imperfections which of necessity belong to this aspect of the biblical structure. Doubtless there is room here for debate and perplexity, but there are a good many things that we do not understand in nature, but we do not for this reason dismiss it. Whatever may be said against this planet, it is, so far, our best standing-ground. And so long as the Bible vindicates itself in its practical, moral, and spiritual effects, that is enough for us. Our scientists have used the spectroscope during the recent years, and they have found a good deal in the sun they did not expect. They have found a good many terrestrial elements there. But, so long as the sun keeps on ripening harvests, creating summers, filling the planet with music, with flowers, with loveliness, and ten thousand good and noble things, we shall respect and admire the sun. And whatever may be the technical defects of Revelation, so long shall men stand by it whilst it lifts up fallen men into righteousness, inspires boundless hope, pours its consolations into weary and bleeding hearts, furnishes a standard by which men may live and a light by which they may die, and makes the great wilderness of the nations to blossom as the rose.

Dorchester.

---

BY THE BROOK CHERITH.

BY JOSEPHINE RAND.

I sit beside my Cherith  
 In God's appointed place,  
 And watch the failing waters  
 Of God's mysterious grace.  
 More weakly flows the current,  
 More shallow day by day,  
 And yet the Spirit whispers :  
 " God will provide alway."

Parched grow the fields around me,  
 The song of birds is still ;  
 I only hear the murmur  
 Of the ever failing rill.  
 Its plaintive voice grows fainter,  
 Dying from day to day,  
 And yet the Spirit whispers :  
 " God will provide alway."

Elijah's God is watching,  
 Though he may be concealed.  
 When fails the brook of Cherith  
 His care shall be revealed.  
 Forth to some fair Sarepta  
 His faithful hand shall lead,  
 And there His wondrous bounty  
 Will meet my every need.

And so I sit by Cherith  
 In God's appointed place,  
 And see without complaining  
 The waters fail apace.  
 For faith and trust are with me,  
 My comfort and my stay ;  
 I hear the Spirit whisper :  
 " God will provide alway."

—*Zion's Herald.*

## MORE EMPIRE BUILDING.\*

To not many men is it given to add half a million square miles to British territory, and from twenty to thirty millions of new subjects; yet this was the happy fortune of Sir George T. Goldie, one of those great British pro-consuls, who have organized so much savagery into civilization. This achievement was accomplished by wise tact and diplomacy, and almost without expenditure of British blood. On June 14, 1898, by the stroke of a pen, a treaty was signed by which the French Government recognized the claims of the British to the vast region occupied by the great Housa-speaking race. The frontier of this new protectorate extends 1,875 miles, as far as from Paris to Moscow. It is part of the vast Soudan, a region so large that persons might be within its limits and yet be five hundred miles farther apart than London is from Khartoum. "Apart from India and Burma no native state or combination of states within the empire can compare in size, population, and importance with this, our latest protectorate." Thus is opened a new and almost unlimited market for British goods. Canon Robinson's book gives a graphic account of this vast region, and its people. It is written with ample knowledge, generous sympathy, and with a fine vein of humour.

The African fever, says our author, has heretofore prevented most Europeans from contracting any other disease, because it left them no time in which to be ill of anything else. But the discovery of the antidotes to malaria, and of the noxious mosquito which causes it, may soon make that scourge of Africa almost obsolete. The success of imperialism depends largely on the success with the microscope. The mortality from fever in India is five millions a year. "War, famine, and pestilence have slain their thousands, but the mosquito its tens of thousands."

The Housas are no more savage than the people of India. They have

reduced their language to writing, established schools throughout their country, and organized a stable government among many diverse tribes. "The Housa policeman is almost as incorruptible as an English judge." In force of character and physical strength the Housas are unsurpassed by any people in the world. A Housa soldier has carried upon his head a mountain gun, which Canon Robinson could barely lift an inch from the ground, twenty-two miles in a day. They have proved faithful and valiant soldiers of the Queen, even in operating against their Moslem fellow-countrymen.

In 1896, Sir George Goldie, with twenty-five English officers and five hundred Housas, in an expedition to suppress slave-raiding, attacked the King of Bida in his stronghold. Their foes outnumbered them fifty to one. The advance guard of two hundred was attacked by twenty thousand men—one hundred to one—armed with guns and spears; but they captured the king's stronghold, with a loss of only one white officer and seven blacks killed, and nine wounded. "This," says our author, "was the most important battle ever fought in West Africa, the first real blow struck at the slave-raiding in the interior."

As may be supposed, travel throughout this region is difficult and slow. A package of letters sent to our author reached him after more than two years. The postman asked thirty shillings for his two years' search. The traveller's purse in England would weigh, perhaps, half a pound; the author's in Nigeria weighed 3,500 pounds. The currency consists in cowrie shells and slaves, the value of the latter is 150,000 times as great as the former, but the British do not use this costly currency. The value of a sovereign weighs 200 pounds in cowrie shells, so, to avoid cost of carriage cloths and silks are used instead.

The food problem is a difficult one. Meats are scarce, poor, and indigestible. The pawpaw, a remarkable melon, is eaten with the meat by way of digestive. Its potency is described in the case of an English official, who took an extra-sized pawpaw to bed with him. In the morning the official was missing. "It was not till they had cut open the melon

\* "Nigeria, Our Latest Protectorate." By Charles Henry Robinson, M.A., Canon Missioner of Ripon and Lecturer in Housa in the University of Cambridge. With map and illustrations. New York: M. S. Mansfield & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xii-223.

that the watch and buttons of the late official afforded an explanation of what had occurred." The Canon does not vouch for this story.

Nothing less than a man-of-war can collect fresh eggs in West Africa. When a ship arrives every bad egg in the neighbourhood is soon sold; all subsequent purchases must, therefore, be fresh. The Canon quotes the legend that the heat in Nigeria is so great that the natives put their hens in ice chests to prevent them laying hard-boiled eggs.

The bane of the country is its snakes. The Housas say that their language contains 343 words, each representing a different species; the bite of three hundred of these may be regarded as fatal. This the skeptical Canon thinks an exaggeration.

Though the upper waters of the Niger have been known 2,000 years, its mouth was only discovered in 1831. The Royal Niger Company made four hundred separate treaties with native tribes, and so maintains peace throughout the vast region. It has abolished human sacrifice, almost extirpated the slave trade, has limited, and in most regions abolished, the sale of firearms and intoxicants.

Bishop Tugwell—a good name for an African prelate—has established a mission among the Housas. Nowhere else in the world are the people so numerous and so intelligent, who have never heard of the Christian's faith. The Canon strongly urges the training of the natives in manual work. He illustrates the separation of religious feeling and morality among these emotional people by the statement that certain converts, praying that they may "hereafter live a godly, righteous and sober life," understood the word hereafter to mean in the world to come, as if it had nothing to do with the present life.

A devoted Englishman and namesake of the author, in seeking to learn the Housa language, died on the Niger. To carry out this work our author fearlessly entered the same field.

He describes the market-place of Kano as the largest in the world. Its

average daily attendance is estimated at 30,000, and it has been maintained for at least a thousand years. At the time of the Norman Conquest it furnished better made cloth than any to be found in England at the time. It has a great slave mart, the usual number on sale being five hundred, but on the occasion of his visit there were three times that number.

The author quotes specimens of Housa literature issued by Cambridge University Press, consisting of poems of a religious and political character. Some of the lines have a striking resemblance to passages in the New Testament as, "This life is a sowing-place for the next, all who sow good deeds will behold the great city." "Whoever chooses this world rejects the joys of the next, he seizes one cowrie, but loses 2,000 cowries."

The Canon believes that in Africa the role of Islam is played out. It served its purpose in substituting the worship of one God for that of many, but it must bear the responsibility for maintaining the open sore of Africa—slave-raiding. This crime England is extirpating, and well she may, for for two centuries she was the greatest slavetrader in the world. "Probably not less than four millions of slaves," says the Canon, "were imported under the British flag, chiefly from Nigeria, the West Indies, and America."

