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DEVOTED TO

Religion, Literature and Social Progress.

W. H. WITHROW, M.A., D.D., F.R.S.C.,
EDITOR.

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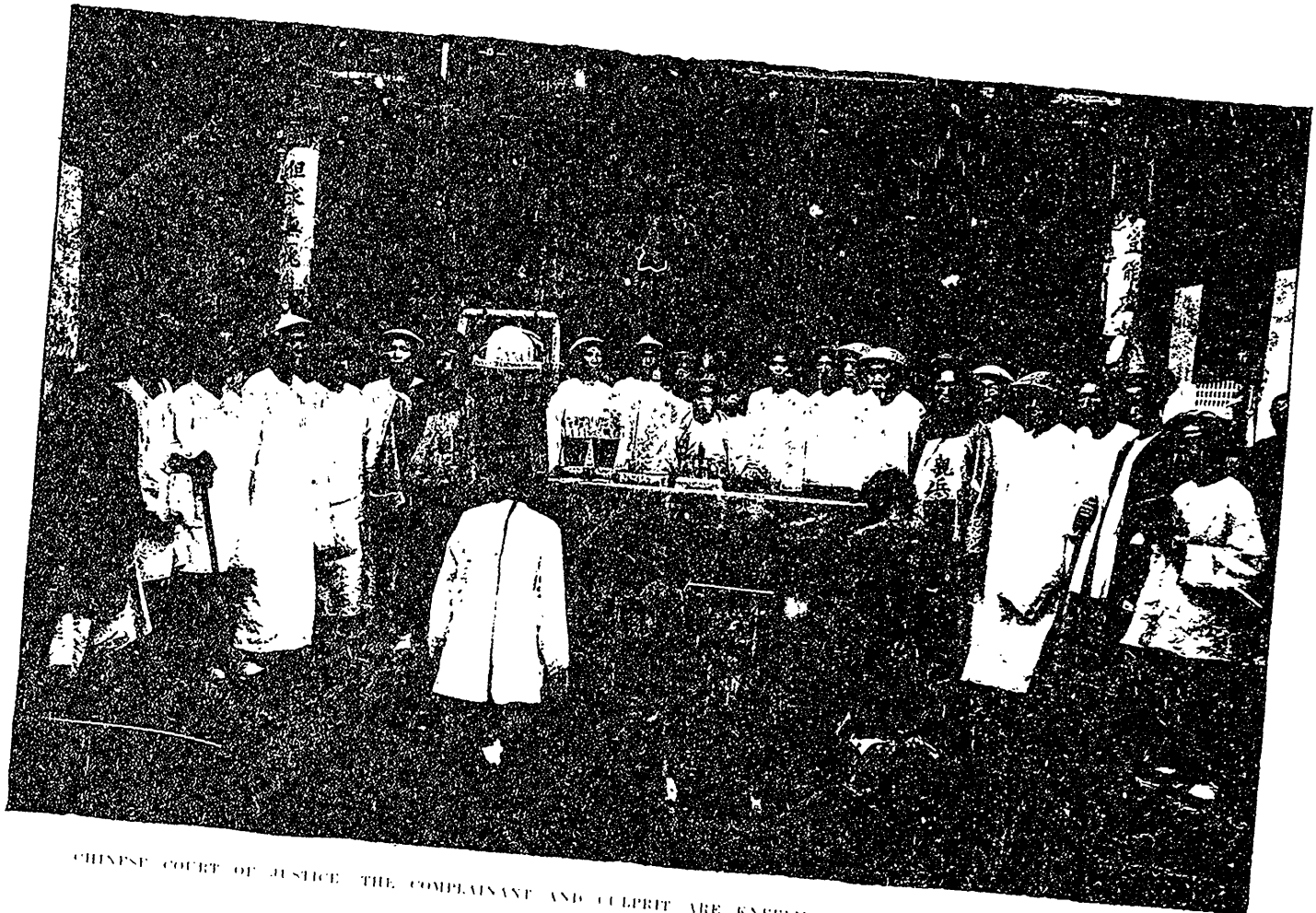

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JANUARY, 1901.

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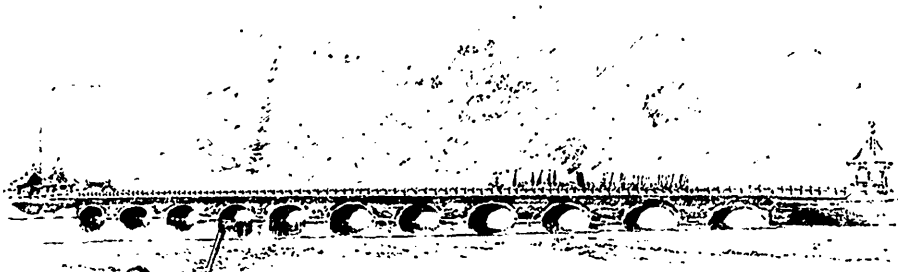


MARCO POLO BRIDGE IN PEKIN.

We see going on under our very eyes one of the most extraordinary movements that the world has ever witnessed. The great empire of China, which is estimated to contain one-third of the human race, has been for centuries the symbol of arrested development and immobile stability. Four thousand years ago it had reached a civilization almost as great as that which it possesses to-day. China has a consecutive history, dating back two thousand years, and more, before the Christian era, when it had an elective monarchy. The names and dates of fifty-eight monarchs before Romulus founded Rome are extant. "Its authentic annals reach back beyond Abraham. It was substantially what it is now—and what it had been for three thousand years—when the shores of Britain echoed the first war-cry of our invading barbaric fathers."

"The history of Rome," says Dr. Gracey, "is compassed by about a thousand years. But China has had a settled form of government for forty centuries. Ancient Turanian and Aztec nations, Greece, Rome, Persia, Assyria, and Babylon, have risen, culminated and declined, while the Chinese government has survived through thirty changes of dynasty. China was consolidated as a government B.C. 1088, and substituted her present form of government for the feudal two hundred and twenty years before Christ, thus emancipating her people from the feudal system before the Christian era. The half-dozen nomadic tribes from the region of the Caspian Sea, who settled in the basins drained by the Yellow and Yangtse rivers, are to-day the greatest multitude of people gathered under one government to be found on the face of the globe, and Pekin (till last August) the oldest existing capital of any country.

"A thousand years before Romulus dreamed of building the Seven-Hilled City the Chinese were a peaceful and prosperous

people. While Solomon in all his glory was receiving the Queen of Sheba in Jerusalem, when the arches of Babylon first spanned the Euphrates, when the towers of Nineveh first cast their shadows into the Tigris, when Jonah threat-

INTERIOR OF A BUDDHIST TEMPLE IN SHANGHAI.

ened Nineveh with destruction, when Isaiah foretold the downfall of Babylon, when Daniel prayed and prophesied—through all these years the Chinese were engaged in agriculture, commerce and literature. China was seven hundred years old when the Israelites crossed the Red Sea. She had existed fifteen centuries when Isaiah prophesied of her future conversion (Isaiah xlix. 12)."

As to the antiquity of Chinese civilization, Dr. Gracey remarks: "It is said that two centuries before Abraham left Ur of the Chaldees, Chinese astronomers had recorded observations which have been verified by modern scientists. When Moses led the Israelites through the wilderness, Chinese laws and literature rivalled, and Chinese religious knowledge ex-

celled, that of Egypt. While Homer was composing and singing the Iliad, China's blind minstrels were celebrating her ancient heroes, whose tombs had already been with them through nearly thirteen centuries. She had, seventeen hundred years ago, a lexicon of language which is still reckoned among her standards. The earliest missionaries found the Chinese with a knowledge of the magnet. Her literature was fully developed before England was invaded by the Norman conquerors. The Chinese invented firearms as early as the reign of England's First Edward, and the art of printing five hundred years before Caxton was born. They made paper A.D. 150, and gunpowder about the commencement of the Christian era.

"Two thousand years ago the forefathers of the present Chinese sold silks to the Romans, and dressed in these fabrics when the inhabitants of the British Isles wore coats of blue paint and fished in willow canoes. Before America was discovered China had a canal twelve hundred miles long. Her great wall was built two hundred and twenty years before Christ was born in Bethlehem. It varies from fifteen to thirty feet in height and breadth, and passes over mountains and through valleys in an unbroken line for fifteen hundred miles. Six horsemen could ride abreast upon it. It contains material enough to build a wall five or six feet high around the globe." It represents more human labour than any other structure on the face of the earth.

"The character of the government and of the people," says Dr. Eugene Smith, "is due, more than to any other cause, to the teachings of the great sage, Confucius, who lived about five hundred years before Christ. He professed to have derived his system of truth from the sages who preceded him, and regarded it as his special mission to preserve from oblivion and to hand down to posterity their works."

"But, notwithstanding all this culture and civilization, the spiritual destitution of the Chinese is not exceeded by that of any other nation in the world. They present a striking illustration of the truth that 'the world by wisdom knew not God,' and that a nation may go on improving in intellectual and social culture, and in a knowledge of the arts and sciences, and be all the while going farther and farther away from God."

The most striking demonstration of this stern fact is seen in the outburst of fierce fanaticism during the last year of the century. No more demoniacal atrocities have been perpetrated by Genghiz Khan or Tamerlane than those of the ferocious Boxers, who inherit the Mongol craft and cruelty of those great conquerors. Unhappily the fierce retribution inflicted by the Mongoloid Cossacks rivalled in cruelty those of the Boxers themselves.

But a new page has been written in the history of the Chinese empire. That colossal structure has received a shock from which it seems impossible that it should recover. The innermost penetralia of its forbidden city, from which the profane feet of "the foreign devils" had been most rigidly excluded, has been invaded; its most sacred structures were occupied by allied forces of Europe; foreign cavalry were stabled in the palaces of the fugitive emperor. The empress herself, the "Sister of the Sun and Moon," became a fugitive from her ivory palace. A righteous retribution was wreaked for the treachery and cruelty of which she was the prime instigator. The murder of the German Ambassador, the siege of the Foreign Legations, the massacre of scores of mission-

aries and of hundreds of native Christians, brought upon the ill-fated city punishment akin to that which overtook, in their pomp and pride and wickedness, the capitals of Babylon and Nineveh.

siege of the Legations, and gives a vivid report of its dramatic scenes. We abridge this report from the pages of The Outlook of New York:

The murder of the Chancellor

BOXERS ASSAULTING A "FOREIGN DEVIL" IN PEKIN.

The most vivid account that we have seen of this tremendous irony of history is that furnished by an eye-witness, the Rev. Arthur H. Smith, who was for many years a missionary in China under the direction of the American Board. He was in Pekin throughout the

of the Japanese Legation, on the 11th of June, was a first gun in the coming battle. It had been preceded, however, two weeks by the destruction of the railway shops, locomotives, and other rolling-stock. As an important and immediate result, marines were at

once ordered from the war-vessels lying off Taku, and without the presence of these marines all foreigners in Pekin would have been exterminated within a week from that time.

On the 13th of June the first attack was made in Pekin on the property of foreigners, and made in an organized way such as to show the breadth and comprehensiveness of the movement. Beginning with the American Methodist Street Chapel, and extending in widening lines, all foreign-built or foreign-owned houses in the city were destroyed, either on that night or those which immediately succeeded. This included all the property of all the missions, as well as many dwelling-houses and buildings belonging to the customs, situated at a distance from the "sphere of influence" of the foreign guards. The large premises of the American Methodist Mission, being guarded, for the moment escaped. From this time on the ravages of the flames were continuous and terrible. They included the Russian establishment in the north-east corner of the city, almost two hundred years old, the eastern and southern Roman Catholic Cathedrals (the northern being bravely and successfully defended by Monsignor Favier and forty marines for more than two months), the Imperial Chinese Bank, the Mint, the Electric Light Works, the Russo-Chinese bank, and the Austrian, Belgian, Italian, and Dutch Legations, as well as many other establishments and private houses, and, more important and significant than all else, the Imperial Maritime Customs-Houses and offices, and the new post-office. These latter were not only the property of the Chinese Government, but the arteries through which a considerable part of its financial life-blood flowed. To destroy them meant, if there is any meaning in insanity, a determination in the Government to sever its own jugular vein.

The railway to Tien-Tsin was absolutely destroyed. The telegraph poles were sawed off near the ground. Everything which had a foreign aspect, everything which was in any way suggestive of foreigners, was included in the general ruin. All the numerous summer-houses at the Western Hills, including the new ones just built at great expense by the British Legation, were reduced to a wreck. The race-course and grand-stand were obliterated, and the Foreign Cemetery desecrated past belief, willows thirty years old being sawed down and carried away, the inclosing walls dug up and actually carried off entirely, the grave-stones and monuments overthrown and pulverized as far as possible, and thirteen of the graves dug into, the corpses taken out and burned, the ground being still strewed with fragments of bones, cloth, and buttons.

Before all this had been accomplished the storm had burst in full upon the native church, which seems to have been well-nigh exterminated, except the few hundreds taken into the ark of safety with the foreigners. The history of the terrible atrocities connected with these murders it is too soon yet to write, but they form an integral part of our theme, and should be mentioned.

On the morning of the 20th of June, Baron von Ketteler, the German Minister, was shot by a Manchu military official. It was an official beginning of a new stage in the great crime which had already progressed so far. Most of the foreigners had already taken shelter within their respective legations. The rest were ordered in, and then began the opening of a rifle-fire on the legations—the eight weeks' siege, only terminated by

the arrival of relief on the 14th of August.

These, then, mentioned in imperfect outline, are the "crimes of Pekin." What has been their punishment?

When the Boxers first arrived in practically limitless numbers, they were distributed like soldiers all over the city, and fed, as soldiers often (but not always) are, at the expense of the people. This would have been a heavy tax, but it was followed by much worse. The Imperial idea seemed to be to supplement the natural deficiencies of the soldiers by the supernatural excellencies of the Boxers. In order "to guard the Legations," large detachments of the troops of Jung-Lu, Commander-in-Chief of the provincial army, and of those of General Tung were brought in. The latter is really a ruffian from the province of Kansu. The "guarding" presently signified the making of war on them. The soldiers were related to the Boxers as much as scorpions to grass-hoppers.

ANCESTOR WORSHIP IN CHINESE FAMILY.

Between them the city was reduced to an acute pitch of misery such as it has never known since the arrival of foreigners. Many families were extinguished, and in others only one or two out of eight or ten members remain alive. Hundreds of house doors are walled up entirely, which often means that there is no one left. The savages from the province of Kansu who followed General Tung speak a strange dialect almost unintelligible to the Pekinese, but they have written their names in blood. They are to the Chinese in Pekin what the Chaldeans from afar were to the ancient Jews, "a hasty and a bitter people." The ruin of all Christian property has been mentioned.

During the week of burning, the relatively few foreign houses by no means sufficed to quench the unquenchable thirst for places to loot and to destroy. On some days one could count six or eight distinct fires in different quarters, the greatest of them all being the destructive conflagration outside the Front Gate of the southern city, where were situated the richest shops and the most flourishing trade of Pekin. The comprador of the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Bank estimated the loss in this fire alone as five million pounds sterling!

When it was once more possible for foreigners to traverse the streets of Pekin, the desolation which met the eye was appalling. Dead soldiers, dead dogs, and dead horses poisoned the air of every region. Lean cats stared wildly at the passer-by from holes broken in the fronts of shops boasting such signs as "Perpetual Abundance," "Springs of Plenty," "Ten Thousand Prosperities," and the oft-quoted maxim from the Great Learning, "There is a highway to the production of wealth." One might read over the door of a place thrice looted, and lying in utter ruin, the cheerful motto, "Peace and Tranquillity." For miles upon miles of the busiest streets of the northern and southern city not a single shop was open for business, and scarcely a group of persons was anywhere to be seen.

The Boxer movement was distinctly anti-foreign, even foreign cloth, watches, and matches being tabooed. One of the permanent mottoes everywhere displayed on their flags were the Chinese words for "Exterminate Foreigners." But the capital of the Chinese Empire had no sooner been occupied and its territory distributed for purposes of patrol among the several military contingents represented, than the Chinese began to adapt themselves to the new relations with the same ease with which water fits itself to the dish into which it is poured. The Japanese, having the command of the Chinese written language, were the first to enter this new field, and in three days the whole city was inundated with little Japanese flags, and thousands of doors began to be ornamented with the legend: "Compliant subjects of the Great Japanese Nation." For some time it was common to meet Chinese with such flags, the upper space blank, and only the words "compliant subjects" inserted, the nation to which they gave in their adherence being left to be filled in later—a striking commentary on the "patriotism" of the Chinese. Of ten men on the streets, eight would probably be furnished with flags (in cheap imitation only, and much the worse for a heavy shower) of different lands. The advice so often given by Chinese to one another not to "follow foreigners" has, then, brought about this result, probably unique in the history of mankind.

Not only are flags made the

GATEWAY TO FORBIDDEN CITY OF PEKIN.

The astronomical instruments on the wall have been used by the Roman Catholic missionaries for two hundred years. They are marvels of artistic bronze work. They have been confiscated by the French and Germans and sent to the museums of Paris and Berlin.

symbol of allegiance to other and unknown countries, but the English language is tortured to compel it to announce this allegiance. "Belong Japan" is the notice on an old shed in the great Ha-Ta Street. "Noble and good Sirs," reads another placard, "please do not shoot us. We are good people." Surely never was there stranger and more unanticipated fulfilment of the prophecy "that the sons of them that afflicted thee shall come bending unto thee," than the circumstance that within a few doors of a temple which served as a Boxer headquarters one now reads the surprising legend, "God Christianity man," while the remainder of the alley is decorated with the reiterated petition: "Pray officer excuse. Here good people."

The temptation to extort money for alleged protection is very great, and it is to be confessed with shame that among the adventurers and scoundrels who follow the army there are those who have trailed the fair name of the United States and Great Britain in the dust. In an especially flagrant case a man termed himself: "Gervais Cook & Company," and blackmailed large numbers of poor Chinese, wresting from them silver, goods, and even the title-deeds of their property, as an equivalent for protection which he had no power to give, and which in Russian patrol territory it was impudent to offer. This individual was tried by court-martial and sentenced to be shot—a sentence none too severe, but not carried out.

To the other and terrible evils inseparable from military occupation must be added that of pillage, which is forbidden in theory by some nations, but practised to some extent by all soldiers. Day after

day long lines of mules may be seen loaded with the loot of silk-shops, cloth-shops, grain-shops, with anything and everything. The British policy is the most scientific; under it everything is turned into a common stock and sold for the benefit of the occupying army. The Russian plan is that of the Middle Ages, slightly modified by a veneer of Christianity. The savagery of some of the Russian troops is simply barbaric, but there is no nation which can throw stones at another in this dreadful matter. And all this has come upon Pekin, and follows the terrible evils which went before.

There is not only no business doing in Pekin, but the very sources of commercial prosperity have been cut up by the roots. In the northern city were four allied banks, each with the character "Heng," denoting Perpetuity, and the syndicate (owned by a Eunuch of the Palace) was supposed to be as safe as the Bank of England. In the third week in June the Chinese soldiers plundered each of the Perpetuities, which have ceased to exist—as have all other cash-shops and banks. The streets are abundantly supplied with bank-bills which blow hither and thither with the gusts of wind and swirls of dust, and are impartially rooted in the gutters by the few surviving pigs.

That the Boxer movement was essentially an Imperial one is now proved beyond doubt. Its yellow handbills are headed with the words, "Chin Ming," denoting "in accordance with Imperial Orders," and its proclamations embody the same language. The Boxers even went to the length of issuing a new coin of enormous size and thickness, with the legend, "The Empire at Peace," a prophecy remote from the facts as developed. The Manchu and Mongol palaces in which these schemes were devised and carried out are now abandoned. Prince Tuan is reported to have set fire to his palace before he left Pekin. That of Prince Chuang is occupied as Japanese headquarters. The hated missionaries, and the remnant of the flock whom they have succeeded in saving, are now living in the handsome dwellings of some of those who lately tried to kill them, as the children of Israel occupied the fenced cities in the land of Canaan, cities which they neither built nor bought.

The capital of a country is that country in small, and Pekin is patrolled and governed by "The Powers," which issue proclamations in Chinese forbidding disorder, and directing those who may have complaints to whom to go. The city gates are the centre of its life and the symbols of its power. The outer brick tower of the Ch'ien-Men caught fire from the great conflagration set by the Boxers, and made a magnificent spectacle while it was burning for a day and a night. The other tower was accidentally burned late in August. Fire was also set to the outer tower of the Ha-Ta Gate the day after the foreign troops arrived. It is now a wreck, having afforded a picturesque sight to those who witnessed the bombardment of the southern approaches to the Palace, August 15, when the three outer gates were blown in by American guns. The Tung-Pien and Sha-Kuo gates of the southern city were each broken in by shells the day before; and all the nine gates of the northern city, as well as the seven remaining ones of the southern city, are guarded by troops of the eight powers co-operating in a military occupation. The stern portcullis of the outer tower of the Front Gate (never opened except when the Emperor passed through) is destroyed, and for the first time there is a straight

CHINESE BANK, IN NATIVE QUARTER, TIEN-TSIN.

road from the palace grounds to the southern city, not for the Emperor, but for every Chinese and every foreigner alike. It is a Great-Wall-of-China obliterated at a blow.

Within the last-named gate, on the western side of the great street, is a spacious inclosure known as the Temple of Agriculture, the main contents of which are two large halls and a smaller one to one side. The latter was used for the storage of the gilded and lacquered specimens of agricultural implements—the plough, the seed-drill, the harrow, the brush-harrow, the spade, the broom, the pitchfork, and smaller utensils such as baskets and broad hats. All of these are unceremoniously hustled into the open air, and some of the smaller articles furnish convenient fuel for the United States Infantry, whose officers make the building their headquarters. The rear hall is now a hospital, and flies the Red Cross flag, while the front hall is the commissariat headquarters of the American detachment of the United States army of occupation, and displays long rows of hams, cases of tobacco, boxes of army beans, and barrels of beef.

The marble altar where the Emperor worships old legendary Shen-Nung is a convenient place for the cavalry horses to be left in charge of the nearest coolie, and the choice spot of earth which the Emperor is supposed to cultivate with his own hand every successive spring, as an example to the tillers of the soil all over the empire, is, amid the dense growth of omnipresent weeds, quite indistinguishable.

Across the wide street opposite the Temple of Agriculture, with its Altar to Earth, is the vast area, at least a mile on each face, inclosing the Temple of Heaven. For many, many years it was absolutely inaccessible to foreigners, and even during the minority of the present Emperor it has always been difficult to set one's foot inside. Now there is not a single Chinese anywhere to be seen, the keepers having been all driven away by the British when they

took possession immediately on reaching Pekin. One can drive his cart right up to the lofty terrace leading to the triple cerulean domes denoting the threefold heaven. Each gate is sentried by a swarthy Sikh soldier—the personification of the domination of a greater empire than that of Rome in its best days—who merely glances at you as you pass, or asks unintelligible questions in Hindustani, and makes a respectful salaam when he is informed in several European languages as well as in Chinese that you are unable to catch the drift of his observations.

The door to the great circular building devoted to the ancestral tablets of the old Manchu dynasty stands wide open. It contains a huge tablet on the northern side to Imperial Heaven, and eight cases—four on a side—to the eight Emperors who have thus far reigned during the past two hundred and fifty-six years. Every one of the eight cases, with heavy carved doors, has been broken open, and every one of the eight tablets to the deified ancestors has been taken away by British officers for transmission to the British Museum—an act of more than justifiable reprisal for Chinese treatment of the foreign cemetery, and also perhaps the most stunning blow which the system of ancestral worship ever received.

The Emperor's Hall of Fasting is used as the headquarters of the British army in this part of the city, and every day it is partly filled with many cart-loads of loot—silks, furs, silver, and jade ornaments, embroidered clothing, and the like—which is daily forwarded to the British Legation, where it is sold at auction for the benefit of the army, and is soon replaced by as much more. The personal apartments of the Emperor in the rear serve as the bedrooms of the officers, who look mildly surprised when the circumstance is communicated to them at their dinner, and merely give an inquiring glance, as much as to say, "Well, what of it, don't you know?"

The Government of China has always been conducted through the

PORCELAIN PALACE, NEAR PEKIN.

agency of the six Boards: of War, Rites, Works, Revenue, Civil Office, and Punishments, mostly situated on a street named after one of the most important ones—the Board of War. At the wide doors concealing the arcana of this Chinese official life, foreigners have for the most part hitherto gazed from afar. At present the doors of all stand wide open, and any who list can wander through the courts at will. The Board of War is the headquarters of an Indian regiment, the tall and dusky warriors of the hill tribes of the Indian frontier making

themselves at home in the ample apartments at their disposal.

The thrifty Japanese contrived to get the west side of this same street redistributed so as to come within their lines, and then sent a caravan of mules working day and night for a long period, and carried off from the Board of Revenue treasury a sum reported to be at least three million taels of silver ingots. This same Oriental race, who appeared to know much more about Pekin than the Pekinese themselves, promptly fastened their talons on all the principal Imperial

A MOB OUTSIDE A MISSION STATION.

granaries, and are said to have in their possession rice to the value of 7,500,000 gold dollars—their indemnity being thus automatically paid with no diplomatic pressure whatever, or any consent asked of any "Power."

Immediately to the south of the Imperial city, and adjacent to the British Legation on the north-western side, lies a large tract inclosed by a lofty wall, which is generally known as the Carriage Park. There are several spacious halls, one of them among the very largest to be found anywhere in China, and these are designed for the storage of the various sedan-chairs, chariots, and vehicles of strange and hitherto undescribed varieties built or presented for Imperial use. This Carriage Park, it should be noted, was a grievous thorn in the side of the besieged occupants of the Legation throughout the siege, as one of the most threatening barricades was built in it, and the rifle-shots from that quarter were incessant. It was suspected, moreover, that it was intended to explode a mine under some of the nearest Legation buildings, only a few rods distant—a suspicion which proved to have been well founded, as the mine had been dug and the fuse was prepared.

The British relief corps had no sooner occupied the Legation than a hole was blown in the Carriage Park wall by means of dynamite, and the swarthy Pathans and Beluchis filed into the large pastures thus placed at their disposal. It did not take long to run out of doors the lacquered red and yellow Imperial equipages, where they were afterwards exposed to the vicissitudes of the hot August sun and the pouring rains. Mountains of paraphernalia were found in every building—silk cushions, satin pillows, gorgeous harnesses and trappings of every description and of no description at all. Mule-loads of this elegant rubbish were brought into the Legation for sale by auction, or perhaps for transmission to the distant Isle of the Ocean whence came the "fierce and untamable Barbarian" (as the British used to be termed in Chinese despatches). Both in the expansive grounds of the Carriage Park and in the far larger ones of the Temple of Heaven, parks of artillery stand serenely awaiting fresh orders, the mules meantime trampling in the mire hundreds of moth-eaten official hats made of felt, and furlongs of once elegant and costly silk coverings of bridal

chairs and palanquins. The tall weeds, undisturbed for no one can say how long by the hand of man or the hoof of beast, rapidly disappear, and the entire spectacle is one adapted to make Celestials weep.

Adjoining the Carriage Park on the east, and the British Legation on the north, stood the series of extensive courtyards and halls which contained the Han-Lin, or Imperial Chinese University of highest grade, one of the most ancient and most famous seats of learning in the world. During the early days of the siege, the happy idea occurred to the Chinese that, with the wind in the north, to set fire to the Han-Lin would be to roast the British Legation and every one in it. As a result of herculean efforts the fires were put out, but nearly all the halls were destroyed. The principal literary monument of the most ancient people in the world was obliterated in an afternoon, and the wooden stereotype plates of the most valuable works became a prey to the flames, or were used in building barricades, or as kindling by the British marines. Priceless literary treasures were tumbled into the lotus ponds, wet with the floods of water used to extinguish the fires, and later buried after they had begun to rot, to diminish the disagreeable odour.

Expensive camphor-wood cases containing the rare and unique Encyclopaedia of Yung-Le (a lexicographical work resembling the Century Dictionary, but probably many hundred times as extensive) were filled with earth to form a part of the ramparts for defence, while the innumerable volumes comprising this great thesaurus were dispersed in every direction, probably to every library in Europe, as well as to innumerable private collections, not a few of the volumes being thrown into the common heap to mould and to be buried like the rest. Thousands of Han-Lin essays lay about the premises, the sport of every breeze, serving as fire-wood for the troops. Odd volumes of choice works furnished the waste-paper of the entire Legation for nearly two months, and were found in the kitchens, used by the coolies as pads for carrying bricks on their shoulders, and lay in piles in the outer streets and were ground into tatters under the wheels of passing carts when traffic was once more resumed. Of the varied forms of Nemesis connected with the uprising against foreigners in China, the fate of the ancient and famous Han-Lin takes perhaps the foremost place. Out of twenty or twenty-five halls, but two remain, and it is impossible not to see that the ideas which this university represented have received a refutation which must convince even the most obstinate of Confucianists that the past era is for ever closed.

The part which the Tsungli-Yamen, or Foreign Office, has taken in the relations between China and the West has been already mentioned. It has been an Oriental circumlocution office, not to transact but to prevent the transaction of business. It is itself an epitome of the double-dealing, shuffling, and treacherous policy which has marked the course of China's intercourse with her "Sister Nations." A just fate has overtaken it, for it is now guarded by a party of Japanese soldiers, and the various interpreters of the Legations went on a set day and unitedly sealed each the bureau containing the records of the correspondence with his own country, so that they are in the safe custody of all the Powers, while not accessible to any one—least of all to the Chinese. Surely the humiliation of a great empire could scarcely go lower than this.

The single individual responsible before God and man for the misery

and ruin which the progress of the Boxers has brought in its train is the Empress Dowager herself. It was she who fostered the scheme, and it was she who poured oil upon the flames which she professed to be trying to subdue.

Next in importance, owing to his position, was Prince Tuan, father of the youth selected last winter as the successor of the present Emperor, Kuangsu. The Empress is supposed to have been most influenced by Prince Tuan's advice, as he had more at stake than any other subject.

By an Imperial Decree of June 21, published in the Pekin Gazette, Prince Chuang was appointed the official head of the Boxer militia.

Yu-Lu, the Governor-General of the province of Chili, was a supple tool of the Empress throughout, blowing now hot and now cold as the political barometer seemed to demand.

Kang, popularly known as "Lord High Extortioner," was sent through the central and southern provinces last winter to squeeze out more funds for Imperial wastefulness to squander, and was in everything a dutiful henchman of his imperial and evil-minded mistress.

With the exception of General Tung, those just named are Manchus, who had contrived to absorb almost all the highest places in the empire, to the exclusion of the Chinese.

On the morning of the 28th of August, two weeks after the occupation of Pekin, small detachments of the eight military forces concerned, marching in the order of the numbers of troops embarked in the campaign, made a formal entry into the Forbidden City and were there reviewed by the senior general in command, after which the British field artillery fired a salute of one-and-twenty guns, to indicate that the occupation in force of the innermost shrine of

ENTRANCE TO EXAMINATION HALLS.

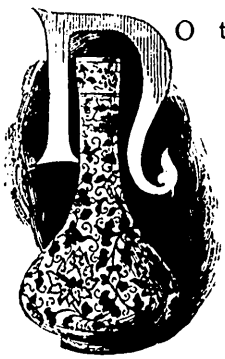
Chinese exclusiveness was now completely accomplished. Thus was added the last touch to the punishment of Pekin.

What is it that the Manchu nobles and the Empress Dowager have achieved in their effort to exterminate the Ocean Men, and to drive Western civilization out of the Celestial Empire? Disaster, humiliation, and abject defeat such as in modern days is rare, not to say unexampled. In a tempest of insane passion they have exiled themselves, put an end to Manchu domination, and lost the Decree of Heaven by which alone they have claimed to rule. "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad."

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY AND MISSIONS.

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER SUTHERLAND, D.D.,

Missionary Secretary of the Methodist Church.



NO thoughtful student of the Scriptures and of the signs of the times will question the statement that in the coming century the missionary idea will dominate the thought and direct the energies of the Church of Christ. Not only will it stand foremost of the great schemes of Christian benevolence, but it will be regarded, and justly so, as more important than all other enterprises put together. In saying this I do not undervalue other aspects of Christian work, but simply recognize their relative importance. The evangelization of the world was the dominant idea among the primitive Christians, and while it remained the growth of the Church was the marvel of the age. But in course of time there came a sad and ominous change. The Church became worldly and self-centred, and the evangelistic fire declined. Coquetting with the powers of this world, she became enslaved. Elaborating systems of doctrine she introduced bitter controversies, some of which have not ceased to this day. Looking to her own aggrandizement, she forgot the terms of her great commission, and gave more thought to the perfecting of an organization than she did to the evangelization of the world.

