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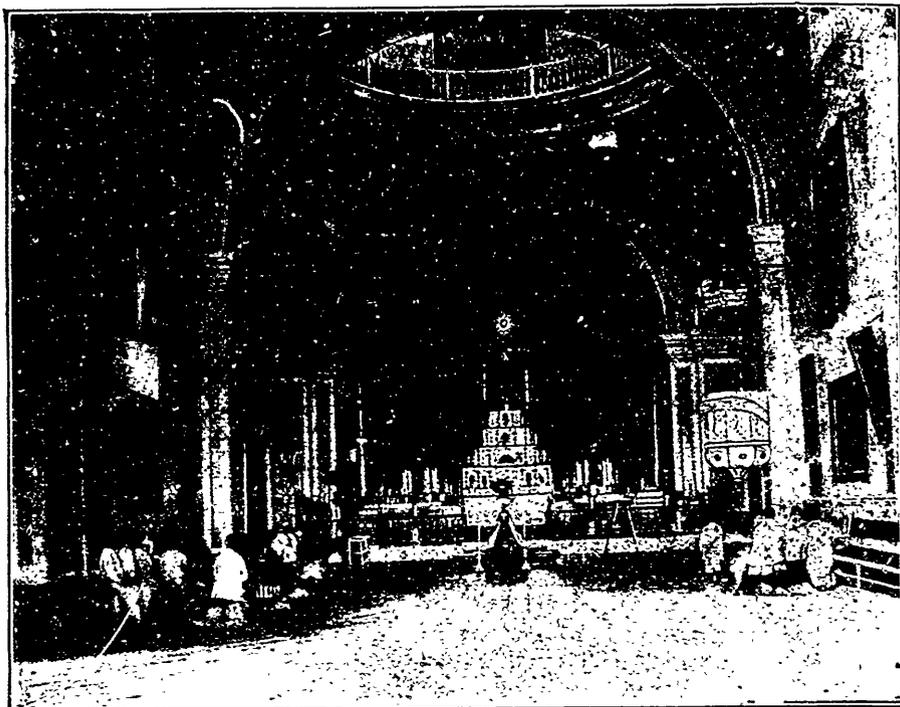
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INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL, WHERE ALL PROCESSIONS BEGIN AND END.



THE YOUNG PROPRIETOR OF A COCOANUT GROVE GATHERING TUBA.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

APRIL, 1899.

AMONG THE FILIPINOS.*

II.



A GLIMPSE OF THE GREAT STONE BRIDGE.

The attention of the whole world is now being focused upon the group of islands in the eastern Pacific, which a year ago were known chiefly to the general reader as an out-of-the-way Spanish possession, noted chiefly for its product of hemp and tobacco. When Dewey's ships sailed into the harbour of Manila on the first of last May the centre of gravity of the American Republic was

changed. A new frontier was created, new burdens were assumed, a new relation to the Asiatic continent and to great world questions was adopted. The Philippines, from being regarded with indifference as a group of scattered islands, occupied largely by semi-civilized peoples, became a subject of engrossing interest in two continents.

It was soon found that we must revise our ideas about this archipelago. Notwithstanding the arrested development caused by Spanish mis-rule there were still many elements of advanced civilization. There were, for instance,

* "The Philippine Islands." By Ramon Reyes Lala, a native of Manila. Illustrated. New York: Continental Publishing Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Svo. pp. 341. The cuts which illustrate this article are by courtesy of the publishers reproduced from this book.

three universities in the island. There were professors of learning and scientific culture. One of the most important observatories for the study of physics, especially of earthquake phenomena, with instruments of great precision and

Europe. Among these was the author of the book under review, Ramon Reyes Lala. He was educated in the schools of his own country, in St. John's College, London, at a French college in Neufchatel, Switzerland, and became subsequently a citizen of the United States. He possesses unusual qualifications for giving a comprehensive and accurate account of his own country. He writes in vigorous and vivacious English, and in excellent literary style. He has made a thorough study of all the previous historians and chroniclers in French, Spanish, and English, and writes from an intimate personal acquaintance with the present facts which he records. We feel, therefore, that in quoting from this book we are laying under tribute the most accurate and up-to-date sources of information accessible to the English-speaking reader.

An interesting episode in the history of Manila is its capture by the British in 1762. During the war, at that time waging, both Havana and Manila were taken by the British fleet, but were eventually restored. The Spaniards promised a ransom of four million dollars for Manila; but with characteristic treachery they hid their treasure in the earth and defrauded the captors out of seven-eighths of the ransom agreed upon.

Under the recent Spanish re-



AUTHOR IN SILKEN SUIT: KIND WORN BY HIGH-CLASS NATIVES

delicacy, had long been at work. The contributions to this important department of science were of great value.

A considerable number of the Filipinos received collegiate and university training either in the islands or in the universities of

gime, says our author, there were about 750 towns in the colony, each ruled by a Gobernadorcillo, "little governor," called Captain; usually a native or half-caste. The people were heavily taxed for almost every article of consumption. Lotteries yielded an immense revenue. More money was set aside for the transportation of priests than for the building of railroads, while ten times the sum was donated to the support of the Manila cathedral that was spent for new improvements and for public instruction. There are almost no roads. Transportation is often impossible, and private individuals were forbidden by law to repair the highways.

There were abundance of dilatory and abortive courts, forty-one of a so-called superior grade. The Department of Justice cost the colonies \$350,000 a year. A case was seldom settled till the client could be squeezed no further.

The Church was one of the most oppressive institutions. The hierarchy cost the Government \$800,000 a year. The cathedral of Manila alone cost \$60,000. The Archbishop lived in a palace, with a salary of \$12,000 a year. The salaries of the priests ranged from \$500 to \$2,500 per annum, with large fees in addition from marriages, burials, baptisms, masses, indulgences. There are four thousand priests in Manila alone. "They receive all and give nothing," is the terse phrase of our author.

The several orders of monks have immense revenues. They possess magnificent estates, but notwithstanding their enormous wealth they are hard taskmasters, grinding the poor to the paying of the last penny. Yet on the whole the friars repress in some degree the vicious and brutal instincts of the natives. They are usually of

lowly family, many of them the sole representatives of social order, but there are also many immoral, gross black sheep. The monks have opposed every attempt at reform. Their policy has ever been the policy of ignorance, knowing that their livelihood depended on its perpetuation.

The natives are a branch of the Malay race, divided into three



CHILDREN OF A GOBERNADORCILLO.

large groups, the Tagalogs, the Visayos, and the Sulus. They are born stoics, fatalists by nature. They make good sailors, bold pirates, and fierce soldiers. They are very fond of their children, who, as a rule, are respectful and well-behaved. The noisy little hoodlums of European and American cities are utterly unknown. The old are tenderly cared for, and are venerated; while in almost every well-to-do household are one

or two poor relatives, who, while mere hangers-on, are, nevertheless, always made welcome to the table of their host. Indeed, the hospitality of the Filipinos is proverbial. A guest is always welcome, and welcome to the best. The better class, too, gladly embrace every opportunity to feast

eral type is illustrated by the cut on page 302. They wander about, scarcely spending more than one season in one place.

There are a large number of Mohammedans, especially in the southern or Sulu group. Some of these take a fanatical and inviolable oath to shed the blood of the hated Christian. They are therefore known as "Juramentados." Lashed into a fury of madness, the "Juramentado" becomes more beast than human, and is forever lusting for murder. He oils his supple limbs and rushes ferociously into the conflict. Nothing can stay him. He knows that he is going to certain death—that is but the door to paradise! In his excitement he feels no pain; and, though severely wounded, he will continue his furious onset until killed.

Manila has a population of nearly 300,000, is an important port with large trade, and presents striking contrasts of wealth and poverty. The tobacco factories alone employ 10,000 men, women, and children. The average earnings of the employees are about fifteen cents per day. Electric lights, telephones, and primitive tramways present a kind of veneer civilization. There is one single track railway on the island of Luzon of 123 miles.

In the wet season Manila is a sort of Oriental Venice. The numerous canals and creeks are flooded and thronged with native boats. Restaurants abound, giving meals for as little as two cents. The numerous holidays—there are forty in the year—breed indolence and cause poverty.

The principal drive is the Luneta, beside the old sea wall, shown in our picture on page 301. Here in the cool of the evening all Manila comes out to see and be seen and to listen to the military



A PARISH PRIEST.

their neighbours or the stranger within their gates.

All over the islands are scattered a mountain tribe called Negritos. They are supposed to be the aborigines. They are of African descent, many of them possessing all the negro characteristics. Their weapons are bows and poisoned arrows. Their gen-

music, nearly every one, men and women, boys and girls, smoking cigarettes.

Here, too, says our author, were enacted some of the most horrible tragedies in the recent rebellion. Hundreds of native prisoners were here executed. Such an execution was made occasion of great rejoicing. The fashionable Span-
is-
i-
element, men and women, was not wanting to witness it; and while the band discoursed a lively

the fireworks, of which the natives are particularly fond.

Commerce has long struggled with vexatious restrictions and imposts, yet it had reached considerable magnitude. In 1895 the principal exports of the Philippines were: Hemp, \$14,517,000; sugar, \$10,975,000; tobacco, \$3,159,000; cocoanuts, \$356,000. This fell off greatly in 1896, on account of the increased scale of export duties, hemp de-



INTERIOR OF A NATIVE HUT.

air, the poor fellows were made to stand on the sea-wall, facing the sea; at a given signal the firing-squad discharged a volley, and they fell dead or mortally wounded, while the onlookers cheered for tyranny and Spain.

The islands are a botanist's paradise, with almost every variety of tree and plant life, flowers and fruits. Our author gives a vivacious account of town and village life, religious processions, social entertainments, games, and

clining to \$7,500,000, and sugar to \$10,975,000.

Plantation life is the industrial unit of the islands. The soil is divided up into plantations, large and small, according to the capital and enterprise of the planter. As a rule, the planters are of the Malay race, and the work of the fields is done by other Malays, as many as five or six hundred being employed on large plantations. The labourers live in little bamboo houses, the planters furnishing

them both food and clothing. The food consists of rice and fish,—very cheap provender in the Philippines,—and the clothing is of a primitive character, that costs little. Yet, at the end of the season, the labourer has usually exhausted his wages and may be in debt to the planter. Often a hundred per cent. interest is demanded for the use of money.



A MESTIZA FLOWER-GIRL.

Thus the planter is ground between the upper and nether millstone, the exporter and the middleman.

Among the chief exports is sugar. The culture and manufacture are conducted in a very slovenly fashion, consequently the sugar produced is coarse of grain and poor in quality. The yield, however, is large, and leaves,

after the demands of the islands are supplied, some 250,000 tons annually for export. With proper cultivation, this could be very much increased and its quality greatly improved.

The staple food of the people is rice. Upon it their very existence depends. It is cultivated by the most laborious and unscientific methods. It is usually husked in a large hardwood mortar, where it is beaten with a pestle. In husking or winnowing, machines are not employed, save some small ones in domestic use. The manufacture of hemp, the chief export, is of a similarly primitive character. The product is used in making mats, sail cloth, cordage, and the famous Manila paper of commerce. Nearly a million tons a year were exported before the war.

Smoking goes on in the Philippines everywhere but in church—in the hotel dining-room as soon as coffee is served, and at the theatre or opera while the audience is gathering, and between the acts. Even your cab-driver will offer you a cigar, if he thinks you have none. Spanish women of wealth and rank—grandmothers, mothers, daughters and nieces—sit on the balconies of their beautiful residences in the capital, puffing away at their cigarillos,—a tiny brand made especially for feminine consumption; while in some homes men and women help themselves from the same box.

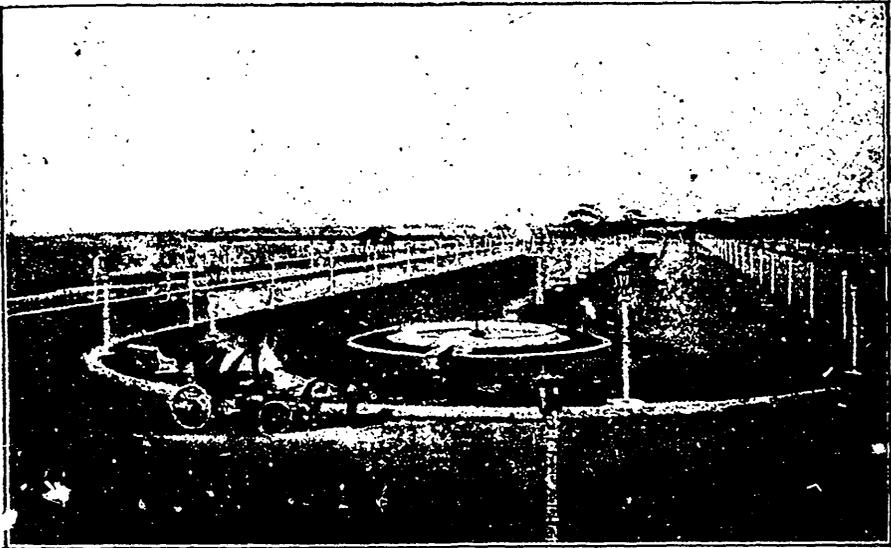
The Jesuit missionaries introduced the art of weaving, and all through the islands a primitive bamboo-loom is one of the commoner implements of the smallest hut. Here are woven fabrics of

cotton, silk, hemp, bamboo, and pina,—the fibre of the pineapple leaf. The merely well-to-do and poorer classes wear clothes woven of cotton, silk, and pina, or of pina and hemp, or of hemp or bamboo.

But the glory of the wealthy, Spaniard or Meztizo, man or woman, are their garments of pure pineapple-leaf fibre, called "jusi." This is durable and almost priceless. A small jusi handkerchief

gold, in token of whose riches one of his cruisers swaggered into the port of London with damask sails and silken cordage. In the eighteenth century Anson's fleet hovered for years in the neighbourhood of the Philippines, a rich prize occasionally his reward.

The principal beast of burden is the buffalo. He is the plough horse of the islands. The plough is a very primitive affair—a heavy stick of wood sharpened to a point



THE BEAUTIFUL LUNETTA.

is worth \$50. So delicate is the thread, that, in weaving, it is protected by gauze from the gentlest breeze. The costliness of the material, therefore, is due to the difficulties of the weaver and to the time and patience necessary to produce even a single inch.

Gold has been found in large quantities in the Philippines. Galleon after galleon sailed to Spain laden with the precious dust. In his voyage round the world, Sir Francis Drake seized two prize-ships filled with island-

at one end, with a beam attached by rattan thongs, about two feet above the point to which the buffaloes are hitched, and with a handle for the ploughman at the right end, consisting of a round bar of wood, inserted in an auger hole.

The buffalo is amphibious in habit, and if left to itself will spend a considerable part of the time in mud and water. It is capable of keeping its head under water for two minutes at a time, exploring the bottom of streams or pools for

certain favourite plants. To it a daily mud-bath is one of the necessities of life. The buffalo will fling himself on his side in the mire, and shuffle round and round until he is covered to the eyes with a mortar-like substance. When he has dried himself in the sun he looks like a huge clay image. This strange habit is not without its useful purpose. Millions of stinging flies swarm among the rank vegetation of his habitat, and till his mud-coat peels

tions practised by the Government officials.

"At first, the rebels were successful; but when a large army, between 15,000 and 20,000 fresh Spanish conscripts from the peninsula, was sent against them, they were forced to retire; and, accordingly, they entrenched themselves in the mountains near the capital. Here they built a considerable fortress, and though the greater part of the troops were without arms of any kind, never-



SULU WARRIORS IN FIGHTING ATTITUDE.

off the animal is impregnable to their vicious attacks.

The intolerable oppression of the Spaniards naturally provoked many struggles for liberty, going back nearly three hundred years. These were suppressed with ruthless cruelty and wholesale executions. The most formidable of these insurrections was that which began August, 1896. Its causes were the arrogance and exactions of the friars, the oppressive taxes, the licenses and numerous fees, and other extortions and confisca-

theless they were made subject to the most rigid discipline. Only 1,200 of the 7,000 men that composed this camp possessed rifles; yet, even thus poorly equipped, for more than eighteen months they kept up a desultory but harassing war against 15,000 well-armed Spanish troops.

The Tagal Republic was proclaimed in October, 1896, and Andreas Bonifacio was chosen president. When Bonifacio died, a few months later, Aguinaldo was elected president and commander-

in-chief. When General Primo de Rivera arrived from Spain to quell the insurrection, he attempted to end it by making various concessions, having been unable to do so by force. The following reforms were promised :

“The banishment, or at least the disbanding, of the religious orders ; Philippine representation in the Cortes ; the same administration of justice for the natives as for the Spaniards ; unity of laws between the Philippines and Spain ; the natives to share the chief offices of the Philippine civil administration ; rearrangement of the property of the friars

Aguinaldo received 400,000 pesetas, which were deposited at Hong-Kong ; not for his own personal use, but as a fund, the interest of which was to be devoted to the education of native youth in England. In case the agreement was not carried out by the Spaniards, the money was to be used for arms and to renew the rebellion.

How did the Spaniards fulfil their part of the pact ? Rivera at no time proclaimed a general amnesty ; he denied the existence



SHIFTING LUMBER IN A FOREST OF TAYABAS.

and of the taxes in favour of the natives ; recognition of the individual rights of the natives, with liberty of public meeting and of the press, and a general amnesty.”

In return for these concessions, Aguinaldo and the other leaders promised that they would leave the country for three years ; and that they would stir up no insurrection against the Spanish Government during this period. The rebels then laid down their arms and surrendered their forts and ammunition, and, according to other provisions of the treaty,

of the pact, and shot several leaders, who, relying on his promises, had returned to Manila. The rebellion was therefore renewed. Dewey's victory wonderfully increased the morale of the rebel army ; while the Spaniards daily lost hope.

There can be no question that Americans made use of the insurgents in the suppression of the Spaniards. Our author says the insurgents received some field-guns, 5,000 magazine rifles, and 200,000 rounds of ammunition from Admiral Dewey.



EMILIO AGUINALDO.

The following is his brief account of Aguinaldo :

General Emilio Aguinaldo is a little more than thirty years of age. He was born in Imus, a village near Cavite. His father was a planter, and the son was sent first to the college of St. Jean de Lateran, then to the University of St. Tomas in Manila. Aguinaldo was adjudged a very dull student,

and gave no promise of distinction. In fact, the Dominicans finally sent him home in sheer despair. During the rebellion he became such a prominent figure that a reward of \$25,000 had been offered by the Spaniards for his head.

The self-will and headiness of the man are shown by the following paragraph :



A WEALTHY MESTIZA OF THE UPPER CLASS.

“In everything he takes the initiative; in no event does he consult any one. He brooks no opposition; he has had no rivals in reality; there have been one or

two would-be ones, but they could not withstand him. He is perhaps not always scrupulous as to the attainment of his ends, yet his proclamations are wise and moder-

ate, his conduct all one would desire in even a European dictator. Moreover, few have shown themselves so modest and so merciful. Of course I do not agree with him in everything he does, but, knowing his sincerity, and believing that he makes his spectacular display merely to impress the natives, and so hold their allegiance, I therefore admire him and hope that the Americans will cooperate with him to give us a stable Philippine government. At all events, the man's strong personality, and his large following,

cannot, I believe, well be ignored by the American Government."

An account is also given of the American occupation of Cavite, the capture and occupation of Manila and capitulation of the Philippines. Since then history has been making very fast, and its events will be familiar to all our readers. The volume under review is a most important contribution to the study and solution of one of the gravest problems which has ever confronted the American Republic.

ON EASTER DAY.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

We light the Easter fire, and the Easter lamps we trim,
And the lilies rear their chalice cups in churches rich and dim,
And chapel low and minster high the same triumphant strains
In city and in village raise, and on the lonely plains.

"Life" is the strain, and "endless life" the chiming bells repeat,
A word of victory over death, a word of promise sweet,
And as the great good clasps the less, the sun a myriad rays,
So do a hundred thoughts of joy cling round our Easter days.

And one, which seems at times the best and dearest of them all,
Is this: that all the many dead in ages past recall,
With the friends who died so long ago that memory seeks in vain
To call the vanished faces back, and make them live again;

And those so lately gone from us that still they seem to be
Beside our path, beside our board, in viewless company—
A light for all our weary hours, a glory by the way—
All, all the dead, the near, the far, take part in Easter day!

They share the life we hope to share, as once they shared in this;
They hold in fast possession one heritage of bliss;
Theirs is the sure, near Presence toward which we reach and strain.
On Easter Day, on Easter Day, we all are one again.

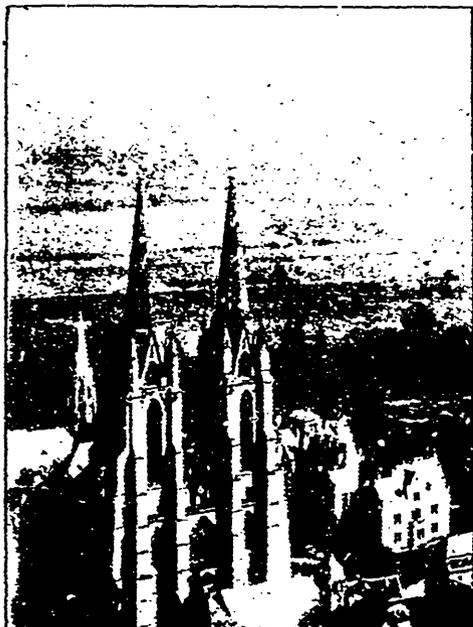
O fairest of the fair, high thoughts that light the Easter dawn,
O sweet and true companionship which cannot be withdrawn,
"The Lord is risen!" sealed lips repeat out of the shadows dim.
"The Lord is risen," we answer back, "and all shall rise in him!"

The Holy Son of God most high,
For love of Adam's lapsed race,
Quit the sweet pleasure of the sky
To bring us to that happy place.
His robes of light He laid aside,
Which did His majesty adorn,

And the frail state of mortal tried,
In human flesh and figure born.
The Son of God thus man became,
That men the sons of God might be,
And by their second birth regain
A likeness to His deity.

THE SAINT OF THE WARTBURG.

BY FRANCIS HUSTON WALLACE, M.A., D.D.,
Professor of New Testament Exegesis, Victoria University.



CHURCH OF ST. ELIZABETH, MARBURG.

II.

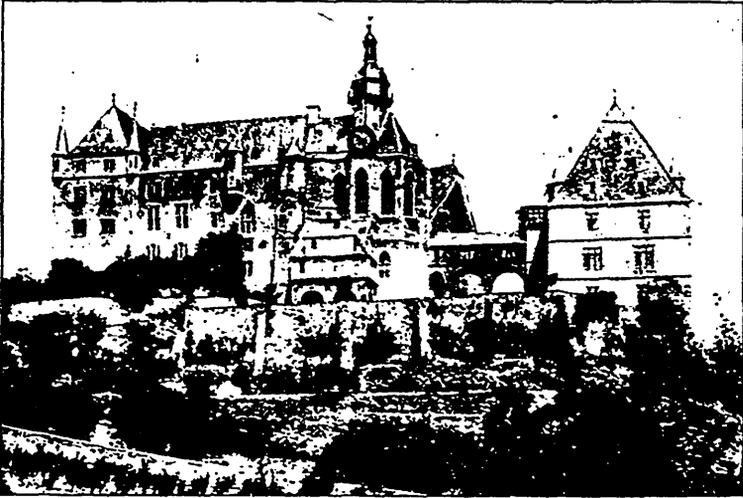
The Landgrave Ludwig fully approved of his wife Elizabeth's vow of perpetual obedience to Conrad as her director, "saving her matrimonial vow." Even this exception did not prevent Conrad from exercising a most malign influence over his victim and asserting a most insolent domination even while her husband still lived. For instance—Elizabeth had been unexpectedly and most imperatively detained from a certain service to which he had bidden her. His rage was unbounded. And to break her spirit he withheld all pardon until she and her ladies humbled themselves so far as to

bare their shoulders to the brute and suffer him to beat them with a knotted scourge. May we not legitimately see in the malign influence of this "director" the wretched possibilities wrapped up in the principle of auricular confession?

In 1227 the Emperor Frederick II. embarked on the Sixth Crusade, and among the princes and nobles of Germany who followed him was Ludwig of Thuringia. On his departure Ludwig showed Elizabeth his signet ring and said, "If this ring should be brought you, it will be a token of my death."

Elizabeth henceforth counted herself a widow, arraying herself in widow's weeds, and seeking for consolation in constant vigils, prayers, penances, and kindly ministrations to the poor, hoping against hope for the safe return of her beloved. But it was not to be. Without ever crossing sea to Palestine, gallant Ludwig succumbed to fever. His last thought was of his wife, and he sent to her the signet ring.

One day, some months after Ludwig's departure from home, as Elizabeth was busy in acts of mercy to the inmates of the Lazar-house at the foot of the Wartburg, she was summoned to the castle by the Dowager Sophia, who exhorted her to be brave and not disturbed by what had happened to her husband. Elizabeth rejoined, using still the fond name of "brother": "If my brother be



THE ANCIENT CASTLE, MARBURG.

captive, he can be freed by the help of God and our friends." Then Sophia handed her the fatal signet ring and announced the terrible truth. "He is dead." "Then she, clasping her hands upon her knees, exclaimed, 'The world is dead to me, and all that is pleasant in the world,' and rushed distractedly through the palace.

Speedily, to the bitter grief of youthful widowhood, was added the pang of insult and outrage.

Her brother-in-law, Henry, eagerly seized the opportunity to aggrandize himself, ignored the rights of Ludwig's son Hermann, a little boy of four years, and with cruel promptness turned Elizabeth, her children, and her attendants out of the Wartburg! In the midst of winter they were driven out, penniless and unprotected, keeping only such clothing, bedding, and jewels as they could carry with them, and the people of Eisenach



THE UNIVERSITY, MARBURG—A WINTER BIT.

and of all Thuringia were forbidden to give them shelter. This in the ages of chivalry !

Elizabeth, with her faithful ladies, of whom the chief were Isestrude and Guta, and with the three dear children, the eldest only four years old, was repulsed from every door, and forced to take refuge in the outhouse of a low tavern, disturbed by the pigs on one side and by noisy, drunken skittle-players on the other. For one night she lived beneath the roof of the parish priest, but soon Henry's orders sent her forth again. For a time she lodged in the house of an enemy of hers, at Henry's orders, and there was loaded with every form of contumely and annoyance, until she was forced to prefer the comparative quiet of the tavern outhouse. Food was procured partly by the kindness of her former persecutor, her mother-in-law, Sophia, whom her gentleness and sufferings seem to have softened, partly by pawning her jewels, and then at last by spinning.

In the midst of this almost unexampled reverse of fortune, weak, weary, almost in despair, she was faithful to her devotions, and was not without consolation. One day, almost fainting, she was forced to lie on the ground with her head in Isestrude's lap. As she lay, gazing up at the wintry sky, she smiled, and murmured : "Thou, Lord, desirest to have me with thee; and I long to be with thee, and never to be separated from thee." Isestrude asked : "What is it, dear lady ?" And Elizabeth replied : "I saw the Lord Jesus bending towards me from yonder pale blue sky, comforting me for my sorrows. When He turned as if to go away, I was troubled; then He looked on me and said, 'If thou desirest to be with me, so do I will to be with thee.'"

At last Elizabeth's friends bestirred themselves to succour her. Her aunt, the Abbess of Kitzingen, received her with her children and ladies into the convent. Then her uncle, the Bishop of Bamberg, established her in the castle of Pottenstein, a delightfully secluded retreat. In the summer came Ludwig's companions and followers, bringing his remains for burial among the tombs of his ancestors at Reinhardtsborn. The funeral cortege, with the costly shrine in which the bones of Ludwig were enclosed, was received by the bishop in the cathedral of Bamberg, amid the wailing of chants and the muffled pealing of the bells; Elizabeth and the children followed, weeping, as the bier was carried before the altar.

Turning from the bier of her beloved to the manly Crusaders who stood around her, she appealed to them for protection for herself and her children, and stirred them to righteous indignation as she cried with simple, natural eloquence, "Be a wall around Ludwig's son; stand up for him; defend his rights."

Immediately after the burial, a council of all concerned was held at Reinhardtsborn, and Rudolph Von Vargila, son of the faithful Walter, in the name of "the great God of heaven," indicted Henry and his brother Conrad of the foul wrongs which they had done to their brother's widow and children. The guilty brothers promised to repair the injury they had done, to confirm Elizabeth and her children in their rights, and to permit her to live with them in the Wartburg.

But Elizabeth could not long endure to behold the extortion with which the brothers plundered the poor, and exchanged her home in the Wartburg for one in the castle of Marburg with sovereign rights

over the town and neighbouring country.*

In Marburg Elizabeth might have been comfortable as well as useful had not her lavish benefactions impoverished her, and had not her subserviency to the domineering Conrad darkened all her days. Her religious "director" insisted upon a yet more abject vow of renunciation and of obedience, and on Good Friday, with her hands on the altar, she renounced her own will, her parents, children, relations, and all pomps of this world, and stripped herself of all as Christ for the cross.

What did this practically mean? That she should hold all her possessions and powers and influence as a sacred trust which she must use as a stewardess of the bounty of God? Nay, but that all her money was received by Conrad, who doled out to her from time to time what he thought best; that her dear babes were torn from her, never to see her face again; that if she gave more to the poor than Conrad thought right, or in any way disobeyed him, he punished her not only with cruel penances, but even by himself slapping her face or beating her with a stick. And all this in the name of the gentle Jesus and his religion of love!

Conrad's aim was to crush her spirit and make her as clay in his hands, with the motive of training her up to sainthood. One cannot doubt that another motive was at work, the base delight in unlimited power over a beautiful spirit of an

infinitely higher type than his own. Behold, ye who would glorify mediæval piety at the expense of the more human and more Christlike religious life of our own time, the abominable possibilities wrapped up in that false ideal.

"Oh, God," cried Elizabeth, referring to Conrad, "if I fear a mortal man so greatly, how terrible must the Lord and Judge of all the earth be!" How sad a perversion of the idea of God, whom Jesus taught us to call Father.

Elizabeth did not live long in the castle at Marburg. For what reason we know not, but before long she exchanged the castle for her last earthly home in a little hut in a neighbouring village. Beside the hut she erected a large hospital, and there she nursed the sick, washing the foulest victims of scrofula with her own hands, and lavishing on diseased children the loving care which she was not suffered to show to her own sweet babes. In this period there are gleams of the old-time gaiety and joy, as she tried to make the poor and wretched merry, and as she laughed at the difficulties of her own position.

While she thus lived in a wretched hovel and lavished all her resources on the poor, there came an embassy from King Andrew to bring her home to Hungary. The Count of Banat and the Knights who accompanied him found her sitting at her door, clad in coarse patched raiment, spin-

regarding the Eucharist. But the attempt was in vain, owing to Luther's tenacious adherence to the precise words, "*Hoc est corpus meum*," which he wrote in large letters on the table. The beautiful church, erected in honour of St. Elizabeth, still attracts many pilgrims, and over her empty sarcophagus not a few tears are shed. The university founded by Philip the Generous in 1527 is attended by a thousand students. Our engravings reproduce the most interesting features of the ancient town.—Ed.

* The ancient town of Marburg nestles at the foot of the grim castle which, from the height of eight hundred feet, dominates the whole scene. This was long a state prison, but is now judiciously restored as a museum of antiquities. The fine Gothic chapel and rittersaal are worthy of inspection. It was in this castle that the famous dispute between Luther, Zwingli, Melancthon, and other Reformers took place in 1529. They met on the invitation of Philip the Generous with a view to adjust their differences

ning wool—a beautiful lady yet, although worn and emaciated, and the Count exclaimed: “Was it ever seen to this day, that a king’s daughter should spin wool?” But no entreaty could persuade Elizabeth to break from her awful vows to her “spiritual director.”

The last days were dreadful. Her money and her jewels were exhausted in her benefactions. She spun wool and caught and sold fish to gain a bare subsistence for herself and to help her pensioners. Her health rapidly declined. But all this was not enough for Conrad. He redoubled his cruel impositions; made her scrub floors and wash dishes; added to her penances of fasting and scourging; himself beat her with his fist, with a stick, with a knotted rope; dismissed the devoted ladies who until now had comforted her, and put about her hard, harsh creatures who acted the spy and continually denounced her to her tyrant, because she had given to the poor contrary to his orders.

