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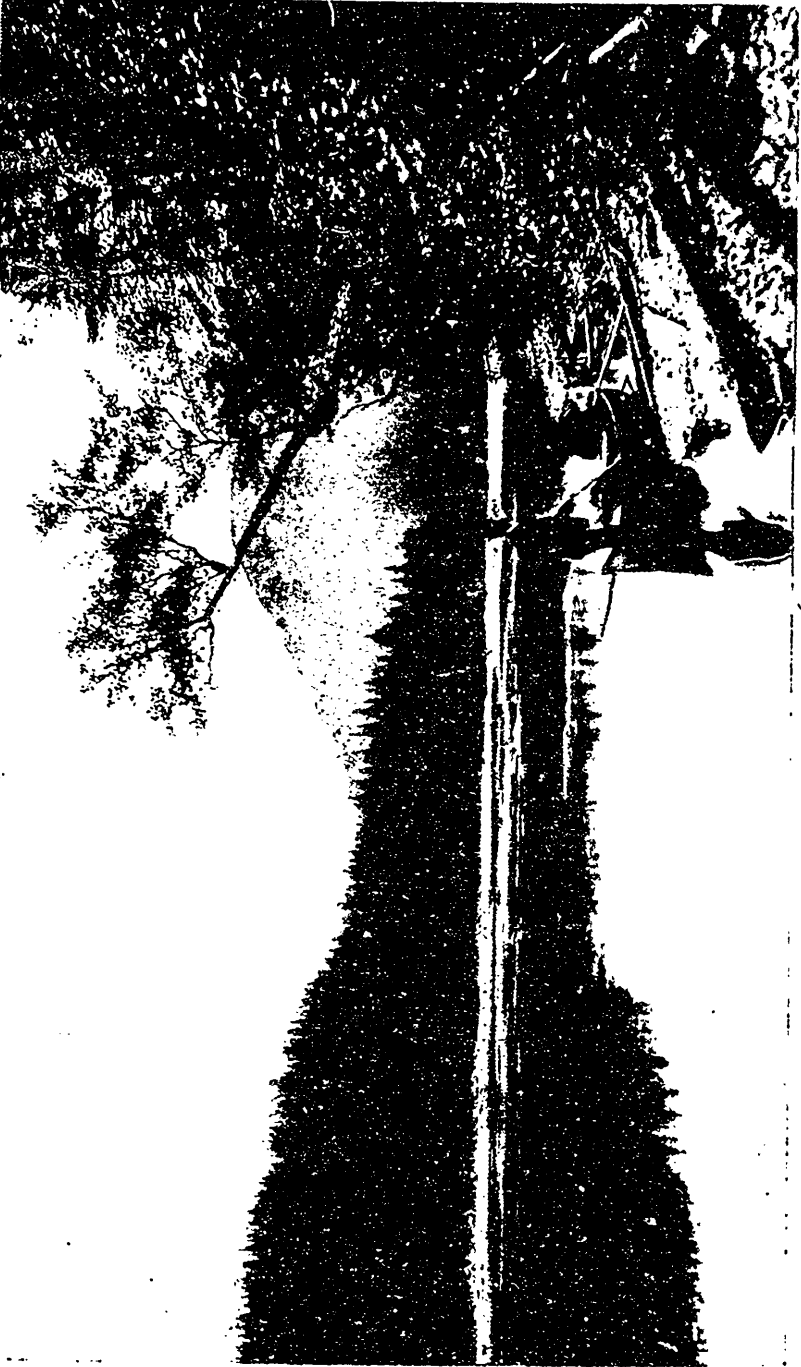
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ON THE HUMBER RIVER, NEWFOUNDLAND.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

AUGUST, 1900.

BRITAIN'S MOST ANCIENT COLONY AND ITS
MOST MODERN DEVELOPMENTS.

BY THE REV. GEORGE J. BOND, B.A.,

Editor of "The Wesleyan," Halifax.

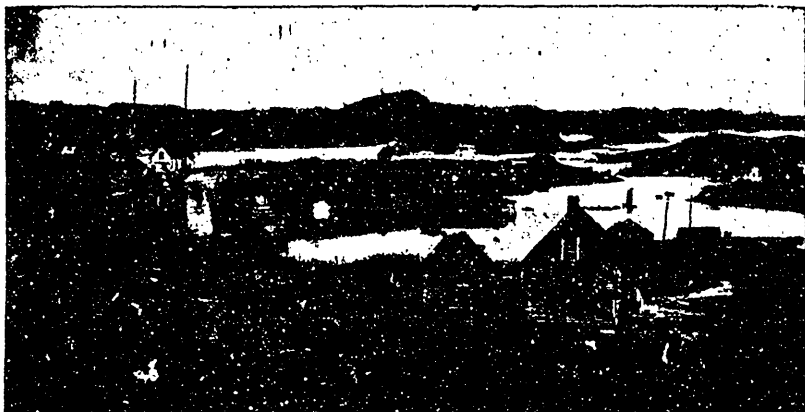


WABANA IRON MINE, BELL ISLE, NEWFOUNDLAND.

II.

"The Canadian Government haggled over five millions of dollars when Newfoundland proposed to enter Confederation in '95, and that one little Bell Island is worth twenty millions of dollars!" Such was the remark made by one large capitalist to another, as the magnates of a great syndicate were returning from an inspection of the most wonderful iron mine in the world, the Wabana Mine, on Bell

Isle, Newfoundland. And the remark illustrates, as it was intended to do, the shortsightedness of the Canadian Government of that day, which missed the opportunity of getting the ancient colony into Confederation, because of their refusal to concede the narrow margin of five millions of dollars between their offer to Newfoundland, and that country's estimate of her absolute minimum requirement. It also emphasizes, as it was intended



BURGEO.

to do, the enormous value of the vast iron deposits on Bell Isle, and, inferentially and by comparison, of the almost incalculable value of the whole great domain of Newfoundland, from the standpoint of the capitalist. Thus it serves me very well to introduce my second paper on the Ancient Colony, which will speak largely of its most modern developments.

Newfoundland is no longer merely a place "whaur sailors gang to fish for cod." The "fish flake policy," which for long, dreary years kept it behind all its sister colonies, that its watery wealth might be exploited for the selfish aggrandizement of absentee "merchant adventurers" of the west of England, has happily been successfully overcome. It has emerged from the fogs which, denser far than those which hang about its banks, were adroitly raised to keep its capabilities from the world, and has entered upon a new era of industrial and commercial development. For the mineral treasures which lie beneath its soil bid fair to give it in these latter times a celebrity vastly greater than those taken from its waters, and, what is more to the purpose, to afford its inhabitants remunerative and less precarious employment, and to at-

tract to its shores enterprise and capital that will find fertile field in many directions.

As I have touched on the Bell Isle mine, let me tell my readers a little more about it. Bell Isle itself—which must be differentiated from the Belle Isle away to the north, whose Strait, too often enveloped in fog and bestudded with gleaming icebergs, forms a summer short-cut for ocean greyhounds between the Old World and the New—is a lovely island in one of Newfoundland's most lovely bays—Conception Bay. From Topsail, the chief watering-place of St. John's, and some twelve miles' drive from it, it is six miles' sail to the famous island, which lies off in the blue and sparkling waters of the bay, with Little Bell Isle and Kelly's Island in close proximity. It is about eight miles long by two miles wide, and its surface is an undulating tableland, elevated a couple of hundred feet above sea level, from which it rises for the most part in sheer precipitous cliffs, except in one or two places where there is a shelving beach and a gradual ascent. On one of these beaches a few years ago—so the story goes—a fisherman was getting ballast for his boat, and noticing that some

red-coloured rocks were heavier than others, he ballasted with them. At St. John's these red ballast rocks were thrown out on one of the wharves, and happened to attract the attention of some one who knew something of minerals. They were red hematite—iron ore—which on analysis proved very rich and valuable. Very soon, rights of search and mining were taken out, and the fortunate finders were not long in disposing of their property for what was to them a considerable sum of money. The first capitalists to take hold of the

tons are within reach in the Dominion Iron and Steel Company's mines, and six millions of tons in that portion still retained by the Nova Scotia Steel Company, without counting that obtainable by deep mining and excavating under the sea. The ore can be mined at the smallest possible cost. It is so near the surface that the work is quarrying rather than mining, and all the miners have to do is to dig off the overlying soil, which varies in depth from six inches, or even less, to three feet, and there are the beds of ore, in one outcrop



BONNE BAY.

mine were the Nova Scotia Steel Company, and they, after working it with profit for some years, sold out the greater part of it a year ago to the Dominion Iron and Steel Company, whose immense works at Sydney, Cape Breton, now in course of construction, are being built for the purpose of smelting and manufacturing iron and steel from Bell Isle ore, and promise to make Sydney the Pittsburg of Canada. The price paid for the mine was one million of dollars.

The deposits of iron ore are enormous. Twenty-eight millions of

three and a half miles long, and in the other a mile and a half—"densely cemented, fine grained red hematite, having slaty cleavage, and breaking up readily into small rhomboidal blocks." So far, mining has been confined to what is called the lower bed. Here there are three mines—the Centre, East, and West Mines, connected together and with the loading wharf by a double track tramway operated by endless steel cables. The ore, which is mined by steam drilling from the surface to the depth of the bed, a series of ten

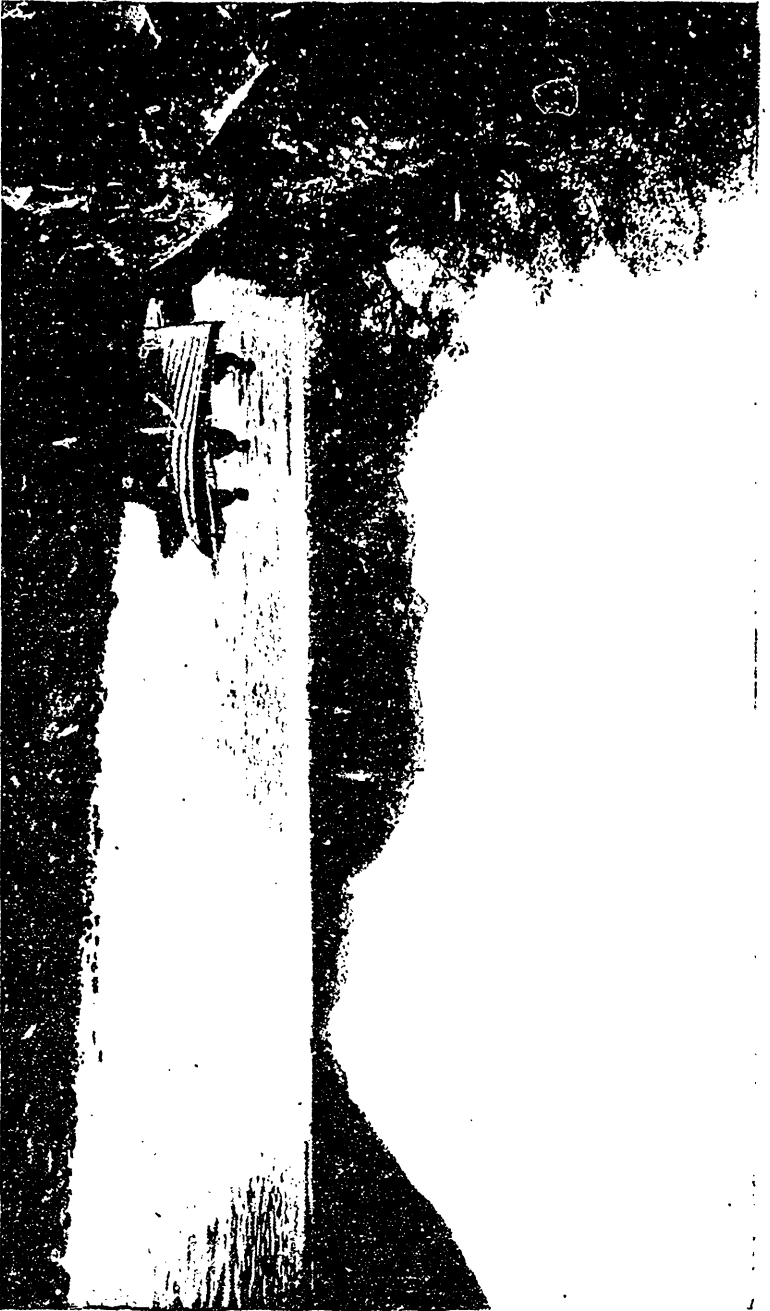
to twelve one-and-a-half-inch holes, charging them with dynamite and firing them simultaneously, is conveyed in steel mine-cars of from one and a quarter to two tons' capacity, over the tramway to the loading wharf. This ingenious structure is ninety feet in height, and sixty-five feet long by forty-five feet wide. Beside it, on the solid land, are two immense bins, having a combined capacity of twenty thousand tons. Into these the ore from the mine-cars is discharged automatically, the empty cars returning on the endless cable to be refilled; and from the bins a horizontal line of steel conveyor buckets takes the ore along a track to the head of the pier. This conveyor line is five hundred and fifteen feet long, and the buckets, with a capacity each of ten cubic feet, are set thirty-seven inches apart, and travel at a speed of one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet a minute, emptying their contents at the pier head into a great chute, which conveys the ore directly into the hold of the vessel lying far below. A thousand tons of ore an hour can thus be put on board, at a total cost for mining and shipping of about twenty-five cents a ton. As the ore averages over fifty per cent. of pure iron, and is so easily mined and shipped, the immense value of the property, as well as the prodigious development ahead of it when the Dominion Steel Company's mammoth works are completed, may be easily imagined.

But it is not in iron production alone that Newfoundland has come to be known as a great mining country. More than twenty years ago she ranked sixth among the copper producing countries of the world, and since then the mines at Tilt Cove, Little Bay, and other mining centres on the shores of the great Bay of Notre Dame, on her north-east coast, have produced

large quantities of that valuable mineral. Indeed, almost the whole surface of the coast-line of Notre Dame Bay and its contained islands, is highly mineralized, and it is altogether probable that there, and elsewhere in the colony, great deposits, as yet unsuspected, await the prospector's hammer and drill. From the year 1864 to the end of 1893, the total value of copper, pyrites, nickel, lead, etc., exported was \$10,777,086, the greater part by far being copper ore, and the next in value being iron pyrites, employed in the manufacture of sulphur. The serpentine rocks of Newfoundland belong to the Lauzon division of the Lower Silurian Series of the Quebec Group, according to the late Sir William Logan, "the metalliferous zone of the Lower Silurian in North America." "It is rich," he says, "in copper ores, chiefly as interstratified cupriferous slates, and is accompanied by silver, gold, nickel, and chromium ores." These serpentine extend in Newfoundland over an area of over five thousand square miles.

Lead ore was first discovered several years ago at La Manche, near the north-eastern extremity of Placentia Bay, and mined successfully for some time. The quality of the ore is very fine, producing eighty-two per cent. of metallic lead, and a percentage of silver. At Port au Port, on the west coast, a rich deposit of lead ore has also been discovered and partially worked. Asbestos has been found in considerable quantity in the same neighbourhood, as well as in other localities on the west coast; and there is every probability that this mineral, now so valuable and widely used, will be mined largely and profitably.

Coal has been found in several places, notably in St. George's Bay on the west coast, at Robinson's Brook, and in the Grand Lake region, in the interior of the island.



LITTLE RIVER, NEWFOUNDLAND.

The first of these deposits has been computed to occupy an area of thirty-eight square miles, and to contain over fifty-four million chaldrons of coal. The second deposit occurs in three seams, aggregating eight feet of coal, while the third has several seams, a few averaging three feet in thickness, and many so near together that they could be worked as one seam. The aggregate represents about twenty-seven feet of coal. The coal itself is highly bituminous, some of its approaching cannel coal in richness. It is probable that the coal beds will be developed energetically in the immediate future, and that larger deposits of the precious mineral may be discovered.

Gold has been found in several places, but not as yet in large quantities, and manganese, antimonite, and molybdenite are also found; while granites, syenites, sandstones, limestones, marbles, and other materials of economic value in art and industry abound. The granite is of splendid quality, while deposits of roofing slate, of quality so excellent that it compares favourably with the famous roofing slate of Wales, have been profitably worked for several years. Immense deposits of gypsum occur in St. George's Bay and Codroy, on the west coast. In fact, according to the Geological Survey's report, "gypsum is distributed more profusely and in greater volume in the carboniferous districts than in any part of the American continent of the same extent."

But it is not only as a country surpassingly rich in mineral deposits that Newfoundland has come to be known of late years. Its timber lands have attracted considerable attention and capital. In the valleys watered by the three largest rivers, the Exploits flowing into Notre Dame Bay, the Humber flowing into the Bay of Islands, and

the Gander flowing into Bonavista Bay, there are large areas of timber—pine, spruce, and fir—with birch and tamarack occurring in abundance in some localities. In the region of the Gander River alone, the available pine limits have been estimated at eight hundred and fifty square miles. The sawmilling industry has developed of late years, and particularly since the building of the railway, by leaps and bounds; and besides a continuous increase in the manufacture of lumber, the great demand for wood pulp, for the manufacture of paper, has led to the establishment of some splendid plants for that most important industry.

Agriculture is as yet comparatively in its infancy in Newfoundland—first, because its inhabitants have been in the past almost exclusively fishermen, and fishing and farming cannot be profitably combined; and, secondly, because the best locations for the prosecution of fishing were for the most part the worst for farming purposes. But good land, first-class land for agricultural purposes, abounds in the river valleys and at the head of the great bays. It is perhaps safe to state that between three and four millions of acres of land await in the Ancient Colony the industry of the agriculturist for arable and grazing purposes, and that thousands of settlers would find pleasant and profitable locations for farming and ranching in the valleys of the Exploits, the Humber, the Gander, and the Codroy, in the reaches of fertile and well timbered land at the heads of Bonavista and Notre Dame Bays, and in other sections of the great island so long supposed to be a barren rock, fit only for a mooring-place for fishermen. Of one of the localities mentioned, that of the Codroy Valley, a traveller from Cape Breton writes in the following enthusiastic terms: "The land

is hardly surpassed by any in the lower provinces of Canada for its fertility. We travelled about twenty-four miles along this beautiful and romantic river. There is a range of good upland, extending some nine miles above the settlement. This is studded with birch, spruce, and fir. Then commences what is called the 'Big Interval.' This great tract of rich land I travelled for about fifteen miles either side of the river, some places extending over a mile in width. The extent and appearance of this splendid 'interval' struck me so forcibly that I stopped to examine carefully the nature of the soil. I could see along the banks that the soil was exceedingly good, and four feet in depth, while the grass, balsam, and balm of Gilead trees, and tall alders, gave proof of its surpassing fertility." Of the cultivable land in this lovely valley of the Codroy some twenty-five or thirty thousand acres have been taken up, and are already being farmed, but as much more awaits settlement. The Newfoundland Railway passes right through it, and market for produce of all kinds is within easy reach. Indeed, there are tens of thousands of acres of land in the Ancient Colony which offer splendid possibilities for enterprising settlers; and if only some of the congested farming regions of the United Kingdom could be relieved of their surplus agriculturists, and these induced to settle in Newfoundland, it

would lead to better days for the immigrants themselves, and a new era in the modern development of their adopted country.

The climatic conditions of Newfoundland are much the same as those of the Maritime Provinces of the Dominion. Dr. John Bell, of Montreal, says: "The climate of the island is favourable to the development of its agricultural re-



ON THE HUMBER RIVER, NEWFOUNDLAND.

sources of every kind. Instead of the cold, foggy atmosphere which is generally supposed to hang over the island, quite the reverse is the case. The air is clear and warm, and the temperature during the year remarkably equable, the mercury in winter seldom falling below zero of Fahrenheit's scale, or in summer rising above eighty degrees. I never saw finer weather than during the two months I was

on the island. It is only on the south-west corner that fogs prevail to any extent, from the proximity of that part to the Gulf Stream.

One of the greatest factors in the most modern development of the Most Ancient Colony is undoubtedly its railway. It is at once an evidence of the island's progress, and an immense lever in promoting it. From the capital, St. John's, on the extreme eastern coast, it stretches no less than five hundred and sixty miles to Port aux Basques, far up on the north-west. Running along the head of Conception Bay, threading the narrow isthmus between Placentia and Trinity Bays, with the first of which it is connected by a branch line, and the latter of which it touches in one or two points, it touches Bonavista Bay at Clode Sound and Notre Dame Bay at Norris' Arm. Then, running up the valley of the Exploits, it pierces the island from east to west by way of the White Hill Plains, and the north-east end of Grand Lake, along the southern shore of Deer Lake, and through the valley of the Humber to Bay of Islands. Skirting the bay for some miles, it next turns inland through Harry's Brook Valley to Bay St. George, and thence back of the Aiguille range of hills down the Codroy valley to its western terminus, where the swift steamer "Bruce" connects it by the narrow ferry over Cabot Strait with the Inter-colonial at Sydney, and thus with all the vast railway ramifications of the North American continent. It will be seen that all, or nearly all, of the principal industrial centres of the island have more or less direct connection by wagon roads or by coastal steamers plying in the great bays, with this trunk line of railway, which opens up as well a vast area of mining, agricultural and timber bearing land. The road is well built. It is of nar-

row gauge, with heavy steel rails and the bridges are of steel with massive granite piers and abutments. It is well equipped with rolling stock, and one may ride luxuriously in a dainty Pullman, and fare sumptuously on choice and well-cooked viands while travelling miles upon miles of country, which a decade ago had never felt the tread of a white man's foot.

Newfoundland is a veritable paradise for the tourist, whether his tastes be those of the sportsman, the artist, the naturalist, or the poet, or whether he belong simply to that far more numerous class wearied with the drudgery of business, and flying for rest and change of scene from the heat and dust of crowded cities to cooler air, and quieter surroundings. Here he will find all he seeks. The people are famed for their kindly hospitality. The life he will meet is full of interest and novelty. The country is picturesque in the extreme, and the scenery varies all the way from the romantic grandeur of coast and mountain landscape to the sylvan loveliness of lake side and river valley. The lakes and brooks abound with trout, and many of the rivers with the lively sea trout and the lordly salmon. So plentiful are the latter, that one English sportsman is said last year to have killed no less than three hundred in a single week. Snipe, curlew, and ptarmigan are to be found in plenty, while the noble caribou in large herds roam through the glades and over the barrens of the interior. Indeed, the Newfoundland Railway runs through hundreds of miles of country, which is, as has been said, a veritable paradise for the sportsman with rod or rifle, and for the artist with brush or camera. It has been the good fortune of the writer to travel it more than once from end to end. He has had ample opportunity to note some of



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its many points of interest, and to enjoy much of the varied scenery through which it passes. He has seen the wide Exploits rush roaring over Bishop's Falls, he has felt the weird loneliness of the Three Topsails, where, sixteen hundred feet above the sea, amid far stretching barrens, the railway crosses the centre of the island. He has come down the Humber Valley in front of an engine, and thrilled at the glorious unfolding of hill and river landscape. He has whirled around the heights of Bay of Islands, and gazed, awe-stricken, far down on the surface of the bay below. He has ascended the lower reaches of the lovely and romantic Humber in a boat, and photographed bits of its exquisite scenery. He has looked off to sea from the bluffs of Bay St. George, and climbed with his camera up the steep banks of Steady Brook, till he stood in delight at the foot of its splendid falls. And so he speaks not from hearsay, but from personal knowledge of the beauties of Newfound-

land scenery as the railway reveals it, or brings it within reach of the leisurely and observant traveller.

July and August are the finest months in the Ancient Colony, and tourists may then count upon delightful weather. September, also, is generally a very pleasant month, and, of course, for the sportsman, with shot-gun or rifle, is the month to visit the island, as the shooting season for ptarmigan begins on the fifteenth of that month, and the caribou are at their finest in September and October. Guides, competent, obliging, and reasonable in their demands for wages, may be readily obtained for sporting or camping purposes at any of the localities tourists may choose to visit, and the jaded professional or business man may find a thousand quiet and charming spots where, "far from the busy haunts of men," he may pitch his tent beside some placid lake or murmuring stream, and, close to the heart of nature, get rest and refreshment that will send him back to fight life's busy

battle with vigour and courage renewed.

Britain's Most Ancient Colony, so long buried in the fogs of misrepresentation and misconception, is thus, as we have seen, coming at length to a wider recognition of her value, and to a name and place commensurate with her importance among the possessions of Britain's wide-spread empire. The capitalist has an open eye to her mine and forest wealth, the tourist has her on his summer programme as "the Norway of America." Her developments have been many in these modern days. They will increase as the opening century advances. Midway between London and New York, she is destined in the not distant future to be the "halfway house" in the highway of travel between the Old World and the New. Nearest point in America to Europe, she is bound to become the terminus on this side the Atlantic of speediest ocean travel. As long ago as the early seventies this was the suggested scheme of Sir Sandford Fleming, and the first railway survey of the island, carried out under his direction, had this end in view. This was the proposal of Sir William Whiteway in his first Railway Bill in 1878, which the fatuous fear lest French treaty rights on the west coast should be thought to be invaded, led the British Government to discountenance. The world has moved since then. The Newfoundland Railway, thanks to the dogged perseverance of the veteran colonial statesman above named, and the skill and energy of

Robert G. Reid, the contractor, is now an accomplished fact. French susceptibilities are no longer thought of such grave moment that great enterprises must stop because of them. The speed of ocean greyhounds has increased vastly, and the recent invention of the steam turbine bids fair to well-nigh double it. Time is money in these hurrying days as it never was before. All these things point to a further development in Newfoundland's position and prospects. With a fast line from the furthest western port in Ireland to the furthest eastern port in Newfoundland, the Atlantic Ferry would mean but three days at sea. With a short link to connect this port—probably in Notre Dame Bay—with the present railway system, the journey across the island could be made in a few hours. Then by rapid ferry across Cabot Strait to the Intercolonial at North Sydney, the passengers and mails would reach the railway connections of the continent, and a tunnel under the Strait of Canso would save any further transshipment or change of cars. Special Atlantic steamers, built for speed, to carry passengers and mails only, special trains across Newfoundland at maximum safe speed, special limited express trains on the Intercolonial and the great connecting lines, would bring London and New York, Liverpool and Montreal, Manchester and Chicago, into very close touch. Such a development for Newfoundland has been the dream of the writer for many years. He hopes he may live to see it become a fact.

BEREAVEMENT.

There once was a sheep that wandered far
Away from the one true Guide,
Attended not to His gentle calls
From morn until eventide,
But strayed beyond the pastures green,
With her little lamb at her side.

Then the tender Shepherd lifted the lamb
And bore it away to His fold,
The mother heeded His loving voice,
And turned from the mountains cold,
To follow the lamb in the Shepherd's arms
Right up to the gates of gold.

—Katherine A. Clarke.

RELIGIOUS LEADERS OF GREAT BRITAIN.*

BY WINGROVE.

II.

Another preacher of rising fame, whose portrait appeared in the July number, is Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, of Tollington Park Church. His preaching is earnest, telling, and powerful. He is an evangelist. He has looked into human nature, and made himself acquainted with its sins and sorrows, and carefully deals with the wants and yearnings of men like himself. He is courageous and spiritual. He makes the lean Christian to blush with shame. He broods over your weakness, strives to make you feel it acutely, and then urges you to forsake the beaten paths of folly and ascend the Alpine heights of Christian living. As an evangelist he does not indulge in motto preaching or essays. He is a preacher of the Word, and makes it discriminating and penetrative. Sin is real and large and awful; he wrestles with you in argument and appeal, and makes an effective use of emotion in the attempt to drive the sinner with his sins to the Cross. The most unwelcome truths are dealt with faithfully. A man sound on the doctrine of the atonement, and yet of a shady character, is attacked without mercy.

There is a spiritual glow about the preaching of the Rev. F. B. Meyer, of Westminster. Sincerity, earnestness, strong masculine sense, and good feeling have all contributed to make him an eminent minister. His preaching is simple, but robust; spiritual and practical, touching the heart

and gripping the conscience. Mr. Meyer appeals to no popular cry, he espouses no fashionable prejudice, and is not the tool or idol of any party. To those who desire their lives to be pitched to a higher key, Mr. Meyer is especially helpful. Much good has been done under his ministry in Leicester and London; his Manchester congregation shows that goodness is pre-eminently first in the qualifi-



THE REV. F. B. MEYER, B.A.

cations of an appreciated ministry. The doctrine of entire sanctification is a theme of the greatest moment to this preacher. He believes it, preaches it, lives it. From the pulpit and the press he is ever sending forth a pure Gospel which has no uncertain sound. He has no time for a divided ministry.