But a marked change has taken place in the last hundred years. The divine enterprise of missions, which even half a century ago was a mere side issue, has now become the main question. The trend of thought in the Church has entirely changed. To-day vast numbers of Christians are thinking less about the Church, and more about the commands of Jesus Christ, and they begin to see that preaching the Gospel to the whole creation is of infinitely greater moment than to build cathedrals, or endow colleges, or administer ordinances. If this whole matter were brought to a decisive issue, the resultant verdict might be more than startling. If the Master should suddenly return to take account of His servants, and to inquire how His last command has been obeyed, we might call His attention to the costly churches we had built, the seats of learning we had endowed, the charitable institutions we had supported, the fidelity and impressiveness with which we had administered the ordinances of religion, and think ourselves fairly justified. But what if the Master should reply, as of old He replied through the mouth of the prophet, "Who hath required these things at your hands to tread my courts?" or, surveying the enterprises on which we had expended so much, should say to us as He said to the Pharisees, "These ought ye to have done, and not to have left the other undone."

The changed view, and consequent change of attitude, of which I speak, is not a mere phase of opinion, that will quickly pass away; it is a deep conviction, resulting from a great spiritual im-

pulse and a clearer understanding of God's will and purpose concerning the world. It has not been the discovery of a new truth, but the revival of an old truth, once foremost in the Church's working creed, but for centuries held in abeyance in a state of suspended animation. Its restoration to vigorous life, and to its rightful place, is due, under God, to the great revival of the eighteenth century, when the conception of a world-wide evangelization took concrete form in the memorable sentence, "The world is my parish." In the spirit of this inspiring watchword the Churches are now surveying the world's harvest fields, and they are laying plans and mapping out territory with a view to the speedy accomplishment of the Saviour's last command.

In the coming century there will be a clearer conception of the scope and meaning of the Great Commission. The Master's command to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to the whole creation, indicated at once the breadth of the commission and the scope of the message. That the Gospel is designed for the whole world is one of the commonplaces of Christian belief, and its adaptation to all classes and conditions of men is generally recognized. If this belief were always joined to a deep and abiding sense of responsibility in proclaiming the Gospel, it would become what it was intended to be—a mighty evangelizing force; but the tendency to separate belief from practice, and to divorce responsibility from opportunity, is so insidious and wide-spread, that the power of faith is largely neutralized, and the urgency of the great commission is practically ignored.

The Church needs arousing on this line. The command of Christ is not an obsolete form of words, nor is the Gospel of Christ an extinct force. The very purpose for which He became incarnate was to set up the kingdom of heaven among men; a kingdom not in the sense of an ideal government, but an ideal community, of men and women whose hearts are renewed in righteousness by the power of the Holy Ghost. The great agency to this end is the Gospel, and this is so adapted to the needs of men everywhere, and to the results which Christ seeks to achieve, that we can neither improve upon the Message itself nor upon Christ's method of diffusing it abroad. If the aim of Jesus Christ is a universal kingdom, the Gospel which is the prime factor in its extension must be a universal Gospel, and the commission for its proclamation must be a universal commission. Neither the record itself nor the condition of the human race permit of any other interpretation. There is a common need which must be met by a common remedy, and there is no agency save the Church of God whereby that remedy can be made known.

There will be, in the near future, a fuller understanding of the magnitude of the work and of the difficulties to be encountered. This is not only important but absolutely necessary, if only that our plans and appliances may be commensurate with the greatness of the undertaking. If our task is the evangelization of a race, the spiritual conquest of a world, it may be well to sit down and consider whether we be able with our little contingents to meet him that cometh against us—not with twenty thousand—but with countless millions of heathen at his back.

While estimating at its full value the work already done, it would be folly to suppose that the campaign is nearly over, and that we have nothing to do but gather in the spoils. Neither should we deceive ourselves with the idea that the

future onward march of Christianity will be unopposed. By sacrifice and suffering the divine kingdom was inaugurated, by sacrifice and suffering it must be carried to its final sway. "A great and effectual door is opened, but there are many adversaries." Millions of heathen still sacrifice to demons, and cause their children to "pass to murderer Moloch through the fire." The Crescent is still the symbol of undying hatred to the Crucified, and Mohammed and Buddha have yet more followers than Christ. In lands professedly Christian a perverted Christianity enslaves the human intellect, and putting human traditions before the living oracles, shuts up the kingdom of heaven from men. A thinly disguised atheism, not one whit kinder but only little craftier than of yore, invokes the sacred name of liberty for its protection, so that under the aegis of Christian laws it may be free to poison our literature and pollute our Sabbaths. Worst of all, on every side is felt the pressure of worldliness, sending one man to his farm and another to his merchandise, closing their ears to the cry of the perishing, and withholding from God's cause the aid it so urgently demands.

And yet all this has its hopeful side; for with this enlarged conception of the magnitude of the work and the greatness of the difficulties will come a corresponding broadening of plans and enlargement of appliances. Playing at Missions will no longer be tolerated. Guerilla warfare will be felt to be out of place in such a campaign. The whole army must be mobilized and all the reserves called out. We are entering, with the new century, upon the last and decisive stage of the great world-conflict, and with eternal issues hanging in the balance we cannot afford to plan for a mere holiday parade.

The missionary enterprise of the twentieth century will be characterized by a far deeper sense of personal obligation. It is not conceivable that the command to preach the Gospel to the whole creation was limited to the twelve apostles, or even to the body of believers who at that time numbered only a few hundreds. To interpret the words in that narrow sense would be tantamount to saying that Christ laid upon His immediate followers a task that was utterly beyond their power. What He said to the twelve, or to the one hundred and twenty, or to the "five hundred brethren at once," was for the instruction of after ages as well as their own. Christ's disciples are to be witnesses, testifying to what they have felt and seen and known of the Gospel as the power of God unto salvation. No man is exempt from the injunction to "go quickly and tell," but evidently all are not called to the same field or required to preach the Gospel in the same way.

Among all the believers at Antioch where the disciples were first called Christians, there were only two concerning whom the Holy Ghost said, "Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them." That work was to preach the Gospel to the heathen, and although the field was vast and the needs were great, it is worthy of remark that Barnabas and Saul did not send urgent appeals to the Home Churches for large reinforcements of men and money to carry on the work. Perhaps they believed that the Holy Spirit who had called them could call and qualify others from among the converts in each place to be pastors and teachers of the gathered flocks. In other words, they kept in view the true plan of the

Gospel campaign which recognized the necessity for leaders here and there—apostles, prophets, evangelists—to plant churches and to lead the hosts, but at the same time laid upon every convert the duty of witnessing for the Lord Jesus, at least in his own neighbourhood and among his own friends.

If any think they are exempted from this service, it would be well for them to inquire on what grounds. It cannot be for lack of time, for as some one has quaintly expressed it, you have all the time there is, and it does not require much time to speak a word to those with whom you are in daily association. It cannot be for lack of means, for the capital required in this business is not gold and silver, but faith and love and the power of the Holy Ghost, and these can be had for the asking. It cannot be for lack of talent, for although talent the highest and the best is not too good for this service, and God can sanctify such to the noblest ends, yet talent the smallest may suffice to distribute the "five barley cakes and two small fishes," and these with Christ's blessing will multiply so that a great multitude shall be fed. It takes slender ability to sin, but whoever can sin can be saved from sin, and whoever can be saved from sin can tell of salvation.

When one reads how the Gospel was spread abroad in primitive days, it might almost lead him to doubt whether some of our modern methods are not a mistake. With a command so imperative, with a need so urgent, with forces in the field so inadequate to cope with the work to be done, above all with nearly nineteen centuries behind us and the task of evangelizing the world only fairly begun, it does seem as if there must be some other way by which we can more quickly "preach the Gospel to the whole creation." To fulfil a task so simple, why must we have such cumbrous and complicated machinery? and why should it be necessary to guarantee a good salary before one can obey the command to "go"? Surely a sense of responsibility such as the command of Christ implies should go far to effect a cure.

Missions in the twentieth century will be characterized by a recognition of the duties and responsibilities of Christian stewardship far beyond what has been known since the days of primitive Christianity. In this respect the Church is slowly but surely reverting to first principles. For many centuries property in the Church has been held as a personal possession, but in the Apostolic Church it was not so. There the right of private ownership gave way to the responsibilities of Christian stewardship, and thenceforth, for nearly three hundred years, property was held as a trust, and so administered. This was not due to any express commandment, but to a divine impulse, springing from the love of God in the soul. Private rights were not formally abrogated; they were voluntarily surrendered with a view to a greater good.

The extent of this surrender is indicated by the account given in the fourth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. "And the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and soul; and not one of them said that aught of the things he possessed was his own, but they had all things common. And with great power gave the apostles their witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus, and great grace was upon them all. For neither was there among them any that lacked; for as many as were possessed of lands or houses sold them, and brought the prices of the things that were sold, and laid them at the apostles' feet;

and distribution was made unto each according as any one had need."

If a question should arise as to how far the practice of the Apostolic Church is binding upon Christians now, the obvious answer is that the underlying principle is as binding as ever, but that methods may not necessarily be the same. In primitive times the formation of a common fund was made necessary by the circumstances in which the Christians were placed as a proscribed people, liable to be despoiled of their goods at any moment through persecution. But when the number of believers had greatly multiplied the method of one common fund was no longer practical. It was then that the principle of individual stewardship came into prominence, each believer holding his possessions as a trust and administering the same for the common good.

In course of time this principle was entirely lost sight of, and the practice of Christians respecting the use of property was regulated by maxims of worldly prudence and selfishness rather than by the precepts and spirit of the Gospel. A marked change is taking place, although it seems to be slow. There is a growing conviction that modern charity, so called, is a very poor substitute for Gospel stewardship. Within half a century much has been said and written respecting the tithing of income for religious and benevolent uses, and not a few have adopted the principle. This, though an improvement on former practice, halts far short of the Gospel standard. Though useful as a tentative measure, it must not be regarded as a finality. In fact, almost the only value of the tithing system is that it establishes a minimum, below which our gifts to God's cause must not go, but the principle of stewardship is far better.

With this reviving sense of the duties and responsibilities of Christian stewardship, why may we expect that much of the Church's wealth will take the direction of missions? For several reasons:

1. In the providence of God the great bulk of the world's wealth has been placed in the keeping of Christian nations, so called.

2. Of this wealth a goodly share is controlled by Christian men, who recognize their responsibilities Godward and desire to meet them in all fidelity.

3. There is a growing conviction that among all the enterprises of the Church of God there is not one so important or so urgent as the evangelization of the world.

4. Thoughtful men are beginning to see that responsibility rests with equal weight upon those who go to the mission field and those who stay at home. There would seem to be a tacit understanding that he who goes out into the home or foreign field to preach the Gospel should be content with a bare living, and has no right to ask for more. But if this understanding is well founded, is not he who stays at home responsible in the same way and to the same extent—that is, to be content with a bare living, holding the rest of his possessions in trust for the Master, to be administered as conscience and the providence of God may direct to enlighten and uplift the world and extend Christ's kingdom among men? Should this "meat" be considered too strong for average Christians, a little "milk of the Word" may be administered by reminding them that a mere fraction of the wealth they now possess—a fraction so small as to be almost invisible—would suffice to meet the needs of the missionary enterprise. In our own Church alone an average of one cent a day from each communicant would give an an-

nual income of one million dollars with twenty-nine thousand dollars to spare.

I anticipate also in the coming century a revival of the old spirit of flaming evangelism which, while not neglecting its next-door neighbour, impelled men to go to the very ends of the earth. This has been the leading characteristic of all great spiritual movements from Pentecost until now, and such a revival is essential if the world is to be evangelized at all, much more if it is to be evangelized in this generation. Napoleon is credited with the remark that "the army that remains entrenched is already beaten." That the remark is not universally true was subsequently proved when Napoleon's watchful adversary lay for months entrenched behind the lines of Torres Vedras, baffling a French army of equal numbers, and ultimately compelling them to retreat. But whether true in military strategy or not, the saying is eminently true of the Christian Church.

Christ's conception of his Church is an army on the march—not shut up in barracks or lying behind entrenchments. A world is to be conquered, and this never can be done by a Church that merely stands on the defensive. From the day when the Holy Spirit came down upon the disciples their policy was to be one of ceaseless aggression. To them inactivity meant disaster, and supineness was the sure precursor of defeat. Only by advance could they hold the ground already taken and consolidate the victories already gained. The vision that seemed to be always before the mind of the Master was that of a whole world reclaimed from revolt and renewed in righteousness before God, and this vision he sought to impress upon the thought of his followers as an incentive to constant and ceaseless endeavour. Till the last sinner was reached, the last rebel subdued, the great commission could not be cancelled nor could its urgency be relaxed. Everywhere and always the first duty of the faithful disciple is to "go."

The indications that a revival of the old evangelistic spirit is coming upon the Church are neither few nor small. A certain astronomer, when relating his experience with a splendid new telescope, said, "As the object glass, moved by automatic clock-work, passed slowly across the face of the heavens, I felt Sirius announcing himself from a great distance, and presently he rushed into the field of vision with such overpowering splendour that I had to withdraw my eye from the dazzling object." Is not the Holy Spirit thus "announcing himself" in the signs of the times? The thought of the Christian world is turning more and more toward the great missionary enterprise. The Churches are planning for vaster campaigns. Desire for the world's salvation is more intense. Prayer for a new Pentecost is more fervent and believing. The sense of individual responsibility grows apace, and thousands are saying, "Here am I, send me." The tithes are being brought into the storehouse that we may prove God's promises. The captains of the host are taking counsel together that all things may be in readiness. Above all a spirit of eager expectancy is growing in the Churches, and earnest souls are looking for far greater things than we have hitherto asked or thought.

One of the most marked features in twentieth century missions will be the spirit and practice of co-operation instead of competition among the Churches. In the infancy of the missionary enterprise the evils of rivalry and competition were almost unknown. In the earlier half of the nineteenth cen-

tury but few societies had entered the foreign field, and their missionaries were so few in number and so widely scattered that most of them would have welcomed the advent of other workers into their lonely stations, and there was little ground to complain of the waste of men and money. But in the latter half of the century all this has been changed. The number of societies has greatly increased, and in some fields there has been an almost reckless multiplication of agencies, while other parts of the great world-vineyard were left untilled.

The reasons for this are obvious. There was, until recently, no consultation between the governing boards of the different societies, no knowledge of each other's plans, nor, it is to be feared, any disposition to consider each other's interests in the selection of territory and the disposition of forces. So serious have been the evils growing out of this policy that one missionary declared in the London Missionary Conference that all the troubles he had met with in eleven years of missionary life had not caused him so much pain and discouragement as the trouble arising from rivalry. And the testimony of other missionaries, if not quite so emphatic, was substantially in the same direction.

The Missionary Conferences of the last two decades, and still more the Annual Conference of representatives of Mission Boards in the United States and Canada in the last decade, have not only called attention to the evils of competition and rivalry, but have suggested methods of avoiding such rivalry in the future. At the recent Ecumenical Missionary Conference in New York, there was remarkable unanimity of opinion in favour of a policy of comity and co-operation. Some have gone so far as to contend that the aim of the mission movement should be the establishment of a common Christian Church in each land, and not the extension and perpetuation of those divisions of the Church which owe their origin to historic situations significant to us, but of little or no significance to the young mission churches.

Some may think such an aim Utopian at the present juncture, but nearly all the missionaries, and very many members of the Home Boards, are now of the opinion that comity and co-operation are quite practicable in regard to division of territory, overlapping of agencies, the use of missionary money as regards stipends of native workers, higher education, hospital work, and printing and publishing interests. There can be no doubt that a mutual adjustment of plans along these lines, with consolidation of the work of different societies whose systems of doctrine and church order are similar, would result not only in a great saving of missionary money, now practically wasted, but would promote the spirit of true brotherhood and hasten the coming of the kingdom throughout the world.

Lastly, the missionary enterprise of the twentieth century will be characterized by a vast exodus of missionaries to the foreign field. I infer this from several considerations:

1. The whole world is now practically open to the Christian missionary; hence the demand for immense reinforcements is more urgent and imperative than ever before.

2. For years the prayers of the Church have been going up that God would thrust forth labourers into his harvest. And our God still answers prayer.

3. A manifest answer to these prayers is seen in the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions. Of the five thousand,

more or less, who have volunteered for service, not less than ten per cent. have already been sent forth by the Churches, and the number is increasing daily.

4. As the natural and necessary complement of the students' uprising, we have the Young People's Forward Movement for Missions. Less than five years ago the movement began in our own country and in our own Church. It had for its object the training of our young people to pray daily for missions, to study the missionary question in all its aspects, to give systematically to the cause, and, last but not least, to give loyal support to the missionary work of their own Church. Already it has spread to the United States and England. It has been adopted by the Methodist Episcopal Church and by the American Board, and each has appointed a Secretary for this especial work. Other Churches are preparing to follow, and soon the movement will be universal.

With these facts in view—with the whole world open, with prayer going up unceasingly for labourers, with volunteers coming forward in thousands, with the young people organizing everywhere for aggressive work—is not it a foregone conclusion that not only the coming century but the present generation will witness an exodus of missionaries such as the Church has not dreamed of in the past.

A summons from the Captain of our Salvation is ringing in our ears, but it is not to a mere dress rehearsal of "Forward the Light Brigade," as though He would send a forlorn hope—a "noble six hundred"—to charge an army. There are times when such examples of heroism and devotion are needed; times when Gideon's three hundred must face the hosts of Midian; or when Leonidas with his three hundred must guard Thermopylae's pass; or when some "dauntless three" must "keep the bridge" against the serried ranks of sin. But to-day the signal is for an advance of the whole line, a summons to every man, woman and child who follows the banner of our conquering King, to take their place in the ranks and march right onward to the spiritual conquest of the world. The summons is unmistakable.

> "To doubt would be disloyalty,
> To falter would be sin."

It is in a forward movement that the path of safety lies. To tarry behind is to perish in the overthrow of Pharaoh's host when triumphant Israel shall sing, "The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea."

NEW YEAR, 1901.

One greeting more to one of noble fame,
Our comrade since our birth; our fathers', too;
Into whose springtime hopes our grandsires came,
Whose promises to them for us came true.

What struggles and what gains have filled his day!
What peerless triumphs of a mind set free!
What stubborn shrinking, oftentimes to pay
The woeful birth-price of the is-to-be.

Hoary, sublime, deathless yet doomed to die,
No other New Year's dawning his shall be.
Vouchsafe him, Time, such end that men shall cry—
"Grand was thy passing, Nineteenth Century!"

—*E. S. Martin, in "Scribner's."*

EDUCATION FOR THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

BY JOHN MILLAR, B.A.,

Deputy Minister of Education for the Province of Ontario.

AS we approach the close of the nineteenth century every thoughtful citizen is anxious about the future. New problems present themselves to us for solution, and the outlook has its difficulties as well as its hopes. The educational progress of the present century has been marvellous. The contrast between the knowledge of today and that of one hundred years ago is too striking to need illustration. Never was education appreciated more than now. If full liberty is granted to the light of truth, the progress of the nineteenth century will sink into insignificance compared with what the twentieth century may reveal.

The education needed in the century to come will have some features which will cause it to differ considerably from that of the present. To state the matter clearly at the outset, it may be said that the education of the twentieth century will have three main characteristics:

(1) It will be democratic;

(2) The courses of study will be adapted to modern requirements; and

(3) Character, instead of knowledge, will have first place in the direction of educational forces.

(1) Democratic education is, comparatively speaking, new, and its attainable objects are not yet fully understood. It is only within a short period that intelligent people believed in the permanency of democratic institutions. One hundred years ago democracy was a chimera. The horrible spectacle of the French Revolution was before every one's mind. The admirers of aristocratic institutions hoped for the failure of the American system of government. The overthrow of Maximilian in Mexico, and the failure of the Southern Confederacy, dispelled the hopes of those who expected self government to be impossible. The collapse of Louis Napoleon even revived extravagant impressions regarding the instability of republics. Opinions have, however, changed, though some admirers of older systems may yet shake their heads. The people of Anglo-Saxon communities at least recognize that the failure of democracy means the failure of civilization, and its grandest success will undoubtedly be found in those countries over which floats the British flag. Whatever is inseparable from democracy cannot be overlooked. In democratic society the people must be educated, and the education of no class can be neglected. It is only in modern times that this view has gained acceptance. Plato taught that the people who laboured in a model commonwealth needed no education whatever.

Lest this may be regarded as a startling view to come from a philosopher, it should be remembered that not very long ago similar sentiments were held by many intelligent people. It is only about a generation since in the Southern States it was a crime to teach reading to the labouring classes. Universal education in Germany only dates from the First Napoleon. Until their defeat at Sedan, the

French never thought of giving the masses of the people an elementary education. England, one of the foremost nations in higher education, had no system of public instruction for the poor until thirty years ago. Is it not a fact also that even in our own day the statement is occasionally made that there is a danger of "over-education"? So long as people fear evil to the country from having too many educated persons, so long may it be assumed that more education is necessary in order to dispel such illogical conclusions.

Too many persons regard popular education only as if it were a protection against superstition and disorder. They look upon education as a measure of police. They are friendly to education only so far as it may be a means of increasing the material productiveness of the country. By them education is prized, not because it gives the nation good men and good women, but because it secures more wheat, more railroads, more machinery, and more tall chimneys.

It should at once be recognized that the stream of democracy cannot be turned back or permanently checked. Kidd, in his "Social Evolution," has pointed out "that we are face to face with new conditions in the evolution of civilization." The dangers arising from a class privileged on account of birth, are over. There are, however, dangers arising from the existence of a class privileged on account of wealth. The danger which confronts modern institutions is not aristocracy, but plutocracy. The welfare of the nation is not assured if there exists any class of people in the community debarred by artificial circumstances from having their right share in public affairs. The promise of a "full dinner pail" to the mechanic is not enough. The talk of education unfitting poor people for their station in life is repugnant to the belief in the brotherhood of mankind.

Democratic education should inculcate the essential unity of all classes. The endless diversities of function, capacity and achievement among individuals should be recognized as advantageous to civilization. Equality of condition is a phantom; but equality of opportunity should not be overlooked. Progress will not remove all inequalities; indeed, "progress and inequality" are inseparable. It should be a fundamental object of democracy—the elevation of the masses. All civilizing agencies that do not benefit the poor are foreign to the genius of the democratic spirit. The discovery and the development of the ability of every child in the community, should be the aim of democratic education. Society is interested in making the most of every useful gift or faculty which each member of the community possesses. The boy who has natural endowments which would fit him to occupy a high position in public life, should, in the interests of the state, have such opportunities placed within his reach as will enable the community to obtain the full advantages of the gifts which Providence has bestowed.

It is now fully acknowledged that elementary education should be free. Free public libraries are regarded as the necessary complement of free schools. Free text books have been adopted in many places; and wherever adopted they have come to stay. It is to be regretted, however, that the spirit of selfishness induces some communities to close the door of higher education to every one whose father has not money. To the credit of the American people, the High Schools in nearly all parts of the Union are free; indeed, in some of the United States free High

Schools are guaranteed by statute. It is safe to say that the people of the American Republic, judged by their enterprise and progress, have made no mistake in the liberal provisions made for secondary education. In England, where progress is generally sure though slow, the demand for higher education for the masses of the people is making itself felt in the agitation over what is practically secondary education under the control of the Board Schools. Nova Scotia has adopted the policy of the Eastern States in having the High Schools free. In Ontario, it is optional with High School Boards to impose fees, but, unfortunately, in many cities and towns the power is exercised in the interests of the wealthy classes. It would be well for the Province to take warning. If our country is to make progress, all classes should have an opportunity of acquiring that education which will tend to national development. Too often it is heard that those who wish a High School education should pay for it themselves. This sentiment is not only undemocratic, but it is un-Christian. Selfishness is at the bottom of any policy which shuts out the children of the poor man from gaining an education. It should be recognized by all, that the poor boy who rises to honourable prominence in any community more than recoups the public treasury for any outlay it has made in his behalf. It is a fact that among the rich there is often found much intellectual and moral degeneracy. The sons of rich men frequently turn out worthless. It is in the interests of the state to enable the children of the poor to replace the loss which this degeneracy causes.

(2) The courses of study should be adapted to the requirements of the age and the conditions of the country. It is still a debatable question, what knowledge is worth most. Differences of opinion are expressed respecting the so-called "utilitarian" and "culture" branches of the programme. Herbert Spencer, having in view the needs of the many, deserves much credit in his battle for an improved curriculum. He has shown, what all will now admit, that Greek and Latin cannot hold the position they had three centuries ago. Mathew Arnold, on the other hand, makes a strong plea for the refinements of literature. One greater than either has said that "Man does not live by bread alone." It may be safely accepted that the education of no person should be one-sided. Every one's training should be such as will enable him to make the best of life.

The knowledge a person should acquire will largely depend upon the position in society which he is to occupy. It should be an object to have each one follow that pursuit for which his ability and circumstances best fit him. It is a fact, however, that the occupation desirable for one to follow can with difficulty be determined in childhood. Under these circumstances the knowledge early acquired should not be special, but general: in other words, the early part of a student's school life should be taken up in gaining such information as every one should have. However desirable it is for a boy to be filled with an ambition to occupy a position of prominence, his studies should be arranged with a conviction that the chances are he will be obliged to follow one of the humbler occupations of life. It is a serious drawback to the young person who becomes a farmer, a mechanic, or a merchant, to find that several years of his student life were wasted in a fruitless acquisition of what mainly concerns the lawyer, the doctor, or the teacher. Specialization is frequently begun too early and the

blame must largely rest with the authorities of universities.

Reading, writing and arithmetic are often regarded as the tools of education. In early childhood the study of nature should receive much attention. The earth and what pertains to it, or what is generally termed "physiography," should be taken up when school life is begun. Natural phenomena of a simple character should receive early attention, and the elements of physics, meteorology, botany, zoology, chemistry, etc., should be presented for the pupil's observation and instruction. Any course for elementary schools which ignores "nature study," is seriously defective. In the lower forms of High Schools, natural science should be continued for every student. Arithmetic, which may be begun in early years, should not be made a leading subject of the High School course. The amount of arithmetic which every one should know is not extensive. Algebra and geometry, but of a very elementary character, may be taught to all pupils. The ordinary mechanic, farmer, etc., has to keep his accounts, and, therefore, elementary bookkeeping should be an obligatory subject.

It is well known that the great majority of children are expected to contribute largely to the daily labour of the household, the farm, or the shop. The woman who understands French or trigonometry, but is unable to cook a dinner or to mend a child's dress, is imperfectly educated. Domestic science, including cooking, sewing, laundry work, sanitation, etc., should be a leading part of every girl's training in the public school. The rapid concentration of population in cities has made it imperative that the manual training which a boy obtains on the farm may be taken up as a course of study in urban schools. Manual training, like domestic science, should be limited to no class of students. The "culture" which the Professor of Literature may be supposed to possess will not make up for his inability to look after his own furnace, if necessary, or to drive a nail to prevent his gate from falling to pieces. It is now well known that intellectual development recognizes the importance of training the hand and the eye. It is scarcely necessary to add that drawing is a necessary preparation for manual training, and should be an obligatory subject for all students.

Every person should enjoy good literature; and the boy or girl who leaves school without a love for good reading is not educated. There is no reason why the farmer or the mechanic should not enjoy Shakespeare, Ruskin and Tennyson. Indeed, although the majority of boys and girls must necessarily leave school young, they should, by diligent reading and observation, add to their attainments every year. A child is badly educated if he does not acquire a capacity for exact description, as well as a capacity for exact observation. The time given to composition should, therefore, be doubled.

Attention should be directed in early life to what concerns man as a social being. History, civics, and cognate subjects should be taken up by all pupils. In a democratic country the rights and duties of citizens should be known. It is evident that knowledge of this kind has an importance which it did not possess before the Reform Bill of 1832 was passed. It is further evident that the needs of Canadians are not the same as the needs of the Russians. The power to draw reasonable inferences should be mastered. In democratic communities this power is essential to good citizenship. If young men

were trained to be thoughtful, the masses of the people would not be so liable to dangerous delusions as they are at present. The hope of the demagogue invariably comes from a belief in the ignorance of a large portion of the electorate. To become an expert in any department of knowledge is attainable only by the few. To acquire wisdom enough to know upon whom to rely as an expert is within the reach of most persons. Democracy is in danger unless the citizens acquire the power of discriminating between the true and the false leaders of public opinion.

The course of study for all pupils has now been indicated in a general way. It is only when we consider the subjects for secondary schools that difficulty comes up. It should be accepted as settled, that the High Schools are not supported either entirely or mainly for the benefits of those who enter on professional pursuits or become matriculants of a university. The interests of the great majority of students must govern. Indeed, let it be felt that University influences are to dominate, and the maintenance of the High Schools by the Legislature or Municipal authorities is doomed. The progress of High Schools is due to the fact that in recent years their work has become more practical, and, as a consequence, they have gained largely in public sympathy. The division made between elementary and secondary schools is largely an arbitrary one. The subjects of a general education begun in the Public Schools should not be slighted in the High Schools. Latin, Greek, French, German, trigonometry, and some other branches, though valuable in themselves and essential for a few are not essential for those students who do not become teachers, lawyers, doctors, engineers, etc.

It is a fact, however, that there is lamentable waste in educational methods as a consequence of the ambition to prepare for matriculation or for the professions. Pupils require careful guidance in this matter, and it is unfortunate that High School teachers are exposed to the very serious temptation of urging pupils to take up subjects not best adapted to purposes of general training. The plan of allowing Latin, Greek, etc., to be optional does not meet the situation. The difficulty will never be met until it is as much to the professional honour of the teacher to turn out one who is to become a valuable farmer, merchanic, or merchant, as one who matriculates at a university. The main work of the High Schools should concern the ninety-five per cent. rather than the five per cent. The optional subjects in at least the lower forms of the High Schools should not receive half the attention which they do at present. It will not meet the argument to say that in Germany the interests of intending matriculants are better safeguarded. On this continent the German system is not wanted. There are too many students already wasting their time with Latin. The English and Scotch systems also have their excellencies. Canada would be unwise to copy the system of any country. It may be that the Oxford graduate is two years younger than the graduate of Toronto University. The latter is, however, better informed, and will outstrip the former before the age of twenty-five or thirty is reached. There is much force in the recent statement of Lord Rosebery that "practical universities are the universities of the future."

(3) Character building should receive chief attention in the direction of educational forces. During the present century there has

been an apparent conflict between education and knowledge. This may appear paradoxical, as the ordinary person regards education and knowledge as identical. There is, however, much difference between the two. Psychologists point out that in order to be educated, the emotions and the will must receive due attention, as well as the intellect. There has been too much prominence given to training in knowledge, and too little to the training of the emotions, and especially too little to the training of the will. Doubtless the enormous additions made during the present century to the sum total of human knowledge has had much to do with these conditions. The acquisition of knowledge has too often come to be regarded in our schools as the great aim and end of the student's life.

The growth of democracy, beneficial though it has been, has doubtless had its effect. Every one is anxious to get on in the world, and recognizes that knowledge is power. The modern system of written examinations tends to a wrong idea of education. Unfortunately character has no value in deciding whether or not a candidate is to pass an examination. The boy who fails in algebra may be debarred from matriculation, even though his principles are good. On the other hand, one who has not sufficient will power to abstain from the use of cigars may be admitted to the university by barely making one-third of the marks in each subject. Progress in character does not receive due recognition.

The opinion of Buckle cannot be accepted, that there has been no moral progress in the history of the race. A very slight consideration of the question will set aside this view. At the same time it must be conceded that growth in morals has been far less than growth in knowledge; and this fact should have weight in shaping our future educational policy. Every day brings disclosures of intemperance, dishonesty, untruthfulness, and corruption. In the face of crimes brought to the public gaze, it is clear there is urgent need of better training in morality. Some of the functions at one time assumed by the Church are now performed by the State; and the ordinary citizen is accustomed to look to the school as the great agency of modern times for assistance in securing the moral as well as the intellectual development of his children. Sectarian schools are relics of former generations. "Secular" schools, in which a neutral attitude on the value of religion is assumed, cannot be thought of. The twentieth century will find national schools where due importance is attached to the essentials of Christianity even more popular than at present.

To secure better moral training, many earnest persons have urged the use of the Bible as a text-book. Without attempting to discuss the question at length, it may be stated that morality cannot be taught by a text-book, any more than football or swimming. The only way to obtain the best ethical training in our schools is to secure better teachers. That teacher is best advancing his pupils morally who is the best disciplinarian. The question as to how ethical training may be best given in our schools is a pedagogical and not a theological one. The demand for religious instruction has not come from educationists, although as a class they attach the highest importance to Christianity as a basis of morals. It should be known that a pupil learns every day morality as an art, and not as a science. If children are to become moral, their tastes and habits must be carefully guarded. It is the function of

the school to train children in habits of regularity, punctuality, industry, quietness, neatness, obedience, truthfulness, and honesty. A good teacher will train his pupils to be courteous, and especially to acquire that self-control which a distinguished German writer calls the "chief thing" in character. The true disciplinarian alone can train the will, which should have among its features decision, firmness, and constancy. A good teacher will strengthen all good tastes which a child has already formed, and will help the formation of good tastes not yet acquired. For this purpose high qualifications are needed in the teacher. In addition to scholarship and professional attainments, he should possess much personal magnetism, great executive ability, plenty of tact, good common sense, and constant vigilance. Will power is essential to the man who leads or governs. The teacher should also possess heart power, and his general attainments and moral character should make him a power in the community.