Without a loving face about her, left of husband, children, and her faithful Isentrude and Guta, forbidden to give money or even bread to the poor, severely punished for every breach of this harsh command, deprived of all opportunity of that beneficence which was the one outlet for her affectionate nature, thus was she trained by Conrad for sainthood. To be perfect, she must be dead to all earthly affections and desires, even those of doing good. She must be absolutely, blindly obedient. Pope Gregory wrote her to submit to Conrad, and to Conrad to keep hold of her. And so they killed her.

To the last she worked and prayed. While her hands retained sufficient strength, she spun. When that became impossible, she lay in bed and pulled hemp. At last she could do no more. For-

tunately Conrad was absent when the end came, and she died in peace, without pain or struggle. At midnight she sang very softly; and at cock-crowing said, “Now comes the hour when Mary the Mother-Maid brought the child Jesus into the world, and laid Him in the manger; and the star appeared to guide the wise men to His cradle. He came to redeem the world, and He will redeem me. And now is the time that He rose from the grave and broke the prison-doors of hell, to release the imprisoned souls; and He will now release me.” At last, with the words, “I am very weak, but I have no pain,” she composed herself as if to sleep, and so passed to the dear Lord Jesus whom she had so loved and served.

It was the 19th of November, 1231, when she died. She was buried in the church attached to her hospital; but in 1236 the remains were removed to the church specially built in her honour at Marburg. In the meantime, Conrad’s representation of her life and character and the reports of miracles wrought at her tomb, transmitted to Rome, secured her admission to the canon of “saints,” in the year 1235. Her shrine was much frequented by pilgrims throughout the Middle Ages, until the Protestant Philip of Hesse removed her remains to some unknown place of sepulture, that the superstitious reverence of them might cease.

But nothing can deprive Elizabeth of the right to be revered as indeed a notable saint of God, simple-hearted, honest, sincere in faith, noble in patience and endurance and good works, shining out in the beauty of a spotless character amid all the barbarity of her age and the false religious ideals and influences which so embittered her existence.

When we think of her blind

obedience to her brutal "spiritual director," unnatural, repugnant to the spirit of that Saviour who so blessed the innocent ties of home affection, and who asked for mercy and not sacrifice, we shudder and exclaim, "Oh! the pity of it!" But when we think of her labours for the poor, her peerless "enthusiasm of humanity," her passionate devotion to the work of the hospital and the lazar-house, we feel that in her we have the noble predecessor of John Howard, and Florence Nightingale, and Clara Barton, the Salvation Army lassies, the deaconesses, the "sisters of the people," and of all others who, married or celibate, have devoted themselves to the relief of suffering and the rescue of the perishing.

Such a life as Elizabeth's would to-day be better appreciated, would lack much of its extravagance and austerity, would be more frankly human, and yet no less divine. It

is not so necessary now as in those hard, tyrannical, semi-barbarous ages to make the choice between a worldly life and the life of a recluse. Susanna Wesley never felt the joys of wifehood and motherhood poisoned by the suspicion that after all hers was "the lower life," nor was she the less a saint because she bore nineteen children, and so trained them that from among them came those who have been a blessing to the world.

Apart from the sweetness and holy beauty of the character of Elizabeth, her life fills one with a profound sense of the terrible mistake of cultivating an artificial conscience, of making those things sins which God has not made sins, of the assertion of a church authority which shall crush individuality and stifle personal conscience, which shall produce such men as Conrad to darken and embitter the lot of the saints of God.

THE SINGING IN GOD'S ACRE.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

Out yonder in the moonlight, wherein God's Acre lies,
Go angels walking to and fro, singing their lullabies,
Their radiant wings are folded, and their eyes are banded low,
As they sing among the beds whereon the flowers delight to grow—

"Sleep, O sleep!

The Shepherd guardeth His sheep.

Fast speedeth the night away,
Soon cometh the glorious day;
Sleep, weary ones, while ye may—
Sleep, O sleep!"

The flowers within God's Acre see that fair and wondrous sight,
And hear the angels singing to the sleepers through the night;
And lo! throughout the hours of day those gentle flowers prolong
The music of the angels in that tender slumber-song—

"Sleep, O sleep!

The Shepherd loveth His sheep,
He that guardeth His flock the best
Hath folded them to His loving breast;
So sleep ye now, and take your rest—
Sleep, O sleep!"

From angel and from flower the years have learned that soothing song,
And with its heavenly music speed the days and nights along;
So through all time, whose flight the Shepherd's vigils glorify,
God's Acre slumbereth in the grace of that sweet lullaby—

"Sleep, O sleep!

The Shepherd loveth His sheep,
Fast speedeth the night away,
Soon cometh the glorious day;
Sleep, weary ones, while ye may—
Sleep, O sleep!"

WHAT CHARLES DICKENS DID FOR CHILDHOOD.*

BY JAMES L. HUGHES,

Inspector of Public Schools, Toronto.

Froebel and Dickens are the best interpreters of Christ's ideals of childhood. The philosophy of Froebel and the stories of Dickens are in perfect harmony. The two great reformers protested vigorously against the interference of intermeddling adults with the full development of the individuality of the child. They recognized the divinity in each child so fully that they objected to all "stamping and moulding" processes by which its selfhood was dwarfed or warped. Other educators and reformers had considered the problems of human evolution from the standpoint of the adult, and had asked, "What can we do to fit the child for its work?" Froebel and Dickens asked, "How can we help the child to grow by its own self-activity?" They were the great apostles of childhood. They began the struggle for the freedom of childhood from the restrictive interference of adulthood.

Dickens is commonly regarded merely as an educational critic. This is a narrow and unfair view. He was a great critic. He aroused the indignation of the civilized world against those who treated childhood inhumanly, and

the hatred of adult tyranny which he awakened developed a loving sympathy for children. But he could not have so clearly exposed the wrong in education without having a definite conception of the right. He was the greatest destructive educational critic, but he was also a most advanced, positive, constructive educator. There is no great ideal of the "new education" which is not revealed by Dickens in his novels or his miscellaneous writings.

Dickens was the first Englishman of note to advocate the kindergarten. The following are extracts from this article, written forty-three years ago :

There would be fewer sullen, quarrelsome, dull-witted men or women if there were fewer children starved or fed improperly in heart and brain. To improve society—to make men and women better—it is requisite to begin quite at the beginning, and to secure for them a wholesome education during infancy and childhood.

Childhood should be made as happy as God in his wisdom designed it to be, and full play should be given to its energies and powers.

Only the mother should, if possible, be the child's chief companion and teacher during at least the first three years of its life, and she should have thought it worth while to prepare herself for the right fulfilment of her duties.

We have been perfectly amazed at the work in clay-modelling we have seen done by children of six or seven, bright merry creatures, who have all the spirit of their childhood active in them, repressed by no parents' selfish love of ease and silence, cowed by no dull-witted teacher of the a-b-c and pothooks.

Every element of purity and strength in the new education is revealed in these quotations.

* We have pleasure in reprinting, from the February number of *The Century Magazine*, the substance of an article by our accomplished contributor, Mr. J. L. Hughes. Our readers may not all be aware that in Mr. Hughes Canada possesses one of the most eminent authorities on this continent upon educational topics. He is in great request at educational conventions throughout the United States, from Denver to Boston, and his contributions are solicited for the most eminent educational periodicals. *The Century* makes special editorial commendation of the admirable article which we reprint.

The reverent sympathy for childhood; the spirit of true motherhood; the full recognition of selfhood; the influence of nature in revealing conceptions of life, evolution, and God; the development of body, mind, and spirit through play; the need of training the entire being as a unity; the culture of originative and executive power; the necessity for perfect freedom in order to attain full growth; and the fundamental process of creative self-activity—all were clear to the great absorptive and reproductive mind of Dickens.

It was a part of the life-work he planned for himself to change the spirit and revolutionize the attitude of adulthood toward childhood. He aimed to clear away the barriers that prevented the free growth of the child toward God, to save it from cruel treatment, and to fill its life with brightness, hope, and love. All his child characters were created to make humanity aware of the gross wrongs inflicted on defenceless childhood, or of the possibility of guiding the race by wise, reverent, loving training of children.

Dickens adopted two plans for arousing the world; he pictured both the bad and the good methods of training. He was no more effective in describing the evil than in unfolding the good. He deliberately planned to be destructive more frequently than constructive. Men generally have to be prepared for an advance toward a higher stage of evolution by making clear to them the errors or weaknesses of their condition. Dickens had exquisite skill in picturing the inconsistencies, the injustice, the blundering, and the selfishness of weak or wicked men and women; but he had power to reveal the true as well as to unmask and expose the false.

He made schoolmasters promin-

ent characters in six of his books—"Nicholas Nickleby," "The Old Curiosity Shop," "Dombey and Son," "David Copperfield," "Our Mutual Friend," and "Hard Times." The coarse brutality of Squeers was offset by the loving sympathy of the dear old schoolmaster who sheltered little Nell. Dr. Blimber and Mr. Creakle, each in his way a perfect type of wrong methods of dealing with children, were more than counterbalanced by Dr. Strong. There is no page in any language that treats of more fundamental educational principles than the page describing Dr. Strong's school.

Squeers' school was described to arouse the indignation of the public against badly managed private schools, conducted by ignorant, sordid, brutal men who "traded in the avarice, indifference, or imbecility of parents and the helplessness of children." He had a wider aim, however, than the overthrow of an evil system of private schools. He caught the spirit of Henry Barnard and Horace Mann, and was one of the first Englishmen to see the advantages of a national system of education, and the urgent need of well-trained teachers by whom young minds might be guided in the first stages of their growth. He showed true sympathy with childhood, and a clear conception of responsibility for its proper development. "We hear sometimes," said he, "of an action for damages against the unqualified medical practitioner, who has deformed a broken limb in pretending to heal it. But what about the hundreds of thousands of minds that have been deformed forever by the incapable pettifoggers who have pretended to form them!"

Dickens concentrated in his delineation of the character of Squeers the chief elements of evil that existed in the schools of his

day, and revealed the terrible effects of unnatural and inhuman treatment of children. Human hearts everywhere were appalled by the picture of the boys in Dotheboys Hall as they appeared to Nicholas when he was first introduced to them.

There were little faces which should have been handsome, darkened with the scowl of sullen, dogged suffering; there was childhood with the light of its eye quenched, its beauty gone, and its helplessness alone remaining; there were vicious-faced byps, brooding, with leaden eyes, like malefactors in a gaol; and there were young creatures on whom the sins of their frail parents had descended, weeping even for the mercenary nurses they had known, and lonesome even in their loneliness. With every kindly sympathy and affection blasted in its birth, with every young and healthy feeling flogged and starved down, with every revengeful passion that can fester in swollen hearts, eating its evil way to their core in silence, what an incipient Hell was breeding here!

It takes only a few minutes to read the description of the single day's experience of the schoolmaster in "The Old Curiosity Shop," but few characters are better known or better loved than he. We get only a glimpse at a single man in passing, but that glimpse reveals his unselfishness and his tenderness so perfectly that he becomes one of our dearest friends. The school is very old-fashioned, the seating is bad, the appliances are defective, the methods of teaching poor; but the greatest power in the world to stimulate soul-growth is there—sensitive, responsive, reverent, loving sympathy with childhood. The schoolmaster's joyous pride in the accomplishments of his sick favourite, his care in erasing the drop of ink from the boy's writing, his sadness because of his absence, his yearning hope that he would be better on the morrow, his request to little Nell for her child-prayer for his recovery—these are over-

whelming evidences that Dickens possessed the true spirit of reverent child-love, and recognized the mother spirit as the most essential element in the character of a teacher, either man or woman. He intended the dear old schoolmaster to be a perfect positive for the negative of Squeers, and the humanity of the one was appreciated more fully in contrast with the brutality of the other.

Paul Dombey's life was sketched with the noble purpose of overthrowing another of the greedy school giants that were blighting the lives of the innocents. The giant evil of cram was crippled by Dickens, and his memory should be cherished forever for this service to humanity. Dr. Blimber was the ideal cramming monster.

Whenever a young gentleman was taken in hand by Dr. Blimber, he might consider himself sure of a pretty tight squeeze. The doctor only undertook the charge of ten young gentlemen, but he had always ready a supply of learning for a hundred, on the lowest estimate; and it was at once the business and delight of his life to gorge the unhappy ten with it.

Miss Blimber, too, although a slim and graceful maid, did no soft violence to the gravity of the house. There was no light nonsense about Miss Blimber. She kept her hair short and crisp, and wore spectacles. She was dry and sandy with working in the graves of deceased languages. None of your live languages for Miss Blimber. They must be dead,—stone dead,—and then Miss Blimber dug them up like a ghoul.

To Dr. Blimber Mr. Dombey brought his sickly little son, with the simple instruction that he was "to learn everything." This brief phrase makes the parent's ambition one of the motives that urge the ignorant teacher to cram. Parents nearly always deserve their share of blame when children's lives are blighted by cramming.

Paul was given over to the tender mercies of Miss Blimber, with the solemn injunction: "Bring him on, Cordelia! Bring him

on!" There are places even yet where "Bring them on" is the educational watchword of thoughtless parents and ignorant teachers; where the development of selfhood, of originative, directive, and executive power, is sacrificed on the altar of examination results. Cordelia began to "bring him on" before breakfast the first morning he was in school, by giving him so many books to study that he was unable to carry them to his room.

Through the dreary days and nights the grinding went on, till Paul's feeble body yielded to the strain, and he was taken home to die. No other educational writer saw the evils of cramming more clearly than Dickens, and these evils are described in no other book so forcefully as in "Dombey and Son."

Paul's life and death were intended to reveal to the world the vital importance of systematic physical training, especially in the case of children who are physically weak or defective. Paul might have lived, should have lived. He was killed by his father and Dr. Blimber. They were saved from criminality only by their ignorance. Paul's brain was too strong for his body, yet instead of giving special attention to the development of his body, he was taken to Dr. Blimber's school that he might "learn everything." The educational leaders of to-day have not fully learned the lessons directly and incidentally taught by the pathetic story of Paul Dombey.

In "David Copperfield" the extremes of bad and good schools are outlined. David attended two schools, one conducted by Mr. Creakle, a selfish wretch of the Squeers type, the other taught by Dr. Strong. The first was a type of evil in brutal coercion, in disregard of the rights of childhood, and in the dwarfing of individual-

ity; the second was a type of every high modern ideal of education. The more perfectly a man comprehends the philosophy of the new education, the more definitely will he recognize the fact that Dickens includes in the half-page describing Dr. Strong's school every element of the best modern ideals of teaching, management, and training.

David's reception into the school is suggestive. He was presented by Dr. Strong to the head boy, and by him introduced to the rest of the school individually. Politeness, courtesy, consideration, recognition of brotherhood, are all involved in this suggestion.

"We had noble games out of hours." Dickens saw not only that physical culture is an important element in education, but also that games constitute by far the best kind of physical culture—the only kind that develops the child as a unity, physically, intellectually, and morally. The world is now beginning to learn what Dickens saw so clearly in 1850. Prussia recently sent sixty educators to England to study English games, with the view of introducing them into Prussia.

"The doctor himself was the idol of the whole school." This recognizes the positive side of the personal influence of the teacher. Dr. Strong was described, not as a restraining influence, but as inspiring and stimulating.

"He was the kindest of men, with a simple faith that might have touched the stone hearts of the very urns upon the wall." The mightiest force in education is human sympathy and love, the spirit of true motherhood in man or woman. Blessed are the children whose teachers have "a simple faith" in them. It is easy to love the good; the bad most need love. "Oh, if Tom McGuire would leave school," says the dis-

couraged teacher, "how happy I should be!" Love him with a true unselfish love, and the demon in him will leave, and into its place will come two angels, one to shine in Tom's life, and the other in your own.

"We had plenty of liberty." Liberty is the central principle in true development. Christ's greatest work is the emancipation of the human soul. "The perfect law of liberty" recognizes independent self-activity as the basis of all real growth, physically, intellectually, and spiritually; as the source of the natural evolution of a strong, self-reliant, self-directing individuality.

"We all felt that we had a part in the management of the place, and in sustaining its character and dignity." Individuality is not the highest ideal in education. Community, interdependence, the unity of the race, the relationship of the individual to humanity, this is the supreme element in education. There is perfect harmony between individualism and socialism, when they are fully understood. Dickens made the every-day life in Dr. Strong's school reveal this greatest truth in philosophy.

"There was an appeal in everything to the honour and good faith of the boys, and an avowed intention to rely on their possession of those qualities unless they proved themselves unworthy of it, which worked wonders." Children deserve our faith, and even if they do not, we can make them worthy of trust by trusting them. Let a boy understand that you expect him to do wrong, and he will usually fulfil your expectations. Dr. Strong looked for the divinity in the child, and made it the dominant element in its development.

In "Hard Times," one of the least appreciated of Dickens' books, he deals in a masterly way with the broad question of the true

function of education, and proves the folly of the utilitarianism which would degrade education to a mere economic question; which elevates a so-called practical education above the spiritual evolution of the race; which confines the child to the elements that will enable it to make a living, and excludes from its life music, art, literature, the appreciation of nature, and all those elements of culture that give true grace and dignity to man, and qualify him for the transformation of his material environment, for progressive advancement toward a higher civilization, and for a conscious growth toward the divine.

Mr. Gradgrind believed in facts.

"Now, what I want is Facts. Teach these boys and girls nothing but Facts. Facts alone are wanted in life. Plant nothing else, and root out everything else. You can only form the minds of reasoning animals upon Facts: nothing else will ever be of any service to them. This is the principle on which I bring up my own children, and this is the principle on which I bring up these children. Stick to Facts, sir!"

But the events of the story give a clearer answer to the practical utilitarians. Robbed of their childhood, Mr. Gradgrind's children, Louisa and Tom, had no true foundation for womanhood and manhood. Their wrecked lives revealed too late to their regretful father the folly of his system of training.

The interview between Louisa and her father, when she fled from the coarse husband he had chosen for her, is full of suggestiveness and warning for all who either deliberately or carelessly blight childhood by the interference of intermeddling adulthood.

"How could you give me life, and take from me all the inappreciable things that raise it from a state of conscious death? Where are the graces of my soul? Where are the sentiments of my heart? What

have you done, O father, what have you done with the garden that should have bloomed once in this great wilderness here!"

"If it had ever been here, its ashes alone would save me from the void in which my whole life sinks. . . . I don't reproach you, father. What you have never nurtured in me, you have never nurtured in yourself; but oh, if you had only done so long ago, or if you had only neglected me, what a much better and much happier creature I should have been this day! . . . Would you have doomed me, at any time, to the frost and blight that have hardened and spoiled me! Would you have robbed me . . . of the immaterial part of my life, the spring and summer of my belief, my refuge from what is sordid and had in the real things around me, my school in which I should have learned to be more humble and more trusting with them, and to hope in my little sphere to make them better!"

"Oh, no, no! No, Louisa."

This scene proves that Dickens is worthy of a foremost place of honour with Montaigne, Rousseau, Pestalozzi, and Froebel as a pleader for a reverent recognition of the rights of childhood.

"Hard Times" ridiculed with deserved mercilessness the absurdity of giving mere verbal descriptions of things as a substitute for actual knowledge of the things themselves, and of their powers, their processes of growth and modes of action. Nothing could be finer than the incident at the examination of the school established by Mr. Gradgrind, when he asked Sissy Jupe ("girl number twenty") to define a horse. She was the daughter of a circus-rider, and had lived with horses from her babyhood, and played with them as an ordinary child does with kittens or dogs, but she had never defined a horse, and she failed to answer.

"Bitzer," said Thomas Gradgrind, "your definition of a horse."

"Quadruped. Graminivorous. Forty teeth, namely, twenty-four grinders, four eye-teeth, and twelve incisive. Sheds coat in the spring; in marshy countries,

sheds hoofs too. Hoofs hard, but requiring to be shod with iron. Age known by marks in mouth." This (and much more) by Bitzer.

"Now, girl number twenty," said Mr. Gradgrind, "you know what a horse is."

The natural curiosity of children in relation to the great world into which they are born is their mightiest intellectual stimulus. Before the child goes to school it finds its own problems; as soon as it goes to school the problems are brought to it by the teacher. Dickens exposed the stupidity of the school processes by the methods of Mr. M'Choakumchild, Mr. Gradgrind's teacher. There is a world of suggestiveness even in the name, M'Choakumchild.

"Bring to me," said Mr. M'Choakumchild, "yonder baby just able to walk, and I will engage that it shall never wonder."

Mr. Gradgrind was a kind man at heart, and he had adopted Sissy Jupe when she was left fatherless. He was very much disheartened to find that she had read poetry, and about the fairies and the hunchback and the genii. He hoped, however, that right training would undo the evil he supposed must follow such reading.

Mr. M'Choakumchild gave her up in despair, however. He could not fill her mind with bare facts, and she "would burst into tears on being required (by the mental process) immediately to name the cost of two hundred and forty-seven muslin caps at fourteen pence halfpenny." Mr. Gradgrind reluctantly told her it was no use for her to continue longer at school. She cried, because she was really sorry at her failure to please her benefactor.

"Don't shed tears," said Mr. Gradgrind; "don't shed tears. I don't complain of you. You are an affectionate, earnest, good young woman, and—and we must make that do."

"Affectionate, earnest, good," these were the characteristics resulting from a system regarded as a failure by Mr. Gradgrind. The real failure was revealed to him later, when he saw the shipwrecked lives of Louisa and Tom.

Tom expressed his opinion of his father's system of training to Louisa confidentially, one evening, when they were accidentally left for a few minutes alone in their study den.

"I am a Donkey, that's what I am. I am as obstinate as one, I am more stupid than one, I get as much pleasure as one, and I should like to kick like one."

He was not far astray in his opinion. He was the natural product of a false system of training, that dwarfs true childhood by preventing its happy, free development, and blights it by forcing upon it prematurely the experiences, the feelings, and the thoughts rightfully belonging to maturity.

Did Dickens deliberately aim to improve educational systems and reveal the principles of educational philosophy? The answer is easily found.

He was the first great English student of Froebel. He deals with nineteen different schools in his books. He gives more attention to the training of childhood than any other novelist, or any other educator except Froebel. He was one of the first Englishmen to demand national control of education, even in private schools, and the thorough training of all teachers. He exposed fourteen types of coercion, and did more than any one else to lead Christian men and women to treat children humanely. Every book he wrote except two is rich in educational thought. He took the most advanced position on every phase of modern educational thought, except manual training. When he is thoroughly

understood he will be recognized as the Froebel of England.

[We add a few paragraphs from Mr. Hughes' lectures on Education at the Chautauqua Assembly.—Ed.]

What a change has come since the time of Squeers! Fifty years ago, teachers might whip as much as they chose. Now, teachers in most civilized communities will be imprisoned or fined if they whip beyond a certain point. Fifty years ago, a man might whip his wife. In England, the law was that he might whip her, if he did not use a rod bigger than his middle finger; and some of them had big middle fingers. You cannot do it to-day without being punished. Fifty years ago, a man might whip his horse as much as he pleased. Why shouldn't he, it was his? You cannot do it now without being liable to punishment for it by the courts. Thank God for the change; and thank Dickens and Froebel, more than all men and women since Christ. Froebel gave the revelation, and Dickens caught the spirit; and Dickens, even more than Froebel, made that change come. They are learning in England to do away with coercion, and to deal with the children as rational beings, and to develop them by love rather than by fear. There is a very good aphorism, as you know, that you may flog one devil out of a child, but you will flog seven devils in.

I spoke, not very long ago, at the largest normal school in the United States on this matter, and advised those beautiful graduates who were going out to do the work they were called to do, not to depend on coercion. And a gentleman followed who was a leader in the place, and he was very emphatic in saying that I was wrong. He said we must follow Solomon. In reply, I simply said that there was great danger of our misrepresenting the Bible. You will remember that men have stood in the way of every advance in human civilization with the Bible in their hands. Solomon had seven hundred wives; and I am just as much bound to adopt his family economy as I am to adopt his family discipline.

True sympathy is the greatest power that one soul has to strengthen and enoble other souls. It is the teacher's highest qualification. Love blesses the lover and the loved. As Esther says in "Bleak House," "When I love a person very tenderly indeed, my understanding seems to brighten; my comprehension is quickened as my affection is."

"He ordered me like a dog," said David Copperfield, "and I obeyed him like a dog." There is philosophy in that, enough for a month of thinking. If you order a child to do things, as you would order a dog, as mothers and fathers and teachers frequently do, you produce a type of character of the same kind, the dog-type of character, the slave-type of character. I think there never could have been a better picture of tyranny in the home than given by Dickens of Murdstone. I have given you only a few glimpses of it, but these show you Dickens' hatred of child coercion in all forms, his deep sympathy with childhood, and his absolute belief that the child should be allowed to expand like a flower, instead of being forced open like an oyster.

One of the greatest mysteries to me is the slowness with which humanity frees itself from the practices of barbarism. If we had never heard of flogging a child until to-day, and some man should come

here from France—no, not France, for they do not allow flogging of children there—perhaps from Russia, or Central Africa, and preach on this platform that the right way to train a child is to flog him; if we had never heard about it before, we would drown him in the lake, if he did not leave the place quickly. Christian civilization would not stand such things. It is simply the fact that we are accustomed to it, that it has come down to us, and we allow it to be tolerated as other things that remain to us from barbarism.

The old idea was punishment, the new idea is stimulation; the old idea was restriction, the new idea is inspiration; the old idea was repression, the new idea is encouragement; the old idea was keeping under, the new idea is getting up; and when that idea gets clearly into the minds of the world, Christ's ideals will be carried out a great deal more fully than they are now.

AN EASTER THOUGHT.

BY META E. R. THORNE.

What if He had not risen?
 Ah! soul of mine, where hadst thou been—say, where?
 Still in the gloomy prison—
 The prison-house of darkness and despair.
 In yon hushed woodlands where the Mayflower buds
 Are swelling 'neath the snow,
 No voice would stir the solemn solitudes,
 When soft the south winds blow,
 Whispering, "Thou too shalt rise!"
 And when the brooding swallows nest again
 Beneath these colder skies,
 Hope in their spring songs would not thrill me then.

On yonder hillside where the lilies lift
 Their chalices of white
 All thro' the long, bright day to catch the light,
 Not even a tiny rift
 Would pierce the shadows that above me roll,
 Did not a heavenly Voice
 Speak from that mound the lilies deck—"Rejoice,
 Be glad, O sorrowing soul!
 He is not here—the one thou lov'st so well—
 Not here, beneath the sod;
 Because I live, he too with Me shall dwell
 Within the heaven of God."

O heart of mine, rejoice, be glad, arise,
 And join the Easter anthem of the skies!
 Sing with rejoicing faith
 His glorious triumph which alone can save:
 "He rose! He rose! He burst the bars of death
 And triumphed o'er the grave!"

THE IDYLL OF BETHANY.

BY THE REV. DR. S. P. ROSE.

Admirers of the idyllic form of literature may well turn their attention to the story of the Bethany home. It would be very difficult, if not quite impossible, to discover in any literature, ancient or modern, sacred or profane, a more beautiful or touching idyll than that which has been preserved for us by the pen of St. John the Divine. The characters whom it introduces, but most emphatically the Character whom it so delightfully reveals, give to it a pre-eminence which we should be slow to claim for any other tale of similar length. It has outlived thousands of ancient histories, not only by reason of the literature to which it belongs, but also by virtue of its inherent sweetness and strength.

We shall meet in few households with three more loving and lovable characters than Martha and her sister and Lazarus. And yet how utterly unlike they are, save in the fact of their common love and devotion to the One who sometimes honoured them as their Guest.

Martha claims our first attention, in part because she is probably the oldest member of the family circle and the mistress of the home (tradition makes her a widow), but more by reason of her superior strength of character and her marked fidelity to the divine Master. For many years she was much abused by preachers and sadly misunderstood by Bible readers. Her character was brought into sharp contrast with her sister's, greatly to Martha's disadvantage. She has been thought of as worldly-minded, and the purity and simplicity of her devotion to the Saviour have been

called in question. A great revulsion of feeling has occurred within my own life-time, and now we are in almost as much danger of losing the real Martha through overpraise, as were our fathers of never knowing her through too severe criticism.

She was undoubtedly the strongest member, in point of character, of the family group. Her love for Christ was quite as deep as Mary's, and, in time of trial, showed itself even more constant than that of her more demonstrative sister. The one weakness which marred an otherwise most admirable disposition is disclosed in our Lord's often quoted rebuke: "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things." Her deep love for the Master was sometimes unhappily expressed, and its outward manifestation was rendered less effective by a certain fussiness of manner which was most unrestful, and even, on some occasions, positively irritating. You have met such people surely. You could not doubt their good intentions, but you did wish that their concern for your welfare were occasionally expressed in less anxious forms. You were persuaded that your good was their first thought, but you could not suppress the regret that nothing was left to your imagination. Their very affection became now and then a weariness to the spirit.

But the rebuke of Jesus to Martha reveals a more serious weakness still. In the earlier stages of her Christian life she seems to have missed the truth that there are wants which are not to be met by material food. Her

love for her Guest found expression in a well prepared dinner; Mary's love,—not one whit more real, and when tried scarcely so trustful,—expressed itself in that tactful sympathy so priceless to a man of Christ's temperament and character.

One of Charles Dickens' characters manifests his sympathy toward a much misunderstood boy by pouring more gravy on his plate, while another good-natured man, likewise a creation of Dickens' fertile brain, evinces his pity for an outcast lad by giving him sixpenny bits. These acts were the outward sign of a true sympathy somewhat indifferently expressed. So, too, Martha loved the Master with unfaltering devotion, but missed the truth that love's highest ministry is not always, or indeed ever, interpreted in the terms of exclusive care for the earthly and temporal needs of our loved ones.

Not, indeed, that there is no place for just such loving ministry as that which appears to have engrossed the devotion of Martha at the moment when our Lord rebuked her. There is much room for just such service in Christ's name and on behalf of His followers. Martha's hand set free the loftier and sweeter ministries of Mary's heart. Mr. Booth, in Darkest England, gives expression to the value of this side of Christian service in words well worth repeating: "What is the use of preaching the Gospel to men whose whole attention is concentrated on a mad, desperate struggle to keep themselves alive? You might as well give a tract to a shipwrecked sailor, who is battling with the surf which has drowned his comrades and threatens to drown him. He will not listen to you. Nay, he cannot hear you, any more than a man whose head is under the water can

listen to a sermon. The first thing to do is to get him at least a footing on firm ground and give him room to live."

In such practical and preparatory ministries' Martha is certain to have a first place, for it is she to whom, in a great measure, we owe the various philanthropic institutions which do so much to prove to the weary and outcast that Christ still lives, not only in a far-away heaven, looking with a sweet but unavailing compassion upon this earth, but in the hearts of all who are truly filled with His spirit. While Mary weeps over and feels for the heathen, while she is ready to go to them as a missionary and to speak to their hearts of the love of Christ, it is Martha who founds the society which sends her, pays for her ticket, and sees that she is supplied with the temporal necessities which make her mission possible.

I doubt if Mary would ever have founded the W. C. T. U. or the Y. W. C. A. But if Martha had not secured the co-operation of the quick sympathy and sweet tact of Mary, those magnificent associations must long since have been crushed beneath the weight of their own good deeds. In the practical character of Martha's ministry, she misses the higher and highest possibilities of service for which the world longs. With characteristic felicity and accuracy, Robertson of Brighton thus indicates the world's sorest need: "Till we have reflected on it, we are scarcely aware how much the sum of human happiness in the world is indebted to this one feeling—sympathy. We get cheerfulness and vigour, we scarcely know how or when, from our association with our fellow-men, from human presence and from cheerful looks. The substantial good and the effectual relief which men extend to one an-

other is trifling. It is not by these, but by something far less costly, that the work is done."

This is the great truth which Martha is in danger of missing.

Mary was weak where Martha was strong; she was strong where her sister was weak, in the quick perception of the more imperative needs and the nobler aspirations of their Guest. And so, while Martha was wearying the Master with a cumbered service which could only feed the body, Mary was ministering to His higher nature, and feeding His soul by a patient waiting at His feet.

Plainly, then, Martha and Mary, each in her place, are equally indispensable. The Church and society need them both. Happy, though most rare, the woman or man in whom the excellencies of both are united. But as it is, we may continue to look for different forms of service from different types of character. The right point of view from which to judge the different, though not necessarily opposing, virtues of the sisters of Bethany has been pleasantly indicated by a modern verse-writer :

MARTHA OR MARY?