Thanks to the Royal Niger Company, gin is unknown in Upper Nigeria. "To stamp chaos under foot and plant wholesome cabbage" is defined as the role which England is destined by providence to play in Central Africa. For many years Nigeria will furnish opportunity for this work. Our author concludes:

"Many a noble life has been laid down in the attempts which have already been made to introduce Christianity and Christian forms of government into the power part of Nigeria, and the list of those who have fallen, whether as missionaries, soldiers, or administrators, will be a far longer one than it already is ere the desired result can be obtained, and our responsibility towards the inhabitants of our latest protectorate can be in any true sense fulfilled."

---

"That delicate forest flower  
With scented breath and looks so like a smile,  
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,  
An emanation of the indwelling life,  
A visible token of the upholding love,  
That are the soul of this wide universe."—*Bryant.*

## THE MISSIONARY VISTA.

BY THE RT. REV. HENRY B. WHIPPLE, D.D., LL.D.

Standing on the threshold of the twentieth century and gazing at the missionary vista, intent on discovering prophetic signs, I can say emphatically that I find everything to encourage optimism.

The world is to be won to Jesus Christ. Concerning that my belief is absolutely certain. Christianity has not worn out its power of its message, and the twentieth century will more than match the nineteenth for missionary zeal and enterprise.

It is quite true, and always will be, that in the conflicts between the kingdoms of Good and Evil there are times when the former seems to be losing ground; but when we remember that all modern movements have tended to develop and extend the deep, passionate love of humanity, which seems to be one of the great distinguishing features of the age, we can no longer feel afraid for the future.

One hundred years ago slavery was general throughout the earth; one hundred years ago there were no Toynbee Halls, no missions to the slums, and foreign missions were regarded as forlorn hopes. Only a few years ago, when Stanley for the first time penetrated Darkest Africa, he travelled for 990 days through regions where the people had never heard the name of Jesus Christ. Now there are 60,000 people on Lake Uganda alone who have been converted to Christianity. Never, not even in the days of the Apostles, have there been such victories for the faith as are now being achieved.

Perhaps the worst cannibals in all the world were those of the Fiji Islands. So terrible were they that after the Wesleyan missionary had been with them for five years, one of our commodores offered to send him back to England. "No," he said, "I will remain and win them to Christ or die here." There is no more cannibalism in the Fiji Islands now, and of 120,000 population, 90,000 are habitual attendants on public worship.

When I was a boy sixty years ago there was no Christian settlement in all the antipodes, and only one white settlement—Botany Bay, the cesspool of civilization. To-day multitudes of the heathen occupying those lands have been won to Christ; great numbers of white people have gone to dwell among them, and

Christian civilization has spread over the entire area.

The Indians of the United States, a few years ago, were regarded by white men as hopeless savages, doomed to perish utterly or be driven off the earth—the generally accepted proverb held that "the only good Indian was a dead one." To-day there are 25,000 Indian children gathered in schools, 38,000 speak the English language, and 30,000 are communicants of Christian churches.

I see nothing alarming in the fact that here and there are men drifting away from old beliefs. There always has been, and there always will be, such drifting. But to a great extent that which is thought to be a drifting from faith and belief in God is only the natural revolt of men's minds against certain human opinions which have wrongfully been incorporated into Christian creeds, belief in which is not necessary to salvation.

All over the Christian world men to-day realize more clearly than ever before that all we can know about God is to be obtained by looking in the face of Jesus Christ; and that his tender love, sympathy and helpfulness were the earthly revelation of God and his love. More strong and widespread every year is growing that Christian-born belief in the brotherhood of humanity, and the belief that God has made of one blood all the nations on the face of the earth, and that Jesus Christ died for all men.

I believe that throughout the Christian world to-day men generally have clearer ideas and firmer belief in the cardinal truths of their religion than ever before. It is true that they no longer persecute: but that to my mind is far from a bad sign. Some few generations back men held certain opinions so strenuously that they were willing to put to death these who differed from them. This was true of the Church of Rome, true in England and in New England. Men were persecuted not because they did not believe in God or Christ, but because they did not hold to certain definitions.

Perhaps one of the most hopeful signs of the times is that Christians of different denominations have ceased to fight against each other, and I believe that the predominating thought that lies next to Christian hearts to-day, in considering

the possibilities of a new field of missionary work, is "Who can best do the work of our Master, Jesus Christ, in this place?"

Viewing this sympathetic and brotherly tendency, which is constantly becoming more marked as the years roll on, I feel a hope that all bodies of Christians will ultimately find reunion in work for our Saviour and those for whom He died.

Each denomination no longer thinks and plans exclusively for itself. The question it asks is one that touches all Christian hearts: "What can be done to carry the Gospel of Jesus Christ to all those who need it?" As the years go on the conflict of the two kingdoms will become sharper, and many a man will fall in that conflict on one side or on the other, but there remains in my mind not the remotest shadow of doubt as to the ultimate victory for Christ.

The difference between the care of prisons a century ago and now shows how the world is wending Christwards. The rise of the labouring classes to a degree of comfort and independence unknown in previous ages is another sign. Everywhere men are recognizing the fact that the truest Christian is the man who believes so intensely in the Master that he has His hopefulness and passionate love for humanity and willingness to work and sacrifice Himself for men.

The growing wealth of Christians and of the churches does not dismay me, for with that growth I see the growth of the spirit of humanity. True, the accumula-

tions of some men are enormous, unprecedented: but with them has come the belief in men's minds that they are but the stewards of that wealth, and the determination to be able to give a good account of its expenditure. Never was there a time when men gave so freely, so liberally and so in accordance with that precept of Christ's which warns us to beware of ostentation in our charities: "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth."

The other day I heard a Christian man abusing one of great wealth on account of his supposed meanness, and I said: "I would not conclude too hastily in such a case as that, for though I cannot explain fully, I know of a certain \$50,000 stipulation that the name of the giver should not be mentioned."

There is something very hopeful, also, in the changed form of the giving. Christ commanded to feed the hungry and the poor, and all over Christendom in the middle ages there were monasteries distributing alms and food. The same beggars came every day to receive their dole, and the miserable condition of the peasantry of Europe to-day is largely due to the monastery alms, for wherever you establish an almshouse you graduate paupers.

Now we help people to help themselves, we teach them that God will help them if they try. We try to give them hope.—*The Independent.*

## A GREAT PREACHER—ROBERT W. DALE.



DR. ROBERT W. DALE.

heard the late Dr. Robert William Dale. His appearance in the pulpit immediately impressed me. The large head, firmly set on a body of medium height, and so slender as to suggest physical delicacy, could only be the head of a man of thought. It was said that Dr. Dale wore the largest hat in Birmingham. There were certainly more brains under that hat than under any other in the Midland metropolis. Its wearer simply compelled—without any self-assertion, for he was the most modest of men—recognition of his intellectual superiority. From the opening prayer to the benediction his powerful mind laid its spell on the minds of his hearers. Must I confess that my recollection of the sermon is blurred after so long an interval? I do remember, however, that that sermon lasted over an hour, that I thought it all too short, and that the deep sincerity of the preacher left an abiding impression on my young man's somewhat restive mind.

It is about twenty years since I first

Where shall we look for another Dr. Dale, in our own or any other period? We might compose one, perhaps, out of combined characteristics of Dr. Martineau, Dr. Fairbairn, and the late Dr. Charles A. Berry, but after all there would still be missing the strong individuality which really made Dr. Dale. He had Dr. Martineau's power of clear thinking, Dr. Fairbairn's encyclopaedic information, and Dr. Berry's political and social enthusiasm, but the blend was his own, and as every tea-man will tell you, the blend is all-important.

Perhaps Robert Hall comes the nearest to Dr. Dale, in his individuality and his religious and political influence, of any other who might be named. Both are supreme types of the prophet-statesman—the preacher who has a message to the community and the nation, as well as to the individual; who knows how to save cities as well as to save souls. Both were men who, in any walk of life where brain-power tells, must have risen to the top, and who, though they felt their life-vocation was to preach the Gospel of salvation, held that that Gospel was so large that it covered every sphere of social action, and that it must not be narrowed down to a merely theological individual application.