All artificial incentives should, as far as possible, be abandoned in our schools. The ability to prepare pupils for an examination should not receive so much value as is given to it at present. More power should be given to the teacher in determining promotions, and in granting certificates. All such artificial incentives as prizes and scholarships should be abandoned, as they only turn the attention of pupils to wrong educational ideals. Character and not mere knowledge should determine the rewards pupils are to receive; and the doors of universities and the professions should be closed to all students who have not acquired those habits which indicate a high type of manhood. Doubtless a reform of this kind may appear startling, but the signs of the times show that the present plan of attaching chief importance to knowledge, and giving moral character a secondary place, is working much harm. It is degrading the teacher from his true position, and making him a mere instrument for imparting information, instead of a force in building up character.

If an improvement, such as is referred to, can be brought about, it will necessitate much better remuneration to teachers. Teaching will not be regarded by young men as a stepping-stone to other professions. The teacher should be better remunerated than the lawyer, the doctor, or the banker. Comparisons of the incomes received by persons of different professions in any city or town, will show that although the qualifications of the teacher are generally higher than those of the persons in other professions, he is the poorest paid. Higher qualifications for teachers, and better remuneration for their services, should be the educational watchword of the twentieth century.

A NEW YEAR'S WISH.

A little tenderer each day
To all who hold me dear,
A little sweeter in my home,
May I become this year.

O may my eyes that plainly see
My neighbour's faults, grow clear
To sins and errors in myself
As fades the passing year.

As the chill winter frosts give way
To sunshine's sweet appeal
May to the winter of my heart
Love's gentle radiance steal.

And thus upon life's barrenness
Shall flowers and fruit appear,
Each season bringing heaven's gifts
To bless my happy year.

ON THE CORNICHE ROAD AND BEYOND.

BY THE EDITOR.

PEASANTS OF THE ITALIAN RIVIERA.

It is a far cry from Canada to the Corniche, and from Toronto to Taranto, but a few days' ocean sailing and a few hours' ride will transfer one from the rigours of our mid-winter to the zephyrs of an Italian spring.

It was a cold night in February that I left Toronto, and, after a two days' ride through drifted snow, which at times almost buried the fences, the stations, and the houses of Quebec and New Brunswick, I took ship in the ever-open harbour of Halifax. The train was stalled at times in the deep drifts into which it ran with a thud, but as it carried the mails, there was no fear of being left behind.

The winter voyage on the north Atlantic is an excellent preparation for enjoying, by contrast, the balmy climate and summer scenes of the far South. The white horses raced our good ship, and the sea smote with tremendous shock our iron bulwarks, then rose high in the air and the spindrifts swept the deck.

The most striking impression as we sail on day after day is one of the littleness and loneliness of man in the midst of this immensity of waters. On every side swings the far horizon, unbroken by a single object. Around us roll and toss the tumultuous waves of the multitudinous seas—

> "Vast-heaving, boundless, endless and sublime."

Still across the trackless main, in spite of adverse winds or waves, the good ship finds, to the destined port, her unerring way. I never

*The whole region from Nice to Genoa is known as the Riviera di Ponente; that from Genoa to Pisa as the Riviera di Levante—a most picturesque and interesting bit of coast. The Corniche, in which the interest culminates, is that between Nice and Mentone.

Our companions in travel in this excursion to and through Egypt and Palestine, Syria and Turkey, were Judge Carman, brother of our General Superintendent, and his accomplished wife, one of the most appreciative travellers we ever met; the Rev. S. G. Rorke, of the Bay of Quinte Conference; the Rev. F. A. Read, of the Montreal Conference; and later, the Rev. W. T. Satterfield, of the Illinois Conference, which made a party of ideal size for touring and camping in the Lord's Land. In order to catch the steamer for the East at Brindisi the run through Europe to that point was a rapid one. The tourists made a much more leisurely return journey through the old classic Greek and Roman lands.

appreciate so much the beauty and fidelity of the description, in the 107th Psalm, of God's wonders in the deep, as when read at sea.

Remaining only an hour in Liverpool, we reached London at three and left for the Continent at nine the same night, yet transacted a lot of important banking and other business in that time. Next morning found us at bright, beautiful Paris—warm and sunny and as full of life and colour and active movement as ever. At 11 a.m. we left on our flight southward. We had a glorious ride all afternoon through quaint old towns and vineyards and fields where the peasants were already, on the 25th of February, cultivating the soil and sowing grain. Our first stop was at Lyons, the second city of France, with over 400,000 people. It is a second Paris, with many martyr memories of the early centuries of Christianity. We saw the Roman ruins and enjoyed a magnificent view from a lofty fortress-crowned hill of the winding Rhone and Saone blending their waters into one common stream.

Unlike most travellers, who rush through to the Mediterranean, we stopped at Avignon and Arles to see those interesting towns, once mighty cities, now mouldering ruins living on a memory of their former greatness. The visit to the old palace of the popes, where, during what was called their "Babylonish captivity" of seventy years, they kept their state when driven from the city of Rome, was of very special interest. The vast and grim structure is now a garrison, and the vaulted halls were filled with French soldiers. We drove around the ancient walls, and enjoyed one of the loveliest views in France—that over the beautiful Vale of Provence, with its haunting memories of Petrarch and Laura, of the early crusades, and of the cruelties of the Inquisition.

ON THE QUAY, MARSEILLES.

Arles takes us back in thought to a still more remote antiquity—to the days of the Roman empire. Here are the ruins in almost perfect preservation of an amphitheatre of the second century which could seat 25,000 persons, where the Christian martyrs were butchered to make a Roman holiday. We stood in the cells where they were bound, and in the dungeons where the wild beasts with which they fought were confined,

STREET SCENE ON THE RIVIERA.

and in the arena which they dyed with their blood. Here, too, is the church of St. Trophimus, a convert of St. Paul's, and the loveliest old mediæval cloisters. The past is more real than the present. The memory of St. Perpetua and St. Felicitas and many another martyr makes the whole region holy ground.

At Marseilles —an old Greek colony, then a Roman town, with stirring memories of the Middle Ages and of the Revolution —we remained over Sunday.

We found no Christian service in the city, but went in the morning to the Greek church, and then proceeded to dedicate to Methodist worship the stately new Roman Catholic cathedral on this wise: The magnificent church, constructed in Byzantine architecture, was not yet quite completed, and had not been consecrated, so three Methodist preachers sang amid its echoing vaults, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," "Jesus, lover of my soul," and other good Protestant hymns. The echoes lingered in the long-drawn aisles with a strange, unearthly sweetness.

The whole city seemed to be given, if not to idolatry, at least to superstition. The churches were studded with votive offerings and pictures, often of the most crude and grotesque character, portraying deliverance from manifold perils by sea or land. Here I saw for the first time the most villainous penny-in-the-slot apparatus that can be conceived. A large room was lined with small, gaily painted kegs containing wines and liquors of every sort. By dropping a couple of sous in a recep-

VILLA ON THE RIVIERA.

tacle, a small modicum of the liquor was measured out. Scores of people were swarming "like bees around their straw-built citadel" about this ante-chamber of perdition.

The volatile and frivolous people of Marseilles perpetrated some of the grossest excesses of the French

NICE, WITH NEW BATHS.

Revolution, and likewise in the Paris Commune movement of 1871. They have exhibited an historic readiness to cheer with enthusiasm, alike Freron, the apostle of anarchy, and Kruger, who would retrieve if he could his lost cause by plunging all Europe into war.

The best view in Marseilles is obtained from the church of Notre Dame de la Garde, which crowns a high rock jutting out into the sea. A gilt figure of the Virgin on the summit extends an arm as in protection of the city at her feet.

For generations this pilgrimage church could be reached only by a wearisome climb, but now religion is made easy by an hydraulic lift. From the summit bursts upon the view one of the most magnificent panoramas in the world—the busy port at one's feet, crowded with ships from every sea, the tree-lined boulevards and squares spread out like a map beneath the eye, east and west the great sickle-like sweep of shore, in the distance the purple slopes of the Maritime Alps. On an island in the offing gleams the Chateau d'If, where Mirabeau was confined, and where Monte Cristo made his wonderful escape.

It is a charming railway ride of one hundred and forty miles to Nice. The grey-green olives, the feathery palms, the prickly cacti, the pale pink blossoms of the almond were everywhere to be seen.

We had a good view of Toulon, the southern war harbour of France, protected by eleven forts on the neighbouring heights. In 1793 it was captured by the British under Admiral Hood, and gallantly defended against an attack by a ten-fold force of the French, led by young Napoleon Bonaparte, who took it by storm, and won his first laurels in the deadly art of war.

Frejus, an old town founded by Julius Caesar, containing an an-

cient amphitheatre and aqueduct; St. Raphael, a lovely spot; and Cannes, embowered among orange and lemon groves and rose gardens—its engirdling hills studded with elegant villas, are rapidly passed. At Cannes it was that Duke Leopold died, and here is an impressive memorial chapel.

Early in the afternoon we arrived at the famous health resort and home of pleasure, Nice. We were assured on arriving that every hotel was full, and that accommodation could be secured only at exorbitant rates, because the

TOURING ON THE RIVIERA.

Carnival—nowhere else celebrated with such enthusiasm—was at its height. But, thanks to a letter of introduction which I bore, our party were soon installed in one of the largest and best hotels in the city.

We immediately sallied forth to witness the "battle of flowers," in progress on the "English Promenade"—a noble esplanade a mile and a half long, fronting the sea and bordered by a long line of the finest hotels in Europe; each in its tropical garden of palms and laurels and flowers. This promenade was set apart for the masquerade procession, and was bordered with gay-coloured and bannered pavilions, seated to accommodate the thousands of spectators who had come from near and far to see the brilliant pageant. Hundreds of carriages, many of them perfectly covered with flowers—roses, lilies, mimosas, etc.—the spokes and hubs of the wheels, the shafts, the body and the harness of the horses festooned in many quaint designs, slowly defiled up and down. The carriages were filled with ladies, in bright spring toilettes, with their attendant cavaliers, who pelted with fragrant floral missiles the occupants of other carriages and the people on either side. One large carriage, occupied by military officers, had a couple of wooden cannon from which were ejected volley after volley of flowers. Many of the combatants wore masks, but most of the ladies refused to conceal their beauty by such a device. Such a procession of smiling faces and gay costumes could not, I think, be paralleled in the world. The air was filled with fragrance and with the music of a fine military band, and altogether it was a very fascinating scene. Many of the noblest houses in Europe were represented in the pageant. Royal, princely and ducal families, the bearers of old, historic names, as the Duchess of LaRochefoucauld, of Montpensier, the Princess of Romangna, and many titled English and wealthy Americans took part in the procession. Twelve prizes were

given for the most elegant and original floral-designs, and keen was the rivalry to win the honour.

And what was it all about? It was the Carnival—the farewell to meat, as the word means—the last mad outburst of gaiety before the fasts, penances and religious austerities of Lent begin. The "battle of flowers" was repeated on two or three days, and was followed by a battle of "confetti," i.e., of confections of sugar, and sometimes of imitations in plaster-of-paris.

In the evening the city was gaily illuminated and the streets were thronged with promenaders, many of them in grotesque masquerade costume, generally a white, loose garb with high-peaked hat for men, and a red domino, or long cloak, for women. Very few masked ladies were seen in the streets, though some were seen in carriages going to a ball at the Casino. Men in women's dominos and with hideous masks paraded the streets, performing mad pranks—going into the crowded restaurants, which overflowed on the sidewalks, and shaking hands indiscriminately, dragging the waiters about and singing songs—all without let or hindrance. It seemed a time of universal license. Some of the masks and the antics of their wearers were very funny.

The famous Corniche Road begins at Nice, and affords a succession of magnificent landscapes. It traverses bold and lofty promontories—in places on a ledge hewn out of the face of the cliff, or in a tunnel through the rock, the base of which is washed by the surf of the Mediterranean, while the summit is crowned with venerable ruins of towers erected in bygone ages as protection against pirates. In other places extensive plantations of olives with their grotesque and gnarled stumps, and luxuriant growths of figs, vines, olives,

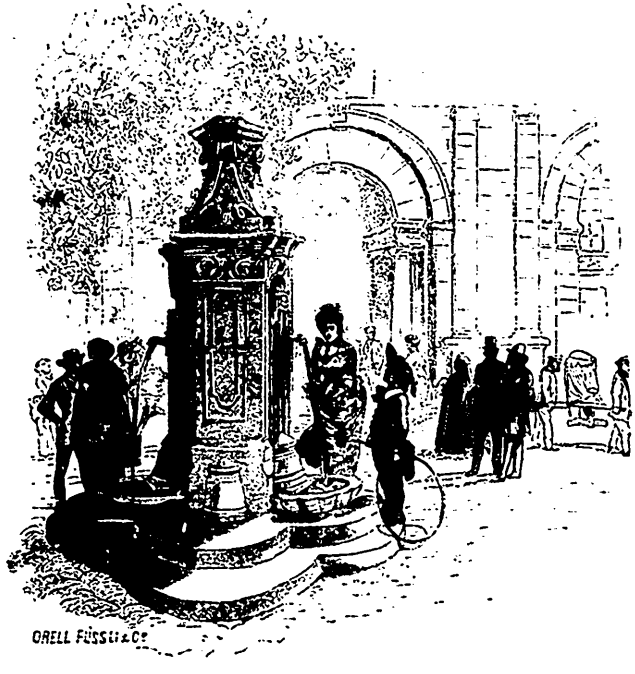
RECEPTION AT NICE.

citrons, oleanders, myrtles, aloes, and palms, meet the view.

Many of the grey old mediaeval towns are picturesquely situated on sloping heights, or in narrow clefts where a mountain torrent rushes to the sea. Others are perched like nests among the rocks. Churches and chapels peering from the sombre foliage of the cypress give the consecration of religion to the scene. The vast expanse of the sea, with its ever varying hues, reaches the far horizon, now

dyed a deepest purple, here embroidered with lace-like snowy foam. The white-sailed fishing barks reflect afar the bright gleams of the sun.

In the bay of Villa Franca lay nine great French ironclad men-of-war. We had a good view of Monaco, the smallest principality in Europe, picturesquely situated on a rocky promontory—noted chiefly now for its infamous gam-



PUBLIC FOUNTAIN ON THE RIVIERA.

ing establishment of Monte Carlo, where many fortunes are lost and lives wrecked through the gambling mania there indulged. It is said that there is a suicide once a week on an average during the season. It is in appearance an earthly paradise; "every prospect pleases and only man is vile."

Mentone, another fig-and-orange-embowered health resort, has the oldest relic of humanity in existence—the "Fossil Man of Mentone," found in one of the breccia caverns of the vicinity.

Very quaintly situated is San Remo in a cleft with narrow streets, flights of steps, lofty houses rising one above the other, with archways across the streets to keep them from shaking down by earthquake. This was a favourite place of sojourn of Queen Victoria, and here the late Crown Prince and Emperor Frederick of Germany spent most of the last weeks of his life. Amid this loveliness of nature, amid the gaieties of the volatile and pleasure-loving people, sickness comes and sorrow comes, and death comes and reminds us that there is nothing lasting save that which is everlasting.

At Ventimille we cross the border into Italy, and have to go through the formalities of an examination of our baggage at the custom-house, and the hurry and scurry of changing cars in the rain.

The bright coloured houses, painted with gay frescoes, the terraced slopes planted with vines, the vivacious manners and musical language of the people, make us feel that we are at last in "Bella Italia"—in beautiful Italy, land of song and story and ancient renown—"the land of all men's past." The red-capped fishers are drawing nets upon the shores, the nut-brown women are working in the fields—we saw a number carry

ON THE CORNICHE ROAD.

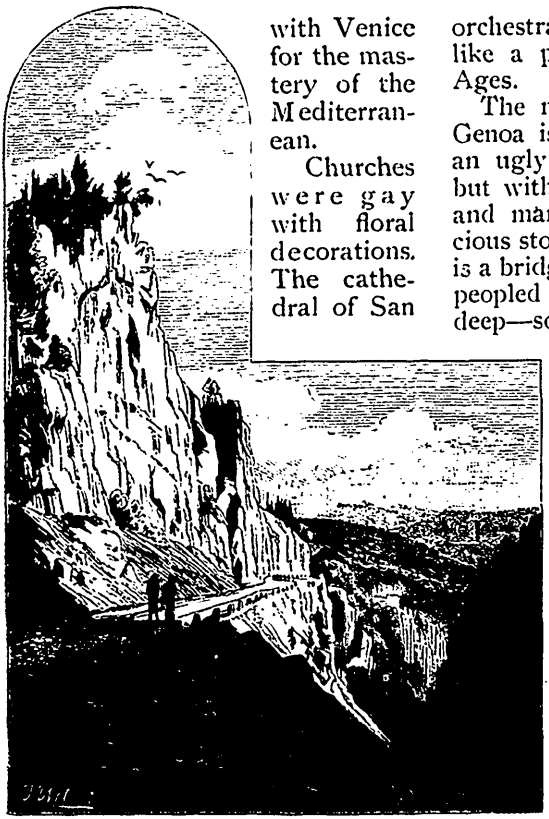
earth in baskets on their heads from a railway cutting—the donkeys are toiling along the highways with great burdens of wood, of wine, of garden produce on their backs.

Memorials of Columbus begin to multiply around us. At Cogoleto, a small fishing town, we were shown the house in which he was born. It is now a poor tavern, but bears the Latin inscription to the following effect:

"Traveller, pause! Here Columbus first saw the light. For the greatest man in the world how small a house was this! There had been only one world. There are two, he said; and it was so."

The first object that met our eyes at the splendid railway station at Genoa was a beautiful marble monument to his memory, with five reliefs of the scenes in his life. The next day, at the municipal palace, we saw his bust and autograph letter, about which Mark Twain makes such irreverent comments, and also his portrait.

With its noble terraces of frescoed palaces rising tier above tier from the sea, Genoa sits like a queen on the slopes of the lovely Gulf, and well deserves the proud name of La Superba. No city in Italy contains so many old ducal palaces. These are, for the most part, built around an open court, with magnificent marble stairways leading to the stately halls and apartments of the upper stories. The outer walls bear elaborate frescoes, which still preserve much of their original brightness. The lower windows are heavily barred with iron, which gives the streets a narrow, gloomy and prison-like appearance. At the entry to the great houses stands the "concierge," magnificent in gold-laced livery, silk stockings and gold-headed staff of office. Many of the palaces, with their priceless art treasures, are freely thrown open to the inspection of tourists; and though now exhibiting "a faded splendour wan," they recall its golden prime, when Genoa vied



A BIT ON THE CORNICHE ROAD.

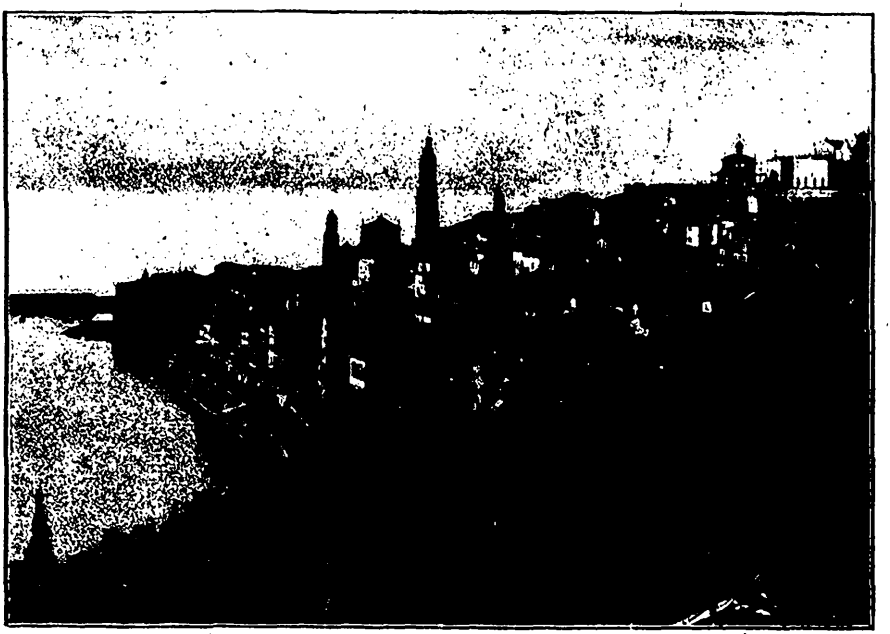
with Venice for the mastery of the Mediterranean.

Churches were gay with floral decorations. The cathedral of San Lorenzo, especially, was festooned with wreaths, and at night illuminated with countless lamps. I stood in the square and listened to the sweet-toned clangour of the joyous festa bells. In this same church is preserved, with great veneration, the so-called "Holy Grail," or vessel out of which our Lord partook, it is said, "the last sad supper with His own." An inscription in the church tells us that the city was founded by Janus, a grandson of Noah!

In the sacristy of a queer, mouldy old church a group of serge-clad monks and boys were rehearsing a musical service. The bright light shone down from the lofty windows upon the tonsured heads of the monks and on the carved stalls, and the stately Latin cadence rose and fell with a fine orchestral accompaniment. It was like a picture out of the Middle Ages.

The most sumptuous church in Genoa is that of S. Annunziata—an ugly brick structure without, but within a perfect blaze of gold and marble, lapis lazuli and precious stones. The Ponte Carignano is a bridge leaping across a densely-peopled ravine, a hundred feet deep—some of the houses are nine stories high, all packed with human beings—while the still higher grounds are crowned with elegant villas and gardens. From these an enchanting view is obtained of the far-shimmering surface of the blue Mediterranean, the majestic sweep of the coast-line, and the noble and fortress-crowned heights that girdle this city, leaving memories one can never forget.

FRONTIER GUARD-HOUSE.



MENTONE.

The stately Doria Palace by the seaside commemorates the pomp and pride of the Doge Andrea Doria, who died at the venerable age of ninety-five in 1560. The shrewd Doge knew how to combine thrift with ostentation. He gave a sumptuous banquet on his flagship and loftily commanded that after the banquet the gold and silver vessels should be thrown overboard. But the frugal old admiral also gave instructions that a netting should be spread around the ship to prevent their being lost.

We have often visited the charming gardens of the Villa Rosazza, which climb, terrace above terrace, to a lofty height. Quaint carved fountains, stalactite-studded grottoes, pleached alleys, and a lofty belvidere, with windows giving framed views of wonderful picturesqueness, are a fine example of the stately gardens of the Genoese nobility.

The hotel in which we lodged, in which the Irish patriot, Daniel O'Connell died, at first sight seems a combination of a fortress and a prison. It was the stronghold of the Fieschi family, during the conflict between the Guelphs and Ghibellines. Some of the stately rooms still have the walls and ceilings frescoed with allegorical and historical paintings of three hundred years ago. The grandiose chambers, with their secret stairs and turrets, to the Canadian tourist seem haunted with ghosts of the Genoese knights and squires and dames of that stormy time so long ago.

Our illustration on page 43 gives a good idea of the ancient part of Genoa. It is a standing memorial of the bitter feud between Genoa and Venice, for it is built with the stones of a castle which was pulled down and shipped from Venice to Genoa in the year 1262. Against its walls the captured chains of the harbour of Pisa were suspended for nearly six centuries, for they were only restored to their

GARDEN RESTAURANT ON THE RIVIERA.

former owners a few years since. The vaulted arcades, lined with cave-like shops for the sale of marine stores and the like, will be observed.

The Campo Santo of Genoa is the largest and most magnificent in Italy. From either side of the great central chapel sweep immense arcades, lined on both sides with family tombs of the Genoese aristocracy. They form a great gallery of magnificent sculpture, some biblical in motive, some allegorical, and some, of much inferior merit, realistic portraits of the deceased in the unpicturesque modern society costume. One magnificent creation we shall never forget, that of our Saviour rising triumphant from the tomb. Above it are written the words, "I am the resurrection and the life." In the great domed chapel is a most exquisite echo—surpassing in sweetness even that of the Baptistery at Pisa. Over and over again it responded with true Protestant orthodoxy to the Methodist hymns which we sang.

The drive to the Campo Santo affords a view of the old walls of Genoa, of which the Porta Chiappia

ON THE ITALIAN RIVIERA.

STREET IN GENOA.

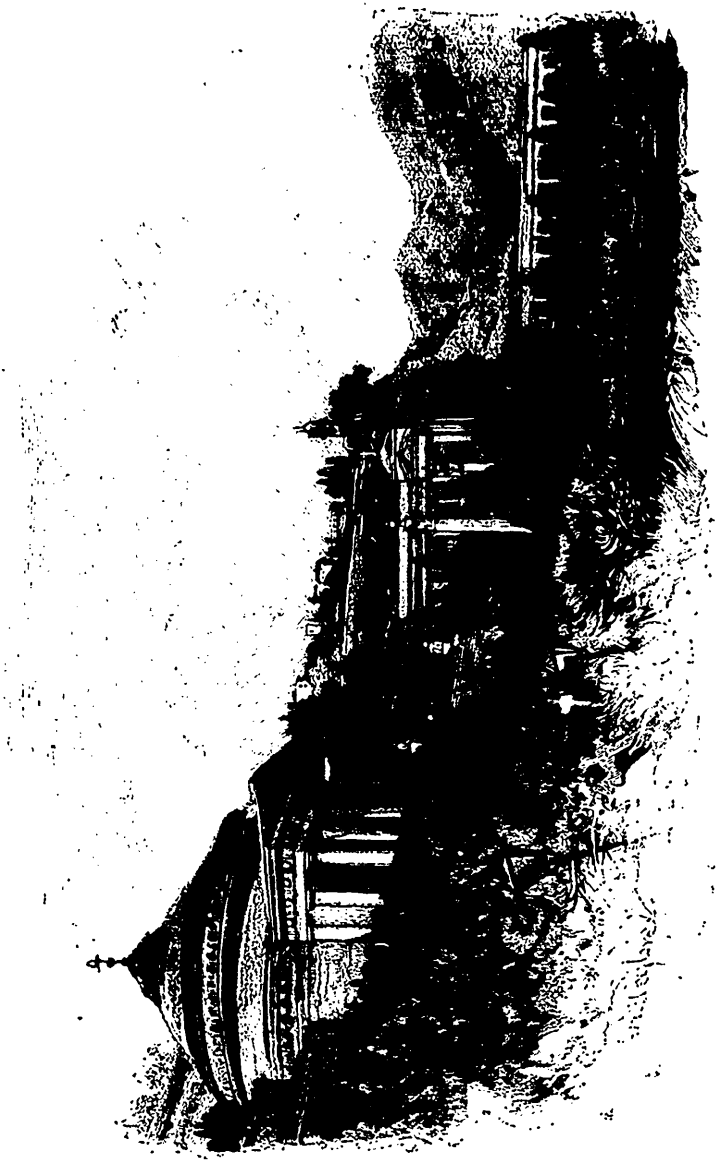
was one of the smaller gates. We pass also the aqueduct constructed by the Romans. But, as it is still in use, it has been in many parts more or less reconstructed and modernized.

The hundred miles' ride to Pisa traverses an even wilder and more romantic coast than Corniche. In that short distance it traverses no less than eighty tunnels. On one side stretches the deep blue surface of the Mediterranean, whose surf dashes in snowy foam upon the rocky coast, and on the other the vine-and-olive-clad slopes of the Apennines, dotted with villas, orange and lemon plantations, with clumps of cypress, palms, and stone-pines, citrons, oleanders and myrtles. We swept round the noble gulf of Spezzia, to which the memory of Shelley, who was drowned in its waters and his body burned on its shore, lent a pathetic interest.

A short stay at grim old Pisa, whose stormy history goes back two thousand years, enabled us to visit the marvellous Duomo, Baptistery, Campo Santo, and Leaning Tower. The summit of the tower overhangs its base some thirteen feet, and the strong wind that swept through its arcades seemed as if it would blow it over; but there it has stood for six hundred years. From its summit we could trace the walls of the now shrunken

city, and under the wild sunset, the far windings of the classic Arno.

A few hours were spent in Rome, climbing the Pincian Hill and revisiting familiar scenes in the warm and genial sunshine, and a single night in Naples. Sweeping around the loveliest bay in the world, past the buried city of Pompeii, beneath the shadow of Vesuvius, through the ancient university town of Salerno, over the wild Apennines in a snowstorm that chilled us to the marrow, despite the miserable heating ar-



THE CAMPO SANTO, GENOA.

rangements of leaden foot-stools filled with hot water, which soon cooled, past the old-world town of Taranto,* we reach Brindisi, the ancient Brundisium, celebrated in Horace's epistle, in time for a late dinner at a crowded hotel. I walked out in the moonlight to see the ancient columns which still mark the end of the Appian Way, leading from Rome to Brundisium, and tried to find the house in which Virgil died; but no one knew anything about it—never heard of such a man, I suppose. We were rowed on board our steamship by night, and were soon out on the broad Adriatic on our way to Egypt and the Holy Land.

* Taranto.—This ancient town, in the hollow of Italy's foot, whose name is so like in form, but so unlike in history, that of our native Toronto, has a story going back well-nigh three thousand years. Tarentum, the most powerful and wealthy city of Magna Grecia, was built 707 B.C. It possessed an army of 30,000 infantry and 5,000 cavalry. In the Punic War 30,000 of its citizens were sold as slaves. Pythagoras of Samos taught his philosophy here. In the second Punic War it espoused the cause of Hannibal. Horace considered it "the most smiling corner of the world." The glorious sunset as we rode over these war-worn fields will never be forgotten.

THE PORTA CHIAPPIA, GENOA.

FAREWELL, OLD YEAR!

Farewell, Old Year!
I know not what the New may bring to me,
But whether ill or good, so let it be—
A smile or tear.

Farewell, Old Year!
You came to me 'mid shadows dark as night,
And now you leave me with no ray of light
My way to cheer.

I know full well
That all God's purposes are wise and good,
And would not seek to change them if I could.
Old Year, farewell!

—*William G. Haeselbarth, in "Christian Work."*

EARLY CANADIAN METHODIST HISTORY.

BY THE REV. E. H. DEWART, D.D.

THERE is danger that because of the absorbing attention given to the current events and topics which touch our daily life, we may allow the treasures of knowledge enshrined in the history of past times to be so largely neglected as to become like a sealed book, whose lessons are excluded from exerting their influence upon our lives. The history of the past throws important light on the problems of the present. All that is best in the institutions of modern civilization has its roots in the past, and cannot be rightly understood without a knowledge of the circumstances in which they originated.

In political history we see how nations were made, and learn what were the forces that helped or hindered the progress of civilization. There also we gather inspiration for the duties of citizenship, from the example of patriots who placed the well-being of their country above personal or party advantages. The history of religious thought, which makes known the circumstances in which creeds were formulated and doctrines defined, enables us to form a truer idea of the import of these theological tenets and of the heresies they were intended to counteract. General Church history, being a record of the progress and achievements of Christianity in the world, supplies important evidence of the divine origin and power of the Christian religion.

But if the history of other nations and churches has a claim on our thoughtful study, the history of our own Church in this country has special claims, which cannot be neglected without serious loss. It is not creditable to any Methodist to be ignorant of the facts regarding the origin and growth of Methodism in Britain and America—and especially in Canada. Yet there is reason to believe that a large proportion of our people are but very imperfectly informed regarding these interesting events. Those who are without the knowledge of these early times and doings cannot rightly understand or successfully defend the principles and distinguishing features of our Methodism. The people who have no definite beliefs, and are ignorant of the causes that gave birth to movements that produced important results, are liable to accept any plausible theory which is cleverly presented to them.

Why should we study the early history of our Church? Not to vindicate our beliefs by their agreement with the opinions of the good men of former times, even though they were the fathers of the primitive church. They were all fallible mortals like ourselves. We should have some better reason to give for our religious beliefs than that they have been held by others, either in the past or the present. I once heard an old fisherman say that when the salmon in going up a river failed to overleap an obstacle, it went back to the sea where it was reared, "to get its backbone strengthened." Whether this is scientific or not, it may suggest an important benefit to be derived from going back to the early history of Methodism. We may gather strength and inspiration for the work of life from the strong faith and heroic zeal of those who through faith and

patience inherit the promises. We commonly fail to make a right use of the great and good men and women of the past. They should not be set up on pedestals, and worshipped as elect souls who reached heights to which ordinary Christians cannot attain. We should rather regard them as inspiring examples of what the grace of God can do for his faithful children. We may live as they lived, and battle as they battled, and triumph as they triumphed, "for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon Him."