I cannot choose; I should have liked so
much

To sit at Jesus' feet—to feel the touch
Of His kind, gentle hand upon my head,
While drinking in the gracious words He said.

And yet to serve Him! O, divine employ!
To minister and give the Master joy,
To bathe in coolest springs His weary feet,
And wait upon Him while He sat at meat!

Worship or service—which? Ah, that is best
To which He calls me, be it toil or rest—
To labour for Him in life's busy stir,
Or seek His feet a silent worshipper.

So let Him choose for us: we are not strong
To make the choice; perhaps we should go
wrong.

Mistaking zeal for service, sinful sloth
For loving worship—and so fail of both.

But Lazarus must not be for-

gotten. The most important contribution he makes to the story is dying. He was evidently a commonplace man. We may well believe that his abilities were small. But he was needed to give symmetry and perfection to the family circle.

The commonplace man! How poor the world would be without him! After all, when you come to think of it, you will confess that he is our uncrowned king. You cannot afford to leave him out of your reckonings in matters social, literary, political, or religious. He is the general reader whom the author and publisher must please if the book is to become "all the rage." He must be pleased with the choice of candidate if the party is to head the polls. The pastor must remember him if he would do his best work. Clothed with regal authority, of which he is generally quite unconscious, he renders the greatest possible service to his kind. He is the executive who gives effect to the brilliant plans which great minds conceive. Without him the ablest general must fail upon the battlefield. But for his fidelity to truth the Church of Christ could no longer accomplish her divine mission. Let us sing his praises and confess his power, and thus practise the advice of a true philosopher, "Be on good terms with yourself." To the great army of the commonplace Lazarus belonged.

Martha the practical, Mary the sympathetic and contemplative, Lazarus the commonplace: these were the members of the family circle whom Jesus loved. Blessed be God, His heart is large enough to receive all sorts and conditions of men, and it is intended that His kingdom should be no narrower than His heart. Let Martha and Mary and Lazarus be careful to

cultivate mutual love and respect for each other. All are members of the same body if they belong to Christ. The apostle Paul draws this lesson in forceful terms: "For the body is not one member, but many. If the foot say, Because I am not the hand, I am not of the body; is it therefore not of the body? And the eye cannot say to the hand, I have no need of thee; or, again, the head to the feet, I have no need of you. Now ye are the body of Christ, and severally members thereof."

"Now Jesus loved Martha and her sister and Lazarus." But His love, so strong and wise, did not shield the members of the Bethany household from great sorrow. Lazarus sickened and died. It is no necessary part of love's ministry to deliver us from pain and sorrow. On the contrary, "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." Love restrained Jesus from hastening to Bethany when the first tidings of Lazarus' illness reached Him. The blessings He had in store for the household He loved so well were far greater than the healing of the sick brother. The

love which did not shield from sorrow transformed the affliction into a glorious benediction. So it shall always prove to those whom Jesus loves and in whose hearts returning love to Him burns. Out of the grief the abiding gladness shall be born.

How essential, therefore, that the friendship of Jesus should be carefully cultivated. How wise the members of the Bethany household were in entertaining the Master in days of sunshine, so that familiar feet crossed their threshold and a familiar voice greeted their ears when sorrow clouded their sky. May it be ours to imitate their wisdom. May the guest-chamber ever stand open to receive the King, and may He never be absent from any meal, nor thrust out from any pleasure. Then shall the common meal rise to the dignity of a holy communion, life's pleasures shall become worshipful, and the sorrows which he permits shall be so sanctified that our sorrow shall be turned into joy.

Ottawa, Ont.

THE ENTOMBMENT.

BY ALFRED H. VINE.

Aye, leave Him thus—

Hands folded so upon His breast,
The lips fast closed that spake to us,
The eyes down-pressed,

That yesterday

Blent grace-light with the truth we heard,
Too high, too keen, without allay,
The wisdom word!

The pain He had

Warps not the clearness of His brow;
And, see, the mouth is scarcely sad
Or troubled now.

Yet it is said

No sorrow was like His sorrow,
When on His soul the ploughers made
Long their furrow!

Into what sea

He plunged, thro' what all-baffling surge,

On what far shore of victory
He doth emerge,

We know not, we:

But leave all things with God, the Just:
He was our Hope: it cannot be
That this is dust!

So in a night

Of blood and death and tears and scorn,
Weeping we sow some seeds of light
For morrow's morn.

We will go find

Soft spice-cloths for these wounds so wide,
The torn feet, the torn hands to bind,
And the rent side.

Till morn this eve

Shall haply with some joy requite,
Here, with our hopes, lilies we leave
Scarlet and white.

AN OLD COLONIAL PILGRIMAGE.*

BY THE EDITOR.



“LONG IN SILENCE THEY WATCHED THE RECEDING SAIL
OF THE ‘MAYFLOWER.’”

“That man is little to be envied,” said Dr. Johnson, as he moralized amid the mouldering monuments of the early Culdee faith, “whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.” So also, we think, his must be a very sluggish nature whose pulses are not quickened as he stands on Plymouth Rock and recalls the thrilling memories of the Mayflower. These old colonial towns upon the New England coast—Portsmouth, New-

buryport, Salem, Boston, Plymouth, Newport, Providence, with their historic associations of the Pilgrim Fathers, have all a strong attraction to the British subject, no less than to the citizen of the Republic. Indeed, the heroic memories of the Puritans are the common heritage of all mankind.

Mr. Bacon’s admirable volume furnishes the material for an interesting study of the beginnings of New England. It adopts the true historical method of investigating wherever possible original documents, maps, early diaries, and other contemporary material. A more vivid interest is given to this study by investigation on the very spot, by the deciphering of original, and often scarce legible, inscriptions on the tombs of the founders and fathers of the com-

*“Historic Pilgrimages in New England.” Among Landmarks of Pilgrim and Puritan Days, and of the Colonial and Pre-Revolutionary Periods. By Edwin M. Bacon. 12mo, 486 pages. Over 120 illustrations. Attractively bound in cloth. Price, \$1.50. Published by Silver, Burdett & Co., Boston, New York, and Chicago. Toronto: William Briggs.

monwealth, such as Longfellow describes in his *Hiawatha* :

“ Pause by some neglected graveyard,
For a while to muse, and ponder
On a half-effaced inscription,
Written with little skill of song-craft,
Homely phrases, but each letter
Full of hope and yet of heart-break,
Full of all the tender paths
Of the here and the hereafter.”

For the filling up of the details which we can sketch but in outline in this article, we must refer to Mr. Bacon's interesting volume. For the illustrations that accompany this article we are indebted



CAPTAIN MILES STANDISH.

to the courtesy of the publishers. There is no more delightful method of studying history than joining just such a pilgrimage as that on which our author leads his readers.

Nowhere in the world can the founding of an empire be so minutely studied as at the town of Plymouth. In the stone vaults of the Registry Office may still be seen the earliest records of Plymouth Colony. We may read the very handwriting of the men who are held in reverence the world over, for their courage in braving

the perils of an unknown sea and an equally unknown shore, in facing the dangers of savage men and savage beasts, and in planting in the virgin soil of the New World the principles of a government by and for the people.

Here is their writing, some of it quaint and crabbed, some fair and legible. Here, on these very pages, rested the hands, fresh from handling the sword and the musket, or the peaceful implements of husbandry, of Bradford, and Brewster, and Standish, and others of that heroic band. Here is the original laying out of the first street, named after that old refuge of liberty, Leyden. Here is the plan of the plots of ground, first assigned for yearly use, which they called in the tinge of the Dutch tongue they had acquired in their long residence in Holland, “meersteads.” Here are the simple, and yet wise, rules,—laws they can hardly yet be called,—laid down for the government of the infant colony.

The seed of the three kingdoms, says the old chronicler, was sifted for the wheat of that planting. Winnowed by the fan of persecution, of exile, of poverty, of affliction, the false and fickle fell off, the tried and true only remained. Even after leaving the weeping group upon the shore of Delft-Haven, and parting with their English friends at Southampton, the little company of exiles for conscience sake was destined to a still further sifting. Twice was the tiny flotilla driven back to port by storms. One of the two small vessels of which it was composed, and a number of the feebler hearted adventurers, were left behind, and only a hundred souls remained to essay the mighty enterprise of founding a nation.

In the little cabin of the *Mayflower* were assembled some of the

noblest and purest spirits on earth, whose names are an inspiration and a moral power for ever—the venerable Brewster, Governor Carver, and Bradford, his successor; Allerton, Winslow, the burly and impetuous Standish; Alden, the first to leap ashore and the last to survive; and the heroic and true-hearted mothers of the New England commonwealth. Before they reached the land they set their seal to a solemn compact, forming themselves into a body politic for the glory of God, the advancement

and still more savage men, even stouter hearts than those of the frail women of that little company might have failed for fear. But we read no record of despondency or murmuring; each heart seemed inspired with lofty hope and unflinching faith.

The first landing was effected on the barren sand dunes of Cape Cod, an arm stretched out into the sea, as if to succour the weary voyagers. In debarking, they were forced to wade through the freezing water to the land, and



BURIAL HILL, PLYMOUTH.

of the Christian faith, the honour of king and country, and their common welfare. "Thus," says Bancroft, "in the cabin of the *Mayflower* humanity recovered its rights and instituted government on the basis of 'equal laws' for the general good."

On the wild New England shore, at the beginning of an inclement winter, worn and wasted by a stormy voyage, and with a scant supply of the necessaries of life—behind them the boisterous ocean, before them the sombre forests, haunted by savage beasts,

sowed the seeds of suffering in their weakened frames. "The bitterness of mortal disease was their welcome to the inhospitable shore."

But they must seek a more favourable site for settlement. By the good providence of God, they reached safely the quiet harbour—since known, in grateful remembrance of the port from which they sailed, as Plymouth Bay. The next day, despite the urgent need of despatch, they sacredly kept the Christian Sabbath in devout exercises on a small island. On

Monday they crossed to the mainland, and a grateful posterity has fenced and guarded the rock on which they stepped. Thither, as to a sacred shrine of liberty, many men of many lands have made a reverent pilgrimage. "Plymouth Rock," in the brilliant rhetoric of one of these, the accomplished De Toqueville. "is the cornerstone of a nation."* The principles of which it is the symbol are certainly the foundations, broad

wintry sky. At length, little by little, in frost and foul weather, between showers of sleet and snow, shelter for nineteen families was erected.

But disease, hunger and death made sad havoc in the little company. "There died," says Bradford, "sometimes two or three in a day." At one time only six or seven were able to attend on the sick or bury the dead. When spring opened, of one hundred persons, scarce half remained alive. Carver, the Governor, his gentle wife, and sweet Rose Standish,—

"Beautiful rose of love, that bloomed
by the wayside,
She was the first to die of all who came in
the 'Mayflower';"

with many another of unremembered name were laid to rest in the "God's acre," overlooking the sea, still known as "Burial Hill." In the spring, wheat was sown over their graves "lest the Indian scouts should count them and see how many already had perished."

At length the time arrived for the departure of the *Mayflower*: and as the signal-gun of departure awoke the echoes of hill and forest—

"Ah! but with louder echoes replied
the hearts of the people.
Meekly, in voices subdued, the chapter was
read from the Bible,
Meekly the prayer was begun, but ended in
earnest entreaty.
Then from their homes in haste came forth
the Pilgrims of Plymouth,
Eager, with tearful eyes, to say farewell to
the 'Mayflower.'
Homeward bound o'er the seas and leaving
them there in the desert.

"Meanwhile the master,
Taking each by the hand, as if he were
grasping a tiller,
Sprang into his boat and in haste shoved off
to his vessel,
Glad to be gone from a land of sand, and
sickness and sorrow,
Short allowance of victual, and plenty of
nothing but Gospel.
Lost in the sound of the oars was the last
farewell of the Pilgrims.
O strong hearts and true! not one went back
with the 'Mayflower'!



HAWTHORNE AT THIRTY-SIX.

and deep, on which national greatness is built.

The *Mayflower* soon anchored in the quiet bay, and on Christmas Day, 1620, its passengers debarked and began the building of the town of Plymouth. By the second Sunday the "Common House," some twenty feet square, was ready for worship; but the roof caught fire, and they were forced to worship beneath the

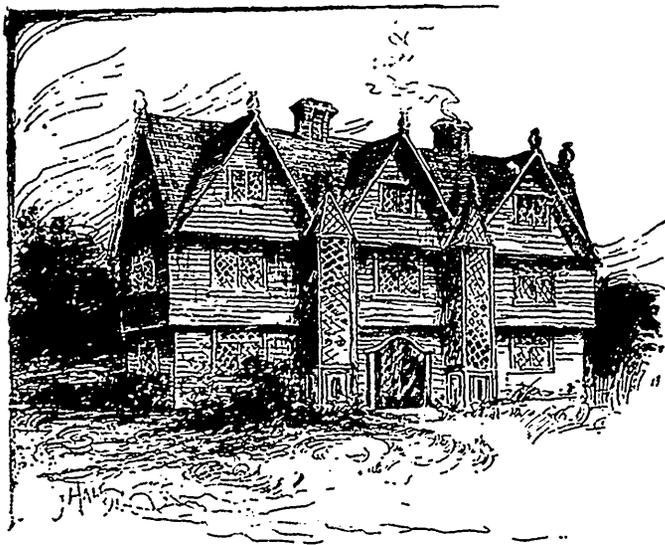
* Down by the sea-shore, now protected by a graceful canopy, is the huge boulder on which sprang John Alden, the first of the Pilgrims to land, the last of them to die.

No, not one looked back, who had set his hand to this ploughing.

“ Long in silence they watched the receding sail of the vessel,
 Much endeared to them all as something living and human.
 Then, as if filled with the Spirit, and wrapped in vision prophetic,
 Baring his hoary head, the excellent elder of Plymouth
 Said ‘ Let us pray,’ and they prayed, and thanked the Lord and took courage.
 Mournfully sobbed the waves at the base of the rock, and above them
 Bowed and whispered the wheat on the field of death, and their kindred
 Seemed to wake in their graves, and to join in the prayer that they uttered.

and even in the speeches of its principal characters.”

But their sufferings were not yet ended. At the beginning of the following winter came an arrival of new emigrants, not only unprovided with food, but the very ship that brought them had to be provisioned for her return voyage out of the scanty harvest of the colony. During that cruel winter the entire population was put upon half allowance. “ I have seen men,” says Winslow, “ stag-



THE OLD GOVERNOR BRADSTREET HOUSE, SALEM.

Sun-illuminated and white, on the eastern verge of the ocean,
 Gleamed the departing sail, like a marble slab in a graveyard;
 Buried beneath it lay forever all hope of returning.”

We make no apology for quoting so fully from Longfellow's truthful account of the Pilgrims. We have carefully compared his poem with Governor Bradford's Journal, and other contemporary documents, and have been struck with its marvellous fidelity to historical fact, both in minute details

ger by reason of faintness for want of food.” “ Tradition declares,” says Bancroft, “ that at one time the colonists were reduced to a pint of corn, which being parched and distributed, gave to each individual only five kernels; but rumour falls short of reality; for three or four months together they had no corn whatever.”

They were forced to live on

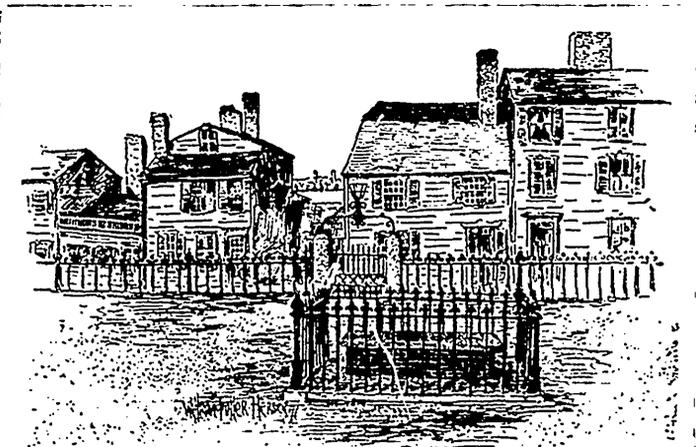
* Longfellow does not give the full name of Priscilla, the Puritan maiden, as perhaps unsuited for poetic uses. It was Priscilla Mullins.

mussels, ground nuts, and clams, which they dug up on the shore, and returned thanks to God who gave them, as to Zebulon of old, "of the abundance of the seas and of treasures hid in the sand." (Deut. xxxiii. 19.) They found also certain subterranean stores of Indian corn for which there was no claimant. A severe pestilence had shortly before desolated the entire New England seaboard, sweeping away whole tribes. Thus, as the Pilgrims devoutly believed, God had cast out the heathen and planted them, and of the

with arrows. Straightway Bradford, the undaunted Governor, jerked out the arrows, filled the skin to the very jaws with powder and shot, and returned it as a haughty defiance to the savage foe. Meanwhile the village was inclosed with a stockade, a brazen howitzer was mounted on the roof of the church,—

"A preacher who spoke to the purpose,
Steady, straightforward and strong, with
irresistible logic,
Orthodox, flashing conviction right into the
hearts of the heathen,"

and the little garrison kept "watch



TOMB OF THE MATHERS, COPP'S HILL, BOSTON.

food which they had not planted did they eat. Indeed, had it not thus been providentially exempted from hostile attack, and, as it were, fed by the hand of God in the time of its utter weakness, it is difficult to conceive how the colony could have survived at all.

But it was not altogether free from alarm. Sundry wandering Indians made unwelcome visits to the settlement, and the sachem of the Narragansetts, a still numerous and hostile tribe, sent, as a deadly challenge, a rattle-snake's skin, filled like a quiver

by night and ward by day on their half rations, no man of them sleeping but with his weapon beside him ready for battle."

Even the seed entrusted to the ground seemed to have perished. For six weeks there was no rain. The land was consumed with drought. The heavens were brass and the earth iron. "It seemed as if God had forsaken them." But they feared lest they had forsaken Him. They therefore sought Him in solemn fasting and prayer, "in hope," says Winslow, "that God would grant the re-

quest of their dejected souls, if their countenance might in any way stand with His glory and their good." They were not troubled with scientific doubts as to the efficacy of prayer. From nine o'clock in the morning, for eight or nine hours, they continued in religious exercise and devout supplication. And, lo! while they were yet assembled, the clouds began to gather, and for fourteen days "distilled soft, sweet and moderate showers of rain. It was hard to say," they devoutly add, "whether our withered corn or our drooping affections were most revived, such was the bounty and goodness of God."

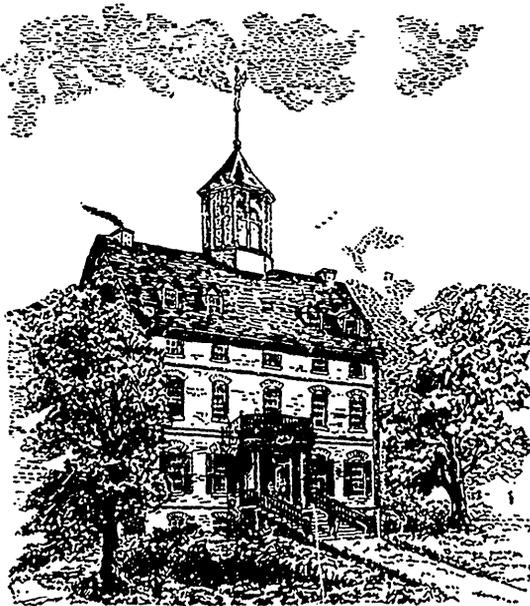
Thus, amid manifold privations and sufferings, amid famine and fever, and perils, and deaths, but sustained by a lofty hope and an unflinching faith, the foundations of empire were laid.



GOVERNOR WINTHROP.

As one walks to-day beneath the venerable elms of Leyden Street, whose name commemorates the old Dutch town where for a time the Pilgrims sojourned, the past is more real than the present. The scene is haunted with old-time memories, and with the ghosts of the Pilgrim forefathers of New England.

Inexpressibly sad to me was the outlook from Burial Hill, thickly studded with gravestones bearing the historic names of the Pilgrims. The tide was out, a broad expanse of dulce and seaweed spreading far and wide beneath the eye. Not a sail was in sight, and only a solitary seagull gleamed white against a sullen sky, and hung poised on unmoving pinion, "like an adventurous spirit o'er the deep." Here amid the sad and lonely graves of



OLD PROVINCE HOUSE.

that first sad winter, with loving hearts and eyes that often dimmed with long watching and with tears, I felt sure that the fair Priscilla must often have gazed wistfully upon the sea — "the awful, pitiless sea" — hoping for the needed succour whose long delay made their hearts sick. Not a few of the Pilgrims, like the Puritan Maiden of Longfellow's poem, as the late spring came to Plymouth, were

"Thinking all day of the hedgerows of England,
Thinking of lanes and fields, and the song of the lark and the linnet,
And the village street, and the village church,
And the quiet graves in the church yard."



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Burial Hill is thickly studded with grave-stones, bearing rudely-carved inscriptions of descendants of the Pilgrims. Among the characteristic Puritan names I noted the following: Consider, Experience, Patience, Mercy, Thankful, Desire, Abigail, Selah, Abiel, Antipas, Beraiah, Silvanus, Seth, Nathaniel, Bathsheba, Elnathan, Ebenezer, Job, Perez, Jeremiah,

Eliphalet, Mehetabel, Tabitha, Zilpah, Bethiah, Gideon, Ichabod, Israel, Zabdiel, Pella, Zeruiah, Eunice, Jerusha, Lois, Lemuel, Priscilla, Penelope, and many others. Sarahs and Rebeccas were especially numerous. One



LONGFELLOW'S HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE

of the oldest epitaphs reads as follows :

“ Here lyeth buried ye body of that precious servt. of God, Thos. Cushman, who after he had served his generation according to the will of God, and especially the church of Plymouth for many years in the office of a ruling elder, fell asleep in Jesus, Dec. 10, 1690, in the 84 yr of his age.”

The seed of the Pilgrims were long-lived. I noticed several of advanced age, as 79, 85, 90, and one 99. On one stone is the epitaph of four children, aged respectively, 36, 21, 17, and 2 years. On the gravestone of a child aged one month we read the quaint comment—

“ He glanced into our world
to see
A sample of our miserie.”

The following epitaphs of this first cemetery in New England are perhaps worth noting :

“ The spider’s most attenuated
thread
Is cord, is cable, to man’s
tender tie.”

“ As young as beautiful, and
soft as young,
And gay as soft, and inno-
cent as gay.”

“ This modest stone, what few vain marbles
can,
May truly say, here lies an honest man.”

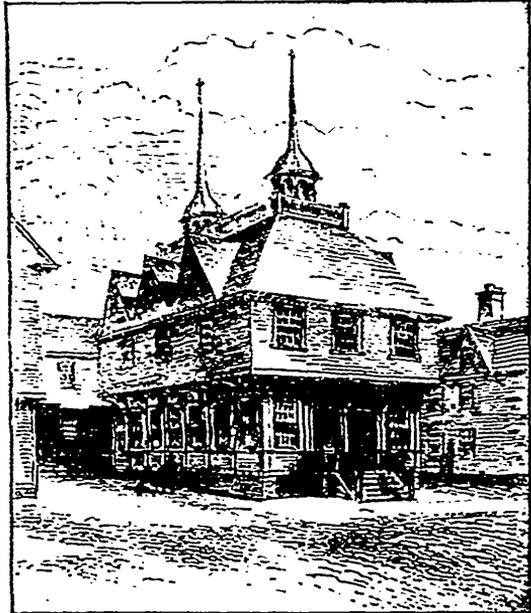
“ He listened for a while to hear
Our mortal griefs; then tun’d his ear
To angel harps and songs, and cried
To join their notes celestial, sigh’d and
died.”

“ Death does not always warning give,
Therefore be careful how you live.
Repent in time, no time delay,
I in my prime was called away.”

“ Remember me as you pass by,
As you are now, so once was I;
As I am now, so you will be,
Therefore, prepare to follow me.”

“ This woman was full of good works and
alms-deeds which she did,
Death but entombs the body,
Life the soul:
Hers was the meekness of the rising
morn.”

The epitaph of Tabitha Plasket, written by herself, breathes such a spirit of defiance that it attracts much attention :



FIRST TOWN HOUSE, BOSTON.

“ Adieu, vain world, I have seen enough of
thee;
And I am careless what thou say’st of me;
Thy smiles I wish not,
Nor thy frowns I fear,
I am now at rest, my head lies quiet here.”

Mrs. Plasket, in her widowhood, taught a private school for small children, at the same time, as was the custom of her day, doing her spinning. Her mode of punishment was to pass skeins of yarn under the arms of the little culprits and hang them on nails. A suspended row was a ludicrous sight.

One tombstone commemorates

seventy-two seamen, who were wrecked in the harbour. Near by is the cenotaph of Adoniram Judson—whose body, deeper than plummet sinks, lies buried in the Indian Sea.

In Pilgrim Hall, a model museum, is an extremely interesting collection of relics of the forefathers of New England: Governor Hancock's clock, with its appropriate motto, "Tempus fugit," still keeping time correctly, though

<p>Lorea Standish is my name, Lord, guide my heart that I may doe Thy will; Also fill my hands with such convenient skill As will conduce to virtue void of shame, And I will give the glory to Thy name.</p>

There are also, in a glass-case, the originals of Mrs. Hemans' ode, "The breaking waves dashed high," and of Bryant's poem: "Wild was the day, the wintry



ELMWOOD, LOWELL'S HOME, CAMBRIDGE.

180 years old; Elder Brewster's chair; Alden's Bible and halberd; the cradle of Peregrine White, the first child born in New England! the sword of Miles Standish, the valiant captain, "who knew, like Caesar, the names of each of his soldiers." This is an ancient Saracen blade, brought from the east during the crusades. There is shown a piece of embroidery, wrought by the redoubtable Captain's daughter, and bearing the following verse:

sea;" a copy of Eliot's Indian Bible, whose strange words no man on earth can read; and other objects of interest. A notable painting of the embarkation of the Pilgrims will rivet the attention. The faith and hope and high resolve written on each countenance; the pathos of the partings, "such as wring the life out from young hearts;" the high-souled heroism of even the women and the children will long linger in the mind. Near Plymouth Rock is

the old Winslow House, with its quaint interior architecture and decorations, which I was kindly permitted to examine. Near the town is the noble Forefathers' Monument,—crowned with a majestic statue of Liberty—over eighty feet high.*

The old town of Salem, settled only six years after Plymouth, has also its many Puritan memories. Here is still preserved the oldest church in New England, of which Roger Williams was pastor, built 1634—only 25 by 17 feet, with steep roof, and small diamond panes, and containing the desk at which 200 years later Hawthorne wrote "The Scarlet Letter." The house of Roger Williams—a quaint old many-gabled structure, now a drug-shop—links us with one of the noblest spirits of the seventeenth century. Of painful interest is Witch Hill, where nineteen persons were put to death during the witchcraft delusion—the Rev. Cotton Mather and other Puritan ministers calmly looking on. In the museum I saw the original depositions of the witnesses in the writing of the Rev. Samuel Parris, dated May 31, 1692. One I deciphered as follows: "The Indictment of Abigail Hobbs who did wickedly and feloniously covenant with the Evil Sperrit, contrary to the Peace of our Lord and Lady, King William and Queen Mary." A striking painting depicted the Reverend judges condemning to death the poor dazed and crazed creatures before them—a sad chapter in the history of human delusion.

Successive generations of sea captains—Salem used to have more ships than Boston—have brought from the ends of the

* For the information of readers statistically inclined, I may mention that the figure is 216 times life size. The nose is 16 inches, the upraised arm 20 feet, and forefinger two feet long. It is the largest granite statue in the world.



STATUE OF LEIF ERIKSON, BOSTON.

earth one of the finest collections of curiosities, illustrative of ethnology and natural history, in America. Within half an hour's ride are the birth-place and grave of the philanthropist Peabody, and the noble museum and library which he left his native town. Here is the jewelled portrait presented him by Queen Victoria.

Portsmouth was settled only three years after Plymouth. It has more quaint old houses than any other town on the coast, having been left almost entirely behind in the march of modern improvement. "Yes," said one of its amphibious inhabitants to the writer, "we are thinking of fencing in the town for a pasture field." Here is the famous old mansion of Governor Wentworth—the story of whose marriage Longfellow tells. Here, too, is published the oldest paper on the continent, dating from 1750.

More history has gone into the making of Boston itself than into that of any other town on this continent, save, perhaps, the rock-built fortress of Quebec. Notwithstanding the march of improvements, there are many of the old buildings and other survivals of the early times which still speak unto the present of the past.

Faneuil Hall, the old South Church, the old State House, the King's Chapel, above all, the graveyards in the heart of the city in which slumbers the dust of the fathers and mothers of the commonweal, are wonderfully impressive.

"In the heart of the city they lie, unknown or unnoticed.
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them,
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and forever,
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy,
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their labours,
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey."

These are all admirably treated in detail in Mr. Bacon's volume. So also are the neighbouring towns of Cambridge, the seat of the ancient university, Marblehead, Concord, and Lexington, with their Revolutionary memories, and other places of historic interest.

ON EASTER MORNING.

BY S. ALICE RANLETT.

What time fierce hands tore off a branch of thorn,
To make a crown,
The thorn-bush, stricken, on that awful morn,
With shame, bowed down,
And lay, a crushed and blighted dying thing,
Cumbering the ground;
Thus angel guardians, coming on swift wing,
The thorn-bush found,
And to the rock-hewn tomb, through shadows gray,
Passed shuddering by;
But at the dawn, One trod the garden way,
With pitying eye;
The briars caught his white robe floating wide;
Its healing hem
Swept through the thorn a thrilling, quickening tide—
Life's flood again;
And the bright angels, on the Easter Day,
Winging once more
Their flight toward their home realms, a shining way,
Glad service o'er,
Beheld the bush in living verdure clad,
And gemmed with dew;
And stayed, with folded wings, in wondering glad,
The sight to view,
And one spake low, "What marvel do we see,
My brother, say?"
"No marvel; Christ is risen!" answered he,
"And came this way."

THE LEPERS OF D'ARCY ISLAND.

BY ERNEST HALL, M.D., AND JOHN NELSON,

Victoria, B.C.

THE LAZARETTO FROM THE BOAT, D'ARCY ISLAND.

British Columbia has a leper colony. Its existence is not widely known, for those who compose it are of a race whose affairs rarely reach the public ear. But for years to come students of this strange disease may find in Canada's most western province material of the most interesting and instructive nature to aid them in their researches. About a league off the eastern coast of Vancouver Island, and separated from it by the waters of the Gulf of Georgia, lies the pretty little island of D'Arcy. Almost its entire surface is covered with a dense growth of pine, cedar and spruce, among which the great ferns toss their green arms in a vain upward struggle to the smile of the sun. This bank of verdure extends to the edge of the pebbly beach, where at high tide the waters of the Pacific kiss and caress the feet

of the forest monarchs, whose verdant crowns stand out in bold relief against the milder tints of sea and sky. Although the gem of the East Coast Islands, the shores of D'Arcy Island are rarely pressed by the feet of the white man, and few indeed are the prowls which grate upon its beach. Travellers in these waters dread the storm which forces them upon its coast even for a night, and the superstitious Siwash trolling for salmon or paddling to the city for his season's supply, pulls with a swifter oar as he discerns ahead the outline of her shores. For hidden away yonder in their little cabins under the grateful shade of the fir, with their hot blood burning out their life, the victims of this plague are slowly dying with their faces to the rising sun.

The knowledge of the vast majority of those who speak the lan-

guage of Shakespeare concerning the scourge of leprosy is confined to that obtained in the biblical account of the cleansing of Naaman the Syrian, and the late miracles described in the pages of the New Testament. Some certainly do know that to-day it is a common disease in the Oriental lands, particularly in the southern latitudes, in China, Japan, India, Hawaii, and the Sandwich Islands. But few indeed of the intelligent easterners are aware that at the present time on the Pacific coast of the North American continent the



ONE OF THE LEPERS.
THE DISEASE ATTACKING THE NERVES.

health and sanitary authorities of the larger cities are fighting over again the battle which was waged in older lands when the disease was epidemic in those climes. This is one of the penalties which we are paying for empire.