It is not an easy thing to be a prophet. The prophet must be an encyclopaedic man if he is to bare the roots of social evils and political sophistries, and lay the axe at those roots. We have in these days, and there have been in all days, cheap prophets who shirk the laborious acquisition of necessary knowledge, and mistake shouting for the Divine prophetic fervour that rarely comes except to the full mind and the full heart. The Hebrew prophets knew what they were talking about when they described the messages entrusted to them to deliver as "burdens." Dr. Dale was a prophet to the city and the nation if ever there was one, and truly his messages were burdens. He reminded me of Mount Hecla, that mount with the heart of fire and the summit and slopes of ice and snow.

In the vulgar sense, I do not think Dr. Dale could truly be called a "popular" preacher. He always put a tax on the intelligence of his hearers, by the sheer force of thought, that ordinary minds found it difficult to bear. An hour and a quarter or so of concentrated attention to such sermons as he preached left the man or woman, accustomed to much shorter and much lighter mental exercise, limp and exhausted. He scorned the

arts of mere popularity—the arts that are perfectly legitimate within limits—the gauds of rhetoric, the introduction of anecdotes, the dramatic manner, the poetical quotation.

There was about his preaching much of the austere simplicity of those Puritan Independents whom he regarded with such veneration and whose ideals he cherished, but with all this there was a breadth of view and an extensive sympathy that were all his own. At times Dr. Dale appeared to envy Methodists their warmer emotionalism and greater communicativeness of religious experience, and it is significant that in his later years Dr. Berry came to feel keenly the coldness of Congregational Church membership, and to advocate, as essential to the fulness and glow of the spiritual life, something very closely resembling the Methodist class-meeting.

In a sermon preached in connection with the Centenary celebration of Wesley's death, Dr. Dale said:

"About the external incidents of worship the men of the Revival were very indifferent. One place was as good to worship God in as another; an old hay-loft, a farmhouse kitchen, a carpenter's shop, was as sacred as any cathedral. When they built chapels it was their only anxiety to get as large a chapel as they could for their money. They cared nothing about the ecclesiastical style, or indeed, about any style at all. Their minds were filled with the awful yet glorious work of saving the souls of men, and with the blessedness of approaching God. The walls and the roof of the building, in which they met were forgotten. To me, the square, red-brick chapels which were built in these times, with staring windows and low ceilings, are infinitely significant. They are the visible symbols of a faith which was unconscious of things seen and temporal, and was wholly absorbed in things unseen and eternal. It was in chapels like these that men listened to the strains of an eloquence by which their hearts were melted to penitence and inspired with exulting joy in the love of God; it was in chapels like these that week by week devout souls discovered with infinite wonder and thankfulness how near heaven had come to earth. These were the buildings in which the evangelical movement achieved its glorious successes. The churchmen of the evangelical succession were as careless about such matters as the Nonconformists. The evangelical clergy thought nothing about restoring

'churches'; it was their business to restore men to God. It did not occur to them that heavy galleries and high-backed pews were ugly, if only they were crowded with men and women eager to listen to the Gospel. The portentous 'three-deckers' from which they preached did not provoke any hostile criticism among their hearers; it mattered nothing in what kind of a pulpit the preacher stood if he could only tell them 'the way of salvation.' To spend money in scraping columns of Purbeck marble which had been covered with whitewash, or in filling windows with painted glass, would have seemed to many of them an odd way of glorifying God, and work of this kind would have contributed nothing to the depth of their devotion."

In another sermon he draws his ideal of a living Church, and surely it is the Methodist ideal! "You remember the famous description of an orator. It was not his voice alone that spoke; his eyes, his face, his hands, his feet—they were all eloquent. And a Church is a living body. The minister is its voice; but if he is to speak to any purpose the voice must not come from a body struck with death, with fixed features, glassy eyes, and rigid limbs; there would be something ghastly in that. Eyes, hands, face, feet, must all have life and passion in them, and all must speak; they must share the sorrow and alarm with which the minister tells men of the infinite evil of sin and the rapture with which he triumphs in the infinite love of God. Share his work and you will share his joy and his final reward. In every man rescued by his ministry from an irreligious life; in every man who through his words finds in God strength for the exhausting, monotonous struggle with temptation, and consolation in the troubles by which our earthly condition is perplexed and saddened; in every man who through his instruction, entreaty, and encouragement continues patiently in well-doing, and wins glory, honour, and immortality, you will see the answers of your own intercessions, and the triumphs of your own earnestness and zeal."

The theology of Dr. Dale was firmly rooted in the Kingship and the Atonement of Christ. Christ was the head and the representative of the race, and the individual rose to the fulness of the Christian life when, realising the representative headship of Christ, and suffering him-

self to be reconciled to God by Christ's atoning sacrifice, he freely and joyfully surrendered his will to Christ's will, and let Christ be the absolute ruler of his life. Out of Christ he firmly believed was to be out of life, and therefore Dr. Dale became, with the late Rev. Edward White, one of the few holders in this country of the doctrine of conditional immortality. We may disagree with Dr. Dale on this, as on other points of this speculative theology, but we cannot but be heartened and strengthened in our Christian faith by his manly and robust faith, and his simple-hearted and perfect surrender of all the gifts of a capacious intellect to the Master who was once "despised and rejected of men," in order that thereby He might lift men to the height from which they had fallen.

Many a prominent preacher of to-day traces the quickening of his soul to a sermon or a book of Dr. Dale. He was a teacher of preachers, as only Henry Ward Beecher has been besides in the last half-century. He was also a teacher of statesmen, whose mark is deeply impressed on the legislation of this half-century. He was the most forcible exponent of the principles of spiritual religion and religious equality, and in spite of the temporary galvanization of a degenerate sacerdotalism, and a toothless and mumbling intolerance, the principles of Dr. Dale are the winning principles in church and school and state, and the victory will only be hastened by the forces that seem to be telling against them.

What Dr. Dale was as citizen, however, only Birmingham fully knows. No service was too humble for him that could in any way advance the well-being of the city he loved. I have heard a Birmingham minister say that in an election emergency he has seen Dr. Dale directing and filling envelopes at a committee-room. He lifted municipal, and he tried to lift national politics to a place so high that they were indistinguishable from religion. He has left disciples, but no heir to his mantle, for Dr. Dales do not "like Amureth to Amureth succeed." It is pleasant, however, to know that a man after his own heart occupies his pulpit, and to feel that while Rev. J. H. Jowett lives, the pulpit of John Angell James and Robert William Dale will keep alive its noble traditions.—"*Ignolus*," in *Princeton Methodist Magazine*.

## A CANADIAN HEROINE.\*



MRS. RIJNHART IN NATIVE COSTUME.

This tragic story is one of special interest to Canadian readers. Mrs. Rijnhart is a Canadian lady, born near Toronto, who has passed through a baptism of suffering paralleled by but few heroines of the mission field. In 1891, Mr. Rijnhart, a devoted Holland missionary, made his first journey through China. Three years later, accompanied by his bride, both trained physicians, he entered upon his heroic attempt to penetrate the sealed land of Tibet. They went without any guarantee of support, though many friends were won by Mr. Rijnhart's lectures in Holland, the United States and Canada. They went up the Yangtse river and over the mountains of Tibet, a two-thousand-mile journey in midwinter. War was waging with the Moslems on the border. The slaughter was terrible. Eight hundred were killed in a single day. Some of the missionaries' earliest

work was to minister to the wounded on the field of battle. Day after day they worked hard and with success. Native doctors could do nothing. "After such a sight," writes Mrs. Rijnhart, "does one appreciate the blessings which the sciences of medicine and surgery lay at the feet of the suffering and sick in Christian lands."