Judged by any true standard of worth, Methodists have a noble spiritual ancestry, of which we have no cause to be ashamed. In the Old Land there was John Wesley, fellow of Oxford University, whose long life of single-hearted devotion to evangelistic work has never been surpassed in labours by any one. Thomas Coke crossed the ocean repeatedly, as if the Old World were too narrow a sphere for his ardent missionary soul, and dying at last on his way to India, found a sepulchre in the great deep. Adam Clarke, the greatest biblical scholar of his day, with his great Irish heart full of love for God and man, preached, prayed and begged for the Shetland Islanders with untiring zeal. Richard Watson, of the sanctified intellect, rang out his eloquent utterances for the dignity of man and the freedom of all slaves, at a time when such ideas were not so generally accepted as they are now. Gideon Ouseley, with heroic fortitude amid persecution, obloquy and risk of life, preached to his ignorant countrymen in their own tongue the unsearchable riches of Christ. Men of similar spirit and character were raised up in the United States.

The pioneer preachers of Canada were not unworthy successors of these earlier workers. The self-sacrificing zeal with which they did their work in the formative period of our history largely conduced to make this a Christian country. They being dead yet speak in the results of their godly influence. Nathan Bangs was equally eminent as a laborious pioneer missionary in the wilds of Canada, and as a leader in the intellectual and religious life of the Methodist Church in the United States. Barbara Heck, that elect lady who laid the foundation of a Methodist cause both in the United States and in Canada, was a "mother in Israel," of whom it may be said, that no change of country or circumstances made any change in the faith and zeal that made her life a benediction to all around her. William Case, whose hand was laid on my head at my ordination over forty-five years ago, was wise in counsel, amiable and faithful, with a large measure of the spirit of the "beloved disciple." Calvin Wooster went through the land like a flame of fire, preaching with marvellous converting power, till his fiery soul consumed the frail tenement in which it was lodged, which all too soon became "a worn-out fetter that the soul had broken and thrown away." Time would fail me to speak of the work of such men as Laurence Coughlan, William Black, and Freeborn Garretson, in the Maritime Provinces, or of Dunham and Sawyer, Ryan and Luckey, and many other godly and heroic pioneers who laboured in this province and Lower Canada, to whom British America owes a debt of gratitude that has never yet been fairly recognized.

> "But though their names no poet wove
> In deathless song or story,
> Their record is incribed above,
> Their wreaths are crowns of glory."

There was one distinguishing characteristic of those early Methodist workers, which teaches an

important lesson to all Christians. Converted men and women did not wait for organized churchly machinery or authority before they began to witness and work for Christ. In this they were like the primitive Christians, that were scattered by the persecutions that followed the death of Stephen, of whom it is said: "They that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the word." Barbara Heck and Philip Embury were fine examples of this characteristic distinction which made every godly Methodist a centre of evangelistic influence. A young Methodist named Lyons came over from the States and taught school in Adolphustown. He exhorted the people, and prayed in the families he visited, and his labours were blessed as the means of salvation to a number. Charles Justin McCarthy, an Irishman, converted under the preaching of George Whitefield, crossed over from the States to Kingston and came to Ernestown. He held religious meetings, and preached to the new settlers with power. Many were brought to a saving knowledge of the truth; but he was bitterly persecuted by those who should have protected him. Failing to get him banished, under a law that had been passed against vagabonds, he was seized by a gang of hired ruffians and left on an island in the St. Lawrence. Whether he perished of hunger or was drowned in trying to reach the land was never known.

The revival work of Captain Webb, in New York and Philadelphia, of Commissary Tuffy, in Quebec, and of Major Neale, on the Niagara frontier, was of the same voluntary character. Darius Dunham, the first regular itinerant appointed to Niagara, in 1796, found there a class of sixty-five members, doubtless the fruits of Major Neale's labours. William Losee, the first itinerant appointed to Canada, was a striking example of this characteristic. He came to Canada to visit relations, and laboured so successfully that he was sent back the next year, in response to the petition of those who had been converted by his preaching during his previous visit. It is a suggestive fact that every great religious reform has been begun by some individual worker. We have now too much machinery and too little personal effort. It sometimes seems as if our churches are too much like big mills built on small streams, with a great deal of machinery but very feeble water-power.

The condition of the country at the beginning of this century required men of burning zeal and heroic endurance. No others would have been equal to the work to be done. This province was then a wilderness. Roads were almost impassable. In some cases there were no roads at all. The settlements were widely separated. On one journey, in the western part of this province, Dr. Nathan Bangs rode forty-five miles beyond the last shanty before he reached another settlement. They had rough fare in the shanties of the settlers in which they lodged—glad to obtain the necessaries of life, with no luxuries and few comforts. But like their Master, "the common people heard them gladly." The word of the Lord had free course, and was glorified in the salvation of the people. This nerved them to "endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ."

My own memory goes far enough back to enable me to fully understand the conditions that existed at an earlier period. My father built a log shanty in a little clearing in the midst of the forest. There was not even a path to it, till we made one by following the "blaze." The first night we slept

there I shall never forget. Great packs of howling wolves came around our dwelling, as if to dispute our possession. Not understanding their habits, we thought they would break in through the frail door. My father stood with an old musket in his hand, and my mother with an axe. I think if the expected crisis had come, my mother would have done the most execution. However, our foes retired without any bad result.

Years passed before we had any religious service. At length the Rev. John Shilton was announced to preach at Mr. Lumsden's, about two miles away. My father and mother took the baby to be baptized. I asked my father when he came back what was the text. He said, Psalm cii. and 17th verse. I was told that if I would be a a good boy I would be let go to preaching next month, when Mr. Shilton preached again.

This promise was duly kept. I was eight years of age when I heard this first sermon. It was a bright winter day. There were about a score of people gathered, who waited long after the time before the preacher came. At length he came on foot, and stated that he had broken his cutter, and that a fallen tree across the track compelled him to leave his horse and cutter some distance back. Two young men took their axes and went for the horse and cutter. Mr. Shilton preached from Proverbs 14th and 32nd. While the people were waiting for the preacher, the subject of conversation was the ten lost tribes, about which they certainly knew very little. The condition of things at this time was very similar to what had existed in the older settlements a generation earlier.

These pioneer preachers were neither great scholars nor polished orators. Most of them were far removed from either of these. And yet they possessed qualities that fitted them for the work to be done, and entitle them to be held in grateful remembrance. Of most of them it may be said, they were men of strong, simple faith in God. They had a definite message of truth, adapted to the condition of the people to whom they came. They were "mighty in the Scriptures," and used the threatenings and promises with great practical effect. And above all, they were men of single-hearted devotion to the one object of saving sinners from the guilt and power of sin, and building them up in faith and holiness. These elements are just as essential to success now as they were in those early times.

The advantages of possessing a knowledge of the early history of our Church in this country are too obvious to require any special enforcement. As the story of the battles of our countrymen for freedom, and of the reforms achieved by patriotic statesmen, who vindicated the rights of manhood for all classes, quickens the pulse of patriotic feeling in our hearts, so the study of the godly character and heroic work of the founders of Methodism should strengthen our loyal love for the Church which God has made a means of blessing to us, and prompt us to more earnest and self-denying efforts to make her a mightier power for truth and righteousness in the world. We need to combine with the greater knowledge and broader culture of these times the faith and fire of the early Methodists. As we face the responsibilities of a new century, we should unfailingly keep in mind that our success as a Church in the future shall be mainly determined by the earnestness with which we "contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints," and the degree in which the spirit of Christ is manifested in the lives of His witnessing members.

A CENTURY OF ACHIEVEMENT.*

BY JAMES H. COYNE, B.A.,
President Ontario Historical Society.

I.

TO review in a few pages the achievements of a century, and such a century as is now drawing to a close, is, it will be conceded, an impossible task. But among many characteristics that make it stand out from its predecessors in the perspective of history, a few may be profitably singled out for consideration in the brief time at our disposal.

When the nineteenth century began, all Europe was involved in the turmoil of war. France was the centre of disturbance. Bonaparte, nominally first consul of a Republic, in reality wielding despotic authority, and already surrounded by much of the ceremonial of royalty, was the evil spirit of the storm, directing its devastating force hither and thither as he willed. One nation alone stood out against him. It was in the first year of the century that Nelson turned his blind eye to the admiral's signal, and the decisive victory at Copenhagen, annihilating the naval power of Denmark, left England undisputed mistress of the seas, with a fleet the most powerful that the world had ever seen.

But the nations were tired of war and longed for the blessings of peace. The Peace of Luneville in 1801 raised the Corsican adventurer to the pinnacle of glory. Then, although with a million fighting men at his disposal, he prepared for a time to win greater and most enduring victories than those of the battlefield.

With true statesmanship and characteristic energy and thoroughness, he devoted himself to the amelioration of social conditions in France—to the re-establishment of religion, to the unification and amendment of the laws, the education of the people, the promotion of trade and commerce. The destructive forces were to be curbed, and the task of building up was to be undertaken anew.

This constructive work of the great Napoleon proved in no small degree permanent. To reverse the hackneyed quotation, it sometimes happens that

> "The *good* that men do lives after them;
> The *evil* is often interred with their bones."

And not in France alone, but throughout all Europe, the improved national and social conditions existing to-day are in no small measure due to influences represented by the name of Napoleon. The leaven of the English and American Revolutions, after permeating all France, was carried by his armies to every part of the continent. Liberty, fraternity, equality, became the political ideal of many of the best men, not only of thought but of action, in every land.

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* We have pleasure in presenting, by the kind permission of the author, an admirable paper read before the Historical Society of the County of Wentworth. The paper is a marvel of condensation. We know no such lucid and luminous presentation of the record of the century as that which Mr. Coyne has prepared. He has brought his report down to the very close of the century.

Mr. Coyne's original paper has been published in handsome pamphlet form by W. T. Lancefield, Esq., Hamilton, Ont., from whom copies may be obtained at the nominal sum of ten cents.

Early in the century Greece and Belgium were established as independent kingdoms. During our own time we have seen Savonarola's dream realized by the union of the divided and insignificant communities of Italy into one great kingdom by the efforts of Mazzini, Garibaldi, Victor Emanuel, and his astute minister Cavour ; the numerous petty German States consolidated into a mighty empire by Bismarck, Von Moltke, and William the First ; the Balkan Provinces liberated from the once powerful Turkish dominion, and established under independent or autonomous government; Austria, detached from the German Confederation, deprived of her Italian provinces, and compensated by accessions of territory previously under Ottoman rule. The power of national sentiment as a cohesive force is felt in despotic Russia and Turkey, among the Slavs of the Danubian States, and the Greeks throughout the Levant.

Whilst the opposition of Western Europe has restrained Russia almost within her original European frontier, she has steadily and persistently reached out for province after province in Asia, until her territory practically borders on England's Indian Empire ; Afghanistan, Persia, Turkey, and the Balkans are in the toils of her influence, and China has surrendered a large portion of her domain, including important ports on the Pacific, to her huge northern neighbour.

France, after passing through many phases of government, has for thirty years maintained the Republic. In 1801 her territory extended to the Rhine. Shorn, since then, of her Rhine provinces, she has compensated herself by acquisitions in distant regions; and Madagascar, a great part of Siam, Tonquin, and large blocks of Africa are administered by her officials in the usual expensive and profitless manner of French colonies.

Germany also has become an African power, and strives against fate to imitate the success of Great Britain as a colonizer. She has possessed herself of vast sections of Africa and various smaller districts and islands in the Pacific.

Italy has shared in the colonizing tendency, although not with marked success. On the other hand, as the result of the recent war, Spain has withdrawn from America and the Philippines, and ceased to be a colonial power. Her treatment of colonies was bad from the beginning ; but such an event as the loss by the successors of Ferdinand and Charles V. of dependencies discovered by Columbus and Magellan, and subject to her uninterrupted sway, except for temporary periods during time of war, for four centuries, cannot but impress the imagination.

The spirit of expansion has permeated the farthest East.

The progress of Japan seems little short of miraculous. From a semi-barbarous condition, enforcing absolute non-intercourse with foreigners, the island empire has suddenly emerged into the full light of European civilization, and at one stride taken a recognized place as one of the great imperial nations, the England of the East, strong in military and naval power, and in the intelligence of its people, with a parliament and free institutions, schools, colleges and universities. There has been an extraordinary development of manufactures, commerce, art, science, and legislation, and of all the appliances of an advanced culture. Japan, too, has caught the colonial fever, and possesses as spoils of war the island of Formosa and a "sphere of influence," such as it is, in Corea.

The United States has vastly en-

larged her area by the incorporation of Louisiana, Florida, Texas, New Mexico, California, Oregon, Alaska, and the Sandwich Islands, Porto Rico, and the Philippines. She has extended her protectorate over "Cuba Libre." The Monroe Doctrine originated early in the century. The epoch-making departure from it, as one of the results of the Spanish war, marks the close of the same century. When the most colossal rebellion known to history threatened to destroy the work of Washington and the Fathers of the Republic, it was suppressed at the cost of the destruction and desolation of a four years' war, a million lives, and thousands of millions of treasure. Slavery, the prime cause, having been abolished by a stroke of Lincoln's pen, the great commonwealth became socially and politically homogeneous. An expansion of trade, unparalleled in history, followed the settlement of the issues which had divided the nation and impeded its development.

It would be strange indeed if Canada did not bear witness to the consolidating and colonizing tendency of the time. Canada, as a nation, is the product of this century. The year of the Queen's accession was, it is true, signalized in two of the provinces by uprisings of a section of the people against what they regarded as the domination of an oligarchy, which, having secured itself in the citadel of high office, had been able to defy the wishes of the majority. The Canadians sympathized largely with the principal objects of the insurrection; but, whilst desiring British liberty, were attached, by instinct, tradition and reason, to the principle of a United Empire. They refused to approve of revolutionary methods, and the rebellion failed. The introduction of full responsible government by the Union Act of 1840 provided a remedy that proved to be ample for the evils complained of. Constitutional reforms, the establishment of educational and municipal systems, railway construction, the abolition of ecclesiastical and seignorial privileges, and enhanced material prosperity followed. Then came further consolidation and expansion. The confederation of the provinces in 1867, and the subsequent acquisition of the Northwest Territory, Prince Edward Island, and British Columbia, have almost completed the territorial expansion of Canada. Newfoundland still remains outside, but the early years of the new century may yet witness her entrance into the Confederation. The Intercolonial and Canadian Pacific Railways together form a highway from Halifax to Vancouver through a United British Dominion, now the most important link in the great chain of empire which encircles the globe. The Australian colonies have followed Canada's example, and before long the confederation of the South African provinces will also be accomplished. For their work in building up the great confederation of colonies, the names of Macdonald, Parkes, and Rhodes will rank high in succeeding ages among the statesmen of the century. In the welding of the empire together, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, amongst colonial public men, takes easily the foremost rank.

The expansion of Britain has proceeded with a rapidity and energy which dazzle the imagination. Australia, New Zealand, Borneo, Afghanistan and Beloochistan, Fiji, New Guinea, Burmah, India, China, Africa, south, east, west, central, and north, and the islands of every sea, are witnesses to the imperial tendencies of Great Britain during the century.

The South African war is virtually at an end. Self-doomed by their own perverseness, the Boer

republics rushed madly upon their fate. The result, geographically speaking, is another patch of red on the map of the world. But that is the least important and valuable of Britain's gains. The Transvaal was ruled by an oligarchy, ignorant, corrupt, and tyrannical. In their audacious infatuation, they ventured to treat British citizens as an inferior race and to refuse them the ordinary civil rights accorded by civilized communities to the members of all civilized races who are invited to take up homes amongst them. Ignoring the express provisions of the Convention, which conceded to the Transvaal a qualified independence, it defied the greatest of world powers to hold it to the conditions. After long, costly and careful preparation, it marshalled its forces. The burghers of the Orange Free State joining them, they invaded British territory. It was a fatal moment for rousing the lioness. Events of vast import had been occurring of late to prove her mettle. The ill-considered message of Kaiser Wilhelm at the time of the Jameson Raid, the Venezuela difficulty with the United States, the enthusiastic offers of Colonial Parliaments to stand by the side of the old mother in her "splendid isolation":

> "From the whine of a dying man, from the snarl of a wolf-pack freed,
> Turn and the world is thine. Mother, be proud of thy seed"—

the marvellous manifestation of unity and power on the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee, the free offer by Canada of preferential trade, thrilling the heart of the Empire, the outburst of imperial loyalty in every part of the world, expressing itself in stirring verse and song, these were overlooked by England's assailants. The lessons of the war are clear and distinct. The high and priceless privilege of British citizenship has been upheld. The principle that a British subject unjustly attacked in any part of the world shall be protected with all the resources of the Empire was reasserted at tremendous cost. Liberty, justice, and equal rights were vindicated.

But the war has been eventful in other ways. The ideal of a United Empire dates from the expulsion of the United Empire Loyalists in 1783. Upon it was based the settlement of the British Provinces of Canada. Political liberty regulated by law, order, religion and the unity of the race were to be the distinguishing characteristics of the new nation of the north. If no case of lynching or of train robbery is on record in the history of Canada, if no human being has been burnt at the stake since the British conquest, if homicides are rare occurrences north of the great lakes, if we are, as Sir Wm. Meredith recently stated, "the freest and most democratic people on the face of the globe," we owe it to the sifting process, which under the providence of God sent the Loyalists to Canada to keep alive the principle of imperialism conjoined with political liberty.

The old paternal policy of Britain drove the Thirteen Colonies from the paternal roof. The present colonial system is largely the result of lessons learned in and from Canada. It has produced the great self-governing states scattered throughout the globe, British in sentiment and traditions, united under the imperial crown. The silken cord proved stronger than the iron chain.

So, when the lioness called to her whelps, they rallied round her. The world was amazed to find that British colonies were not kept in subjection by the strong hand, but were the willing and enthusiastic

allies of the mother land, prepared to defend her at any cost of blood and treasure. Canadians, Australians, and Colonials of the Cape are buried side by side on the veldt with the Gordons, the Enniskillens, and the Devonshires. They have sealed with their blood the compact of the race.

" From East to West the tested chain holds fast,
The well-forged link rings true."

Politically speaking, the greatest events of the century are the expansion of England and the consolidation of the British Empire for purposes of defence against any assailant, however powerful.. This has been accomplished without any formulated scheme. It is an alliance of affection and devotion.

" Till now the name of names, England, the name of might,
Flames from the Austral bounds to the ends of the northern night.

" And the call of her morning drum goes in a girdle of sound,
Like the voice of the sun in song, the great globe round and round.

" And the shadow of her flag, when it shouts to the northern breeze,
Floats from shore to shore of the universal seas.

" Who says that we shall pass, or the fame of us fade and die,
While the living stars fulfil their round in the living sky?"

This is the triumphal pæan of imperialism, and imperialism has been the dominant note of the closing years of the nineteenth century. The sentiment is not confined to people of British allegiance, but has become a guiding impulse of all the influential races of mankind. But empire has its responsibilities and its conditions of permanence. How can these be better expressed than in the lines of the uncrowned laureate of the Seven Seas?

" Fair is our lot—O goodly is our heritage?
(Humble ye, my people, and be fearful in your mirth!)
For the Lord our God Most High
He hath made the deep as dry,
He hath smote for us a pathway to the ends of all the earth!

" Hold ye the faith—the Faith our fathers sealed us;
Toying not with visions—over-wise and over-stale.
Except ye pay the Lord,
Single heart and single sword,
Of your children in their bondage shall He ask them treble tale!

" Keep ye the law—be swift in all obedience—
Clear the land of evil, drive the road and bridge the ford,
Make ye sure to each his own,
That he reap where he hath sown,
By the peace among our peoples let men know we serve the Lord!"

And after all, this "Pax Britannica" is the greatest triumph of British, as the "Pax Romana" was of Roman Imperialism; for it means, that wherever "on the bones of the English, the English flag is stayed," the forces of darkness, of ignorance, of barbarism, are put to flight; that right is henceforth might; that the majesty of imperial law takes the place of violence, injustice and oppression; that peace and good-will, plenty and happiness, all that follows in the train of Christian civilization, shall finally some day succeed to hate and cruelty, war and famine upon the earth.

This is the ultimate reason and justification for that restless instinct that sends the pioneer across unknown seas and pathless continents, as discoverer, explorer, trader, missionary, settler. That unconquerable yearning is the true secret and sanction of the expansion of England. Danger, disaster, death itself, are powerless to quench it. It is a sign of a nation's vitality, and its absence is a proof of decay. Whitman, the good gray poet of democracy, asks:

" Have the elder races halted?
Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied, over there beyond the seas?
We take up the task eternal, and the burden and the lesson,
Pioneers! Oh, Pioneers!"

And now the "white man's burden" has descended, with all its weight, upon the shoulders of the neighbouring republic, in a manner that Whitman never dreamed of.

No writer has felt the pulse of Imperial Britain with so true a touch or read its meaning with so clear an insight as Kipling. Hear him once more:

"We were dreamers, dreaming greatly, in the man-stifled town;
We yearned beyond the sky line, where the strange roads go down.
Came the Whisper, came the Vision, came the Power with the Need,
Till the Soul that is not man's Soul was lent us to lead.

"As the deer breaks as the steer breaks—from the herd where they graze,
In the faith of little children we went on our ways.
Then the wood failed—then the food failed—then the last water dried;
In the faith of little children we lay down and died.

"On the sand-drift—on the veldt-side—in the fern scrub we lay,
That our sons might follow after by the bones on the way.
Follow after—follow after! We have watered the root,
And the bud has come to blossom that ripens for fruit.

"Follow after—we are waiting, by the trails that we lost,
For the sounds of many footsteps, for the tread of a host.
Follow after—follow after—for the harvest is sown;
By the bones about the wayside, ye shall come to your own!"

And yet, it may be said, that but for the triumphs of science in this nineteenth century, the permanence of British sway would be by no means as assured as it now appears. World-wide as the Empire has become, its scattered members are nearer together for purposes of administration and defence than were the various portions of the little island kingdom a century ago.

In older times it was thought that the sea was, by God's special ordinance, established to prevent intercourse of nations, and that

"Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations, which had else
Like kindred drops been mingled into one."

Now the granite is pierced by tunnels, and a railway journey of a few minutes renders communication easy between mountain districts which half a century ago would have remained in almost total ignorance of each other.

Steam power and electricity have annihilated distance. The whole world can be compassed by a traveller to-day in but little more than the time an immigrant required thirty or forty years ago to drive his ox-cart from St. Paul to Winnipeg. Puck boasted that he could put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes. Morse and Cyrus Field have successfully met his challenge during this century. The electric current is made to flash the events of every day to the remotest corner of the world in a few seconds.

The machinery of government has been simplified, and its efficiency and rapidity enormously increased by these achievements of science. Instead of the sea being, as Horace deemed it, the great separator of nations, it is now the great bond of union and solidarity of the British Empire, its chief ally and protector against hostile combinations. Without her maritime supremacy, where, we may well ask, would be England's power and prestige and enormous wealth? In her case, indeed, the ocean was the highway to empire, and it is now the principal security for its maintenance. In a larger sense than Campbell imagined, it may now be said,

"Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain wave,
Her home is on the deep."

The United Empire Loyalists builded better than they knew. The principle for which they sacri-

ficed home and property, the friends and associations of a lifetime, is at last recognized by men like Admiral Dewey as the best existing security for the peace of the world. No one now advocates the severance of the colonies from the Empire. All are agreed as to the duty and the necessity of Britain's maintenance of her supremacy as a sea-power. For the forces of envy, of hate, of jealousy, have been and will doubtless again be combined against her. In recent years it seemed as if once more, as of old, she would be compelled to front the world in arms. But through rifted clouds and above the storms that threatened to overwhelm, gleamed ever the star of empire; and it shines always with renewed lustre, when, surrounded by her foes,

> "She lays her hand upon her sword,
> And turns her eyes toward the sea."

But not only has the spirit of the age made the great powers cosmopolitan. It has changed the entire basis of society. The divine right of kings still exists in Germany and Russia. The western world has replaced it with the divine right of the people. Instead of poising in an inverted position upon its apex, as was supposed to be the ordinance of the Almighty, the social pyramid now rests "broad-based upon the people's right." Popular rule has its disadvantages and its dangers; but with all its faults, it has at least always aimed at basing legislation and government upon principles of justice, honour and mercy, to an extent that was unknown when the few had power and used it for their own purposes. In large measure, the voice of the people has proved itself to be the voice of God.

Amongst sovereign states, democratic Britain led the way in the abolition of the slave trade early in the century. Ontario had put an end to the institution of slavery by legislation before the century began. Then the national conscience of Britain refused to be satisfied with less than the abolition of slavery throughout the Empire, and the effectual suppression of the slave trade throughout the world. The trade has long since been destroyed upon the sea; and, except in certain parts of Africa, it has practically ceased to exist upon the land.

The extinction of slavery in the British Empire was followed in the United States by the struggle against its extension to the territories, the great rebellion which resulted from the rapid progress of the abolition movement, Lincoln's proclamation emancipating the millions of slaves in the Southern Confederacy, and the constitutional amendment which for ever excluded the obnoxious institution from the Union.

The mind and conscience of foreign rulers were stirred by these examples, and by the exercise of their autocratic authority, the Czar Alexander and the cultured and great-hearted Emperor of Brazil, Dom Pedro, successively put an end to serfdom in Russia and negro slavery in Brazil. The nineteenth century blotted out slavery from the civilized world.

The growth of democracy, however, was accompanied by many other great reforms, such as wider freedom of trade; the more equal distribution of taxation according to wealth; the abolition of capital punishment except for the gravest offences; acts for the emancipation of women and the protection of children; the repeal of outworn laws in restraint of combinations of workmen; the reform of prisons; the establishment of hospitals and asylums for the infirm in body or mind; their administration upon more humane and scientific prin-

ciples; and the more stringent regulation and even partial suppression of the traffic in intoxicating liquors. When we consider the great and powerful organizations, national and international, now in active operation, for the promotion of the interests of employees, it is difficult to believe that within the lifetime of this generation it was in Canada a criminal offence for workingmen to combine effectively for mutual advantage.

Government based on popular franchise involves, as a necessary corollary, popular education. The reign of Victoria has accordingly witnessed the establishment of mechanics' and farmers' institutes; industrial, technical, and night schools; free schools; free public libraries, and compulsory education for both sexes.

Intimately connected with these educational advantages may be mentioned the use of postage stamps, begun by England in 1840, and afterwards adopted by every civilized nation; the enormous reduction in the rates of inland and foreign postage, culminating, through the action of Canada, in penny postage throughout the greater part of the Empire; the cheap newspaper, book and parcel post; the registered letter, money order and postal note system; the introduction of the postal card, and one of the century's noblest and mightiest achievements, that extraordinary and world-wide system known as the Universal Postal Union, now at length embracing nations representing a thousand millions of mankind.

The century is remarkable for the growth of universities. Even when Queen Victoria ascended the throne, there was not a university in all British North America in actual operation, except McGill. The commencement of the University of Toronto, under its former name of King's College, when its first students were enrolled, took place on the 8th day of June, 1843, six years after the Queen's accession. Victoria College obtained authority to confer degrees in 1841. In the same year Queen's obtained its charter from the Imperial Government. The other universities are of later date: Trinity, Western, McMaster, Regiopolis and Ottawa, in Ontario. Time will not permit me to speak of the excellent universities of the other provinces of the Dominion. The universal instinct for consolidation and expansion has affected our great educational institutions. The University of Toronto has gathered about it a number of affiliated colleges, and federated with Victoria University. Trinity, McGill and Manitoba have also their affiliated colleges. The provincial educational system of Ontario includes practically in one organism kindergartens and public schools, collegiate institutes and the universities.

All these academic institutions are doing most valuable work in the upbuilding of the Canadian nation, and all are the growth of the nineteenth century.

The century now closing has witnessed vast increases in the number and equipment of great universities and colleges in Great Britain and Ireland, in all the dependencies of the Empire and in foreign countries.

Amongst the fairy tales of private munificence may be mentioned the establishment of colossal institutions of learning, like Cornell University, Johns Hopkins at Baltimore, Leland Stanford in California, and Rockefeller's creation, the University of Chicago, springing into existence as by the touch of Aladdin, and at once taking rank with great universities of other lands, the slow growth of centuries.

The magnificent donations of McDonald, Lord Strathcona, and others, to McGill; the bequests of

William Gooderham and Hart A. Massey to Victoria; the gifts to the University of Toronto by Blake, Mulock and others, and the endowments of Trinity, Queen's, and McMaster Universities, and Knox and Moulton Colleges, make a good beginning of similar benefactions in our own Dominion.

Popular government postulates liberty of speech and of the press; and the evolution of the newspaper, the magazine and the review, has kept pace with the other great movements of the age. Consider, for a moment, that so lately as the year of the Queen's accession to the throne, there was not an illustrated journal in the world, not a daily paper in England outside of London, not one in her colonial possessions, hardly a religious newspaper in the world; that such a thing as a monthly magazine was almost, if not altogether, unknown; that the electric telegraph had not been invented, nor the steam press, nor the art of reproducing pictures by photogravure or other modern processes.

You can then form some idea of the difference between the social and intellectual atmosphere of that epoch and this, in which every house takes in its daily and weekly papers, and its monthly magazines, secular, religious, scientific, or philosophic, filled with artistic illustrations of great excellence; but it will still be impossible to realize it in its fulness, or to imagine our grandfathers' necessarily narrow outlook upon life. In our modes of life and thought we are separated from them, not by half a century, but by a thousand years.

MIGRATION.

BY PASTOR FELIX.

"How shall the soul not know when the change is nigh at last? . . . It is more than a reed, it is more than a wild doe on the hills, it is more than a swallow lifting her wing against the coming of the shadow, it is more than the swan drunken with the blue wine of the waves when the green Arctic lawns are white and still. It is more than these, which has the Son of God for brother, and is clothed with light. God doth not extinguish at the dark tomb what He hath litten in the dark womb."—*Fiona McLeod.*

As when the martin migrates, Autumn claps
Her hands, and cries,—"Winter's coming, will be here,
Off with you ere the white teeth overtake!
Flee!" . . . . . .
. . . I go to prove my soul!
I see my way as birds their trackless way.
I shall arrive! What time, what circuit first,
I ask not: but unless God sends His hail
Or blinding fireballs, sleet or stifling snow,
In some time, His good time, I shall arrive:
He guides me and the bird. In His good time.

—*Robert Browning.*

Shall I not find the way? Shall I not hear
And know the summons, when my Lord doth call?
When that shall come to me which comes to all,
Shall not Time's ancient mystery be clear?
The swallow knows before the fading year
To lift her wing against the shadowy north;
The wild swan knows his time, and sallies forth
Before the snows and sleety blasts appear;

The salmon hears its voice, in the lone pool
Among the hills, and pants for the salt sea:
Shall I not hear the Voice that calls for me?
These meaner creatures err not. Thou shalt school
My heart and train my spirit; Thou shalt lead
My soul from dearth and shadow, at her need.

Pemaquid, Maine, November 14th, 1900.

THE NATIONAL ECONOMIC ASSOCIATION.

BY JAMES L. HUGHES,

Inspector of Public Schools, Toronto.

AMONG the many associations of women organized during the last quarter of the closing century, none brings more hope to educators and to all who are interested in the progressive evolution of humanity than the Household Economic Association. Its aims are comprehensive and vitally essential to the highest development of the race.

There are three dominant agencies in the upward growth of humanity: the home, the church, and the school. When these three agencies co-operate harmoniously, the true progress of the race towards a grander civilization will be established on a sure foundation. Perfect co-operation can result only from the perfect development of each co-operating agency.

The church and the school have long recognized the absolute necessity for training those whose lives are to be devoted to work in the church and in the school. Long courses of study and training have been required to help in giving the necessary culture and power and professional skill to qualify for the work of ministers and teachers in harmony with the most advanced thought revealed to each succeeding generation.

Home makers, too, should be trained. But the home, which in the fundamental work of character development should be the most influential agency, has been left out of consideration in the institutions whose function is to train men and women in the best processes of human evolution.

The central purpose of the Household Economic Association is to remedy this serious defect in the training of the race for its greatest work; and the clear revelation of the imperative need of a broad and true culture for the home makers marks definitely a most important epoch in man's higher development.

The home is the most comprehensive influence in deciding a child's qualification for sustained and effective work in adulthood. The child's whole life power, in its essential elements of physical, intellectual and spiritual vitality, is influenced directly and indirectly in the home. If the best conditions of physical power, and the apperceptive centres of true and rich intellectual and spiritual development are not established in the home, no other agencies can raise the child to the truest and richest manhood or womanhood. A dwarfed or undeveloped childhood necessarily results in impaired power and defective life.