The thirst for empire of the British people, and the equally potent passion of the American Commonwealth for commercial conquest, have led both to seek trade privileges in the kingdom of China and the islands of Japan. Trade concessions from these countries have rendered necessary reciprocal privileges on the part of

the Saxon nation, and the consequence has been an enormous influx of Eastern population, the price of our unrestricted trade in the Orient.

The introduction of this plague to the Pacific coast of British Columbia, was due to the immigration of the Mongolian races to her shores. Filthy as are the lives of many of the warlike Indians who dwell along the inlets and river mouths of the coast of that province, the tribes have hitherto escaped from any such visitation as leprosy. But with the advent of the Chinese came also the plague peculiar to the East. Herding as they do in shacks, sheds, and even boxes, all crowded into a very small area, the race is a very difficult one with which to deal. The attention of the health officers of the city of Victoria was first attracted by the peculiar habits of some of the denizens of the Chinese quarter who were habitually sleeping under the sidewalks of the streets. A sharp investigation followed, and after a diligent search the sanitary officer succeeded in locating five lepers who had successfully eluded the vigilance of the quarantine officers at William's Head, and had brought to the city the loathsome disease in its initial stages. Following the policy of isolation, most notably exemplified at Molokai, in Hawaii, and also adopted at the Tracadie Lazaretto in Eastern Canada, the City Council, eight years ago, removed the victims to D'Arcy Island, where a line of huts, all under one roof, were erected for their accommodation, the use of the island for this purpose being granted by the Federal Government. Here the unfortunate sufferers are regularly supplied with rations and properly provided for without imperilling public health. Other municipalities have united with Victoria,

and now whenever a leper is discovered in any part of the Province he is at once conveyed to the Lazaretto; the corporations having inmates contribute pro rata to the aggregate cost, and every three months the sanitary officer of the city of Victoria visits the settlement with a sufficient supply of food for the following quarter.

It was on one of these occasions that, through the courtesy of Dr. Fraser, Medical Health Officer for the city of Victoria, the

enveloped them, while the sun's great searchlight sought their frowning depths, and snapping the fetters of the frost king, brought the crystal waters babbling over the crags.

Far to starboard in the city the zephyrs lazily caressed the ensign which floats in the perpetual sunshine unfurled in honour of the natal day of her Britannic Majesty. The very joyousness of the day seemed only to emphasize the hopeless fate of those seven weary watchers by the sea. who day by



LANDING SUPPLIES.

writers had an opportunity of visiting these unfortunate but interesting people. It was one of those delightful mornings in May when all the forces of nature unite in a chorus of delight. The sunbeams, shimmering on the surface of the ocean, flashed their heliograph signals into the stern face of old Mount Baker, who responded with a blaze of light on his grim countenance. Behind us the Olympics, the sentinels of the sea, thrust their white heads through the cloud-mantle which

day long for the last journey and the long sleep. As our dory grates on the shore, and we hurry up the incline to their homes, the real wretchedness of their condition becomes evident. They have gathered on the little platform, which extends the entire length of the cabins, and with listlessness and indifference portrayed in their very attitudes, await with querulous expressions our approach.

The alert Sanitary Inspector, who by familiarity has been ren-

dered more or less impervious to its horrors, advances with a cheery salutation which is as cheerily returned. The first question of the officer is practical and suggestive. "How many are there, John?" "Sellen." "Where is the eighth?" For an answer John points over his shoulder with a thumb from which the first joint is gone, and the lady of the party involuntarily shudders, for back there amid the wild shrubbery just bursting into bloom, with the waves singing their requiem, lies the poor yellow tenement out of which the troubled and lonely spirit has at last struggled into rest and peace. Then, under the leadership of John, who navigates with difficulty, we follow the little foot-path leading back to the enclosure where the garden is located. Splendid vegetables were here growing, including potatoes, lettuce, onions and cabbage. Then we pushed through the tangled luxuriance of shrubbery, and came on the little mound which marked the resting-place of the last sufferer, and hurried back over the rocks, which the ivy vainly sought to conceal with her mantle, to the cluster of cabins overlooking the sea.

At this moment, for the first time, our guide observed that the party included a representative of the gentler sex. "Oh, laddee, laddee," he exclaimed, and the distorted features lit up with pleasure as he bowed repeatedly before her with Oriental grace. Who may fathom the workings of his mind? Weeks had lengthened into months and months to years, and these again had dragged round their successive cycles. In all these years who can tell what passionate yearnings he may have had for far Cathay, and for those days of his younger manhood sweet to the human heart? Little wonder that even the alien face of a white wo-

man may have recalled to his poor mind a suggestion in his expression of wistful womanly sympathy, of days long since dead.

The monotony of the existence of these unhappy creatures can hardly be described. Back among the pines the wild flowers beckon them, but their haunts are rarely visited. Indeed, it is doubtful if any of them have explored the little realm whose possession none will dispute with them. The lassitude and depression, mental and physical, which is the first symptom of the disease, unnerve until there is neither volition nor vitality left to carry them from place to place. Out upon the blue waters of the Gulf of Georgia can be seen the black hulls of the vessels which bear the gold hunters northward, or the long trail of smoke, the breath of the giant Empress as she beats in from the Flowery Kingdom; but these are but reminders of a life in which they can no longer have any part. The lapse of time is marked on a Chinese calendar, and their only music is the scream of the sea gull and the monotone of the waves as they lap the pebbles on the shore.

Since the establishment of the station only one white man has been incarcerated upon it. He was shunned by his Mongolian fellow sufferers, and as in a community of this kind the patients are dependent upon one another for mutual assistance, the white victim speedily sank from neglect and loneliness.

The station is maintained at a minimum outlay, though each man is allowed fifty pounds of rice per month, and all the flour, pork, tobacco, tea, oatmeal, etc., which they can use, yet the annual expenditure does not exceed \$1,000. They raise plenty of fowl for their own use, and at the time of our visit there were about one hundred and fifty chickens and

thirty or forty ducks, whose characteristic animation was in marked contrast to the surrounding scene of inanimation and decay.

A curious feature in connection with the Lazaretto is that the friends of the inmates never inquire for or send any message to them. Shut up from their kindred and race, and visited only three or four times a year by white missionaries, and by the city officials, little wonder that sometimes they become desperate to return to China, where no restriction is placed upon their movements.

Not long since a leper succeeded, through the agency of his friends, in escaping from the island and returning home, but this is the only case of that nature since the establishment of the station. When annoyed, as on the occasion of our visit, they will sometimes threaten to return, but as they have no vessel, not even a row-boat, the threat is likely to be an idle one. The station is maintained on the principle of the strong helping the weak. The supplies are placed in a store-

house, and each man helps himself as necessity requires.

Ancient as is the disease, modern science is still powerless to cope with its ravages. By a system of segregation contagion has been prevented, yet it is still a matter of doubt whether or not the malady is transmitted by contact. Some of the victims at D'Arcy Island were removed from white homes where they were employed as cooks, yet no whites in the city here ever contracted it. No specific has been discovered to counteract its ravages.

We left the island; the evening was casting a sombre hue on the shore and the waters. Before us the bay was dotted with the white sails of the yachting fleet, and crowds of holiday-makers thronged the streets; but amid it all our thoughts would unwittingly revert again and again to the little island with its lonely colony of unfortunate men who, far from home and friends, and all that makes life worth living for, are passively waiting for the coming of the night.

"EYE HATH NOT SEEN."

BY WILLIAM SHOREY.

O for a greater grasp
On all that life doth bring,
And for a brighter hope
Through Christ the Eternal King.

How can we rise aloft,
While hampered with this clay?
How can we clearly see
Till dawns the eternal day?

How can we joy in God,
Till God Himself appears?
How can we overcome,
Till freed from doubts and fears?

How can we know the truth,
Till He the truth reveal?

Hamilton.

How can a dark, cold heart
Be made to see and feel?

How can a rebel born
The heritage receive?
How can a doubting one
Bow meekly and believe?

How can the poor outcast
Be made to enter in?
How can a lost one know
When God forgiveth sin?

Spirit of truth, reveal
The mysteries of thy grace;
Give us to know thy mind,
Impart to us thy peace.

THE MINISTRY OF ART.*

BY THE VERY REV. J. D. O'MEARA, D.D.,

Dean of Rupert's Land.

I am not an artist of any kind. My musical accomplishments are about as limited as were those of the gentleman who thought he knew two tunes. One was the Dead March in Saul and the other wasn't—he always sang the other. If I painted a horse, I'm afraid I'd have to do as the ambitious artist did who drew an elephant, but in a moment of sudden distrust as to its lifelikeness—so as to make identification dead sure—wrote at the bottom—"N.B.—This is an elephant."

But yet, though the production of Art work of any kind is not at all in my line; the study of Art, whether in its roots in human thought and feeling, or in its fruits in great pictures and sculpture work, has always had for me a peculiar fascination. Though I do not profess to be in any way an Art critic, yet there are certain aspects of Art with which my special studies, both of man in the individual and man in the mass have familiarized me, and therefore it seemed to me that I might have some words to say which perhaps might be of some interest and some little help.

To one with the artist's soul. Art studies must be like the opening of doors into a great and glorious palace, each door admitting you to some new and ever brighter vision of delight. Then as you begin to turn out work of your own, the joy of creation that comes to you, the gladness that attends the consciousness of dawning powers, the sense of elation which lifts

you onward and upward, always striving to reach some as yet unattained ideal of excellence; the things which you have done being but the earnest of the things that you shall do. All this will be to you indeed a new spring of unimagined gladness.

I am going to try to represent to you Art as a service—a Ministry. For, as you know, my theme is not the pleasure of Art or the profit of Art, but the Ministry of Art. I wish to speak to you of Art as a service, a service for God, a service for our fellowmen, and, in the highest and best sense, a service for yourselves.

I need hardly remind you of the royal dignity of service. *Ich Dien, I Serve*, is not only the motto of the heir to the British Empire: it is the key-note of each kingliest, queenliest life that has ever been lived amongst men. For who are those whom the deathless centuries have crowned with the coronal of a fadeless fame? Who are those whom humanity has ever delighted to seat upon the enduring throne of a world-wide and age-long honour and renown? Not the men who, to please themselves, have waded through rivers of flowing blood to seize a sceptre or subjugate a state: not the men who have heaped heavenward their piles of sordid gold: no, not these, but the men who have served: the men who have given their lives in loyal and loving sacrifice for the glory of their God, or the good of their fellowmen: the men whose whole existence has been one long service undertaken and bravely carried through, that the world might

* The substance of a lecture delivered before the Woman's Art Associations of Toronto and Winnipeg.

be richer, sweeter, better, because they had lived and died. Keeping in view, then, the supreme dignity of service, it seems to me no unworthy object for your lecturer to try to show you Art as a Ministry.

Speaking of Art as service, I notice first, that Art may be, Art has been, Art ought to be, a Ministry for God. They talk about Sacred Art, meaning by that, Art occupied with Sacred themes; but in a far truer, higher, wider sense, all right Art is Sacred Art, for it is a service wrought for the glory and honour of God.

Now it seems to me that in a very special way, we have a right to expect that Art should be a Ministry for God, for in a very special sense it is a direct gift from God. Men have always deemed the artist, whether he be poet, painter, sculptor or musician—all cultured people, I say, have deemed the artist as if by divine right a man inspired, a man whose soul is fired, and whose whole life is glorified by the inrush of a divine breath. In all Art, no doubt there is much, very much that is the outcome of tireless industry and limitless perseverance, so much so that genius itself has been defined as "an infinite capacity for taking pains," and yet, at the root of all this, there lies something that no industry can of itself produce; an often unconscious but no less real power to create; making out the artist of every kind as a true poet—a maker (for that is the meaning of poet).

And this singular, this heaven-born, this God-given power that is the true artist's special prerogative, sets him aside from his fellows, as a man apart; for has he not climbed celestial heights, has he not bathed his soul in visions of unutterable loveliness; and is it not his mission to bring down to us dwellers in the plain some

hints and reminiscences of those glories which shone round him on the mountain-top; that so he may touch to a new brightness the often sad and sordid lives of men? Because, then, God has given the artist peculiar gifts, we expect him to be God's minister to pass on some share of those gifts to men.

Again, the artist may be a minister for God, by becoming in a way the prophet of God. He may become indeed a most eloquent and enduring preacher of righteousness and truth. I wish I could speak to you aright of the preaching power of pictures. Take that marvellous picture of Albrecht Durer's, representing the Christ as having come down to see how His Church is carrying on His work in winning the world for Him. The Christ still crowned with the diadem of thorns is represented as sitting in the midst of a dreary weed-grown wilderness; the head bowed in the hands, and the whole attitude of the drooping figure eloquent of deep dejection and bitter disappointment. We can almost hear the cry of sorrow with which He chides His church for having done so little to regenerate that world which He had died to save. So pitiful and pathetic is that picture, that it is said Durer himself used often to weep over it. Such a picture as that will touch the heart, more than some of the most eloquent missionary sermons ever listened to.

Or, again, you all know what a power for good, in the evangelization of the world, has been the Moravian brotherhood; few missionary societies in the world have done as much genuine self-sacrificing work as have they. And yet it was to a great picture that that society owed its birth. Count Zinzendorff, with very little thought of religious effort in his mind, stood one day before

Murillo's great picture of the Crucifixion; and as he looked up into that kingly face, seamed with sorrow, and that royal brow pierced and bleeding with the cruel thorns, and as all the awful agony stole into his soul and mastered his heart, he turned his eyes, streaming with tears, down to the words written at the foot, "This have I done for thee, what hast thou done for me?" Words and picture together smote him like a voice from the opened heavens, and then and there he laid his life in utter sacrifice at his Saviour's pierced feet; and the result was the foundation and the subsequent work of the Moravian Church.

Or, take again, Turner's wonderful picture of the Slave Ship. Well might Lord Beaconsfield say of that picture, "That's Turner's sermon against the slave trade, and a splendid sermon it is."

Who can look long at Fra Angelico's angel-faces, without feeling as if the pearly gates had indeed opened for him, and earth, and all its sin and care, had sunk far away beneath his ascending feet.

Correggio's picture of the Holy Family—who can see the glory that streams from the cradle of the Holy Infant and fills all the room with its radiance, and not see in this an exquisite prophecy of the world-wide influence of the Babe of Bethlehem?

The artist opens our eyes, to read, written large over all the face of nature, the autograph of God's present and prevailing love. He lifts for us a little corner of the curtain of nature, and peering through to the glory-land beyond, we catch gleams and glimpses of "the light that never was by sea or shore."

The artist shows us nature, as our dim and sense-bound eyes can never see it; for pictures, if true, and the production of the seer, un-

fold nature to us, as it never would unfold itself to our unaided sense; they are thus revelations to us of a new world lying back of the mere surface of nature; windows, through which the devout soul may look through from the seen to the unseen; from the earthly to the heavenly; and so to the eye, informed by this priestly ministry of the painter's art, the whole world becomes radiant with the foot-prints of a present God.

No pebble at my feet, but proves a sphere;
No chaffinch, but implies the cherubim;
No hum of lily-muffled bee, but finds
Some coupling music with the spinning
stars;

Earth's crammed with heaven—
And every common bush afire with God.

It is time now to speak of another Ministry of Art, the Ministry of Art for men. Did I say another ministry? Nay, is it not the same ministry, only viewed from another side? For is not the service of our fellowmen one of the most fruitful spheres in which our love to God can display itself. Is it not just by the measure of our love for our fellowmen and our willingness to serve them, that Christ gauges the reality of our profession of love to God? "Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me," thus does Christ by a single sentence lift all manward service to the loftier level of a God-ward service; as by the touch of the philosopher's stone, transmuting the commoner metal of ordinary kindness and self-denial for others' sake into the fine gold of a ministry for God.

Whenever through the ages rise
The altars of self-sacrifice;
When love its arms has opened wide,
Or man for man has calmly died,
I see the same white wings outspread,
That hovered o'er the Master's head.

How then does Art minister to the best interests of our fellowmen?

In the first place, Art emphasizes and expands the ideal element of life. Art has well been defined as "the representation of the ideal under the forms of the actual." The artist sees, in what we call common scene; and objects, far more than what meets the ordinary eye. A great Italian sculptor stopped at a marble dealer's, and closely examined a piece of rough marble at his feet. A friend asked him what he was going to do with that rough block. "I see an angel imprisoned in that block of marble, and I'm going to let the angel out," was the suggestive answer.

And isn't this the artist's mission for men? The musician, the sculptor, the painter; in the common scenes of nature and life, do they not see the angel of some inspiring sentiment, some noble thought, some tender or pathetic association? And do they not just let the angel out to brood with the white wings of an unutterable gladness over our poor, cheap, often sordid lives, and then taking our very souls upon those outspread pinions, to bear them upward for a brief space away, away from care and sorrow, and toil and strife, to spend a little while in the very heaven of imagined glories and ineffable delight?

"I assert for myself," said the poet-painter, William Blake, "that I do not behold the outward creation and that to me it is a hindrance and not an action. What, it will be questioned when the sun rises, do you not see a round disk of fire, something like a guinea?" Oh, no, no, I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host, crying, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts." I question not my corporeal eye, any more than I would question a window concerning sight, I look through it, not with it.

And, again, in ministering to the purest possible pleasure of his fellowmen, the artist renders them genuine service, and this he does in several ways. In the first place, Art wakes among our people a keener appreciation of beauty of every kind. Especially is this true of the new sense of the beauties of nature, which a general artistic taste spreads amongst our people. I have said that the artist is not only an imitator, but an interpreter of nature. He makes nature mean more to us; he teaches us to read nature, as we never would have read it without his aid. With his magic wand he touches our sense-sealed eyes, and, lo, around us everywhere we see new and ever brightening and broadening beauties, which we never would have thought of before.

Will you pardon me if I draw upon my own experience for an instance of what I mean. I have always been fond of sky scenery. In a flat and unpicturesque country like our own Manitoba, where at the same time, by reason of our crystal clear air, the beauties denied to the land are painted in special splendours on the sky, we naturally look upward for loveliness which we fail to find on the great monotonous snow-clad plain around us. And so, through over twenty years in this country, I have been learning more and more to love the skies. But about five years ago a quite new source of very exquisite delight came to me. I read carefully Ruskin's matchless descriptions of the forms and colours and groupings of the clouds, and ever since then the clouds have had a quite new meaning to me, and have become to me a source of very keen and continuous pleasure.

And so I think, when we begin to see nature under any of her forms as the artist sees her, doors

are opened into new and hitherto unexplored palaces of delight. And here let me say, not to the artists alone, but to all who would fain find in life a new fountain of gladness, a perennial spring of very noble and exquisite enjoyment, "Go to some artist or poet (for the poet has the artist view of nature), go, and sit at their feet in your study of nature, and forthwith she shall clothe herself with a new meaning, and take to herself, for you, new beauties, and speak to you with a new voice, and open for you new wells of refreshment along the often dry and dreary roads of life." Just let me give you a specimen or two of what I mean. Look with me for a minute or two at Ruskin's picture of dawn among the hills.

"And then the east again becomes purple, and the heaving mountains rolling against it in darkness, like waves of a wild sea, are drowned one by one, in the glory of its burning; watch the white glaciers blaze in their mighty paths about the mountains, like great serpents with scales of fire; watch the columnar peaks of solitary snow, kindling downwards, chasm by chasm, each in itself a new morning; the roselight of their silent domes flushing the heaven about them and above them, piercing with a purer light through its purple lines of lifted clouds, casting a new glory on every wreath as it passes by, until the whole heaven, one scarlet canopy, is interwoven with a woof of waving flame, and tossing vault beyond vault, as with the drifted wings of many companies of angels. And then, when you can look no more for gladness, and when you are down with fear and love of the Maker and Doer of this, tell me who has best delivered nature's message unto men?"

And again I would say, if we want new views of nature that shall be new delights, let us go to the poets, and catch the artist message about nature from their lips.

If you want descriptions of nature, exact in their detail, exquisite in their delicate touches, splendid in their groupings, and

infinitely faithful in the pains bestowed upon an exact reproduction of minute points of beauty which only reward the eye that waits and watches for them; then go to Tennyson. But if you want, not to see only the outer courts of nature, but to enter into the very inner shekinah of her glory, if you want to penetrate to the very soul of nature, to feel the pulse of her life mingling with yours, to feel her very heart beating against your own, then I charge you drink deep of the well springs that bubble up, full and clear and strong, in the nature poetry of Wordsworth and Shelley.

Or take another form of Art, that of sculpture. What a power sculpture has been in surrounding with a halo of undying reminiscence these noble spirits who, from time to time in each crisis of a nation's history, have built their very lives into the foundations on which that nation's greatness rests. Let me give you an instance or two of what I mean. "In streaming London's central roar" rises the great equestrian statue of the Iron Duke, the Duke of Wellington. A noble sculpture worthy of a noble man; the man who "never sold the truth to serve the hour, nor paltered with eternal God, for power;" the man who, in the time of Britain's deadliest peril, "stood four-square to all the winds that blew;" the man who fronted the gathering tempests with heart unmoved and brow serene; the man who led England in her forlorn hope when ringed round with foes, like a lion brought to bay. She fought the world, and won because she fought the battles of her God, to hurl the tyrant from his throne and set the captive people free. And think you that through those carven lips the artist has no message for the Britain of to-day, reminding her that what Britain did

in those brave days of old she can, if need be, do again. That Britain's God is still above her, and Britain's sons in clustering millions are still around her, and that Britain's heart still beats high with courage, and true as steel to follow the pole-star of honour and duty wherever that star may lead her, as she did when Wellington taught the world for all time, "what long enduring hearts can do; in that world's earthquake—Waterloo." Thus does the artist speak to his nation, bidding her thank God for her glories past, and take courage and high hope for all the time to come.

Or, again, take an instance that comes nearer home. In the centre of Main Street, Winnipeg, close to the heart to which and from which flow all the beating pulses of the commerce and the growing life of all this great northwestern land, stands a monument, compared to the more costly and ambitious structures of older countries, no doubt a modest product of the artist's skill. And yet, for us in the Northwest, ay, and for all Canada, that monument is rich in pathetic and yet inspiring suggestions. What are those insignia of war, that surround its base? What are they doing in that city of peace? What does that soldier figure mean, looking down upon the tides of trade and traffic surging up and down those peaceful streets? Oh, friends, we who were in Winnipeg thirteen years ago, we know too well. We stand and look up at that monument, and as we look, and think of what it means, the sounds around us die away, the streets and buildings of our prosperous city pass out of view, and, lo, borne on sad memory's wings, we are far away on the plains of the Saskatchewan. Around us echo the sounds of strife, the bugle calls, the words of command, and

the tramping horse-hoofs that speak of grim and real war. And then from that deep ravine before us, we hear the ringing rifle shots of the hidden foe; and, then, alas, alas for the weeping, heart-broken fathers and mothers at home; we hear another sound, a sound to send a shudder of sympathetic grief through a nation's stricken heart; we hear the choking death-cry of some one of our boys, the brave, bright boys, who, full of youth and hope and courage, went to the front so gladly, to stand by their country in the hour of her bitter need.

And as still we gaze, as still we listen to the message of Art, telling us of that sad but stirring incident in Canadian story, a noble band goes past us, and in loving memory we call out the names, carved by enduring affection upon a nation's recollection, Swinford, Frazer, Code, Hardisty, Innis, Hutchinson, Ferguson, Wheeler; and as that company of heroes files past us, on their way to their honoured resting-place in the cemetery at St. John's, those dead lips seem to us to live again. And as we listen, they seem to say to us, "We gladly left home and friends, and faced desperate privations and deadly perils; ay, we gladly laid our very lives on the altar of our country's need; and what we did, Canada's true sons will always do, for the blood that flows in their veins is the blood that beats in British veins across the sea; the blood that has flowed so freely on the foughten fields of Britain's glorious past. Doubt not, that should Canada again need such services, the memory of what we did will prove the rallying flag of a new consecration, round which shall gather each true Canadian, to do, and dare, and die if need be, in his country's cause."

Such seems to me the service

that the sculptor's art can render to a nation. And what is true of this, is true of all forms of Art. The vestal virgins of ancient Rome kept burning on the city altars the sacred fires, on whose continuance, as was supposed, depended the safety of the empire. And Art, the Art of the poet, the painter and the sculptor—Art is the true vestal virgin of our modern life. For it is hers to keep alive the holiest memories, the most glorious traditions, the most spirit-stirring incidents, the most ennobling deeds of an immemorial past. It is hers to keep the sacred fires of a noble enthusiasm burning undimmed in a nation's heart; it is hers to kindle to a brighter, purer flame the sparks of a true self-sacrificing patriotism, a generous devotion and a high and holy purpose, which the colder mists of a selfish age would soon utterly extinguish.

The flight of time warns me to bring my words to you to a

close. I have tried to paint for you the Art we love (for in intense love of Art you and I meet on common ground). I have tried to paint her for you in celestial colours. I have tried to represent her, not as a mere denizen of earth, but as a visitant from heaven. In my thought of her, she has come to us wearing the golden crown of service, bearing in one hand high ministry for God, and in the other rare sweet ministry for men. Along the path her feet have trod spring flowers of beauty and well of refreshment, to delight the hearts of men. On her fair features we read her lineage as the daughter of Love. And around her, like a waving garment of light, there floats an unearthly radiance which proclaims her what she is, God's angel, sent down to brood with wings of comfort and gladness over the weary, care-worn hearts and lives of the sons and daughters of men.

Winnipeg, Man.

A LENTEN HYMN.*

From my lips in their defilement,
From my heart in its beguilement,
From my tongue which speaks not fair,
From my soul, stained everywhere,
O my Jesus; take my prayer!

Spurn me not for all it says,
Not for words and not for ways,
Not for shamelessness endured;
Make me brave to speak my mood,
O my Jesus, as I would;
Or teach me—which I rather seek—
What to do and what to speak.

I have sinned more than she
Who, learning where to meet with Thee
And bringing myrrh, the highest priced,
Anointed bravely, from her knee,
Thy blessed feet; accordingly,
My God, my Lord, my Christ,
As Thou said'st not, "Depart,"
To that suppliant from her heart,
Scorn me not, O Word, that art

The gentlest one of all words said;
But give to me Thy feet instead,
That tenderly I may them kiss,
And clasp them close, and never miss
With over-dropping tears as free
And precious as that myrrh could be
To anoint them bravely from my knee;
Wash me with my tears; draw nigh me,
That their salt may purify me.
Thou remit my sins who knowest
All my sinning to the lowest—
Knowest all my wounds, and seest
All the stripes Thyself decreest;
Yea, but knowest all my faith,
Seest all my force to death,
Hear'st all my wailings low,
That mine evil should be so:
Nothing hidden but appears
In Thy knowledge, O Divine,
O Creator, Saviour mine—
Not a drop of falling tears,
Not a breath of inward moan,
Not a heart-beat—which is gone!

* Of this hymn, written by John Damascenus in the eighth century, the translator, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, says: "Of this deepraith of Christianity, we dare not say a word; we dare not even praise it as poetry; our heart is stirred and not 'idly.' The only sound which can fitly succeed the cry of a contrite soul, is that of Divine condonation or angelic rejoicing. Let us who are sorrowful still be silent too."

GRIFFITH JOHN.

FOUNDER OF THE HANKOW MISSION, CENTRAL CHINA.

BY REV. W. P. DYER, D.D.

"For many years the Church of Christ had prayed that its missionaries might be admitted into China. Ancient heathenism, in proud possession of a literature, the mastery of which demanded the effort of the keenest intellects, was quite satisfied and contented in the belief that it had little to learn from foreigners. But the mighty empire which for ages had forbidden the barbarians to tread upon her shores, suddenly found her gates of brass thrown open by the hand of Omnipotence. That same Power had also urged the Church to prepare men, and, when the golden opportunity arrived, promptly sent forth these messengers of salvation into China's crowded cities. Further events pushed the door more widely open, and the vast interior was made accessible to missionary operations."

Griffith John was one of these pioneer missionaries. He was the founder of the mission in Hankow, the "Athens of China," and was the first to carry the Gospel into the province of Sz-Chuen, where our own Chinese mission is now established. This fact makes the study of his life of more than ordinary interest to Canadian Methodists.

He was born at Swansea, in Wales, December 14th, 1831. At eight years of age he became a member of the Church, and at fourteen he began to preach the Gospel, giving evidence of possessing gifts of the highest order. The people were delighted to hear him, and everywhere he was known as the "Boy Preacher of Wales."

In 1849 his father was smitten

by the disease to which his mother had succumbed seventeen years before, and died of cholera. He was then left alone, without near relations. So bitter was the grief which the son manifested at the grave of his father that the Rev. E. Jacob, the pastor of Ebenezer church, Swansea, said Griffith John should never know the lack of an earthly father as long as he lived. So faithful and tender was this friendship that Griffith John speaks of "losing and gaining a father by the same grave." He soon, by the aid of his foster-father, entered college at Brecon. While in attendance the veteran missionary, the Rev. David Griffiths, of Madagascar, visited the college and addressed the students with great earnestness, concluding by an appeal for recruits for missionary service. Mr. John, who had already an ardent longing for work among the heathen, now openly declared his determination to be a missionary.

In March, 1853, he offered his services to the London Missionary Society, and was accepted. The bent of his mind had been towards Madagascar as a sphere of labour, but the island was closed to European missionaries by the cruel Queen Ranavalona. He did not make any objection when asked to go to China, and soon was aglow with enthusiasm for the dark-minded millions of the Flowery Kingdom. With other recruits for the mission field he sailed for Shanghai in May, 1855.

After a pleasant and uneventful voyage of one hundred and twenty days he reached Shanghai. He could not have arrived at a more

opportune time. For forty years missionaries had prayed that an opportunity might be afforded for the free proclamation of the Gospel to the country people of China. Their prayers were about to be answered. For five years the Taiping rebellion had ravaged the fairest part of the empire. For ages the Government had exercised a strong conservative power, now its grasp slackened, and the missionaries in the seaport towns made evangelistic tours inland. Under the treaty of Nanking, made between Great Britain and China in 1842, foreigners were only allowed to go a day's journey from treaty ports. The door had been gradually opening, and at the time of Mr. John's arrival the country was practically free to travelers with peaceful objects in view. About a year was spent in learning the Chinese language, so difficult to master, and in accompanying other missionaries in their preaching journeys. He undertook his first independent expedition on October, 1856, taking with him Wong-Wong, the colporteur, as assistant.

After two years' residence in Shanghai, he fully appreciated the immense difficulties which lay in the way of the Gospel in China. He says: "The good work is moving but slowly. The people are as hard as steel. Sometimes I am ready to think that China is doomed. Confucius, while speaking admirably of justice, faithfulness, says, 'Respect the gods, but keep them at a distance.' The Chinaman's way of doing this is to think of them as little as possible."

He next made a visit to Soochow, which is regarded by the Chinese as one of their richest and most beautiful cities. No foreigner had previously visited this city undisguised. It contains over a million inhabitants, while the trade of several provinces

meets here, and contributes much to its prosperity. The chief temple contains five hundred life-sized gilded figures representing disciples of Buddha, among them being several deceased emperors of the present dynasty.

One of the most important and extended tours undertaken by Mr. John and three of his brother missionaries, preaching and distributing books, was along the Grand Canal for six hundred and fifty miles. By it, and the rivers it connects, there is an almost uninterrupted waterway made from north to south of the empire, from Peking to Canton. They had many strange and exciting experiences, narrowly escaping with their lives, but Mr. John bears glad testimony to the fact that the words, "I am an Englishman," ever had equal moral force with the proud words of the Roman, "Ego Romanus sum."

The Taiping rebellion contributed in large degree to the opening of China to the missionaries. Revolution is to the Chinaman something more than it is even to the modern Parisian, being his only constitutional means of getting rid of bad government. The Manchu dynasty of Ta-Tsing had reigned for two hundred years with moderation, when between the years 1830 and 1840 an unusual number of rebellions, inundations, and famines caused great discontent among the people. To this must be added the growing power of the foreigners and troubles arising therefrom. Thus the country was unsettled when Hung-Sew-Tsuen, the Taiping chief, arose. He was a poor lad of a despised race, who were always opposed to the Government.