In 1898 they started for the unknown highlands with sixteen ponies, three men, five hundred New Testaments, food for a year, and their year-old baby. "He must have a happy childhood," said his father. "He must have the best training in English, French, and German, so that he may not feel that because he was a missionary's son he missed the joys that brighten other boys' lives." Alas for their dreams! Already their babe was stricken with death. The mother prayed earnestly, as she pathetically writes, "to Him who holds all life in His hands, to let us have our darling child. Did He not know how we loved him, and could it be possible that the very joy of our life, the only human thing that made life and labour sweet amid the desolation and iso-

\* "With the Tibetans in Tent and Temple." Narrative of four years' residence on the Tibetan Border, and of a journey into the far interior. By Susie Carson Rijnhart, M. D. New York, Chicago, Toronto: Fleming Revell Company. Pp. 400. Price, \$1.50.



lation of Tibet—could it be possible that even this, the child of our love, should be snatched from us in that dreary mountain country by the cold, chill hand of Death? But the little flower, blooming on the bleak and barren Dang La, had been plucked and transplanted on the Mountains Delectable to blossom and bloom for ever in the sunshine of God's love. But, oh! what a void in our hearts!"

We further abridge her pathetic narrative:

"Our drug box, emptied of its contents, and lined with towels, served as a coffin, which I myself prepared, while Mr. Rijnhart and Rahim went to dig the grave. With hands whose every touch throbbled with tenderness I robed baby in white Japanese flannel, and laid him on his side in the coffin, where he looked as pure and calm as if he were in a sweet and restful sleep. Many of his little belongings were put into the coffin, accompanied by our names written on a piece of linen and on cards.

"Then there was the agony of the last look. Our only child, who had brought such joy to our home, and who had done so much by his bright ways to make friends for us among the natives—to leave his body in such a cold, bleak place seemed more than we could endure. As the three of us stood over the grave the little box was lowered. Mr. Rijnhart conducted the burial service in the native tongue, so that Rahim might understand, and the cold earth of Tibet, the great Forbidden Land, closed over the body of the first Christian child committed to its bosom—little Charles Carson Rijnhart, aged one year, one month and twenty-two days.

"Mr. Rijnhart and Rahim rolled a large boulder over the grave to keep wild animals or robbers from digging it up, and obliterated as well as possible all traces of a recent burial. We could only say, 'Thy will be done.' Less than a month afterward we realized that the All-Loving had dealt very kindly with us in taking our little darling when we were comfortable, when we had plenty of food for him, a tent to sleep in and ponies to ride on; for later we found ourselves with barely enough common food to exist on for a few days, while we travelled on foot, Mr. Rijnhart carrying on his back a heavy load."

A greater grief than this was in store for this brave Canadian woman. Their Chinese guides ran away in the night. They engaged fresh guides and ponies. The guides led them astray. They were

set upon by robbers, all their ponies but one were shot or carried off, and then the guides deserted them. Seeing some tents across the river, Mr. Rijnhart started towards them for help. Mrs. Rijnhart writes: "I waited alone with God until dark. The thought came, 'the tents are far away, he will be back by morning.' It gives one a strange sensation being alone among a hostile people, without even a tent or a dog.

"What he must have suffered did he have time to think of his wife alone and in danger! I knew that, unless he had hopes of helping me himself, every thought was a prayer that his loving Father would tenderly care for the one alone on the hillside. I tied my pony among the bushes and lay down, more for protection from the cold than from any



REV. PETER RIJNHART.

desire to sleep, and spent a quiet, peaceful, though slumberless night, in a mood not to be surprised if the sound of that precious voice rang out my name through the deathly stillness, remembering what he had said about calling to me if he should return after dark—but in vain.

"But as the hours of the second day sped on and no trace of him was seen, my heart almost ceased beating. Well it was that we had learned to trust God in hard and difficult places. What else supported me through the leaden hours of that day but the thought that I was in God's hands!"

"Nothing before, nothing behind,  
The steps of faith  
Fall on the seeming void, and find  
The rock beneath."

Efforts to hear of her husband were unavailing. Riding turbulent yaks and

untrained ponies, crossing mountains and rivers, changing mercenary guides for faithless and dangerous ones, seeking protection of nomadic chiefs and bigoted lamas, who gave her tsamba and butter and "ula" (official passport), and hurried her off under escort; sleeping outdoors, and glad in this land of snow to "spend several nights in the stable with horses, donkeys, cows, and pigs," terrified when her escort was attacked by drunken Tibetans, she at last reached Ta Chien-Lu. There, at the home of the Tibetan Band of Christians, she "found a haven of rest after the lone, long journey of over six months."



A TIBETAN CONVERT.

The first question asked when in safety was, "Is Queen Victoria still alive? From Ta Chien-Lu she wrote to Mr. Paul, of Toronto, of her husband's disappearance.

This touching story was written in intervals of toil and travel and finished at Chatham, Ontario. This devoted mis-

sionary, undeterred by disaster in the death of those she loved, has determined to go back to the hermit-nation of Tibet. It was her husband's burning ambition to be of service in evangelizing Tibet, whether by his life or his death he said it did not matter to him. Her whole soul is devoted to the redemption of this long-sealed land.

"From ten thousand tongues," she says, "amid the flutter of the prayer-flags and the clink of cylinders is heard the mystic invocation—'Om mani padme hum,' but there is no Christian altar. The devotees still flock to revere the Sacred Tree and worship the great Butter-God, and amid all the host there is not one witness for Jesus Christ! The call comes and it will be answered soon. I feel convinced. And whoever responds will find many who know something of Christianity, who have copies of the Scriptures, and remember with affection the White Teacher who, while he was with them, laboured for their good, and who left them never to return. And many will have heard of the lone little grave under the huge boulder at the base of the Dang La.

"To the spirit select there is no choice.  
He cannot say, This will I do or that.

A hand is stretched to him from out the dark,  
Which grasping without question, he is led  
Where there is work that he must do for God.

To the tough hearts that pioneer their way  
And break a pathway to those unknown realms,  
That in the earth's broad shadow lie enthralled,  
Endurance is the crowning quality,  
And patience all the passion of great hearts."—*J. R. Lowell.*

#### WHEN ON MY DAY OF LIFE THE NIGHT IS FALLING.

When on my day of life the night is falling,  
And in the winds, from unsummed spaces  
blown,

I hear far voices out of darkness calling  
My feet to paths unknown.

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant.

Leave not its tenant when its walls decay:  
O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,  
Be Thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting—  
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade  
and shine,

And kindly faces to my own uplifting  
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, my Father! Let Thy  
Spirit

Be with me then to comfort and uphold:  
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,  
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,  
And both forgiven through Thy abounding  
grace—

I find myself by hands familiar beckoned  
Unto my fitting place.

—*Whittier.*

## Current Topics and Events.

### THE END IN SIGHT.

Like a spent cyclone the South African war is reduced to local eddies and a few sporadic conflicts. The besom of Kitchener having swept the country of supplies and gathered the non-combatant into refuges where they are fed and cared for, the "roving ruffians," as Lord Milner called them, can do little more than snipe at straggling British from behind their boulders or raid defenceless farms or villages. Most of the brave burghers who bore the brunt of the war have been captured or surrendered. The riff-raff and ruffians, with whom the Boers filled their ranks, have been perpetrating cold-blooded cruelty and murders. These wanton outrages call for severe repression, which will be thoroughly vindicated by the sense of justice of the civilized world. No conquering army has ever dealt more generously with the conquered than the British with the captured or surrendered Boers. Many of the refugees declare they never were so well cared for before.

In the refugees' camps the scale of provisions is at least equal to that of the British soldier, with special adaptation to the needs of women and children. Dairies are established for supplying milk, schools are instituted for training the children, and religious services are provided in Dutch and English.