Every child has a right to the best conditions known for childhood by the highest civilization. Full growth physically, intellectually, and spiritually is possible only in the best conditions. The "lost waif" will never cease to disgrace civilization so long as homes are less efficient than they should be. Every child whose life is spent in unnecessarily poor environment and conditions is a pathetic appeal to parenthood to improve environments and conditions in harmony

with the aims of the Household Economic Association.

The improvement of homes does not demand greater expense so much as better training and more practical common sense. The aims of progressive workers in securing improved home conditions are, not to spend more money, but to get greater returns for the money spent, not to increase labour, but to make labour most effective in promoting health, comfort, and happiness.

The true home maker considers every element that influences the life of the family physically, intellectually and spiritually. The physical conditions especially require careful attention from the most advanced scientific minds. The schools and some of the churches have recognized the fundamental fact that physical culture is a very important element in the development of human character. The quality of intellectual and spiritual power, and the capacity for sustained intellectual and spiritual effort depends to a large extent on the perfect growth of the body. The higher the character of the physical life the more completely it aids in the development and the expression of intellectual and spiritual energy. Rousseau taught the great truth that the more perfect the body the more readily it obeys the intellect and will; but the perfect body does more than respond to the mind and spirit; it contributes to their power and fuller growth. It is, therefore, of vital importance to consider, as the Household Economic Association does, all subjects related to the proper construction and sanitation of the home, and the whole range of domestic science, including the correct choice and proper preparation of foods.

Pure air, proper lighting and sanitary cleanliness in the home are essential elements in promoting health, comfort and happiness, and these are the conditions in which man's best nature develops most rapidly, most naturally and most harmoniously. The highest success demands harmonious development. But even with these conditions in a high degree of efficiency we require the most perfect possible nutrition in order that each individual may be raised to and sustained in the best condition physically, intellectually, and spiritually for effective work without unnatural, and therefore destructive, over-fatigue.

The " wear and tear " of life results, not from overwork as is generally believed, but from work under improper conditions. Most men and women work at a rate under their capacity rather than over it. Men wear out quickly, because they are not properly nourished. They wear out most quickly when they take unnatural stimulants to overcome the lack of energy resulting from imperfect nutrition, and thus force their enfeebled bodies to work under pressure beyond the natural fatigue point. Under these conditions the " wear and tear " is inevitable, because work then is an unnatural strain on the physical and intellectual power, and because work done beyond the fatigue point destroys the reactive tendency to rest, that results from fatigue under normal conditions. The basis of intemperance is largely physical. The nervous systems that are not kept in comfortable working order crave something that for a time will bring exhilaration. Unnatural exhilaration is always debilitating. Natural exhilaration, resulting from appropriate and well-cooked food eaten in proper quantities and at proper times, is always productive of greater power along life's broadest and highest lines of effort.

When school children become nervous and irritable, and feeble,

the schools are usually blamed for these evil conditions. Sometimes the schools have shared in the causes that led to such undesirable results by long hours and inadequate ventilation, by the substitution of pressure for natural interest, by continuous sitting, and by lack of play; but the homes have done the larger part of the wrong to childhood by failing to send children to school in a proper condition for work.

The true remedies for a weak, nervous system are food suitable for nerve and brain building, and physical exercise, especially free play. The Household Economic Association does not propose to study foods and their preparation with a view to giving mere pleasure in the taking of meals, but to promote health, to prolong life, to increase power, to aid in the highest evolution of man. One of the fundamental thoughts in Domestic Science is a new and higher ideal of the true meaning of digestion. Digestion should be regarded as the transmutation of material things into physical, intellectual and spiritual energy. This function of elevating food into the highest forms of human power is the true work of digestion, but it has been almost universally degraded. The selection and preparation of foods has been regarded as one of the baser departments of household economics. The systematic study of foods and their scientific preparation for the table have been carefully conducted, chiefly to provide gratification for unnatural appetites. The true study of foods and their scientific preparation should be conducted in order to find what foods are best for all conditions and ages of humanity, for sickness and health, for infancy, childhood, vigorous adulthood and declining age; for brain building, nerve strengthening, muscle development and bone growth; for promoting or retarding the storing of fat, and for aiding the functional work of all the vital organs and preserving the harmonious balance of man's powers. This study is now recognized as a most important department of the science of human evolution, and its extension among all classes of society is one of the aims of the Household Economic Association.

Domestic art is a necessary part of the study of scientific home making. Our mental and spiritual conditions, and therefore indirectly our physical life, are influenced by the nature of our environment. Calmness or irritation, hopefulness or despondency, joyousness or moroseness, definiteness or carelessness, prospering ambition or lack of vital interest, may depend to a greater extent than is generally realized on the colour of the walls, the ceilings and the carpets in our homes. The study of pictures, and furniture, and furnishings, and gardens; and the beautifying of front yards, and especially of back yards, will speedily lead to a true aesthetic culture, and promote the happiness and the broader and higher development of the race. The Household Economic Association aims to aid mothers and fathers in the homes, and children in the schools in studying these subjects and all others connected with the exterior and interior decoration of homes; and they aim to secure vastly better conditions by a smaller expenditure of money.

One of the subjects discussed with most earnestness and most sympathetic liberality at the recent meeting of the Household Economic Association, in Toronto, was the best means of securing efficient service in the home. The leaders in the discussion showed a commendable interest in servants, and recognized frankly their right to a better social life, to shorter hours

of service, and to increased opportunities for culture. The conventional tyranny, amounting in many cases to practical slavery, to which servants have been subjected, was strongly condemned; and all mistresses were urged to remove the class barriers that have existed between them and their servants.

Reasonable women now realize that the domestic service problem has passed the stage of drudgery, subordination, and social ostracism. The new century will elevate the character of household work, cleaning, cooking, and all departments of service, by making them more scientific and more systematic; and with this elevation of the service will come a corresponding elevation in the qualification of servants and in the general recognition of their rights.

As education reveals more clearly the value of individual character and the fundamental morality of a true spirit of community, servants will inevitably demand greater freedom, and higher opportunities for culture and social life; and mistresses will recognize their servants as sister women, entitled to their most sympathetic consideration.

The Household Economic Association deserves the earnest attention of men as well as women. The home is the centre of highest influence for fathers as well as mothers. There can be no greater interest centre than the child and his preparation for the proper performance of his duty in a progressive civilization. The home has not kept pace with the other agencies in promoting the evolution of the race.

Parents or leaders in reform may obtain information in regard to the method of organizing branches of the Household Economic Association from Mrs. Linda Hull Larned, of Syracuse, President of the National Association; from Mrs. Ada Marean Hughes, of Toronto, President of the Canadian Association; or from Miss A. A. Chown, Field Secretary, Kingston.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

BY M. K. A. STONE.

Old Year! the tried, the true, I hold you close,
Though fast your moments fleet;
For yours has been the gracious gift to know
Our sainted ones, whose feet
Will come this way no more. For this your boon,
Through many a pang and tear,
Blended with tender, patient memories,
I love you, good Old Year;

Not that your days unclouded came and went,
Not that the light was sweet,—
But that the darkness drew us close to Christ
In following His feet.
Hallowed by fires of pain,—God's proof of love,
Pure, infinite and free;—
You helped us gauge the cost and weigh the worth
Of human sympathy.

The strange New Year that knocketh at our gate,
Hath yet to learn our needs,—
Hath yet to seize the clew. Its barred path,
Who knoweth where it leads?
We only know that One whose steps err not
Is guide. He goes before;
"I will not leave you,"—this His given word,
"Nor fail you evermore."

FOUNDERS OF EMPIRE.

BY THE REV. A. BROWNING.

IT was autumn in 1861 when a dozen or more earnest men met as delegates to a convention held at Fort Hope, British Columbia. The season for the run of hooknosed salmon was on, and the delegates, whose discussions were often carried on in the open air for want of more desirable premises, varied their talks by watching the great fish thrusting their weaker brethren on shore—a practical illustration to these delegates of the survival, not of the fittest, but of the strongest of the race. These men had various terms applied to them. By the parties in power they were called "public disturbers and rebels against constituted authority;" by the English aristocrats, and there were many of them, they were dubbed "colonials and nobodies;" and by the Americans, who formed numerically the majority of the population, they were called "North American Chinamen."

The members of this people's parliament, with scarce an exception, were all from east of the Rockies, men from Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, men from Quebec and Ontario, men who had known what freedom was in the lands from which they came, and who sought in the new land what was to them an inalienable birthright—civil and religious liberty. They were men despised by upstart officialdom, and their deeds looked on with contempt. They are now almost all except the writer of this article gone over to the great majority; but among those men were future Governors, Premiers, Secretaries of State, and Members of Parliament; for with scarce an exception, the despised of yesterday became the honoured ones of the to-morrow.

British Columbia, at the time of this convention, was governed from Downing Street, through the agency of lordly subordinates, who looked upon colonies and colonists as a sort of places and peoples made for the sole purpose of experiments by the fledglings of diplomacy. The Americans looked on with serene but shrewd complacency, and, truth to say, expected some day or other, when the time was ripe, to see British Columbia accept its "manifest destiny" by becoming a State of the American Union.

This convention met to save the colony to Great Britain, and to secure, to that end, responsible government, representative institutions, and ultimate federation with the provinces east of the mountains. Resolutions were passed, action determined on, and from that time the ball rolled on, gathering force with the days, until in less than a decade of years the Dominion of Canada was not a dream but a glorious and accomplished fact.

It was no small satisfaction to me to come east with the delegates from British Columbia to Ottawa to arrange terms for the federation of Canada from sea to sea—and none was more glad than I when it was accomplished.

From henceforth Canada was to be no longer "a pent-up Utica," and British Columbia no longer a mere "sea of mountains." The Dominion arose, the East and the

West clasped hands, and the Rockies divided them no more.

What about these empire builders? Hugh Nelson, later on M.P., then a Senator, and ultimately Governor of British Columbia, was there—a firm friend of our mission work. Many a time has he given me his "bunk" to sleep in, whilst he slept on the floor. An honest struggler from boyhood, he reached the highest rung of the ladder, and died at the right time—in the zenith of his fame.

There was Amor De Cosmos, once known in New Brunswick as plain John Smith, but changed by the California Legislature into a "Lover of the World." Old timers at Ottawa have vivid memories of Amor De Cosmos. As editor and proprietor of the leading Victoria newspaper, as Member of Parliament, and as a loyal Canadian, De Cosmos had more to do in bringing British Columbia into the Dominion than any other man. I know of what I speak when I say that when federation trembled in the balance and union with the States was in the air, he, like Milton's Abdiel, stood faithful amid the faithless, and none was more loyal than he to a united Canada.

John Robson, who ultimately became Premier of the province, and died in London when a guest in Downing Street, rose from manual labour to become editor of a newspaper and leader of federation on the mainland. He owed his first great success to the writer of this article, and on this wise. I had written an unsigned article for his paper, reflecting on that Colossus of those days, Judge Begbie. The Judge at once summoned Robson before him and demanded the name of the writer of the article and an abject public apology or the gaol. Robson refused the two first, and accepted the last. At once he was made a martyr, and Begbie found he had committed a blunder and a wrong. Robson was discharged with honours, and from then until he died in London was a hater of all tyranny and tyrants, and a faithful friend of the Canada he loved so much and the liberties he helped to create.

Thompson, M.P., was another. He was, in his earlier days, a professor of elocution, and his stilted orations in the Ottawa House are still remembered by the Parliamentarians of those days. Homer, M.P., Chisholm, M.P., and others less known, but not less useful, were delegates to that memorable convention.

If the superstructure of the glorious Dominion overshadows the foundation, let not the early empire builders be forgotten. They toiled in the dark, laboured amid discouragement and contempt, but lived to see the most sanguine dreams of the night become the realities of the day which made Canada one glorious and indestructible whole. Perhaps they built better than they knew, but the building is here and a nation takes refuge under its roof.

What matters it?—a few years more,
Life's surge so restless heretofore
Shall break upon the unknown shore!

In that far land shall disappear
The shadows which we follow here,
The mist-wreaths of our atmosphere.

Before no work of mortal hand,
Of human will or strength, expand
The pearl gates of the Better Land;

Alone in that great Love which gave
Life to the sleeper of the grave,
Resteth the power to "seek and save."

ROMANCE OF A COUNTRY TOWN.

BY ANNETTE L. NOBLE,

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

CHAPTER II.

JOHN FERRIS heard with gladness that Miss Goddard was "not," as his housekeeper, Polly Huggins, remarked, "a marrying character." For a long time Hannah had been his friend in an unconventional fashion. To spend half an hour with her seemed often to him like a high outlook, small things looked meaner, rock outlines took on softer aspects, and he felt at his best. The rumour had been that she was going to marry, and leave Cairnes. In that case he would have no more informal talks with her in the church porch, or along the highway, he perhaps stopping work in the field to chat over the rail fence or lingering in the post-office. He seldom saw her in her home.

The Ferris house was one of the big, white, Grecian-porch sort, but the front blinds were never opened or the front gate used. One pleasant evening John turned in from the road at the great gate, and went toward the region where Polly Huggins reigned. She was the gaunt, uncomely partner of one of his farm hands, and seemed an honest soul with a modicum of vagaries.

"Hum a'ready!" she exclaimed, as he encountered her in the kitchen with her work dress spattered with paste and bits of adhesive wall-paper. "I calc'lated to be all done and slicked up before you got here, but I got so possessed to finish this 'ere wainscotin', or dado, whichever ye may call it, that I had forgotten we ever eat supper. See there how I've covered the holes where the chair-backs have jabbed out plasterin'."

John looked across the yellow floor, with its sidewalks of neat rag carpet, the gay chintz lounge, the big cooking stove, the pantry vista of glittering tins, and saw with regret Polly's exploits as a paperhanger. Around a cheap yellow paper ran a band of hieroglyphics. Nearer, they proved to be innumerable owls sitting on endless branches.

"We could have stopped the holes with new plaster, Polly," then, seeing her face fall, "You have done it very well, only all these owls around the chimney stand on their head."

"Yes, but what's the odds? The last strip fitted best that way. Tilly, come down and set the supper table, while I dress up!" called Mrs. Huggins at the bottom of the "back" stairs, and her daughter Pulsatilla came down.

She was a wall-eyed, white-haired girl of thirteen, so preposterously tall that the impulse to try and telescope her was strong in the beholder. It seemed as if she must be contrived to slip in at the sockets. While Tilly went cheerfully about her tasks, Mr. Ferris followed his housekeeper's example and dressed himself for a drive into Kent, after a busy day on the farm.

"Did you give him his letter, ma?" asked Tilly, when her mother returned to add finishing touches to the repast spread forth quite temptingly.

"Letter? No, I forgot it; put it on his plate."

"What do you s'pose is in it?"

"How can I tell. Go on, Tilly, and don't show curiosity about other folks' affairs."

Supper came in due time, and during the repast Polly remarked to John, who had read his letter, "'Pears to me you don't take hold of your vittals real hearty nowadays. I can beat ye all holler at it after just pilfering around the house all day."

She was merely showing solicitude for her master's comfort, not confessing to any misdemeanours. The liberties Polly took were usually verbal.

"No, I am not hungry to-night. Huggins, you need not harness up the colts as I said. I have concluded not to go to Kent."

Huggins did not ask "why not?" as Pulsatilla and her mother were hoping he would. He seldom talked, except, as Polly said, "to the critters."

"If you have been house-cleaning, Polly," said Mr. Harris, after a long

silence, "you have had the front rooms open. I will look through them. Why don't you keep the windows open and the curtains up? I should think the place would smell musty."

"I reckon it would be musty if I didn't take proper care of it," sniffed Polly, slightly ruffled at his non-appreciation of "how she had always kept the flies out of them parlours," but her moods were nothing to him as he penetrated the gloom of the big square rooms with their gay Brussels carpets, haircloth sofa, with white cotton tidies, and the usual gilded vases, wax-flower pieces and lava card-receivers. He could not even tell why these rooms were not fine, for his wife had meant to confound the neighbourhood with her upholstery. Slipping the bolt of the front door, he went out into the wide porch to draw a long breath in the twilight. He wanted to be glad in heart, yet something had oppressed him since that letter had gone into his breast packet.

"Everything in nature begins new in the spring, but all goes on repeating the years before," he murmured. "If we could start anew and not go on in the old way! Perhaps Hannah Goddard could help me—no, I think I will not talk with her—Mrs. Ostrander must do. I want to talk it over with a woman. We must begin right."

Maria was delighted to see him—"Because I want so much to know if you have done anything about Mr. Hopkins having a vacation, but I could not get over to ask you. I have had visitors until a few minutes ago."

He told her every one whom he had seen agreed that the minister needed a rest, and there was no doubt the matter would all be arranged in a few days. Mrs. Ostrander, on her part, had a number of subjects which she wished to bring before him at length, and this she proceeded to do in the ensuing half-hour. When he had given a concise opinion on each, something betrayed to her that his mind was preoccupied. As he pushed the black hair off his forehead, she looked with kindly curiosity into his troubled eyes. Her own were unconsciously questioning, and, as if in reply, he said slowly, "I am going to bring my wife home next week."

"Why, can she—has she—I mean, is she well enough for that?"

"The doctor writes me that while she is far from strong in body, she has so far recovered mentally that he thinks he ought to tell me that she has asked to be sent home for the first time in all these years. Whenever I have seen her she has said that she preferred to be where she was, that she hated Cairnes and——"

"Every one in it," thought Mrs. Ostrander, scarcely knowing what to say.

"I only received the letter to-night, but, of course, I shall go for her as soon as everything is arranged for her comfort. I wanted to ask advice, first, about Polly Huggins. I am afraid that when I tell her she——"

"Exactly so," put in Maria, waving both hands in excitement. "Polly will rebel, and vow that she can't stay, and won't try to stay, but she will. I will go over early to-morrow and show her what is her Christian duty. She must get the whole house open and attractive, and keep care and worry away from your wife. She must do it, too, so quietly that it will seem to do itself, and all the time Mrs. Ferris be the apparent head."

"That is just the point," John struck in hastily. "O, if Polly could be prevailed on to stay! At the best it will be hard for poor Mary to begin again here. You never knew her—well, my wife was very" (the loyal man hesitated for a loyal adjective) "sensitive, and little things annoyed her."

"So we must keep the annoyances away from her. As she never knew me, she will not start with any prejudices, and I will make her like me if I can. We must get her right into the interests and life of the community. Hannah Goddard, Hope Hopkins, and I must undertake that. First, she must feel at ease with us."

"I wish I could see her happy. Will you tell Miss Goddard?"

"Yes, and don't fear about Polly. I did her sister a favour last month—got her a free bed in Langbury Hospital. Polly won't be cantankerous with me."

"I can go for Mary the last of this week. She must not think that I hesitate to welcome her. We men are so clumsy in dealing with women, or I am."

He rose up abruptly after that, and was going without more words. Maria followed him to the door, saying:

"Well, if women manage better, perhaps it is because they are less

truthful or more artful than men. The best way for you to act toward Polly Huggins is to say just one minute before you leave the kitchen all you have to say, and get the other side of the door before she can speak. When your enemy is a woman, fire at her and run."

"Why, how cowardly, Mrs. Ostrander!"

"Can't help it. The first thing Polly will say is that she 'won't,' then, to be consistent, she'll feel bound to stick to it."

"I didn't suppose a woman ever cared for consistency."

"You don't deserve to be told our secrets of warfare. But I can tell you if you try a wrongly planned encounter with Polly, she will go, and take her Joel with her."

"I shall follow your advice to the very letter," returned John, bidding her good-night.

It was a warm evening and the Huggins family were sitting together on the back piazza. Polly talked when so moved, and Joel sometimes sang in a minor key certain favourite ballads not widely known. Mr. Ferris stopped to plan a little with Joel about the morrow's work, then, just before disappearing within doors, he said, "Polly, they write me that my wife is well enough to come home, so I think I will go for her in a day or two. We can have everything ready, as there is really nothing to change."

"Granther grievous! Does the man expect me to live here with a lunatic!" she muttered, strongly emphasizing the second syllable.

"But she has got well, he says, ma."

"They never get well, Pulsatilla. Before ever you was born my Doctor Bumpus used to talk scientific'ly to me. He was the deepest character that ever I see on this earth. He'd been a circulatin' preacher before he took up doct'rin', and he looked into things, I tell you, he did. Well, he said insanity was caused by a person's having one link too few or one too many in his or her spinal vertebray, which everybody knows is a prolongation of their brain. If so be it was a link too much, the person was lively crazy and vicious. If it was a link too few, why, the poor creter was dull; when it come to no links at all, no doubt that person was an idjet. Now then, Tilly, it stands to reason, and to science, too, that the thing is fixed. Who can stretch out or cut off a body's verterbray?"

"I should think a doctor might."

"None never has, to my knowledge. In the morning I'm going over to offer my services to Miss Goddard. I'll venter she's lonesome by this time."

"Where'll I go, ma?"

"To Kent, to yer pa's relations."

"What will Mr. Ferris do?"

"If his wife is well, she can take care of herself; if she hain't, he can carry her back where she come from," was Polly's grim response. "We was a-doin' well enough as 'twas."

"I don't care much for pa's relations," confessed poor Tilly.

"They don't care much for you, nuther," retorted Polly, rapidly growing vicious.

"Pa—pa, can't I stay with Mrs. Ferris? I ain't afraid of her links, and I can't bear the Hugginses," wailed Pulsatilla.

CHAPTER III.

One glorious day Hannah resolved to indulge in a holiday out of doors. Almost everybody in Cairnes had (to speak like an Irishman) gone out of it. When the afternoon shadows began to lengthen on the grass, and she pictured the amber sunlight sifting into the forest, she started for a long walk. How cool and dainty looked her rose-perfumed sitting-room, with its soft-falling curtains, enticing couch, pretty writing-desk, and the picture over it she liked so well: Paul Veronese's "St. Helena's Vision of the Cross."

Before she turned the key in her door she thrust into her pocket an unopened paper, fancying that she might read a little before returning.

She went slowly down the road, past fields where all labour was suspended, stopped at one or two gates for a word with some feeble old man left behind by his family to sit in the shade. The highway was warm and unusually dusty from so much travel, so Hannah turned aside through the May-weed into the graveyard. It was not well kept by the living, but nature took a kindlier care of the treasures committed to her keeping, and the grass seemed never to grow coarse or rank. Now and then, by some young person's grave rose, fair and sweet, a tall spike of

spotless lilies. Hannah, who would have had no gloomy thoughts even if birds had not sung and butterflies danced—Hannah made her way by the newest graves: those of her uncle and aunt.

"I wonder," she murmured, "I wonder if they are growing in heaven. There was so much about both of them which they must leave behind that they would surely enter very small and weak. How little they got out of living, and how great a dread they had of dying! Perhaps I ought to put flowers on their graves, but they never looked lovingly on one in life, so I have waited. When their souls have been a while in some holy atmosphere there will not seem to me such an incongruity in putting lilies and heartsease above their bodies."

She went on with the star-like look in her eyes that she had sometimes. It came then because of what she was thinking: "People often talk of Christ's mentioning the beauty of the lilies as if it had been a pleasing recognition of some object afar off from His domain, His life and work. I believe their loveliness was close to Him, like the sweetness of little, unknowing children. He did not just give them that one patronizing glance when He bade us 'Consider.' Sometimes when I see violets, it goes through me like music that before ever there was one there must have been the violet-thought in God's mind."

The oldest graves were so low they melted into the hillside, which sloped very gently down to the stream. Reaching the water, Hannah found it low enough for her to cross on stones, and once in the woods she enjoyed what a child enjoys, and more.

Tired at last by unwonted exercise, she sat down to rest and opened her newspaper. Jake Mather had brought it to her the evening previous, and neglected to say that he had thrust a letter into the paper cover. It fell out now—a neat, cream-white envelope, duly stamped, sealed and directed to her. She opened it with mild surprise, having very few correspondents: found two sheets covered with that chirography which Dr. O. W. Holmes says looks "as if written in an April shower driven by a south wind." On the very last line was the name Katharine Hamilton." This was the letter:

"Dear Miss Goddard,—When I was seven years old my mother, who was your Uncle James' cousin, took me with her to Cairnes for a short visit. That was thirteen years ago, but I may call it to your mind by the fact that I fell into the cistern in playing leap-frog over the cover with a much-freckled little boy named Abram. You pulled me out, and gave me some ginger wine, for which I teased daily afterwards. Now I have a strong desire to see you again, and that pretty, long street (the one where wild roses grew by the stone walls). Could you be persuaded to take me as a summer boarder? I will keep out of the cistern, and let all the boys, freckled and unfreckled, alone. If you don't like or want me after a brief trial, I will go away. I do not know what to tell you about myself. I graduated three years ago at Mount Holyoke, and the next year I taught school, chiefly because I did not want to do it, but had theories, and had been learning that life was a discipline——"

"Exactly; I understand," quoth Hannah. "I have some theories left, but they are not about school-teaching."

"Well, the year after that the Mucklesons were going to Europe, and—thank fortune!—I happened to be their poor relation. Uncle Muckleson, thinking (so he said) that I was 'up in geography and arithmetic, and crammed with history and art,' offered to pay my expenses for a year with them, if I would 'bother with foreign money, and find out the points for Aunt Bethinda.' Of course, I was quite ignorant, but it is always easy to learn, and so, while I tried to be of use to them, I had a glorious play spell. They keep a kind of hold on me since we came back. But, rich and kind-hearted as they are, I would prefer to paddle my own canoe, if it is a little one. They go to Saratoga this summer.

"No doubt you knew at the time of father's death, which was two years after my mother's. Since I have been all alone in the world, everybody has been so kind! I suppose there are bad people outside of novels, but I never seem to know them. When I called myself 'poor,' I did not mean it as positive, but relative poverty. I am not dependent at all, having quite enough to live on."

Hannah smiled at the broad underlining of the two words, and liked the girlish pride that prompted it.

"If you can't take me into your

home as a boarder, would you be kind enough to ask a place for me with some neighbour, if this is feasible ?"

Having, after a line or two more, read all the letter, Hannah put it aside in some perturbation. She was reluctant to open the door of her home to this unexpected applicant. She did not go so far as to regret ever pulling Miss Katherine out of the cistern, but she recalled, with mild dismay, the freaky, tender, peppery romp of that summer's visit years before. A boarder she never meant to harbour under any circumstances.

"I suppose I might let her come for a visit, and then if she wanted to stay all summer the Hopkinses would perhaps be glad of the pay. She is near Hope Hopkins' age ! Yes, and there is the young theologian who is to come, and she a Mount Holyoke graduate ! More poetry—more friendship—more rings ! Well, why not ? After all, I might find it entertaining to watch a young girl's way of thinking and acting. I slipped so rapidly from childhood into womanhood that I seemed to lose what ought to have come between. Yes, Kate may visit me."

Miss Goddard forgot entirely that she was going to the lake shore, and sat thinking about the coming guest. Suddenly it occurred to her that this was the night when the orphan was to arrive. A gentleman from Kent going to Langbury and back, had agreed to bring him thus far toward Cairnes, and Jake Mather was to take charge of him therefrom.

"I had better go home. I may be required to sign a receipt for him," she exclaimed, rising from the soft moss and retracing her steps towards the highway. It was pleasant now in the evening coolness, and there was no sound but the distant low of cattle in the sweet fields on either side.

It was long after dark when Jake, stopping at the horse block, called out :

"All right, Miss Goddard ! Hope sample sent will suit. It's a mighty small potater !"

"Der ye mean me ?" asked a soft voice, as Jake lifted something over the wheel of his waggon, chuckled to himself and drove rapidly away.

"Come in, little boy !" called Hannah encouragingly, and a "little" boy she certainly expected, but involuntarily she fixed her eyes on a point over his head, and then lowered them to a point absurdly beneath her calculations. He was very small for ten ! His kinky hair was all African, but his skin was golden brown, with rich red blood in cheeks and lips, while his big eyes were a clear gray ; one being weak, he had a droll way of drooping the lid, and letting the other eye do double duty.

"What is your name ? Why, how very small you are !" she murmured.

"Lean—Leander Augustus Johnson. I'm older n'am big, an' I ken do heaps o' work. I lived with a doctor 'fore I went t' the 'Sylum."

"What did you do for him ?"

"Druv."

"Then you understand all about horses," said Hannah, "if you were a coachman at seven," and she drew the molasses-coloured cherub nearer the lamplight. "Did you like the Asylum ?"

"Sortah," he replied, showing beautiful teeth when he grinned.

"What did they teach you there ?"

"Ter shine floors, ter spell and sing and clean knives and Bible varses."

"Can you sing ?"

"Ken sing, 'Dar' ter be a Dan'el ! Dar' ter tell the truff !' "

"Say a Bible verse for me."

He hung his woolly head, one eye half-shut, one very bright, stammering :

"Some de fellahs knowed more'n I knowed 'bout varses. It took long time ter learn at t' 'Sylum—mine was allus, 'I—I keep my body under, less —less when I have—have preached ter others, I myself should be—be—be a castaway."

"Well, well !" commented Hannah. "Possibly it influenced your stature, but I never should have chosen it for your instruction."

"I know 'nother," he added, inspired by the impression his first produced—"John cum a-eatin' locusts and wild honey."

"Were you glad to leave the Asylum ?"

"O, t'aint much fun thar."

He was pensive for a full minute before he asked, "Do you keep roosters ?"

"A few. Why ?"

"'Cause my little brothah Pete at the 'Sylum—he can't walk good. His back is sortah broke, an' he wants me awful bad to send him some fedders to play with." The gray eyes grew suddenly watery, the full lips quivered : "Pete'll want me now ter kick an' lam them white fellahs wot

get ter teasin' him, an' I won't be thar."

That refrain brought Hannah to her feet.

"Oh, yes, we'll send Pete feathers, and plenty of playthings, but you must have your supper. Did they give you nice strawberries and cream and cake at the Asylum?" cried Hannah briskly.

Both eyes opened sparkling as he followed her to the kitchen and caused all those dainties to disappear.

"You have on very good clothes, but aren't you almost roasted in that overcoat?" remarked the lady, studying a gray ulster that reached to his new shoes. It had a belt and a hood, and made him look like a clean Capuchin monk in miniature. "I presume they get the orphans' clothes so large, in order to let them grow to them."

Perhaps her confused syntax amused Lean, for a smile played over his innocent face, and he glanced at the bundle he had brought. After his supper Hannah took the liberty of examining his wardrobe, which he said was contained in this same bundle. She found that he had a change of excellent clothing, but no article could be called a good fit, whereupon he explained that charitable people often bestowed so many shirts, coats and trousers on so many orphans, and, neither being made to order, there naturally were discrepancies.

"Of course," said Hannah, not wanting to reflect unpleasantly on what he so plainly admired. "They are all new and strong and just as good, because you may grow in places and shrink in spots, but why are your under-drawers marked Simon Wells?"

"Ye'm—Simon 'e had the measles, an' they tuck 'im ter the city 'ospital, an' Simon's cluz they dun got mixed."

"But that is not the name on this flannel shirt! This says James Bates. Did the measles go through like a cyclone, scattering all the orphans' garments."

Now Lean's woolly head went back, and out rippled a mellow laugh.

"Wull, yer see—yer see," he laboured in a way Hannah was soon to recognize as the prelude to a "whopper" taking form in his "variegated imagination," and then, while she listened he tried to show her that "at the 'Sylum" it was the custom, as among the early Christians, to have all things in common. And just as without doubt in the first century the spryest Christians had the best pick, Lean, being about to go away for ever, had selected this outfit, which might have led a person unenlightened to suppose him half a dozen boys in one.

Hannah was impressed. The carrying off of that January overcoat in sultry July struck her as showing an amount of forethought not common in the ordinary negro. But it was as well a crooked proceeding, so, because Lean had a full stomach, and was able at once to endure sound doctrine, Hannah told him that so long as he obeyed her, never stole or told lies, she would care for him. If he transgressed he would suffer either in mind or body.

"I don' tell no more lies! At the 'Sylum they ties the fellahs wot tells lies in a bag, and hangs the bag on a nail. Once I told one lie, before the matron said it was wicked. We've got ter leave every one of our lies behind us if we gits intah heaven, hain't we?"

Hannah took no offence at the suggestive plural number, but replied to the dark orphan blinking so virtuously at her, "We have all got to leave everything wicked that there is about us, if ever we go into heaven."

"Seems like some folks won't know much when they gits in thar. Be I goin' ter do all the farm-work?"

"I have no farm, but you will learn several kinds of work, and how to be good and happy."