In 1837 he proclaimed himself a heavenly prince, and fixed upon his door-post a proclamation of "The noble principles of the Heavenly King, the Sovereign King Tsuen." He believed, and

his followers professed the same, that he was distinguished from other men by being a younger son of God and brother of Jesus Christ. In 1843, he began to study Christian tracts, and in 1847 put himself under the instruction of Mr. J. Roberts, an American missionary in Canton. His actions led us to conclude that he was a seeker of newer and more potent truths which should give force and shape to his claim to a divine mission. This man swept over this great land, causing devastation in sixteen provinces and six hundred cities. Although the Taipings fell into many grievous errors, they did one good thing by creating a vacuum, not only in the temples by destroying the idols, but also in the hearts of the people.

China was in a most interesting and exciting crisis, and the missionaries recognized it. Writing to the home society, Mr. John said: "What the fathers of the London Missionary Society desired to see, but did not see, and what Morrison, Milne, Medhurst and others laboured diligently, prayerfully and with tears to obtain, but did not obtain, we now see and possess. The whole Imperialist territory is now open by the recent treaty between England and China, and that of the insurgents by the edict which I had the honour to procure. Shall the four hundred millions of China remain in their state of darkness and death because of the worldliness and deadness of the people of God? Shall not the cry which goes forth from this land penetrate our universities, colleges and churches, and elicit a response in many a heart devoted to Christ worthy of the urgency and solemnity of the occasion?"

At length, after six years' labour in China, with Shanghai as centre of operation, Griffith John was ready to undertake the work

with which his name must forever be associated. At eleven o'clock in the night of June 21st, 1861, he and Mr. Wilson arrived at Hankow. It was a beautiful moonlight night. All along the walls of the Wuchang, and on the top of the Han Yang hill hundreds of lanterns were hung. These were lighted every night by a coolie, and answered the same purpose as the wooden "Quaker guns" did in the American Civil War, viz., to frighten the rebels, as there were no soldiers to defend either the walls or the hills. Mr. John, with characteristic promptness, commenced preaching on the first day after his arrival. From that day to this, Hankow has had the Gospel proclaimed by an ever-increasing number of missionaries.

In the same year occurred a coup d'etat, so characteristic of the Government in the Celestial Empire, and so far-reaching in its influence upon the work of the missionary. In August, 1861, Hien-Fung, the Emperor of China, died. He had long been under the power of a number of officials, influenced by reactionary principles, who wished to have no intercourse with foreigners, and to sweep all such out of the Flowery Land. Chief among his favourites was the avaricious and cruel Su-Shun, who, with the members of the extreme anti-foreign party, formed a council of regency to take care of the new boy-emperor, then eight years old.

These officials did not possess the sympathy of any party, and had long been discredited in the eyes of the people. Finally, Prince Kung, brother of the deceased emperor, with the emperor's mother, seized upon the reins of government; the members of the council of regency were apprehended and Su-Shun was beheaded.

This revolution had a most im-

portant bearing on the empire of China. Its policy toward foreign powers was reversed, Prince Kung being shrewd enough to see that it was impossible for China successfully to resist them and yet to prosper. For a time preaching was conducted by Mr. John for several hours each day in his own house. Steadily the work progressed, Mr. John coping successfully with the duplicity of the Mandarins, until at Hankow he had erected a commodious chapel, two large school-rooms, houses for the missionary and the native evangelists, and, at a still later date, a hospital costing £1,350. Similar buildings were also erected at the neighbouring city of Wuchung, in which place Mr. John subsequently resided.

The great event of 1868 was the journey of the missionaries to Chentu, the capital of Sz-Chuen, and their return through the province of Shen-Si, a distance of about three thousand miles. This journey will ever be memorable in the history of Protestant missions in China as the pioneer journey throughout that vast region in which the Han and Yang-Tsi take their rise.

After fifteen years of faithful and successful work, Mr. John and his family returned to London in 1870. During his stay of a little over two years he was actively engaged by public addresses and otherwise in furthering the interest of the London Missionary Society. Mrs. John's health had been rapidly failing, but she hoped and believed to the last that she should see China and labour there a little longer. Her ardent desire was not to be realized, for just as the vessel entered the harbour of Singapore her gentle spirit took its flight.

The bereaved husband found his only solace in missionary work. He was often discouraged, after

an earnest exposition of the Gospel, by a Chinaman stolidly asking, "What advantage is there connected with believing in Jesus? Will it bring us any rice? How many cash does a man receive on entering the Church?" He had, however, among his native helpers men giving daily evidence of clear conversion and Christ-like character. One of these is described as "A man of simple faith, but mighty in prayer and in knowledge of Scripture." Another for twenty-five years laboured faithfully as a Christian evangelist.

In 1874 Mr. John married the widow of the Rev. Dr. Jenkins, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, a lady of gifts and graces quite exceptional. She was led by a somewhat remarkable occurrence to take a deep interest in sailors, organizing for them a Sunday evening service, which earned for her the world-wide love and respect as "the sailor's friend." Her death, on Christmas Day, 1885, was an harmonious supplement to her consecrated life.

Although Griffith John's name is inseparably connected with the Hankow Mission, it is, nevertheless, true that it is chiefly through his literary efforts that it has become so well known in the Celestial Empire. The catalogue of the Central China Tract Society contains upwards of thirty books and tracts from his pen. Many of them have been adopted by other societies, and every year over half a million of his publications are circulated throughout China. His translation of the New Testament in Chinese circulates everywhere from the Great Wall to Annam, from the borders of Burma out to the Yellow Sea, the annual issues being over two hundred and fifty thousand copies.

Albert College, Belleville, Ont.

"SAINT RUTH."*

BY EDITH FERGUSON BLACK.

Author of "A Princess in Calico," "God's Porcelain."

Two young men were sitting before an open fire chatting together of social problems. Geoffrey Charlton was cynically contending that the Church did not really believe in Christianity as Christ founded it, and did not embody Christian principles in the lives of its members. His friend, Charles Maynard, protested against this view, and declared it was a libel on Christian people to assume that every one was a hypocrite with a stone for a heart.

"I know," Geoffrey admitted, "that there is a great deal of philanthropy preached and practiced, but we have none of the real spirit of Christ in the Churches.

"There are none who really practice self-sacrifice, which was the essence of Christ's life and teaching. It seems to me the old Bible has become obsolete."

Charles Maynard looked sadly at his friend. "You are an odd fish, Charlton; your assertions are too sweeping. Take women as a class for an example. There is no end to their devotion; and self-abnegation, I take it, is the master passion which rules their lives."

"That is not likely," said Charlton. He rose and crossed the room to get his overcoat. "I will not forget to let you know if I should meet your ideal woman."

Some weeks later he lifted the knocker of an old-fashioned house which stood on the outskirts of the college grounds.

The door opened, and a young girl stood framed in the doorway. A magnificent spaniel at her side eyed him doubtfully; behind her a low, wide hall stretched the depth of the house, and opened into a rose gar-

den whose fragrance permeated every room.

"I have been led to hope," he said, "that I might find a home here for the summer. I want perfect quiet for study. I think you will not find me a troublesome guest." He smiled winningly as he handed her his card.

She bowed, with an answering smile in her eyes and lips. "Down, Leo! If you will walk in, Mr. Charlton, I will call my aunt."

The preliminaries were not difficult to settle, and Geoffrey Charlton found himself the next day in possession of a large room, whose bay windows opened into a garden which was an old-time wilderness of del-ight.

Mrs. Hall, with her niece, Ruth Howard, and Nora, the girl, were the only occupants of the house. It was a new experience to them to have a boarder. The elder woman explained this to Charlton with clumsy politeness.

"Ruth hopes you will tell us if anything doesn't suit. It is very hard for people who have always had enough to live on, but the times are so dreadful bad now,—Ruth thought it was best."

He begged her to assure Miss Ruth that everything suited him to perfection.

Sunday afternoon he strolled across the college campus and took tea at Professor Brockton's house. When he came back he heard a clear voice singing. He whistled under his breath.

"What a voice!" he murmured,—
"for the stage."

Then the singing ceased, the lights went out, and all was still. He awoke with a start. The morning light was dawning through the windows. Overhead Ruth was stepping lightly. He looked at his watch. It was half-past five. He felt stiff and sore. He would go out and walk it off. When he came back, Ruth was in the rose garden. He watched her as she went up and down among the bushes, stopping at intervals to caress Leo, who followed

* The readers of Miss Black's charming story, "A Princess in Calico," will be glad to read another from her pen. Like all her stories, it has its strongly marked religious teaching. Our readers will be pleased to know that Miss Black is a great-granddaughter of the famous "Bishop Black," the apostle of Methodism in Nova Scotia—a man of consecrated zeal and heroic life—a man whose memory should be revered by every Canadian Methodist.

closely in the narrow paths, and, when she stopped, sat watching her, his soft eyes full of a benign affection. There was a swift directness about her movements which pleased him. He met her at the door and took the laden basket from her.

"You revel in flowers, Miss Howard."

She lifted her fearless eyes to his. "I rejoice in them, Mr. Charlton. To me they are a living gospel. See these pure cream beauties, they go to deck a young girl's coffin; the pinks are for a children's party; and the pansies are to soothe the last days of one who for years has had a living death; they are so brave and helpful." She gave them soft touches with alert fingers as she spoke.

"Do others read your gospels?" he asked curiously.

"I think they do—sometimes. I try to send the right word, always."

The days slipped by almost imperceptibly. He saw but little of Ruth. She was always busy, and there was a strange intentness of purpose about her which he felt as a tacit rebuke. He found the time hang heavily after the hours which he devoted every day to study were over. The Brocktons had given him a cordial invitation to make their house his home, but it did not prove a congenial resting-place; the children were noisy and uncouth, Mrs. Brockton was a commonplace woman, absorbed in her house-keeping and an apparently bottomless mending-basket, and the Professor's social nature had become atrophied by continual overdoses of knowledge. He began to think a unique personality might prove a more profitable study than academic lore.

He opened his door one evening and crossed the hall to the opposite room, where Ruth and her aunt sat sewing. In his hand he held a late magazine, open at an exquisitely tender sketch from the German. With Mrs. Hall's permission, he would read it aloud.

She nodded. He was "welcome." She "always liked to hear reading." Charlton winced. The homely phrasing grated on his fastidious ear.

When he finished, Mrs. Hall was asleep; Ruth's eyes were shining like stars. She bent towards him, her sewing forgotten in her lap.

"Well, Miss Howard, do you like it?"

"It is beautiful!"

"And the hero—?"

"Ah, he disappoints me—at the last."

"They all do," he asserted, cheerfully. "Water cannot rise above its own level, you know, and every man has his limitations. It is one of the penalties of human nature."

"Mr. Charlton—you have read so much—among all the books—have you ever found—a hero like Jesus?"

Her voice was full of a tender possession, as though she had named her dearest friend.

A deep hush fell upon the room. Outside a sleepy katydid piped a shrill good-night; Leo drew a long, deep breath, as he lay dreaming at Ruth's feet, and the old clock in the hall ticked off the minutes with a solemn distinctness. At length Charlton answered:

"No, Miss Ruth," he said, quietly, "I never have."

He went out after that into the rose garden, and paced up and down the narrow walks far into the night. He felt strangely moved. "It was almost as if He were real to her!" he said in an awed whisper, "and as if—she loved Him!"

He fell into the habit of accompanying them to church, that he might see the play of her countenance under distinctively religious emotions. As he watched her clear-cut profile raised toward the kindly face of the old minister, he felt conscious that she had forgotten his very existence, and, to his surprise, the thought was not a pleasant one. Where was she, he wondered, and what visions did those intent eyes behold? That her soul was content to feed upon the platitudes of the venerable preacher he never for a moment imagined.

"Miss Ruth," he said, one morning, as the aroma of coffee and griddle cakes stole out from the kitchen, where Nora was feeding one of the many unfortunates who found their way to her hospitable door. "Miss Ruth, do you know you are getting the tramp problem into an inextricable tangle? Cold bread and meat are barely permissible, but when it comes to luxuries, it is putting a premium upon vagabondage in a manner appalling to one who is a lover of his country."

"You remember the legend of St. Christofero?" she said, softly.

"And do you see the Christ in every beggar?" he asked, presently.

"Inasrauch as ye have done it unto one of the least." So she answered him.

He followed her one day into the rose garden. She was bubbling over with merriment and talking all manner of gay nonsense to Leo as she garlanded his neck with flowers.

"Can you spare time to choose a rose, Miss Ruth—for me?"

She went swiftly to a bush at the corner of the garden, and brought back a crimson beauty.

"Will you interpret its message also?"

She caressed the velvet petals.

"To me it means something very deep and rich and full. A perfectly rounded life, Mr. Charlton, is one of God's best things."

He bent his head, while the colour rose to his cheek.

"I accept your kind omen of what a possible future might hold," he said, gently, "otherwise I were not worthy to wear your gift." He held the lapel of his coat towards her, and she fastened the rose in his button-hole with fingers that did not tremble. It would have been awkward to refuse.

"What makes you so happy?" he asked abruptly.

"I am an apostle of the gospel of sunshine. Do you not think, when the Lord gives us everything, it is the least we can do to be cheerful?"

"Everything!" he repeated incredulously.

"Yes," she answered bravely.

"As much as is best for us down here; we can wait—for the rest."

"But do you never grow tired of this monotony of stillness? Do you never pine for the world, Miss Ruth?"

"Do you think we need the world, Mr. Charlton, when we have God?"

"She has given me her creed," he said to himself as he strode along the quiet street, "as high and pure as her life—and as unnatural," he added, bitterly. "It cannot last. It is bound to break down under the test—when it comes."

The next morning he was awakened by low, intense cries, which came from the rose garden. He dressed hurriedly and went out. Ruth was crouching on the ground beside Leo, who lay rigid, his soft eyes fixed and staring with a horrible blankness

of gaze. Nora stood wringing her hands, and Mrs. Hall looked on helplessly. Charlton came nearer, but she did not heed him.

"Leo," she wailed, in a voice whose pain seemed to smite the air, "Leo, speak to me! Tell me what has hurt you. Leo! Leo!"

The dog gave a convulsive shudder and tried to struggle to his feet. She threw her arms about him to help him to rise. Charlton interposed hastily.

"Miss Ruth, be careful. The dog is poisoned—with strychnine! He is past help, but in his agony he may bite—"

She turned on him a look of fine scorn.

"You do not understand," she said, quietly. "Leo is my friend."

The dog gave a quick, hard gasp, then his dead body fell against her heavily.

Ruth was evidently shocked by the death of her four-footed friend. Charlton took the dog's body from her unresisting arms and laid it gently on the ground, then he turned away; her grief seemed a sacred thing.

Suddenly she faced him with blazing eyes.

"Poisoned, you say? Then I know who did it. They threatened to do it long ago because he stole one of their chickens when he was a pup. Oh! it is dreadful! Mr. Charlton, you are a lawyer; have you no code of punishment for people mean enough to nurse a grudge against a dog?" She passed him swiftly, and went into the house.

That evening he led her to the farthest corner of the garden, where, under a spreading oak, he had dug Leo's grave.

"He has a beautiful spot to rest in, Miss Ruth——" he hesitated. "I did not know what flower you would choose—for him."

She gave him a grateful look.

"I thank you for the thought, Mr. Charlton." She picked some of the wide leaves off the tree, and weaving them together, hung them over the pine headboard, where Charlton had carved the dog's name. "The oak stands for faithfulness—to me," she said, in a low voice.

He looked at her critically, as, with quivering lips she bent over the humble mound. "What a desperate thing love will be to her when it comes!" Then he spoke:

"Miss Ruth, if you will give me

the address of the wretches who have caused you such needless pain, I will make them feel the utmost rigour of the law."

She shook her head sadly as she lifted her white face towards his and tried to smile.

"I let Satan conquer me this morning—I forgot—for the moment—that my code reads, 'Love your enemies.' I shall take no revenge, Mr. Charlton; their own hearts will condemn them."

Geoffrey Charlton came out of the post-office that afternoon and walked rapidly towards the house, which, for one bright summer, he had called home. He held an open letter in his hand. He went direct to the rose garden. He knew he should find Ruth there. She was standing in her soft, white dress against a background of crimson beauty. He called her softly.

"Miss Ruth!" There was an eager note in his voice. "I have just got word that important business calls me to New York. This pleasant life will be over in a fortnight. Are you sorry?"

The face which she had turned to greet him grew suddenly pale, and a shadow seemed to fall upon the shining eyes. He bent over her. The tremulous, tender mouth was temptingly near. He bent lower and claimed it for his own.

"I love you, Ruth," he said simply.

The fortnight drew rapidly to an end. In after years Geoffrey Charlton was wont to look back upon it as having held his one drop of unalloyed happiness.

The evening closed in damp and chill. His last evening! The thought made him miserable. A sense of impending evil was in the air. He felt strangely nervous. He lifted a little coat of coarse homespun, which lay across Ruth's work-basket. The sight irritated him.

"To-night, Ruth, we must settle the future. I am anxious to get you away from all this nonsense," he gave the coat a contemptuous toss; "you have played Dorcas to all the beggars in Christendom long enough."

"Are there no poor in New York, Geoffrey?" Her voice was tinged with reproachful sadness. It was his first rough word.

"Beggars by the million, my dear,

but Mrs. Geoffrey Charlton will have neither part nor lot in them."

She looked puzzled.

"Don't they need me, then, Geoffrey?"

"Need you! Poor creatures, I should think so! But you cannot expect to carry on your old life there. You will not have time, for one thing. I can afford to make my wife a social queen. Ah, my darling, you would grace any palace with that proud-poised head of yours!" He put his arm around her, but she drew herself away. A troubled look had crept into her eyes.

"What do 'social queens' do, Geoffrey?" Her voice was very low, but there was a strange quality in it he had never noticed before. He laughed uneasily.

"Do? Everything, I should say. You will be on two or three charitable committees, and half a dozen philanthropic associations; a couple of women's clubs, I suppose, and musical societies, and, besides, there will be luncheons, and dinners, and receptions, and balls, charitable whist parties, and tennis parties, driving parties and yachting parties, besides the theatre and opera; and, in the summer, the seaside and the mountains. You will have no time even to think, my little Puritan, much less to worry your precious head over the unsightly woes of Five Points or the Bowery."

A grey pallour settled down upon her face and her voice had the far-away sound of one speaking under intense pressure.

"We have made a terrible mistake! I have been dreaming these last weeks or I should have realized it. We belong to different worlds, Geoffrey. I love you—God knows how much! but—I can never be your wife." She drew off his ring and laid it on the table with a caressing touch, as though it was some dear dead thing she was putting out of her sight forever.

"You are dreaming now, Ruth," he said lightly, although a strange dread filled his heart. "You see, darling, you could not expect your new life to be like this. In a large city you must follow the fashion."

She smiled sadly.

"Peter 'followed the fashion' when he denied his Lord. The King's children must be about their Father's business."

"But is not philanthropy the Lord's work?"

She shook her head. "It is only an accessory. You have shown me that. When I feel that my whole time belongs to God, could I spend it as you have said? Would I dare?"

"You must marry me, Ruth! If you do not, I shall go to ruin!" he cried recklessly. "Why, your Bible says a single soul is worth more than the world. Save me, and you will have done your part——"

"No, no," she cried, through white, quivering lips. "No good was ever accomplished by one recreant to a solemn trust. You would be the first to despise me—in your heart."

"You do not love me!" he said passionately, "if you did, you could not treat me so!"

Her voice broke in a low, bitter cry. "Ah, my love, God knows! I shall pray for you until I go to my grave; but I cannot give up my duty, even for you!" She caught his face between her hands and kissed him once, then she crossed the room with uncertain, tottering footsteps; her face was ghastly in its intense pallour, and her eyes were shadowed deep with pain. At the door she turned and stretched her clasped hands towards him. It was the gesture of renunciation.

Ten years later the principal hotel in X—— was taxed to its utmost capacity to accommodate the occupants of a vestibuled train which had broken down just outside the station. Handsomely appointed men and women filled the parlours and strolled through the corridors, while the bell boys tumbled over each other in the hope of prospective tips. Among the belated travellers, one gentleman and lady were the cynosure of many eyes; he for his handsome, cynical face and prematurely silvered hair; she for her imperious beauty, and the elegance of her dress.

It was a languorous summer evening, and the lady threw her gauzy wrap upon a chair with an exclamation of fatigue as they entered their private apartments.

"Miserable me! I am fairly perishing with ennui. When do we go to Paris, Geoff?"

"Paris be hanged!"

"Well, my dear, you are emphatic enough for an anarchist! Poor Paris! It hardly merits such a fate."

She lifted the fan which hung suspended from her girdle, and swayed it to and fro as she talked. "Well, there are no attractions. The place is absolutely devoid of any pretensions in that line. But we found a human wonder instead. A veritable Grace Darling, steering her bark over the boisterous sea of life, to rescue callow youth from its hidden shoals.

"She lives in an old-fashioned house, such an antiquated-looking place! with a palsied aunt, and devotes her whole life to taking care of boys who come to attend the college here. What a life! And they say she would grace a palace! Poor soul, I suppose the chance never came. She has a pretty name, too—Ruth Howard, it is——"

A smothered exclamation and a sudden start made her look quickly at her husband.

"What is the matter, Geoff?"

"I caught my hand on a pin, that is all," he said quietly.

She gave a peculiar laugh which jarred on his quivering nerves.

"You are not usually given to making such a fuss over trifles." She gave him a sly glance. "You are ill, Geoff—you look like death itself! Shall I ring for some wine?" Her hand was on the bell rope, but he interposed hastily.

"Nonsense, Louise! It is so soundly hot here. I will go out and get cooled off."

"Louise," he added, "I must apologize for my unpardonable rudeness just now. The fact is I have been feeling wretchedly all day. As to Paris—we can start next week if you choose."

He did not see the soft colour flush in her lovely cheeks. When she spoke she was her own careless self again.

"Thanks, my dear. My beautiful Paris! Now, once more, I shall begin to live!"

Geoffrey Charlton swung himself over the low wall into the rose garden. All day he had been fighting a mad longing to see Ruth once more; now his heart had conquered.

Here at least the busy wheels of time stood still.

Screened behind a majestic syringa, he looked through the open window of the familiar sitting-room. Ruth sat in her own low chair, on the table beside her her favourite bowl

was filled to the brim with golden-hearted pansies. She smiled brightly at a boy, who, seated at the piano, was trolling college songs in a voice of wonderful scope and richness.

Charlton groaned, while mocking fiends seemed to whisper the words which all down through the ages have rung a mournful minor among the reverberating chimes in the heart's belfry, "It might have been!"

Suddenly she rose and laid the little garment on top of a pile which was to gladden the heart of some poor mother, stopped to arrange her aunt's cushions and kiss the pitifully drawn cheek, then she crossed the room to the piano, and laid her hand—the hand on which, for two short weeks, his ring had glistened!—upon the student's shoulder.

"Won't you sing something for me now?"

The boy looked up at her, his eyes full of the chivalry which all boys feel toward a good woman.

"The old favourite, I suppose, Miss Howard?" He struck some deep chords, and his magnificent voice fell full and tender through the quiet room: "Jesus, lover of my soul." Ruth turned towards the window and stood with uplifted face, and the old far-off look in her eyes. Charlton gazed at the picture hungrily, until it was framed in his memory forever. "Thou, oh Christ, art all I want." The singer had reached the third verse now. The moon shone down on the lovely face, which the angel of pain had chiselled. Her eyes had caught the shining of the stars.

"All!" she murmured. She stretched out her hands with a quick, impulsive movement, and her sensitive mouth curved in a happy smile.

Just outside, on his knees, in the still, scented garden, a haggard-faced man whispered through ashen lips the Publican's prayer!—The Christian Herald.

THE EASTER APPLE.*

BY ANNIE TRUMBULL SLOSSON.

Author of "Fishing Jimmy," "Seven Dreamers," etc.

No one who knew Stonington of thirty years ago can fail to remember old Jonathan Tripp, the apple-dealer. His quaint figure and waggon with its spicy load were as familiar to all who lived in or visited the village as was the Road Meeting-house, the old light-house on Windmill Point, or Roderick Nathan's store.

He was not often called by his whole name. The Stonington boys of that day had a rare faculty for bestowing appropriate nicknames, and to the old vendor of the fruit so dear to all New-Englanders they gave the name of Apple Jonathan.

He was a tall, spare, awkward man, with rounded, stooping shoulders, thin gray hair, and a lean, brown, weather-beaten face. Again and again as he passed along he was hailed, sometimes by a woman with her shawl over her head, who would run out with a milk-pail for some golden sweets for the children, or pippins for apple-sauce; sometimes by a boy or girl with a big copper cent to

spend for juicy fruit. Again, it might be a man with an order for a barrel or two of seek-no-further for the winter evenings.

But Apple Jonathan was not merely a dealer in apples; he was a lover of the fruit, which he knew thoroughly in all its forms, stages, developments. I do not mean simply that he understood its cultivation, preservation, and uses, though these he did understand well. But all his thoughts and his words were of his favourite fruit; he found in it something for every emergency; he used it for illustration, for suggestion, for moral lesson—everything.

"Tell me I set too much by apples," the old man would say. "Why, I couldn't do it. There ain't no sech thing as settin' too much by 'em. They're the one thing in all this shaky, onsartin' airth of ourn that stands by you allus, an' don't never fail nor disappoint. Set your heart on clothes, or houses, or live stock, or even folks, and more'n likely they'll turn out as you don't want 'em to. Clothes will tear or rip or grow shiny most the fust

*From "Dumb Foxglove and Other Stories." New York: Harper Brothers.

time you put 'em on; your new house will be draughty or smoky or leaky or suthin'; your creatur's will ail, or fall into holes an' break their legs, or be struck by lightnin'; an' folks—well, everybody knows what folks is, an' how they ain't to be depended on for a stiddy supply o' comfort best o' times.

But apples never disapp'ints ye. There they be, year arter year, seed-time an' harvest an' all, right by ye, never failin', never hurtin' ye, never turnin' out diff'ent from what you'd expected, an' ready for every single state o' mind or sitcoation o' body you could get into. S'pose you've had a disapp'ntment o' some kind, an' you've begun to feel as if there wa'n't anything to be depended on in this mortal airth, that everything's a fleetin' show for man's delusion given, that there ain't nothin' what it's made out to be, that 'each pleasure hath its p'ison too, an' every sweet its snare,' why you jest go to your apple barrel for a gillyflower, say, if that's the kind you like. That's what you want jest now, an' you says to yourself, 'Here's suthin' cert'in, suthin' I can lot on an' never be disapp'inted.' Tell me that don't help ye? It can't miss o' doin' it.

"Or s'pose ag'in you're sick, an' nothin' seems to do you any good—doctors' stuff, nor yarbs, nor nothin'. Why you have to come to apples. If you're run down an' pindlin', an' need stren'th'nin' an' stimerlatin', why there's new cider or apple-jack to build ye up. Or ag'in, if it's t'other way, an' you're too hot-blooded an' filled up an' pulsy, why, there's nothin' so coolin' an' down-pullin' as a froze-an'-thawed apple on an empty stomach. If it's nettle-rash or erysipler, or any outside skinny thing like that, a poultice o' sour apples spread on is the best thing in the world—lots better 'n cramb'ry. For a hackin' cough you take apple surrup with a little bit o' flaxseed or slippy ellum. There ain't nothin' apples can't cure, take it in time."

And so the old man would run on as long as any one would listen to his talk. On topics of general interest he had nothing to say. He was, according to most standards, a very ignorant man. He could read slowly and with difficulty, spelling out laboriously the larger words. He wrote a little, and knew enough of figures to "tot up" his accounts in the apple trade. Not a very liberal education, you see. But he had picked up much odd, out-of-the-way information—religious, biographical, historical—relating to his favourite theme. To humour his

fancy, for he was a general favourite in the town, people brought to the old man any facts that they could gather relating to his hobby. And he laid them away carefully, till his mind was a queer store-house, an apple-cellar, so to speak, of pomological treasure. And he knew how to bring out these bits of learning, casually as it were, in his daily conversations, often giving one the impression that he was a student and a thinker, and had read and absorbed many books.

He did read his Bible a great deal. He was a good, pious old soul, and if his religion seemed strongly flavoured by his favourite fruit, can we blame or judge him? Is there not decided individuality in each one's creed, and do not our own peculiar tastes influence strongly the hopes and fears of our theological sentiments? I never saw Apple Jonathan read any book but the Bible—an old leather-bound copy which was his constant companion—and a queer old hymn-book, which he knew by heart. Of this last I know but one copy, which is unique as far as I know. Its title is "Divine Hymns, a Collection by Joshua Smith and others," and it is full of quaint verses, which the old man was fond of repeating.

I suppose that the principal, perhaps the sole reason that it was included in his small library was because of one hymn which bore upon his beloved hobby. It is a curious old piece, entitled "Christ, the Apple-tree." However strangely it may sound to modern ears, it certainly did not strike any of us who heard it in Apple Jonathan's thin quavering voice as irreverent, or lacking in a sort of homely fervour. I quote here some of the lines, and I can almost hear his very tones, while a faint, spicy odour, as from an orchard, seems to fill the air:

"The Tree of Life my soul hath seen,
Laden with fruit, and always green;
The trees of nature fruitless be
Compared with Christ, the apple-tree."

There seems to be a good deal about fruit in that old book. Perhaps Joshua Smith and others had orchards too. One of them sings:

"There we shall see that fruitful tree
Which bears twelve times a year,
Whose lovely fruits so sweetly suit
All heav'n's guests for cheer."

"I never knowed a woman hardly," Jonathan would say, "that was a real jedge o' apples. They don't never seem to have what I call a tasty fac'ity. Course they can't help knowin' when a apple's

out an' out sour, or up an' down sweet; but the betwixts an' between, the half-ways, the jest off one an' a mite on t'other, why, they can't ketch it—minds ain't strong enough."

Apple Jonathan was an even-tempered, kindly man, and rarely showed any acidity or real bitterness in his feelings. The only occasions on which I have seen him give vent to much irritation or annoyance were when any of the "city folks," summer visitors, staying at the old Wadawannuck, made inquiries of him concerning some species of apples unknown to him. That piqued and vexed the old man sorely. I met him one day, out on the east road, shaking his head and muttering to himself, with a very troubled look on his brown, wrinkled face.

"Jest come from the hotel," he said. "Man from Philadelphia wanted to know if I'd got any twenty-ounce apples. I wa'n't goin' to let on I never heered on 'em, so I says: 'Tain't the season for twenty-ouncers. The kep'-over ones is gone, an' the new crop ain't ripe."

"An' then a lady she run out an' she says: 'Ain't you got any New Jersey codlins? That's the only specie my husband can eat,' she says.

"Codlins! codlins! Better call 'em tom-cods an' done with it, an' buy 'em from Abel Wilcox, the fish-man. I ain't no patience with them 'ere furren fruits an' names. Every apple that's good for anything is raised in Stonin'ton borough, or within five miles on it, 't any rate."

We often teased the old man and tried to draw from him some of his odd information as to the fruit he sold, by pretending to decry it and seeming to doubt its close connection with the history of the universe.

"Why, what has it to do with geography, for instance?" one of us would ask.

"Jography? Why, it's got everything to do with jography. 'Tis jography itself. How does the books go to work when they want to lay down the very beginnin' o' things an' tell how the airth's shaped? They say it's like a apple, kind o' round, but a little flattened off at the stem an' blossom ends. They couldn't give no idea o' the airth if 'twa'n't for apples, an' we might 'a' got to conceitin' 'twas narrer an' p'inted like a pear, or skewy an' knobby like a quince, or with a turnover handle like a crook-neck squash, if we hadn't got jest the thing to measure it off by."

"But history, Uncle Jonathan—how about that?"

"Hist'ry? It's jest chock-full on 'em! You rec'lect about the man that put the apple on his boy's head—a greenin', I guess 'twas; that's flattest at the bottom, an' would set good without jogglin'—an' fired at it. An' then there's that story that's in all the school-books, they say, about a prize apple they give one time to the best-lookin' woman, an' the time they had over it. It's just so to-day at our county fairs an' fruit shows; there's sure to be trouble about the premiums, partic'lar if there's women in it. But that wa'.t in Conne'ticut, but out Troy way, I believe. An' then there's that story they tell about George Washin'ton an' his cuttin' his pa's apple-tree. Oh, hist'ry's jest as full o' apples as this peck measure here is."

"But arithmetic—do apples come into that?" we would ask.

"More 'n anything else," Apple Jonathan would reply. "I hear the boys an' girls at Miss Lucy Ann's school sayin' their lessons when I'm waitin' outside, days. Teacher says, 'If John's got fifteen apples, an' he gives Mary six,' an' so on an' so on, 'how many,' she says, 'has he got left?' 'An' if a bushel o' apples cost so much,' says she, 'how much does a barrel come to?' An' so 'tis, over 'n over—apples, apples, apples.