Upon Mr. Kruger and Dr. Leyds, who from their safe retreat incite the marauding remnant in the field to continue their useless conflict, and even more upon Mr. Stead, Mr. Labouchere and their fellow pro-Boers in Britain, rests the responsibility for the prolongation of this unhappy war. In the last issue of his "Review of Reviews," Mr. Stead declares that we have lost all of South Africa, except Cape Town and Simon's Bay, and will be lucky if we can retain them. Like one slandering the mother who bore him, he rails against the so-called British atrocities and pursues his policy of the last two years in defaming the country that protects him, and giving aid and comfort to its enemies. In what country in the world could a pro-Boer meeting, demanding absolute independence, and closing with singing the Marseillaise, be held under the protection of the police, like that which the Boer dele-

gates, Sauer and Merriman, addressed, with Mr. Labouchere presiding?

Mr. Stead's encouragement to the Boers, and denunciation of his country, finds expression in the accompanying cartoon from a Pittsburg paper which illustrates Mr. Stead's remark: "The Boers think they can safely bank upon the certainty that the 'Daily Mail' and its condutors will succeed in hurrying England into some continental trouble, either with Russia or possibly with America, where, if nothing is done to bury the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, there is certain to be an angry agitation which will confront us with the alternatives of war or humble pie."



Mr. Stead holds up to view as a frightful bugbear the enormous cost of the war, but if it be a righteous one, its cost does not enter into the estimate at all. The question is, is that cost too great a price to pay for maintaining the integrity of the Empire, the honour of the flag, and in frustrating the long-laid plot to drive the British into the sea and substitute a Dutch oligarchy based on slavery for British rule based on freedom!

### THE PAN-AMERICAN.

No one could visit this great exposition without being impressed with its architectural and artistic beauty, its evidences of material and intellectual progress, and especially of the achieve-

ments of electricity in the closing years of the nineteenth century. The grouping of the buildings, their colour scheme, the pure white statuary against the blue sky or green foliage, the water-scapes and especially the illumination effect at night form a dream of beauty which none who have seen it can ever forget.

The educational exhibit at the Pan-American was of wonderful interest and instructiveness. All the great colleges of the country were represented in photos and statistical diagrams. It was a significant fact that fifty-three per cent of the colleges were under denominational control and nearly one-third of these were under the control of the Methodist Churches. It augurs well for the future of the Union that this most important aspect of its intellectual development is under the fostering care of the Church of God.

The exhibits of the methods adopted for social betterment in the great cities, in the way of model lodging-houses to take the place of the demoralizing and disease-breeding tenements of New York, the social settlements, the organization for preventing cruelty to animals, and humanitarian work, the exhibits of the W.C.T.U., the Y.M.C.A., for the education of negroes, the manual and mechanical training schools and the like, were full of encouragement.

#### THE SEAMY SIDE.

"When the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord," in the vision of Job, we read that "Satan came also among them." So amid these æsthetic and intellectual achievements and many instructive exhibits intrude a few coarse and vulgar performances, notably that of the Streets of Cairo with its barbaric discords of tom-toms and tom-foolery. One might travel a month in the Orient and not see nor hear a tithe of the barbarism that is here concentrated as typical of the Orient, and the side-shows here thrust upon the attention would have to be sought out in secret places. It is a libel on the East to gather the sweepings of its slums and exhibit them as types of the Orient. General Miles, of West Point Academy, after witnessing the performances in the so-called Streets of Cairo, prohibited the cadets from West Point from visiting that part of the Exposition. This evil began with the Midway at the Chicago Fair and has since been like an epidemic over the

country. In many western cities a whole week is devoted to a carnival of dissipation without even the slightest pretence of industrial exhibition. Almost the sole entertainment usually given consists in vulgar tent shows to which the unsophisticated rural population are attracted and by which they are greatly demoralized. We cannot be too thankful that these evils have not been permitted to enter Canada, and we hope they never will. This Midway business is a growing evil. An American cartoon shows the fair of the future as consisting of a few meagre art and manufacturing exhibits in contrast with a bewildering array of Midway attractions thronged with a gaping multitude who illustrate the adage that "the fool and his money is soon parted."

#### THE DEATH OF THE EMPRESS FREDERICK.

The Roman moralist long since expressed the universal truth that death knocks with equal hand at the palace of the prince and the cottage of the poor. Our sovereign, King Edward, has had painful experience of this in the sore bereavements of the last year by the loss of his mother, his brother, the Duke of Coburg, his nephew, Prince Christian Victor, and now his eldest sister, to whom he was devotedly attached.



THE EMPRESS FREDERICK.

The Princess Victoria was the most intellectual of all the Queen's daughters. It is to her intelligent training that the energetic character of the German Kaiser is largely attributed. She had a difficult

part to play in German politics. Prince Bismarck was throughout his life her bitter enemy, and publicly and privately antagonized her interests to the utmost. During the prolonged illness of her husband, too, she was strongly opposed by the court party. Much less is known of her private life and of her religious views than of her mother, our late beloved Queen, but all we know commends her to our sympathies as a wise and good woman, bearing her part bravely in the high place to which God called her.

#### THE STRIKES.

In the economic section of the Pan-American Exhibition there are series of diagrams showing the effects of strikes on both employers and employees. One of these diagrams exhibit the enormous loss sustained by both capital and labour in this civil war, for such it really is. This loss falls most heavily and most disastrously upon the working-man, who with his family are often reduced to poverty and overwhelmed with debt. The only effect of the strike upon the capitalist, on the other hand, is that he fails to add a few more millions to his pile and is able to work off his surplus stock of manufactures.

But, on the other hand, the strike is often the only weapon of the workman to secure his share of prosperity. Sometimes a great corporation shortens hours and increases wages of its own accord, as did the Standard Oil Company last May, but not often. The shortened hours, increased wages, recognition of the union, are often refused till compelled by a strike. Our sympathies in these conflicts are always with the working-men, who are generally in the position of the under dog in the fight. But why should there not be courts of conciliation or arbitration to which both sides should appeal and by whose decisions they should abide? At the same time the use of intimidation or violence by either employers or employees can but estrange public sympathy and injure the cause it is meant to help. A cartoon in Harper's Weekly represents Capital and Labour struggling with each other, while Justice looks on and says "Come, brothers, you have grown so big, you cannot afford to quarrel."

#### FIGHTING THE WHITE PLAGUE.

The great medical congress for the discussion of problems presented by

tuberculosis, the "white plague" that for centuries has decimated Christendom, is a remarkable sign of the times. The ablest specialists of all lands contributed the best results of their wisdom and experience to its solution. Dr. Koch, whose alleged discovery of antitoxin lymph created a few years ago such high hopes, only to be followed in many cases by bitter disappointment, aroused much discussion by the statement that bovine tuberculosis could not be communicated to man. Dr. Lister, probably the greatest living authority on the subject, disputes this, but both agree that the segregation of the infected, the destruction of sputa, and absolute cleanliness are conditions of cure. We may hope that through the progress of science consumption will become as rare and harmless as smallpox is now.

As a practical outcome of the Tuberculosis Congress the sum of six hundred thousand dollars was pledged for establishing a public tuberculosis sanatorium.

#### RAPPROCHEMENT.

We rejoice at every *rapprochement* between the mother and the daughter land, Great Britain and America. The visit of the American capitalists to London did much to promote good will between the kindred nations. They were received with special distinction by their British hosts and were honoured guests of the King at Windsor. On leaving the country they gave a generous donation, which will amount probably to not less than a hundred thousand dollars, for the Queen's memorial. If this be added, as has been suggested, to the fund for a special American memorial to the deceased sovereign, it will be a pledge and seal of love that cannot fail to link the kindred people in closer bonds of amity and peace.

The American people are realizing that Canada is by far their best customer on this continent. Our six millions of people purchase more than the sixty millions of Mexico and South America. A writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* for August says: "The Canadian people, under the present or other leadership, will in time accomplish another of those modern miracles, the creation of a great nation. There is no reason why Canada should not have 25,000,000 population within the span of the present generation. Her wealth is increasing at four-fold ratio. Her tremendous natural resources are

only just beginning to be understood, and there is no apparent limit to their ultimate development.