Lean not objecting at all to the programme, Hannah continued to draw him out. His father was dead. His mother had been ill in a hospital when Pete and he were brought to the Asylum. She deserted them when she recovered. When he began to weep furtively on the sleeve of his stolen ulster because "Pete's a-sleepin' all 'lone ter night, an' I allus rubs his back fer him," Hannah forgave lies and all, as she had occasion to do many a time thereafter. Indeed, before he went to bed he confessed (after failing to answer to his name) that he was Andy, not Lean. Somebody had suggested that as a finer derivative from Leander, but now, to his chagrin, Hannah decided that Andy he was and must remain.

A MAST-LIGHT IN THE STORM.

BY MAUDE PETITT, B.A.

JUST there, on the Cape Breton coast, lived the Carrow family. Furnesse was only a village, a village mostly of Highland fishermen. If you were to catch a hurried glimpse of it from a car window, you might say, "Sleepy—sleepy—sleepy." But you do not see it from a car window, since no car disturbs it, nor is likely to for many a day. If, on the other hand, you were a lingering artist, you would say—simply say nothing, but gaze entranced on the wild beauty of the cliff-nestling village.

The Carrow dwelling was somewhat superior to the neighbouring ones, and stood in a more isolated spot, close to where "Big Ridge" jutted out from the shore. The "Big Ridge" was nothing other than a bold promontory, breasting the Atlantic tides, and dwindling away first to slimy masses of broken rock, then to a treacherous sand-bar, where the sea foamed and frothed on stormy nights, and where, as the fishermen tell in their glib and clattering Highland tongue, the big ship "Cornwall" struck one winter night in '93, and two hundred souls went down. Since then a lighthouse reared its head like a sea-monster from the hidden rocks beyond the ridge.

But to return to the Carrow dwelling, Widow Carrow sat knitting by the open door, where the afternoon sunshine streamed in on a very dirty white cat, and a very clean white floor. She was a pleasant-faced, grey-haired woman, stout and cheery to look upon. Her eyes from time to time were raised from her knitting to the sea. It was calm, very calm, the only life upon it was two lads in a row-boat, one of them feeling in the waves with a long, hooked pole, by which, every now and again, he raised a lobster-trap and deposited it in the boat-end. You knew they were Widow Carrow's sons by the way she watched them.

"There's something uncanny in this calm," said she. "It's not for lastin'."

"Yes, and do you notice that funny light around the horizon?" answered a voice from the pantry, where the clatter of tins and rolling-pin betokened new-made pastry.

"Yes, look by old Dunbeath's woods. See that streak? It reminds me of the afternoon before that night in '93."

"Did ye see the new tomb, mother, as ye came by the kirk yesterday?"

"The one that Captain Dunbeath had put up to his son?"

"Yes. It's real granite, mother, and it says, 'The canopy of heaven shall cover him that hath no tomb.'"

"'The canopy of heaven shall cover him that hath no tomb,'" repeated the mother. "That was what your poor brother Andrew said when I told him he'd find a grave in the sea by his father, poor lad."

She laid her knitting in her lap for a moment, as she thought of the two stalwart fishermen, the Carrow brothers. They had breasted wind and wave for many a year together, only to sleep at last in the icy waters of the Newfoundland coast. For the Carrows were a Newfoundland family. Father Carrow and his sons had gone each spring with the sealing vessels, until his death out there on the ice. Then the family had moved to Cape Breton, to the little village of Furnesse, where Mrs. Carrow's sister had married the village storekeeper, a big Highland Scotchman. Then Andrew, the eldest born, had taken to his father's occupation, and brought home rich profits for a few years, until the fatal accident that caused his death, too, just off his native coast.

"But God's by the dying at sea, as well as on land, mother."

"Ay, Mary; I'm not for complainin'."

"It's wonderful, too, the way He has provided for us who are left."

"Ay, wonderfu'. Why, lass, with your two bits of Jersey cows, an' what wi' the milk and the butter, an' the bits o' chicks, an' the eggs an'

garden, why, you make as much as your father made when we first married. Ay, in His mercy He never lets us lack. He brings from sea an' land. We must aye be thankfu'."

eggs. You better see if you've enough in without huntin'."

And the speaker from the pantry appeared upon the scene. Mary Carrow's face was still fresh and

"THEY HAD BREASTED WIND AND WAVE FOR MANY A YEAR TOGETHER."

"It would be well if all the world remembered it as well as you, mother. But look, isn't that Dunbeath's girl comin' up the cliff ?"

"Yes, it is. She'll be after her

girlish-looking, for she was not yet thirty, but her figure had already taken on a matronly stoutness. Her sleeves pinned up to the shoulder showed the sturdy arm of toil, which,

if not beautiful for its fairness and delicacy, was at least beautiful for its fine, sinewy proportions. She was certainly a substantial-looking woman, not the one to whom you would look for a romance. Yet romance there was. Those kitchen walls had once enclosed a court of justice, or a court of injustice, she knew not which, and in it two destinies had been changed.

Villagers could tell you how, ten years ago, Mary Carrow had a lover. How she used to put on her white muslin when she was a slender girl, and walk with Donald Burford in the beauty of the spring. For little Furnesse had its romances, its spring twilight's tender stars, its flowers, its wooings, its bird-chants. Ay, and it had glib tongues to discuss them, as well. And village gossip had its bit of fault to find with Mary Carrow for marrying a man whose hand had never been hardened by toil. For Donald Burford was a kind of chief clerk and manager for the firm of White Bros., who shipped fish from St. Peter's. A fine, sunny-browed fellow, but the Furnesse girls called him "lily-finger," partly out of envy, perhaps. They even teased Mary about the cameo ring he wore, and, girl-like, the more they teased her, the happier she was. Donald used occasionally to stay over night at her uncle's, to whom he was slightly related.

It was early in the autumn, and Donald, having a holiday, was spending it in Furnesse, accompanied by a cousin, apparently of dissipated habits.

"That's a loose fellow, that Clark," said Andrew, at tea-table. "I don't think you're adding much to the family, Mary, by relating us to such scapegraces as that."

"Can Donald help what his cousin is?" she retorted.

Andrew was to set off for St. Peter's that night, as he had saved enough to buy a share in the seal business for the coming spring, and wished to meet the company's representative, who was to be there that night.

"It's a lonesome ride. Ye better take one of the lads with you," said his mother.

"Nonsense, mother. No one knows I've money on me, but Donald, an' he's not one to tell everybody he meets. The cart is small, and two people would just weigh it down more heavily. Good-bye, mother. I'll not be back till daylight."

A bright moon and a fearless heart! A lash of the whip, and they plunged into the thick, uncut forest, unmarked by anything save the winding road. He was singing a fragment of some now forgotten song, but a sudden hush stole over him. Surely there was some one near. The boughs met overhead; the alders grazed the cart wheels now and again. Hark! was that a crackling in the underbrush? Nonsense! Some wild animal, that was all.

"Get up, Tom! Go along!" Another smack of the whip.

Hark! There was surely something following in the bushes! A man's head! He could have sworn it was the shadow of a man's head on the road! But the tall trees shadowed his path again. All was black. Black and still.

"Whoa! Whoa!"

A tall, dark figure had stopped his horse. No weapon but his horse-whip! He gave a lash at the black phantom. But a powerful hand wrenched away the whip.

Without a word, some one placed a pistol on his temple, and felt for his pocket. Movement, death! Yet he dared. He wrenched at the pistol with a quick grasp. As he struggled to loosen the hold on it something fell with a clink into the cart bottom. The next instant he had the pistol. But the man had him by the throat. With his other hand he tugged at the fellow's collar, scarcely knowing why. He had hold of something like a great pearl button. It gave way, and in the same instant the pistol was discharged into mid-air. The horse took fright, started at a breakneck pace, and there was a dark figure left sprawling on the road. In a few moments Andrew Carrow was far on his way to St. Peter's, though only with great difficulty he could find his lines and rein in his runaway steed.

A white-faced group listened at the breakfast table next morning (Andrew had returned at daybreak).

"And you didn't say a word to the magistrate at St. Peter's?" asked his mother.

"No, mother." His lip trembled, and she saw he was keeping something back.

"And you couldn't see his face? You've no idea who it was?"

"Yes, I've an idea who it was." Why were his eyes fixed on his sister as he answered?

"I pulled off one of his overcoat buttons, and a ring from his finger.

Did you ever see that button, Mary ?"

A look of horror shot through his sister's eyes.

"Did you ever see this ring, Mary Carrow ?"

There was a wild shriek.

"Donald ! Donald ! O my God ! It was never Donald ! It could not be ! I don't believe it ! I'll never believe it ! Besides, he went home last night."

"Donald Burford never entered St. Peter's last night. He stayed at John Gregson's, and Gregson heard some one come in after midnight. Donald Burford was the only man in Furnesse who knew I had money——" A thud interrupted him, as his sister fell unconscious to the floor.

"What were they talking about ? Donald's ring. Oh, yes, they've got it away from him. Donald, my Donald !" and she laughed wildly as she talked thus in the first return to consciousness.

Then her mind grew calmer, and a terrible shadow darkened her face.

"There he comes," said Fred, and looking out they saw Donald Burford coming up the path, a moody look on his face.

Silence greeted his knock. Who should open to him ? It was Mary Carrow herself who rose and opened the door.

"Good-morning Donald. I thought you went back to St. Peter's last night ?".

"No."

Every eye was fixed on his troubled countenance. He noticed it suddenly, and faced them with a sort of angry menace in his eye. Andrew was the first to speak.

"You're up early, Donald, after your walk last night."

"What walk ? What do you know ?" he asked, angrily.

"Ah, that little meeting we had in Dunbeath's swamp."

"What—you—he surely hasn't taken to drink, has he ? What does it all mean, anyway ? And Mary, what ails you ?"

"You've lost one of your coat-buttons, haven't you ?" Andrew asked in the same sarcastic tone.

"So I have !"

"And do you miss your ring ?"

"What's that to you ? What do you mean, Andrew, by all these hints. You're mad about something ! What is it ? Come, out with it !"

"I mean this," said Andrew, suddenly changing his sneering tone. "One man in Furnesse knows that I have several hundred dollars in my pocket as I start for St. Peter's. That man is Donald Burford. On the way I am set upon in the dark, my horse held up, a pistol put to my head. I pull a button off his coat. In the morning I have Donald Burford's coat-button. I pull off his ring. In the morning you see what I have. What else can I mean but the truth ?"

"You mean—you accuse me of—of—of—being a thief—and of attempt at—murder ?"

There was silence, a long silence in the Carrow kitchen, as the two men faced each other.

"What else can I do ?"

"And this in this house ? I tell you it's false—it's a plot," he broke out again. Give me a chance to clear myself. Take it to law. God will protect the innocent."

"Clear yourself here before Mary Carrow, if you can. Tell us what your ring and coat-button were doing in my cart this morning ?"

"I don't know. I lost my ring, and I never missed the button till now. But, Mary, you at least will believe me." He turned to her as he spoke, but that shadow had settled on her brow. She answered not.

"Mary—Mary Carrow," he said, in answer to her look. "Though men and angels doubted you I would believe in you still."

He turned to her brother, and hot words followed. "I will not disgrace my sister by taking it to law," She heard Andrew say. "The law has protected more than one rascal. But get out of this house for ever, and if ever you speak to Mary again—remember, I felt a pistol on my head last night, and you will feel one on yours."

Donald turned to Mary, saying something of love and trust, but she doubted still.

"Good-bye, then, Mary. God forgive you."

They were the last words she heard from his lips.

A few days later they heard that Donald Burford had left the firm of White Bros. at St. Peter's, and gone no one knew whither.

"That proves it," said Andrew. "He's fled."

But, nevertheless, Andrew Carrow had many a sleepless night. He had

tried, condemned, and executed his victim. But was he really the guilty one? He was not quite sure whether that was guilt in his eyes or not. And, somehow, those eyes followed him in the darkness.

But there was another under the Carrow roof who did not sleep. There was one who tossed, and wondered, and wept beneath her attic roof, until at last, to her mind, Donald Burford absent became Donald Burford innocent.

The story that they tried to keep quiet had oozed out by degrees that Burford had attacked Andrew Carrow on the road to St. Peter's, and was now fleeing from justice. Many were the looks of pity bestowed upon poor Mary.

One night Andrew saw a strange sight from his window. He saw his sister steal out toward the shore alone; he followed, fearing suicide; down over the slimy rocks she crept; held her hand up for a moment in the moonlight. He was just going to cry out, when something dropped from her fingers, something small and light, that fell noiselessly into the tide. She went home without knowing she had been watched, and next morning he found the cameo ring was gone. Up to the time he died, three years later, at the seal-fisheries, a picture often recurred to him, a lone woman on the rocks of Furnesse, casting away the ring that betrayed her lover.

"Mary! Are you asleep in the pantry?" called her mother. "Don't ye know the lads are goin' to St. Peter's to-night, an' want supper early?"

That call brought her back abruptly from the slender Mary of nineteen, to the sturdy Mary of twenty-nine.

"Yes, mother dear, I'll have it right away."

She certainly had not wasted her life moping during those ten years. It was an energetic, industrious life, a smiling face and a kindly word for all. But often, at the sound of a strange footfall on the step, she would start nervously, as if awaiting some one.

"Oh, it's great catch we have had to-day, mother!" exclaimed the boys, as they entered. "Supper ready? A few more like that, mother, and we'll buy ye a dress like Mrs. Dunbeath's, and Mary, old girl, you shall have a silk waist that'll screech."

"Oh, Fred, you're making me break the eggs; leave off your kissing, an' sit down to supper," said Mary. "I'm afraid it'll storm to-night. Do you think you'd better go to St. Peter's?"

"Oh, they've planned for to-night," said the mother, "and they're just like their feyther. There's no use tryin' to turn their heads one way, when their nose is turned the 'ither."

"Yes, but——"

A knock on the door interrupted. A stranger had arrived, sick, at Glenelg's inn, and asked for Mary Carrow.

It was an unprecedented thing in the Carrow household, and the boys ate their supper in a nervous silence after she went. They lingered a little after tea before starting, filled with the curiosity of youth, when something strange is taking place in the household.

But it was late when Mary returned, and they were gone. Her face was white, but with a light of peace upon it, and her mother did not dare question her at first.

"Mother, Donald was innocent," was all she said, and mother and daughter threw their arms about each other and wept.

"His cousin has just died at Glenelg's, the one that was here that last night. Donald told him about Andrew's money, and he says himself he did it. He had just taken Donald's ring, and put his coat on for a disguise."

There was a long silence after that in the room where Donald Burford had stood condemned ten years before.

Crash! The storm broke suddenly, and with a terrible fury.

"The poor lads!" exclaimed Mary. "The lads will be at Bearg's by this time. They'll be none the worse for *a bit o' water. You're always o'er*-anxious about others, Mary."

Boom! Boom! Boom! The great waves of the thunder came, peal on peal. The house shook; the windows rattled in their casements, and the keys in the latches.

"Why, the lighthouse isn't lighted yet, mother!"

"No, and that old Jim Cleay's been drunk all day out there with Glenelg's son."

The excitement had been too much for Widow Carrow, and she soon crept off to rest. Mary, left alone, followed before long, but not to bed and to rest. She sat by the window

watching the tempest without; its tumult seemed in harmony with her thoughts.

The fury of the storm lasted for hours, and then, in the lull, it seemed as if the lighthouse tower were moving. Yes, she could see it drift. Then a great cry of horror broke from her lips.

"Mother! Mother! The lighthouse lamps are not lighted, and there's a ship coming toward the 'Big Ridge.' See her mast-lights! Run to the village, quick, and get some one to row to the lighthouse. I'll take the big sealing-lantern an' hold it up on the end of the rock."

It was a queerly-constructed lantern, that they had brought from Newfoundland, a great circular wick, that gave a huge glaring flame.

The storm beat in her face as she hurried to the "Ridge;" the ship was headed toward destruction. Not a moment to lose. She waved the light wildly. Would they see her little signal? On, on it came, a quivering mast-light in the storm! She held the lantern far above her head, on the very edge of the rock. The rain beat in her face and hair, her hat was gone, and the wind almost hurled her down into the foaming, hissing mass below. She fancied the light was turning toward the deep again. Would it turn far enough out to miss the sand-bar? Better have been wrecked here on the shore than far out there in the rock-hiding waters. How long before help would come?

All was black before her—a great heaving, howling, maddened blackness, save for the frothy, glitter of the foam. That white path there, that was death to any ship that tried to pass. Sometimes a far-off flash of lightning gave a glimpse of the rolling horror. Great mountains, that heaved, higher, higher, their foamy ridges, and the great black valley that yawned between, then darkness again, and the roar of the mighty fall; ..othing billows, that howled and fell upon each other like wild-eyed beasts. How long, oh, how long, could she stand there? Her arms both upraised were benumbed with the cold and the rain. The lantern was heavy. It seemed as if her arms must drop! Then she would nerve herself afresh, and for a few moments seem as if she hung there, nailed to something above. A quarter of an hour! A half-hour! Was it an hour she had been hanging there? The mast-light was lost in the darkness yonder. Safe. Thank God! But other ships might come. And it was the way of death. She must keep her signal up till the answering gleam came from the lighthouse tower.

The storm beat more heavily. She was drenched, and cold, but it did not seem so dark any longer. She could see strange creatures, with dark, trailing wings, moving on the waters. She looked back. A tall, white woman towered high above her; she could feel her cold white hand on her shoulder. It must be the fog-witch she had heard of when a child in Newfoundland.

"Mary!" Her mother's voice.

"Come home, Mary! Here's Dick Glenelg 'll hold the light to guide the life-boat. See, they're puttin' out from the shore down there. It's a terrible while you've had. But none would venture out at first, and——"

Mary knew no more till she wakened in the warm blankets of her own bed. They were saying kind things of her everywhere. They showed her a paragraph in the Halifax Herald next day, telling how the "Victoria" had come near being wrecked on the rocks of Furnesse owing to a drunken lighthouse keeper not having his lamps lighted. The ship had only been warned from destruction by Mary Carrow's signal. A purse of three hundred dollars from grateful passengers arrived later. She smiled, a little sadly, though, as she expressed her gratitude. She had held up a coast-light for an hour. Men applauded. Ah! but she had held the smile of a kind and God-fearing woman for ten long years, by a darker sea than yonder, the sea of torturing suspicion and despair. None praised her for that. That was with God. Men applauded the heroism of the moment, but God, the hidden martyrdom of years.

It was several days before she was able to sit out in the sunshine again, and her mother had an air of happy mystery about her.

"You look ten years younger, mother," said she.

"Why, shouldn't we drink in the sunshine while there's life, child?"

The chicks came around the verandah, to have a reassuring look at their mistress; the pretty Jersey lowed her greeting over the bars, and

Mary did not notice that a tall, bearded man had approached and stood looking at her. He had the appearance of a man whom wealth and success had marked (two things too often confounded). She turned her head suddenly.

"Donald!"

"Forgive me, Mary. I sinned. I was harsh. I should have come back and given you another chance to trust me But I was jealous. I could not bear a doubting love."

"Forgive me! Forgive me, Donald! I know now what love means. It never doubts. But did you never suspect who it was, Donald?"

"Yes, but he had a wife and three little children, and she didn't doubt him."

"Oh, Donald, don't reproach me. I can't bear it."

"No, I shouldn't, dearest. I was on board the 'Victoria.' It was your signal saved us, brave heart."

"And oh, Donald, you suffered all these years to screen your cousin!"

And that night they read the words, "Charity never faileth," and marked them in Bibles that, it is good to say, were well-worn.

THE BLANKIT-DOLE.*

AN IRISH CHRISTMAS STORY.

"'Twould be a cruel pity to annoy her, the crathur, the last Christmas she'll put in wid us; and the Blankit-dole was always what she took a quare surprisin' plisure in. So about play-actin' it agin we are—if Rebecca was twice as cross."

"Play-acting?" said Dr. Furlong.

"A pair of blankits," said Julia, "and a pound of tay, and a half-crown—that's what four-and-twinty poor people out of this parish 'ud be getting up here every Christmas Eve time out of mind. And the Misthress herself disthributin' the gifts to aich one of them here in the book-room, and she sittin' queenly there in the big chair. But upon me word, sir, it cost a powerful sight of money. There was three pounds wint in the half-crowns alone; and the tay 'ud come to maybe half as much again—tay's chapened these times—and the blankits were a terrible price, terrible. 'Twouldn't be much short of a dozen guineas altogether. So when the Family got ruinated a while back, how would she be affordin' it at all? And she, mind you, never thinkin' of anythin' bein' diff'rint to what they was used to, and considherin' belike the bills got ped as natural as the laves come out on the trees, just a while sooner or later, accordin' as may happen. But it's fairly distracted I was, schemin' and conthrivin,' till this time three years ago I made up a sort of plan in me mind how to manage rightly. See here, sir."

She twitched the Doctor by the sleeve toward a little round table in an obscure nook behind the screen. On it stood a dark-purple grocer's parcel, with a silver coin stuck in the twine, and a white soft-looking bundle, which displayed a border of shaded brown.

"I made a shift," she said, "to get the one pair of blankits—I couldn't tell you the shillin's they stood me in—and the pound of tay, and the half-crown. And thin I wint round to the people, and I explained to them the way it was with the Family, and that the Misthress couldn't be annoyed about it, and what themselves had a right to do. So now there she does be sittin' in the big chair wid the ould foldin'-screen behind her to keep off draughts, for 'fraid she might notice anythin'; and here I have the pair of blankits and all convenient to hand to her. And in comes, maybe, Pather Connolly, or Biddy Lynch, or the Widdy Kilkelly, and up to the front of the chair he steps, and makes his best bow, or drops her curtsey accordin'. And the Misthress gives him the bundle I'm after handin' her—sure she'd never think to ax where it come from, no more than if it was a cloud out of the sky—and then it's 'Long life to your Ladyship,' and 'Heaven be your bed,' and 'You're very welcome, Pather,' and this way and that way, and off wid him round the screen. But at the back of it here, out of sight, sure he just hands what she gave him over to me agin, the way we'd have it ready for the next body come, same as if we had ones apiece for them all, and no throuble whate'er."

"Oh! I see," said Dr. Furlong. "Then this blanket's doing duty for the third year."

"Troth it is," Julia said, patting it with a kind of furtive pride, "and nobody could tell but it was fresh out of the shop. I folded it other side out this mornin', and gave it a tie wid a new bit.

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* "From the Land of the Shamrock." By Jane Barlow. Copyright, 1900. Chicago: Dodd, Mead & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, $1.50.

of the pink tape. 'Have they sent the blankits of a good quality, Julia?' sez the Misthress to me only yesterday. 'Iligant, ma'am,' sez I; 'the very same as last year." And it's the identical half-crown, too. But the packet of tay's new,' she exclaimed, regretfully, 'for that omadhawn, Thady Gahan, last year let it fall and burst the bottom out of it. Be good luck there was nobody to come after him. But I thought Judy Molloy had us desthroyed; for she come one of the first, and if she did, she took and dhropped the half-crown, that rowled itself into a crevice near the door—and sorra another one in the house I well knew—only John Egan roked it out with his stick. It's a good plan, bedad."

"Well, it's ingenious, no doubt," said Dr. Furlong; "but it seems rather hard on the people."

"Oh, thim," said Julia, "set thim up; it's the laist they may do for the poor Misthress. And willin' and raisonable enough they mostly are, I'll say that for them. It's only Rebecca Moriarty does be cross, and talkin' quare about the Family, as if I'd be doin' anythin' agin it. 'Tis the best plan of all."

"I suppose you must go through with it now, at any rate," said the Doctor, "and the sooner the better, for the people in the hall seem to be getting a little impatient."

"I'm only waitin' for the Misthress to be callin' them up," said Julia. "She'll be here directly. 'Twas Rebecca's fantigues delayed us. But there's one thing, sir, I'm a trifle onaisy about. It's the Widdy Langan from the ould back lodge has come up wid herself; I heard her voice below. And she's a little ould ancient body not over sensible in her mind. Apt she might be to get risin' a disturbance on us, if she's axed to give up the blankit, not rightly understandin'; and then I dunno what 'ud happen at all at all. Musha, good gracious! here's the Misthress herself"—a door at the other end of the room was opening. "'Twould be a rale charity, now, sir, if you'd keep an eye on the ould body," Julia said in a flurry, "and prevint her by any means of comin' up wid the first: 'twouldn't matter as much if she was nigh to the ind of thim."

"All right," Dr. Furlong said, and he took up a position near the door, though he was puzzled to know how he would carry out these instructions.

Meanwhile, tall and thin Miss Valance, whose high-capped grizzled head looked the gaunter because it rose from among the softness of a fleecy white shawl, settled herself in the big square-outlined chair, shaking out the somewhat skimpy folds of a black satin skirt which the dim, shivering candle-light burnished gloomily; and Julia, going to the head of the stairs, called down them: "Come along up wid yous out of that, aisy and quiet."

A loud clumping on the stairs, mixed with the flip-flap of bare feet, followed this injunction immediately, as if put in motion by a spring; and presently the procession came filing in, mostly old women and men. Dr. Furlong watched the proceedings from a corner near the door. They seemed to be carried on with no serious hitch. The presentations were made with all the forms and ceremonies, and the gifts were promptly surrendered by each recipient in turn to Julia, ambushed behind the scenes. Dinny Blake did make some spórtive feints of being about to pocket the half-crown, but desisted at once upon Julia's passionately whispered appeal to him to "behave himself like a dacint Christian;" and though she fidgeted uneasily through Miss Valance's exhortation to Joe Rea on the inadvisability of parting with any of his coin at M'Evoy's, the irony in his undertaking to "ait ivery pinny of it that he spint on drink" was quite unsuspected by the person addressed. Nor was there perceptible any false ring in Bridget Toler's fervent promise to "be prayin' for all the Valances every night of her life as long as she had a thraneen of thim iligant blankits above her."

These things were interesting Dr. Furlong when he was tardily reminded of his special commission by the sight of a small old wizened woman pushing her way eagerly to the front, amid encouragement from the bystanders, who bade her "come along wid herself," and one another "be lettin' the Widdy Langan pass." He hastily tried to interpose with some retarding suggestions, but it was too late, and she slipped by him at a tottering trot, in her ancestral cloak, so much too ample for her that whenever she stood still it made a black frill around her on the floor, towards which it seemed to be dragging her down. Julia had thus no alternative but hand her mistress the Widdy's bundle, but as she did so she made signals of distress to the Doctor, seeming to implore his aid in counteracting the evil effects of its bestowal.

Accordingly when the little Widdy reappeared behind the screen, gleefully hugging her parcels, she was met by two people who were cruelly bent on inducing her to part from her newly acquired

prize. Such a proposal very sadly shocked and grieved the Widdy; nor could arguments, explanations, cajoleries and promises aught avail to recommend it. They were all responded to by plaintive "Ah, no'a!" growing shriller and more querulous with each reiteration, until at last another voice, also high-pitched and quavering, called impatiently to inquire why nobody came; whereupon Julia, with a distracted mien, ran round the screen to account for the delay as plausibly as she could. To Dr. Furlong the case had assumed a very hopeless complexion, when an ally joined him in the person of one Mrs. M'Ateere, the little Widdy's good-natured and portly niece, whose coaxing and *slathering*, reinforced by a couple of the Doctor's not over-abundant florins, at length detached the lingering grasp lothfully from the property bundle. Yet even then she tottered away so evidently so very much less than half consoled, that he felt inhuman and remorseful as he sped to Julia with his spoil.

But at this moment Miss Valance rose up stiffly and feebly. "I think, Julia," she said, "I'll now leave the rest of the distribution to you."

THE MARCH OF THE YEARS.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

One by one, one by one,
The years march past, till the march is done;
The old year dies to the solemn knell,
And a merry peal from the clanging bell
Ushers the other, one by one,
Till the march of the years shall at last be done.

Bright and glad, dark and sad,
Are the years that come in mystery clad.—
Their faces are hidden, and none can see
If merry or sorrowful each will be.
Bright and sad, dark and glad,
Have been the years that we all have had.

Fair and subtle under the sun,
Something from us each year has won,
Has it given us treasures? Day by day
It has stolen something we prized away;
We meet with fears and count with tears
The buried hopes of the long past years.

Is it so? And yet let us not forget
How fairly the sun has risen and set;
Each year has brought us some sunny hours,
With a wealth of song and a crown of flowers.
Power to love, and time to pray,
Its gifts have been ere it passed away.

We hail the new that has come in view;
Work comes with it, and pleasure, too;
And even though it may bring some pain,
Each passing year is a thing of gain;
We greet with a song the days that throng.
Do they bring us trouble? 'Twill make us strong.

With smiles of hope, and not with tears,
We meet our friends in the glad new years;
God is with them, and as they come
They bear us nearer our restful home;
And one by one, with some treasure won,
They come to our hearts till they all are gone.

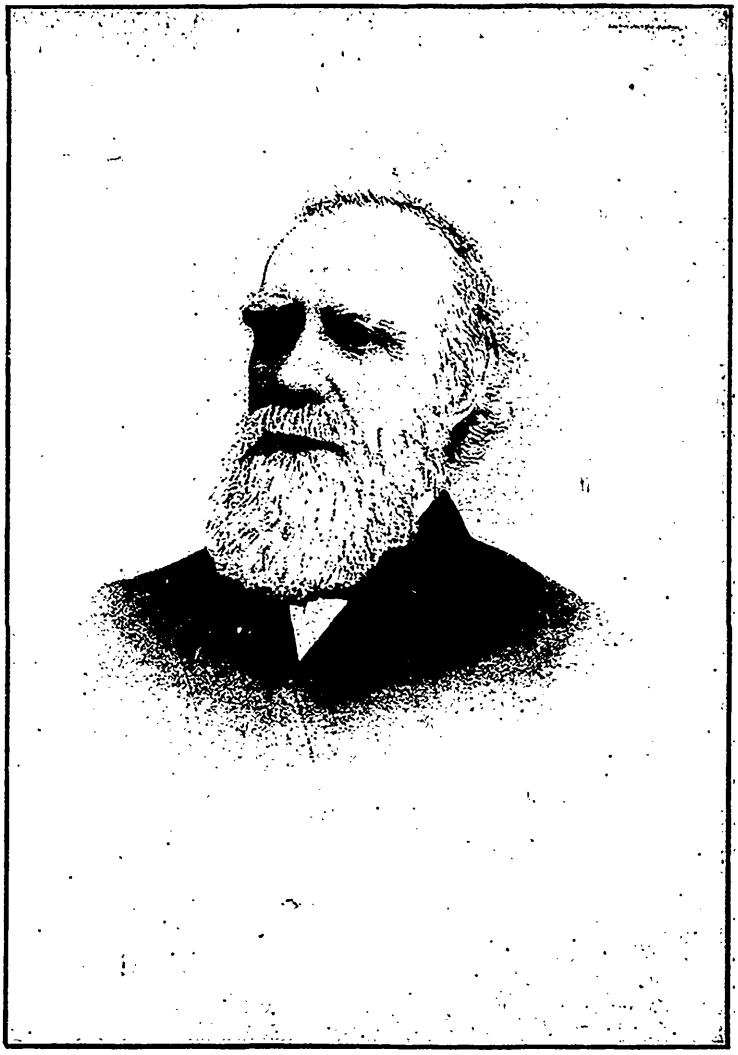
THRESHOLD OF THE YEAR.

We are standing on the threshold, we are in the opening door,
We are treading on a borderland we have never trod before;
Another year is opening, and another year is gone;
We have passed the darkness of the night, we are in the early morn.

We have left the fields behind us, o'er which we scattered seed;
We pass into the future, which none of us can read.
The corn among the weeds, the stones, the surface mould,
May yield a partial harvest; we hope for sixty-fold.

Then hasten to fresh labour, to thresh and reap and sow;
Then bid the New Year welcome, and let the Old Year go—
Then gather all your vigour, press forward in the fight,
And let this be your motto—"For God and for the right."

LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL.



LORD STRATHCONA.

There is no man whom Canadians, without respect of party, more delight to honour than Lord Strathcona. There is no man who has given stronger evidence of devotion to his adopted country, no man who has done more to weld together widely severed regions of the British Empire, no man who has contributed so largely and so directly to the maintenance of the Queen's authority in South Africa. It is almost like a romance that this Highland chieftain should summon, equip and maintain a regiment of half a thousand men from the foothills of the Rockies, to fight the battles of the Queen on the brown veldt of the Transvaal.

His life-story abounds in facts stranger than fiction. By his indomitable energy and unflinching integrity he made his way from the humblest walks of life to

the foremost peerage of the realm. Like so many other rulers of men, he was born in the Highlands and was brought up on that "halesame. faring," oatmeal and the Shorter Catechism. He received his early education at the local school of Archieston, Morayshire. In his fifteenth year he entered the service of that great Company which wielded authority over an area vaster than the empire of Cæsar or Alexander. "At three days' notice," says Dr. Parkin, "he started on a journey of eight hundred miles on snow-shoes, and five hundred by dog-train, from which he did not return till after fifteen long years, spending the interim in the wild Northwest among the Indians and Eskimos. Promoted step by step, he became at length a Chief Factor to that great Company, and subsequently resident Governor."