* Portraits and text by courtesy of the *Methodist Recorder*, London, England.

"All have sinned and come short of the glory of God," and, "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord"; this is the beginning and the end of his message. No man can fail with such a Gospel, and with men of such natural gifts as the minister of Christ Church, Westminster, the fruit is sure to be large and lasting. He preaches with heart, with mouth, with life. He draws his congregation to Christ.

For more than a quarter of a



THE REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.

century the name of Mark Guy Pearse has been a household word. Of Methodist origin, training, and ministerial status, he is essentially a minister of the Free Churches. His books and tracts belong to the people, and his sermons and addresses are to be heard in churches of all denominations. He is helped by a mellifluous voice, a dramatic gift, a vivid imagination, and the realism of a word-painter. He

adopts an easy and colloquial style, which at times reminds you of the late Charles H. Spurgeon. Both in sermon and lecture there is picturesqueness of detail and colouring. The holding up of an ear of corn, the power to place himself in the circumstances he so graphically describes, a conversation with an imaginary person, the preacher meanwhile seated, sustained conversation with Bible characters, or the oft-repeated story of some Cornish folk, captivate all hearers alike, until you are smiling, tearful, and laughing in quick succession. Mr. Pearse has an enthusiasm of humanity. The familiar theory of saving the body as well as the soul, the former first, is not new, nor always unanimously received. This master of assemblies can create deep feeling that becomes passion. The human aspects of the Scriptures are revealed. With exquisite tenderness and pathos, he can present pictures, the most commonplace, and make them beautiful and vocal. There are those who look on nature with the insight of feeling, while others gaze on the same beauty much as cattle look at flowers. To Mr. Pearse, everything in nature is suggestive. Humanity, Scripture, and Nature are to be explored for the benefit of mind, body, and soul.

One of the most welcome preachers is Dr. Clifford, of London. If Dr. Guinness Rogers is the old lion of Nonconformity, it is hard to say whether Dr. Parker or Dr. Clifford is next in rank. Dr. Clifford, in the pulpit and on the platform, often furnishes a gladiatorial spectacle. He fights with words, and, as one might say, with attitudes. His eyes alight with fire, his hands

clenched and trembling, his utterance at such times hoarse and rapid, make you see the antagonist. This preacher can handle and classify evidence with extraordinary ability. He revels in controversy. He does not deal much with abstract truths, but particularizes. Specific sins, social wrongs, political scandals, and ecclesiastical bigotry are singled out and denounced. No wrong is to him a forbidden topic. He is fearless, but faithful, and withal loving. He panders to neither man nor party, and is heedless alike of admirers and critics. A vein of optimism runs through all he says. Hope and cheer are his bulwarks, and a living faith his foundation. Newman says in his *Apologia*: "Living monuments do not come of committees, nor are great ideas worked out through the post, even though it had been the penny post." The work of Dr. Clifford confirms this.

The organization of the Free Church Council owes much to the genius of the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, but its consolidation is due in no small measure to the strong, vitalizing advocacy of this eminent Baptist minister. He has learned how to stir the multitudes to enthusiasm. No great meeting for the advocacy of liberty of conscience, or education, or the suppression of social wrongs is complete without this John-the-Baptist preacher. He cries aloud, and spares not; he denounces vehemently, and threatens with the courage of an Old Testament prophet. He alarms, exposes, convicts, and persuades. In his own line he has no peer in the present generation of preachers. Had Dr. Clifford addressed himself solely to the exposition of the Word, he might have ranked with Dr. Mac-

laren as an expositor, or possibly with D. L. Moody as an evangelist. It is said that Newman's power in dealing with the conscience was so tremendous that he preached as if man were all conscience. Dr. Clifford's preaching is to the conscience. Even his voice, at times, is almost incriminating.

Is not the need of the Church to-day a wilderness prophet who can reach the conscience, rebuke



THE REV. JOHN CLIFFORD, D.D.

its indolence, expose its subterfuges, and lay bare with unflinching scorn the meanness, the apathy, the false peace of the human heart which desires only pleasant platitudes on religion. We need in all the Churches more spiritual anatomy; preachers who know the inward nature and its depths, and who can diagnose its moral disease. The fierce light of pulpit and platform have been thrown on external evils; now we need fierce light upon sin within.



THE REV. J. MONRO GIBSON, D. D.

Each preacher draws his own congregation; to this rule Dr. Monro Gibson is no exception. A few sermons from this preacher lead you to ask the question, How is it possible to make the best of both worlds? To this question Dr. Gibson gives an honest and thought-provoking answer. He can appeal with effect to members of mercantile and trading communities. In his Manchester congregation are to be found shrewd, thriving, energetic, enterprising men of business. For a man so intensely absorbed in the making of money as to forget all else, Dr. Gibson has no compassion. He can interpret many passages of the Scriptures with business-like wisdom, and make them light up with life and force. Great social questions are looked at fearlessly, in a manly and

vigorous way, and honest attempts are made to solve the problem of reform. He is full of philosophical acumen, quiet, almost passionless, yet earnest. He likes to leave the beaten paths of the Gospel preacher and look for new tracks likely to widen his ministry and bring him nearer to men in the turmoil of life. Whether he deals with sin in the abstract or no, he deals with the wrongs of our times, and has a place amongst the nineteenth century prophets. Doubtless he has a message on "The soul that sinneth, it shall die," a message as effective as his sermons on the dignity of labour and the sacredness of the daily calling; but it is to those in the community covered by the latter class of subjects that some of his most powerful appeals are made.

THE REV. W. ROBERTSON NICOLL, LL. D.,
Editor of "British Weekly."

The announcement that Dr. Robertson Nicoll will preach at the noonday service brings a large and representative congregation. A personality with a constellation of gifts, he gives attention to many things, yet his preaching has the skill and freshness peculiar to those whose only sphere of activity is the pulpit. Dr. Nicoll's ministry is invaluable to ministers. He thinks about them, thinks for them, anticipates their needs, and, through several channels, helps them. How often has the minister of limited resources found in The British Weekly leader inspiration and suggestion for the approaching Sabbath? There is a remarkable spring of power in this gifted minister. He wields a mighty influence in literary and reading circles, which again reproduces itself in various ways.

But it is as a preacher that we wish to speak of Dr. Nicoll. He acknowledges that he is not a preacher for the crowd, but his brethren in the ministry look up to him as one who can speak with authority on preaching and on the office of a preacher. As he commences, you are impressed by the seriousness, the solemnity, the reverence, with which he handles certain things. The service is conducted without the least sign of self-consciousness. At the same time he speaks as one truly conscious of the greatness of the truths he must utter. The preaching is strictly intellectual and spiritual. There are flashes of genius, evidence of wide and general knowledge, and sometimes a suggestion in the manner of a preacher of the mediaeval age. He has a fond admiration for many of the saints of the Middle Ages. The best side of the cloistered life is frequently recognized. He is something of a mystic. There are two kinds of mysticism. One is morbid, and the other wholesome. It

is the latter which Dr. Nicoll shares. He has no sympathy with those who carp at the old theologians and controversialists. He delights to roam over ancient fields, and gather the old flowers, to reset them in modern light and teaching. He never wearies of acknowledging the world's indebtedness to the pioneers of every great and good movement. We are building upon the foundations laid by our fathers. To Dr. Nicoll the good of the past is sacred. But he is among the first to detect the need of development and expansion. The words of this preacher are apparently the only words in which his thoughts can live. He appears to restrain the play of deep emotion, yet there are times when it will have way. What Foster was to the coming generation of preachers of his own times, Dr. Nicoll is to the younger preachers of to-day. An address given exclusively to preachers attracts ministers of all denominations from far and near. The wealth of Biblical learning at the command of every preacher is more complete to-day than hitherto, and in no small measure are we indebted for this to this Christian scholar and preacher. The vocation of the minister is a perpetual study to Dr. Nicoll. He knows its needs, perils, peculiarities, and difficulties. The country minister in his obscurity, with limited means and a cramped sphere, or a faithful pastor in an old deserted city chapel in a back street, toiling under enormous difficulties, is sure of the sympathy and esteem of this leader of thought. Fidelity in the commonplace, the obscure, the monotonous routine of ministerial life calls forth the loudest eulogium from Dr. Nicoll. Sterling worth he is eager to recognize, and has done so repeatedly both in ministerial and literary circles.

MADAME GUYON.*

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

Dean of the Faculty of Theology, Victoria University.

MADAME GUYON.

I.

The subject of this sketch is a household name among all who sympathize with the profoundest aspects of spiritual religion. But the sad, though interesting, details of her life and work are probably far from familiar to most readers of this magazine, and they are well worth rehearsing, inasmuch as they teach us several lessons which cannot be too often repeated, such as these—that God is the satisfying portion of His saints, that by His grace the holiest life may be lived amid the most forbidding circumstances, but, at the same time, that we need not expect all excellence in one human character. Madame Guyon lived in France in the brilliant age of Louis XIV., at the time of the revocation of the Edict of

*The authorities for this life of Madame Guyon are her autobiography and other works, and Upham's "Life of Madame de la Mothe Guyon." A new edition of the latter work has just been issued by Sampson Low, Marston and Company, London. It is much to be commended to all who are interested in the literature of holy living.

Nantes and the brutal dragonnades, but we find in her no sign of sympathy with the persecuted Protestants, no noble love of religious liberty, no protest against injustice. However, we must consider not what she was not, but what she was. So doing, we shall find her principles largely, if unconsciously, Protestant, and her religious life saintly and inspiring.

Jeanne Marie Bouvieres de la Mothe was born on the 13th of April, 1648, at Montargis, about fifty miles south of Paris. Her father was the Seigneur de la Mothe Vergonville, of a wealthy, aristocratic, and highly religious family. "I was born of a father and mother who made profession of very great piety, particularly my father, who had inherited it from his ancestors, for one might count, for a very long time, almost as many saints in his family as there were persons who composed it."

The mother, though very pious, failed to show her piety by devotion to the interests of her children, and poor little Jeanne Marie, a sickly, nervous child, was committed to the care either of servants in the house or of nuns in their convents. At the tender age of two and a half years she was placed for a few months in the Ursuline seminary for young girls, and when four years old she became the companion of the Duchess of Montbason in the Benedictine convent. The poor child was dressed as a little nun, separated from the natural life of the home, and forced into a precocious religiosity. One day she declared to her associates that she was ready to be a martyr for God. The girls mischievously put her to the test, conducted her solemnly

into a room where a cloth had been placed on the floor to receive her blood, as they told her, and compelled her to kneel in order to receive the fatal stroke from a cutlass held by one of their number. At this moment the poor child's courage failed, and she declared that she was not at liberty to die without the consent of her father. This cruel experience did much to discourage her faith in God.

On account of her feeble health she was taken home, but only to be left to the tender mercies of domestics, from some of whom she suffered even violence and blows. When nearly seven years old, her father, who loved her fondly, placed her for her education in the Ursuline convent. Here she was under the special care of two half-sisters, one the daughter of her mother, and one of her father. The latter was a young woman of great ability and piety, and very kind to her little protegee.

On one of her frequent visits home, she found there a notable visitor, Queen Henrietta Maria, widow of Charles I. of England. This eminent lady was so delighted with the vivacity and cleverness of the child that she importuned Seigneur de la Mothe to allow his daughter to become maid-of-honour to the princess. But the father steadfastly refused the tempting offer.

After a very severe illness in the Ursuline convent, her father took her home. But before long she was placed in the Dominican convent, there again to be ill, hungry, neglected. At this time, being left much to herself, she found a Bible, and spent whole days reading it, and committing large parts of it to memory. After eight months she was taken home once more, this time to be persecuted, not only by domestics, but by her little brother, and to lapse into "lying and peevishness." In her eleventh year her

father placed her once more among the Ursulines to prepare for her first communion at Easter. At this time she began to read Francis de Sales.

On her return home, as she had now grown tall and beautiful, her mother took more interest in her, dressed her handsomely, and took her abroad with her. She was at once sought by several suitors. She accuses herself at this period of various faults, such as lying and vanity. She says she spent much of her time before a looking-glass admiring her own beauty! Yet all the while she felt desires for higher things. A profound impression was made upon her by the visit of her cousin, De Toissi, en-route as a missionary to Cochin China, for to such a life of devotion she felt herself called. But it was long before she found the true path of peace. She made a vow of ever aiming at perfection and of doing the will of God in everything. She inscribed the name of Christ upon a piece of paper and carried it upon her person. But for her father's opposition, she would have taken the veil.

In her fourteenth year, she met a cousin, a young man of high accomplishments and of religious character, who sought her hand in marriage. She seems to have been very fond of him. But they were within the prohibited degrees of consanguinity, and so the joy of a happy married life was denied her. She was to be made perfect through suffering.

In 1663 the family removed to Paris. The fair debutante entered into the gay life of the highest society and achieved signal success. In 1664, without so much as consulting her, her father promised her in marriage to Monsieur Jacques Guyon, a man of great wealth and high social position, but twenty-two years her senior, and in wretched health. There was no

love in this match, the poor young bride of sixteen not having seen her fiance until three days before the marriage, and having accepted him simply because her father had so decreed.

No sooner, she declares, was she at the house of her husband than she perceived that it would be for her "a house of mourning." A woman of great intellectual ability, of social elegance and refinement, she was placed in a sort of prison in the company of a husband who, while fond of her, did not understand her or sympathize with her, and under the authority of a mother-in-law still less sympathetic, indeed, positively cruel. She was contradicted, scolded, snubbed from morning to night, and allowed the smallest liberty of action. The details of her domestic life are most distressing. She became silent and depressed under her affliction. But for the consolations which she found in religion, the issue must have been suicide or vice.

We must take all this into account in estimating her type of religion. It was impossible for her to cultivate a genial sympathy with common human life. Chilled and repulsed by those from whom she had the right to expect human tenderness and affection, she turned exclusively to God. She says in one of her own beautiful little poems:

"My country, Lord, art Thou alone;
No other can I claim or own;
The point where all my wishes meet—
My Law, my Love, life's only sweet."

It was about a year after her marriage that she turned to God with her whole heart. The birth of her first son, the death of that half-sister who had been kind to her in the Ursuline convent, and finally the death of her mother, added to the discomfort of her domestic relations, and intensified the hunger and thirst of her soul after

God. She devoted herself to good works and to church services, she read diligently the "Imitation of Christ," and conversed eagerly with godly people, from whom she hoped to learn the way of peace.

At last a devout Franciscan, to whom she stated her religious condition, said to her: "Your efforts have been unsuccessful, madame, because you have sought without what you can only find within. Accustom yourself to seek God in your heart, and you will not fail to find Him."

There and then her mind turned to God in faith, and love to Him sprang up in her heart. The God whom she had so long been seeking afar she now found nigh at hand, and she was at rest in Him. Without the intervention of human mediators, services, sacraments, she found God present in her own soul. This was on the 22nd of July, 1668. One notable element in her experience was her extreme delight in prayer. So eager was she for communion with God that she arose at four o'clock to pray. The joy of her heart beamed forth from her face and made it manifest to those who saw her that she lived in the presence of God.

The type of her religious experience is certainly the mystic, in no Pantheistic sense, but in that New Testament sense which Paul and John teach of the union of the soul with God in utter abandonment of self in simple faith, in perfect love. She was not making an intellectual effort to formulate divine things, but she dwelt in God and God dwelt in her. She speaks of being immersed in God, and of seeing all things and all persons in their relation to God.

Her experience was very joyful, but she was far from mistaking feeling for faith. She felt it her duty to bid farewell for ever to all worldly amusements, to be very simple in her dress, and to devote

herself with renewed energy to the work which God gave her to do in all the relations of life. She was very generous to the poor, considering herself as only the steward of God to distribute His substance according to His will.

Her new life was distasteful to society, which avenged itself upon her as a deserter by ridicule and slander. Her husband accused her of loving God so much that she loved him no longer. Her son was alienated from her. But she bore all in silence, thinking that God would surely make all things work together for good.

In order to attain perfect control of herself, she subjected herself to many acts of austere self-discipline, attempting to kill some of the natural desires of human nature, such as curiosity and the desire for the approbation of her fellow-creatures. For some time she experienced a considerable struggle with the subtler, spiritual class of temptations, only too conscious amid her longings for perfection that she was still imperfect in her life, sinful in her motives. Once more she definitely gave herself to the Lord, now with clearer consciousness of all that was implied, renouncing the world and entirely consecrating herself to God, and so entering into that experience which she denominated "simplicity," in which her one motive became God's will, her one happiness God's glory.

Smitten with smallpox and disfigured for life, she had perfect peace, "a state of contentment greater than can be expressed." When her second child, a beloved little boy of four years, fell a victim to the loathsome disease, she was able, although the blow struck her to the heart, as she says, to offer him up to God without a murmur.

In 1671 Francis de la Combe, an eminent member of the order of

Barnabites, a man of ability, education, deep piety, and a strong personality, was introduced to Madame Guyon by her half-brother, Father La Mothe. She explained to him the "inner way" of religion, and he immediately began to treat it in the love of God. We shall see hereafter how tragically these two kindred spirits were united, not only in their faith, but in their sufferings.

In 1672 her revered father died, and not long after a little daughter, not much more than three years of age, but "as dearly beloved as she was truly lovely." In 1673 she lost by death a very dear friend, Genevieve Granger. And, worst of all by far, in 1674 she lost that joyous sense of the divine presence which had been her strength and comfort through all other afflictions. This period of "privation," as she calls it, lasted from 1674 to 1680. She says she seemed cast down from a throne of enjoyment, like Nebuchadnezzar, to live among beasts. Instead of the joy of salvation, she had a deep sense of the depravity of her heart. Once all on fire with love, she now seemed like ice. Heaven seemed shut to her prayer. She lost heart even for works of charity. During those long six years she learned very painfully the lesson of holding fast to God by naked faith without the gladness of any assurance of acceptance.

In 1676 her husband died. Before his death she ministered very tenderly to his needs, both physical and spiritual, and he died both at peace with God and in full sympathy with his wife. At twenty-eight years of age she was left alone in the world with three young children, two sons and one daughter. With superb patience and resignation, she devoted herself in a quiet home to the education of these children. She felt that even though God might never accept

her, He was just and good, and her one longing desire was "to do something, or to suffer something, to promote His glory." "I could praise the name of the Lord out of the depths, to which no lower deep seemed possible."

At last comfort came to her in her desolation, light in her darkness. She wrote to Father La Combe an account of her sad experience, and he wisely bade her view her affliction of spirit not as an indication that God was displeased with her, but as His way of teaching her to depend not on the earthly props even of joy in God, but solely and absolutely on God Himself. She says:

"On the 22nd of July, 1680, that happy day, my soul was delivered from all its pains. . . I was restored, as it were, to perfect life, and set wholly at liberty. I was no longer depressed, no longer borne down under the burden of sorrow. I had thought God lost, and lost for ever; but I found him again. . . What I had possessed some years before, in the period of my spiritual enjoyment, was consolation, peace—the gift of God rather than the Giver; but now I was brought into such harmony with the will of God, that I might now be said to possess not merely consolation, but the God of consolation; not merely peace, but the God of peace."

This experience of the fulness of peace and love continued throughout the remaining thirty-seven years of her life. This is surely what has been called the "higher life." "entire sanctification," "Christian perfection." Madame Guyon, happily, was not anxious to formulate her experience in exact and technical language. The definition of the higher life and of all life may be for ever impossible. But many of her descriptions of her experience must quicken in every earnest soul longings for the same union with God, the same peace and power in God. She says that while her physical senses had not lost the power of suffering

and her natural sensibilities were susceptible of being paired, amid all affliction there was, in the centre of her soul, divine and supreme peace. Her experience was one of a sense of inward purity, but without any consciousness of merit in herself. She so thoroughly felt herself united to God that every movement of her being seemed to originate in a divine inspiration, and she could not be tempted therefore to attribute any merit to herself. Perhaps she nowhere more clearly expresses her conception of the true Christian life, as she now experienced it, than in the following passage:

"There are but two, and can be but two, principles of moral life in the universe; one, which makes ourselves or the most limited private good the centre; the other, which makes God, who may be called the universal Good, the centre. When self dies in the soul, God lives; when self is annihilated, God is enthroned."

Is not this Paul's experience? "I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

Humble dependence upon God for all good, glad acquiescence in God's will in all things, willingness to bear all burdens and to endure all mortifications and sufferings not as from man but as from God, charitable judgment of others in a lower stage of Christian life, and an eager desire to do good to the bodies and souls of men, perpetually characterized her. In her recorded conversation with Bossuet, fourteen years later, she disclaimed absolute perfection and declared that the best and purest would always be unworthy, and need to apply continually to the blood of Christ. She says:

"True lowliness of spirit, accompanied by such faith in God as will supply the nothingness of the creature from the divine fulness, involves the leading idea of what, in experimental writers, is denominated Christian perfection. Perhaps

some other name would express it as well."

In the clearer light of this bitter experience she learned that the sufferings of body and soul which really discipline and develop the soul are not self-sought or self-inflicted, but such as come to us in God's providence and are patiently submitted to as from His hand. She says:

"A man is far from experiencing the full grace of God, who desires martyrdom, but is restless under the yoke of divine providence, which places martyrdom beyond his reach and requires him to glorify God in the humblest and most retired vocations of life."

She even felt that, perhaps, in her earlier Christian life, in order to enjoy the religious pleasures of prayer and church services, she had been lacking in duty to those who needed her presence and sympathy.

Madame Guyon is called a mystic and a quietist. But her devotion to "the inner way" was not inconsistent with fruitfulness in all good works. In the inner communion with God she found the spring of all activity. She says, "The truly holy soul ceases from all action which has its origin in merely human impulse." Elbert Hubbard, in his delightful "Little Journey to the Home of Madame Guyon," expresses the fact in the case in very modern phrase: "She taught of power through repose, and told that you can never gain peace by

striving for it like fury." She was not pantheistic, though many of her expressions might be so understood, for she explains, in her conversation with Bossuet, that "under all circumstances and in all cases, there is really a distinct act on the part of the soul, namely, an act of co-operation with God."

She was not a fanatic, moved at the impulse of whims, mistaken for divine directions, but possessed of a powerful intellect, a penetrating judgment, and a commanding personality, so that her influence was great with the subtlest minds of her time. On occasion she proved herself capable of mastering the details of business. She so managed a difficult lawsuit for her husband as to win his gratitude, on his death settled the estate with much skill, and at the earnest solicitation of the parties to a very tangled case acted so ably as arbiter as to give satisfaction to all concerned. Her literary works fill no less than forty volumes, composed at various times as the exigencies of the situation called for statements of her views which might help others into the light in which she rejoiced. Twenty volumes contain practical commentaries on books of the Bible, the rest contain letters, works on Christian experience, and her autobiography—"La Vie de Marie de la Mothe Guyon, écrite par elle-meme." The last was published in 1720, three years after her death.

GRATITUDE.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

Lord, for the erring thought
Not into evil wrought;
Lord, for the wicked will,
Betrayed and baffled still;
For the heart from itself kept—
Our thanksgiving accept.

For ignorant hopes that were
Broken to our blind prayer;
For pain, death, sorrow, sent
Unto our chastisement;
For all loss of seeming good—
Quicken our gratitude.

THE BOER, THE CHURCH, AND THE NATIVE IN SOUTH AFRICA.*

BY WILLIAM HUDSON.

To turn to the main question of the moment, the position of no honour of the Dutch Reformed Church. How is it to be accounted for? Has the poison of slavery any part in the true explanation? Witnesses can be called. Dr. Livingstone has written strong things on the point. He could not carry on his work at Kolobeng, where his house was plundered by the Boers, who tore his books of reference, "smashed his medicines," carried off his furniture and clothing, and sold them at public auction to pay the expenses of the foray. He therefore went elsewhere.

Though I do feel sorry for the loss of lexicons, dictionaries, etc., which had been the companions of my boyhood, yet, after all, the plunder only set me entirely free for my expedition to the north, and I have never since had a moment's concern for anything I left behind. The Boers resolved to shut up the interior, and I determined to open the country; and we shall see who have been most successful in resolution—they or I.

How did he find them thinking of the natives? He says:

The Boers kill the blacks without compunction and without provocation, because they believe they have no souls.

* "Missionary Labours and Scenes in Southern Africa." By Robert Moffat, Twenty-three years an agent of the London Missionary Society in that Continent. (London: John Snow. 1842.)

"The History of the Great Boer Trek, and the Origin of the South African Republics." By the late Hon. Henry Cloete, LL.D., Her Majesty's High Commissioner for Natal, 1843-44. Edited by his Grandson, W. Brodrick-Cloete, M.A. (London: John Murray. 1899.)

"Some South African Recollections. By Mrs. Lionel Phillips. (London: Longmans & Co. 1899.)

How did he regard their Church? He says:

Their Church is, and always has been, the great bulwark of slavery, cattle-lifting, and Kaffir-marauding.

Two of their clergymen came to baptize the children of the Boers; so, supposing these good men would assist me in overcoming the repugnance of their flock to the education of the blacks, I called on them; but my visit ended in a *ruse* practised by the Boerish commandant, whereby I was led, by the professions of the greatest friendship, to retire to Kolobeng, while a letter passed me by another way to the other missionaries in the south, demanding my instant recall, "for lending a cannon to their enemies."

The "cannon" was a "black-metal cooking-pot"!

Here is a witness who cannot be put to silence, a witness of great authority. He first tried to work near the Boers, then left them, and then at a distance, and after mature deliberation, told the world what they were, and how they acted. No wonder that he says: "The Boers hate missionaries."

Even in Natal the Boer had to be restrained from his own ways in relation to the natives. When, at last, the Dutch farmers submitted to the rule of her Majesty Queen Victoria, the agreement

"South Africa." By George M. Theal, of the Cape Colonial Civil Service. (London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1894.)

"Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa." By David Livingstone, LL.D., D.C.L. (London: John Murray. 1857.)

We have pleasure in abridging, from the *London Quarterly Review* for April, 1900, the accompanying important article, based on the fullest information, by one of the most authoritative writers on the subject. The whole article should be read by all who would see the amplest vindication of Great Britain's contention that we know.—Ed.

which they accepted had to contain an absolute prohibition of slavery. But what do we see now in Natal, after an interval of British supremacy and ever deepening colonial loyalty? We see a prosperous white population, and we see the natives numerous, peaceful, serviceable to the white man, and, to a large extent, both schooled and evangelized. The Government of Natal makes the welfare of the natives matter of concern and of legislation.

Attention must now be given to the Transvaal. About the middle of the nineteenth century we begin to see here and there a Dutchman, a Boer, settled on a farm to the north of the Vaal. From that time to the present day the Boer has been dealing in his own way with the native people in the Transvaal. Is there anything to show that he has changed his bearing towards the black man? It is believed there is not. It is needless to attempt to present the case with any fulness of historic detail. Suffice it to say that the country has been taken from its black inhabitants by conquest, that some of the wars, so called, have been cruel and sanguinary massacres, and that the natives have been compelled to occupy the subject, often abject, position in which they still are.

The native in the Transvaal cannot speak for himself, having neither audience nor voice where politics are in question. It is feeble to speak of the limitations of his position. His limitations are iniquities, often egregious and gross. He must pay for permission to work, and his white employer must give him more money than he could otherwise claim, on account of the cost of the license. He must wear on his arm a metal badge of servitude and subjection. If the policeman finds him in the street without his pass, he is arrest-

ed, imprisoned, and heavily fined, unless hush-money is taken. He can be arrested according to law for walking on the footpath in the street of the city. He cannot own property in house or land. He is forbidden by law to be out of his dwelling in "the location" after nine o'clock at night. If his presence is required after that hour at a church meeting, he must be armed with a special written pass or be liable to arrest. And he cannot have a legal marriage without paying to the Government the sum of £3 for the license. Previously to the year 1898 no couple of natives could be legally married on any terms whatsoever. British Christians have neither ceased to complain of the shameful excess of that cost nor failed to let their complaint be heard where laws are made; but they have complained in vain.

Let it be remembered that there are probably 700,000 natives in the Transvaal. Then is not what has now been described demonstrative proof of outrageous wrong? What words are strong enough to describe this wrong? Must it not be ever crying to heaven with loud and bitter voice? Can any one imagine clearer proof, can any one desire stronger proof, of the down-trodden condition of the black man in the Transvaal? Can those who can treat him in such fashion be expected to turn a finger to give him any of the advantages of civilization? Can they put him to school? Can they give him the Gospel? Is there any respect in which they can treat him fairly? They have had full time and opportunity; what is it reasonable to expect them to do, if left to themselves?