Thirty years ago the cry of "*A Berlin!*" and the invasion of Germany precipitated the fall of the French Republic. By one of the strangest ironies of history a recent automobile race from Paris to Berlin through Bazilles and Sedan resulted in the victory of a French automobile, which was received with enthusiastic cheers of the Germans *en route*, and especially at Berlin. Let us hope that the rubber tires of the automobiles will efface much of the bitterness and antagonism between these neighbouring nations.

We observe it is suggested that the grand stand of the Toronto Industrial Exposition shall be employed during the annual races by transferring the latter from the Woodbine. To such a proposition we strenuously object. The Woodbine is a private commercial enterprise with which no one has anything to do, either as patron or shareholder, unless he wishes. The Industrial Exhibition, on the other hand, is a public institution on whose board the city and all our industrial and manufacturing institutions are represented, and in fact belongs to the people. We strongly protest against making these civic, industrial and manufacturing societies partners against their will in racing, with all the concomitant evils of the turf, its betting and other demoralizing associations.

#### ABUSE OF ATHLETICS.

We are glad to see the increased attention given to athletics in school and college life. That successful Public School Inspector, Mr. J. L. Hughes, says he learned more in the lacrosse team than at school. As a general thing the man who is best in football will also be best in the Rugby game of life. Athletics strengthen the muscles, quicken

the wits, and give nimbleness and energy to all the faculties. Yet athletics may be overdone. They may engross too much time and thought. The Montreal Presbytery makes the following deliverance on this subject:

"With regard to the influence of amusements and athletics on the religious life, the report says: 'There is a very serious problem before us in the fact that our young people do not read. An athletic craze has come over a large part of Canada which is, we think, seen more fully in Montreal than anywhere else. With many of our young people the controlling thought is athletics. The matter has gone beyond all bounds of reasonableness.' These sports are destroying in many young men all efforts at mental culture, resulting, in many cases, in lamentable ignorance.

"The following recommendations were appended to the report:

"That all encroachments upon the sanctity of the Sabbath be vigorously combated.

"That pastors shall not cease to warn young men of the danger attending an undue devotion to sport, and of the great temptations those undergo who attend questionable places of amusement.

It was through the great kindness of Dr. Goldwin Smith that we were able to reprint in the July and August numbers of this magazine, from his volume of essays printed for private circulation, his admirable article upon King Alfred the Great. This acknowledgment was inadvertently omitted from the numbers containing that article.

Our attention is called by an old Etonian to an error in the article on Dean Farrar in the August number of this magazine. It is there stated that he was at one time a master at Eton College. This is a mistake. He was a master at Harrow and afterwards headmaster of Marlborough.

#### BESIDE A PASTURE POOL.

The mirrored silence of this pool  
Reveals a world of noiseless life,  
It soothes and rests my fevered spirit—  
A bath of balm of the deeps, and cool.

Still move the clouds, still wheel the  
skies,  
The aspiring tree no longer sighs,—

Fair thoughts of God, full-clothed in  
heaven,  
All calm and beautiful in love's eyes

(Glossed in the light of heaven's repose,  
He wears perfection, like a rose!—

Impatient heart, be still! Thou seest  
He brings his work to a perfect close!

—Theodore H. Raud. D.C.U.

## Religious Intelligence.

### THE ECUMENICAL CONFERENCE.

The interest in the Annual Conference of British Methodism suffers by comparison with the great gathering of universal Methodism, to which, from the ends of the earth, delegates are now hastening. It is a wonderful tribute to the unity and solidarity of Methodism throughout the world, that after one hundred and fifty years, never equalled in the world's history for its intellectual progress, its audacious questionings of all things sacred and secular, this most numerous Church of English-speaking Protestant Christendom should, through its delegates, assemble without a doctrinal schism in its ranks, without a jar in its theology, still holding fast to the old doctrines of free grace and conscious pardon. This results not from adhesion to an iron-bound creed or confession, for its conditions of membership are the most liberal in the world, but to its vital and practical piety, to the experimental character of its religion, to the joyous theology of its hymns, and, we think, also, to the unifying influence of its itinerant system, which prevents the formation of schools and cliques or local divergences of thought or expression. The whole religious world, and especially the Methodist world, will await with interest the report of this great ecumenical gathering.

### THE PRESIDENT.

The election of Dr. W. T. Davison as president of the Wesleyan Conference was a fine tribute to Christian scholarship. Dr. Davison is a son of the parsonage, born at Newcastle-on-Tyne fifty-five years ago. For over twenty years he has rendered efficient service as tutor in biblical literature and exegesis, and as Professor of Systematic Theology in Richmond and Handsworth Colleges. He is one of the ablest, wisest authorities on the great biblical questions which are agitating the Churches, and it is to his judicious treatment of these great subjects that Methodism has been spared the somewhat acrid discussions which have disturbed sister denominations.

### THE FORWARD MOVEMENT IN LONDON.

Under this heading Rev. Dr. A. H. Briggs, now of San Francisco, writes in the *North Western Christian Advocate* a very racy and readable article. It is full of praise for the Forward Movement in the West London Mission, with which the writer was for some months associated. But we submit that in his praise for the present Dr. Briggs is unjust to the past. We must not despise the ladder by which we have climbed, nor ignore the debt we owe to those who have gone before. The evangelization of London is one of the greatest tasks before the Church. Dr. Briggs well remarks, "Canada is bigger than Europe, London has more people than Canada." In South London alone are "two million over-crowded, saloon-cursed English heathen, who neither feel nor heed the appeals of religion."

English Methodism has been grappling with the slum problem for many years. It is hardly correct to say that "fifteen years ago British Wesleyanism was too dead to decompose. Its leaders were fatally conservative. Anything new was wrong. Whatever moved was dangerous. They were actually marching with their faces to the rear. The Church militant was a sepulchral farce which waited the touch of the Forward Movement to make it a splendid force." Epigram is not always fact.

The whole religious world rejoices in the grand achievements of Hugh Price Hughes and the West London Mission. But there were great men before Agamemnon. There were great preachers and consecrated workers before the West London Mission was established. To those more familiar than the writer with the personnel of British Methodism, many brilliant names will be suggested. But the memory of such heroic workers as William Arthur, William Thornton, Dr. Punshon, Gervase Smith, Charles Garratt, Gipsy Smith, of the Central London Mission, George Perks, T. Bowman Stephenson, whose Children's Home is a monument of Methodist care for the orphan and the stray; Thos. Champness, of the "Joyful News" Mission, and such names as the Jackson Brothers, Dr. Hanna, Dr. Jobson, Ebenezer Jenkins, W. O. Simpson, Samuel Romely Hall, Luke Tyerman, Luke Wiseman, Richard Roberts, Peter McKenzie, E. A. Telfer,

J. Rattenbury, and many other soldiers of God in the war against sin, refute the saying that, "Fifteen years ago British Wesleyanism was too dead to decompose."

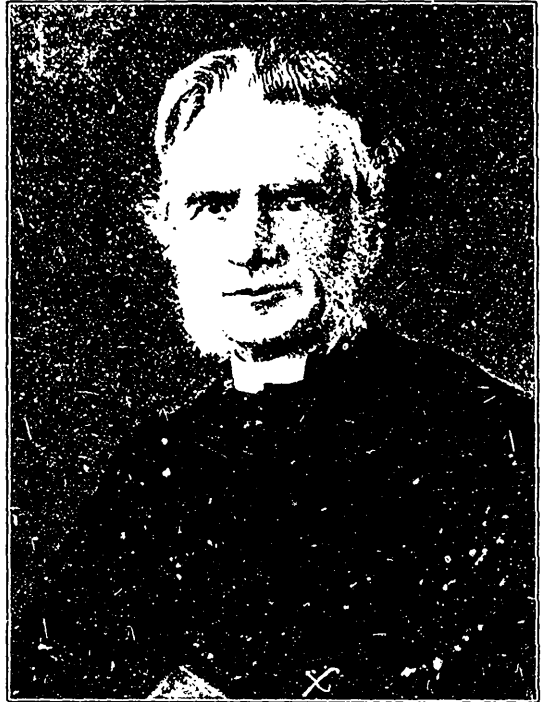
The West London Mission for twelve or fifteen years has maintained stirring evangelistic services in St. James' Concert Hall and in other rented buildings in the very heart of the fashionable vice of West London. We do not know that it has erected a single building or acquired a foot of ground on which to erect one. But five-and-twenty years ago the Metropolitan Extension Fund, inspired and grandly helped by Sheriff Lyceff, erected scores of new Methodist churches throughout the metropolis. Many of these good men who built their lives into the foundations of Zion have passed away, but some yet linger behind. Let us be just to their memory. While we may not say with the Preacher in Ecclesiastes, "Wherefore I praised the dead which are already dead more than the living which are yet alive," let us at least not reverse the order, but give them their due. The McAll Mission is worthy of all the praise Dr. Briggs gives it.