The patriotism, prudence, sagacity and tact of Sir Donald Smith, by which name he is better known than by his long title of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, did much to bring order out of the insurrection at Red River Settlement. As a member of the Manitoba Legislature, of the Northwest Territorial Council, and of the House of Commons, he rendered important service to his country. The large majority of 3,700 by which he was returned to the House of Commons for Montreal West in 1891, is a striking evidence of the confidence and esteem of his fellow citizens.

Lord Strathcona is the furthest remove from a partisan politician. He is a statesman and empire builder. Perhaps no service that he rendered his country was more important than bringing about the completion of the great railway which crosses the continent. In the early years of Confederation Canada was a giant without bones, but the great railway system has furnished a skeleton of the needful length and strength. Sir Charles Tupper has affirmed that "the Canadian Pacific Railway would have no existence to-day, notwithstanding all that the Government did to support that undertaking, had it not been for the indomitable pluck and energy and determination, both financially and in every other respect, of Sir Donald Smith." It was appropriate, therefore, that to this veteran statesman should be assigned the honour of driving the golden spike that completed this great highway of the nations.

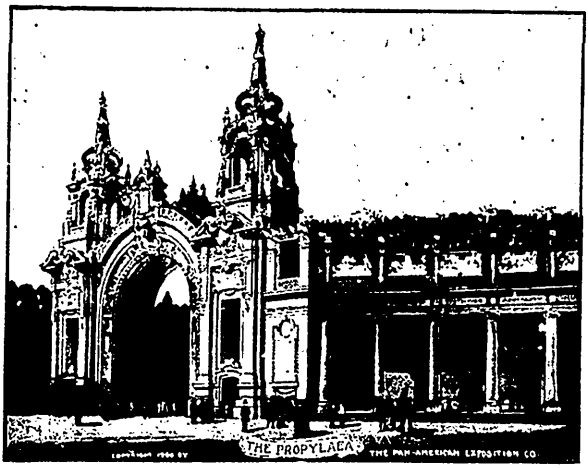
The appointment of Sir Donald A. Smith as Lord High Commissioner of Canada was a fitting tribute to his statesmanship. As Lord Strathcona he has been unwearying in his efforts to promote the welfare of the Dominion, not in a perfunctory and dilettante manner, but attending to the duties of his high position long after office hours and discharging them faithfully and well. Never were the honours conferred by her Majesty more fittingly bestowed or more modestly worn than by this gallant gentleman, first as Knight Commander of St. Michael and St. George, then a Knight of the Grand Cross, and then as Baron Strathcona and Mount Royal.

Few men have ever more fully realized the stewardship of wealth, or been more judicious in its use. The splendid Royal Victoria Hospital of Montreal, one of the noblest on this continent, which cost a million dollars, with a subsequent endowment of eight hundred thousand for maintenance, is a monument of the beneficence of the two great railway magnates, Lord Strathcona and Lord Mount Stephen. Our Canadian Baron has given half a million dollars to McGill University, large sums for special chairs, and has built and endowed, at his own expense, the Royal Victoria College for the higher education of women; and these are only a part of his numerous benefactions.

Lord Strathcona has been the most liberal patron of the fine arts Canada has known. His picture gallery at Montreal, which is generously shown to connoisseurs, is the most catholic and richest in Canada, containing examples of Raphael, Titian, Turner, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Millais, Rosa Bonheur, Constable, Constant, Alma Tadema, Henner and Jules Breton. For the painting of "The First Communion," by Breton, he paid the sum of $45,000, the highest price, it is said, ever paid for a modern picture sold at auction.

In his eightieth year, an age when most men would seek ease and leisure, he devotes himself with unremitting zeal to the service of his country. If, as is sometimes rumoured, he would accept the Governor-Generalship of the Dominion, it would be a fitting close of his long and useful career. It is not without reason that the Board of Trade of the great city of Montreal describes Lord Strathcona as "the most eminent personage that Canada can boast of during the present century."

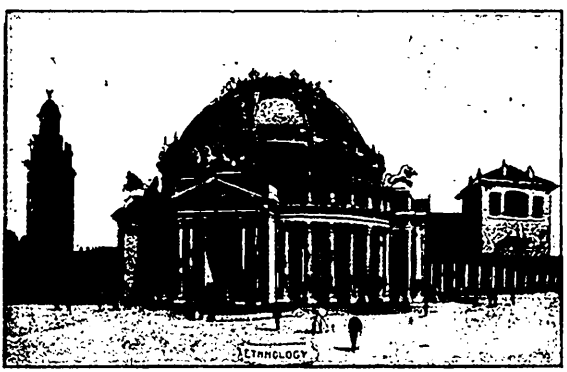
ARCHITECTURE AND ART AT THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.

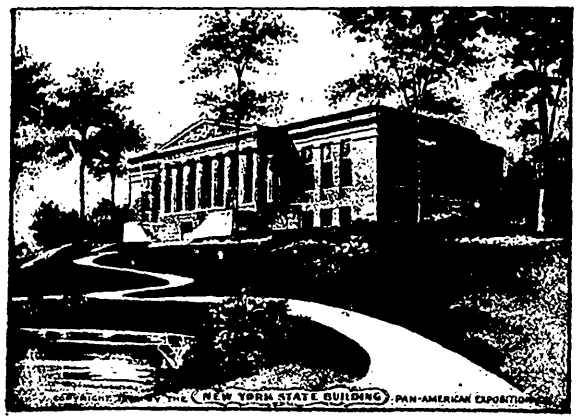


From an interesting article by Edward Hale Brush in the *Scientific American* we quote as follows:

The admirable character of the arrangement of the buildings adopted can be very well appreciated, now that the structures are so far along toward completion. Grouping the principal buildings about the two great intersecting courts, each as large as the main court at any previous exposition, secures a splendid effect and ministers also to the comfort of the visitor, who will have comparatively little walking to do in reaching different parts of the grounds. The permanent buildings in the classic style, the $400,000 Albright Art Gallery and the New York State Building, both in white marble, will stand among the trees of beautiful Delaware Park, the State and foreign buildings will be to the east of the Triumphal Bridge, and the Midway buildings will be in the north-west portion of the grounds, while opposite, across the Plaza, will be the great structure of the Stadium. But about these two main courts will nevertheless be the great architectural effects of the Exposition. Looking from the Triumphal Bridge, the splendid monumental entrance to this portion of the grounds from the south, one sees looming up at the far end of the vista, at a distance of about one-third of a mile, the Electric Tower. Its total height is 375 feet. On either side of the Tower and of the Court of the Fountains are the buildings of Electricity, Machinery and Transportation, Agriculture, Manufactures and Liberal Arts, Ethnology and the Temple of Music. To the right, at one end of the Esplanade, are the three buildings constituting the United States Government group, and connected by colonnades and to the left are the group for Graphic Arts, Horticulture and Mines, which are connected by conservatories that next summer will be luxuriant with the rarest and most beautiful plants and flowers. Here then are thirteen immense buildings, all immediately within the view, and surrounding these two great courts, and all conforming in greater or less degree to the style of the Spanish Renaissance, which is now seen to be remarkably well adapted to the purposes of the Exposition. All of the buildings are to be treated in colour instead of left in the monotonous white. These two vast courts around which the buildings are mostly grouped, with the buildings and other architectural features surrounding, gave a splendid opportunity for embellishment in several respects.

The sculptural adornment of the grounds



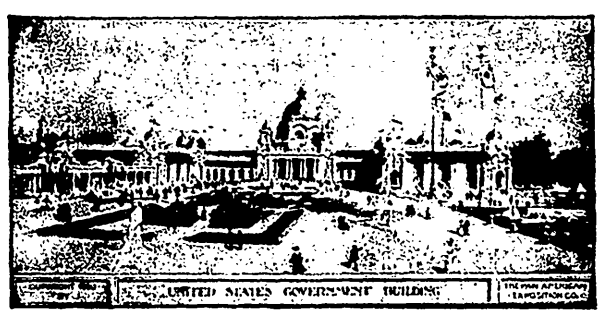


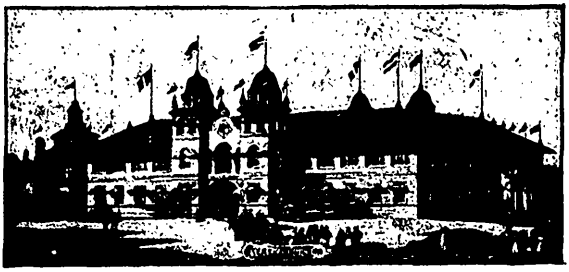
of the Pan-American Exposition will be more profuse and elaborate than has ever before been attempted in connection with a similar enterprise. And in saying this I make no exception of either the great World's Fair at Chicago, with its Court of Honour, or the Paris Exposition with its Alexander Bridge and other highly embellished architectural features. Practically all of the noted sculptors of Pan-America are at work on groups and individual figures which are to adorn and dignify the buildings and grounds of this Exposition, the charming effect of these forms of beauty being enhanced by the garden embellishment, the fountains and cascades, and at night by the soft radiance of the electric lights.

There will be sculpture expressive of the beneficence of Mother Nature adorning the fountain at the head of the Court of the Fountains, and at the end of the Esplanade where the horticultural group is situated. At the opposite ends of the Esplanade the sculpture, by such men as R. Hinton Perry and Herbert Adams, will typify man and his institutions. The groups in the Court of the Fountains will be allegorical representations of the ideas dominant in the surrounding buildings devoted to machinery and transportation, manufactures and liberal arts, music, ethnology, agriculture and electricity; and the sculpture of the Electric Tower and its beautiful colonnades will portray the ideas associated with the power of the elements, the mysterious force of electricity, the great waters amid which Buffalo is situated and which have made her so potent an influence in the world of commerce and industry. There will be some one hundred and twenty-five original groups of this sculpture, not including that in the fine arts exhibit in the Albright Art Gallery, and it is engaging the attention of some thirty-five sculptors.

In another respect the arrangement of the main buildings of the Pan-American group, as they have been placed about these courts, lends itself admirably to the purpose of the architects to secure remarkable and fascinating effects. It renders possible the greatest and most artistic illumination by means of electric lamps and hydraulic effects ever conceived and carried out by human intellect and inventive genius. This illumination, which will be achieved about the Court of the Fountains and the Esplanade, will be a feature of the Pan-American Exposition worthy of the *fin de siècle* enterprise, the story of which is to be told by the Exposition as a whole.

The progress made by electrical science and the harnessing of Niagara within the last decade, make possible this supreme achievement. With the great Falls plant, which within a short time will be generating over 100,000 horse-power, within twenty miles of the Exposition grounds, and linked with the Exposition by a transmission line, it is fitting that electricity should receive especial prominence at the Exposition, and that the electrical illumination should surpass all precedents set in this respect. The illuminating area of the courts already described and of the Plaza to the north of the Electric Tower, is three times as large as that at Omaha, and two and one-half times as large as that at Chicago, while the character of the buildings, the fantastic out-

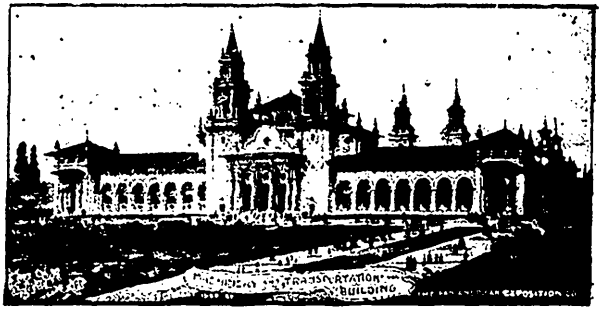




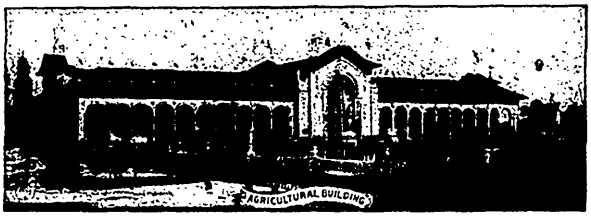
lines many will possess, and their grouping about the courts, will give a peculiar beauty to their pencilling in incandescent lights.

The statement that 200,000 electric lamps will be used in this illumination conveys some idea of its extent, although it is difficult for the average mind to grasp what it means when such a statement is made. The incandescent lamps to be used in this illumination will give a peculiar softness and agreeableness to the quality of the light. Arc lights will be used to light the interior of the buildings, and rows of these lights will border the grounds; but the great illumination will be given through the incandescant lamp, which will be introduced in the fountains and hydraulic features in many novel and startling forms to give a bewitching character to the scene. The electrical experts of the Exposition are studying on a novel method of turning the light on and off, so that this operation in itself may be one of the wonderful features of the electrical display.

The Ontario Government have just decided to make exhibits of minerals and of archæological specimens at the Pan-American Exposition. The Bureau of Mines has the matter of minerals in hand,



and will make their list complete. They ask for the co-operation of those possessing material suitable for the Exposition.



THE DEAD YEAR.

[This poem, by John Savage, is considered by the editor of "The Irish Poets" the finest production of the kind in the English language.]

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

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

Years roll through the palms of ages,
As the dropping rosary speeds
Through the cold and passive fingers
Of a hermit at his beads.

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

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

The World's Progress.

DAYBREAK.

"Out of the shadows of night,
The world rolls into light;—
It is daybreak everywhere."

With the vision of the seer, Longfellow, in the last poem he ever wrote, uttered this word of faith. Whatever the shadows may be which gather around the dying century, it is still the best century the world has ever seen, and it is the precursor of one better still. The very fact that in its closing years a concert of the powers under British leadership secured the emancipation of Crete, and under German leadership is seeking the pacification of China, is a prophecy of the peace of the world.

Years ago another seer, Victor Hugo, dreamed his dream of "the United States of Europe." He, of course, was laughed to scorn by the quidnuncs of the time, and the vision which he saw may not soon be realized in that very form. But there are signs everywhere of an international conscience in regard to eternal right and righteousness.

Of this the Peace Conference of the nations at the Hague is the most striking token. Although not all that was hoped from that Conference has been realized, yet it contained the promise and the potency of the amelioration of war, of its restriction within narrower limits, and, we believe, of its final abolition.

The recommendation of the United States that the indemnity to be imposed upon China be referred to a standing commission of the Hague Peace Conference is another significant sign of the times.

The unhappy and sanguinary war, deliberately prepared for and precipitated by an ignorant and intolerant old Boer, in whom oppression of the helpless native races whose territory he had seized, had destroyed the sense of the rights of man; the outburst of the fanatical Boxers in China, and the cruel massacre of the Christians in Armenia, are the three great blots on the closing years of the century. But Krugerism is crushed. The unhappy old man goes from court to court and can find none that will raise a hand to help his lost cause. The area of freedom, of that constitutional liberty which everywhere obtains beneath the red-cross flag, is widened by the extent of the emancipated colonies—for emancipated they are, with an enfranchisement never known before.

The conflict in China will also result in the larger liberty of the teeming millions of that land. Free course shall be prepared for the progress of the Gospel and of civilization. The winding-sheet in which China has been swathed for two thousand years shall be rent. Its mummied form will wake to new life, and a palingenesis such as the world has never seen will come, we believe, to that wonderful people. Providence, we have faith, has great things in store for that race. We may see fulfilled under our eyes the marvel—a nation born in a day. "And I will make all my mountains a way, and my highways shall be exalted. Behold, these shall come from far: and, lo, these from the north and from the west; and these from the land of Sinim."

The Armenian massacre is the great failure of the century of the international conscience to assert its power and authority. Though intensely roused in Great Britain and America, the apathy of continental Europe prevented its expression in a concerted effort to suppress the diabolism of the "Great Assassin."

Yet, despite all abatements, we cannot fail to note the marvellous progress of the nineteenth century, and the bright promise of the twentieth. In answer to the earnest question, "Watchman, what of the night?" we hear the answer full of hope, "The morning dawneth." Its freshness breathes around us now. The heralds of the day may everywhere be seen. Old and hoary systems of idolatry and priestcraft are crumbling away; cruel and bloody heathen rites are being exterminated. These glorious trophies of the progress of Christianity are pledges of still grander triumphs in the future. What sublime results may not some who read these pages behold! Those blind and impotent old lands which so long have struggled with the demons of superstition and idolatry, shall eventually sit, clothed and in their right mind, at the feet of Jesus. The day is hastening when, in a world redeemed, regenerated, disenthralled from the power and dominion of sin, the Redeemer shall see of the travail of His soul, and be satisfied; when He shall

receive the heathen for His inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for His possession ; when upon all the industries and activities of the world ; upon all its trade and commerce, its art, its science, and its literature, shall be written : " Holiness to the Lord."

And to this blessed consummation all the events of history, the growth and decay of empires, the rise and fall of dynasties, are tending. Omniscient power and wisdom are guiding the world, as a skilful rider guides his steed, upward and onward to its glorious goal—

> "That one far-off divine event,
> To which the whole creation moves."

With devout as well as philosophic eye, let us read the history of the race, and discern by its tumults that God by His providence is reconciling the world unto Himself. Let us ever feel

> "God's greatness flows around our incompleteness,
> Round our restlessness His rest."

The Last Flare.

The widespread conflagration in South Africa has well-nigh burnt itself out. It still continues to smoulder, and in places bursts again into a flame, but the close of the year will doubtless see its extinction. With fifteen thousand burghers prisoners at Cape Town, Ceylon and St. Helena, against a few scores of British officers whom the Boers retain ; with Kruger discounted and discredited at every capital in Europe ; the reckless guerilla warfare, the "sniping" at British troops by concealed marksmen, the forcing, under pain of death, burghers who have sworn neutrality into continued resistance, are not civilized war, are not rational patriotism ; they are wanton murder. The spirit of conciliation of Lord Roberts, like the conciliation of Mr. Gladstone, being misinterpreted, it must be left for Kitchener to suppress, with a strong hand, the Boer campaign of murder. The Boer leaders must know that the sooner they surrender the better for their followers and their country ; but while the olive branch of peace is spurned, the only alternative of even peace-loving Britain is to assert and maintain with the strong hand the rule of law and order and constitutional liberty.

Few people realize the physical difficulties of this war. The Boer republics covered an area two-thirds as large as France, with widespread, fenceless veldts, over which the guerilla bands may wander at will, and with mountain ranges and countless kopjes amid which they may hide. Never was war waged under more difficult conditions. From the base of supplies at Cape Town to Lydenberg and Leydsdorp is a distance approximately as great as from Paris to Constantinople or St. Petersburg or Moscow. From this base of supplies only one narrow-gauge railway was available for transporting men, munitions, supplies, brought six thousand miles by sea. Yet this work has been accomplished without interrupting Great Britain's commerce throughout the world. No other nation in the world could accomplish such an achievement. Costly as is the price paid in treasure and in the best blood of her sons, who shall say that it is too great a price to pay in banishing for all time the cruel oppression of the native races and establishing constitutional liberty throughout the whole of British South Africa, and consolidating the British Empire throughout the world !

The Africanders profess a fear of a "black peril" in a rising of the native races against the whites. Britain had but to say the word during the war and the Basutos, Kaffirs, and other tribes who were eager to avenge their ancient wrongs upon the Boers, would have swept them into the sea. "Why bring soldiers," the Basuto chief asked, "from the ends of the earth when we are eager to fight for the great White Queen ?" But the British, by tact and skill, by kindness and authority restrained their ardour and avoided this peril. The blacks know who are their best friends, and will be enthusiastically loyal to Britain, whose just treatment of the native races in India, in Africa, in the West Indies, is one of the most glorious pages in her history.

Invasion of Britain.

Some of us have heard, in our boyhood, old men tell of the threatened invasion of Britain by Napoleon early in the century, of the gathering of French troops at Boulogne, of the marshalling of home-guards in Sussex and Kent, of the menace of mothers to unruly children that the Bogie Bonaparte would get them if they did not watch out. But Bonaparte, who crushed the liberties of Europe under his feet, who set up his kinsmen and generals as kings, who sent his armies to Russia, to Italy, to Egypt, to Acre, never dared to send a single ship or soldier to the tight little island of Britain, defended

by "those ancient and unsubsidized allies: the winds and the waves that guard her coast." She defied his power. She conquered his fleets at Trafalgar and the Nile, his armies at Ciudad Rodrigo, Salamanca, Torres Vedras and Waterloo, and marched with the allies in triumph through the streets of Paris.

General Mercier might be a little more modest in setting forth in the French Senate how easy it would be to invade Great Britain. He might remember his own lack of generalship when the Germans again besieged Paris and marched in triumph down the Champs Elysée, and if any trace of shame was left, might blush for his unsoldierly hounding to despair of poor, heart-broken and degraded Dreyfus. The British press and people can well treat with indifference or contempt the vapourings of the gallant General Mercier. The French critics of British vindication of their indefeasible rights in South Africa conveniently forget their own wrongs in seizing Madagascar and Tonquin.

Of General Mercier's rhodomontade the *Christian Advocate* says: "In a conflict between the two, whatever might be the temporary condition before it ended, France would be humiliated more completely than she was by Germany; nor would England be without allies in a conflict of that character. The good feeling between Russia and France would not remain if such absurd speeches were to become characteristic of the French Senate."

"Bobs" vs. Stead.

It is a touching tribute which General Roberts paid to his "gallant and devoted comrades" of the British army in his farewell address. After enumerating their hardships in campaigning for over a year in an enemy's country, he had warmest words of praise for their "conspicuous kindness and humanity towards their enemies, their forbearance and good behaviour in the towns occupied." We prefer to accept this statement of the truth-loving Lord Roberts rather than the jaundiced version of Mr. Stead, who in the safe seclusion of his editorial chair, retails and endorses the lying slanders of the Boers, then hurries off to the Hague to colloque with the discredited Kruger, urges him to keep up the conflict and visit America, and rushes off to Russia to secure the intervention of the Czar against his own country, and the consequent prolongation of this war. That is the sort of "stop the war" man he is.

The wise king of Israel has some strong words about the man who is "wiser in his own conceit than seven men who can render a reason." But Mr. Stead is certainly not a sluggard. Better if he were than such a mischief-maker as he seems determined to be. Mr. Stead seems to be suffering from what mental physicians call megalomania. If a Boer had acted against his oligarch republic as Stead has done against the freest country in the world, he would have been promptly gaoled or hanged or shot

A London policeman, being asked why he did not stop the harangues of the anarchists in Hyde Park, replied, "It will do 'em good to get a lot of that stuff off their stomachs, and don't hurt anybody." The trouble is, Mr. Stead's tirades have been read throughout the Vaal republics, have given aid and comfort to the Queen's enemies, have helped prolong the war, and cost many valuable lives.

"Teach Their Senators Wisdom."

This is a prayer which the best press of the United States is offering on behalf of its bigoted and partisan senators. The chief opposition to the Hay-Pauncefote treaty is probably that of the transcontinental railways, whose profits would be greatly curtailed by the successful operation of the Isthmian canal. The Hay-Pauncefote treaty provided that it should remain absolutely neutral in peace and in war under the solemn guarantees of all the world's great powers, precisely as is the Suez Canal, of which Great Britain holds the preponderance of shares, and whose interests in it are far greater than those of the United States in the proposed Nicaragua Canal. The *New York Independent* is very severe upon the proposed action of the Senate: "In the House there was passed a canal bill which coolly ignored both the old treaty and the new one, a bill which every honest and honourable American must regard with a sense of shame and humiliation. . . . The enactment of it over the President's veto would complete the nation's dishonour."

Of the senators who thus ignored their national treaties and obligations, it says: "Their manners in international affairs are those of the untutored barbarian. No man who shows, as they have shown, a contempt for solemn national compacts, is

fit to make laws for a great nation. . . The policy of those who would reject it is selfish, narrow and mean; it is a policy of national dishonour and shame."

The New York *Evening Post*, speaking of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, says: "Our honour and our interest alike demand its approval." Other papers are equally outspoken against the fraud and deceit of vitally amending the treaty.

The treaty, as ratified by the United States Senate, according to reports of December 21st, seems not so objectionable as at first appeared. The right of fortification is, we understand, not included, merely that of policing the canal to protect it against lawlessness and disorder.

Of some of the "spell-binders" in the last presidential election campaign in the United States, it was said that they set their mouths talking and went away and left them at it." Some of the senators seem to have adopted the same tactics in the discussion of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty *re* the Nicaragua Canal. But though the patience of John Bull may be sorely tried he has a large amount of it and can endure with philosophical calm the irresponsible talk which we venture to think, is incapable of disturbing the friendly relations of the kindred countries.

The German Kaiser is making amends for his indiscreet telegram to ex-President Kruger four years ago. He takes occasion to explain through his new chancellor, Von Buelow, that that referred only to an unauthorized raid, that Mr. Kruger had disregarded Germany's advice before and during the war, and cannot now expect its help. The same is practically the answer of all the powers. The French may shout "Vive les Boers" and "A bas les Anglais," but the action of all the Continental governments has been unexceptionable, and the new century dawns upon most friendly relations of Great Britain with all the world, save and except a few scattered Boer commandoes which are still in arms. With these she will soon also be at peace, and under her benign sway the Boers will enjoy more and truer liberty than they have ever known before.

American critics of the Boer war seem also unmindful of their own slow progress in pacifying the Island of Luzon—a very much smaller area than the Vaal republics. They accepted the aid of Aguinaldo in subduing the Spaniards, and after eighteen months' conflict are still unable to capture their crafty foe. The half-clad Tagalogs, with their bows and arrows, are a very different enemy from the wily Boers, armed with the best Mausers and artillery that money could purchase, and aided by desperadoes from every country in Europe.

Britain has certainly a paramount interest in China. It will surprise most persons to know that the sea-borne trade of Hong Kong is greater than that of New York. Yet Britain asks no extension of territory in China—only an "open door"—a door open to all the world.

THE FINISHED CENTURY.

BY R. WALTER WRIGHT.

Roll up the record of the century!
There let it in Jehovah's archives stand.
No mortal eye its mysteries hath scanned,
No word can be erased, none added be.
Some laud it, "See the kingship of the free,
Science and art supreme on every hand."
Some curse it, "See the breath of hell has fanned
All selfish fires, blasted all charity."
There let it stand, until the day when forth
It comes with all its fellow centuries
To give its witness to the deeds of men.
Then all shall know its weakness or its worth—
Each life weighed in the eternal balances.
Soul, what for thee will be the writing then?

Arthur, Ont.

Religious Intelligence.

Methodist Progress.

That genial optimist, Bishop McCabe, at the meeting of the Missionary Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church, indulged in a grateful retrospect. "Methodism," he said, "is not declining. In a money way we have church and school property worth $160,000,000. In 1830 $31,000,000 would have bought it. In 1864 the Church Extension Society was organized. Now you could put into Methodist churches all the people of Manhattan, Brooklyn, Jersey City, Newark, and Camden. It took the last Grand Army of the Republic parade in Chicago five hours to pass a given point, but if all those who had been Methodists only sixteen years should pass by at the rate of 8,000 an hour, it would take six days for the procession to pass. Some one said years ago that Methodism was running out. So it is. It is running all over creation."

The Bishop said that when he made the call for $1,000,000 for missions as secretary of the Missionary Society he received a letter from a little boy: "Inclosed is five cents. If you need any more, write to me." Earnestly the Bishop summoned the Church to give not only $1,500,000, but even $2,000,000, that the great Methodist Episcopal Church might go on to greater victories than as yet have been won for the Master.

Bishop Hartzell, fresh from the conflict of the Dark Continent, said: "Africa has 12,500,000 square miles. It is the oldest continent, had the most ancient civilization, and is the scene of some of the greatest triumphs of the early Church. The natural resources are vast, among which was mentioned the richest gold mine in the world. Two hundred and fifty lines of steamers ply along the East and West Coasts. Great business houses of Europe and America are sending representatives into all parts of the continent. 'Africa is the coming continent of the twentieth century.' Slavery is gone, and the defeat of the Mahdists at Khartoum 'opened Africa to the backbone.'"

A Romeward Movement.

An extraordinary consecration service was celebrated in the Protestant Episcopal Church at Milwaukee, November 8th. We have before us portraits of the officiating bishops. The Protestant Episcopal bishops were assisted by those of the Old Catholic and Russo-Greek Churches. We can see little difference in the vestments of these clergy, except that of the so-called Protestants are, if anything, a little more gorgeous than any of the others. "The elaborate ceremony," says the Chicago *Christian Advocate*, "is one indication of the Romeward movement of the extreme High Party of the Episcopal Church in America."

Missionaries Vindicated.

In view of the blame which a certain portion of the community and of the press lays upon the missionaries in China, as in part responsible for the tragic events of the summer, the *Outlook* publishes the following testimony of men whose competency to speak with authority no one will dispute. The Hon. John W. Foster, Counsellor of the Chinese Government in its negotiations of peace with Japan, states that the presence of missionaries in China had little to do with these troubles; that the objection to missionaries does not come from the mass of the Chinese, but mainly from the literary class, the office-holders and office-seekers. He regards China as the most hopeful field for missions in the world. Confucianism he pronounces "a dead failure," its fruits being "a people the most superstitious and a government the most corrupt and inefficient." The hope of China, he says, is in Christianity. The Hon. John Barrett, late Minister to Siam, answers that the King of Siam said to him that American missionaries had done more to advance the welfare of his people than had any other foreign influence. Anti-missionary talk originates in "the superficial gossip of the treaty ports." He adds: "We cannot think of withdrawing the messengers of Christianity from Asia till we are ready to withdraw the merchants of commerce and the ministers of diplomacy." The Hon. Charles Denby, our Minister to China from 1885 to 1898, says: "I made a study of missionary work in China, its schools and hospitals, its church service and synods; I saw the missionaries also in

their homes. In the strongest language that tongue can utter," he would commend their work. "When the full truth about it is known, the cavilling, the sneering, the depreciation, will disappear, and they will stand before the world as the benefactors of the people." The Hon. George F. Seward, Minister to China from 1876 to 1880, writes in the *Boston Herald*: "During my twenty years' stay in China I always congratulated myself that the missionaries were there. I have the profoundest admiration for the missionary as I have known him in China. He is a power for good and peace, not for evil." The foregoing extracts dispose of the criticisms which spring originally from apathy or antipathy to the aims of the missionary enterprise. Among the replies called forth by Lord Salisbury's notorious slur, "First the missionary, then the consul, then the gunboat," none was more apt than ex-President Harrison's: "If the sequence suggested by Salisbury were true, the reflection would not be upon the missionaries, but upon the Premiers." An influential journal calls for "more cross and less flag" in the missionary field. Considering that one hundred and fifty Catholic and Protestant missionaries, including children, have been slain, a hundred more missing and despaired of, besides fifteen to twenty thousand Christian Chinese butchered, it is difficult to understand what more of the cross any observer of facts could recommend.

A Murder Map.

The *New Voice* publishes an appalling diagram, the Murder Map of the United States, showing the distribution of the annual murder crop throughout the Union, amounting to over ten thousand. One-tenth of these occur in the single State of Texas, with its sparse but lawless and reckless population. The higher the grade of intelligence the greater the respect for life. The *New Voice* believes that fully one-half the victims "fall by the hands of liquor-crazed criminals," and points out "that the States having prohibitory laws have a much smaller proportion of murders than licensed States in the same section." The American habit of carrying deadly weapons is a direct incentive to crime.

"With a homicidal record of ten thousand murders a year in the United States," says the *Times-Herald*, "the task that is before the Church, the school-house, the home, and the State is big enough to stagger human optimism and Christian courage."

In Canada, the Montreal *Star* justly observes, the proportion of crimes by violence is very much less. "With a vaster extent of territory than the United States; with many parts of it far removed from the centres of authority; with a relatively much smaller organized body of men to preserve the peace, the number of murders only averages about a dozen a year.

"With the example of our neighbours before us, let us see to it that we resolutely support the authorities in dealing very sternly with every case where the law forbidding the carrying of concealed weapons is violated. Let us continue to firmly impress upon all people that wherever the British flag flies, there law reigns, order will be enforced and protection assured."

Croker among the Prophets!

A striking evidence of the awakened conscience of the city of New York in response to the earnest appeal of Bishop Potter is the appointment of a sort of Vigilance Committee of fifteen leading citizens, determined to suppress the flagrant vice of the commercial metropolis. While that great city is a centre of consecrated zeal and Christian effort, it is also the scene of more shameless vice than perhaps any other in the world. The very guardians of the public virtue have betrayed their trust and accepted the bribes of vice. Even Tammany and its boss, Croker, are compelled to pay a reluctant homage to virtue and make at least a perfunctory attempt to maintain an outward decorum. They will, however, stand a good deal of watching, which this Vigilance Committee no doubt will give them.

Portraits of the Wesleys.