A few facts may indicate the proper answer. The first fact is, that the Government does nothing for the education of natives. It leaves that matter to the churches

of the Uitlanders, British, Continental, American. Their schools for native children are usually aided by grants sent over the sea. It is not known that the Government either aids such schools or has one such school of its own in the country. But it is known that bitter complaint has, from time to time, been made by men in the pay of the Government, of mischievous results alleged to arise from giving to the native the power to read and write. This fact deserves to stand among the grievances of the Uitlanders themselves.

Another fact is that the Boer in the Transvaal does not desire to see the natives evangelized. The superb record of missionary journeys and missionary work published by M. Coillard of the French Mission tells of missionaries arrested, detained in Pretoria, unlawfully fined in that city, otherwise shamefully treated, and, finally, told, with authority, that their labouring among the natives was a thing for which Pretoria could feel no approval. Such a statement would correctly express the position of the Government and of leading Transvaalers. As in Livingstone's days, so in these.

A word may be said on the other side, and perhaps it ought to be said, though it is mainly of the nature of an assumption. It must be credible that there is genuine piety on farmsteads in the Transvaal, and that the native servant has sometimes heard the word of life from a pious master or mistress. Surely among the Bible-reading peasantry there must be persons who know the secret and feel the constraint of the love of God shed abroad in the heart. Such persons, it must be supposed, cannot wholly refrain from speaking, even to the Bantu, of "the true Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," and of the salvation offered in the Gos-

pel. But on this point little evidence has come to light.

A third fact is, that the Church stands with the Government in relation to the evangelization of the natives. The Dutch Reformed Church (with its alternative name!) is the largest Boer religious denomination in the Transvaal. The "Dopper" Church, of which President Kruger is the chief member, and perhaps a principal preacher, is only a small denomination. It, however, claims to be the true Dutch Reformed Church. It does not appear that either of the churches has one gathering of natives for Christian instruction or for worship. Nor does it appear that there is one black man whom either of the Churches rejoices to reckon as a member of its body. But it is known that ecclesiastical assemblies have set themselves against attempts to evangelize natives. What do English Christians think of the following fact, stated in *The Daily News* of February 3 last, by Mr. William Hosken, Chairman of the Uitlander Council and of the Chamber of Commerce of Johannesburg? Mr. Hosken is speaking of "the Boer idea of Christianity," and says:

The section of the Dutch Reformed Church to which Christian Joubert, late Minister of Mines, belonged, and which is the most numerous in the Transvaal, passed in its Synod at Pretoria two years ago a resolution forbidding any of its ministers or officers, on pain of expulsion, to preach Christianity to the natives.

It is known, further, that deep suspicion lies against those ministers of the Dutch Reformed Church who fraternize with ministers of English Churches. This statement rests on facts known to the writer, which must for the present be withheld.

The Boer of the Transvaal, with the support of his Church, still

holds an unfortunate legacy from the actual slavery of the past. There has been virtual slavery until this time. If a man is compelled to work without wages, what is he but a slave? If he works for food and shelter, how much better is his lot than that of a beast of burden? There was good reason for the prohibition, put down in the Convention of 1884, of "slavery or apprenticeship partaking of slavery."

Can a Church be living, and loyal to Christ, and yet not missionary? What future can be expected for a Church that is, at its best, non-missionary, and is, in fact, anti-missionary? This sign is held out in the Transvaal to-day. Let men of knowledge and of conscience consider. In the ministry and the eldership of the Dutch Reformed Church there are many able men. It is usual to find such men bilingual, able with almost equal facility to speak both English and Dutch. In some places in South Africa the Sunday evening service of the Dutch Reformed Church is conducted in English, because there is a strong demand among the people that it should be so. The young people like to hear English preaching. If some one in Cape Town a hundred years ago had foretold this sign, he might have been laughed at. Let the responsible leaders of the Church consider. The Church that neglects its duty to the black population must expect to be surpassed, even in influence among white people, by the Church that takes to itself the divine commission, and "preaches the Gospel to every creature."

The native race will amply repay the labour of the teacher and the evangelist. The Zulu domestic servant in Johannesburg may be expected to understand, in addition to his own dialect, Sasuto, Dutch, and English. An Afri-

cander University graduate, who spoke English well, addressing an educated Englishman, was heard to say of an ordinary native whom he was watching, "He is a better linguist than either you or I." The present writer has heard an educated native speak beautifully idiomatic English in an assembly in which English gentlemen scarcely surpassed him, if indeed they were equal to him, in the use of their own mother tongue.

There is a native ruler in South Africa of whom Christians may well be proud. Khama is an enlightened, wise, and progressive king. From early life he has been taking counsel with Englishmen worthy of confidence, who have trained him, and who have rendered to him and to his people service of incalculable value. The results are to-day abundant and rich. Khama is a Christian, to the lasting honour of the London Missionary Society. If King Khama be compared with President Kruger, the white man will not appear to advantage in the eyes of men who esteem fitness of administration to time and circumstances. Khama is quite abreast of his age, in respect of the real interests of his tribe, and knows how to act justly towards all; while Kruger is antiquated, retrogressive, partial to the clique, and unrighteous towards an immense majority of the people of his country. It is a fact of great meaning that a ruler behind whom there lie many generations of Christian ancestors should be so manifestly and so far surpassed by one who is the first of his nation to rise to the full height of the Christian position, and who, standing in that position, shows also the moral stature of a Christian king. Thoughtful men may look and learn.

The question, then, is, what is to be done for the native? This question is urgently demanding

answer. If it be not properly answered, or if the proper answer be left in the academic stage and be not turned into practice, dark days will come in South Africa. What is wanted? Personal freedom, righteous treatment, a reasonable position, with education and the Gospel, are what the natives ought to have. Where these things have already been granted them, as in Cape Colony, Natal, and the Bechuanaland Protectorate, the natives have shown loyalty, have lived in a fair amount of contentment, and have, with some local exceptions, given comparatively little trouble to those who have had the oversight of them, whether commissioners, magistrates, or ministers of religion. Where these things have not been granted, as in the Transvaal, trouble has been plentiful, and has taken various forms.

The question considered in this article has an important bearing on the war now proceeding in South Africa. Slavery or "apprenticeship partaking of slavery" has been a part of the Dutch political ideal for South Africa. Little can be brought forward to show that this part of the ideal has ever been abandoned by the Boer of the

Transvaal; but the evidence for the permanence of it in his mind is very strong. It sufficiently accounts for the actual position of the native. Does it not also account for the oppressions put upon Uitlanders by those who were determined to treat them as inferiors? Does it not fully justify the affirmation of Sir Alfred Milner, that the Uitlander was in the position of a helot? If, then, the Boers should be finally victorious in this war, and should be in a position to decide upon the form of the final settlement, the Bantu would be, to all intents and purposes, enslaved. The atrocious treatment given in prison in Pretoria to the chief Malabok and many inferior natives would be meted out to others under similar conditions, and many a war of extermination might be expected. What English Christian could be content with such an issue? On the other hand, if British arms win victory and Britons have to determine the settlement, the opposite results will be seen: the black-skinned race will be free, prosperous, and contented. This issue would be best for all sections of the mixed population of the entire sub-continent.

BESIEGED.

Begirt with trench-seamed hills and sleepless foes,
Cut off from sight and news of kith and kin,
Death with his scythe of sickness silent mows,
Whilst missiles hurtle with distracting din.
Will rescue never reach us? Must we die,
And far from home and loved ones lonely lie?

Yet are there friends, unseen, beyond those hills,
To whom our bird-borne messages we send,
Whose flash-light signal gives response that thrills,
Nerving us for endurance to the end.
See! helpers through yon girdling guns have passed!
Thank God, relief has come to us at last!

Ringed round with sin and suffering, the soul
Pines for release, and the dear distant land;
Yet prayer-born missives reach the unseen goal,
Where love is waiting with an outstretched hand.
See, flash-light answers toll of rescue nigh!
Our Captain comes to save, we shall not die!

—S. M., in *London Christian World*.

SIR J. W. DAWSON ON THE ORIGIN OF MAN.

BY THE REV. W. SPIERS, M.A., F.G.S., F.R.M.S.

A problem of deep interest to which Sir J. W. Dawson has given much attention is the Origin of Man. A many-sided subject this.

First of all, Where is that abode of primitive man situated of which we have so minute a description in the second chapter of *Genesis*? A well-known archæologist, W. K. Loftus, describes the plain east of the Tigris as being bounded by a formation of gravel, sandstone and marl, in which are large deposits of gypsum. These are followed by hills of limestone and strata of a still older date, the most ancient of all being the metamorphic and crystalline rocks of the highest hills of Persia. In the streams which irrigate these districts are found gold and garnets, serpentine and jade, the products referred to in *Genesis* ii. 12. The Karun is the only river that originates in these hills and flows into the united Euphrates and Tigris, and so it may be regarded as the *Pison* of Moses. The Gihon, which "compasseth the whole land of Cush" (*Gen.* ii. 13), the territory where Nimrod founded Babel, the cradle of the Chaldean empire (*Gen.* x. 10), would correspond to the river Kerkhah, the ancient Choaspes. Thus, with the Hiddekel or Tigris and the Euphrates, we have four rivers answering precisely to the description of the Edenic rivers as given by Moses, and hence we may conclude that the site of "the garden of Eden" is identified.

Now comes the question as to what are the traces which the Noachian Deluge has left. This question has been discussed not only by the older geologists, *Pye Smith*, *Hugh Miller* and *Hitchcock*, but also more recently by *Quatrefages*, *Boyd Dawkins*, the

Duke of Argyll, and especially by *Howorth*, whose work on "The Mammoth and the Flood," notwithstanding a few inaccuracies, is full of valuable suggestions and facts. In regard to the East, there are distinct indications that in antediluvian times the Mediterranean was smaller than now. Africa was probably joined to Italy by an isthmus, of which Sicily is the remnant. Cyprus appears to have been a part of the mainland, and the Nile delta a dry desert. The Persian Gulf was extended, and the Tigris and Euphrates ran together to form the *Shat-el-Arab*, thus covering a part of ancient Eden. Somehow or other these extraordinary facts, of which no other ancient writer gives the least intimation, came to the knowledge of Moses, and he describes Eden not as it was in his own time and in ours, but as geological explorations are now slowly discovering it to have been in antediluvian days.

The Deluge has left its mark in many other localities besides the lands of the Bible. Physical changes, both vast and numerous, as well as the disappearance of many species of animals, can be detected as having been caused by diluvial agency throughout Europe. The disinclination of many geologists, ground down by the tyranny of theory, to admit the possibility of any departure from the law of uniformity in nature, has led them to emphasize those phenomena which favour the idea of a gradual advance from the Palæanthropic to the Neanthropic period, and to diminish the force of such facts as look in a contrary direction: but Sir J. W. Dawson is of opinion "that the cases in which these seem to pass into each other are usually ex-

plicable by local accidents." Almost the whole of England is covered with superficial modern gravels in which occur dead shells whose builders never lived in rivers, but which have evidently been swept into their present resting-places, sometimes a thousand feet and more above the sea, by marine inundations. In the "loess," which Lyell calls inundation mud, and which covers a large portion of central Europe, the fossils are neither fluvial nor marine, but are characteristic of damp woods and morasses, just such as would flourish after so prolonged a submergence as that which Moses describes. Everywhere, indeed, the remains of river-drift are found along with the fossilized bones of mammoth and reindeer, in such relations to the gravel, clay and mud, as to beget an almost irresistible conviction that, at some period in the prehistoric human age, a vast diluvial cataclysm must have swept over every portion of that area in which are found any traces of man's occupation.

Lenormant and others have pointed out that the universal traditions of a Deluge make the denial of such an event absurd, and now Geology rises up and gives us a justification of the Biblical record, on scientific grounds. It is important to observe, too, that if these Palæolithic deposits were really thus strewn over the northern hemisphere by one mighty flood, all conclusions respecting man's enormous antiquity based on calculations of the length of time required to lay gravels and stalagmites by normal processes, completely break up, dissolve and vanish.

Among these old-world deposits and relics, are there any indications of the method of man's origin, any facts that might help us to determine whence he came, and how?

The caves of Lebanon have been well examined, but much remains

to be done in other parts of Syria. The implements familiar to those who have given any attention to such matters, have been found by Tristram and others in association with the woolly rhinoceros and the reindeer; thus evidencing great antiquity. So far, at any rate, absolutely nothing has been met with that could possibly give the least countenance to the grotesque and wholly unsubstantiated notion that man sprang from the brute stock, or that he was ever anything essentially different, physically or mentally, from what he now is.

It would probably astonish some scientists, and not a few even of "Bible-readers," to find how little the Bible says about Edenic man and the perfections ascribed to him by Milton. But even fallen man was possessed of intelligence, in virtue of which, notwithstanding the moral eclipse that he suffered, he speedily invented methods of supplying his needs. The shaping of implements for agricultural and other industrial purposes, for war and the chase, the domestication of animals, the manufacture of clothing from skins and furs, the making of tents, the building of towns, the invention of musical instrument, the establishment of communities with laws and rights, were the successive steps by which, with marvellous rapidity, primitive man advanced towards that complete subjugation of the earth which was the task assigned him by his Creator, and for which he was so well endowed. He had not all the comforts and appliances that made up what we call civilization, but he had the innate faculty of discovering and inventing what would eventually provide them.

The quickness to seize upon such materials as came to hand, the intuitive perception of what would minister to his wants and gratifications, the facility in getting out of the commonest things all that we

know he did get out of them, the aspiration, the soul that was in him and that differentiated him so completely from the inferior animals, puts it beyond all question that his nature was as perfectly human as that of his most highly civilized and cultured descendant. What English stonemason with antediluvian tools could fashion more symmetrical implements than those flint knives and darts which the Lebanon cave-dweller chipped out of the stones lying at his feet? And no Royal Academician would lightly undertake to etch upon ivory with knife or flake of flint more artistic engravings than those which were found in the prehistoric caves of England, Belgium, and France.

We find, then, from evidence furnished by antediluvian relics, that "palæolithic" man was a being who could control animals and use natural productions in order to provide for his wants, that he had a language which he very soon learned to express by rude methods of writing, and that he enjoyed some sort of religion. Whence came this creature, and how did he so soon reach that vast superiority over the brutes around him? Geology gives a very limited time during which his development could have progressed. Can we believe that the artist of the Dordogne cave advanced by "natural selection" from an unreasoning animal to what he was, in a thousandth part of the time that was required to deteriorate from a five-toed to a one-toed horse? Moreover, there are no vestiges anywhere of this wondrous and swift evolution. The various links in the Simian chain are in existence; why is it that not one single shred or remainder of the compact skeleton of the anthropithecus, from which the true man is said to have originated, has been turned up by the myriads of eager cave-

hunters who for many years have so diligently wielded their pick and hammer? Fossils of the oldest men occur in abundance, but not of the anthropoid which just preceded man. And these ancient human fossils show the very opposite of what they are wanted by some to reveal: for they are, if anything, of an even better physical type than the average man of today, as any one may see who will take the trouble to go to South Kensington Museum.

If Darwin's geological blanks, which he supposed explained the absence of such "missing links" as we are demanding, were universal, if we had no animal remains at all, then there would be force in his argument; but why should the ape-man be the only animal whose bones have not in a single instance survived the disintegrating forces of nature? Haeckel, fully recognizing that Geology grants him no favour, boldly throws it over, and adopts the easy mode of imagining what he requires in order to complete his fictitious and highly-amusing phylogeny of mankind. When men take to manufacturing their facts, we need not be astonished at their wholesale production of theories.

Both by Science and the Bible, man is shown to have been a distinct creation, having some affinities with the lower animals, but separated from them by a vast gulf over which the brute cannot, and man will not, pass; and, as Dawson puts it: "Even if we admit the doctrine, as yet unproved, of the derivation of one species from another in the case of the lower animals, we are unable to supply the "missing links" which would be required to connect man with any group of inferior animals."

It would be interesting to follow our author through his sketches of the progress of our race during the re-peopling of the earth after the

Flood, and of the marvellous and rapid advances to civilization presented in the history of the Accadians, Hittites, Babylonians, and Egyptians, but we may not do more than glance at the thrilling story of Israel's servitude in Egypt, the conquest of Canaan, and its condition under the occupancy of God's chosen people.

Egyptian and Palestinian exploration has for some years been carried on with the utmost vigour, and with astonishing results. There can be no doubt now that Jacob migrated to Egypt just before the expulsion of the Hyksos or Shepherd kings. The Pharaoh of the Oppression, Rameses II., belonged to the nineteenth dynasty. The land of Goshen, where the Hebrews had flourished, Rameses and Pithon, the places built for Pharaoh by the Israelites, and Zoan, the royal residence, have all been identified. The various localities associated with the Exodus have also been ascertained. Succoth, in which district the Hebrews encamped for the first time after their flight, on the very ground, probably, where Wolseley ages afterwards rested on his march to Tel-el-Kebir; Etham, where their leader, from the sand-hills of Ismailia, looked anxiously for signs of the pursuer; Pihahiroth, between Migdol and the sea, just the place that a skilful leader would choose for combat, with the hills and the sea to protect the flanks of his forces from attack, but which to a nation of slaves, filled with dread of their late taskmasters, seemed only to prevent their flight and throw them into the hands of the enemy—the scenes of such wondrous events have been successfully sought by modern explorers.

It is probable that at the time of the Exodus the Bitter Lake formed an extension of the Red Sea, and even yet with certain winds the

whole district is submerged sometimes. At a considerable distance from the sea, Dawson found marine shells so well preserved that not many centuries could have elapsed since they were deposited. In tracing the further progress of the Israelites until they came to Sinai, Dawson avails himself of the valuable results of the Egyptian Ordnance Survey.

As to the site of Mount Sinai, Jebel Musa fulfils the conditions of the case with remarkable exactness. But this mountain has two prominent peaks, Jebel Musa proper and Ras Sufsafeh. The latter descends precipitously to a vast plain, thus making it peculiarly suitable for such sublime proceedings in the direct view of all the host as those which Moses records. The Sinaitic mountains, though of igneous origin, are so placed in relation to the newer strata as to show that they belong to the oldest geological periods, hence the theory that Sinai was a volcano whose eruptions Moses made use of in order to give a supernatural sanction to his laws, is for ever shattered.

The many coincidences between the Biblical narrative of the Exodus and the facts of nature cannot but impress us with the reality of the chronicle. The events described, the places named, the physical features referred to, have all been scrutinized by scientific observers who have gone over the ground as carefully as if they were surveying for a new railway, and the result is to demonstrate that the writer of this venerable history must, as Dawson expresses it, "have travelled through the region which is the scene of the history; must have personally experienced the difficulties of the journey, and must have been better acquainted with the country than any other traveller whose works we possess, up to the date of the Ordnance Survey."

The concluding portions of Dawson's volume deal with Palestine. Of this country he made a thorough examination, and has given us a graphic account of its natural features. Along the shore lie bands of yellow sand shelving off on one side into the deep blue of the Mediterranean, and on the other, merging into fertile plains where the crimson anemone flourishes and the more modest iris grows. Further on come extensive cretaceous deposits with their beautiful fossil ammonites, after which the rocks dip down towards the Dead Sea, rising again on the east of it in masses of Nubian sandstone capped by cretaceous limestones like those of the Judean hills, and raised to their present high position by a mighty "fault." In Palestinian exploration there are two matters of special interest: the history of the Dead Sea, and the identification of the various places, especially in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem, that are referred to in the Bible.

The water of the Dead Sea is much more dense than ordinary water, in consequence of the large proportion of bituminous and sulphureous elements which it receives from the Jordan and the neighbouring deposits. The belief is very general that this peculiarity is connected in some way with the ruin of the Cities of the Plain, which are supposed by many to have been situated within the area now covered by the waters of the lake. These popular notions are not wholly baseless, but Geology conclusively shows that the Dead Sea could not have originated at the period when these cities were overthrown. It is not impossible, however, that the flooding of the lake may have washed away all vestiges of the ruined towns. The oil and sulphur which still exist in the vicinity in large quantities supply all the necessary materials for the carrying out of the Divine judg-

ment, and it is known that in earlier times the Dead Sea frequently overflowed its banks.

After a detailed description of Jerusalem and a minute inquiry into the site of Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre, our author inquires into the resources and prospects of Bible lands. Egypt and Palestine were fertile and prosperous once, may they not become so again? The remedy is an enlightened government, actuated by a purer religion than any now predominating. The Koran does not touch the heart. Jesuit priests are there, but their one ambition seems to be to gain political influence. There are some sixteen millions of native Christians in Syria and Egypt belonging to the Coptic, Greek, and Armenian Churches; and this is the most hopeful feature in the case: for though their doctrines are debased, yet it will be easier to reach them with the pure Gospel than to influence those who reject Christianity altogether; and, being natives, they of course will have a considerable share in the formation of public opinion and in the constitution of the government. There are Christian missions in many places, to several of which, especially at Cairo, Beyrout, and Jerusalem, as well as to the devoted Mr. Lethaby in the ancient land of Moab, Sir J. W. Dawson makes graceful references.

Such hopeful signs as do exist, though few, are confirmed by the prophecies contained in the Word of God respecting these ancient and long-suffering countries; for though some of these inspired utterances are difficult of interpretation, yet about others there can be no mistake, and all foreshadow the coming of a time to these once happy and flourishing lands when their former glories shall be more than restored.—*Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.*



WAYSIDE WORSHIP.

THE ROMANCE OF MISSIONS.

FELIX NEFF, THE PASTOR OF THE HIGH ALPS.*

BY THE EDITOR.



AMID MOUNTAIN SOLITUDES—

THE HOME OF THE EAGLE AND LAMMERGEIER.

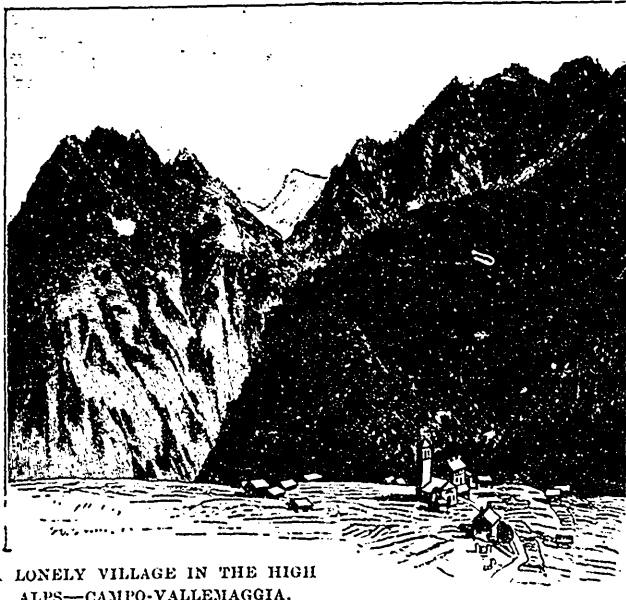
It was with a great throb of the heart that the present writer first beheld the snowy range of the Cottian Alps. There they lay, with their sharp serrated outline cut like a cameo against the deep blue of the sky. Like a huge serpent in many folds wound the road. Higher and ever higher crawled the carriage, giving broader, grander views over a sea of mountains at every turn. The pinnacled crags revealed in their tortured strata the energy of the primeval forces by which they were heaved high in air. The mountain villages clung like eagles' nests to the face of the cliffs, and down the mountain sides leaped foaming torrents, "like tears of gladness o'er a giant's face." The far-off, lone, and inaccessible heights seemed the very acme of the majestic and sublime, and suggested thoughts of the great white throne of God in the heavens.

A heightened interest was given to these majestic scenes by the reflection that these mountain soli-

tudes and Alpine valleys had been for a thousand years and more the sanctuary of true religion. The fidelity and valour of the Vaudois and Waldensian peasants defended their faith against the assaults and persecutions of popes and kings and armies for age after age. In the Val Louise, in 1393, one hundred and fifty of the inhabitants were burned alive for their religion. In 1498 twenty thousand papal soldiers invaded the valley. Many of the inhabitants took refuge in a great cavern on the slope of Mont Pelvoux, but the soldiers let themselves down with ropes to the mouth of the cavern, where they built a great fire to suffocate the wretched refugees. Four hundred children were afterwards found in the cave, stilled in the arms of their dead mothers, and not less than three thousand persons were thus ruthlessly destroyed. An embattled wall in the neighbourhood is still known as "the wall of the Vaudois."* Says Smiles, "There

* This paper is based chiefly on Smiles' History of Felix Neff, and on a Life of Neff, published by the Religious Tract Society.

* The persistence of tradition is also shown by the name *La Porte de Hannibal*, given to a gap in the mountain through which it is averred that the Carthaginian conqueror passed into Italy in 218 B.C.



A LONELY VILLAGE IN THE HIGH ALPS—CAMPO-VALLEMAGGIA.

is scarcely a hiding-place along the mountain sides but has some tradition relating to those dreadful times." If those caves had voices what deeds of horror they could tell!

In 1655, what is known as the Easter Massacre thrilled all Europe with horror. For a week the army of Savoy slaughtered the helpless Vaudois. "Cromwell, the Lord Protector of England," says Carlyle, "was melted into tears, and roused into sacred fire." He contributed £2,000 from his private purse for the persecuted Vaudois, and appointed a day of humiliation, and made a collection throughout the realm, by which £38,000 was raised.* He compelled France and Savoy to do justice to the Vaudois, and Admiral Blake threatened to make the English guns heard in the Castle of St. Angelo. Milton's noble sonnet

* At the Restoration, Charles II. seized this fund and refused to pay the annuity assigned by Cromwell to the Vaudois, because he "would not pay the debts of a usurper!"

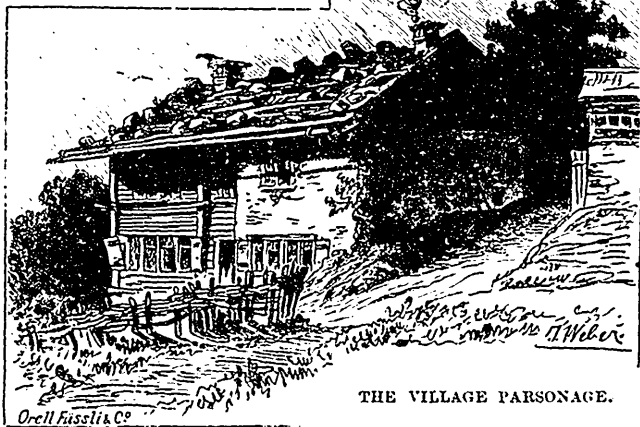
commemorates forever the cruelty of Rome and the noble sympathy of England:

Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughtered saints,
 whose bones
 Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
 Even them who kept Thy truth so pure of
 old,
 When all our fathers worshipped stocks and
 stones,
 Forget not: in Thy book record their groans
 Who were Thy sheep, and in their ancient
 fold
 Slain by the bloody Piedmontese that rolled
 Mother with infant down the rocks. Their
 moans
 The vale redoubled to the hills, and they
 To heaven. Their martyred blood and
 ashes sow
 O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth
 sway
 The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
 A hundred-fold, who, having learned Thy
 way,
 Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

After the death of Cromwell, for more than a hundred years, the Vaudois continued to be bitterly persecuted, and as late as 1767 a Vaudois pastor was condemned to death for preaching to his scattered flock. Small wonder that, without pastors or teachers, re-

ligion came to be to these mountain folk more a tradition than an actual living faith. "One scarcely expects," says Smiles, "to find the apostle of the High Alps who should restore its primitive piety and exhibit a heroism as great as that of any of the martyrs of the faith, in the person of a young Swiss soldier of artillery." Yet this did Felix Neff, with a nobler valour than that of arms, and left an example of as devoted missionary toil as ever ennobled the Christian name.

evangelical preaching of the Protestant pastors of Geneva, the young sergeant was led to enlist in a nobler warfare than that of arms. A Life of Oberlin which fell in his way fired his soul with an enthusiasm to preach the Gospel, and during the rest of his life Neff ceased



THE VILLAGE PARSONAGE.