#### RECENT DEATHS.

The death of the venerable Bishop of Durham, Dr. B. F. Westcott, has removed one of the greatest Christian scholars of the age. He was great as an expositor, a theologian and a leader in ecclesiastical life, but his greatest work was as a textual critic in conjunction with Dr. Hort in giving the best Greek text of the New Testament. He was not a mere dry-as-dust scholar, but a man of broad human instincts and sympathies and profound religious spirit. He took a profound interest in the physical and social condition of the miners and labourers of his great diocese, and was diligent in seeking their uplift and betterment. To the range of his sympathies his last book, reviewed elsewhere in this number, bears tribute. His domestic relations were of ideal tenderness and beauty.

To Canadian readers will come home with special force the sad and

sudden death of the late Dr. William Fawcett, of Chicago, the son of a venerable pioneer Canadian missionary. He never lost interest in the land of his birth. Of this his frequent visits to Canada are evidence, and his practical sympathy with Victoria University by endowing a perpetual prize will long preserve his memory among us. The mysterious providence that cut short his useful life by ptomaine poisoning while travelling, adds to the pathos of his call from labour to reward.



DR. B. F. WESTCOTT, LATE LORD BISHOP OF DURHAM.

The Rev. Joseph Cook was a latter-day prophet akin to those old Hebrew sages and seers who spoke a burning message to their time. He was a man of strong and positive convictions and unflinching courage in his defence. He mastered the philosophical scholarship of the age and long stood as a bulwark of conservative orthodoxy. Few men had the ear of the nation as had Joseph Cook. His Monday lectures in Tremont Temple, Boston, were crowded by the most intellectual audiences.



and were read eagerly as reported in the press. He treated not merely the problems of philosophy, but the questions of the day, with a keen criticism and trenchant eloquence. When he was a student at Keeseport, New York, Joseph Cook asked a Roman Catholic fellow-student, L. N. Beaudry, to attend his Protestant service. He did so, was converted, and became and continued for many years an able and successful Methodist minister in Montreal and New York.

Professor John Fiske was one of the many victims of the intense heat which in a single week caused nearly a thousand deaths in New York City, and many more throughout the country. He was a philosophical thinker, and his most important work was probably the interpretation of the doctrine of evolution from a theistic point of view. As an historian he combined the clear and limpid style of Parkman with the research and accuracy of a Justin Windsor, and his great works on the planting of the American colonies will be perhaps his most popular books.

From *The Wesleyan*, of Halifax, we learn of the sudden death of the Rev. F. H. Wright, D.D., the new pastor of the Grafton Street Methodist Church in that city. Dr. Wright was one of the most able and eloquent preachers in the Maritime Provinces, a brilliant graduate of Sackville University, and a post-graduate student of the University of Chicago. He began his ministry five-and-twenty years ago, and served many of the most important charges in his native Province. After only two weeks on his new circuit, to which he went full of heart and hope, his work was ended, his sun went down at noon-day. The day before he died he preached with his wonted energy and eloquence, but before noon on Monday he had passed from toil to triumph. The appalling suddenness of his summons came with a great shock to the entire Christian community.

We regret to learn from a private letter that the Rev. Dr. J. C. Watts, for several years a prominent minister of the New Connexion Church of this country, and subsequently in England, passed away in his seventy-second year, at his home in Stockport, England. Dr. Watts came to Canada in the year 1849, being

then in his twentieth year. He won honours in Hebrew at McGill College and studied Latin and Greek as he rode on horseback through lonely forest ways. He returned to England in 1869, was twice Secretary of the Conference, four times General Secretary, and in 1879 was elected President. He was for two years classical professor at Rammoor College and for some years editor of the connexional magazine. He was an eloquent and impressive preacher and an effective platform speaker. His faithful ministry is remembered with grateful recollection in many a Canadian home.

We regret to note the death of the Rev. Francis Delong, of Lombardy, Montreal Conference. Bro. Delong faithfully served the Church of God for thirty years, almost or quite entirely within the bounds of the Montreal Conference. He was a brother greatly beloved, and a labourer that needed not to be ashamed.

One of the best known figures in Toronto will no more be seen among us. After a long life spent in the service of his country, Hon. G. W. Allan passed away in the house in which he was born eighty-two years ago. It would be hard to parallel this circumstance in the case of any other public man, of either the United States or Canada. He was a typical example of an English gentleman, dignified, courteous, with a fine sense of "noblesse oblige." While a gentleman of much leisure, he employed it not in selfish gratification, but was an active worker in many lines of Christian service and public duty. In his young manhood he travelled extensively in the East, and had some remarkable adventures in Asia Minor. He was the first Canadian ever to sail up the Nile in his own dahabiyeh. Many honours and dignities were conferred upon him, but he was to the last the same kindly, courteous, Christian gentleman.

At the venerable age of eighty-eight Sir Thomas Galt, ex-Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, passed away. He was a son of the famous John Galt, the distinguished novelist, who founded the city of Guelph and town of Galt. After an honourable career at the bar, he was raised to the Bench in 1869, became Chief Justice in 1887, received the honour of knighthood the following year, and retired from judicial life in 1894.

## Book Notices.

"The Jewish Encyclopedia." A Descriptive Record of the History, Religion, Literature and Customs of the Jewish People from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. Prepared by more than Four Hundred Scholars and Specialists. Isidore Singer, Ph.D., Projector and Managing Editor. Complete in twelve volumes. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xxxviii - 685-xxxvii.

This is the most comprehensive enterprise which even this great house has undertaken. Its editions of the Schaff-Herzog Cyclopedia and Standard Dictionary, great achievements as these were, were of far less magnitude than this cyclopedia, which will fill twelve volumes of 8,000 pages, with 2,000 illustrations, and will cost about three-quarters of a million dollars. Over four hundred Hebrew and Christian scholars will contribute to its pages. It is the most full and adequate presentation of the history, antiquities, religion and literature of the Jewish people ever given to the world. The time is ripe for such a production. A new and profound interest is being created in all that pertains to God's chosen people. Amid the persecutions and wrongs which they have endured we have reason to be proud of the record of Great Britain and her colonies in this regard. Nowhere are they so free, nowhere do they receive such ample vindication and protection as under the British flag, and nowhere have they risen to higher honour and greater wealth and exhibited more loyalty. Not merely is the archaeological aspect of Judaism fully treated, as in the sixteen pages devoted to the apocalyptic and apocryphal writings of the Jews, but also the most recent economic developments, as in the twenty pages given to Jewish agricultural colonies throughout the world, including several in Canada. The book is well illustrated and admirably printed and bound.

"Lessons from Work." By Brooke Foss Westcott, D.D., D.C.L., Bishop of Durham. London: Macmillan & Co. New York: The Macmillan Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Pp. x-451.