It is to be regretted that no worthy oil portrait of the founder of Methodism exists in Canada, or we believe, in the United States. To remedy this defect Mr. J. W. L. Forster, during his visit to England last summer made a special study of the most notable and authentic portraits of John and Charles Wesley and Susannah Wesley, which are to be found in Great Britain. The Board of Directors of the Methodist Social Union desire to have these portraits painted in the highest style of art and presented to Victoria University. Mr. Forster has already

painted admirable portraits of Drs. Ryerson, Nelles, Senator Macdonald, Messrs. Gooderham and Massey and others—portraits which are masterpieces of art. Persons wishing to contribute to the fund for securing these portraits for our Methodist university may do so through the Rev. Dr. Briggs, who is a member of the Portrait Committee.

Our Promoted Brethren.

Again we have to chronicle the promotion from labour to reward of several of our venerable ministers. The Rev. Andrew Clarke had reached the age of seventy-eight, and till within two years of his death was enabled to serve the Church with much zeal and efficiency, though latterly in superannuated relation. His last illness was brief and his end was peace. Devout men carried him to his burial from his home at Hanover, Ont., the scene of one of his early circuits and his home for twenty-one years.

The Rev. Jonathan Milner had reached the age of seventy-two, forty-six of which were devoted to the Methodist ministry. It is a remarkable circumstance that sixteen of these years were spent in connection with Bathurst Street, Zion and Epworth churches, of this city, which were all built under his superintendency. He rests from his labours and his works do follow him.

The Rev. James Simpson was called to his rest with tragical suddenness, as he was conducting the quarterly meeting of the Lansdowne Methodist Church on November 11th. Overcome with weakness in the act of preaching, he asked the choir to sing. With unconscious appropriateness, the leader announced the hymn, "Brother, the Master is come and is calling for thee," while the beloved pastor was borne to the adjacent parsonage, and in a few minutes passed away. His labours were confined chiefly, if not entirely, to the territory now covered by the Montreal Conference. He was a man of genial disposition, of fervid piety." We acquired a brotherly intimacy with our departed friend during the close relations of foreign travel, in which he endeared himself to all his fellow-tourists. During a night spent on the Rigi he arose from his bed to commune with God. He had a vision of God upon the mountain top. He declared he never felt so near heaven in his life. In this spirit he lived and thus he died.

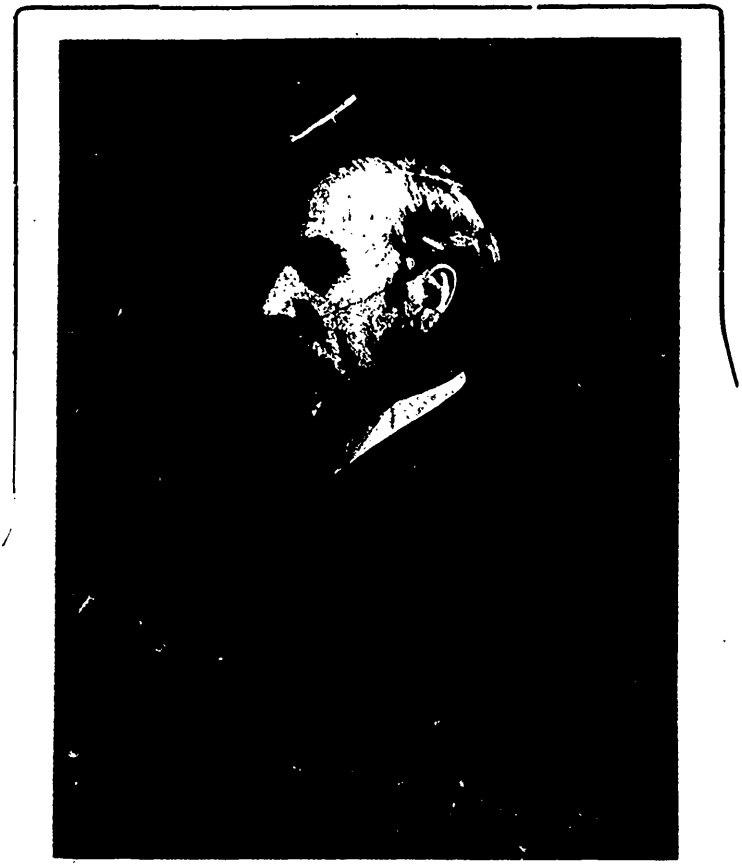
John X. Moran, of the Bay of Quinte Conference, has also passed away after a few days' illness from labour to reward. He entered the ministry in 1873. Only last June he removed from the Centreton to Myrtle Circuit. During the brief period which elapsed before his death he had won the confidence and affection of the entire circuit. Thus God buries his workmen, but carries on His work.

The Rev. Thomas Stobbs passed away at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. A. L. Longford, in Toronto, on December 16th. He was one of the makers of Methodism in the early pioneer days, having entered upon his ministry over fifty years ago. One of his circuits in Western Ontario extended over two counties. For several years after the Union he laboured in the Bay of Quinte district, was transferred to the Hamilton Conference in 1885, and three years later entered on superannuated relation, continuing to labour as strength permitted. In age and feebleness extreme he lingered on to well-nigh his eightieth birthday, and was at last gathered in like a sheaf of corn fully ripe for the harvest.

Died as the Fool Dieth.

By contrast with those saints of God we note the erratic career of a man who shot like a rocket across the sky, but his light went out in darkness. Oscar Wilde's father was a distinguished oculist, and his mother an accomplished poet. He himself had rare educational advantages in Germany and France, at Dublin and Oxford, winning medals and prizes for Greek and verse. He posed as "the apostle of the æsthetic," was caricatured in *Punch* and satirised from the stage. An American lecture tour brought him $50,000, but he wrote no line that could make the world better. He decried the moral element in poetry, and out-Byroned Byron in sensuousness. He suffered imprisonment for two years with hard labour for a heinous offence against society, sank into obscurity, and eked out a pitiful living in the Latin Quarter in Paris. He died in a hospital, a pensioner upon public charity. He became a Roman Catholic upon his deathbed. The New York *Sun*, summing up his career, says: "He died in wretchedness, poverty and disgrace. His fate is already sealed. Even Byron, with all his consummate genius, is neglected and forgotten because he offends the moral sense. Wordsworth, however, with all his exaltation and serenity, is increasing his hold on the affections of the world. The moral is so plain that he who runs may read it."

NEW CANADIAN VERSE.



THEODORE H. RAND.

Like a voice from the other world come these posthumous verses* of the late Dr. Rand. The longest poem is written in a stanza much like that of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, but there is a world-wide difference of spirit. While one is the utterance of pagan pessimism, the other is the expression of Christian faith and optimism. The allusion to the new-found logic in the following stanzas will be noticed:

The sweep, O heart, of Love's account;
Hearken: "I am of life the Fount;
All are within My deeps of Being,
The toiling city, the sea, the mount.

"Yea, when thou cleav'st the pillared tree,
Raisest the stone, I am with thee;
Darkness and light, flux and becoming,
Signal My presence, and ceaselessly."

The tragical taking off of Dr. Rand at the late Memorial Convention of the University of New Brunswick, gives a pathetic interest to this dainty volume. We have pleasure in presenting Dr. Rand's latest portrait after a painting by J. W. L. Forster.

* "Song-Waves." By Theodore H. Rand, D.C.L. Author of "At Minas Basin, and Other Poems." Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 121. Price, $1.00.

QUEEN AND PRINCE.

This dainty volume* includes a wide range of poems. It is filled with memories of many lands. Most of its themes, however, are associated with our own Canada, and breathe a patriotic spirit. A fine religious spirit is breathed in the following lines:

Recall that prince of heathen fame
Who o'er the distant ocean came,
Drawn by Victoria's lofty name.

He said, "O Queen, I ask of thee,
What may the wondrous secret be,
Gives thy race power, by land and sea?"

Victoria's gracious hand upraised
The book: the while he stood amazed,
And all around in silence gazed.

"Behold the Secret and the Sign,
To fire the nation's spirit fine,
With something of its strength divine.

"On this foundation must we rest—
Seeking His Spirit to be our guest,
God's mercy in us made manifest."

She ceased. The Book was in her hand,
More precious through her soft command,
That he should read and understand.

"This incident has been well commemorated," says the author, "by the artist, Thomas Jones Baker, a copy of whose picture is appended. Behind Her Majesty, who is represented handing the Bible to the heathen youth, is seen the figure of the late lamented Prince Consort. Behind the Hindu prince, the present Lord Salisbury (then a young man) and the late Lord Shaftesbury are standing."

The first fifty pages of the book are taken up with a gracefully written dramatic sketch which gives the book its name.

* "In Bohemia, and Other Studies for Poems." By Mrs. T. Sterry Hunt ("Canadienne"). Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 189. Price, $1.00.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

BY JOHN HALL INGHAM.

Over the wilds of ocean and of shore,
Through the broad wastes of air flashes a word,
Without a guide, invisible, unheard.
Borne on those magic currents circling o'er
The steadfast world, it pauses not before
A point is touched, alone in earth or sky
Responsive with a subtle sympathy,
And lo, 't is sealed in mystery no more!
O human voice that speakest to deaf ears,
O human heart that findest feeling dead,
Somewhere beyond the league-long silences,
Somewhere across the spaces of the years,
A heart will thrill to thee, a voice will bless,
Love will awake and Life be perfected!

— *The Atlantic.*

A NOTEWORTHY BOOK.*

SAMUEL WESLEY.

This book has had a most remarkable history. It was written two hundred years ago amid the strenuous poverty of its author, who was living on an income of from thirty to fifty pounds a year. The book was published in 1693, was dedicated to King William III., and issued under the patronage of that sovereign in magnificent quartos, with sixty copper-plate engravings, ran through several editions, became instantly famous, and procured for its writer the living of Epworth, where he spent the rest of his days. The poet-laureate of that day declared it to be superior to Milton's "Paradise Lost."

Susanna Wesley, herself one of twenty-five children, became skilled in household economies, and trained her own nineteen children in earnest piety. Poor in this world's goods, Samuel Wesley and his wife gave their children the best education the age could afford. Their daughter Hetty could read the Greek Testament at the age of eight; the sons, the co-founders of Methodism, were among the most learned men of the times.

A hundred years ago the book was republished by Dr. Thomas Coke, the father of Methodist Missions, and one of the first two Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States. Two years ago Dr. Roe found in a second-hand book-store an old copy of Bishop Coke's edition, and brought out the volume in handsome octavo with bold-faced type, sumptuous illustrations, and many copious notes by the author. This edition, following Dr. Coke's, is somewhat abridged from the original, but is yet about equal in length to Milton's "Paradise Lost." To that great poem it presents a striking parallelism in its august theme, in its sustained eloquence, in its fervid piety, and in the fact that that great masterpiece was long out of print and forgotten, when Lord Dorset discovered in a second-hand book-store an old copy, which was given him as waste paper. He brought out this new edition, and the great poem was launched upon its career of glory.

Of Samuel Wesley's poem Dr. Coke says: "In surveying the character of Christ, as here delineated, no remarkable incident of His life, from the cradle to His cross, has been omitted. In His humility and glory, His sufferings and patience, His weakness and power, we behold such amazing contrasts as fable cannot supply, and such as no one less than the Son of God could realize! Both heaven and hell are permitted to burst upon us; the former to ravish us with its glories, and the latter to alarm us with its terrors. Hence angels and devils pass in review before our eyes—relate what is past—disclose their conditions and employments—perform their respective actions, and retire."

* "The Life of Christ" A Poem. By the Rev. Samuel Wesley, Vicar of Epworth. Revised by Thomas Coke, LL.D., of the University of Oxford. Edited by Edward T. Roe, LL.B., author of "Precious Pictures from the Bible," "Poetic Jewels," etc. To which is added a sketch of the author by Rev. Frank Crane. Union Book Company, McClurg Building, Chicago. Cloth, $3.50; half morocco, $4.75; edition de luxe, $7.50.

THAT HOLY THING.

They were all looking for a King,
To slay their foes and lift them high.
Thou cam'st, a little baby thing
That made a woman cry.
O Son of man, to right my lot
Naught but Thy presence can avail;
Yet on the road Thy wheels are not,
Nor on the sea Thy sail.
My how or when Thou wilt not heed,
But come down Thy own secret stair,
That Thou may'st answer all my need,
Yea, every bygone prayer.

—*George Macdonald.*

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.*

BY THE REV. N. BURWASH, S.T.D., LL.D.,

Chancellor of Victoria University.

The series of which this is the first volume is one of the most ambitious enterprises hitherto undertaken by a Canadian editor or publisher. Extending over twenty-five volumes, and involving an initial outlay of several hundred thousand dollars, it aims at setting before the English-speaking world a record of the progress of the century at once replete with popular interest, and yet so comprehensive, so trustworthy and so convenient as to form a permanent and valuable work of reference. The volume before us, as well as the reputation of the writers of those to come, give promise of ample fulfilment of this design.

Dr. Withrow deals both generally and specifically with the religious progress of the century. Beginning with a general account of the moral and religious condition of Europe, England, and America at the close of the last century, including a chapter on the great revival under Whitefield and the Wesleys, before passing to religious progress in the strict sense, he touches two great moral aspects of the world's movement, Sabbath Observance and Slavery, giving suggestive notes on the advance made and on the dangers still existing.

As might be expected, the discussion of Religious Progress begins with the great missionary movement. This occupies about one-fourth of the volume, and is in itself a compact history of the missionary work of the century. Carey and India, the South Seas and John Williams, Africa and Livingstone, China and Morrison, Turkey and Cyrus Hamlin, Persia and Henry Martyn, Burmah and Judson, Wolff and the Jews, Eliot and Brainard and the North American Indians, are starting-points leading to Coke and Duff, Hunt and Calvert, Selwyn and Patteson, Burns, Hudson Taylor and Mackay, McKenzie and Hannington. The picture is an inspiring one, but it covers such a vast extent that one cannot help missing a multitude of details not inferior in interest and importance to the facts presented.

From missions our author proceeds to the history of the individual Churches, to which a second fourth of the volume is devoted. The Church of England, the Presbyterian Church, the Methodist Church in its great branches, the Congegational Churches, the Baptists, the Lutherans, Unitarians, and Universalists, Friends, Mormons, and Spiritualists, and finally the Roman Catholic Church, are all briefly passed in review. Indeed, so condensed is this part of the work that one cannot but think that it might better have been omitted, and the space given to the great religious movements which have touched all the Churches. These, including the progress of religious thought and scholarship, the great Sunday-school movement, the great movements for the distribution of the Scriptures and religious literature, the great movements for the salvation of our city heathenism, including the Salvation Army, and the important Young People's Movements and Societies, fill out the remaining sections of the book and find altogether too scanty space in the hundred and sixty pages at the close, while the great evangelistic movement of the century, which created so many of these special activities or inspired them with their fulness of religious life and power, does not receive separate treatment.

One rises from the perusal of the book feeling that he has touched but the outline of a vast field which he would fain explore in all its breadth of extent and wealth of interest by the aid of many such volumes instead of the one. It leaves the conviction that the religious life of humanity with which it deals is not inferior either in importance or in fulness of matter to that secular life to each individual aspect of which a full volume is devoted.

But while the volume is of necessity limited to a bird's-eye view, it must prove of interest and profit to every Christian worker, and especially to the large numbers of our young people who are now taking an earnest and intelligent interest in religious life and work.

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* "Religious Progress." By W. H. Withrow, M A., D.D., F.R.S.C. The Linscott Publishing Company, London, Toronto, Philadelphia. 1900.

Book Notices.

The American Slave-Trade. An account of its Origin, Growth and Suppression. By JOHN R. SPEARS. Illustrated by WALTER APPLETON CLARK. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xvi-232. Price, $2.50.

One of the most tragical chapters in the history of the race is the story of the African slave trade. At the beginning of the century the slave trade was about at its worst. At the end of the century slavery and the slave trade had long been abolished. Thank God, that devil is dead anyhow! Mr. Spears' book is the epic of the long conflict with this "sum of all villainies." It is a tale of tragic interest, one to make our cheeks blush with shame for the wrongs wreaked upon our "Brother in Black," and to stir our pulses with enthusiasm for the heroic moral crusade against the slave trade and slavery. In this endeavour Great Britain, the mother of liberty, won undying renown.

It is something to be proud of that the first country beneath the sun to abolish slavery was the Province of Upper Canada. At the very first meeting of its Legislature in 1792, the holding of slaves was prohibited. Our author pays a generous tribute to the part played by Britain in the abolition of slavery. In 1817 Great Britain paid Spain $2,000,000 to procure the suppression of the slave trade. For more than thirty years she spent $2,500,000 a year on her African squadron, and gave the lives of many of her best sailors in suppressing this nefarious traffic. In 1834 she paid $100,000,000 for the emancipation of the blacks in the West Indies.

"This act," says our author, "was, in one respect, the most notable in the history of human liberty, for while in a thousand other cases men have done noble deeds for their own liberty, in this one the British nation voluntarily taxed itself to the extent of $100,000,000 to provide liberty for an inferior race." As a national recognition of the obligation which the dominant race owes to all inferior races, the work of Great Britain in connection with negro slavery, and the slave-trade, remains unequalled in the history of the world."

The complicity of the United States for thirty years longer in this guilty traffic is described. "But," says the author, "we washed away our shame, at last, with unstinted blood, and then a time came when our people took up arms to give liberty even to an alien race."

This book is a grand epic of human progress and of the growth of nobler ideas of human brotherhood. The iniquities of the slave trade and the horrors of the middle passage are described with realistic vividness. A vein of moral indignation throbs in every page. Twelve graphic full-page illustrations lend emphasis to the stern denunciation of the greatest wrong ever wreaked upon a subject race.

Our author points out the baneful character of slavery and the slave trade in degrading every nation or people that cherished them. One of the most striking examples is that of the Boers, whose so-called republic was based on human slavery. This outrage on the rights and liberties of their fellow-men demoralized their character and helped to make them the "slim," cruel, treacherous and truculent people they have shown themselves to be during the late war.

The Real Chinese Question. By CHESTER HOLCOMBE. For many years Interpreter, Secretary of Legation, and Acting Minister of the United States at Pekin. Author of "The Real Chinamen," etc. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xxii-386. Price, $1.50.

In the flood of articles and books on the Chinese question we have seen none more lucid and luminous in exposition than that under review. The author was connected with the United States Legation at Pekin for fourteen years, and resided in China for a much longer period. He has an intelligent sympathy with the Chinese people. He finds many noble features in the Chinese character. He describes the wrong which has been inflicted upon the Chinese, especially by the odious opium traffic—a curse more blighting than the traffic in strong drink in other lands. He vindicates the missionaries from the aspersions which have been cast upon them. They are not the cause of the anti-foreign feeling—there is no complaint against Protestant missionaries as a class. They have rendered invaluable service to commerce and civilization as well as to morality and religion.

"If the missionaries," he says, "in that vast empire had accomplished nothing more during the half century past than to furnish object-lessons of the true position of woman, and the highest type of Christian homes, that result alone would justify their presence in China and the money invested in the enterprise."

"Opium," he says, "is more deadly than alcohol, because it fastens its grip more quickly and firmly upon the victim. No language can exaggerate the evil results of the habit. No honest person who has seen its effects upon the Chinese can describe it as other than an awful curse. To force it upon China was a crime against humanity. One Chinese writer describes it as tenfold more deadly than arsenic."

The enormous income from the opium trade, which has been so disastrous to China, amounting to nearly $40,000,000 a year, represents but a small sum compared with what might be gained to the advantage of both countries if this trade had been suppressed in the interests of honest commerce. This book we consider indispensable for understanding the complex and difficult Chinese question.

Hôtel de Rambouillet and The Précieuses. By LEON H. VINCENT. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 123. Price, $1.00.

This dainty and quaintly printed little book is quite in harmony with the quaint literary development with it treats. Indeed Mr. Vincent is a Précieuse in his way. He has the delicate touch, the subtle humour, the literary refinement akin to that of the Marquise de Rambouillet herself. This lady, he tells us, "in a corrupt age, made virtue fashionable. It is something to have got such people to realize that it may be good form to keep the Ten Commandments." A special note of the Précieuse was a passion for correct dictation and literary grace. "And why," asks Mr. Vincent, "should any woman, any man, lack in fastidiousness about the choice of words? Society ought to be as impeccable in its language as it is in its attire."

Our author describes the rise and progress and decline of the Salon de Rambouillet and the literary movement of which it was the symbol. One cause of its decay was the ponderous romances of Madeleine de Scudery. A single romance contained almost as much as all the Waverley novels taken together. "She was the most pitiless writer of fiction the world has ever known."

With characteristic lightness of touch Mr. Vincent thus sums up the merits and follies of the Précieuse: "After all it seems less culpable to be frivolous over words and ideas than over cards; and if it is a question of ultimate idiocy, charades are no worse than dancing. Let us not exaggerate the significance of trifles. Incredible as it may appear, I have seen human beings playing hjalma; the men were college graduates and the women belonged to clubs." A bibliography of the copious literature to which the movement gave rise, adds to the value of the book.

Historical Survey of Pre-Christian Education. By S S. LAURIE, A.M., LL.D., Professor of the Institutes and History of Education in the University of Edinburgh; author of "Institutes of Education," etc. Second edition, revised. London, New York and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company. Pp. xi–411.

This is a book of unique and remarkable interest. We do not know of any other covering exactly the same field. The author's aim "has been to seize the leading religious and social characteristics of pre-Christian societies, as these were actually found operative in the life of the people of each nation." As the result of immense research, the author gives us a clear statement of the historical review of the place of education in Egypt, among the Arabs, Jews, Chinese and Hindus. More than half the work, however, is devoted to the history of education among the Greeks and Romans, and very interesting and instructive chapters these are.

The education of the youth of Sparta was particularly austere. On the annual festival of Artemis-Orthia youths were whipped to the drawing of blood. "Nor must one be offended," says Solon to Anacharsis, in Lucian, "when you see their young men whipped at the altar and streaming with blood, whilst their fathers and mothers stand by entreating them to suffer it courageously, and even proceed to threats if they do not bear it with patience and resolution. Many have died under this discipline rather than acknowledge themselves unequal to it before their friends and relations. Statues of them have frequently been erected at the public expense."

In Athens, the system of education was much more genial; in Rome, a more

rational system prevailed. As to corporal punishment, Quintilian writes: "I object to it, because it is a disgusting practice and fit only for slaves, because the boy will be simply hardened to the infliction of stripes, and such castigation is unnecessary if the teacher understands his business." The book is full of suggestions for the modern science of pedagogy

Eleanor. By MRS. HUMPHRY WARD. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 627. Price, $1.50.

This is, in our judgment, distinctly the best book of its class of the year, or of many years. One reviewer describes its reading as something worth living for. It is a dissection—a vivisection—of a woman's soul. With keenest scalpel the author lays bare the inmost heart, and shows the quivering nerves, the poignancy of trial, the moral heroism of triumph. He who looks for sensational romance with hair-breadth escapes will not find it here. It is a minute study finished like one of Meisonnier's miniatures, chiefly of one person, the gentle heroine, Eleanor Burgoyne. As a beautiful foil is the character of Lucy Foster, the beautiful Methodist girl, whose religious principle makes her capable of noblest self-sacrifice and devotion. As we follow the development of character with keenest interest we breathe an ethereal air, like that of the mountain eyrie, where the crucial scenes of the story are laid.

One cannot imagine a greater contrast between the somewhat hysterical treatment of Marie Corelli's "Master Christian," and the placidity and beauty, like that of a Greek statue, of Mrs. Ward's noble study. Her two noble women are worthy to take their place with Victor Hugo's good bishop. Both stories have their scene largely at Rome, but Mrs. Ward's gives the saner, more just and true interpretation of the Papacy. She understands the Papacy well; she has lived long in Italy, and her father became himself a pervert to the Roman Catholic Church. But her intimate acquaintance with the Mystery of Iniquity only deepened her convictions of its mental and moral tyranny. Of the modern Italian priests, Manisty says: "Their hatred of Italy is a venom in their bones, and they themselves are mad for a spiritual tyranny which no modern State could tolerate for a week." Some of Mrs. Ward's phrases paint a picture with a stroke. This is the outlook from a mountain: "One might, it seemed, have walked straight into Orion." This is her description of Lucy's prayer in time of soul trial: "It was not the specific asking of a definite boon, it was rather a passionate longing. In the old phrase, 'to be right with God,' whatever happens and through all the storms of personal impulse." In her great sacrifice of life and love, "Eleanor's being was flooded with the strangest, most ecstatic sense of deliverance. She had been her own executioner, and this was not death, but life!"

No one can read this book without being morally lifted up and strengthened.

William Herschel and His Work. By JAMES SIME, M.A., F.R.S.E. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: The Publishers' Syndicate. Pp. vi-265. Price, $1.00.

Although astronomy is the oldest of the sciences, in the work of the greatest observers it is one of the newest. Sir William Herschel, who may be called the father of modern astronomy, is a remarkable example of genius overcoming difficulties. He was trained as a bandsman in the Hanoverian Guards, and for many years devoted himself to music as a support, and played in an orchestra at Bath. While at Bath he constructed over four hundred and fifty telescopes, and eventually became one of the greatest of observational astronomers. His great achievement was constructing his forty-foot reflecting telescope, with which he gauged the firmament, and made a profound study of the nebulæ and binary stars. The planet Uranus which, with his moons, he discovered, long bore his name. His devotion to the starry muse was intense. Of him it may literally be said, "in the day the drought consumed me and the frost by night; my sleep departed from mine eyes." His breath often froze upon the telescope, and his feet froze to the ground, the ink froze in his room, and once a speculum cracked and broke with the frost.

One of the romances of science is the devotion to her distinguished brother of Caroline Herschel. For over fifty years she was his *alter ego*, taking notes from his dictation in the long cold nights, and performing complicated calculations by day. On his death she returned to her native Hanover and lingered on "with thanksgiving to the Almighty" to her ninety-eighth year, still devoted to that science which had been so advanced by the aid of her illustrious brother and her nephew, Sir John Herschel, as well as

by her own. The fascinating story of Herschel and his great life-work, is clearly and succinctly told in this admirable volume.

Messiah's Second Advent. A Study in Eschatology. By CALVIN GOODSPEED, D.D, LL.D., Professor of Systematic Theology and Apologetics in McMaster University, Toronto, Ont. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 288. Price, $1.00.

We had the pleasure of reading this book in manuscript, and are glad that the author has given us such an admirable treatise upon this important subject. There is an active propaganda of pre-millenial views—great conferences, copious literature, and indefatigable agents. It is well, therefore, that the conservative and, we believe, Scriptural views should be clearly, strongly, concisely set forth, that those who hold these Biblical views may be able to give a reason for the faith that is in them. Professor Goodspeed is well equipped for his task. He has made a profound study of the literature on the subject, meets the difficulties of exegesis, and sets forth the argument with a convincing logic. We cordially commend this book to our readers.

The Master-Christian. By MARIE CORELLI. Pp. 634. Price, $1.25. Toronto: William Briggs.

We have had time to read only part of this large book, but enough to warrant an opinion of its character and scope. It is one of the most tremendous indictments or excoriations of the Church of Rome we have ever seen. The author describes the doctrinal corruption and social demoralization of that Church in very vivid language. This has procured her, we believe, the honour of having her book placed in the Index Expurgatorius, an honour which we presume she highly appreciates. We should not be unjust, however, even to so colossal a system of religious error as the Papacy, and this we think Marie Corelli has been. In the saintly Cardinal Bonpré, however, she has created a pure and noble character, worthy of a place beside Victor Hugo's good bishop in "Les Miserables."

Reasons for Faith in Christianity, with Answers to Hypercriticism. By JOHN MCDOWELL LEAVITT, D.D., LL.D. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 240. Price, $1.25.

Dr. Leavitt's book is directed, not against true criticism, which, as the word means, is just discrimination and weighing of evidence, but against the hypercriticism, or destructive fault-finding, which often passes by the name of the Higher Criticism, though by no means entitled to that name. We prefer, however, the positive and constructive side of Dr. Leavitt's argument, in which he deals with the impregnable character of the eternal verities of revealed religion. Thank God, after all abatement for human misconceptions and mistranslations, the eternal verities remain unchanged.

Memories of Dundurn and Burlington Heights. An Address delivered at Hamilton, Ontario, on the Queen's Birthday, 1900, by SIR JOHN G. BOURINOT, K.C.M.G., D.C.L., Lit.D. With historical notes and illustrations. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company. Pp. 32.

It is a note of the new national life which is throbbing in our veins that local celebrations of historic events are being celebrated throughout the country. One of these was the opening of Dundurn Park, at Hamilton, on Queen's Birthday, 1900. The chief feature on that occasion was an admirable address by Sir John G Bourinot on "Historic Memories of Dundurn and Burlington Heights." Many of the stirring incidents of the war of 1812 are vividly sketched, and a generous tribute is paid to the character of Sir Allan MacNab, the sturdy patriot who so bravely defended the frontier in the rebellion of 1837, and so long represented the Men of Gore in the Parliament of Canada. A number of valuable historic notes accompany the quarto pamphlet. It is beautifully printed and illustrated.

A Kent Squire. By F. W. HAYNES. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 75 cents; cloth, $1.50.

This is a very strongly written historical tale describing the great conflict between Great Britain and France in the days of Queen Anne. A vivid picture is given of the cruel oppressions and callous use of "lettres de cachet," consigning innocent men for long years to the horrors of the Bastile, which were among the chief causes of the French Revolution and the destruction of that monument of tyranny and wrong. Vivid pictures are given of Bolingbroke, Marlborough and other statesmen of Queen Anne's court, and of the political corruption, relieved by many noble private virtues, of the period.

The Last Refuge. A Sicilian Romance. By HENRY B. FULLER. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 284. Price, $1.50.

Mr. Fuller knows his Italy well—from Ætna's fires to Alpine snows. He seems more familiar with that "land of all men's past" than even Dante's or Petrarch's self could be. He is learned in its lore, is saturated with its spirit, and is in sympathy with its aspirations. Far beyond the interest of the somewhat tenuous thread of the story are the graphic studies of Rome, Naples, Palermo—their memories and associations.

Quisanté. By ANTONY HOPE. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 376. Price, $1.25.

In his latest book Mr. Hawkins leaves his field of mediæval romance and comes down to the present time. His story has its scene in Great Britain during a contested election such as that which the distinguished author has himself just been passing through. Fortunately for the reading public he was unsuccessful. It is easy to find a Member of Parliament, but a genius of Antony Hope's character is much more rare. He discusses incidentally the Labour Question, the High Church Movement, Woman's Suffrage, Fenianism, and other live questions. A vein of romance, of course, runs through the story.

Philip Winwood. By ROBERT NEILSON STEPHENS. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 412. Price, 75 cents.

This is another of the historical tales which have of late proved so successful. It is a story of the Revolutionary War, and describes some of the complications which arose from a division in families caused by the conflict of loyalty to the king and sympathy with the revolutionists. It describes the British occupation of New York, and the scene afterwards shifts to London, where, after long estrangement, husband and wife are reconciled and reunited.

Old Ocean's Ferry.. Compiled by JOHN COLGATE HOYT. New York: Bonnell, Silver & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 266. Price, 50 cents.

This is just the book for those "that go down to the sea in ships," and this almost everybody nowadays does. It gives just the information which people wish to possess, describes sea life, explains nautical terms, gives ship facts, sea superstitions, novelties and inventions, tells how to avoid sea-sickness, quotes sailors' yarns and sailors' songs, and the like.

The Making of a Christian. Studies in the Art of Holy Living. By JOHN MACLEAN. Toronto: William Briggs. Montreal: C. W. Coates. Halifax: S. F. Huestis. Pp. 125. Price, 75 cents.

Dr. Maclean has written much and well on many subjects, but he has not written anything that, in our judgment, is so practically useful in the building up of character, and inspiring noble ideals as this little book. We commend it to all who wish—as who does not?—to make their lives harmonize with the mind and will of God.

PAIN AND SORROW.

The following exquisite verses are from a new poem entitled "Ad Astra" which may be paraphrased as "Heavenward," by Charles Whitworth Wynne, published by Grant Richards, London, price five shillings. From the specimens we have seen we judge this to be one of the most notable poems of recent years.

What man is there that hath a sickly child,
That doth not love it more than all the rest?
Thus is our grief for sorrow reconciled,
And larger love exalts the parent's breast,
The little sufferer is of all most blest,
For love and sympathy are dearer far
Than all the joys that other children share.

So every sorrow hides a central joy,
And with all suffering and pain'd undersong
There is a leavening mixture of alloy,
That more than compensates the seeming wrong,
For to all such far other joys belong—
A keener sensibility to bliss,
A finer insight into all that is.

So Pain and Sorrow also have their part
In the great scheme of universal good,
Without them how refine the human heart,
Too soon elated unless these withstood?
So lightly do we flit from mood to mood,
We seldom see the sorrow of the thing,
Until the Angel Pity droops her wing.