"More'n that, they can't learn young ones to read without 'em. I heerd Hepsy Pomeroy sayin' over her letters t'other day, an' 'twas all, 'A apple-pie, B bit it, C cried arter it, D danced for it,' an' so on an' so on, from A to Zed and Am-persand.

"What you gigglin' at now? They ain't got anything to do with courtin' an' love-makin'? Well, I don't know what's got any more. How'd you tell whether your sweetheart likes you or not 'thout namin' apples an' then countin' the seeds, an' sayin' :

"One I love, two I love, three I love I say,
Four I love 'ith all my heart,
And five I cast away,'

an' so on? Or ag'in, how'd you git the last letter of her name if you didn't have a apple-parin' to throw 'round your head an' drop on the floor? An' do you suppose there was ever a couple kep' comp'ny here in the borough or anywhere else 'thout a dish o' apples set out when he come to see her? I was sayin' that once to Elder Frink, o' West'ly, an' he laughed kind o' foolish, an' owned right up that he begun courtin' Mis' Frink—she was Selmy Noyes, ye know—by givin' her a bite of a pumpkin-sweet at recess

when he wa'n't fourteen years old. You've got to ask me suthin' harder 'n that.

"Now about the Scriptures—that's the greatest. They're jest full o' apples. In the fust place, in the very beginning, ye know, there was the garden o' Eden, an' the best tree there, the very ch'icest, everybody knows, was a apple-tree. You rec'lect all that story, an' you know what came on it. A apple was the one thing Adam an' Eve couldn't stan' bein' tempted by, an' they give way. So, you see, 'riginal sin, that the ministers make so much on nowadays, was started by apples. That wa'n't the fault o' the apples, but the folks that made a bad use on 'em.

"Then Solomon, he was the wisest man 't ever lived, an' he couldn't find a stronger comparin' or measurin' to use than to say, 'As a apple-tree is compared to other trees.' He set a great deal by apples, Solomon did. The Bible says he writ a book about trees, an' I often think I'd like to git hold on it an' see what he said about the Lang'orthy fav'rite, f'r instance. He talks about bein' 'under the apple-tree,' an' he says to his folks once, 'Comfort me with apples,' he says, showin' that he knowed what they could do to raise your sperrits an' chirk ye up when low in your mind. Why, the best thing that he can liken a good, seas'nable, appropri'te sayin' to is to apples o' gold—golden-sweets, I s'pose—in picters o' silver, that is, set out on a shinin' pewter plate or Brittany waiter; 'tis as handsome 's a picter then, ye know.

"An' then Joel, one o' the old prophets, he tells about the apple-trees bein' all withered; kind of a blight, ye see. To be sure, he mentions the palm-tree in the same c'nection, but that was a mistake, I guess. I dun'no' what palm-trees is good for except for fans to keep in the pews at meetin'.

"An' then there's one sayin' that's come down from them Bible times about the apple of our eye. That means the thing we've set our hearts on, the very best thing we've got—the apple, ye see, of our eye. They had to use the apple, ye see, to figur' that out too."

There was in the village at that time a boy named Joseph Peckham, but universally known as Joe Ricketts. His misshapen little figure, rounded shoulders, crooked legs, large head, and pale, thin face were well known to every one in Stonington. He was wonderfully intelligent, fond of reading, and had a remarkable memory. To this boy Apple Jonathan seemed greatly drawn, and the

two were close friends. It was from Joe Ricketts that the old man learned much of the apple lore he dealt out with the fruit itself to his customers.

It was little Joe who hunted out from books, papers, or magazines, stories about the fruit, found out for his old friend the origin of the different names his apples bore, and the history of each variety. I cannot remember them, those old tales. I do not know now who was the Peck who gave his name to the Peck's pleasant, nor why the Astrakhan should bear that furry name. But Apple Jonathan knew it all, and it was little Joe Ricketts who told him.

There was one apple in the old man's orchard whose name puzzled both him and his little humpbacked teacher. A young tree had been given him years before by an old farmer long ago dead, and to the best of Jonathan's recollection he had called it the Easter apple-tree. That name was inexplicable to little Joe. No such family as Easter was known in the town, nor, as far as he knew, in the neighbouring villages. Neither was there any place of that name known to the boy, or to any of whom he made inquiries. He was piqued and interested, and determined to solve the mystery. No trained antiquarian or philologist could have thrown himself more eagerly into the question. He said the word over and over, suggested theories, and again demolished them.

After a talk of this nature one day, as the boy rode along the village streets by the old man's side, the waggon drew up before the green door of Miss Esther Carew. "Wait a minute, sonny," said Jonathan; "I promised to speak to Miss Easter about some pie-apples."

Now in Stonington, and through all New England, I think, the name Esther was pronounced Easter. It was often spelled so, and I have found it in that form on many an old gravestone. As Apple Jonathan came out of the back gate and rejoined the boy, little Joe cried out:

"I 'most b'lieve I got it this time. Wa'n't there an Easter 'mong Jubal Miner's folks, an' didn't he name it arter her, an' call it an Easter apple?"

"Sounds likely," responded Jonathan, "but I don't rec'lect any one o' that name in the family. We'll find out. I hope 'tis that way, for I allus liked that name. In my hymn-book here there's a piece called 'Composed on the Death of a Wife.' I've spoke it to you, you know; that one that says:

“ ‘ Now like a disconsolate dove
I'm left all alone for to mourn.’ ”

An' her name 'peared to be Easter, for in one stanzy he says :

“ ‘ An' jine that eternal new song
An' with my kind Easter tosing.’ ”

So to Quiambaug again they journeyed to look for a possible Esther among Jubal Miner's folks. But no trace of any one bearing that name could be found among the Miners, nor in the closely connected families of Wheelers or Yorks.

It was on a blustering day in early March, as the old apple-dealer rode down the main street of the village, that he saw Joe Ricketts hobbling towards him up “the doctor's lane.” Joe waved his little thin hand, and Jonathan stopped and took him in. The boy's face was bright with excitement and interest.

“Mebbe—we've—got it this time,” he gasped, out of breath with his exertion. “I jest come across it in a Sabba'-school book Ben Niles lent me. D'ye know there was another kind o' Easter?”

“No,” said Apple Jonathan, in a surprised tone. “What is 't—a woman?”

“Oh no; it's a day—a day some folks keep. Jever hear of it, Uncle Jonathan?”

Now you must remember that the feasts and festivals of what is called the Christian Year were but little heeded at that time in Puritan New England. There was no Episcopal church then in Stonington, and in the other churches the custom of holding services upon Christmas or Easter was quite unknown. I doubt not there were many in the village and town who had never heard of Easter Sunday, though knowing well all about the glorious fact it is intended to commemorate.

So Apple Jonathan shook his head. “Never heard of a day like that, Joe,” he said. “What's it kep' for?”

Now poor Joe Ricketts was very close to being a heathen. There had been little in his wretched life to make him anything else. He remembered nothing of father or mother, but made his home—if we can give the place that beautiful name—with a crabbed, soured old aunt, who beat and abused the boy. Apple Jonathan, though a religious old soul, was reticent upon sacred themes, save so far as they seemed associated with his favourite pursuit, and had taught the boy little of what might have brought much light and comfort to the stunted, dwarfed soul shut up in its queer, battered cage.

I will not give you the story of Easter as the boy told it. You would hardly

recognize the tale in its quaint, homely form. But Jonathan knew it for what it was. His wrinkled brown face took on a softened look as he interpreted the story, and with the aid of his old Bible and hymn-book tried to make it clear to little Joe. This is no place in which to say much of that, nor of the hope which began to dawn in the boy's soul of a possible change some day in the rickety aching body he dragged about so wearily. But after all, though there was such an Easter as this, what had Jubal Miner's apple-tree to do with it? Neither Jonathan nor Joe could explain this.

“Did the book say what time o' year this Easter come?” asked Jonathan.

“Said it changed about a good deal, but 'most allus come along in April somewhere's.”

“April! There ain't no apple-tree bears that time o' year,” said the old man.

“Mebbe this kind keeps over till April better 'n t'others,” suggested Joe.

“No,” said Jonathan; “they don't keep good anyway. Fac' is, they ain't good for much, them Easter apples, 't any rate late years. The leaves was all eat up this year an' last by caterpillars, an' the fruit wasn't much but windfalls, an' I left 'em on the ground; didn't pay to gether 'em.”

Many and long were the conversations held upon this theme by the odd pair of friends. Their world was very small, and this question of the Easter apple's origin, so trivial to us, assumed vast proportions. Little Joe found much about Easter in his books, now that he looked for it, and he asked many questions of the minister and others well informed on the subject. But nothing helped him to make out the connection between the anniversary and the gnarled, worm-infested apple-tree. At last he read in the New London weekly paper that Easter would that year fall upon the 20th of April, and the boy looked forward eagerly to the day. Somehow he would know all about it then, he thought; something would happen. “I hope 'twill be nice weather,” he said, “so't I can set out an' watch, an' I b'lieve I'll find out the reason o' that name.”

Apple Jonathan was to take the boy home with him on Saturday, the 19th, and keep him over Sunday. It was an early spring for that climate, and there had been a succession of soft, warm days, with the sun almost hot at noontime, though the nights were still cold. It was warm that Saturday morning as Apple Jonathan and Joe Ricketts started on their drive out to the old man's home.

Joe thought it was too warm, took off his ragged woollen comforter, and said his hands and cheeks were "burnin' up." And surely there was a crimson spot on each thin cheek, and the little fingers felt very hot when Jonathan touched them. The boy was strangely excited, for they two were going to keep Easter, their first, under the apple tree. April is an uncertain month, particularly so in New England, and before they reached Jonathan's house the sky had clouded and a cold wind had come up.

It was from old Jonathan himself that I heard the story of that Easter. The morning dawned sunny and fair, and the pair of friends were early at their post. There was nothing of awakening or reviving about the Easter apple-tree. Some of the early fruit already showed small pink buds, and there were leaves of tender green on many trees. But Jubal Miner's tree looked brown and dead. They sat down under it, and again little Joe questioned Apple Jonathan. He asked him about the blowth, the fruit, the leaves, and finally about the caterpillars that devoured the foliage.

"Oh, they was jest these pesky little things," the old man told him, "that spin down on ye by a thread, you know; the kind that go along, fust their heads an' then drorin' up their tails, hunchin' their backs up every time, ye know."

"Like me," said the boy; "I've seed that sort; allus makes me feel's if they was mockin's me an' my way o' gettin' along. An' what become on 'em, Uncle Jonny?"

"What, the worms, sonny? Why, I killed all I could on 'em; an' the rest—there, now, they was suthin' cur'us about that! I forgot it till now. I see some on 'em let theirselves down off the tree, an' then what d'ye think come on 'em? Why, they dug down inter the groun' like a mole, an' there they stayed."

The boy raised himself on his elbow and looked into the old man's face. "Buried theirselves in the groun'," he said, "an' stayed there!" He shivered. "Wish ye hadn't tole me that," he said; "that's what I'm scared of."

"What, of bein' buried, sonny? You hadn't oughter talk that way; tain't good for little boys."

"Yes," in a low, frightened voice. "Aunt Viny says I ain't never goin' to grow up; an' if I don't, why, that means I'm goin' to be put in the groun', like Jim Fannin', an' it scares me so!"

"But, bubbly, you mustn't think o' that part. Don't ye rec'lect what I told ye about the risin', an' all that?"

"I know," sighed the boy; "but I can't make it out real, someways. It don't seem reas'nable, does it, now, that you put me down in the dirt there, a drawed-up, hunched-up chap like them caterpillars you tell on, an' s'pect me to come out ag'in, an' all diffent an' spry an' flyin';—it don't, does it, now, Uncle Jonny? Might jest 's well think as how them hunchy worms that went down an' died undergroun' there was goin' to come back ag'in." As he spoke, the boy, still leaning on one elbow, sifted through the fingers of his other hand the earth, lifting and letting it fall idly. In doing this he uncovered something small and hard and brown.

"There, that's one on 'em now!" he said, in a weary tone; "all dried up and dead's a nail, jest 's I'll be, arter a spell." He touched it with his finger. Suddenly his face flushed and his eyes grew bright. "Uncle Jonny, quick! look! Suthin's happen' to it! Look! look!" Together the two bent over the dry, horny thing, and something did happen. It was an every-day, common thing, not a miracle. We do not believe in miracles in these days when we know so much. But it was a strange and wonderful thing to those simple folk. The bursting shell, the waking life, the spreading wings, the flight—oh, it was a glorious Easter lesson!

And when I saw, only a few days later, the rough, strangely shaped coffin that held the quiet form of poor Joe Ricketts, I thought less of the little grave just dug in the moist earth of the grave-yard than of the waking at another Easter.

"There 'tis, ye see," said Apple Jonathan, setting down his wooden peck measure while he wiped his eyes with his big red handkerchief: "even that has to be learnt ye by apples. Sin an' dyin' come in by 'em, ye know, an' it looks now as if they went out same way. Never made that little fellow take in the doctrine o' risin' from the dead till we come to the apple-tree for 't. I'm drefille glad he got a leetle comfort out on it; though anyway he'd 'a' found it all out pooty soon, where he's gone. But I kinder miss him, an' even apples don't seem to help me 's much 's you'd think."

What mattered it that I learned long after from Elder Browning the true origin of the name old Jubal Miner had given his seedling apple, and that he had called it after his dead sweetheart, Esther Swan, for whose sake he had lived solitary all his days? The lesson was the same, and so was the comfort it brought to one poor little crawling, hunchy, human earthworm.

SOCIAL PROBLEMS.*

Dr. Lorimer is the well-known and successful pastor of the congregation of Tremont Temple, Boston. He is a man of wide reading and rare affluence of thought and expression. He recognizes the fact that the great questions of the times are not its political or economical, but its social questions. He writes with all the strength of intense conviction on the importance of social reform and social evolution. The author has much faith in co-operation as a solvent for many of the troubles of the times. He arraigns as "the greatest crime against humanity," not the trusts and combines of the day, but the drink evil. No longer slavery, but drunkenness is "the sum of all villainies." "The poverty, squalor, anguish, misery, and infamy occasioned by it have never been told, and never will be until the angel at the last shall unroll that awful scroll whose dread record shall smite the guilty with an unending curse." When the duty on spirits was removed in Norway, in ten years insanity increased 50,000. Of 300 idiots examined by Dr. Howe, of Massachusetts, 145 were children of intemperate parents. Insanity in the United States in thirty years has increased nearly four-fold; murders in ten years from 1,449 to 10,054, or about thirty a day. Our author quotes the grim irony of sending to the coast of Africa in one vessel 800,000 gallons of rum and one missionary—a very slim percentage of antidote to such a tremendous dose of the bane of the Dark Continent.

As one of the most noteworthy signs of social evolution our author notes "the passing of the war god." The Church of Christ, he affirms, has been founded by the Prince of Peace to bring about the reign of peace. "The waste and woe of war is such as to envelop the Christian mind in an agony of great darkness, even as our Saviour himself was oppressed by the blackness of the world's shame in the Garden of Gethsemane." Napoleon sacrificed to his ambitious schemes five millions of men. Eighteen or twenty millions are slain in battle every century in Europe, and as many more in non-civilized nations. After the battle of Jena, Napoleon imposed upon Prussia

the humiliation of restricting her army to 40,000 men. This, regarded at the time as a calamity, was a blessing. It relieved the impoverished country of vast war burdens, afforded an opportunity for industrial revival and the recuperation of national resources, and helped to make Germany what she is to-day. War is not now the pastime of kings. There have been evolved great principles of international law which are making for brotherhood between the nations. Blackstone, Grotius, and Kent, and other writers of international polity, attribute this directly to the influence of Christianity. When the American Senate and yellow journals were swept off their feet by Cleveland's message, the pulpit and religious press caused a reaction in favour of peace. In England a new stanza was added to the national anthem :

Lord, let war's tempests cease ;
Fold the whole world in peace
Under Thy wings ;
Make all the nations one,
All hearts beneath the sun,
Till Thou shalt reign alone,
Great King of Kings.

Within three years came the Anglo-American *rapprochement* and the passionate welcome on both sides of the sea of the English laureate's prophecy :

Aye, fling them out to the breeze,
Shamrock, and thistle, and rose ;
And the star-spangled banner unfurl with
these,
A message to friends and foes,
Wherever the sails of peace are seen,
And wherever the war-wind blows.

Now that the English heart has found a kindred American heart ; and now that its wise men are planning to guide its future in such a way that it shall no longer be subject to misconceptions, jealousies, and contentions, but shall strive in brotherly emulation for the victories of peace, we may well believe that the prophet's vision of the world's wide love shall speedily be fulfilled and the war god be forever overthrown.

And now that the two are one again,
Behold on their shield the word "refrain" !
And the eagle's swoop and the lion's smight,
And the lion's leap and the eagle's sight,
Shall guard the flag with the word "refrain" !
Now that the two are one again.

Such books as Dr. Lorimer's cannot fail to knit the bonds of brotherhood between the kindred peoples on both sides of the sea.

* "Christianity and the Social State."
By George C. Lorimer. Philadelphia: A. J. Rowland. Toronto: William Briggs.
Pp. xix.-488. Price, \$2.00.

SPIRITUAL POWER. *

BY THE REV. T. S. LINSOTT.

I.

I know of few subjects upon which there is as much diversity of opinion, and of which Christian people have such confused ideas, as that of spiritual power.

I refer to that spiritual experience which Jesus promised his disciples in His statement: "But ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you," and the fact that the Master's words in this promise are, in my opinion, generally misunderstood.

We do not often find religious teachers who agree in their statement as to what the power is, what its manifestations are, how it is received and retained and the persons who are endowed with it. Perhaps the chief reason for this confusion is that many who teach concerning it have never experienced the power personally, and they must needs be in error; for no man can correctly theorize concerning such a subject unless he is actually in possession of the experience.

There are few branches of even human knowledge which can be correctly taught by one who has not had actual experience in the subject, and who does not know of his own knowledge that which he teaches; although there may be some subjects which are an exception to this rule. But a blind man can never be an authority on colours, nor can a deaf man be a teacher of music, and it is equally impossible for a man to correctly describe a spiritual experience of which he has not himself partaken.

It is true that an intelligent Christian may read the promises of the Master concerning this great gift, and draw his own conclusions as to what it is, and the way it may be obtained; and he may impart his own ideas to others, but his conception of it, short of its actual experience, is sure to be wide of the mark, and he will be but little better than the blind leading the blind.

Still, incorrect views of sincere men

* We regret that the crowded state of our pages prevents our presenting the whole of Mr. Linscott's admirable article in this number. The remainder will follow in our May issue. The two parts form one of the strongest, clearest, and most cogent papers on this important subject that we have read.—Ed.

concerning this, as well as other great spiritual questions, are infinitely better than no views at all, and it does seem impossible to arrive at new truth without wading through error. But the wrong view of a real truth-seeker to-day is always a step toward the right view to-morrow. For God always meets such a man in his spiritual investigations and reveals to him all essential truth.

So I rejoice in all the views that are advocated on this all-important subject of spiritual power, and hail with the right hand of fellowship those who are investigating its wonderful depths.

But I desire to help spiritual students to as clear an understanding of this subject from an intellectual standpoint as can be obtained; by first clearing away the rubbish which has gathered around it so that the truth itself may be seen as it is.

Perhaps the most important question with which we can start the discussion is: What is the power that Jesus said Christians should have after that they had received the Holy Ghost? It does not, in my opinion, necessarily mean that the physical powers will be increased or be above the normal, for we all know that some men who are powerful physically are entirely void of spiritual strength, while others who are weak physically demonstrate the power of God in their lives.

Nor does spiritual power imply that a man will of necessity be intellectually strong as compared with other men. Some intellectual giants are spiritual imbeciles; and we read that God hath chosen the weak things to confound the mighty. Doubtless a person clothed with spiritual power will make the best use possible of his physical as well as of his intellectual powers, but I do not think that either of these are necessarily increased thereby, although there may be some exceptions to this rule.

It is generally supposed that a person clothed with spiritual power experiences great emotion, that his nature is under a pressure of feeling like steam in a boiler pressing upon every square inch, driving him through life at a wonderful speed, and enabling him to do the work of a half-dozen ordinary men. Such an experience is often pictured by teachers of the

higher life, and hundreds as a result seek such power, and not being able to find it give up the quest in disappointment. Others succeed in getting an experience similar to that which I have described, and in error call it the power which Jesus promised; but in a few days or weeks human nature rebels at the unnatural strain, and reaction sets in. Then such persons think that they have driven the Holy Ghost away and have lost the spiritual power which they thought they possessed.

Or it may be in some cases that persons do actually receive the Holy Ghost, and consequent spiritual power; and its manifestations are great mental and nervous excitement, with mesmeric power or extraordinary influence over their fellow-men, and they confound the Holy Ghost, who is not an emotion, and whose intention is to abide always, with these manifestations, which of necessity can be of but short duration, or at most will but come and go like the early cloud and the morning dew. So when the manifestation is gone such persons often cast away their faith in the Holy One, and become again like other men.

Evidently spiritual power may exist with great emotion and wonderful manifestations of human energy and strength, or it may exist with the quiet and calm of a summer evening, without a ripple upon the spiritual deep or sufficient breeze to fill the sails of the emotions.

A man's sensations are no gauge whatever of the power of the Spirit; the only true gauge being that of simple faith; committing one's self to the Unseen, and trusting the Invisible and Intangible, with the same confidence with which men trust that which they see and handle.

Again, although the Holy Ghost is "for us and our children, and for all that are afar off," yet being possessed of Him will not make all men alike, or affect them in the same way. This may not seem an important statement on the face of it, but we shall find upon investigation that it reveals a very serious practical difficulty in the minds and experiences of many.

We come in contact with men, either by reading or personally, who are filled with the Holy Ghost and power. We wonder at their work, we admire their spirit, we marvel at the beauty and symmetry of their lives, and straightway we want to be *like them*. They tell us the story of their spiritual education, of their former defeats and the present victories of their faith. They ascribe all their con-

quests to the Lamb and to the indwelling Holy Spirit, and urge us to receive the Comforter as they did.

Under these influences many begin to seek for the spiritual power manifested in such lives, and in the majority of cases I fear they set God a plan, and want to be like the individual whose wonderful experience and teaching has created in them this holy aspiration. But God works to no man's plans, and he rarely, if ever, makes two lives alike, for with the same spiritual power He creates in men an endless diversity of manifestations.

Persons who thus seek, I venture to say, never find, until they cease asking for a particular kind of blessing, and desire to be filled with the Holy Ghost without setting Him any plan as to the manifestation which His presence will make in their experiences and lives.

But the Scriptures end all controversy on this point. "For to one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom, to another the word of knowledge by the same Spirit. To another faith by the same Spirit, to another the gift of healing by the same Spirit. To another the working of miracles; to another prophecy; to another the discerning of spirits; to another divers kinds of tongues; to another the interpretation of tongues: But all these worketh that one and the selfsame Spirit, dividing to every man severally as he will." Now these experiences referred to by Paul in the quotation which I have given can only be possessed by persons who are endowed with the power of the Holy Ghost, and yet the manifestation of the power is different in each case. It is not to be supposed that Paul stated more than a few samples of the manifestations which are a result of the gift of the Holy Ghost, for the list can be indefinitely extended.

Indeed, while there may be much in common enjoyed by those who are thus spiritually endowed, yet it is a fact that the manifestations of this spiritual power are as varied as are human faces, and its special gifts as multiform as are the needs of each individual and the special work to which he may be called.

God never intended that man should be sufficient of himself to fulfil properly any of the high functions of life, or to adequately discharge any of its important duties without divine aid. Spiritual power, the power of the Holy Ghost, is an essential to all men. The tendency is to limit this need to what is called spiritual work, but it is needed for the *proper* discharge of all sorts of legitimate

work, and so we might say that to one is given the spirit of merchandise, to another the gift of banking by the same Spirit, and to another the skill of a mechanic, and to another motherhood and domesticity, and to another agriculture. To another the power to rule and to another the spirit of service. The Holy Spirit anoints one to preach and another to hear; one to write and another to read; and all these are but the different manifestations of that one and same Spirit who is God the Holy Ghost.

The Holy One does not give different faculties, or new natural abilities, but He does supplement the lack that men feel; He does intensify, gives point and force, and marshals the natural adaptation of each against the difficulties that are encountered, so that "one shall chase a thousand and two put ten thousand to flight." Men fail in their work because they lack the power of God, but no man fails, no matter what his work, who is energized by the Spirit, for the promise of the Master is,

"But ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you."

By these remarks I would emphasize, to a seeker of this power, the importance of not trying to be made like any other man, or to set God in any way a plan, but simply to receive the promised Holy Ghost and let His power work out the finished product in your life.

While the Holy Ghost gives different gifts to Christians, He also gives different degrees of the same kind of gift to different individuals, as it may please Him. So that it is not for us to say whether we shall be Spirit-filled men of the first or any other magnitude, and no man in my opinion can enjoy the fullness of the Spirit unless he is as willing to be last as he is to be first, as willing to be the least as he is to be chief in this spiritual kingdom. This possibly may be one reason why so few are filled with all the fullness of God, for the last thing that dies, even in a good man, is the desire that he should be an important person.

HOLY COMMUNION.

BY THE LATE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

Lord, as Thy temple's portals close,
Behind the outward-parting throng,
So shut my spirit in repose,
So bind it here, Thy flock among.
The fickle wanderer else will stray
Back to the world's wide parched way.

Here where thine angels overhead
Do warn the Tempter's Powers away;
And where the bodies of the dead
For life and resurrection stay;
And many a generation's prayer
Hath perfumed and hath blest the air;

O lead my blindness by the hand,
Lead me to Thy familiar feast,
Not here or now to understand,
Yet even here and now to taste,
Flow the Eternal Word of heaven
On earth in broken bread is given.

We who this holy precinct round
In one adoring circle kneel,
May we in one intent be bound,
And one serene devotion feel;
And grow around Thy sacred shrine
Like tendrils of the deathless vine.

We, who with one blest food are fed,
Into one body may we grow,
And one pure Life, from Thee the Head,
Informing all the members flow,
One pulse be felt in every vein,
One law of pleasure and of pain.

O let the virtue all divine,
The gift of this true Sabbath morn,
Stored in my spirit's inner shrine,
Be purely and be meekly borne,
Be hushed with thrifty care
And sweetened and refreshed with prayer:

Like some deposit rarely wrought,
And to be rendered up to Thee
In righteous deed and holy thought,
In soul-desires Thy face to see,
Then freely to be poured as rain
In grace upon the heart again.

Cease we not then to adore
When our footsteps pass away
From this House's hallowed floor:
Let us worship all the day
By a soul to Thee resigned
And by the love of human kind.

In the silence of the tongue,
In the stillness of the hand,
Thy songs, my heart, be not unsung;
All thy wild desires command
Into a celestial calm:
Sprinkle them with angel's balm:

Nor for this day alone, but all,
Till soon again in holy fear
Upon our present Lord we call
And hold with Him Communion here,
Discerning from our earthly food
His broken Body and His Blood.

—*McClure's Magazine.*

MEMBERS ONE OF ANOTHER.

BY THE LATE REV. S. S. NELLES, D.D.

“The human frame is frequently employed in the Holy Scriptures to illustrate spiritual truths. It is used especially to depict the relations subsisting between Christ and his Church, and also the mutual dependence subsisting between the various members and offices of the Church.

“Educated men and uneducated are members one of another. The men who toil with the brain and the men who toil with the hand are in co-partnership, bound together by the closest ties of reciprocal help and obligation. This is sometimes forgotten by men of culture, especially by men of narrow or ungenerous types of culture. They have a knowledge that puffeth up, but not a charity that buildeth up. They become infected with the haughty spirit of exclusiveness, the coldness and pride of a spurious refinement. They are of finer clay than the common humanity. They are of the head and have no need of the feet.

“Young men fresh from college are sometimes tainted with the disease, and venture even to look scornfully upon the homely garb and homely ways of the very father and mother by whose tender love and sore self-denials they have secured the slight elevation from which they affect to look down upon the rock from whence they were hewn. And in other walks and phases of intellectualism the same miserable vanity may be detected. But his enlightenment has not advanced very far; he has not yet learned that without the mechanic and the farmer there could be no scholarship and philosophy.

“If there was no shoemaker the scholar must needs make his own shoes; if there were no carpenter, the scholar must needs build his own house; if there were no miller or baker, the scholar must needs grind his own corn and bake his own bread; the result of all which must

must be, poorer bread, poorer houses, poorer shoes, and also poorer scholarship, if, indeed, any scholarship at all.

“When it is said the king himself is served by the field, this means the king of thought as well. The crown upon the brow of the scholar may be luminous with the light of heaven, but the genus with which it is set have been dug from the rugged rocks of earth. The sceptre he wields was hewn from the mountain side by the rude hands of toil. The steps by which he ascends to his throne of power repose upon the shoulders of the common and unlettered humanity below. Learning means leisure, leisure means capital, and capital means labour.

“The scholar's exemption from manual toil is a purchased exemption—purchased by the vicarious drudgery and mental poverty of many generations of men. It is one of many examples to show how dependent the perceptions of the intellect often are upon the affections. The philosopher may indeed discover his obligations to the peasant, but the Gospel alone will infuse into all the walks of literature and science that sweet and tender sympathy which reveals itself to the world in the manger and the cross.

“I beseech you, cultivate this sense of oneness with all humanity, however removed from you it may be in learning and refinement. If at any time you find a man whose hands are hardened by toil, whose feet are laden with the thick clay of the field, and whose air and gait betoken the severities of his homely lot, then, with a quick and tender cordiality, lay your soft white hand in his, letting him feel how mindful you are of him as a brother in the common work of human advancement; as a brother, too, through whose vicarious exclusion you have found admission within the temple of science and letters.”

EASTER HYMN.

Christ is risen, the sky is saying;
Lo! He lives, the hills declare:
God is love, the flowers are telling;
Joy is round us everywhere.

Love's pure bliss shall live forever,
Rooted in eternal love;
Happiness and high endeavour,
Have their birth in heaven above.

Easter lilies, fair and tranquil,
Tell how Jesus conquered death,
Let the glad news of atonement
Wait its fragrance from your breath.

Weep not o'er the graves of loved ones,
Come away, oh, grieving heart!
Hast not heard the graves are opened?
They are risen; in peace depart.

LIQUID AIR.

*A NEW SUBSTANCE THAT PROMISES TO DO THE WORK OF COAL AND ICE AND GUNPOWDER, AT NEXT TO NO COST.**

BY RAY STANNARD BAKER.

Charles E. Tripler, of New York city, reduces the air of his laboratory to a clear, sparkling liquid that boils on ice, freezes pure alcohol, and burns steel like tissue paper. And yet Mr. Tripler dips up this astounding liquid in an old tin saucepan and pours it about like so much water. Although fluid it is not wet to the touch, but it burns like a white-hot iron, and when exposed to the open air for a few minutes, it vanishes in a cold gray vapour, leaving only a bit of white frost.

All this is wonderful enough, but it is by no means the most wonderful of the inventor's achievements. I saw Mr. Tripler admit a quart or more of the liquid air into a small engine. A few seconds later the piston began to pump vigorously, driving the fly-wheel as if under a heavy head of steam. The liquid air had not been forced into the engine under pressure, and there was no perceptible heat under the boiler; indeed the tube which passed for a boiler was soon shaggy with white frost. Yet the little engine stood there in the middle of the room running apparently without motive power, making no noise and giving out no heat or smoke, and producing no ashes. And that is something that can be seen nowhere else in the world—it is a new and almost inconceivable marvel.

"If I can make little engines run by this power, why not big ones?" asks Mr. Tripler. "And if I can produce liquid air practically—without cost—and I will show you that I really can—why shouldn't we be able soon to do entirely away with coal and wood and all other fuel?"

"And run entirely with air?"

"Yes, with liquid air in place of the water now used in steam boilers, and the ordinary heat of the air instead of the coal under the boilers. Air is the cheapest material in the world, but we have only begun learning how to use it. We know a little about compressed air, but almost nothing about utilizing the heat of the air. For centuries men have been digging their source of heat out of the

earth at enormous expense, and then wasting ninety per cent. of it in burning. Coal is only the sun's energy stored up. What I do is to use the sun's energy direct.