Neff was born in Switzerland in 1798, and passed his childhood with his widowed mother in a small village near Geneva. The stirring stories of Plutarch filled his boyish mind with a noble admiration of the great men and great deeds of olden time. From the village pastor he learned a little Latin and the elements of science—especially botany. He became apprenticed to a gardener, and in his sixteenth year wrote a short treatise, which exhibited much ability, on the nature and management of trees. The following year he was compelled by misfortune to enrol as a private soldier. He served in the campaign of 1815, and in two years reached the rank of sergeant of an artillery corps. Through the

not to emulate his heroic, noble example.*

Neff forthwith began to teach and preach in the barracks, prisons, and hospitals of Geneva the religion which he himself enjoyed. In his twenty-first year he procured a dis-

* Jean Frederic Oberlin, one of the most noted of Swiss Lutheran divines, was born at Strassburg, 1740. After serving as chaplain in the army, in his twenty-sixth year he became pastor of a poor parish in the bleak mountainous region of Ban de la Roche. His simple piety won the love and confidence of the half-civilized rustics who at first lay in wait to beat him. He devoted the remaining sixty years of his life to their moral and social elevation. He toiled with spade and mattock in instructing them to make roads, drain and cultivate their fields, and improve their dwellings. He established schools for week-days and Sundays, circulated the Scriptures, settled lawsuits, and established Bible, missionary, and anti-slavery societies, and would use himself no

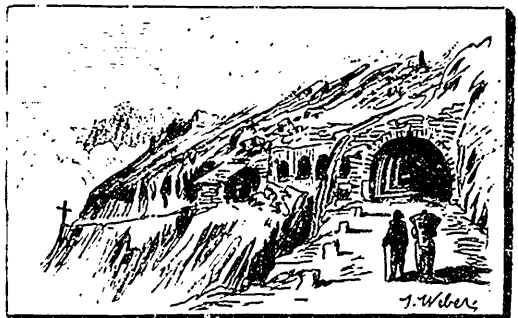


THE JURA IN WINTER.

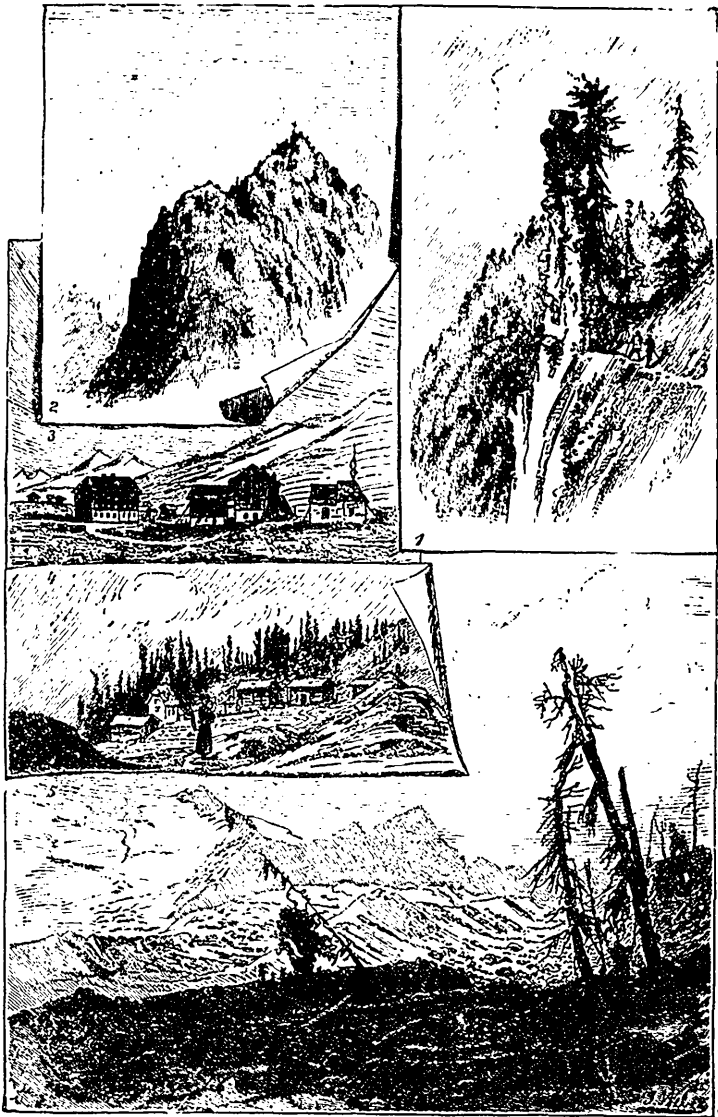
charge from the army, and extended his ministrations to the villages of the neighbouring Jura Mountains. He devoted himself with energy to theological studies, and had soon learned by heart several entire books of the Scripture. In his twenty-fourth year he accepted a call to preach at Grenoble, and afterwards at Mens, in France. He acquired the local "patois," and laboured with the greatest zeal. "I often engage in speaking," he writes, "from five o'clock in the morning to eleven at night. On the Lord's day I frequently travel several leagues, usually preaching six times during the day." The results of these labours were soon seen in a general revival of religion.

slave-grown product. He introduced spinning, weaving, and different kinds of manufacture. He is probably the only Protestant pastor to whom the Cross of the Legion of Honour was ever given. When he died, in his eightieth year, the whole country mourned his loss. His last message to his people was: "Forget my name and retain only that of Jesus Christ, whom I have proclaimed unto thee. God will neither forget nor forsake thee, my dear parish." His fame as a philanthropist has encompassed the world, and his example has stimulated many besides Felix Neff in efforts to elevate and bless mankind. A university in Ohio, with 1,400 students, commemorates his name and perpetuates his evangelical spirit.

While at Mens he first heard of the existence of the scattered communities of the Vaudois in the High Alps, and became inflamed with a desire to do for them what Oberlin had done for the poor Protestants of the Ban de la Roche. "I am always dreaming of the High Alps," he wrote to a friend, "and would rather be stationed there than under the beautiful sky of Languedoc." It was, however, necessary that he should first obtain ordination. This he did not seek from the Church of Geneva, which was, in his judgment, tainted with Socinian heresy. He accepted an invitation to come to London, where he was duly ordained in the Independent Chapel, Poultry. On his arrival at Mens, his old parishioners crowded around him, from the workshops and fields, to embrace him and re-



AN AVALANCHE GALLERY, ON THE SIMPLON PASS.



AMID SCENES OF DESOLATION HIS MINISTRY LAY.

joice at his return. But he heard a voice which he could not resist calling him to the mountains, to become the shepherd of the scattered flock of Christ in their lofty and isolated solitudes.

"There is something," says his biographer, "extremely appalling in the lonely wildness of this elevated region; few

scenes present a more entire absence of all the softer features and lineaments of nature. No verdant plains or waving corn-fields diversify its rugged landscapes; nor do fruitful groves adorn the scene; all around forms a combination of whatever is dark and sterile, grand and terrific. Vast and gloomy mountains stretch into the horizon, and hide their hoary summits in the clouds; towering cliffs, and masses of projecting rocks, rise in frown-

ing majesty; whilst the frozen glacier, with its fantastic crest, the yawning precipice, the resistless torrent, and the impending avalanche, complete the outline of the scene.

"Embosomed in this mountain wilderness are several valleys, whose appearance is in perfect correspondence with the wild scenery around them. For eight months of the year, some of these valleys experience all the gloom of an Alpine winter. During this long and dreary period, the sun either wholly withdraws his rays, or sheds only a twilight gleam, exhibiting, in dim outline, a boundless region of rocks, precipices, and glaciers, arrayed in one vast mantle of snow. Often the wayfarer becomes suddenly enshrouded in almost midnight darkness; he is assailed by a storm of mingled snow, hail, and rain; and shivers beneath the violence of the keen northern blasts, which sweep through mountain and valley with the fury of a hurricane."

Neff's parish extended over a region eighty miles in length by fifty-three in breadth, and was intersected by gloomy gorges and inaccessible rocky ranges. His mountain flock consisted of six or seven hundred people, living in twelve or fourteen scattered hamlets, chiefly in the valleys of Queyras and Fressiniere. He arrived in midwinter, but heedless of snowstorms and avalanches he assembled the young men to cut steps in the ice that the people might climb to the village church.* The worshippers had to carry pine torches to illumine their dangerous path.

"Nothing daunted," says Smiles, "the valiant soldier, furnished with a stout staff and shod with heavy-nailed shoes, covered with linen socks to prevent slipping on the snow, would set out with his wallet on his back across the Col

* One of these mountain paths was so steep that it was called "The Ladder," and another was so tortuous that it bore the name of "The Corkscrew." For six months of the year the sunlight does not reach the bottom of some of the ravines. Yet rather than live elsewhere the peasants will walk twelve miles to their work and twelve miles back at night.

d'Orecleres in winter, in the track of the lynx and the chamois, with the snow and sleet beating against his face, to visit his people on the other side of the mountains." In this service he found a supreme delight. "The rocks, the cascades, nay, the very glaciers," he wrote to a friend, "present a smiling aspect. The savage country became dear to me from the moment its inhabitants were my brethren."

Of the mountain fastness of Dormilleuse, he writes: "For six hundred years this was the city of refuge for the Christians of these valleys, who had successfully resisted both violence and seduction; and, during this period, had never crouched before the idols of the Church of Rome, or suffered their religion to be tainted by any of its corruptions. There are yet visible the ruins of the walls and fortresses which they erected, to preserve themselves from surprise, and to repel the frequent assaults of their oppressors. The sublime yet frightful aspect of this mountain desert, which served as a retreat for the truth when nearly the whole world was shrouded in darkness; the remembrance of so many martyrs whose blood once bedewed its rocks; the deep caverns to which they resorted for the purpose of reading the Holy Scriptures, and worshipping the eternal God in spirit and in truth—the sight of all these tends to elevate the soul, and to inspire one with feelings which are difficult to be expressed."

The life of Neff was one of strenuous and incessant toil and mountain travel. A neat cottage had been provided for him, but in his anxiety that none of his parishioners should be overlooked, he determined to have no fixed place of abode. From the commencement of his labours till his last illness he never slept three nights succes-



A PASS IN THE HIGH ALPS.
THE GEMMI.

sively in the same bed. He lodged in the squalid "chalets" of the peasants and shared their coarse rye bread, of which enough was baked at once to last a whole year. From his meagre stipend of £50 a year he bought books of sermons for the schoolmasters—who received only a louis (18s.) for a season of six months*—to read to the congregations during his absence. The poverty of the

people was extreme. "Copper," says Neff, "is as valuable as gold in other places, and many families are obliged to eat their soup without salt, and sometimes even without bread."

We cannot better describe the labours of this apostle of the Alps than by the following quotation from Smiles:

* "The schools," says Neff, "are held in dark and damp stables, where the pupils are enveloped in smoke, and incessantly interrupted by the bleating of the cattle and the constant chattering of the people. The scholars also have to defend their copy-books against the hens and the goats, which jump upon the table, and the water is constantly dropping upon them from the roof."

"Unresting and indefatigable, Neff was always at work. He exhorted the people in hovels, held schools in barns, in which he taught the children, catechised them in stables. His hand was in every good work. He taught the people to sing, he taught them to read, he taught them to pray. To be able to speak to them

familiarly, he learnt their native *patois* and laboured at it like a school-boy. He worked as a missionary among savages. The poor mountaineers had been so long destitute of instruction, that everything had, as it were, to be begun from the beginning. Sharing in their hovels and stables with their squalor and smoke, he taught them how to improve them by adding chimneys and windows, and showed how warmth might be obtained more healthfully than by huddling together in winter-time with the cattle. He taught them manners, and especially greater respect for women, inculcating the lesson by his own gentleness and tender deference.

"Out of doors he showed how they might till the ground to better advantage, and introduced an improved culture of the potato, which more than doubled the production. Observing how the pastures of Dormilleuse were scorched by the summer sun, he urged the adoption of a system of irrigation. The villagers were at first most obstinate in their opposition to his plans; but he persevered, laid out a canal, and succeeded at last in enlisting a body of workmen, whom he led out, pickaxe in hand, himself taking a foremost part in the work; and at last waters were let into the canal amidst joy and triumph. At Violens he helped to build and finish the chapel, himself doing the mason-work, smith-work, and carpenter-work by turns. At Dormilleuse a school was needed, and he showed the villagers how to build one, preparing the design, and taking part in the erection, until it was finished and ready for use. In short he turned his hand to everything—nothing was too high or too low for this noble citizen of two worlds."

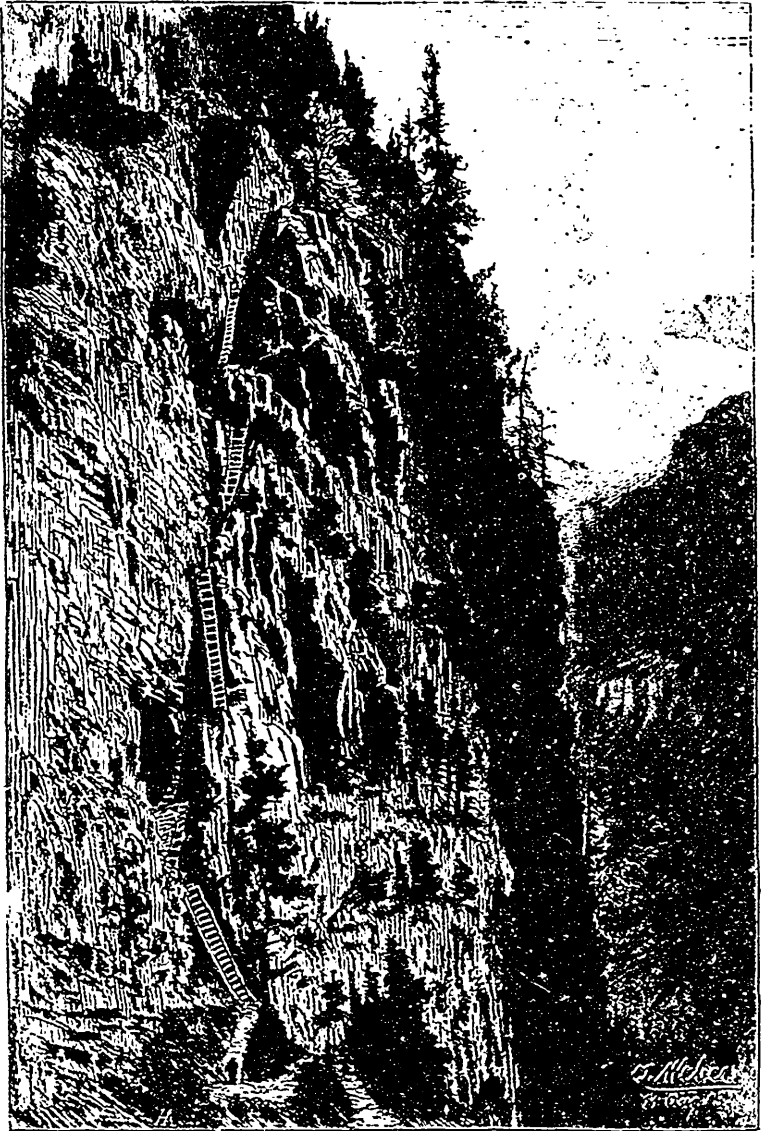
These self-denying labours soon won the warm hearts of the mountain peasants. They learned to love him as a father, and hung like children upon his words. In his ministry was strikingly and literally fulfilled the language of the prophet, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace!" Many zealous converts were the reward of his toil. "How often," said one of these, "have I braved danger, whilst pursuing the wild goat amongst these precipices! I was careless both of time and trouble. I endured cold, and hunger and

fatigue; and hundreds of times my life has been in the most imminent peril, when I have thus recklessly crossed these rugged and frightful rocks. And now, shall I not do as much for Jesus Christ? Shall I pursue eternal life with less ardour? and yet, what comparison is there between these things?"

Twelve young men caught the inspiration of their pastor's zeal, and devoted themselves to the work of preaching* and teaching in these mountain hamlets. As a preparation for their task, Neff collected them with others at Dormilleuse, and during the enforced leisure of the winter he instructed them in natural philosophy, science, geometry, and geography. The latter study he used as a means to awaken an interest in Christian missions, in which he was eminently successful. This school was held with short intermissions from sunrise to ten or eleven at night, so eager were students to learn and pastor to teach. "My heart," exclaims Neff, "is full of gratitude towards Almighty God, for the abundant blessing he has bestowed upon this work, and also for the degree of strength, both of body and of mind, with which He has enabled me to endure its fatigues!"

During the winter it was often with the utmost peril that the people were able to attend the preaching. One Sunday night an avalanche swept over the path between two separate groups, narrowly missing both. "The villages themselves," writes Neff, "have been often threatened with such a catastrophe. In fact, there are few habitations, situated as they are in a narrow gorge of the valley, which have not at some time or other, been either razed or damaged by this dreadful scourge. It

* One of these, Jean Rostan, joined the French Wesleyan Conference, laboured as a missionary in the High Alps, and died in 1859.



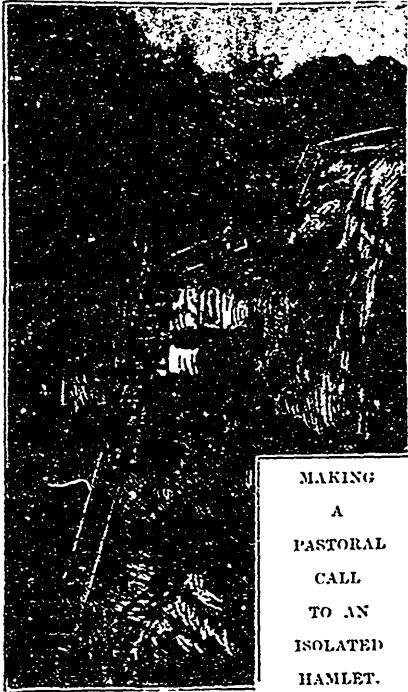
A PERILOUS WAY— LADDER-PATH TO VILLAGE OF ALBIGNON.

is, however, to these awful visitations that they owe the preservation of their religion, and even of their very existence. If their country had been more easily accessible, and less dangerous as a place of residence, they would have been utterly exterminated, like all

the other Vaudois; and this valley, as was the case with Val Louise, entirely re-peopled by the cruel agents of the Inquisition."

But three years of such devoted labours among the Alpine snows shattered the health of even this soldier-missionary. He was at

first afflicted with great weakness of digestion, arising from the use of coarse and improper food, together with the extreme irregularity of his meals; perhaps also, as he himself believed, from the want of proper cleansing of the copper cooking-vessels which are used in those countries. The labour of teaching was very wearisome to him, as were also his journeys over the mountains, at a time when the snow was nearly six feet on the ground, while a hurricane was prevailing for many days without intermission, and the drifts stopped all the passes.



MAKING
A
PASTORAL
CALL
TO AN
ISOLATED
HAMLET.

He met also with an accident which aggravated his disease. While crossing the fragments of an avalanche his foot slipped, and he received an injury to his knee which for a time made him a cripple. He became almost unable to take food of even the lightest description, and his strength rapidly

failed. The necessity of seeking medical aid induced him to make the journey to Geneva. Stopping a while at his old parish of Mens, he preached, sick as he was, several times every Sunday, and conducted every evening a religious service. "Ah," he exclaims, "how my enfeebled body seems to oppress my soul with an insupportable burden."

At length, forbidden to speak, and unable to take any solid food, he determined to preach with his pen while his strength yet lasted. And this was his text, "But this I say, brethren, the time is short," and he exhorted with fervour that men should prepare for eternity, "for the fashion of this world passeth away." Neff had little hope of recovery, but at the solicitation of friends he went to the baths of Plombieres. The fashionable frivolity of the place stirred his sympathy, and weak as he was—for a year milk had been his only food—he must needs preach to the people. When unable to preach, or even to write, he dictated to his mother, loving exhortations to the peasants of his mountain parish. "My mind is often wandering," he says, "as in a dream across the High Alps, and among the scenery of La Triève. I imagine myself again in those very places where I have experienced so many delightful sensations, where I have sighed for the conversion of poor sinners, and so often been surrounded by precious souls, anxious to hear the word of salvation. Again I pass through the valleys, and over the mountains, along those little paths which I have so often trodden."

When he could no longer speak, he liked to have his friends visit him. But the excitement soon exhausted him, and pointing to the door, he would intimate his wish that they should retire. He suffered much from the application of "moxas" or burning moss to vari-



VIEW IN THE OLD
VILLAGE.

It is dark in mid-afternoon
under the shadow of a
tremendous cliff.

ous parts of his body, and endured the pangs of slow starvation.

Making yet another effort, he dictated what he thought was his dying message to his parishioners:

“I can say, without hesitation, that I would not exchange my present state of trial for the circumstances in which I was placed for several years, when engaged in the labours of the Gospel; for though my life may have been spent in the service of Christ, and have appeared exemplary to the eyes of men, I can discover so many instances of unfaithfulness, so many things which defile my works in my own eyes, and especially in the eyes of the Lord, that I would rather a hundred times, if I knew that I had thirty years more to live, spend them all on this bed of languor and pain, than recover my health without leading a life more truly Christian, more holy, more sincerely and

entirely consecrated to the service of God. Dear friends, be of good courage; very soon we shall meet again, where we shall never part. Then we shall remain together for ever! for ever! Dear friends, think well of that, and, far from being afflicted at the thought of a short separation, let us all joyfully unite in singing that beautiful hymn:

‘ Tout mon cœur s’enflamme,
Lorsque j’entrevois
Des yeux de mon ame
Le grand Roi des rois
Regner en justice,
En paix, en douceur,
Et des ses delices
Remplir tous les cœurs.

‘ L’Eternel lui-meme
Paitra ses troupeaux ;
La tendresse extreme
Sera leur repos.
Sa face adorable
Les eclairera ;

Son regard aimable
Les enflammera.*"

"I feel," he said, "as though I could preach these things even in heaven itself."

His sole grief was for his venerable mother, who could not dissemble her tears at the sight of his sufferings. He gave all his books away to his friends, with the inscription, "Felix Neff, dying, to —," and he underlined passages especially adapted for their use. Still for many weeks he lingered in a dying agony. Yet one more message he sent to his absent friends. The approach of death had nearly obscured his sight. Two persons supported him while with trembling hand, he traced at intervals a last farewell. It filled a whole sheet in straggling irregular lines:

"Tous...tous les frères et sœurs de Mens...que j'aime tendrement...Adieu! adieu! Je monte...vers notre Père en pleine paix...Victoire! Victoire! Par Jesus Christ!"*

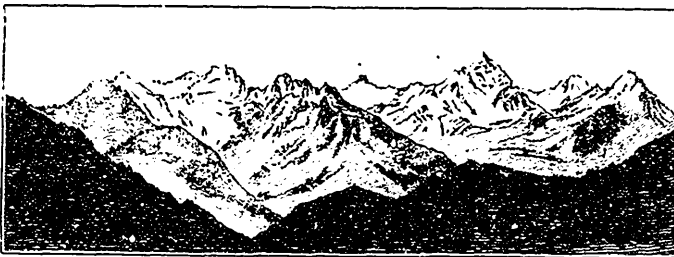
For hours he lay in mortal agony, his convulsive struggles causing the death-dews to stand in beaded drops upon his brow. Martyrs at the fiery stake have suffered not so much as he.

One of his friends, gazing through his tears, ejaculated,

* All...all the brethren and sisters at Mens, whom I love tenderly...Adieu! adieu! I ascend to our Father in the full enjoyment of peace...Victory! Victory! Through Jesus Christ!"

"Poor Neff!" The dying man fixed his large expressive eyes full of affection on his friend. His lips moved as if in prayer. The watchers by his bed implored, "Come! Lord Jesus! come quickly;" and after a few more struggles, the happy spirit entered into rest.

Not since the days of the Master whom he served could the words more truly be uttered—"The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up." Yet this devoted and self-sacrificing man upbraided himself for not having done more for Christ. "My life," he wrote, "which appears to many to have been so well spent, has been far less actively employed in the cause of the Redeemer than it might have been. How many precious hours have I squandered away to the neglect of my own soul!" And these are the words of a man whose ardent love and incessant toils for his fellow-men brought him to a bed of death at the early age of thirty-one. What a reproach are they to the years of apathy and indolence of many who, with health and strength and wealth, do little for the cause of God. As we read through dimming tears the story of this sublime career so early ended, the words of the Master fall once more in solemn cadence upon our ears. "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it, and whosoever shall lose his life for my sake shall find it,"—shall gloriously and forever find it!



THE ALPS FROM MULNER HORN.

"A sharp serrated outline,
Etched against the sky."

NARRATIVE OF THE PEARY EXPEDITIONS.

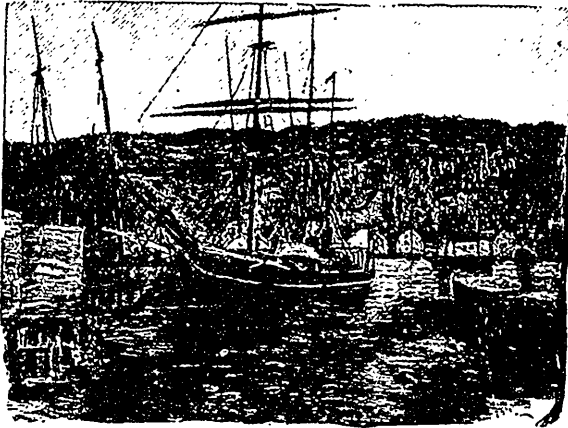


TAKING ON AN ESKIMO PILOT.

I.

In the early history of American discovery, Greenland and Massachusetts are closely linked. The former was made known by the Norse sailor Red Eric, while the latter was first visited—nearly nine hundred years ago—by his son, Lief the Lucky. Since that date, however, the histories of the two continents have pursued widely different courses.

While the continent of America has been settled with a teeming civilization, Greenland has resisted the blandishments of the hardiest explorer. Its interior, covered by an eternal ice-cap, is still almost entirely unknown. Toilsome voyages ranging over centuries have gradually disclosed the thousand creeks and bays, capes and islands of the southern and western coast, until, in 1884, the highest northern point was reached by the Greely



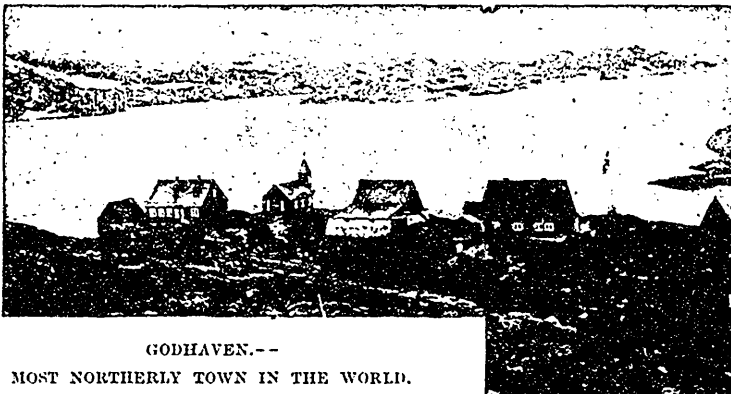
BARKENTINE "KITE," WHICH CARRIED THE PEARY EXPEDITION,
AT ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

expedition at Lockwood Island, under the eighty-third parallel.

In 1870 and 1883, Nordenskiöld had made highly encouraging excursions on the inland ice, and in 1886 Mr. Peary himself had penetrated the ghostly silence of the interior to a distance of a hundred miles from the coast. This expedition, which he modestly spoke of at the time as a reconnaissance, was really one of the most noteworthy that has been recorded in connection with the exploration of Greenland. It proved that inside the margin of broken and fissure

ice, which had formerly deterred all landward explorers, there was an extensive tract of smooth and level snow, rising gently toward the interior.

This discovery encouraged Nansen to undertake his famous journey across Southern Greenland in 1889, an enterprise which fully confirmed Peary's previous observations. It was evident that, if anything was to be done, it could only be by land. Having thought out the whole scheme, Lieutenant Peary submitted it to the Philadelphia Academy of Science, and



GODHAVEN.--
MOST NORTHERLY TOWN IN THE WORLD.

was successful in enlisting their support for his enterprise. Preparations were at once made for the organization of an expedition. A steamer, named the *Kite*, one of the Newfoundland sealing fleet, commanded by Captain Pike, an experienced ice navigator, was chartered, and on June 6th, 1891, the party set out. Lieutenant Peary was accompanied by his wife, a young and accomplished lady, to whom he had only recently been married. Mrs. Peary had resolved to share the hardships and dangers of the undertaking with her husband, and she now enjoys the honour of being the first lady who has taken part in a polar exhibition, if not the first white woman who has set eyes on the Arctic latitudes in which her husband established his base of operations.