Like a voice from the other world comes this latest volume of the great

Christian scholar who has now passed into the skies. It deals not with the technicalities of learning of which he was such a master, but with the more practical side of Christian duty. "The great aim has been to show how the central fact of all history, the Life of Life, the incarnation of our Lord, illuminates the problems which meet us alike in our daily work and in our boldest speculations." Among the topics treated are The Study of the Bible, Biblical Revision, Biblical Criticism and Social Problems, Prayer the Support of Foreign Missions, Temperance, Organization of Industry, International Concord, Our Attitude toward War, The Empire, and The Spiritual Ministry of Art. Bishop Westcott defends the righteousness of the war in which the nation is engaged, and shows that even the founder of the Quaker sect recognized the "use and actual necessity of force and the resort to the sword of justice." He quotes the words of Israel Pennington, that great co-founder with George Fox of the Society of Friends, as saying: "I speak not against any magistrates or peoples defending themselves against foreign invasion or making use of the sword to suppress the violent and evil-doers within their borders, and a great blessing will attend the sword where it is borne uprightly to that end, and its use will be honourable." The saneness and sageness of these papers will strike every reader. The book is dedicated to the memory of his wife, who was for forty-eight years his unflinching counsel and stay.

"History, Prophecy and the Monuments; or, Israel and the Nations." By James Frederick McCurdy, Ph.D., LL.D., Professor of Oriental Languages in University College, Toronto. Vol. III. New York: The Macmillan Co. London: Macmillan & Co. Pp. xxiii-470. Price, \$3.00.

This volume completes Professor McCurdy's great work. It is an important addition not merely to the higher literature of our country, but to the biblical scholarship of the world. It is cause for patriotic pride that so masterly a work should proceed from a Canadian scholar in a Canadian university. It has won wide commendation from biblical critics of all lands. This volume is of even

greater interest than the preceding ones. It records the history of the people of Israel from the great reformation under Josiah to the period of the Exile; it traces the influence of Egypt, Persia and Babylonia on national character and national morals, and describes the developments of Hebrew literature; it frankly accepts the theory of the gradual development of moral and religious ideals, and gives, with a conservative bias, the results of a new criticism of the sacred books. It will be an addition of great value to the library of every preacher and teacher. The valuable indexes of the whole work greatly enhance its worth. Though it was no part of his original design, we would be glad if Professor McCurdy would continue his studies throughout the stirring period of the Maccabees and later history of the people of Israel.

“Comments on the Old Testament. Vol. VIII.—Ezekiel and Daniel.” By Camden M. Coburn, D.D. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 415. Price, \$2.00.

This comprehensive commentary, projected and in large part executed by the late Dr. Whedon, is now approaching completion. In this volume two very important books receive full and admirable treatment. The introduction to the Book of Daniel comprises ninety pages, in which the results of latest scholarship are given. The new archaeological discoveries furnish corroboration of many of its historical statements which have previously been questioned. “The tendency,” says our author, “among even rationalistic critics seems to be toward a more respectful and even reverent treatment of this prophecy.”

“Upon no other Old Testament book did the faith of the primitive Christians take its hold.” Few subjects are more frequently depicted in the catacombs of Rome than that of Daniel in the lions’ den and the three Hebrew children in the fiery furnace. “No one, even the most radical critic, denies that we can find the true Messianic prophecy anywhere; we can find it here.” We strongly commend this commentary as the results of the latest scholarship on these important books. The author pays a graceful tribute to the collaboration of his wife in preparing the manuscript for the press.

“Christian Instruction in the Public Schools of Ontario.” By James Middlemiss, D.D. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 239. Price, \$1.00.

We are justly proud of the educational system of this province. It has won the commendation of many experts who have travelled far and seen much of the best educational methods of the age. But it has, in our judgment, one serious defect—the lack of definite provision for Christian instruction and the study of that Book which has supreme claim to our regard, not only as the greatest classic of all the ages, but as the authoritative expression of the mind and will of God. Our Roman Catholic friends consistently emphasize the importance of religious instruction, but the jarring jealousies among Protestants have prevented that unity of action which can alone secure success. That great man, Dr. Ryerson, the founder of our public school system, prepared a manual of Christian instruction that commanded the approval of all the Catholic and Protestant Churches, with a single exception; that exception prevented its adoption as part of our system. Even the excellent selection of passages for school readings caused a crusade of criticism, not Catholic but Protestant. Dr. Middlemiss, with marked candour, fairness and ability, points out the disadvantages of our system, and the importance of some more efficient way of training our young people in Christian ethics and morality.

“Studies in Christian Character, Work and Experience.” By Rev. W. L. Watkinson. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 248.

No visitor from the mother Methodism of Great Britain to the daughter Methodism of Canada made a profounder impression than the author of this book. In spiritual insight, in intellectual vivacity, in occasional quaintness of expression, that distinguished writer and preacher has unique gifts. This collection of brief papers is strongly marked by these characteristics. A single passage in the chapter on Dry-rot in Character will indicate what we mean:

“So must we keep ourselves from whatever would infect, and evermore steep our moral faculties and life in the antiseptic influences of truth and grace. We must saturate our understanding with the blessed truths of the New Tes-

tament, our imagination with Christ's beauty, our affections with God's love. The moth, the microbe, the spore, cannot live in a soul that is daily seasoned in the strong and fragrant virtue of heavenly fellowship and blessedness."

"Palestine in Geography and in History." By Arthur William Cooke, M.A. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Two volumes.

The land and the book are so intimately related that we cannot properly understand the one without knowing something of the other. It gives new interest to the reading of God's Word to comprehend the physical relations of its earthly environment. It gave also a wonderful interest to our own wanderings over the Lord's land to read upon the Mount of Beatitudes the Sermon of our Lord, or upon the Mount of Olives the story of His ascension.

The purpose of this book is to give Bible readers and students a clear picture of the country in which most of the events about which they read occurred. It is concise, yet sufficiently ample for most students. It is founded on the best authorities, and is brought down to date. The numerous coloured maps are very valuable, especially those setting forth its physical relations. We cordially commend these volumes.

"Canadian Essays, Critical and Historical." By Thomas O'Hagan, M.A., Ph.D. Author of "A Gate of Flowers," etc. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 222. Price, \$1.00.

Dr. O'Hagan is a patriotic Canadian, and has rendered important service to his country by this admirable volume on Canadian subjects. His review of Canadian poets and poetry, Canadian women writers, and French-Canadian life and literature reveals an unexpected wealth of native literature. In this department of our national life, notwithstanding the gigantic task of creating a nation out of a wilderness, we have not been engrossed solely in sordid toil. Labour has been sweetened with song and ennobled by a literature of which we need not be ashamed. The true story of the Acadian deportation, the heroic traditions of the Wilderness Missions, and other chapters, are written in full sympathy with the Roman Catho-

lic Church, of which Dr. O'Hagan is a devout son. It is well for Protestants once in a while to look at national matters from the point of view of our Roman Catholic fellow-citizens. Dr. O'Hagan has greatly added to his previous services to Canadian literature in both prose and verse by this volume.

"Content in a Garden." By Candace Wheeler. With decorations by Dora Wheeler Keith. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 209. Price, \$1.25.

We are glad to notice the increased attention which is being given to nature-study. To the beautiful books on birds and flowers, published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., this is largely due. One of the most elegant of these is the one under notice. The wide margins, with floral decorations, and the dainty text, make the book a pleasure to read. The studies of plant life are in harmony with the beautiful setting. We shall more fully notice this elsewhere.

"The Blessed Life." Being a series of meditations on manhood and womanhood in Christ. By William A. Quayle. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 281. Price, \$1.00.

Dr. Quayle is one of the most thoughtful and eloquent writers of Methodism. His historical and critical studies have won him wide fame. This volume of devout meditations on Christianity, in its various relations to law, labour, and power, on its sanity, its true aristocracy, its social joy, the blessed life, and immortal society, will come to many a soul with an uplifting and sanctifying power.

"White Christopher." By Annie Trumbull Slosson, author of "Fishin' Jimmy." New York: James Pott & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 50c.

This is another of Mrs. Slosson's tender stories akin to that of "Fishin' Jimmy," in which the dawn of intelligence in a poor half-witted lad is set forth. Again the Saviour sets a child in the midst and again is fulfilled the words: "A little child shall lead them."