It is easy enough, after obtaining a supply of liquid air, to run an engine with it; but where is there any practical advantage in using steam power to make liquid air for running engines? Why not use steam power direct, as at present?

Mr. Tripler always anticipates this question after explaining his engine—which is still running smoothly before our eyes.

"You have seen how I run this engine with liquid air," he says. "Now, if I can produce power by using liquid air in my engine, why not use that power for producing more liquid air? A liquid-air engine, if powerful enough, will compress the air and produce the cold in my liquefying machine exactly as well as a steam engine. Isn't that plain?"

You look at the speaker hard and a bit suspiciously. "Then you propose making liquid air with liquid air?"

"I not only propose doing it, but this machine actually does it."

"You pour liquid air into your engine, and take more liquid air out of your liquefier?"

"Yes; it is merely an application of the power produced by my liquid-air engine."

This all but takes your breath away. "That is perpetual motion," you object.

"No," says Mr. Tripler sharply, "no perpetual motion about it. The heat of the atmosphere is boiling the liquid air in my engine and producing power just exactly as the heat of coal boils water and drives off steam. I simply use another form of heat. I get my power from the heat of the sun; so does every other producer of power. Coal, as I said before, is only a form of the sun's energy stored up. The perpetual motion crank tries to utilize the attraction of gravitation, not the heat of the sun."

Then Mr. Tripler continues more slowly: "But I go even further than that. I have actually made about ten gallons of liquid air in my liquefier by

* Abridged from an article in March number of *McClure's Magazine*.

the use of about three gallons in my engine. There is, therefore, a surplusage of seven gallons that has cost me nothing and which I can use elsewhere as power."

"And there is no limit to this production; you can keep on producing this surplusage indefinitely?"

"I think so. I have not yet finished my experiments, you understand, and I don't want to claim too much. I believe I have discovered a great principle in science, and I believe I can make practical machinery do what my experimental machine will do."

POSSIBILITIES OF LIQUID AIR.

What if Mr. Tripler can build a successful "surplusage machine"? It is bewildering to dream of the possibilities of a source of power that costs nothing. Think of the ocean greyhound unencumbered with coal bunkers, and sweltering boilers, and smokestacks, making her power as she sails, from the free sea air around her! Think of the boilerless locomotive running without a fire-box or firemen, or without need of water tanks or coal chutes, gathering from the air as it passes the power which turns its driving-wheels! With costless power, think how travel and freight rates must fall, bringing bread and meat more cheaply to our tables and cheaply manufactured clothing more cheaply to our backs. Think of the possibilities of aerial navigation with power which requires no heavy machinery, no storage batteries, no coal—but I will take up these possibilities later. If one would practise his imagination on high flights, let him ruminate on the question, "What will the world be when power costs nothing?"

PREVIOUS ATTEMPTS TO LIQUEFY AIR.

Until twenty years ago, scientists thought that air was a permanent gas—that it never would be anything but a gas. They had tried compressing it under thousands of pounds of pressure to the square inch; they had tried heating it in reverberatory furnaces and cooling it to the greatest known depths of chemical cold; but it remained air—a gas. But one day, in 1877, Raoul Pictet submitted oxygen gas to enormous pressure combined with intense cold. The result was a few precious drops of a clear bluish liquid that bubbled violently for a few seconds and then passed away in a cold white mist. M. Pictet had proved that oxygen was not really a permanent gas,

but merely the vapour of a mineral, as steam is the vapour of ice. Fifteen years later Olzewski, a Pole, of Warsaw, succeeded in liquefying nitrogen, the other constituent of air. About the same time Professor James Dewar, of England, exploring independently in the region of the North Pole of temperature, not only liquefied oxygen and nitrogen, but produced liquid air in some quantity, and then actually froze it into a mushy ice—air ice. The first ounce that he made cost more than \$3,000. A little later he reduced the cost to \$500 a pint, and the whole scientific world rang with the achievement. Yesterday, in Mr. Tripler's laboratory, I saw five gallons of liquid air poured out like so much water. It was made at the rate of fifty gallons a day, and it cost, perhaps, twenty cents a gallon.

A NEAR VIEW OF THE ACTUAL MAKING.

The apparatus by which the air is actually liquefied is nothing but a felt-and-canvas-covered tube about as large around as a small barrel and perhaps fifteen feet high. The lower end is set the height of a man's shoulders above the floor, and there is a little spout below, from which, upon opening a frosty valve, the liquid air may be seen bursting out through a cloud of icy mist. I asked the old engineer who has been with Mr. Tripler for years what was inside of this mysterious swathed tube.

"It's full of pipes," he said.

I asked Mr. Tripler the same question.

"Pipes," was his answer; "pipes and coils with especially constructed valves for the air to go in, and pipes and coils for it to go out."

The heat caused by the compression had been removed by passing the pipes through coolers filled with running water, so that the air entered the liquefier at a temperature of about fifty degrees Fahrenheit.

Professor Dewar always lost ninety per cent. in drawing off his product; Mr. Tripler's loss is inappreciable. Sometimes the cold in the liquefier becomes so intense that the liquid air actually freezes hard, stopping the pipes. Mr. Tripler has never tried, but he says he believes he could get a degree of cold in his liquefier sufficient to reduce hydrogen gas to liquid form.

Scientists used to think that there could be no real loss of energy—that it was all conserved, although changed in form. They have given up that theory, at least so far as this earth is concerned.

We are gradually cooling off, and some time the cold will be so great that the air will all fall in liquid drops like rain and freeze into a quartz-like mineral. Then the hydrogen gas will liquefy and freeze; then helium gas; and the world will be nothing but a dead, inert block of mineral, without a vestige of the vibrations which cause heat. Now where does all this heat go?

"And when you come to think of it," Mr. Tripler continued, "we're a good deal nearer the cold end of the thermometer than we are to the hot end. I suppose that once we had a temperature equal to that of the sun, say 10,000 degrees Fahrenheit. We have fallen to an average of about sixty degrees in this latitude; that is, we have lost 9,940 degrees. We don't yet know just how cold the absolute cold really is—the final cold, the cold of interstellar space—but Professor Dewar thinks it is about 461 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit. If it is, we have only a matter of 521 degrees yet to lose, which is small compared with 19,940. Still I don't think we have any cause to worry; it may take a few billion years for the world to reach absolute cold."

Mr. Tripler handles his liquid air with a freedom that is awe-inspiring. He uses a battered saucepan in which to draw it out of the liquefier, and he keeps it in a double iron can, not unlike an ice-cream freezer, covering the top with a wad of coarse felting to keep out as much heat as possible. "You can handle liquid air with perfect safety," he said; "you can do almost anything with it that you can with water, except to shut it up tight."

This is not at all surprising when one remembers that a single cubic foot of liquid air contains 800 cubic feet of air at ordinary pressure—a whole hall bedroom full reduced to the space of a large pail. Its desire to expand, therefore, is something quite irrepressible. But so long as it is left open, it simmers contentedly for hours, finally disappearing whence it came.

Mr. Tripler has sent liquid air in open cans to Boston, Washington, and Philadelphia. "But it is my belief," says he, "that there will be little need of transporting it; it can be made quickly and cheaply anywhere on earth."

CURIOUS PROPERTIES OF LIQUID AIR.

Liquid air has many curious properties. It is nearly as heavy as water and quite as clear and limpid, although, when seen

in the open air, it is always muffled in the dense white mist of evaporation that wells up over the edge of the receptacle in which it stands and rolls out along the floor in beautiful billowy clouds. No other substance in the world, unless it be liquid hydrogen, is as cold as liquid air, and yet Mr. Tripler dips his hand into it fearlessly, taking care, however, to remove it instantly. A few drops retained on a man's hand will sear the flesh like a white-hot iron; and yet it does not burn; it merely kills. For this reason it is admirably adapted to surgical uses where cauterization is necessary; it will eat out diseased flesh much more quickly and safely than caustic potash, or nitric acid, and it can be controlled absolutely. Indeed, Mr. Tripler has actually furnished a well-known New York physician with enough to sear out a cancer and entirely cure a difficult case. And it is cheaper than any cauterizing chemical in use.

Alcohol freezes at so low a temperature—202 degrees below zero—that it is used in thermometers to register all degrees of cold. But it will not measure the fearful cold of liquid air. I saw a cup of liquid air poured into a tumbler partly filled with alcohol. Mr. Tripler stirred it up with a glass rod. It boiled violently for a few minutes, and then it thickened up suddenly until it looked like sugar syrup; then it froze solid, and Mr. Tripler held it up in a long steaming icicle. Mercury is frozen until it is as hard as granite.

Liquid air freezes other metals just as thoroughly as it freezes mercury. Iron and steel become as brittle as glass. A tin cup which has been filled with liquid air for a few minutes will, if dropped, shatter into a hundred little fragments like thin glass. Copper, gold, and all precious metals, on the other hand, are made more pliable, so that even a thick piece can be bent readily between the fingers.

"The time is certainly coming," says Mr. Tripler, "when every great packing-house, every market, every hospital, every hotel, and many private houses will have plants for making liquid air. The machinery is not expensive, it can be set up in a tenth part of the space occupied by an ammonia ice-machine, and its product can be easily handled and placed where it is most needed. Ten years from now hotel guests will call for cool rooms in summer with as much certainty of getting them as they now call for warm rooms in winter.

"And think of what unspeakable value

the liquid air will be in hospitals. In the first place it is absolutely pure air; in the second place the proportion of oxygen is very large, so that it is vitalizing air. Why, it will not be necessary for the tired-out man of the future to make his usual summer trip to the mountains. He can have his ozone and his cool heights served to him in his room. Cold is always a disinfectant; some disease germs, like yellow fever, it kills outright. Think of the value of a 'cold ward' in a hospital, where the air could be kept absolutely fresh, and where nurses and friends could visit the patient without fear of infection."

Suppose, also, as Mr. Tripler does, that every warship could have a liquid-air plant. It would not only operate the ship's propellers, but it would be absolutely invaluable in cooling off the guns after firing, in saving the lives of the sailors in the sweltering sick bay, and, indeed, in firing the cannon.

Liquid air will burn steel itself. Mr. Tripler demonstrates this most strikingly by making a tumbler of ice, and filling it half full of liquid oxygen. Then he fastens a burning match to a bit of steel spring and dips it into the liquid air, where the steel burns exactly like a greasy bit of pork rind—sputtering, and giving out a glare of dazzling brilliancy.

The property of liquid oxygen to promote rapid combustion will make it invaluable, Mr. Tripler thinks, for use as an explosive. A bit of oily waste, soaked in liquid air, was placed inside of a small iron tube, open at both ends. This was laid inside of a larger and stronger pipe, also open at both ends. When the waste was ignited by a fuse, the explosion was so terrific that it not only blew the smaller tube to pieces, but it burst a great hole in the outer tube. Mr. Tripler thinks that by the proper mixture of liquid air with cotton, wool, glycerine, or any other hydrocarbon, an explosive of enormous power could be made. And unlike dynamite or nitro-glycerine, it could be handled like so much sand, there being not the slightest danger of explosion from concussion, although, of course, it must be kept away from fire. It will take many careful experiments to ascertain the best method for making this new explosive, but think of the reward for its successful application! The expense of heavy ammunition and its difficult transportation and storage would be entirely done away with. No more would warships be loaded down with cumbersome explosives, and no

more could there be terrible powder explosions on ship-board, because the ammunition could be made for the guns as it was needed, a liquid-air plant on ship-board furnishing all the necessary materials.

But all other uses of liquid air fade into insignificance when compared with its utilization as power for running machinery, of which I have already spoken.

"My greatest object is the production of a power-giving substance," says Mr. Tripler; "if you can get cheap power, all other problems are solved."

And that is why Mr. Tripler has spent so much time on the little engine in his laboratory, which runs by liquid air. The reasons for the supremacy of this strange liquid over steam are exceedingly simple. In the first place, liquid air has about 100 times the expansive power of steam. In the second place, it begins to produce power the instant it is exposed to the atmosphere. In making steam, water has first to be raised to a temperature of 212 degrees Fahrenheit. That is, if the water as it enters the boiler has a temperature of fifty degrees, 162 degrees of heat must be put into it before it will yield a single pound of pressure. After that, every additional degree of heat produces one pound of pressure, whereas every degree of heat applied to liquid air gives twenty pounds of pressure.

"Liquid air can be applied to any engine," says Mr. Tripler, "and used as easily and as safely as steam. You need no large boiler, no water, no coal, and you have no waste. The heat of the atmosphere, as I have said before, does all the work of expansion."

The advantages of compactness and the ease with which liquid air can be made to produce power at once suggested its use to all kinds of motor vehicles, and a firm in Philadelphia is now making extensive experiments looking to its use. A satisfactory application will do away with the present huge, misshapen, machinery-laden automobiles, and make possible small, light, and inexpensive motors. Mr. Tripler believes firmly that liquid air makes aerial navigation a distinct probability. The great problem in the past has been the immense weight of the steam or electrical machinery necessary to operate the air screws. With liquid air no heat of any kind save that of the sun would be required; the boiler could be made of light tubing, and much of the other machinery of aluminum, so as to be very light.

A JEWISH PILGRIM IN JERUSALEM ON EASTER EVE.

BY ISRAEL ZANGWILL.



CHAPEL OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

On the Eve of the Passover and Easter, the pilgrim arrived at the outer fringe of the rainbow-robed, fur-capped throng that shook in passionate lamentation before that Titanic fragment of Temple Wall, which is the sole relic of Israel's national glories. Roaring billows of hysterical prayer beat against the monstrous, symmetric blocks, quarried by King Solomon's servants and smoothed by the kisses of the generations. A Fatherland lost eighteen hundred years ago, and still this strange indomitable race hoped on!

"Hastén, hasten, O Redeemer of Zion."

The pilgrim had slipped, half disguised, into the Church of the Holy Sepulchre: no Jew being allowed even in the courtyard or the precincts of the sacred place. His first open attempt had been frustrated by the Turkish soldiers who kept the narrow approach to the courtyard. "Halt! Depart!" they had shouted fiercely, and the scribe, recklessly refusing to turn back when called, had been expelled by violence. A blessing in disguise, his friends had told him, for should the Greek-Church fanatics have become aware of him, he might have perished

in a miniature Holy War. And as he fought his way through the crowd to gain the shelter of a balcony, he felt indeed that one ugly rush would suffice to crush him.

In the sepulchral incense-laden dusk of the uncouth church, in the religious gloom punctuated by the pervasive twinkle of a thousand hanging lamps of silver, was wedged and blent a suffocating mass of palm-bearing humanity of all nations and races, the sumptuously clothed and the ragged, the hale and the unsightly; the rainbow colours of the East relieved by the white of the shrouded females, toned down by the sombre shabbiness of the Russian *motjiks* and peasant-women, and pierced by a vivid circular line of red fezzes on the unbared, unreverential heads of the Turkish regiment keeping order among the jostling jealousies of Christendom, whose rival churches swarm around the strange, glittering, candle-illuminated Rotunda that covers the tomb of Christ. Not

an inch of free space anywhere under this shadow of Golgotha: a perpetual sway to and fro of the human tides, seething with sobs and quarrels; flowing into the planless maze of chapels and churches of all ages and architectures, that, perched on rocks or hewn into their mouldy darkness, magnificent with untold church-treasure—Armenian, Syrian, Coptic, Latin, Greek, Abyssinian—add the resonance of their special sanctities and the oppression of their individual glories of vestment and ceremonial to the surcharged atmosphere palpitant with exaltation and prayer and mystic bell-tinklings; overspreading the thirty-seven sacred spots, and oozing into the holy of holies itself, towards that impassive marble stone, goal of the world's desire, in the blaze of the ever-burning lamps; and overflowing into the screaming courtyard, amid the flagstone stalls of chaplets and crosses and carven-shells, and the rapacious rabble of cripples and vendors.

And amid the frenzied squeezing and squabbling, way was made for a dazzling procession of the only orthodox Church,

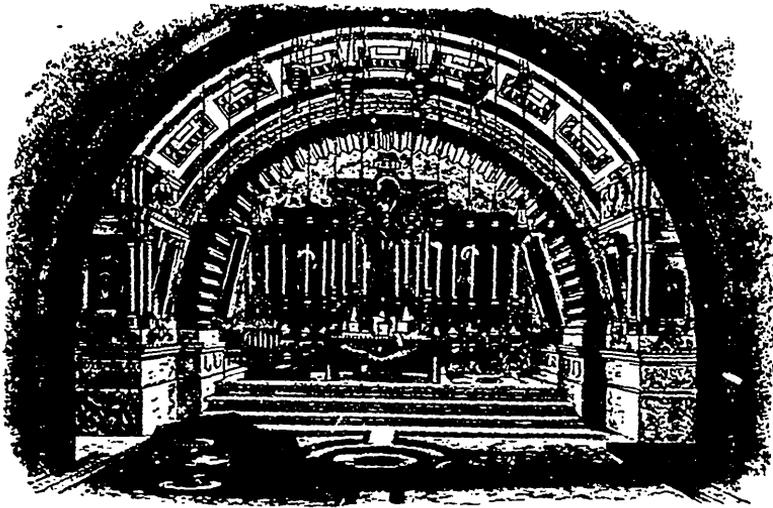


KINDLING THE HOLY FIRES AT THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

moving stately round and round, to the strains of unseen singing boys and pre-cooled by an upborne olive tree; seventy priests in flowering damask, carrying palms or swinging censers, boys in green, uplifting silken banners richly bordered with sacred scenes, archimandrites attended by dracons, and bearing symbolic trinitarian candlesticks, bishops with mitres, and last and most gorgeous of all, the sceptred Patriarch bowing to the tiny Coptic Church in the corner, as his priests wheel and swing their censers towards it—all the elaborately jewelled ritual evolved by all races from the simple life and teaching of Jesus of Nazareth.

“O Jesus, brother in Israel, perhaps only those excluded from this sanctuary of thine can understand thee!”

The pilgrim thought of the even more tumultuous scene about to be enacted here on the day of the Greek fire; when in the awful darkness of extinguished lamps, through a rift in the Holy Sepulchre within which the Patriarch prayed in solitude and darkness, a tongue of heavenly flame would show, God's annual witness to the exclusive rightness of the Greek Church, and the poor footsore pilgrims, mad with ecstasy, would leap over one another to kindle their candles and torches at it, while a vessel un-riding at anchor would haste with its



TRADITIONAL SITE OF CALVARY, IN CHURCH OF HOLY SEPULCHRE.

freight of sacred flame to kindle the church-lamps of holy Russia.

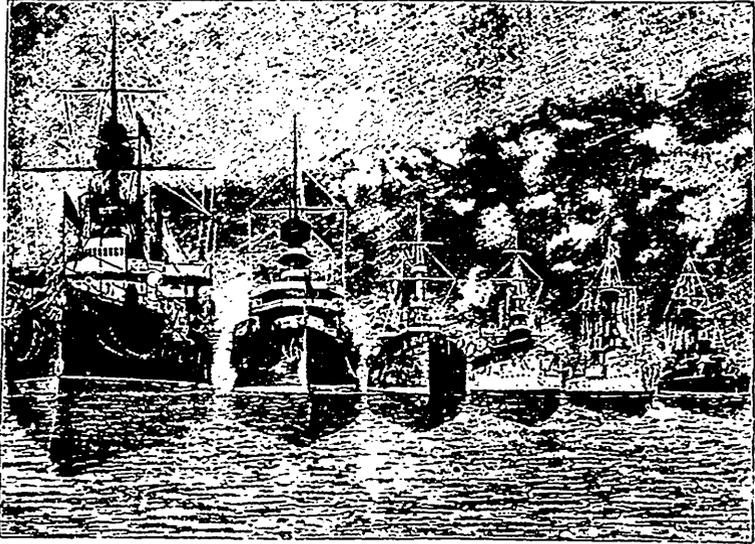
This strange scene has thus been described by Dean Stanley: "Greeks, Armenians, Copts, and Abyssinians take part in the ceremony. The wild and noisy scene begins on Good Friday. The crowd passes the night in the church in order to secure places, some of them attaching themselves by cords to the sepulchre, while others run round it in anything but a reverential manner. On Easter Eve, about 2 p.m., a procession of the superior clergy moves round the sepulchre, all lamps having been carefully extinguished in view of the crowd. The patriarch enters the Chapel of the Sepulchre, while the priests pray and the people are in the utmost suspense. At length the fire, which it is alleged has come down from heaven, gleams from the sepulchre, the priests emerge with a bundle of burning tapers, and there now follows an indescribable tumult, everyone endeavouring to be the first to get his taper lighted. Even from the gallery tapers are let down to be lighted, and in a few seconds the whole church is illuminated. This, however, never happens without fighting, and accidents generally occur owing to the crush. The spectators do not appear to take warning from the terrible catastrophe of 1834.

On that occasion there were upwards of 6,000 persons in the church when a riot suddenly broke out. The Turkish guards, thinking they were attacked, used their weapons against the pilgrims, and in the scuffle about three hundred pilgrims were suffocated or trampled to death."

Another very sacred spot in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is Golgotha, or, the Chapel of the Crucifixion. To reach it we ascend to "Mount Calvary," a small and jewelled chapel, fifteen feet above the level of the church. Here one may stoop down beneath an altar and examine the silver-faced opening where the cross is said to have been set into the rock, and about five feet distant on either side the site of the crosses of the thieves. Here, too, one is shown the very cleft in the rock wrought by the earthquake, which is said by tradition to extend to the centre of the world. The chapel is sumptuously embellished with paintings, costly mosaics and icons of the Virgin, surrounded with silver nimbus. The life-sized image of the Virgin was bedecked with costly jewels and a number of gold watches and other votive offerings were lying at her feet. Near the Chapel of the Cross is the so-called Chapel of Adam, where tradition affirms that the first father of mankind was buried, and that the blood of Christ falling on his head restored him to life.

"I would rather walk with God in the dark, than walk alone in the light;
I would rather walk with God by faith, than walk alone by sight."

The World's Progress.



REPRESENTATION OF THE COMPARATIVE STRENGTH OF THE
SIX GREAT NAVAL POWERS.

LEADS THE WORLD.

Our engravings, reproduced from the *Scientific American*, show the tremendous preponderance of Great Britain's navy over that of any other country. The figures are based upon the following data:

England, 290 vessels, tonnage, 1,557,522; France, 144 vessels, tonnage, 734,629; Russia, 86 vessels, tonnage, 453,899; United States, 67 vessels, tonnage, 303,070; Germany, 73 vessels, tonnage, 299,637; Italy, 65 vessels, tonnage, 286,175. Only those vessels of up-to-date first-class character are included. Great Britain has about six hundred ships in all, but less than half of these are given in this statement.

The tremendous war estimates of the present year show the determination of Britain to maintain a navy at least twice as large as that of any two of her rivals combined. With her world-wide empire, her sea-borne commerce, her dependence upon free waterways for food and for very existence, this may be called a strictly defensive measure. Mr. Goschen's challenge to Russia will test the sincerity of the proposed peace confer-

ence. If Russia, which has no foreign colonies nor sea-borne commerce, will refrain from her proposed naval expenditure, then Great Britain will cancel this large vote. Let us hope that the meeting in May will lift their great burden from the tax-payers of the Ukraine and Great and Little Russia, as well as from the people of the sea-girt isle. Apparently reckless as is this game of beggar-my-neighbour, Great Britain, with its vast wealth and resources, can keep it up longer than Russia or France, which are so burdened by debt and crippled in resources. Without doubting for a moment the sincerity of the Czar in his desire for peace, we may well question that of some of his bureaucratic ministers.

Tremendous as is the naval expenditure of Great Britain, it is the insurance premium paid for the safety of the commerce by which she lives. It has, during the past year, it is affirmed, saved the nation from a war which would speedily have cost fifty times that which was spent in averting it. At the same time, we very much dislike the names proposed for some of the new

ships. They strike us as vaunting, boastful and foolish. We notice in the list the *Formidable*, the *Irresistible*, the *Vengeance*, the *Implacable*, the *Glory*, the *High-flyer*, and we have already the *Derastation*, and others as truculent. More dignified we think the American method of naming their ships from the states and great cities of their country.

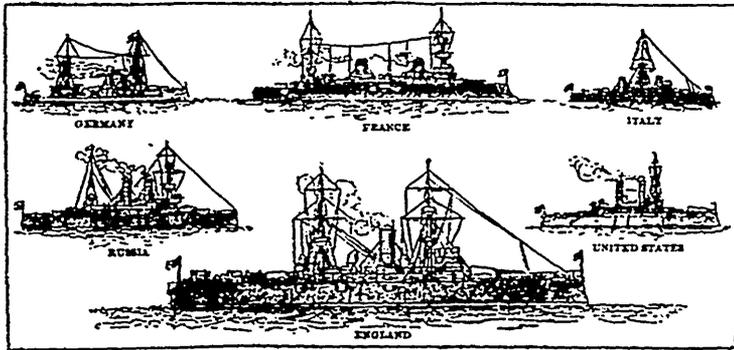
THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN.

☞ The guerilla war in the Philippines, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along, as it is likely to do for some months. Rebellion may be "scotched, but not killed." It may linger long in the mountains of Luzon and the swamps of Panay, where little glory will be won, but much life lost by its suppression. But this seems the only alternative, un-

IN THE ANTILLES.

The White Man's Burden is proving pretty heavy for Uncle Sam in Cuba and Porto Rico as well as in the Philippines. The "Cuban Assembly," which professes to represent the army, resents Gomez's acceptance of \$3,000,000 for the back pay of the insurgent troops, who have multiplied on paper much more rapidly than they materialized in action. They propose to raise a loan of ten or twelve millions more—though on what securities it does not appear.

In Porto Rico, too, the supple natives who welcomed the American troops with brass bands and garlands of flowers, and surrendered towns over the telephone, have already grown restive, and some cases of treacherous murder of soldiers have occurred. A strong hand—a hand of



ANOTHER COMPARATIVE VIEW OF THE SIX GREAT NAVAL POWERS.

less the insurgents recognize the hopelessness of the conflict and throw themselves on the generosity of their conquerors. In this appeal they would not be disappointed, and we hope they will soon recognize its wisdom. Their incendiarism and assassinations in Manila place them without the pale of civilization. The Americans are pleased at the friendly act of Germany in withdrawing its fleet from the Philippines and committing its interests to the care to the United States at the very time that rumours arrived that Dewey had sunk a German warship. If this comity had been exhibited earlier it would have saved much ill feeling. Britain did not wait to see which way the cat would jump before declaring her friendship. It is averred that Germany withdraws her ships chiefly because she needs them elsewhere; but let us give her the credit of more generous sentiments.

iron in a glove of silk—is needed for the management of both islands. Meanwhile Santiago, San Juan and Havana are being cleansed, policed, and already the death rate has fallen to less than half what it was a year ago. Uncle Sam may make some mistakes, but he will correct them, and a brighter day for the Pearl of the Antilles has dawned.

A FALSE MOVE.

The Roman Catholic Bishop Santander, of Havana, did a foolish thing in refusing to allow any Protestant ministers to offer prayers over the graves of the American sailors who were blown up in the "Maine," and were buried in the Cristobal Colon Cemetery. His plea was that the cemetery was a sanctuary too holy to be defiled by heretical services. These cemeteries belong to the people, not to the Pope, and the rights of Protestants

must be recognized, or the cemeteries, and perhaps other so-called ecclesiastical properties, may before long be secularized.

A COUP D'ÉTAT THAT DIDN'T COME OFF.

In France especially it is the unexpected that happens. The very event which it was feared would provoke a *coup d'état* has been the most tranquillizing event for years. The hysterical appeal of M. Paul Déroulède to General Roget to march on the Elysée Palace, and his loyalty to the Republic, quite pricked the balloon of revolt. The level-headed, homespun President bids fair to still further illustrate the democratization of the age. That a tanner's apprentice and a peasant's son should mould the destinies of France, so long guided by the Grand Monarque and the military despot Napoleon, is a sign of the times. There are many more poor than rich born into the world, so, according to the doctrine of chances, there should be among them more strong rulers of men, if they but have the opportunity

"To take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet."

The story of Lincoln, the rail-splitter; of Garfield, the canal boy; and of Grant, the tanner, show that more often is ruling genius born in poverty than born in the purple.

"WHAT SHADOWS ARE WE!"

The death within a few weeks of each of the two leading members of the Joint High Commission, Senator Dingley and Lord Herschell, but show "what shadows are we, and what shadows we pursue." Doubtless the lives of these distinguished men were shortened by the arduous toils of the futile Commission. Yet not altogether futile will it be if kindlier feeling, more just appreciation of each other's rights, more cordial good will, shall spring from this meeting, even though no treaty has been signed.

Each of these men sprang from humble origin, to be a trusted representative of a great nation. Lord Herschell was the son of a converted German Jew, who became a missionary for one of the Nonconformist English Churches. The younger Herschell laid the foundation of his success in strenuous toil. Though for seven years he was a briefless barrister without a single case, he yet made such good use of his enforced leisure as to become twice Lord Chancellor of Eng-

land, and one of a grateful country's most honoured sons.

THE COMMISSION THAT FAILED.

It is, of course, an occasion for regret that the labours of eight long months should fail to result in more tangible results than have been secured. But many minor agreements of vexed questions have been reached, we learn, that need only the addition of one or two more to promote the growth of friendship and good will. Such a plant cannot be forced, like the Indian magic mango, in a few hours. The political party exigencies are also unfavourable to such a growth. In the sympathies of the common people of both countries rather than in the selfish interests of trusts and combines will these feelings be fostered. We are glad to note the generous spirit especially of the religious press of the United States in commenting on the Commission. The following item from the *Western Christian Advocate* is in the spirit of broadest Christian fraternity:

"Great Britain fears the failure of the Commission would be a wet blanket on the Anglo-Saxon compact. So Canada is expected to give in to most of the contentions of her big sister in the interests of the Motherland. This ought not to mean that our contentions shall grow. It should not be for us to take advantage of a friendly nation in such a manner. An agreement with Canada should be reached that will be the result of wise and mutual concessions. Each party to the agreement should feel that closer ties of friendship are worth something. We can gain nothing by going on the theory that Canada is always wrong. Whatever may be the wisdom of an Anglo-American alliance, the cultivation of the friendliest relations with Canada should always be one of the first principles of our national policy."

No!

Mr. Laurier's letter to Mr. Spence, Secretary of the Dominion Prohibition Alliance, is a great disappointment to all friends of prohibition. They hoped for something better. Such a majority as prohibition received would have been ample to elect any Government. If majorities are not to rule, certainly minorities should not. In view of the tremendous vote for prohibition in the Provincial plebiscites its friends have a better right to claim that the majority of those who did not vote in the Dominion

plebiscite were on their side than have the antis. But all the more shame to the lukewarm temperance folk who voted prohibition when there was no practical end to be secured, but refrained from voting when prohibition was within their reach.

A BARBAROUS SPECTACLE.

The fair fame of Canada has been disgraced by the lawless scenes enacted at the hanging of a wretched man and woman at St. Scholastique. It is proposed to enact a law to exclude the public from the scene of public executions. This cannot too soon be done. Some would make an exception in the case of the representatives of the press. The *Montreal Star* takes the ground that the press especially should be excluded. The vulgar brute who goes to gloat upon the hanging of a fellowman demoralizes but himself. The newspaper demoralizes all who read it. "The reporter," says the *Star*, "should not be allowed near a scaffold unless he is the man to be hanged."

When condemned felons were dragged up Tyburn Hill by the score in tumbrels, sitting on their own coffins, and were exhorted by the mob to "die game," as the phrase was, there was a sort of posthumous glory about it that took from the scaffold much of its horrors. Let the death sentence, if we must have it, be carried out without vacillation, with promptness, and in the presence of only official witnesses, and it will be much more than it is of a deterrent from crime, and will certainly much less demoralize the community.

AN EMPIRE-BUILDER.

The German Kaiser knows and admires a strong man when he sees one. This was, in part, no doubt the reason of his telegram to the sturdy Oom Paul Kruger. It is also shown in the cordial frankness with which he received Cecil Rhodes at Berlin. Oom Paul, while strong, is stubborn, reactionary, and wedded to the dead past. Rhodes is an empire-builder, full of faith and hope in the future, a man after the Kaiser's own heart. An agreement has been made for the extension of the railway from the Cape to Cairo through German instead of through Belgian territory. The cementing of British and German interests in Africa and in China will greatly make for the peace of the world. This daring railway across the vast stretches of un-

explored and unimaginable African savagery proves indisputably that the Old Land, in spite of its Atlas-like load, is not disposed to shirk "the white man's burden."