At the very outset, however, the leader of the expedition met with a serious accident. While standing at the back of the wheelhouse, a large cake of ice struck the vessel with great force, and whirled over the iron tiller, breaking the bones of Mr. Peary's leg. This accident threatened to bring operations to an abrupt close, but Lieutenant Peary resolved to persevere, and, as soon as a tent was erected, he was carried on shore and laid on a bed, whence he directed the work.

The first care of the party was to erect a wooden house for winter quarters. This was soon completed, and was inclosed by a stone and turf wall to protect it against the wind and frost. As soon as Mr. Peary was able to walk about on crutches, a boat party was sent to Northumberland Islands to visit the natives.

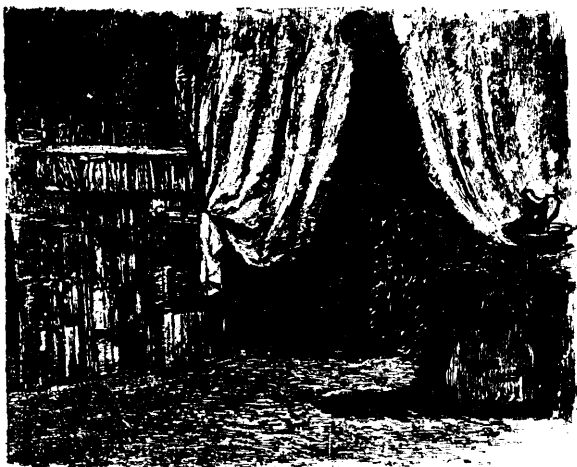
On May 3rd, Mr. Peary took leave of his devoted and heroic wife, whom he left in care of a small but faithful bodyguard, and, accompanied by Mr. Astrup, started for his long journey northward. During their traverse of nearly three months over this most inhospitable region of the earth, no mishap of any kind occurred to them. With pemmican, pea-soup, beans, and biscuit as their sole provisions, and with no tent to harbour them from the wind, they knew not an hour of illness or even dullness. Most of the journey was made over an unbroken expanse of ice and



PREPARED FOR WINTER.—MY SOUTH WINDOW.

snow, which, rising in gentle sweeps and undulations, attained an elevation of 7,000 or 8,000 feet.

Meanwhile, the *Kite* had been berthed at St. John's, and the Philadelphia Academy of Science had been considering very seriously whether the explorer should be allowed to return home—if he was ever destined to return—by the dangerous route upon which he had resolved. They determined that it should not be, and the *Kite* was once more chartered to proceed to McCormick Bay, to take up the travellers, and bring them home. The relief expedition was headed by Professor Angelo Heil-



INTERIOR OF MR. AND MRS. PEARY'S ROOM
AT RED CLIFF HOUSE.

prin, a capable scientist who had accompanied Peary on his previous expedition. The remainder of the story must be told in Mrs. Peary's words:

"Although the angakoks of the tribe had told me that they had been informed during their seance that Peary would never return, at five o'clock on the morning of July 24th I heard a peculiar noise outside of my tent, and on calling out in Eskimo, 'Who is there?' was answered that a ship had come, and a black head was thrust into the tent and a bundle of letters handed me. The Kite had come, and my mail had been sent me. The following day I was visited by Professor Heilprin, and on the day following I returned to Red Cliff."

We give here the graphic account by Professor Angelo Heilprin, leader of the expedition for the relief of Lieutenant Peary:

"Anticipating a probable return of Mr. Peary towards the close of the first week in August, the Kite, with Mrs. Peary and Matthew Henson added to my party, steamed on the 4th to the head of the bay, and there dropped anchor. On the following day a reconnaissance of the inland ice, with a view of locating signal-posts to the returning explorers, was made by the members of the expedition. The landscape of McCormick Bay has faded entirely out of sight; ahead of us

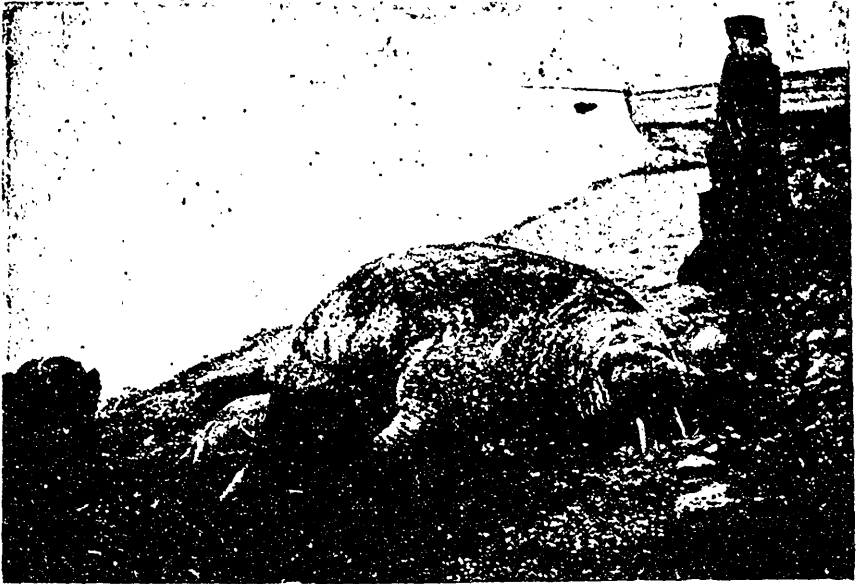
is the grand and melancholy snow waste of the interior of Greenland. No grander representation of nature's quiet mood could be had than this picture of the endless sea of ice—a picture of lonely desolation not matched in any other part of the earth's surface. A series of gentle rises carries the eye far into the interior, until in the dim distance, possibly three-quarters of a mile or a full mile above sea-level, it no longer distinguishes between the chalky sky and the gray-white mantle which locks in with it. This is the aspect of the great 'ice-blink.' It is not the picture of a wild and tempestuous nature, forbidding in all its details,

but of a peaceful and long-continued slumber.



MRS. PEARY.

"At 5.45 p.m., when we took a first luncheon, the thermometer registered 42° F.; the atmosphere was quiet and clear as a bell. Shortly after nine o'clock we had reached an elevation of 3,300 feet. Soon a shout burst upon the approaching midnight hour which made everybody's heart throb to its fullest. Far off to the north-eastward Entrikin's clear vision had detected a black speck that was foreign to the Greenland ice. There was no need to conjecture what it meant: 'It is a man; it is moving,' broke out simultaneously from several lips, and it was immediately realized that the explorers



MRS. PEARY WATCHING FOR THE EXPLORERS.

of whom we were in quest were returning victoriously homeward. An instant later a second speck joined the first, and then a long black object, easily resolved by my field-glass into a sledge with dogs in harness, completed the strange vision of life upon the Greenland ice. Cheers and hurrahs followed in rapid succession—the first that had ever been given in a solitude whose silence, before that memorable summer, had never been broken by the voice of man.

“Like a veritable giant, clad in a suit of deer and dog skin, and gracefully poised on Canadian snowshoes, the conqueror from the far north plunged down the mountain slope. Behind him followed his faithful companion, young Astrup, barely more than a lad, yet a tower of strength and endurance; he was true to the traditions of his race and of his earlier conquests in the use of the Norwegian snow-skate or ‘ski.’ With him were the five surviving Eskimo dogs, seemingly as healthy and powerful as on the day of their departure.

“In less than an hour after Lieutenant Peary was first sighted, and still before the passage of the midnight hour of that memorable August 5th, culminated that incident on the inland ice which was the event of a lifetime. Words cannot describe the sensations of the moment which

bore the joy of the first salutation. Mr. Peary extended a warm welcome to each member of my party, and received in return hearty congratulations upon the successful termination of his journey. Neither of the travellers looked the worse for their three months’ toil in the interior, and both, with characteristic modesty, disclaimed having overcome more than ordinary hardships. Fatigue seemed to be entirely out of the question, and both Mr. Peary and Mr. Astrup bore the appearance of being as fresh and vigorous as though they had but just entered upon their great journey.

“After a brief recital of personal experiences, and the interchange of American and Greenland news, the members of the combined expedition turned seaward, and thus terminated a most dramatic incident. A more direct meeting than this one on the bleak wilderness on Greenland’s ice-cap could not have been had, even with all the possibilities of pre-arrangement.

“On the following day,” says Prof. Heilprin, “in the wake of a storm which grounded the good rescue ship and for a time threatened more serious complications, the Kite triumphantly steamed down to the Peary winter quarters at the Red Cliff House.”



A GROUP OF ESKIMOS.

The following are Mrs. Peary's simple but touching words regarding the return of her husband:

"At 3 o'clock on the morning of August 6th, while lying in my bunk, I heard shouts from the returning party, and in a few minutes a quick, firm step on the deck, which I recognized as my husband's. The next instant he was before me. I then felt God had indeed been good to me. Good news from home, and Mr. Peary returned in health and safety after an absence of ninety-three days, during which time he had travelled over thirteen hundred miles over this inland ice. So far everything had gone just as we had hoped."

One sad disaster clouded the triumphant close of this epoch-making enterprise. While the party were gaily packing their be-

longings previous to embarking on board the Kite, Mr. Verhoeff, the geologist of the expedition, who had taken care of "Red Cliff" and its precious inmate during the absence of Lieut. Peary and Mr. Astrup, went on a two days' scientific trip to a neighbouring settlement. He never returned. Search parties were sent in every direction, but no trace of him could be found. His footsteps were followed to the edge of a dangerous glacier, and a number of his specimens were discovered, but nothing more. There seems little doubt that he must have fallen into one of the deep crevasses on the glacier. He was only twenty-five years old, and was much liked by his colleagues.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.—*Shakespeare.*

METHODISM A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

JONATHAN SAVILLE, LAY PREACHER.

BY ABEL STEVENS, LL.D.

"It was thought fitting that a memorial should be raised for Jonathan Saville, by which the Church might glorify God in him," wrote a president of the Wesleyan Conference, and proceeded to write a memoir of the devoted man, which is one of the most remarkable of those many records of the power of religion in lowly life that Methodism has afforded to the Church.* Jonathan Saville was a poor, feeble, crippled man, the victim of cruel treatment in his childhood, whom Methodism found in the almshouse, but purified and exalted to be a "burning and shining light" in the land. His mother, a pious Moravian, died before he was four years old; his father, a good man, and religiously useful among his neighbours, was a "delver," and was killed in a quarry by a mass of earth falling upon him.

The child was in Horton Workhouse when he was but seven years old. He was afterward apprenticed, a "fine, growing, active lad," but was sent by his master to work in the Delholme coal mines, where he laboured from six o'clock in the morning till six o'clock at night, and, after walking two or three miles, was required to spin worsted till bed-time. His health failed, of course. Returning homeward one night, when about ten years old, he was so feeble that he could not free his feet, which had stuck fast in a piece of swampy ground. A young man helped him out, and assisted him to the house. He could go no more into the coal-pit. "My strength," he says, "was

"Memoir of Jonathan Saville," etc. By Rev. F. A. West. New York, 1853.

quite gone; I was more dead than alive, and my soul was sick within me;" but he was now closely confined to the spinning-wheel at home.

Shivering with the cold one day, he stepped to the fire to warm himself, when a daughter of his master struck him, and pushed him away so rudely that he fell to the floor and broke his thigh-bone. He crawled into a room and lay down on a bed, but was commanded by his master, with terrible threats, to resume his work. Supporting himself by a chair, he attempted to reach the wheel, but fell to the floor, when the imbruted man dragged him, and forced him down upon a low stool at his task, where he laboured the rest of the day in agony. No doctor was called to set his thigh; no relieving treatment was given him by the women of the house; they mocked at the groans of the little sufferer. He crept to his bed at night, where he held the fractured bone in its place with his hand. Nature at last healed the broken limb, but he was left a mere wreck; bent almost double, and for some time compelled to creep when he went out of doors.

Hopeless of any profitable service from him, his master conveyed him to the workhouse, carrying him part of the way on his back, the broken leg of the poor boy "dangling in the air." The superintendent of the house took compassion on him, bathed him, comforted him, fed him well, and gave him light tasks at spinning; but for some time "I could not," he says, "carry my hand round the wheel for weakness and pain, but used to

give it a push." The poor inmates healed his broken heart by their sympathies. They remembered that his pious father had often prayed within their dreary walls. An aged man among them made him a pair of crutches; an old paralyzed soldier taught him to read; and in one year he learned to read the Bible. He never forgot his kind teacher; in advanced life, when a successful preacher of the divine Book, he said: "I well remember my creeping between the old man's shaking knees to say my lesson to him."

He had suffered so much that when he was fourteen years old he was smaller in stature than when seven. But he worked so diligently that he was able to earn extra wages, and expended them at a neighbouring evening school. He used to limp on his crutches to the Methodist chapel in Bradford, guiding thither an aged blind pauper, "the halt leading the blind;" and the good people, patting him on the head in the street, would say, "Poor Jonathan, his father's prayers will be heard for him yet." They little supposed that he was to be venerated throughout their communion and live in their history.

After remaining some years in the almshouse, with improved but still feeble health, he learned the craft of a Warper, and his industry enabled him to earn a comfortable livelihood. He removed at last to Halifax, the scene of his remaining long life and of his greatest usefulness. There the religious instructions he had heard at the Methodist chapel in Bradford, ripened into a rich Christian experience. Under a sermon by Benson he received the peace of God. He became a prayer-leader, and was singularly useful in that office for many years. The veteran Thomas Taylor appreciated his excellent character and talents, and

appointed him a class-leader. In this function he immediately became eminently successful.

His gentle spirit, subdued by long sufferings and sanctified by piety; his clear understanding, especially in the Word of God, studied under such disciplinary adversities; his apt remarks, quaint, strikingly pertinent, concisely brief, and refreshed by a cheerfulness which, on appropriate occasions, coruscated with humour and even wit, led not only simple but intelligent people to seek his religious guidance. He had come forth from such deep waters of affliction, that he never could doubt the merciful providence of God toward good men in trials, or their final deliverance; he always, therefore, had an apt word for the sorrowful or tempted. To one who was suffering in the latter respect he said, "You cannot prevent the birds from flying over your head, but you need not let them build in it." To another in bondage through fear of death, "If God were to give you dying grace now it would be a burden to you. He will give you living grace now, and dying grace when you want it."

He soon had two, and then three classes under his care. His original class "swarmed" six times, and their new leaders were mostly his "pupils." His zeal prompted him to labour for the salvation of the country regions around Halifax. The people being scattered about in the valleys and on the hillsides, far from a church, and in a state of spiritual darkness little better than that of the heathen, he procured the aid of three other Wesleyan laymen of like mind, and went forth among these hamlets, holding prayer-meetings, on Sundays and weekday evenings, and often conducting seven or eight on a single Sabbath. He was signally useful in such services, not yet a preaching

but a praying evangelist, among the rustic communities. His band of helpers was often opposed by reckless hearers; some had to stand as sentinels at the doors, while others conducted the meetings, but they were always successful.

At Luddenden a great revival attended his humble labours from 1799 to 1801; in half a year fifty-four members joined the society. He lived to see three chapels and many local preachers raised up in this neighbourhood. His little company of "prayer-leaders" * multiplied to twelve bands, and maintained meetings in eleven hamlets, in all of which, save one, there were, at first, no persons capable of conducting such services; but in most of them he saw chapels, or other accommodations for regular worship, sooner or later provided. At some of these meetings great crowds attended, and great effects followed. In one of them his brethren had to put him on a table to pray. "Had they not done so," he says, "I believe I should have been smothered on account of the press and my small stature. As I was praying the power of God came among us, and many found mercy. The very men who had formerly persecuted me now came to me like children to be instructed. Some of them afterwards became acceptable and useful local preachers."

In Halifax, and in all the villages within six or eight miles of it, did he pursue these labours. He became their apostle. He

* These bands of prayer-leaders were an important "feature" of Methodism in Wesley's day. A society of them was organized, with his approbation, in London, in 1772, and the example was copied elsewhere. They were called "Workhouse Preachers" in London, "Village Preachers" in Bristol, "Prayer-leaders" in Leeds, "Poorhouse Preachers" in Dublin. In 1800 they adopted an extensive plan of labour in London, under the direction of Benson and his city colleagues.

was unable to ride on horseback, but would sometimes trudge through twenty-five miles a day. He and his praying associates were "not unfrequently assailed," says his biographer, "with snowballs, rotten eggs, and stones. But, nothing daunted, they found their work its own reward; and the wintry storm and the scorching summer's sun saw Jonathan Saville travelling over hills, and exploring valleys, calling the poor cottagers together who lived far from any place of worship, and who could not call the Sabbath a delight, giving them a word of exhortation, and then praying with and for them. It is not too much to say that no man within that neighbourhood has been in such labours more abundant; and no doubt hundreds have been, by his instrumentality, saved from sin and brought to God."

In 1803 he was licensed as a local preacher. He had virtually been one for years, though he had never discoursed on a text. His popularity became general; crowds flocked to the chapels in Halifax to hear him, and he did good service against the infidel opinions of Paine, which prevailed among the working classes of that city. He attempted not to discuss these errors, but to counteract them by the simple, spiritual truths of the Gospel. His crippled appearance, his genial spirit, his deep piety, his originality of thought, and homely but strong language, attracted irresistibly the rude masses; they both pitied and revered him, and followed him in hosts. His preaching was peculiarly effective; frequently several persons were awakened under a single sermon.

"He was the man of the people," says his biographer; "he was a little man, and everybody knew the cause of his diminutiveness. There was a sparkling,

pleasant wit about him, which made everybody feel that he was happy; and it tended to enkindle and diffuse cheerfulness around him. He thought with the many; and he always made the service of God appear reasonable by the cheerfulness of his own spirit, and by the felicity of his illustrations. These were generally in similes or continued allegory, which always impress the multitude more than an elaborate argument. The latter he could not have managed, and he was too wise to attempt it. He knew the length of his line, and was content with it. He kept to those great subjects which enoble all language, kindle the sensation of sublimity in all minds, make the foolish wise, and the weak strong."

His voice was remarkable for its strength and musical modulations, his action was energetic, and "many of his sermons produced extraordinary impressions." Like the Village Blacksmith and the Yorkshire Farmer, he had several discourses which became celebrated among the people under quaint titles. His sermons on the "Vision of Dry Bones," on "Studying to be quiet, and to do our own business," and on Whitefield's favourite text, "O earth, earth, earth, hear the word of the Lord," will never be forgotten, says his biographer, by those who heard them. The last especially is said to have usually produced electrical effect.

He was called abroad, in all directions, to speak on extraordinary as well as ordinary occasions. He had the happiness to preach in the town in whose workhouse he had found shelter. His emotions there can be better conceived than described. As he rose in the pulpit his heart overflowed with his recollections of the scene. "If I had a word that would do your souls good," he exclaimed, "I

would give it you, though it should cost me my life. For I owe my life to you, through the mercy of God. . . . If you want to know where I got my education, where my college was, it was the workhouse yonder; there it was that I received all my education, between the knees of an old pensioner." "It was encouraging to me," he adds, "to learn afterward that the daughter of the overseer was awakened under the sermon. She is now gone to heaven."

When in the height of his popularity, he was taken, after preaching a missionary sermon, to visit a sick woman at some distance. He was surprised at the house. He stood still on the floor, and looked on the hearth a long and fixed gaze. It was a memorable spot to him. "As I was standing there," he says, "I gave a look back, and inwardly exclaimed, 'What has God done for poor me!' and then I thought of my three or four years of suffering in that very house (for there it was that my thigh was broken), and I said, 'Is it possible that the Lord should have brought me here to pray with this woman!'" He knelt down with a full heart, and prayed for her with such fervour and effect that she broke forth with supplications and rapturous thanksgivings, her soul, if not her body, healed. "O Lord," cried the good man, as he rose from his knees, "now thou hast repaid me for all my sufferings in this house!" A veteran convert, eighty years of age, who had come in and taken a seat at the chimney corner, joined in the thanksgivings. "It would have made a good scene for a painter," adds Saville; no painter could have done it justice.

If Jonathan Saville was not grateful for his personal deformity, he was grateful for the advantages it gave him in his Christian la-

bours. It made irresistible his appeals in behalf of the poor and afflicted; it gave force, by contrast, to his peculiar talents in public discourse; it commanded tender respect from even ruffian men; drunkards in the street, it is said, became reverential as he passed them, for they knew what he had endured and how he had conquered. It is remarkable, says his biographer, how seldom they were known to treat him with incivility.

One case is recorded which proved a blessing that the crippled preacher would not have foregone. On going to a country appointment, an intoxicated man knocked him down, calling him a "crooked little devil." "The God that made me crooked made thee straight," said the preacher as he rose. Whether the drunkard perceived the significant reproof or not, the exhortation with which it was followed sunk into his heart. Years later, when Saville had been preaching in the city of Hull, a stranger seized his hand, exclaiming, "I bless God that ever I knocked thee down!" The good man was astonished; the stranger recalled the old offence, and said that it led to his reformation and conversion.

Children loved him, and he was very useful among them. By his diminutive stature he seemed one of them; by his cheerful spirit he was as juvenile as any of them. They would gather about him in the streets, where he conversed with them on simple religious topics, asking them whether they went to Sunday-school? whether they loved God? "My deformity," he wrote, "has been the means of my preaching many hundreds of sermons in this way to children." He was an indefatigable visitor of the afflicted. As he knew from his own sad experience how to address them, they eagerly sent for him. "He visited," says his biographer, "ten times as many of them as any of his brethren." During many years he was one of the most popular speakers of the Connexion on the missionary platform; many of his speeches have been pronounced "brilliant, and worthy of men of greater name." He stood up, in this cause, by the side of the greatest leaders of Methodism, and hardly could their superior abilities prove more effective, on popular occasions, than his peculiar genius.

UNDERSTOOD.

BY HENRY W. HAWKEN.

Thou knowest, Lord! Thou knowest my life's deep story
 And all the mingled good and ill I do;
 Thou seest my shame, my few stray gleams of glory,
 Where I am false and where my soul rings true.

Lord, I am glad Thou know'st my inmost being,
 Glad Thou dost search the secrets of my heart:
 I would not hide one folly from Thy seeing,
 Nor shun Thy healing touch to save the smart.

Like warp and woof the good and ill are blended,
 Nor do I see the pattern that I weave;
 Yet in Thy love the whole is comprehended,
 And in Thy hand my future lot I leave.

Only, dear Lord, make plain the path of duty;
 Let not my shame and sorrow weigh me down,
 Lest in despair I fail to see its beauty,
 And, weeping vainly, miss the victor's crown.

BEYOND THE CLOUD-LINE OF ART.

BY MAUDE PETITT.

To the imaginative mind there is perhaps no richer field in the whole realm of art than that melodious poetic prose of which George Eliot was such a master. For in it is combined the essence and beauty of all the arts. Do you wish poetry? It is there in all its power and sweetness without the technicalities of metre and of rhyme. I shall give but one or two examples, such as, "The hum of insects like tiniest bells on the garment of Silence," or, "The clouds rolled off to the horizon again, making the purple rampart and the long purple isles of that wondrous land which reveals itself to us when the sun goes down—the land that the evening star watches over."

Are not lines like these the very soul of poetry? Again, do you wish sculpture? What chisel could carve a being so fair as Romola, or so warm and life-like as Maggie Tulliver? You seek the colour of the artist's brush? Look at the daisied fields, the hollows of the Bed Deeps and the blue-rushing Floss. Music do you crave? Every line is full of melody, and you can almost hear her redbreasts singing among English hedges-rows.

But in spite of George Eliot's almost perfect artistic power, there is yet something lacking in her work. It is not without regret—bitterest regret—we say this, for there are few writers of fiction of equal power. But lack of something there is. None knew it better than she. And perhaps none better than she knew what that lacking something was.

It is said of her that when, shortly before her death, her husband told her he thought her looks profoundly sad, she turned away

with tear-filled eyes. She knew in that hour that she had not fulfilled her mission. For the mission of art is not wrapped in gloom; it is sent to brighten, not to darken life. Art may, and must, tread the vale of tears, but it is only in passing to the sunny uplands where life itself is rapture.

More names are made illustrious by failure in art than by success. That was a critic of deep intuition who divided Shakespeare's life into four periods, calling the third and fourth of them, "In the depths," and, "On the heights." It is that fourth step that makes an immortal Shakespeare. He would have been famous if he had rested content with the third, but he would have been famous for failure in art, not for success. That is why George Eliot wept in the eventide of life. She caught a glimpse of the sunny peaks, and saw that she had been treading just a little lower among the clouds. She painted a flood so powerfully that you hear the mighty roar of the swollen Floss and see the frail bark quiver at the shock of the drifting ruins. You see the waters close, clear and sparkling and cold, over that double grave. It is a powerful picture. There is not another woman's hand, living or dead, able to paint such a one. But look, there is something George Eliot left out of that scene, and she might better have left out its sky. She had forgotten the vision of the Redeemer bending over those waters. Nay, say not she had forgotten it, but rather she had never known it. And so we have only the philosophy of a wise but sad-hearted woman where there might have been the sun-bright face of a saint.

But George Eliot is not alone in

the depths. The whole of our romantic literature rests there. Lay down a volume of Shelley, of Byron, and Coleridge, of countless others of the romantic school, and there is just a little film of sadness across your sky—a little discontent—a little grey despair. Life has caught the Byronic tint. Look at our best pictures, and you find that the hand that could paint the despair of frosty age never reached up high enough to paint the halo of the beyond.

I know of nothing that expresses this minor strain better than those well-known lines on the ships that pass in the night. On those ships we gaze too long. So long that we forget there is a divine Pilot guiding them and us, and that if it had not been well, they would not have passed us thus. Perchance they were pestilence-laden. Perchance they were but phantom ships. Why cry out after their shadows? Oh, but, you say, these cries are natural. An artist, to be true to life, must be sad. Long ago there was born in Nazareth an artist whose art is eternal. He came forth from the doorway of His carpenter shop, a never-dying song upon his lips. Listen! "My yoke is easy, and my burden is light." Have we then made a mistake in art, and, worse still, a mistake in life? Yes, just as long as the yoke rubs and the burden is heavy, we have a mistaken world, a mistaken life, and, consequently, a mistaken art—an art that dies earth-choked, with its message half-unuttered.

That was true to life, that heart-cry of one of our own Canadian poets:

"Did ever on painter's canvas lie
The soul of his fancy's dream?
Did ever poet's pen achieve
Fruitless of his theme?"

Nay, and it is well we have not

found our ideal among these shadows where we grope. I know I am flying straight in the face of modern criticism when I say the highest art is the utterance not of pain, but of joy. I do not mean the frothy, frivolous joys of untried youth, nor the loud guffaws of bar-room revellers, but the deep, serene joy of a faith triumphant, like that of Robert Browning.

Far be it from us to speak disparagingly of the stage of art from which we are just emerging. It has soared high, but its wings have wearied amid the clouds, and clouds are, after all, the production of our own little earth. It is the blue, sunny heaven that was framed by the divine hand. And surely it is time for our artists to soar beyond the cloud-line.

But are we quite ready for the ushering in of the new school? So long have we had the sigh for the smile—the moan for the song; so long have we been accustomed to expect in genius hoary locks, hungry eyes, and an ashen countenance, that if one came into our midst with health and happiness on his brow, his face still ruddy from the sunny fields of his boyhood—if such a one should come, and, with all the depth of a George Eliot and all the sunshine she had not, should sing buoyantly of his native hills, of the fire-light in the old farm-kitchen, of love's sorrows and joys, of labour's struggles and rewards—if such a one should come and sing such a song, but always with a note of hope, would we with our present tastes recognize him as the genius of the new century? Yet is not this the coming art? Is it not the sunny, healthful art we may expect from the vigorous soil of our own fair Canada?

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IN THE STREETS OF PARIS.

BY ELLEN GERTRUDE COHEN.

From the first thing in the morning till not only the last thing at night, but right on through the night itself, the streets of Paris are full of an all-absorbing interest. It is naturally the stranger who feels this most keenly, but he cannot at once make any nice distinctions in his analysis, for Paris in numbers of ways is much like many another big European capital. The new comer realizes, as a first impression, how foreign things and people are to him. What he means by this he does not quite know, but by degrees it dawns upon him, especially if he is an Englishman, that everything and everybody is most unaccountably gay. It is a thing to which he is wholly unaccustomed, a gaiety not only of expression and demeanour, but a remarkable lightness and brightness pervading everything.

Nobody appears in a hurry or to be bent on any more important mission than the enjoyment of the sunshine, and life, it would seem, is not at all a serious thing to any one. This is, of course, not absolutely the state of the case, but the French, unquestionably, do not take either their pleasures or their work sadly, and jests and badinage of the raciest character abound on all sides and among all classes.

Perhaps one has most auricular proof of this amongst the working classes. It is here, too, that their gaiety extends even to the very clothes they wear. A French workingman is almost always a beautiful object as to colour, and something he has on is sure to be of a remarkable blue. This blue is so universal that it forms one of the chief characteristics of the streets of Paris, being, sometimes, dark to start with, but taking all varieties of wonderful shades

through much use and hard washing. It is the favourite colour, as being distinctive of the Mother Mary; so women love to dress their little children in it, and the school-boys the latter wear in winter are seldom made of any other colour.

So wide is the use of it, also, amongst the workers themselves that one would say, on seeing them issuing from some big factory at the "dejeuner" hour, that they were all clad in a uniform. Men following almost any kind of handicraft wear blouses, usually blue, and workmen for the most part either these or else cotton jackets, often a brighter blue of an extremely smart cut. The women of the lower and middle classes, the tradesmen's lads, and the "boots" when at work, all have aprons of a dark blue material; and no "bonne," or French servant, is complete without one. Many servants do not wear caps at all, nor indeed do the working women use any head covering in the streets. One meets them so in the omnibuses and on the boulevards with neatly coiffed heads even when the snow is on the ground, and this is the more remarkable as their ears (and often those of their husbands too) are sure to be stuffed with pink cotton-wool, and at home they will shut both doors and windows at all seasons, for fear of what they call a "courant d'air."

Slatternly milliners' or dress-makers' girls are almost an unknown quantity in the streets of Paris. The little messengers one sees there with their huge paste-board boxes are always of the trimmest, and form, at any rate, a picturesque addition to the street landscape. A woman is sure to be neatly shod, no matter to what class she belongs, though an Eng-

lish heart would undoubtedly sink low at the terrible thinness of the sole. This apparent recklessness has its excuse in the fact of the condition of the streets. To attain their wonderful state of cleanliness 1,855,000 francs are spent on them in three years. Before that, things were in a very bad state.

From before dawn until long after sunset one sees the street cleaners in their peaked caps and watermen's boots or sabots hard at their work of sweeping, swabbing, or watering.

But these are only one of the many beves of busy workers to be seen in the early hours of the mornin. Up and at work soon after the street cleaners are the "chiffonniers" male and female (rag-pickers), the "porteuces de pain" (bread carriers), and the milk-women. These last deliver their milk in glass bottles, or "bottes," of either a litre or half a litre, and metal handles are attached to them, so that as many as thirty can be carried at a time, swinging from two iron bars.

The bakers' shops are some of the first to open, and as early as five o'clock the "porteuces de pain" begin operations by brushing the bread. The bakers' boys are usually girls, or rather strong elderly women who can carry as much as forty pounds of bread at a time. Some of the bread, the "pain de marchand de vin," over two yards long, is not a little cumbersome to the poor "porteuces," and as she has often to climb to the sixth floor, one cannot help being sorry for her on a warm morning; still her picturesque figure could ill be spared from the street scene, and after all she does not have to journey far, a cart usually supplying the more distant houses. In sharp contrast to these, the spotless, orderly early walkers of the streets, stand out the dingy stooping figures of the chiffonniers. They look weird objects enough in

the half-light of the dawn, truly more like birds of prey than human beings, as they hover vulture-like over the tin rubbish-boxes which at that hour line the Paris streets. It is impossible to realize, when watching one of these weird creatures at her strange work, that in this way 50,000 francs' worth of pickings is collected in one day. Swift, silent, solitary, she performs her unsavoury task with a deftness that is quite remarkable. At the home of the chiffonnier the contents of the sack or sacks are carefully sorted on the floor, the silk rags are divided from the cotton or woollen, the white from the coloured, etc. The silk are worth next to nothing, but the woollen are highly prized as bringing in nearly thirty francs the two hundred pounds.

Allied to the chiffonnier are various other wanderers, as, for example, the collector of cigar and cigarette ends. He is usually to be seen later in the day, when the idlers and smokers have left him a harvest under the cafe tables ranged on the Boulevards. The "garçons" often dispute this privilege with him, but even then he has still left to him the Boulevards themselves, a not unfruitful source, the outsides of the places of amusement and of the restaurants. He retires to a quiet corner of the lower quays, and there spreading out his wares, always careful not to expose them to the sun on account of the odour it would give them, undoes them, thoroughly dries them, and gets out the cinders. He carefully separates the cigars from the cigarettes, the tobacco of the latter being worth a great deal more to him, and then adds a little fresh tobacco. This concoction appears next on the Place Maubert, where a franc's worth is made up into forty packets of tobacco, and sold at a sou per packet.

Many other apparent loafers, who

are in reality nothing of the kind, may be seen at any and all hours on the Paris Boulevards. Of these the huge forms of the "forts aux farines" are by far the most interesting. One can hardly pass an hour in any of the larger streets without remarking one or two of them. It is impossible to pass them by without a second glance, on account of their giant stature, and their enormous hats whitened with flour. These hats, which cost thirty francs, and weigh four or five pounds, are nearly as large in circumference as a small parasol, and are invaluable in protecting the head, hair, and neck from the weight of the sack. They are of a very solid, peculiar make, and are only to be had at Issy, beyond the fortifications. These apparent idlers have, it would seem, nothing in the world to do, and are either lounging on a seat, to all appearances lost in thought, or lazily chatting at a street corner. They are in reality on the watch for the miller, who, when he passes, will take one or two of them up in his cart, and pay them handsomely for unloading the flour. The sacks weigh often 318 pounds each, so the "forts" have need of all their uncommon strength when carrying the flour up several floors. They do not touch the sack, which is nicely balanced on the famous hat, but with one hand lean on their stout stick, and with the other grasp the handrail. The weight is so great that when at work they have to discard everything but trousers and light waistcoat, for the sake of coolness, though, when on the Boulevards, their costume is quite complete, finished off with a picturesque blue blouse. They are a society of 121, which has existed 150 years, first as a society, but since 1895 as a syndicate. The brotherhood is limited to that number, and a test as to great strength is applied before membership can be obtained,

each having to wear his medal and special uniform. Although they are such magnificent specimens of humanity, the mortality amongst their number is very high, being as much as seven or eight out of the 121 in a year.

Innumerable other frequenters of the streets could be mentioned equally interesting. There are the "tondeurs de chien," or dog-tenders, who pass through the streets at a certain hour every day, announcing their presence by a particular cry, and with their shears and little box of necessaries, will for a small consideration wash and clip the French poodles, making their toilettes in most artistic fashion. There are the porcelain menders and the solderers, the itinerant barrel sellers, the repairers of windows with immense sheets of glass at their backs. All of these have their particular cry or pipe or song and their particular uniform. There are also the newspaper vendors who from six a.m. frequent the omnibus stations, reaching up with their long poles to the outside passengers of the omnibuses and tramways. On these poles are constructed wire frames made to hold every kind of newspaper, and at the top are fixed tin boxes for the coppers.

The goatherd, too, must not be forgotten. He walks the streets with his little tribe from 5.30 a.m. till 11 p.m., and will fill a cup with warm milk for two sous. He often returns to his native Italy for the winter months, but spring sees him again at his work in Paris. In his blue blouse and goatherd's cap, surrounded by a flock of goats, which follow faithfully to the sound of his delicate piping, he makes the most curious and interesting spectacle one could well see in the crowded thoroughfare of a great city.—
Good Words.

MUNICIPAL ACTIVITIES IN GERMANY.*

BY FRANK S. HOFFMAN.

We often speak of the old and overcrowded cities of Europe as though they were at least at a standstill and had little or nothing of the progressive spirit of the New World. As a matter of fact, one sees now so few indications of antiquity in some of them that I fear before another generation passes away one will see of it almost nothing at all. In many German cities acres upon acres of densely populated areas have been demolished by the Government in making way for wide streets and stately buildings. Hamburg, since its terrible experience with the cholera, has been transformed aesthetically. It has grown faster than Boston, and it is "more attractive than Paris." Cologne has nearly doubled in population during the last ten years. Berlin was smaller than Philadelphia in 1860; now it is half a million larger.

A German city is governed by a Burgermeister and a Stadtrath, or, as we should say, a Mayor and City Council. The members of the Council are elected usually for six years. It is an honour in Germany to be elected to the Gemeinde or Stadtrath, and the title is much coveted by scholars and professional men as well as merchants and other men of affairs. In Berlin several of the university professors are on the Council, among them the celebrated Professor Virchow. No salaries are paid to the Councillors, and a penalty is attached to a refusal to serve, although there is no occasion to inflict it. The Council selects the Mayor. It designates the Mayor's expert associates, who are the heads of the various de-

partments; raises the means for carrying on the government, and represents in general the standards and aspirations of the community—the whole authority of the community being in its hands.

The Mayor of a German city is the most highly trained expert in municipal affairs that can be secured. He is sometimes selected because of his success in managing other smaller cities. A Mayor expects to hold his office for life, as do also his expert associates. The salary of a Mayor varies from \$7,500, as in Berlin, down to about \$2,500. There is no lack of excellent material, and the position is much sought after for the social eminence it gives its possessor.

The Mayor and the Council attend to almost everything. The German conception of city government recognizes no limit whatever to its functions. To the German mind a municipality is a great family. It organizes for business and social ends, and the government it selects is the means for the accomplishment of those ends. It is bound to do everything it can to promote the welfare of its members. For this reason it does not hesitate to engage in any kind of business in which the public have a direct interest.

Of course it provides for education, and education includes technical education. Besides the schools for architecture and commerce and similar pursuits, there are in Prussia alone thirty-five schools for painters and decorators, nine for shoemakers, twenty for bakers, six for butchers, and so on. The editor of a well-known London paper, in commenting recently on some of these facts, con-

* Abridged from the *Outlook*.

cluded his article by saying : "What other nations have to fear is not the military strength of Germany, but its industrial development. Its technical schools are turning out a magnificent industrial army, and in this sphere of knowledge the countries that compete with it must quickly improve their skill if they are not to see the decline of their prosperity."

Many of the principal cities and towns of Germany have taken the management of the theatre into their own hands and determined to conduct it independently of the one supreme aim of making money.

Only the elementary schools are free in Germany, and in some parts of the country even in these a small tuition fee is required. Nowhere do they have free books. Every scholar is thoroughly trained in music, consequently everybody sings, from the Kaiser down to the humblest peasant. In all gatherings of the people, great or small, singing is always a chief feature, and everybody joins in it, from the oldest to the youngest. No teacher can get a position in Germany, I am told, who is unable to sing and play on an organ or piano.

Almost all German cities now own and operate their own water-works, which usually yield from ten to fifteen per cent. annual profit. About two-thirds of the larger German cities own and operate their gas-works; and one city, at least, Berlin, has succeeded in making its drainage system, which is probably the best in the world, a self-supporting and profitable investment. The sewage-farms supported by it, which cost the city some \$7,500,000, will in a short time earn money enough to pay back all that has been invested in them, and then yield to the city a large annual profit.

Within the last fifteen or twenty years nearly all of the central

streets of the leading German cities have been furnished with smooth new pavements, and are thoroughly cleaned once every twenty-four hours at least, in the night or early morning.

Street railways have not yet, perhaps, reached the high degree of development that they have attained here. But even when the street franchises have been temporarily sold to private companies, city supervision extends even to such details as the fixing of fares and the frequency of service. One can ride a moderate distance on any of them for two and a half cents, and in some places school-children ride for one-third the ordinary fare.

All careful students of modern life in cities are agreed that the housing of the poor presents one of the most serious and difficult problems of our time. In many German cities it is required that one-third of every building lot shall be left unbuilt as space for air and light. Also that no apartment shall be used for human occupancy containing less than a prescribed minimum of cubic space for each individual or lacking the required provision for light, heat, and ventilation.

The whole present and prospective area of Greater Berlin is laid out in districts, each of which has already had prescribed for it the kind and character of the houses that may be erected in them. For example, in one district detached villas must be constructed if the lots are to be built on at all, and these must be of a certain size and general character.

Besides these ways of attending to the comfort and health of the public, most of the German cities have established great hospitals for the treatment of infectious and contagious diseases. Under the guidance of Professor Virchow, as a member of the municipal gov-

ernment of Berlin, such diseases as typhoid fever and smallpox are fast approaching the point of extermination.

It is also the policy of German cities to bring under strict governmental supervision all articles of ordinary diet. This is especially true of the meat supply. Almost everywhere the meat must be slaughtered under municipal auspices, and public inspectors are constantly going from shop to shop where it is being offered to the public. It may fairly be said that adulterated foods do not exist in Germany. The law provides that even those who are ignorant of their nature shall be liable to fine and imprisonment if they attempt to expose them for sale. And this is done when the adulteration of food is rampant in nearly all other civilized lands. England obtains an annual revenue of nearly a million and a quarter dollars from the taxation of patent medicines. Prussia either forbids their sale altogether or makes known their worthlessness to the public by officially proclaiming their contents under some such heading as "Warning against patent medicines," in posters about the town and in the daily papers.

Beyond all question, the care of the poor and distressed in the cities of Germany is superbly managed. It is the German ideal, at least, to abolish poverty. Germans think the present policy of the Government will ultimately lead to it. For this reason they have inaugurated a system of municipal insurance against sickness, loss of employment, and old age.

The German cities also do all they can to encourage small wage-earners and protect those in temporary distress. To this end they have established a system of municipal savings-banks and municipal pawnshops. The Berlin savings-bank system has more than four hundred thousand such depositors. In Aachen (Aix-la-Chapelle) it is said that almost every man, woman and child has a bank-book. These banks pay about three per cent. interest on their deposits, and it is paid with the greatest regularity, as the funds are usually invested in government securities of some sort. Many such cities as Dresden, Munich, etc., have been engaged in the pawnshop business for over a century, and experience has shown this to be of the greatest practical benefit to the poor. The rates are usually two per cent. a month on small sums, and one per cent. on amounts over seven or eight dollars.

Perhaps the most noticeable of the many spheres of activity of a typical German city are its public parks and playgrounds. Berlin has about eighty such places open to the general public, Dresden thirty-five, Chemnitz twenty-four, and so on. Heidelberg, a city of about thirty thousand inhabitants, has over five thousand acres of parks and woodland under its ownership and control. Most of this area is, of course, outside of the heart of the city, but it is laid out with fine walks and drives, with resting-places and good restaurants at short intervals, all under government control.

" Faithfulness in the humblest part
Is better, at least, than proud success ;
And patience and love in a chastened heart
Are pearls more precious than happiness ;
And in the morning when we shall awake

To the springtime freshness of youth
again,
All troubles will seem but a flying flake,
And life-long sorrow as a breath on the
pane."

FROM THE HILLS OF ALGOMA.

BY MAUDE PETITT.

CHAPTER IX.

FETTERED.

The summer months mellowed into October, and Tirzah resumed her college course. Mrs. Auldearn had changed her mind toward the end of August, and they had spent a few weeks at a little village near Coteau Landing—very pleasant weeks to Tirzah. Augustine had not troubled her any more, but something else was troubling her now.

On the study table beside her lay a letter, addressed in Granny Hurst's well-known hand. No pleasant news it brought. News none the more pleasant because it had delayed long in coming. Grandpa Hurst had been stricken down with typhoid fever shortly after she had left them last June, and through all the summer months he had lain ill. A rally of a few days had only been succeeded by a relapse. The little savings they had put away in the old clock-case had been gradually exhausted; it was so little they could save over the living they eked out of their few acres of land, and the cooper work her grandfather did in the winter time.

But that was not all. No sooner had the fever left him than a severe kind of rheumatism set in, and he had to lie on the lounge most of the time at best, not venturing farther than the arm-chair by the window. Tirzah could picture it all, and she recalled the time she had sold her piano to save the old home from mortgage.

The tears started to her eyes. She understood now the strange tone in those short letters she had received. Granny had concealed the ill news from her as long as possible. For the first time in her life, perhaps, Tirzah seemed to have fully awakened to their circumstances, now that the long, cold winter of Algoma was drawing upon them. They were old. They were poor. They had nothing save the roof above their heads, and who was to provide for their wants when the feebleness of age made them helpless? Who but you, Tirzah?

She had foreseen it in a dim way long ago. In those days she had meant when her own proud dreams were all fulfilled, to be liberal then.

When she held a lectureship in a college, or some other proud position, she could easily afford to supply all their wants. But if Grandpa Hurst should become helpless now, what would become of them in the meantime? And her dark eyes grew grave as she thought.

The memory of those two Christian lives had grown very dear to her since that sweet night at Mrs. Howard's. Amidst all her anxiety for them, she was thankful—oh, so thankful—that she could feel! that their sorrow touched her. Six months before she had been too cold to care. God forbid that those days should ever return! She loved her grandparents a thousandfold more tenderly now. Her one desire was to sweeten and smooth their declining years. She accepted the burden gladly. The one thing she wanted was some one to love and care for. But how to do it?

She looked back with regret upon the extravagant hand with which she had spent the little savings laid away while teaching in Port Mavor. That costly trunk of clothing she had brought with her to Glendonan had swept away much of it, and she had spent considerable during her holiday trip the month before. It was a small sum that remained, but it would provide fuel and warm clothing, and keep the wolf from the door part of the winter, at least.

But after that, what was to be done? Was it not her duty to leave Glendonan, and try in some way to provide for them? Yes, that ambition of hers! Ah, what a sacrifice it would mean! The future had looked so bright and glowing, and now was it all a dream—a land of mirage that receded as she went forward? And yet, "if God so will—" and her face grew calm again. The thought of Christ had grown so sweet to her she was willing to go wherever He leads.

"Where He leads I will follow," "Thy will be done," in the words of Frances Ridley Havergal, was "no longer a sigh, but a song."

But what could she do? Her primary teacher's certificate had expired; she had never been to the Normal School. Her college educa-

tion she knew would avail her nothing in a rural school. Even in Parry Sound and Algoma they were demanding legally qualified teachers. But, perhaps, there might be some out-of-the-way corner in the Northwest, where she could save enough above her expenses to support them. It would be but a scant support. But there was nothing else she could think of. She might perhaps get a secretaryship somewhere. She had heard of such situations, where good salaries were paid, though she had no idea what qualifications were necessary. But, perhaps, after all, she was only borrowing trouble. Grandpa Hurst might get better, and be able to till the garden again, and work in his little cooper shop.

However, she forwarded to them all the money she had, to the last copper, and the next week came their answer. They accepted the gift she sent them, but they would not hear of her leaving Glendonan to support them. It was her uncle's wish that she should stay, they said, and Tirzah knew how reverently they regarded the last wishes of the dead. They could mortgage the old home, they said, and it would keep them till she was through and able to command a good salary, and if it did not, well, she could forget them, and leave them dependent on charity.

Forget them! Leave them dependent upon charity! Her blood came in a rush to her cheeks. No! A thousand times no! She was an Auldearn, every inch of her, and she had her own share of Scotch independence, though her present surroundings were doing much to weaken her spirit.

It cut her to the heart, even now, to think of the want they would surely suffer before the winter was past. She began to cast about in her mind for some way of relieving them. Was there nothing she could sacrifice? Aunt Mildred had replenished her wardrobe with a pride in her that quite surprised her. In fact, her aunt had taken a freak of being unusually kind of late. There was that set of furs she was going to get for her. If she would only let her sacrifice that and have the money instead.

Aunt Mildred, however, was never very ready to talk to her of her old home. She had a manner that said so plainly, "I wish you to forget that backwoods place, with its old-fash-

ioned folks, Tirzah. You are an Auldearn, and you are ours now."

But Tirzah determined to face the matter out. Yet, oh, how she dreaded it! She wondered, sometimes, if her aunt knew of Augustine's love for her, and if so, whether she would be pleased or angry. She was soon to be enlightened upon that point.

It was that very evening her opportunity came. Augustine was out, and she closed her Cicero with a half-nervous feeling before going up to her aunt's room. She "made conversation" for a while in that formal way we are apt to when we have a subject we don't quite like to introduce.

"Aunty, do you remember that letter I had this week from home, about grandpa's illness?"

"Yes," in a tone not exactly encouraging.

"Well, they are poor, you know—very poor. This misfortune has stripped them of all their savings."

"Humph! Great management! How shiftless some people must be not to have more foresight."

Tirzah choked down something rising in her throat.

"I have sent them all the money I have, but it is so little—and I wondered, dear aunt, if you would mind letting me have the money instead of those furs. If you would only lend it to me, I would repay it some day."

A strange gleam darted through Mrs. Auldearn's eyes. Tirzah's heart was beating in loud throbs, and her cheeks seemed on fire.

"Tirzah Auldearn! I am surprised at you, an Auldearn, stooping to beg for your poor relations."

"I did not mean to beg. I said lend, not give."

"Did not my son ask you to be his wife?" continued her aunt, without noticing her words. "Do you not know Augustine is wealthy? If you married him you would have plenty to give where you pleased, without asking it of me."

"I will never marry for money. Besides, I—I cannot marry Augustine, aunt."

"Cannot! Oh, no! Just like these clever women. They are all head and no heart. I suppose you are thinking of your education! Well, Augustine is willing to wait, and as to your course in Germany, why not take it after your marriage?"

Tirzah shuddered at this business-

like mention of her marriage with Augustine.

"It's nothing for him to go to Europe," continued her aunt.

"No, it is not that. I—I cannot marry him. I do not love him."

"Bosh! Twaddle! Love! Perhaps not, after the vulgar manner of the dime novel. I never stored my mind with such ideas when I was young."

Tirzah's eye flashed, for she prided herself on never indulging in any but the most refined literature.

"Love will come after marriage," continued Mrs. Auldearn.

"But I did not know you were so anxious for me to marry Augustine. I am dowerless, and not even beautiful."

"No, to be sure; my son could have made a far different choice, and yet you reject his offer. He loves you. You are the only one he does love—the only one he will marry, and my son's wishes are mine. That is why I wish it."

Tirzah understood now how complete was his mastery over his mother, and how intense her idolatry of her son.

"What makes you so ungrateful, child?" continued her aunt, more gently. "Have we not done everything for you we could? Taken you out of that miserable life of poverty, treated you just as our own. You have had clothes and books, and everything you wanted, and now that we ask a return, you act like this! What makes you so stubborn?"

There was a silence, a silence so deep you could hear the nervous, little tick of Mrs. Auldearn's watch on the table near by. Then Tirzah's face grew very firm.

"No, I cannot marry him. It would not be right. He is not a Christian, and I—I am."

"Oh, indeed! Not good enough! And when did you ever see anything about him not proper, I should like to ask?"

"Oh, not that! I did not mean—I only meant—he is not a Christian, that is all."

The sneer on Mrs. Auldearn's face was indescribable.

"Not a Christian! Ha! ha! ha! I suppose that is some of the backwoods Methodism you learned on your trip home this summer—some of the advice your old granny sent you away with. You're a fool, yet, my girl. You'll learn something before

you get through the world, even if you are a Christian. Christians have to learn sometimes. As to this doing without the furs, I suppose that is one of your Christian sacrifices; I will not hear of it. You are Miss Auldearn, a young lady of my house, and I wish the woman my son intends to marry to make a becoming appearance."

"He shall not marry me if he does intend it," Tirzah was saying in her heart, though no words escaped her white lips.

"I do not wish to aid such a stubborn girl in any of her ways. You would do well to forget the wretched old home you left behind. Augustine will provide for them when you promise to be his wife."

"Mrs. Auldearn, I think, under the circumstances, I had better leave your house."

"Leave my house! And is this the way you regard your uncle's dying wish, after all he did for you? Did I not promise him to keep you, and you wish to make me break my promise to the dead? A nice return, this, for all his kindness. He would appreciate it, if he were alive to hear you."

She had touched a tender chord. Tirzah was sobbing now.

"Leave my house! And what could you do if you did? An Auldearn descending to knock about the world!"

Tirzah did not hear any more; she had escaped to her room, where she threw herself on the bed in a convulsion of sobs. When the strength of her sorrow had spent itself, she rose and gazed tearfully at the picture above her bed, the hand fettered with a chain of gold, and the wan faces below. Ah, that was what hers was! A fettered hand! In the midst of plenty, herself, she could not raise it to cast one morsel to the needy. Oh, it was hard—so hard! Yet she knew the all-loving Father was watching.

"Dear heavenly Father, Thou knowest everything. Take care of them now they are old. Thou hast all power and riches, and I know it will all be right, for Thou art watching."

Thus, in quiet trust, she left her burden at His feet, and began to dress for the concert at which she was to sing that night. It was a pleasure to her to know that the proceeds were to be devoted to the widows of the

sailors who had gone down in the "Water Lily" just out of Boston harbour. She could do that, at least, for the needs of others. Surely God would provide for the needs of her own dear ones.

The aid concert was to be held in Professor Ormond's private Conservatory, where she had made her first appearance as a public singer toward the close of last season. How clearly every detail of that night was outlined in her memory. She was too unfeeling then to be nervous, even before that classical audience. A few months of Boston culture had done wonders for her voice, as well as her appearance. But would not the world feel the difference between them—the singer of last year, cold, passionless, graceful, the white silk and lace clinging like icicles about her cold heart—and the singer of to-night, in her dark mourning robes, praying underneath her song,

"Take my voice and let me sing
Always, only, for my King."

CHAPTER X.

HOMELESS.

October had changed to November, and December was already here, but as yet there came no welcome word of Grandpa Hurst's recovery. The long winter, with its deep snows and wild winds, had broken upon them now, and though granny's letters were always cheery, yet Tirzah wondered, at times, if there were no little heart-aches between the lines. No, perhaps not. The dear old heart had such a child-like trust in God.

It was Saturday afternoon, and Tirzah was sitting by the drawing-room window, when Augustine joined her on the sofa. He had been very considerate of late, making no allusions to the past. So, in fact, had Aunt Mildred. They talked for a while in trifling remarks and monosyllables, sometimes on the passers-by—the stout lady with portly step; the "little dandy," with curled moustache, "dudelet," as Tirzah called him, and even the lady with hat so broad it vied with her shoulders. For (man-like) he could descend even to criticisms of woman's dress, at times—this dignified August-

"Wherever did this come from?" asked Augustine, as he picked up the Toronto Globe from the table.

"I don't know. It looks quite like an old friend."

"Did you take it at home?"

"No, but then it's from my own country, and I'm still a loyal Britisher, you know, even under the Stars and Stripes."

"That's the worst of you. You're so confoundedly ready to try to blindfold a lion with your colours."

"Your majesty is doubtless the lion, but whatever are the colours, I've last blindfolded you with."

"I didn't say you ever blindfolded me. I said try."

"I'm glad you don't think me skilled in the art of deception."

"Always let a woman have the last word. She'll have it anyway."

"Then I'm going to prove the exception this time by not answering you."

"What did you do it for, then?"

But she gained her point by keeping silence this time, and he went on reading his paper.

"Did you ever know any one in Beth-aven by the name of Walter Gray?" he asked, as he read.

Something rose quickly in her throat. "Yes."

"'Thrilling and heroic action,' he read from the paper. 'Yesterday, while skating on the bay, a young medical student, Arthur Sandford, went too near one of the danger-signals. There was a warning crash, but it was too late. The young man was swallowed by the icy waters. There was a cry of horror from the bystanders. Then Walter Gray, of Beth-aven, Algoma—student of Victoria University—plunged bravely to the rescue. Sandford locked his arms about Gray's neck, and for a few minutes it seemed as if both would be lost. Twice they went beneath the waters, but coming up for the third time, Gray managed to catch one of the ropes thrown out, and to pull both himself and Sandford to the shore. Young Gray is one of Victoria's most brilliant students, and will be remembered as the science medallist of last year.'"

"Humph! I didn't know Beth-aven sent students to the universities," continued he. "He must be fairly well off."

Every vestige of colour had gone from her face, as he read.

"He did not really belong to Beth-aven. He just taught school there for a year or two."

"I never heard you speak of him. What was he like?"

"He was nice—at least, people liked him—and he was very good."

Augustine looked at her over the top of his paper for a moment. Their eyes met. The crimson rushed back to her temples. She had betrayed herself. She knew it. And the dark eyes turned to the paper again with a strange, sarcastic smile.