NEMESIS OF A CITY.

"Though the mills of God grind slowly
Yet they grind exceeding small."

The carnival of murder of the negroes at Wilmington, North Carolina, is producing its legitimate result. Business in the city is dead. Several hundreds of the negro population have left; others are saving their money to leave. Three hundred houses are empty, and a commercial collapse has come. It has been found that "shooting niggers" does not pay.

BRITISH PRESTIGE.

It has been the fashion to decry or denounce Lord Salisbury's diplomacy because he is not willing to go to war till the last resources of statesmanship are exhausted. For this he deserves praise, not blame. British *prestige* now stands higher in the world than for many a year. The vaunted alliance between France and Russia, over which the boulevards grew wild, has been tested and found wanting. Russia made no sign of helping the Republic out of the Fashoda scrape, but rather snubbed her ally by proposing disarmament just as France had her artillery equipped with quick-firing guns and her infantry with improved rifles.

Russian preponderance in China has been checked by concessions to the British, and by the understanding arrived at with Germany and Italy as to spheres of influence and the "open door." An American syndicate has also obtained mining and commercial concessions of vast importance in the great and rich province of Sz-Chuen, the scene of our own missions, two thousand miles up the Yang-Tse.

THE LAUREATE OF THE EMPIRE.

The whole English-speaking world may be said to have lingered around the sick-room of Rudyard Kipling. The Kaiser of the Teutons, who is so fond of telegrams, sent his sympathy. It is one of the grandest proofs the world has seen of the power of genius to attract the homage of mankind. It is more, we think, a tribute to what Kipling is in *posse* than to *esse*. The man who wrote that grandest hymn of these latter days. "The Reces-

sional," is capable of doing better work for mankind than he has ever done before. We regret that Kipling's genius has been so largely devoted to ignoble themes, describing the lust for fighting of Ortheris and Mulvany, and the seamy side of the barrack-room life. Now that he has come back from the jaws of death we hope that he will employ his great gifts in more noble subjects.

Mrs. Browning realized the poet's high vocation when she said :

"I would not clip the poet's awful crown,
To mete my lesser brows."

Milton sets before himself a poet's noble theme : "To celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's almightiness, and what he suffers to be wrought with high providence in his Church ; to sing victorious agonies of martyrs and saints, the deeds and triumphs of just and pious nations, doing valiantly through faith against the enemies of Christ."

Let Kipling rise to the grand themes he has touched in "The White Man's Burden," and "The Seven Seas," and he will become in a nobler sense than ever "the Laureate of the Empire."

A PRAYER IN PEACE.

Almighty God, eternal source
Of every arm we dare to wield,
Be thine the thanks, as thine the force,
On reeling deck or stricken field ;
The thunder of the battle hour
Is but the whisper of thy power.

By thee was given the thought that bowed
All hearts upon the victor deck,
When high above the battle's shroud
The white flag fluttered o'er the wreck,
And thine the hand that checked the cheer
In that wild hour of death and fear.

O Lord of Love, be thine the grace
To teach, amid the wrath of war,
Sweet pity for a humbled race,

Some thought of those in lands afar,
Where sad-eyed women vainly yearn
For those who never shall return.

Great Master of earth's mighty school

Whose children are of every land,
Inform with love our alien rule,

And stay with us thy warning hand
If, tempted by imperial greed,
We in thy watchful eyes exceed,

That, in the days to come, O Lord,
When we ourselves have passed away,
And all are gone who drew the sword,

The children of our breed may say,
These were our sires who, doubly great,
Could strike, yet spare the fallen state.

--S. Weir Mitchell, in *Harper's Weekly*.

A LENTEN THOUGHT.

BY T. W. PARSONS.

"Esuriendo sen. re quanto e giusto."--*Dante*.

When Mary mentioned at the marriage feast
That wine was wanting, her desire was least
For her own lips, but that the nuptial rite
Should yield the guests due custom of delight,
Since joy is fitting to the festive day
When Love in triumph bears his Queen away.

But now the sober season comes again
That brings our Saviour's fast back unto men,
The rule of abstinence bids Christian souls
Forbear the lavish board and brimming bowls,
That all should wisely use the time's restraint
To calm our faculties, but not to faint.

O God ! who listenest when thy lions cry
And in the desert dost their need supply
From forest deeps whence their providers bring
Tribute of prey to feed their famished king ;
Who giv'st the lion's lord his wine and oil
And bread to cheer and make him strong for toil ;

Lend us the power to use Thy golden grain
And fruits and flocks, the wealth of hill and plain,
With such discretion always that no day
Set by the Church be bitter to obey ;
And while we moderate our banquets, grant
That we forget not those who fast from want.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.



ARCHBISHOP (to Ritualist): For Heaven's sake stop that nonsense or you'll have the whole thing down. It's cracking already.

RITUALIST: I don't care!—*London Westminster Gazette.*

Our cut indicates very accurately the ecclesiastical situation in Great Britain. The pranks of the Ritualists have brought the national Church very near the peril of disestablishment, which would mean, if we can gauge the temper of the times, also disendowment. We believe both of these would be better for the Church and better for the State. If the Ritualists wish to have masses and auricular confession, candles and incense, copes and chasubles, let them have the same toleration which is given to the full-fledged Roman Catholic, but let them, like the Catholic, pay for this mummery out of their own pockets, and not out of the endowment of the Protestant Church of England, the Church of Cranmer and Latimer and Ridley. Protestant England will never permit its great minsters and cathedrals, the sacred property of the nation, to be turned into Romanist mass-houses. There would be more than one repetition of the Jenny Geddes episode of St. Giles when she cried, "Wad the loon say the mass in my lug?"

Sir William Vernon Harcourt utters these significant words: "I find some of these lawless gentlemen talk very glibly of disestablishment. I do not know if they have reflected that disestablishment will come in a very different shape from that which they contemplate at their ease. They need not lay the flattering unction to their souls that they are going to carry

off the Protestant plant of the National Church in order to carry on their Romish manufactures. They are not to be allowed to occupy the parish churches or the cathedrals in which to erect confessionals and celebrate without restraint their high masses. They are not to be secured by life incomes as commutation or compensation in the work of accomplishing the 'conversion of England' out of the funds of the Protestant Establishment. These are considerations on which the bishops and the clergy may with advantage reflect. Their time is short, their sands are running out; if they continue pusillanimously to shiver on the brink, their impaired authority will be finally extinguished, and the existence of the Church they have so ill tended will be, and, indeed, is to-day, at stake."

His words on the confessional awaken a Protestant echo: "The Protestant laity will not allow the children of their parish schools or of their families and homes to be brought up in children's masses and children's confessionals—to be seduced, trained up, and dragooned by such men and such teaching. If the bishops are incompetent to put down the confessional, the confessional will put down the bishops."

There are doubtless some sincere and honest clergymen who make their High Ritual a matter of conscience. If so, let them imitate the two thousand God-fearing clergy who, in 1662, on account of the Act of Uniformity, left their glebes and parish churches, or the four hundred Scottish divines who, in 1843, for conscience sake, forsook an Erastian Church.

The Church of England is a revered and honoured institution among many Nonconformists on account of its noble traditions and its great service to Christian scholarship. It is this very fact "that gives bitterness to the revolt of a Protestant nation against the Romanizing efforts of a handful of men, many of whom avow their desire to undo the work of the Reformation."

The Nonconformist Churches more fully represent the religious life of England, both by their numbers and the church accommodation which they have created without a penny of State aid, than does the Anglican. A disendowed and disestablished Church, taught to lean upon

the love and loyalty and liberality of its members, would be stronger, more deeply spiritual and more actively aggressive than the Church which is entangled with State alliances and fettered by State manacles—even though they be manacles of gold.

RITUALISM IN THE METHODIST CHURCH.

Quite a little breeze has been raised in the Methodist press of the United States from the fact that a couple of Methodist churches in Chicago have followed the example of the Metropolitan Temple of New York, in introducing what is called a "vested choir," that is, a choir in which the young people wear a black serge gown. The argument in favour of this is, not that it is Ritualistic, but that it does away with all possible display on the part of those who sit in the choir gallery. This may be true, but if it be good for the choir it would be good for the congregation. Why should we not all wear—i.e. the ladies, the men are plain enough as it is—serge gowns and students' caps instead of the Easter gowns and hats which make their wearers surpass the glory of Solomon.

In some of the London Wesleyan congregations the morning service is largely that of the Established Church. We do not think it adds to their efficiency. After going from St. Paul's to City Road Chapel, one Sunday morning, an English Church lady said to the writer, "After all I prefer the genuine article."

Methodism has flourished best without such adventitious aids, and we do not think it needs them now. "The churches that are crowded," says Dr. Day, "are not the churches where Ritualism sits in its dignity, but rather where the simple Gospel of saving grace is being faithfully declared to needy men. Let us have the best singing. But let it be singing by, and not to, the people. Let us have the sweetest chord of anthem and choral strain; but let these be incidents to the one great thing, 'the preaching of the Gospel.'"

A PEPPERY LETTER.

Lyman Abbott, of the *New York Outlook*, requested Bishop Potter, who has won notoriety by the alleged statement that the saloon was the poor man's club, to give, in an article of not more than fifteen hundred words, his plan for dealing with the saloon evil. Bishop Potter replies: "I wish I could comply with your request; but, alas! fifteen words, crowd-

ed as I am, are almost as impossible as fifteen hundred." Yet he gives over six hundred words to denouncing the prohibitionists as the modern representatives of the Scribes and Pharisees, "arrogant, denunciatory, ignorant, unscrupulous, and untruthful; holding one meagre fragment of the truth to their eyes, and denying great and fundamental facts in human nature, in their foolish and futile endeavour to remedy the perversion of human instincts by extirpating them. The grotesque hypocrisy of the prohibition system, from Maine to Kansas, is a sufficient commentary upon their theories. Meantime, it may be well to relieve the minds of fanatical and hysterical people by saying that there is *no one cure for so vast a mischief as the saloon stands for*; and, generally, that in dealing with humanity and its perverted instincts and appetites, the divinest Teacher that the world has had would seem to have taught us a law of *transformation*, as that for the regeneration, whether of society or of the evil instincts of individuals—not extirpation."

We think this letter extremely unworthy of the leading Protestant Episcopal Bishop of the United States. He has no words of sympathy for the labours of devoted men and women, like Miss Willard and Neal Dow, who have given their lives to the extirpation of the greatest evil of the age. He has only sneers and carping criticism, yet all the while the tide of drunkenness is desolating countless homes and destroying countless lives.

APPORTIONING THE FUND.

The secular press is chaffing the Methodists of the Old World and the New for apportioning the Twentieth Century Fund long before that fund is in hand. It is counting their chickens, in fact, before they are hatched. But this is a very silly sneer. The money will never be raised unless definite objects are set forth and a division of the fund agreed upon. People will not give blindly for they know not what. The Church must take them into its confidence and arouse their enthusiastic co-operation. In most of these schemes education is a very prominent feature. In the *Nashville Christian Advocate* the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, asks for \$150,000 for educational purposes, and claims that nothing will more greatly redound to the spiritual welfare of the entire Church. From our exchanges we glean the following items.

The Twentieth Century Fund of the

English Wesleyan Church continues to increase, one of the most helpful signs being the way in which Methodist people of moderate means, and even those in humble circumstances, are contributing their guineas. Among larger gifts is one of 5,000 guineas, which is likely to be supplemented by another gift of 1,000, the wife of the generous donor wishing her husband to give the 1,000 as her thank-offering that he had been led to give the 5,000.

The two donors of \$25,000 each to the Irish Twentieth Century Fund are the Messrs. Booth.

AN HEROIC CANADIAN MISSIONARY.

We have read few more pathetic stories than that of the capture and probable death of the Rev. Mr. Rijnhart, a missionary in China. Though a native of Holland, Mr. Rijnhart has special interest to us in Canada. He learned English while working in the factory of the Cobban Company, in this city. He became deeply interested in missions, and walked most of the way to San Francisco to enter Chinese mission work. He penetrated into the "Forbidden Kingdom" of Tibet, found his way back to Toronto, married a Canadian lady, Miss Dr. Carson, and with her returned to China and Tibet. Amid the dreadful scenes of the Chinese war they ministered to the bodies and souls of the wounded Chinese, and set out once more on their mission of mercy for the Hermit Kingdom.

Their little babe died, was buried in a drug box, and over its grave the heart-broken parents rolled a huge stone to keep the beasts of prey from devouring its body. While seeking help from the natives, Mr. Rijnhart was either killed or kidnapped, and his heroic wife was left to struggle back to China. In the hour of her bereavement she "leaned hard on God" and was graciously supported, and is now seeking to ransom her husband if alive, or be assured of his fate if dead. It is a tragic story, but full of heroism, as most missionary stories are.

It would, in our judgment, have been much wiser to have gone out under some Missionary Society, which can exercise direction, oversight, and some degree of protection, than in this free-lance style. Yet in this manner Xavier visited Japan and the Moluccas three hundred and fifty years ago. Had the Rijnharts been successful they would have been hailed as heroes where many have failed. Our own missionaries in the disturbed Province of Sz-Chuen are not without serious peril,

but they are also laying the foundations of a great and successful mission by which the highlands of Tibet may be most successfully entered.

CROSSLEY AND HUNTER IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

Our Newfoundland exchanges describe in very glowing terms the wonderful work of grace which is in progress in the city of St. Johns through the evangelistic labours of Messrs. Crossley and Hunter. The whole city has been stirred, the largest churches crowded week after week, many scores of souls have been saved, and all the Protestant denominations have shared the benefit. The warm-hearted, whole-souled fisher folk, and other people of the ancient colony respond warmly to the stirring appeals of the evangelists. So great is the awakening that they purpose remaining on the island till the sealing fleet shall return with the brave sailors who are exposed to great peril and hardship on the ice-floes. The contact with the great elemental forces of nature seems to produce a strength of character, a force of will that when brought under the power of the Gospel make these men stalwart and valiant Christians. How they do sing the grand old hymns of Methodism. Never has our soul been more stirred than in some of their services.

NEW METHODIST MAGAZINE.

We have just received as we go to press the initial number of the *American Illustrated Methodist Magazine*, which gives promise of a brilliant future. It is designed to represent both Northern and Southern Methodism, and, in part, that of Great Britain as well, as some of the articles will be reprinted from the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*. We hope that this periodical will take the place in Methodist households of some of the cheap secular monthlies which devote much attention to fashion, sport, and theatricals. We wish for this new magazine a very conspicuous success.

THE ST. JAMES' FUND.

Much progress has been made towards raising the quarter of a million dollars required for the relief of St. James' Church, Montreal. Much more yet remains to be done. The whole Church is now committed to this great relief scheme, and most strenuous efforts must be made for its successful accomplish-

ment. We can conceive of no greater disaster, not only to Methodism in Montreal and in the Province of Quebec, but to our whole Connexion, than the failure to achieve the grand result we have attempted. Having put our hand to the plough, we must not look back till the work is done.

RECENT DEATHS.

The necrology of the last month includes noted names in both Church and State. To some of these we have alluded elsewhere. By the death of the Rev. A. K. H. Boyd, D.D., a faithful pastor and distinguished writer has been called away. His fame as a *litterateur* has partially been eclipsed by more brilliant writers of recent times. Yet twenty years ago his "Essays by a Country Parson" were quite the vogue, and were translated into several languages. He had liturgical, not to say ritualistic, leanings, was a favourite preacher with the students of St. Andrew's, and reached the highest dignity of any Scottish clergyman, that of Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

A different type of man was Dr. J. M. King, by whose death, on March 5th, the Presbyterian Church in Canada lost one of its most distinguished men. Dr. King was a quiet, calm, undemonstrative man, but a man of broad scholarship, deep piety, indefatigable industry. After twenty-six years of pastoral life, twenty of which were spent in Toronto, he became Principal of Manitoba College at Winnipeg, and devoted sixteen years of earnest toil in developing its strength and increasing its resources. "His sermons," says Dr. Caven, "dealt with the great things of the Kingdom and were distinguished at once by their thorough exposition of divine truth and by their faithfulness of application to the heart and conscience of his hearer." We reviewed in a recent number of this periodical Dr. King's last book, his thoughtful and interpretative volume on Tennyson's "In Memoriam."

The Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States has lost a man of light and leading by the death by apoplexy of Dr. Alpha J. Kynett. He was a member of eight General Conferences, and for thirty-two years has been Secretary of the Church Extension Society of that body. By its means many thousands of

churches have been erected, for the most part in the new and sparsely settled parts of the country, and Chaplain McCabe was enabled to reply to the taunt of Ingersoll on the decay of religion, "We are building two a day." He might now say five or six a day.

The many friends of the late Rev. Andrew Cunningham will hear with profound regret of his death. No more shall we see his tall, spare form, nor hear his wise and godly counsels in our annual assemblies. In the providence of God our departed brother was called to pass through very severe tribulation. For seven long months his sufferings were intense, yet he was "made perfect through suffering." He gave over thirty years of his life to the faithful ministry of the Word. The members of our churches in London, St. Mary's, Hamilton, Stratford, Guelph, Galt, Orangeville, Mitchell and Kincardine, will call to mind his faithful ministrations, his godly Christian life. They will pray that the consolations of God may abound according to their need to his sorrowing widow and family. Mrs. Cunningham is a daughter of the late Dr. Rice, a General Superintendent of the Methodist Church. Our departed brother received the highest honour the Guelph Conference could bestow by his election to its Presidency; and at the time of his death he was Chairman of the Wingham District of the London Conference.

We regret to learn of the death, on March 14th, of the Rev. John Cassidy, at Bridgetown, Nova Scotia. Brother Cassidy entered the work in 1856, and has been stationed chiefly in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Cape Breton, and twice at Bermuda. He was at least twice elected chairman of his district, and was a man held in much esteem by his brethren. He has been in failing health for some time. The particulars of his death we have not heard. We greatly sympathize with his sorrowing family.

Dr. Ormiston was for many years the foremost preacher of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. He was a man of stirring eloquence, of magnetic personality, of whole-souled cordiality. He was one of the oldest and most distinguished graduates of Victoria College. Ill-health caused his removal to Southern California, where he died on March 20th.

Book Notices.

Catholicism : Roman and Anglican. By A. M. FAIRBAIRN, M.A., D.D., LL.D., Principal of Mansfield College, Oxford. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xxiii-481. Price, \$2.00.

This book is not so much an historical account of the Anglo-Catholic movement as a masterly analysis of its principles and refutation of its errors. Oxford, long the stronghold of ancient Conservatism, and even of bigotry, has become in these days wonderfully liberalized. In Mansfield College and Leys Hall the Independents and Wesleyans extend their hospitalities to Nonconformist students. Dr. Fairbairn is one of the ablest of living apologetes, a staunch Independent, yet with broad and genial sympathies. "On the religious side," he says, "he was attracted by the men who had been the makers and leaders of the Catholic revival, by what appeared their spirit of devotion, their sincerity, their simplicity of purpose and honesty of belief in an age of intellectual complexity, unrest, and change." In Newman especially "he seemed to have come upon a man of the ancient heroic strain," but his judgment had to reject their teachings as opposed alike to philosophy and Scripture.

In these pages he gives the reasons for that rejection. He discusses Catholicism and Religious Thought, Reason and Religion; Cardinal Manning and the Catholic Revival, Anglo-Catholicism, the Old and the New, and similar themes. Among the most interesting chapters are the sympathetic sketches of some great theologians of Cambridge and Oxford—Lightfoot, Westcott and Hort, Jowett and Hatch. In a masterly way he traces the genesis of the Oxford Movement, analyzes its elements, and shows its merits and defects.

Missionary Expansion Since the Reformation. By the REV. J. A. GRAHAM, M.A. 145 illustrations and eight maps. Toronto. Fleming H. Revell Co. Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal & Halifax. Price, \$1.25.

No feature in the religious history of the century now closing is more marked than the immense development of missionary enterprise and achievement.

While missionary literature contains many admirable monographs, full of inspiration and rich in adventure, about special missions, yet a concise history of the great missionary movement has not till recently been accessible. That want has been very fully met in the volume under review.

It gives a few chapters on the mission work before the epoch of Carey—the beginning of the modern missionary period, as it has well been called; but the bulk of the book is devoted to the marvellous development of the century now drawing to a close. The missions are admirably grouped as to the lands in which their work is done. A personal interest in the heroic workers is created by the strong biographical element of the book. An interesting chapter describes missions among God's scattered people, the Jews.

Sometimes missionary books, while very pious, are considered as literature very poor. There is no excuse for this. No theme can be more noble, more august, nay, sublime. Our author has imparted a literary grace to his treatment worthy of the theme. The statistics we judge are as accurate as can be procured, and the references to authorities very copious. One of the best features is the admirable illustrations. One hundred and forty-five engravings of missionary workers and missionary scenes, and eight coloured missionary maps enhance the value of this book.

Across India at the Dawn of the Twentieth Century. By LUCY E. GUINNESS. London: The Religious Tract Society. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. Price, \$1.50 net.

This is a book of an entirely different character from the last. It treats the present, and describes the actual condition of things in England's great Indian Empire. It is one of the most inspiring missionary books that we know. Every resource of illustration and comparison has been exhausted to show the vast needs of the world, the work accomplished, and the still greater work to be done. It is a striking fact that there are more students in the universities of India than in those of Great Britain.

The ten years' growth of the Students'

Christian Movement is strikingly shown by the development from a very small tree, or book, or human figure, to those of very large size. The woman's parish in Great Britain is shown as a tiny figure; in India it is a colossal type of the 145,000,000 women and girls of the Empire. Twenty years' growth of the Church is shown by two great candelabra, each candle representing twenty thousand Protestant adherents. In 1871, there were 224,161; in 1890, there were 559,661. There are vastly more Moslems under Queen Victoria's rule than under that of the Sultan of Turkey. These diagrams bring home with appalling vividness the significance of the fact that there are in India 145,000,000 women, 25,000,000 of them widows, 75,000,000 of them little girls under ten years old, over 5,000,000 shut up in zenanas, most of whom have never even heard the name of Christ.

All the resources of typography and striking illustration are exhausted in setting forth these facts. Although there is reason to thank God for the two and one-third million Christians in India, yet they are a very thin crescent of light on the great dark orb of 287,000,000 Hindus, Moslems, Buddhists, etc., in that country.

The book is written with a woman's clear observation, keen sympathies, loving heart, and with rare literary skill. It is just the book to lend fresh interest to the meetings of woman's missionary societies, mission bands and circles. We hope to quote from its stirring pages in an early number.

Men and Movements in the English Church. By ARTHUR ROGERS. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Pp. x-375. \$1.50.

The best way to study any great movement is to study the men who have produced it. This is especially true of great religious movements in which so much is due to the personal initiative. Our author shows the striking need for a religious awakening in the Church of England at the beginning of this century. Although the Methodist revival had greatly quickened all the Churches, still there was need of a great deal more in the national Church. There were still too many fox-hunting parsons, who made the sport not merely the recreation of their leisure hours, but the chief business of their lives. Dean Hole remarks of these that it is charitable to suppose that they mistook the fox for a wolf, and so were anxious to destroy him, like good

shepherds of the flock. A rector at Alderly used to boast that he had never set foot in a sick person's cottage. On Easter Day in 1800 there were only six communicants in St. Paul's Cathedral.

In the first year of the century were born Newman and Pusey; shortly before, John Keble and Arnold; and shortly after, Stanley and Tait. These men, with Robertson and Maurice, Kingsley and Lightfoot, were destined greatly to change the character of the national Church. Dr. Rogers gives a sympathetic study of the various characters of these men of mark and of their work. The genesis and growth of the Oxford Movement, the Tractarian Controversy, the development of the High Church, Low Church, Broad Church, are lucidly set forth. We know no book which so succinctly yet so adequately treats the great movements which have their natural sequence in the religious discussions which, both in Convocation and Parliament, in Church and State, are agitating the public mind.

Charles Kingsley and the Christian Social Movement. By CHARLES WILLIAM STUBBS, D.D., Dean of Ely. London: Blackie & Son, Limited. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Limited. Price, 50 cents.

This is not so much a life of Kingsley as a study of his relations to the Christian social movement which is so characteristic of our times. To this movement Kingsley gave a great impulse. Before his time the country parson had little to do with social problems. As Punch makes Hodge declare:

"Parson do preach and tell me to pray,
And to think of our work, and not ask
more pay;
And a' bids me pay my way like a man,
Whether I can't or whether I can;
And as I han't beef, to be thankful for
bread,
And bless the Lord it ain't turmuts instead;
And never envy the farmer's pig,
For all a' lies warm, and is fed so big,
While the missus and little uns grow that
thin,
You may count their bones underneath
their skin;
I'm to call all I gets 'the chastening rod,'
And look up to my betters and then thank
God."

To Kingsley this was all rank heresy. He mightily stirred up Hodge to demand his rights, and as a result Farmer Hodge or the village shoemaker sits cheek by jowl with the parson and the squire in

the new county council. His intense sympathy with the poor is seen in his "Yeast," his "Alton Locke," and his Chartist pamphlets and poems. Kingsley did not lay the blame of typhus and cholera on the Almighty, but on the greed or unthrift of man. He has been sneered at as preaching the "Gospel of Drains," but if cleanliness is next to godliness that gospel is a very important part of the Gospel of salvation.

Kingsley recognized the drink curse as the bane of England. In "Alton Locke" old Sandy Mackaye, who is understood to stand for Carlyle, cries out to the budding poet: "Say how ye saw the mouth o' hell, and the twa pillars thereof at the entry—the pawnbroker's shop o' the one side, and the gin palace at the other—twa monstrous deevils, eating up men, women and bairns, body and soul. Are they na' a mair damnable, man-devouring idol than ony red-hot statue o' Moloch, or wicker Gogmagog, wherein auld Britons burnt their prisoners? Drunkards frae the breast!—harlots frae the cradle!—damned before they are born! John Calvin had an inkling o' the truth there, I'm a'most driven to think, wi' his reprobation deevil's doctrines." "

But Kingsley's noblest epic was his own life; his healthy, heartsome English manliness, his true and tender affection. His noblest tribute are the simple words his wife placed upon the white cross upon his grave: "Amavimus, amamus, amabimus."

Round the World from London Bridge to Charing Cross, via Yokohama and Chicago. An Album of Pictures from Photographs of the Chief Places of Interest in all Parts of the World. London: George Newnes, Limited. Toronto: Educational Publishing Co. Oblong 4to, gilt. Price, \$3.85.

Travel is one of the most important factors in education. Nowadays everybody travels, if it be only to the county or provincial fair. There are lessons we can learn in no other way. Tennyson speaks of the untravelled peasant

Who thinks the cackle of his rustic bourg
The great round murmur of the world.

The crusades and pilgrimages of the Middle Ages did much to disseminate a knowledge of distant lands and brought back to the remotest wilds of Europe some of the civilization and learning of the Orient. Never was travel so all-pervasive as it is to-day. The globe-

trotter, instead of being a *rara avis*, is now one of the commonest of birds.

Still there are many whose travels must be around their garden, or around their room. The demands of duty or the lack of means keep them at home. But for even these such splendid albums of photographic pictures as Mr. Newnes' furnish many of the advantages of travel without the cost, and dust, and heat, and weariness, and often peril, of real touring. These sun-pictures are actual transcripts from nature. The instantaneous photograph of a crowded London Street, or of a fête on the Grand Canal at Venice, enable us to study details even better than the tourist's hurried glance.

Mr. Newnes' album presents 284 photographic reproductions, each about seven by eleven inches, with descriptive text on each page. It begins at London Bridge and goes zigzagging about the world through the fairest scenes of Europe, from the North Cape to Sicily, from London to Samboal. They take us through the ancient lands of empire around the Mediterranean, up the Nile, through Palestine and Syria, and, following Britain's keys of empire, to her great Indian possessions, to China and Japan; across the American continent, portraying some of the finest scenery of our own Canadian Rockies; through the United States and South America, and back through the vast island colony of Australia, New Zealand, Africa, the Madeira and Canary Islands, to London. It fosters one's patriotic pride to note the predominance of the Union Jack and English signs throughout the world encircling tour.

This book is published by the great English firm of George Newnes, London, and is sold only by subscription for \$3.85 in cloth gilt, by the Educational Publishing Company, of Toronto. With over one hundred of the places here shown we are familiar and can testify to the absolute accuracy of the presentations.

Review of Historical Publications Relating to Canada. Edited by GEORGE M. WRONG, M.A., and H. H. LANGTON, B.A. Volume III. Publications of the year 1898. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, paper cover, \$1.00; in cloth, \$1.50.

This handsome quarto fully maintains the reputation of the previous volumes of the series. It is a sign of the growing time in Canada that such well-digested high-class reviews of studies of our

country are issued in a style worthy of the University Press of Oxford or Cambridge. This volume will help to build up a robust and sturdy Canadianism and will inform our kinsmen throughout the Empire of the literary progress of our country. An important article on "Canada's Relations to the Empire," presumably by the editor, opens the volume. An interesting review by Professor Goldwin Smith of Parkman's works, reviews of Kingsford's history, and of a great number of minor works are given.

The Interlinear Literal Translation of the Hebrew Old Testament. By GEORGE RICKER BERRY, Ph.D. Part I. Genesis and Exodus. New York: Hinds & Noble. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$6.00.

Those who are called of God to the exposition of His Word are also called to qualify themselves therefor as far as possible by a working knowledge of the tongues in which it was given. All preachers cannot become experts in Greek and Hebrew, but almost all may at least learn to read the oracles of God in their original form. Only thus can they in the highest degree avail themselves of the best critical helps. The Hebrew language has comparatively few verbal forms, only about seven thousand in all. But these words are strong, nervous and vivid expressions, having, as Luther says, "hands and feet." Any man of average intelligence and application can in a few months at least spell his way through a Hebrew text. This literal interlinear translation, flanked on either side of the page with the old and new versions of the text, is a most valuable help. Of course, one will need a grammar as well, and Messrs. Hinds and Noble publish one at \$1.00. Cheaper still is Pinnock's Hebrew grammar for only 25 cents, a very useful little book. The volume under review contains the paradigms of the verbs and some notes, which need, however, to be supplemented by a good

lexicon. The text is in beautiful bold print, with the vowel points clearly shown. On account of the minuteness of these points small Hebrew text is very hard on the eyes. With this book and a grammar and lexicon any man may acquire a good working knowledge of the Hebrew tongue.

The Range of Christian Experience, being the Twenty-eighth Fernley Lecture, Delivered in Hull, July, 1898. By RICHARD WADBY MOSS, Classical Tutor, Didsbury College. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

The practical topic of this lecture is treated with a literary skill and a religious spirit that will commend it to every thoughtful reader. The writer sets out with two chapters on the Christian regulation of both body and mind. The body, he says, is generally over-indulged or over-restrained in religious prescriptions. Asceticism has no religious quality in itself, while reasonable physical exercise has. The slander that religion is an enemy to culture is successfully controverted. Scripture, it is shown, "appeals directly for the exercise of the mind, implicitly requires it, and supplies both necessary and worthy objects of thought." Religion is the true co-ordinating power in man. Using the language of the new biology the life and health of the soul is described as "correspondence with its environment." Not with low and sordid surroundings, but congruity with its divine relations. The discrimination between holiness and saintliness, even in Jewish conception, is very just and beautifully phrased. The one is separation from sin and the imitation of the kindlier virtues of God; the other is love's ingenuity in the effort to please Him. "The saintly man endeavours not merely to carry out his Father's orders, but eagerly anticipates a seeking in unbidden ways to give the Father joy. Love, and not law, is the sanction of duty of which the ingenuity of a devoted heart becomes thenceforth the measure."

THE EASTER MESSAGE.

O quickening life of Easter Day,
O burst of snowy bloom;
"The Lord has risen," lilies say,
In gush of sweet perfume!

Oh, lift your heads and face the sky,
Oh, watch the brightening dawn;
For life and light and hope are nigh,
And death's dark night has gone!

"Up, up, to the soft shining blue,
The freshening wind and sun;
All nature thrills, all life is new,
Christ's victory is won!"

"Rise, Lord, with us our hearts," we cry,
"Through strange, bright mist of tears:
Oh, show us 'neath this Easter sky
Love's own immortal years!"

—Margaret Deland.