But if he had guessed her secret he was too gentlemanly to allude to it, or to probe her feelings. She took up her fancy work for want of occupation. For, scholastic and ambitious as she was, she did not completely scorn those little feminine accomplishments that seem part of a woman's life—those tastes for making pretty things to brighten their own little corner of earth.

A couple of weeks passed without any allusion to the conversation of that afternoon. Mrs. Auldearn seemed to be getting weaker, as well as more nervous and irritable. She went out seldom now, even in the carriage, and the servants were treated occasionally to most unladylike outbursts of temper.

Christmas drew near, and Tirzah went to spend a few days with Mrs. Howard, at the close of the college term. She did not feel quite easy about her visit. Aunt Mildred did not approve of her friends in the very least. True, she had never seen them, but it is surprising how strongly we are often prejudiced against people we do not know.

In the first place, Mrs. Howard was from "that backwoods place, up north," and even the fact that she was an accomplished and cultured lady did not add one whit to her dignity, in Mrs. Auldearn's eyes. Secondly, her husband was a Methodist minister. They lived in the midst of the world—loved the world with its struggling, human lives. She lived in the sunless and curtained seclusion of her sitting-room, disdaining the world with its tiresome moans, its inelegant poverty, even its genteel society, that always bored her. They spent their lives uplifting and ennobling others. She spent hers, trying to discover whether her headache was better or worse to-day than yesterday, complaining that it was impossible to get a doctor who really understood her constitution, and that no one had any sympathy with her, the world was getting so selfish. Consequently she made a true remark to Tirzah when she said:

"I am not of their sort. I don't belong to that class of people."

She did not, of course, allow that Tirzah had an individuality of her own; she meant Tirzah to be of "her sort."

Now, it just happened that as Tirzah was out shopping a few days before Christmas, Augustine fell in with her and accompanied her. On their way home they met Mrs. Howard, and Tirzah accepted her invitation to go home with her for a few days, leaving Augustine to tell his mother of her whereabouts. It occurred to her immediately afterward that perhaps her aunt would be angry, but the thought was soon forgotten, and she did not dream that that pleasant few days' visit was to bring such a sudden change into her life.

It was the afternoon before Christmas, almost tea-time, when she returned. Mrs. Auldearn was confined to her room with a headache, and Augustine was out, so Tirzah took her tea alone, and then went up to her aunt's room.

"Shall I bathe your head, aunt?" she asked, after the first greeting.

"No thank you; you need not bathe my head," in a crisp, emphatic tone.

"Poor aunt, she is suffering, and it makes her irritable," thought Tirzah, and she ministered to her comfort in a dozen gentle little ways, that were innate to her. She was always gentle in the presence of pain or suffering, but she noticed there was an expression on her aunt's face she did not like. In fact, she saw her ladyship was in a passion. Something disagreeable was brewing.

"Where have you been all this time?" asked her aunt, at last.

"I? Why, I went out to Mrs. Howard's. Didn't Augustine tell you?"

"I thought I told you not to go to Mrs. Howard's."

"No, I don't remember your saying that, though you said—"

"Well, it's no place for you to go, anyway. I'm not of their sort. It's a pity you can't get along without going there. I suppose she had you out in a mission-meeting of some kind, among all the riff-raff of the city, as she did the last time you were there."

"Yes, I was," answered Tirzah, quietly.

"Humph! That's a nice affair! An Auldearn going out among a lot

of thieves and drunkards! I didn't bring you here and offer to educate you to have you go among such people as that. A nice thing! Augustine's intended wife!"

Tirzah parted her lips to speak, but Mrs. Auldearn was too quick for her.

"You'd better go and join the Salvation Army. Your father had some such crack-brained notions, I suppose, when he went to Algoma. The ruin it was of him, too, to go off up there and marry into some low-bred family!"

"Will you kindly spare my father's memory, and my mother's, too?"

But Mrs. Auldearn had worked herself up into too high a passion to heed her.

"Your mother was some low-bred creature, anyway, and I suppose you will prove like her yet."

Tirzah's cheeks were burning, but something rising in her throat seemed to prevent speech.

"I expect different things from Augustine's wife."

"I am not Augustine's wife, and I can never—never—never marry him."

"Never! You had better remember to whom you are speaking. I am not accustomed to seeing my son's wishes treated as lightly as you treat them."

It was wonderful, the mastery he had over this weak, passionate, idolatrous mother.

"He is master of his own house, let me remind you," she continued. "Is it not his house you live in? Is he not willing to do everything for you he can?"

"But I do not wish to depend on his charity," said Tirzah. "If it had not been uncle's wish——"

"Your uncle's wish! Don't name poor dear David in my ears. A lot you care about your uncle's wishes, when you refuse to marry his son—as if it wouldn't have been the very thing he would have wanted if he had lived."

"But, aunt—even if I loved Augustine, I do not think it would be right for me to marry him. He is not a Christian—and I should not feel right about doing it."

"What! My son not good enough for you! And yet you could go and run about the city with Mrs. Howard, among those miserable wretches! What impudence!"

Mrs. Auldearn had worked herself up to a white heat, and could say nothing for a few minutes. She only shifted nervously on her couch.

"If that is it you may just leave my house," she broke out, at last, white with passion. "You may go to-night if you like. I don't care what becomes of you. I don't want to harbour such a piece of stubbornness around me."

"All right. Good-bye, aunt." And Tirzah rose, pale, but calm, an utter contrast to the passionate woman on the couch, as with a quiet dignity she left the room.

Her eyes had an unwonted brilliancy, that was all. She would leave to-night—nay, there was the bitter sting of it, she was thrust forth from their very doors. She knew her aunt was only in one of her passions, and in less than twenty-four hours would regret; but as for her—her Scotch independence was roused at last, and so farewell to Glendonan forever.

She did not sit down to reflect when the door of her room was closed behind her; she only drew her trunk out of the closet, and went straight to work. A strange, unnatural energy seemed to have possessed her. She did not stop, even for a moment, to think of her position—young, inexperienced, without money, without employment, in a city where employment was scarce; without a home, save one that was far away, where even if she had the means to reach it they were on the verge of wanting themselves. She did not stop to think or plan. No, her whole being seemed concentrated in packing those clothes into that trunk. It was only when the key was turned, and her hat and cloak on, that she paused to take one last look around the room—that look we give at parting to the place that has been our home. Then James knocked at the door in answer to her summons.

"James, will you please take my trunk to this address?"

She handed him Mrs. Howard's address on a slip of paper.

"You will take it down the back stairs just as quietly as possible. I don't want Augustine to hear you if he is home yet."

The old servant stared as if he thought my lady had taken leave of her senses.

"I am going away, James. Good-bye," said she.

She had often been kind to him of late, and something in the warmth of his handclasp told her he would miss her.

There was no one in the broad, brightly-lighted halls to see the slen-

der figure descending the stairs. A ray of light under the door, back of the drawing-room, told her that Augustine was in his room. And he knew nothing of all this! An impulse seized her to steal softly near his door, just for once. A mysterious sympathy seemed drawing her to him in that moment. She knew his love at least was real. She knew what he would suffer on the morrow, when he found she was gone—lost to him forever! Poor Augustine! Then the thought if he should open the door and find her there terrified her, and she sped quickly and quietly through the hall.

The door closed with a strange sound behind her, as from some far-off world, and she went out into the darkness—homeless—and alone. The keen air had a biting sharpness; the night wind moaned through the bare branches, rustling the dead leaves in the shadows; the frozen ground was hard and bare beneath her feet, the sky above, all cold with its glittering stars. She paused as she closed the gate. The hall light shone through the red glass over the door; the house looked dark and massive, outlined against the winter sky. There was her own old window up there in the corner—dark now. A strange stillness seemed brooding over the place. And she thought again of Augustine, reading quietly in his room, unconscious of all that had happened. Then she turned and went her way.

Were you ever cast out at night into a city street, young—homeless—well-nigh penniless, and alone?—cast out from a home where you had been pampered in elegance and luxury, where servants awaited your command—cast out at night to battle with the world unexpectedly in some unknown way to seek your bread?

Gay voices passed her, laughing and talking on their way. It was Christmas Eve. Bright lights shone out of the mansion windows she was passing—bright lights and sounds of music. Sometimes, through the parted curtains, she caught a glimpse of rich furniture and pictured walls like those she had left behind. There was the place where she had dined on Thanksgiving Eve, where Dr. Folsome had taken her into dinner, and argued so brilliantly on every topic, from the gravest to the merest folly.

But the keen winter air was beginning to exhilarate her. She was not oppressed. She had only been

stunned at first. It had all come upon her so suddenly, a thing undreamed of when she had awakened that morning. Yet she was not cast down. Why had it come upon her? Not for her own wrong-doing. No, there was the peace of it. She had associated with the people of God. She had gone with them into her Father's vineyard, and for this her aunt had scorned her! For this—and because she had refused to marry an unbeliever, whom she did not even love.

No, she had no fears for her future. Was she not a child, treading the aisles of her Father's temple beneath its star-lit dome? Had He not promised to care for her? Yes, she was safe, she knew. It was all well. She had seemed to be fettered there at Glendonan, and now her fetters were loosed. She was poor, but she was free. Free! Thank God for that. Perhaps she could do something to lessen the want of those two lives so dear to her.

But just for one moment a heart-pang! What of all her golden dreams—her bright ambitions? This was not the life she had planned! That dream-tinted future had looked so real. And now it was gone—faded like the colours of last night's sunset.

"Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight."

Yes, her heart was all at peace again, only she had a strange sensation as if the pavement were rising and falling under her feet, and there were such sharp pains in her head. She was not quite sure she was well. The next instant there was a flash of light as the Cambridge car stopped at the corner of Back-Bay Avenue, and she hurried just in time to catch it. It was a long ride to Mrs. Howard's part of the city, and she was relieved at having to walk a few blocks to the parsonage.

A nervous feeling seemed to have possessed her. It was so strange, this going late at night to seek shelter in another's house. She hoped they would not be in bed. No, there was a light shining through the shutters of the study window. The bell had a knell-like sound as she touched it in the darkness of the porch. Then she began to wonder what she should tell Mrs. Howard. She could not wound her feelings by telling her everything. She could just tell her the part that concerned Augustine and herself. The next moment she

heard the sweep of skirts as she came tripping down the stairs, and the hall light shone upon the fair face that opened the door.

"Why, Tirzah!"

"Come in," added she, after a pause of surprise.

"I am homeless—will you shelter me for to-night, please?" asked Tirzah, faintly. Sudden emotion seemed to be overcoming her.

"Homeless! Why, Tirzah, what has happened? Come up to my room, dear." And she gave her a warm kiss before taking her upstairs.

It was a difficult story to begin, especially for one as reticent as Tirzah, but Mrs. Howard's unselfish tact spared her.

"I am afraid you are not well, dear. You don't look well. You had better go to bed and rest, and then you can tell us all about it to-morrow," said she. "Come back to your own, old room, dear. You are at home with us, you know."

It was home-like in that quiet room, where the most sacred hour of her whole life had been lived. It soothed her to recall that summer night she once spent there, while the same sweet presence was whispering still, "I will betroth thee unto Me, forever."

"My peace I give unto you."

But a feeling of helplessness and exhaustion overcame her as she lay down upon her pillow. She did not even think of the morrow, when she must plan and seek employment of some kind, nor of the only home she had left her on earth, away in Algoma.

She just lay still, watching the stars above the roofs, and all about was that divine presence, lulling her to rest, that sense of support that comes to the children of God in life's dark crises.

In spite of her late excitement she slept soon. But it was not a natural sleep. She seemed half-conscious—

half-conscious, too, of parching thirst and an aching head. Then she was floating through a strange, whitish mist, where there was nothing to support her weight. She just drifted—drifted—drifted—and the tall, shadowy phantoms beckoned to her from the gloom. Then it grew lighter. She gave a start. Her room seemed all aglow with light, and Mrs. Howard was bending over her.

"Oh, what's the matter? Am I ill?"

"Yes, dear. Don't be frightened. Mr. Howard has gone for the doctor."

"O, Mabel, don't let Augustine get me. Send me to the hospital to-morrow. Please do. Don't let them take me back to Glendonan if he—if Mr. Auldearn comes, will you? Please promise. I want to go to the hospital."

Mrs. Howard promised, and the next moment the light of consciousness had disappeared from her eyes again. They were terrible weeks that followed as she struggled day and night in the throes of a burning fever on her hospital bed. Hour after hour through long days and longer nights she lay chasing the phantoms that disturbed her, wandering, in unknown places, listening sometimes to strange music, sometimes to stranger cries. Then the fever broke, and she lay wan and wasted, watching the shadows on the wall changing from daylight to darkness, and from darkness to daylight, as she slowly gathered a little strength.

Some one was paying for everything she needed. She did not have to be told it was Augustine, but she did not really care. In fact, she did not seem to care for anything but just to lie there a helpless child. When she grew a little better Mrs. Howard took her home for awhile, until, having gathered enough strength to travel, she left for Algoma without once seeing her relatives at Glendonan.

W A G E S .

Glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song,
Paid by a voice flying by to be lost on an endless sea,
Glory of virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right the wrong.
Nay, but she aimed not at glory—no lover of glory she:
Give her the glory of going on, and still to be.

The wages of sin is death; if the wages of virtue be dust
Would she have had heart to endure for the life of the worm and the fly?
She desires no isles of the blest, no quiet seats of the just,
To rest in a golden grove, or to bask in a summer sky:
Give her the glory of going on, and not to die.

—Tennyson.

THE CHINESE PROBLEM.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR H. SMITH, D.D., TIEN TSIN, CHINA,*
 Author of "Chinese Characteristics" and "Village Life in China."



EMPEROR OF CHINA.

So far as the present emperor is concerned, it would be difficult to fix upon a style for a reign which should embody more satire in compact compass. His Majesty, despite the highly unfavourable conditions under which he was brought up, proved to have an active mind with a high degree of intelligence. There is no doubt that it was his sincere desire to extricate China from the slough of humiliation into which she had fallen, and that the general line of policy which he had outlined was based upon real patriotism, animated by considerable acquaintance with the actual condition of his realm, and the nature of the obstacles which he would have to front. Principal among them was his dowager aunt, and in the twinkling of an eye she proved too much for him, and the emperor was instantly snuffed out.

In the long annals of this great empire there is no parallel to the situation of the past year and six months. The emperor has not been made away with, he has not been deposed, there is no sign of a definite plan to name a successor. He has simply been caged and put under effective guard, his name used when it happened to be convenient, and ignored at all other times.

The Germans had two Shantung missionaries killed in 1897, and they pounced upon Chiao Chou. The Russians had not any one killed, so they pounced upon Port Arthur. The British for a similarly cogent reason pounced upon Wei Hai Wei.

*Abridged from the *Missionary Review of the World*.

The French merely wished "the earth." The Italians, ashamed not to be "in it," asked for a bay that nobody ever heard of, and which to this day we cannot find on the map. It is called simply *San Men* ("South Side"). At this point the Chinese government (of the dowager section of it) drew a line. It is said that "one has to draw a line somewhere," and she drew it at "San Men," although the Peking authorities knew no more where it is than the rest of us. For the first time in the series of aggressions, the Chinese refused to grant anything. This made matters serious. The "face" of Italy as well as that of China was at stake. Reports have been somewhat contradictory as to what Italy intends to do. There is little doubt that China means to resist. There have been wild rumours that the Italian fleet was off this coast and off that, and the mass of the Chinese people seem to have got an idea that at last a firm resistance is to be made to somebody about something, and in their juggish, lava-like way, they have resolved to bear a hand.

There is no doubt that the behaviour of the Romanists throughout China has been smoke to the Chinese eyes, and vinegar to the Chinese teeth, and not without reason. After all allowance has been made, it is certain that the Roman Catholic Church in China is almost everywhere an irritant in a sense not true of any species of Protestantism. There is no space here to present the overwhelming evidence for this fact, but the fact itself must be borne well in mind in order to understand the course of current events. Within a few months the Chinese government has conceded to the hierarchy of the Roman Church the right to interview the high Chinese officials upon equal terms, in cases appertaining to church interests. By way of balance to this, a like privilege was offered to Protestants. The latter have no head centre, but there is a certainty that as a body the Protestants would not take the privilege under any conditions, although not altogether at ease as to the advantages which the Roman Church will thus gain. The concession thus made must have been a potent ingredient in the active hostility of the government to foreigners in general, and apparently to missions in particular. A little more than a year ago the empress was issuing stern decrees denouncing

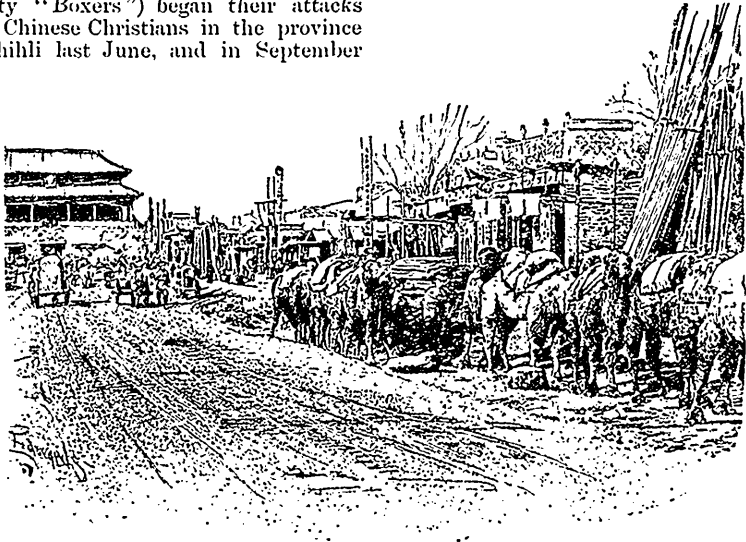
attacks upon missionaries and missions, declaring that they "must cease." This seems to have really meant that no more excuse for Chiao Chou aggressions must be given. But it would not be strange if it should eventually prove to have been an understood thing that although missions could not be openly assailed, yet they could be got rid of otherwise. If an animal will not leave his den, smoke him out. If an undesirable lodger will not vacate his apartments, set the house on fire and he will be glad to go.

THE "FIST" ORGANIZATION.

The "Fist" organization (called for brevity "Boxers") began their attacks upon Chinese Christians in the province of Chihli last June, and in September

official by another favourite of the empress, who has been exalted to a new and important post; and, unless he is punished at the imperative demand of foreign powers, is likely to have a long and a dangerous lease of obstructive opportunity.

The appointment in his place of the phenomenally able and energetic Gen. Yuan Shih-k'ai led to strong hopes of the prompt disappearance of the Boxer rebellion as a factor in current history. Events have shown that the web is too tangled to be so easily unravelled. He had scarcely taken over the seals of office and set himself to his work, before the new governor began to have orders not to be

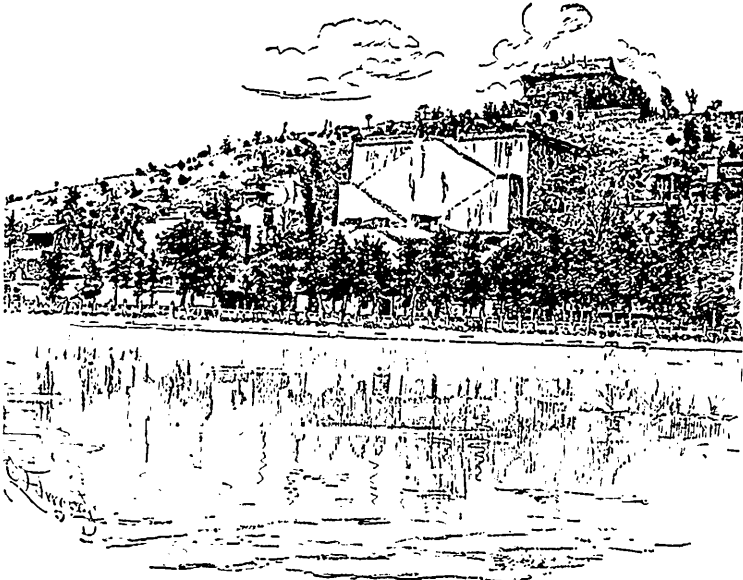


EAST FLOWERY GATE, PEKIN.

they began to be heard from in Shantung. They have been antagonized by troops and shot down by hundreds, yet the rising is not stopped, even if it is seriously checked. The Manchu governor of Shantung fostered the Boxers by his removal of all officials who actively operated against them, and by his release of those who were captured, with the exception of three, who, after long delay, were beheaded. It became known later that this governor had sent a secret memorial to the throne, saying that the Boxer movement was too strong to be put down, and should rather be utilized to drive out foreigners withal. Soon after this governor was removed, but he was ordered to Peking, where, instead of being impeached and degraded, as he deserves, he has been loaded with honours, recommended to the throne as an exceptionally trustworthy

too rash or too impetuous, not to confound harmless militia with rebels, and the like. As a matter of fact, rebels under guise of militia constitute one of the greatest dangers of the government in China, because the most formidable opposition to law may thus be secretly fomented and perfected without detection, much less prevention. As a rule, the government has wisely forbidden militia organizations, except under strict surveillance. The relaxation of its restrictions must have a settled purpose.

The barest recapitulation of the injury done to Christians in Chihli and Shantung would occupy far more space than we could afford at this time. Suffice it to say that throughout distances of hundreds of miles there do not seem to be any Roman Catholic families who have not been pillaged or else heavily fined, and scarcely



SUMMER PALACE, "HILL OF THE TEN THOUSAND AGES," PEKIN.

a chapel which has not been either looted or demolished, unless it had been turned into a species of fortress and defended. In the region under the care of a single Italian priest, he reports that between five hundred and six hundred families had thus been plundered, ten persons killed, and fully five thousand persons rendered homeless refugees.

Three Protestant missions have also suffered, that of the London Mission in Chihli, which has had about one hundred families robbed or fined; the American Presbyterian Mission in Chi Nan Fu, whose sufferers, scattered over a large territory, are almost or quite as numerous; and two stations of the American Board, which have had forty or fifty families plundered and fined. These three missions have also had, perhaps, a score of chapels looted or wrecked, and in one case a building intended as a temporary home for missionaries when touring was also destroyed. An English missionary was murdered barbarously, which brought Great Britain to the forefront.

The sufferings of the poor Christians have been severe, not only from the most inclement winter ever known in North China, but from the still greater bitterness of neighbours and relatives who have turned to fierce foes, adding insults to reduplicated injuries. It would not be strange if under such treatment, often long continued, some of the weaker

Christians fell away, as has been in some cases the result. But for the most part they have been surprisingly loyal in the face of tests to which it might not be safe to subject many churches in "nominally Christian lands."

The beginning of the Chinese New Year finds large districts occupied by troops for the restoration of order. Mission stations are guarded by companies of soldiers for the first time in thirty years' experience. Many Christian communities are yet in imminent peril, and there are still bold threats that in the spring there will be a forward movement, when the Boxers will advance upon Tientsin, co-operating with the foreign-hating Gen. Tung Fu-hsiang, and drive all foreigners into the sea. Such an extended programme is probably beyond their powers, but the situation is full of serious peril. The government studiously refrains from doing the only thing which could put an end to the rising at once—arrest the main leaders and hold them to a strict responsibility through influential bondsmen who are strong enough to take the risks involved. Long before these lines can get into print something decisive must be done, but the existing conditions ought to be comprehended by all who wish well to China.

It is not in the north only that these ominous risings take place. The empire is so large, and so loosely interrelated, that there may be extensive rebellions, of



COVERED ALTAR, TEMPLE OF HEAVEN, PEKIN.

which even well-informed foreigners in China never hear, owing to the lack of any means for diffusing intelligence. The causes which have produced this state of unrest being general, the results might naturally be expected to be so also. In the northern part of the empire there is in addition an unexampled failure of rain in the autumn, and for the first time in the remembrance of most Chinese, no winter wheat of any consequence is to be seen, and grain is high. Fortunately the superabundant supplies elsewhere will prevent a famine, but the cold has been intense beyond example, and the sufferings of the poor everywhere have been greater than usual.

Mission work of almost all varieties has been suspended. Schools have been disbanded, and school-buildings and hospitals turned into barracks. The incidental expenses of this anomalous state of things have been heavy, and the strain upon the nerves of sympathetic men and

women has been such as without the manifold grace of God giving strength according to the day, must have been insupportable.

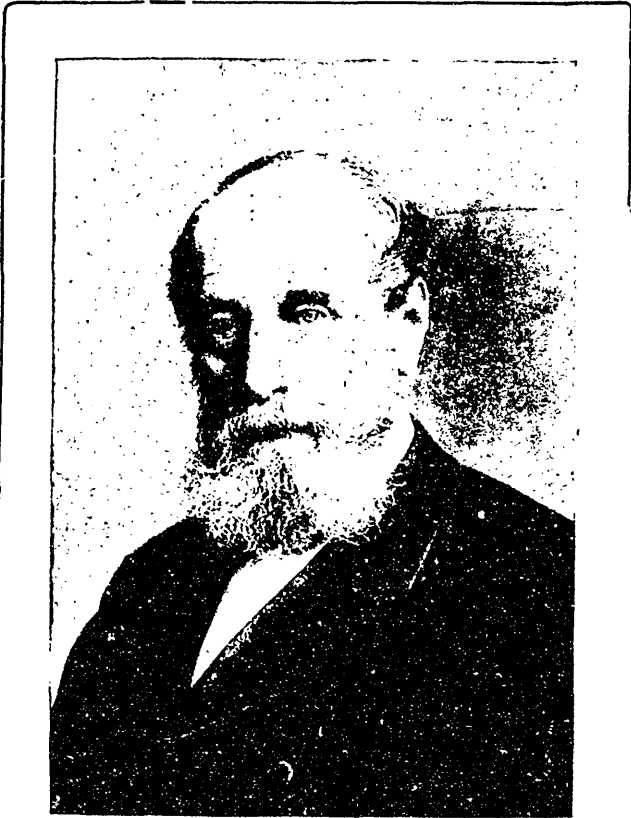
All friends of China who are students of Christian history will feel sure that out of this apparently chaotic welter of wild forces, the Lord intends to bring some greater good. "The future is the present of God, and to that future He sacrifices the human present. Therefore it is that He works by earthquakes. Therefore it is that he works by grief. O! deep is the ploughing of earthquakes! O! deep is the ploughing of grief. But oftentimes less would not suffice for the agriculture of God. Upon a night of earthquake He builds a thousand years of pleasant habitations for man. Upon the sorrow of an infant He raises oftentimes for human intellects glorious vantages that could not else have been. Less than these fierce ploughshares would not have stirred the stubborn soil."

Let us speak plain: there is more force in names
 Than most men dream of; and a lie may keep
 Its throne a whole age longer, if it skulk
 Behind the shield of some fair-seeming name.
 Let us call tyrants tyrants, and maintain
 That only freedom comes by grace of God,
 And all that comes not by His grace must fall;
 For men in earnest have no time to waste
 In patching fig-leaves for the naked truth.

—*Lowell.*

A GREAT CANADIAN SCIENTIST.*

BY THE EDITOR.



THE LATE SIR WILLIAM DAWSON.

Probably no Canadian writer was better known in the world of letters and the world of science than the late Sir William Dawson. There are many distinguished scientists and many profound biblical scholars; but Sir William had the rare distinction of combining both these qualifications. This gave him an authority perhaps scarcely equalled as an apologetic writer. Few, we believe, so successfully harmonized the teachings, often divorced by shallow scholarship, between science and religion. To this great task he devoted much of his life. His profound

studies in geology and paleontology command the respect even of those who did not accept his biblical interpretation.

The life-story of Sir William Dawson is a very instructive one. He was born seventy-nine years ago, of Scottish parentage, in the small mining and fishing village of Pictou, Nova Scotia. After acquiring all the education that the village academy could give, he took a course of study at the University of Edinburgh. It is a curious coincidence that another of the most distinguished college presidents of Canada—the Rev. Principal Grant, of Queen's University, Kingston—was also born near Pictou, studied in its academy and followed William Dawson at Edinburgh University.

*The substance of this sketch appeared in the *Christian Advocate*, New York, for January 24th, 1900.

EARLY STUDIES.

Young Dawson devoted himself with enthusiasm to the study of geology, accompanied Sir Charles Lyell in his tour of scientific investigation in Nova Scotia and elsewhere, and made the coal measures of his native province the subject of prolonged, minute and special investigation. He became for three years the Superintendent of Education in Nova Scotia, and in 1855 became Principal of McGill University, Montreal. His energy, administrative skill and high Christian scholarship raised this then comparatively obscure institution to a prominent place among the great seats of learning on this continent. The imperative need of the times was a better class of public and high schools to prepare students for matriculation. To meet this need Dr. Dawson procured the establishment of the McGill Normal School, for the training of Protestant school-teachers. For eighteen years he was its principal, and accomplished a very important work for the higher scholarship of the country. To his energy, also, the remarkable development of McGill University is very largely due. His original investigation and discoveries gave a special distinction to his own chair of paleontology. He gathered round him a corps of able professors and enlisted the hearty co-operation of generous benefactors. The donations of Mr. William McDonald, amounting to over \$2,000,000, those of Lord Strathcona and other wealthy patrons have made McGill an exceedingly well-equipped university. When over seventy years of age, he learned principal retired from the office he had administered so long and so well, and was appointed Professor Emeritus, with a handsome allowance.

Sir William Dawson received many scholastic distinctions, among others that of President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, of the American Geological Society, and of the British Association. He was a member of many other learned societies and received the honour of knighthood for his services to science.

THE FIRST CANADIAN.

One of his most important discoveries was that of "*Eozoon Canadense*," an obscure fossil on the borderland between the animal and vegetable world. Dr. Dawson maintained that it was the earliest form of life which has been found on this planet. There has been a good deal of discussion about this organism, and it is possible that one earlier still may be

found, but certainly it is hard to resist Sir William Dawson's conclusions when one looks at the specimens in the Geological Museum at Ottawa.

The present writer created a great deal of amusement in addressing an English audience in the City Temple, London, by claiming that Canada was really the oldest country in the world,—the first heaved above the surface of the primeval ocean; that the earliest inhabitant of this planet was a Canadian; that Sir William Dawson had discovered and named him.

We once remarked to Sir William, as we examined together a polished section of "*Eozoon Canadense*," that it was a long journey from that primordial ascidian to a modern philosopher. Sir William smiled grimly—if so genial a man as he could be grim at all—and remarked with emphasis that it was a *very long* journey, indeed. The great geologist, it is well known, strongly dissented from the Darwinian theory of evolution.

SERVICES TO SCIENCE.

He rendered a great service to science by the popular explanations of its principles in a series of books for the people. Among the most important of these are: "*Archæia*;" or, "*Studies of Creation in Genesis*," "*History of the Earth and Man*," "*Science of the Bible*," "*The Dawn of Life*," "*The Origin of the World*," "*Science in Bible Lands*," "*The Meeting Place of Geology and History*," and "*The Ethics of Primeval Life*." These are all works of accurate scholarship, telling at once of a loving study of the Bible and of a profound acquaintance with the facts of science.

An American critic writes thus of this distinguished Christian scholar: "He has been for more than a third of a century recognized by all competent judges as one of the great masters of that wonderful science which seeks to read the handwriting of God on the face of the rocks. There was a considerable period of time when Professor Dawson's special distinction among geologists was partly derived from his maintenance of a religious view of his science rather than of the rationalistic or agnostic view which found favour in well-known quarters. The eminent Canadian geologist has always contended that geology rightly understood and the Bible rightly interpreted do not conflict."

MAN'S PLACE IN NATURE.

In one of his later books, on "*Man's Place in Nature*," Sir William expresses

the conclusions of a life-long study of some of the most important problems which can engage the human mind. He discusses not merely the physical facts of the universe, but their relation to man as a moral being, and to God as a moral governor. He has the courage of his convictions, and does not shrink from criticising the theories of material evolution. As regards the theory of the development of the solar system by the impact of two dark, solid bodies striking each other so violently that they become so intensely heated and resolve into the smallest possible fragments, as maintained by Lord Kelvin and Mr. Croll, he says, "It is rather more improbable than it would be to affirm that in the artillery practice of two opposing armies, cannon balls have thousands of times struck and shattered each other midway between the hostile batteries. It seems a strange way of making systems of worlds, that they should result from the chance collision of multitudes of solid bodies rushing hither and thither in space; and it is equally strange to imagine an intelligent Creator banging these bodies about like billiard-balls in order to make worlds."

Sir William points out the vast unbridged gulf between the loftiest animals and man in the intellectual and moral endowments, the gifts of speech and reason which the latter possesses. "Materialistic Evolution" he says, "must ever and necessarily fail to account for the higher nature of man, and also for his moral aberrations. These only come rationally into the system of nature under the supposition of a higher intelligence, from whom man emanates, and whose nature he shares."

THEISTIC EVOLUTION.

"But on the theistic view we are introduced to a kind of unity and of evolution for a future age, which is the great topic of revelation, and is not unknown to science and philosophy, in connection with the law of progress and development deducible from the geological history, in which an ascending series of lower animals culminates in man himself. Why should there not be a new and higher plane of existence to be attained to by humanity—a new geological period, so to speak, in which present anomalies shall be corrected, and the grand unity of the universe and its harmony with its Maker fully restored? This is what Paul anticipates when he tells us of a 'pneumatical' or spiritual body, to succeed to the present natural or 'physical' one, or

what Jesus Himself tells us, when He says, that in the future state we shall be like to the angels.

"Christianity itself is in this aspect not so much a revelation of the supernatural as the highest bond of the great unity of nature. It reveals to us the perfect Man, who is also one with God, and the mission of this Divine man to restore the harmonies of God and humanity, and consequently also of man with his natural environment in this world, and with his spiritual environment in the higher world of the future. If it is true that nature now groans because of man's depravity, and that man himself shares in the evils of this disharmony with nature around him, it is clear that if man could be restored to his true place in nature he would be restored to happiness and to harmony with God; and if, on the other hand, he can be restored to harmony with God, he will then also be restored to harmony with his natural environment, and so to life and happiness and immortality.

"It is here that the old story of Eden, and the teaching of Christ, and the prophecy of the New Jerusalem strikes the same note which all material nature gives forth when we interrogate it respecting its relations to man."

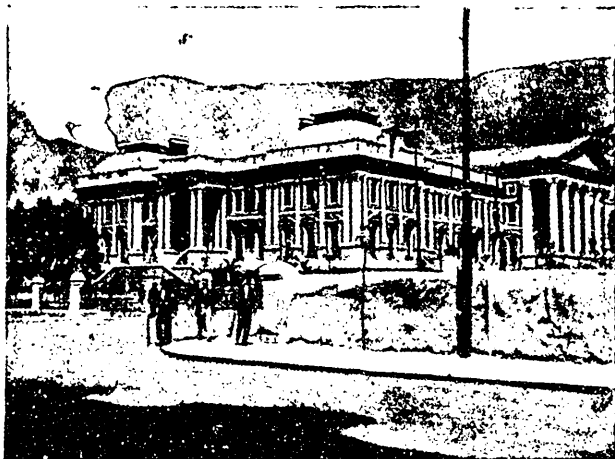
RELIGIOUS LIFE.

The religious life of Dr. Dawson was one of the most beautiful aspects of his character. He was singularly modest and retiring, but staunch and strenuous in declaring and maintaining his religious convictions. He was actively engaged during his long life in Christian work, an ever-welcome speaker at meetings of the Bible and Missionary Societies, of the Young Men's Christian Association and of Christian Endeavour and Sunday-school gatherings.

One of his earliest publications was on "The Obligation of Total Abstinence," and the latest literary work of his life was the revision and re-issue of this pamphlet a few months ago. Many hundreds of students who came within his influence received a life-long inspiration from his saintly character, his Christian scholarship, his reverence for the Bible and his luminous unfoldings of its inner meanings, not less in the sphere of practical, every-day religion than in its scientific relations.

Sir William Dawson's great and permanent memorial is McGill University. Already a man, himself agnostic in sentiment, has added, since Sir William's death, an endowment of \$60,000 for a perpetual Dawson chair in this institution.

CAPE TOWN.



PARLIAMENT HOUSE, CAPE TOWN.

A large proportion of labour on the Boer farms, says the *Christian Herald*, is performed by Kaffirs; and since they are as yet uncivilized and by no means industrious, the barren, unprosperous appearance of the average Boer farm may in some measure be attributed to this fact. The Kaffirs preserve all their old superstitions; they are polygamous; and among the free Zulu tribes the number of a chief's wives is limited only by his ability to pay for them; the price of a wife is so many head of cattle, according to paternal valuation.

While on the Boer farms, *fronts* show the lack of culture consequent upon isolation, the younger generation of women have had, as a rule, greater advantages than their mothers and grandmothers; many are mistresses of French, music and various other accomplishments acquired at college and through residence in Bloemfontein, Grahamstown, Johannesburg, Cape Town and other African cities. It happened that some Boer maids lost their hearts to young Englishmen (who are now, perhaps, wearing red coats and carrying arms for the English Queen, and hence many an African home is to-day a house of divided sympathies, the wife and mother a Boer, the husband and father a Briton.

Sturdy and strong and home-loving are these women of the veldt, whether they be schooled in the fine arts, or only in

such crafts as make the farmhouse comfortable according to unexacting Boer requirements; hospitable are they, too, and a warm welcome is ready for all comers—save the English. Early-rising, family worship, work in the house by the women, work among the cattle and the hunting of game by the men, evening prayers and early slumbers form the routine of Boer farm-life in times of peace.

Tidiness has never been named in the list of Boer virtues; but water is a luxury, of firewood to make it boil there is next to none, and criticism would be unjust. The average Boer home is low, one-storied; the door is on a level with the ground, and in and out the chickens wander at will, and perhaps lay and hatch in some cozy corner of the dining-room or kitchen. This description does not apply to the Boer home near the cities. In the vicinity of Cape Town, many picturesque white mansions mark the spots where Boers have made themselves attractive dwellings; this is also true of other localities.

Life in Johannesburg, Port Elizabeth, Durban and Cape Town is, of course, a very different thing from the life of the veldt or from life in Pretoria. Indeed, Cape Town is about as cosmopolitan as New York. A visitor to Cape Town before the war thus describes his first impressions of the South African capital, which he reached on a fete day. "I was astonished at the great variety of gay



HALF-CASTE MALAY WOMAN,
CAPE TOWN.

costumes among the motley crowd—English, Dutch, Germans and French; Malays, Indian coolies, Kaffirs and Hot-tentots—a tremendous gathering, in fact, of all nations and ‘all sorts’ and ‘conditions of men.’” The Dutch are not in such evidence now, but for the rest the streets of the city present even a more varied and stirring appearance than formerly. Daily, big warships come in bringing soldiers; the Highlanders go piping through the streets; the loaded trains bear out company after company to the front, while the bands play and people cheer and wave their handkerchiefs.

In spite of war, and perhaps in greater degree because of the stirring times and larger crowds, the street peddlers ply their usual trades; and the sweetmeat seller, the flower seller and the trinket seller have no particular cause to mourn because cannons are thundering in the remote regions of the Tugela and Vaal Rivers.

The Malay bride arrays herself as gorgeously in crinolined skirt and wonderful bodice and crown, gay with tinsel ornaments and flowers, and as merry a company comes to her wedding, where a Mohammedan priest officiates, as if there were no war. But there is mourning among the whites in Cape Town, for trains that go out to the music of the

band and the cheer of the populace, sometimes come back bringing the wounded and the dying.

There is mourning in Johannesburg, the City of Gold, and in Durban and Pietermaritzburg, although the swarthy coolie girls go so merrily about their accustomed tasks.

The Kaffir is not the only labourer on the African plantations where sugar-cane and tea and Kaffir corn are grown. The Indian coolies are the most efficient help that the Natal and Cape Colony planter has yet found; in the sugar and tea factories in towns their service is invaluable. Little coolie, as well as Kaffir, maids, serve attendance on ladies in Ladysmith, Durban and other places, and give a somewhat Hindu expression to African surroundings. The Zulu is a nobler-looking creature than the coolie; centuries of savagery have made him a hunter and a fighter rather than a toiler. But of his wife the contrary is true, for upon her fell all the agricultural and manual labour. In the kraals the women are always up early, grinding corn between stones, making mealie-porridge, sweeping with primitive brush-brooms in front of their huts; bringing water—usually from a long distance—and working in the field where maize is struggling for existence. Tidying the huts, after a fashion, is part of the day's work.—*Christian Herald*.

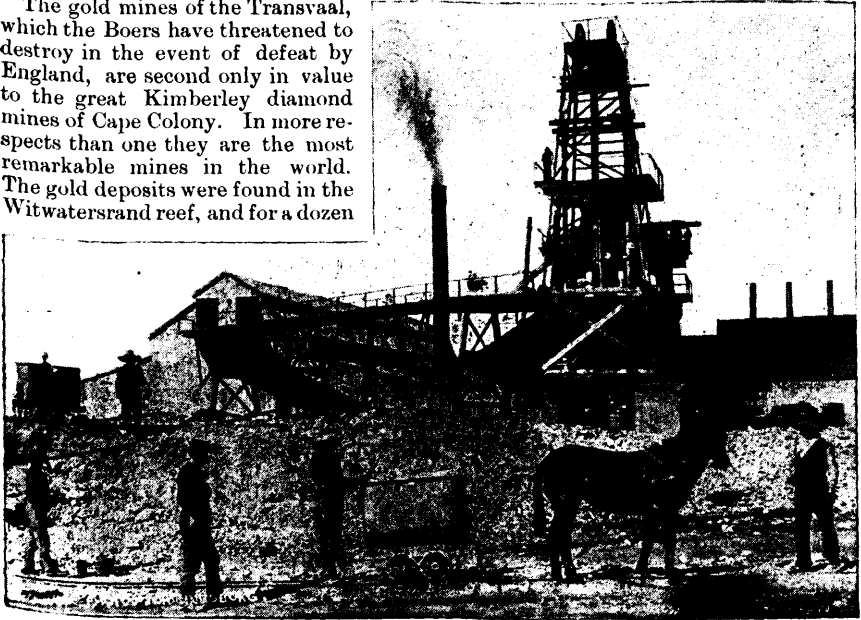


A MALAY BRIDE, CAPE TOWN.

THE DEEP GOLD MINES OF THE TRANSVAAL.

BY GEORGE E. WALSH.

The gold mines of the Transvaal, which the Boers have threatened to destroy in the event of defeat by England, are second only in value to the great Kimberley diamond mines of Cape Colony. In more respects than one they are the most remarkable mines in the world. The gold deposits were found in the Witwatersrand reef, and for a dozen



SURFACE WORKS OF A GOLD MINE IN JOHANNESBURG.

years the mines have been successfully worked. There are nearly two hundred mines in operation in the gold district, and the production of gold from all of them in 1896 amounted to \$41,521,750, which nearly equalled the total gold output of all Australia. In 1897-98 the yield increased rapidly, and it was estimated that the production of the mines this year would have been nearly \$100,000,000 if trouble between the Boers and England had not caused a suspension of operations.

The gold mines are marvels of modern engineering, and no end of capital has been invested in them to secure the rich deposits of ore. The nominal capital of the mines may be roughly placed at \$300,000,000, on which immense sum large dividends have been annually paid. The reason for the great cost of mining the gold in the Witwatersrand reef is that the veins of ore run in a perpendicular instead of a horizontal direction. This has made it necessary for the engineers to dig down to great depths, following

the vertical veins into the bowels of the earth, until it is questionable whether it will be safe or profitable to go further. The mines extend down now to over five thousand feet below the surface of the earth. In order to follow the vein to its next level it will be necessary to go down five thousand feet more. At that depth immense deposits, forming a new reef, will undoubtedly be found.

At the present limit of the mines, the temperature has sensibly increased, and at ten or twelve thousand feet down it is believed that the heat of the mines will make it almost unbearable for the miners to work steadily. From borings made in South Africa, the limit at which man can work below the surface of the earth, owing to the high temperature, has been placed at twelve thousand feet. Just before trouble between England and the Boers developed to a critical stage a plan was under consideration for carrying the mines down to a depth of fifteen thousand feet and artificially cooling the air by means of liquid air. Such an engineer-

ing undertaking would be the most remarkable of its kind in the world, and its final success would be watched with interest. By the time the miners reached the fifteen thousand feet they would be pretty close to the interior cavity of the earth, and the thin crust between them and the molten heat below would be an ineffectual barrier if a volcanic eruption should burst through the mines. But, of course, that is barely a remote possibility.

The deep mines of Cornwall have frequently been described as the most remarkable in the world, but the bottom of the deepest shaft there is only a little over three thousand feet below the earth's surface, while in the gold mines of Witwatersrand the depth reached already is five thousand feet. The mines are composed of spacious and lofty caverns, which open out in every direction, giving the miners all the room they need to move about. It is owing to their spaciousness that the temperature is not higher than it is at the extreme depths. At a depth of three thousand feet in the Cornwall mines the atmosphere is so hot and stifling that a heavy weight seems to press

upon the chest, and the pressure on the drums of the cars is very strong. In the workings the miners have to move about with bent heads, and grope about in the darkness with candle or lantern. In the Witwatersrand gold mines there is no such uncomfortable labour for the men. With the electric lights lighting up the immense caverns, the scene is more suggestive of an enormous cathedral or of fairyland. The trolleys run in all directions, carrying the ore away from the diggings, and they help to complete the illusion of a strange city of fairyland.

Owing to the vertical condition of the mines, a good deal of the ore is brought up straight from the low depths, instead of up inclines, as in most mines. The limit of this method of hoisting is about reached, for six thousand feet is considered the greatest depth at which it is safe for hoisting ore perpendicularly with steel ropes. If the mines are bored to a greater depth, some new method of hoisting will have to be adopted, and this is a part of the plan under consideration. If in their anger the Boers should ruin these magnificent mines, the engineering science of the world would be the loser.

RESIGNATION.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Left to myself, I ne'er had chosen the path
I tread to-day, dear Lord;
My finite judgment had not dreamed it best,
Without Thy guiding word.

I should have followed where bright sunbeams played,
If mine had been the choice,
If 'mid these mist-wreaths dense I had not heard
The accents of Thy voice.

But now, methinks that, even if to choose
It might be given me,
On through the shadows of this selfsame road,
I yet would walk with Thee.

For though the mist and darkness close do press,
Thou, Thou art closer still:
And better than a granted wish it is
To accept Thy holy will.

Then let Thy will be done, Thy way be mine
Until, with joy, I see
Earth's latest cloud flee from the full, clear light
Of Thy eternity.

Toronto.

THE ROMANCE OF THE FUR TRADE.*



H.R.H. PRINCE RUPERT,
First Governor.



H.R.H. PRINCE JAMES,
Second Governor.



LORD CHURCHILL, afterwards
DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH,
Third Governor.



LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT
ROYAL,
Present Governor

FOUR GREAT GOVERNORS.

Few more romantic and stirring stories are told in the pages of history than that presented by Dr. Bryce in this volume. It is distinctly one of the most important issues that this house has yet published. Dr. Bryce has lived for thirty years at Winnipeg—the very nerve-centre of the Hudson's Bay posts. He has heard the

* "The Romance of the Fur Trade." The remarkable history of the Hudson's Bay Company, including that of the French Traders of Northwestern Canada, and that of the North-West, X. Y., and Astor Fur Companies. By George Bryce, M.A., LL.D., Professor Manitoba College, Winnipeg. Toronto: William Briggs. Octavo. Pp. 501, with numerous full-page illustrations and maps. Price, \$3.00.

stories of the H. B. officers, read their travels, and listened to their tales of adventure in many of the out-of-the-way frontier forts. He recounts with adequate detail and in fascinating style, the history of the great monopoly that for two centuries had controlled those vast and, in large part, fertile regions of this continent. This company had been created by royal charter in 1670. With characteristic lavishness Charles II. granted to it the sole trade and commerce of the regions reached through Hudson's Straits.*

Forty years before this, Louis XIII.

* From the Prince Rupert it received the name of Rupert's Land.

had made a similar grant to the "Company of New France," and for nearly a hundred years there was a keen and eager rivalry between these companies. In order to control the lucrative fur trade, the Hudson's Bay Company planted forts and factories at the mouths of the Moose, Albany, Nelson, Churchill, and other rivers flowing into Hudson's Bay. Again and again, adventurous bands of Frenchmen, like D'Iberville and his companions, attacked these posts, murdering their occupants, burning the stockades, and carrying off the rich stores of peltries.

Growing bolder with success, the

After the conquest, numerous independent fur-traders engaged in this traffic. In 1783, these united in the "North-West Company." For forty years this was one of the strongest combinations in Canada. Its agents explored the vast north-west regions. Sir Alexander Mackenzie, in 1789, traced the great river which bears his name, and first reached the north Pacific across the Rocky Mountains. In 1808, Simon Frazer descended the gold-bearing stream which perpetuates his memory; and, shortly after, Thompson explored and named another branch of the same great river.



FORT WILLIAM, LAKE SUPERIOR.

French penetrated the interior as far as the headwater of the Mississippi, the Missouri and the Saskatchewan, and reached the Rocky Mountains long before any other white man had visited these regions. They planted trading posts and small forts at important river-junctions and on far-off lonely lakes, and left their footprints all over the continent in the names of cape and mountain, lake and stream. The *voyageurs* and *coureurs de bois* to whom this wild life was full of fascination, roamed through the forests and navigated in their bark canoes the countless streams; and Montreal and Quebec snatched much of their trade from the English company.

Keen was the rivalry with the older Hudson's Bay Company, and bitter was the feud between the two great corporations, each of which coveted a broad continent as a hunting-ground and preserve for game. The headquarters of the North-West Company were at Fort William, on Lake Superior. Its clerks were mostly young Scotsmen, of good families, whose thrift and fidelity were encouraged by a share in the profits of the fur-trade. The partners of the company travelled in feudal state, attended by a retinue of boatmen and servants, "obedient as Highland clansmen." The grand councils and banquets at Fort William were occasions of lavish pomp

and luxury. Sometimes as many as twelve hundred retainers, factors, clerks, voyageurs, and trappers were assembled and held for a time high festival, with a strange blending of civilized and savage life.

In the early years of the present century, the feud between the rival companies was at its height. At this time Thomas Douglas, Earl of Selkirk, was the governor of the Hudson's Bay Company and owner of a large proportion of the stock. He perceived that by obtaining control of the Red River and erecting a fort at its junction with the Assiniboine, he would have a strong base for future operations, and would possess an immense advantage over his rival. For this purpose he resolved to establish a colony of his countrymen at that important position, the key of the mid-continent. He built Fort Douglas near the present city of Winnipeg. The offer of free grants of land induced a large number of hardy Highlanders to seek their fortunes in the far west.

RED RIVER SETTLEMENT, 1812.

In the year 1812 the first brigade of colonists reached Red River, by way of Hudson's Bay, having spent an entire winter on the borders of that icy sea. Hardly had they arrived at the proposed settlement when an armed band of Nor'-westers, the rival fur-traders, plumed and painted in the Indian style, compelled the colonists to depart and to take refuge at the Hudson's Bay post within the United States territory.

Again and again they made an effort to plant a colony but were baffled by flood or drought, or locusts or famine. In 1816 there fell upon them a crushing blow. They were attacked by a numerous body of Nor'-westers, armed to the teeth and begrimed with war-paint. By a volley of the enemy twenty-one of the settlers were slain, including Mr. Robert Semple, acting-governor. The town was sacked and burned, and the inhabitants, driven from their homes, found refuge at Norway House in the far north.*

Lord Selkirk was at New York on his way to Rupert's Land when he heard of this attack. He immediately assumed

* It was afterwards noted that twenty-six out of the attacking party of sixty-five died untimely and violent deaths.

the offensive. He had with him about a hundred Swiss, German, and French soldiers, and a few Glengarry men. With these he hastened by way of Penetanguishene and the north shore of Lakes Huron and Superior to Fort William. Selkirk demanded the surrender of the guilty parties, and under warrant of his justice's commission, broke open the gates and took possession of the fort. The prisoners were sent to York (Toronto) for trial; but, through incompleteness of evidence, were acquitted, and for some time Selkirk held possession of Fort William.

At length, after eight years of failure and a perfect mad of disaster, the Red River colony was finally planted.

Exhausted by forty years of conflict, in 1821 the Hudson's Bay and North-West Companies ceased their warfare and combined their forces, and were confirmed by the Imperial Parliament in the monopoly of trade throughout the wide region stretching from Labrador to the Pacific Ocean. In order to maintain control of the Red River settlement, in 1836 they paid the sum of £84,000 sterling for the land granted to Lord Selkirk twenty-four years before, except that which had been deeded to settlers. Sir George Simpson became the governor of the territory and continued to administer its affairs for forty years. The Council of Assiniboia was organized, ruling for fifty miles around Fort Garry. The rest of the territory was under the supreme control of the Company. Its government, while jealous of rival influence, was patriarchal in character, and through the exclusion, for the most part, of intoxicating liquors, greatly promoted the welfare of the Indians and repressed disorder throughout its wide domain. The policy of the Company was adverse to the settlement of the country, and its agents endeavoured, as far as possible, to retain the fur-trade and sale of goods and supplies in their own hands.

The more recent history of the Red River settlement is much better known. Dr. Bryce traces the course of events by which a vast territory was peaceably acquired by the Dominion of Canada, the troubles attending the transfer of Rupert's Land, the Riel rebellion, the present status of the Company and, with prophetic vision, surveys the glorious future of the Canadian west and north-west.

Sum up at night what thou hast done by day,
And in the morning what thou hast to do.
Dress and undress thy soul.

—George Herbert.

The World's Progress.

BRITISH CLEMENCY.

The most influential man in South Africa, says the *Independent*, is Sir Alfred Milner, her Majesty's High Commissioner in South Africa, who has for three years had civil control of that region and charge of all the preliminary conferences with the Transvaal. It is interesting to know what his idea is as to the conditions of peace after the British sovereignty is established. In reply to an address, lately signed by every minister, except one, of the Presbyterian, Wesleyan, Congregational and Baptist Churches of Cape Town and vicinity, he spoke of the duty of magnanimity toward those with whom they have been at war, and he said :

"We can show it above all when this dire struggle is over by proving by our acts that they libelled us who said that we fought for gold or any material advantages : and that the rights and privileges which we have resolutely claimed for ourselves we are prepared freely to extend to others, even to those who have fought against us, whenever they are prepared loyally to accept them."

FED ON LIES.

The way in which the Boers have been duped by their leaders is shown by the following despatch :

"Ian Hamilton reports that Heidelberg is the most English town he has yet seen. The inhabitants gave him a great reception. The streets were crowded and decorated with bunting. Capt. Valentine hoisted the Union Jack in the market

square, amidst the cheers of the populace and of the British, Australian and other colonial troops. 'God Save the Queen' was sung, the crowds heartily joining in. The poor royalists have had a rough time lately. The wives and children of the Boers are surprised that the British do not loot, but pay for what they get."

The ignorant Boers have been fed on lies. They were told that Russia had declared war against England and captured London, that Russia had invaded India, that the Paris Exposition was closed and that France was fighting against England; that the British would pillage and plunder their towns and murder their people. Is it any wonder that such a policy of lying and treachery should bring destruction !



THE DOWAGER EMPRESS OF CHINA.

THE CRISIS IN CHINA.

It is very possible, says the *Methodist Times*, that the civilized world and Christianity must now confront the most appalling problem ever presented on earth since the Roman Empire began to totter to its fall. It is quite possible that the last months of the nineteenth century will be spent in grappling with the gigantic Chinese question. The Eastern problem which has long disturbed the



peace of Europe is comparatively insignificant with the Far Eastern problem which seems to be upon us. What is to be the future of the four hundred millions of people in China? The present alarming condition of that vast Empire is undoubtedly caused by Christianity, by the direct effects of Christianity and by the indirect, by the activity of real Christians, and by the activity of nominal Christians. The immediate cause of the outbreak is the Jesuit policy which has simultaneously disturbed the peace of Europe in France, in Italy, and in Germany.

Quite recently the representatives of Clericalism and Vaticanism wheedled and threatened the Chinese Government until it was compelled to give Roman Catholic priests the same status as Mandarins. This is a striking illustration of the reckless intolerance of Romanism. The immediate result of this outrageous clerical intolerance is that many natives joined the Roman Catholic Church, and, after declaring themselves Roman Catholics, proceeded to persecute their neighbours with respect to questions of land, property, and privilege, knowing that the priests enjoying the status of Mandarins would support them in the litigations which inevitably followed. These so-called converts to Christianity care nothing for religion, and were simply influenced by the considerations we have named.

Once before similar interference and deceit on the part of Rome led to a general massacre of Christians, and to a perpetual and legitimate prejudice against Christianity. Rome ever believes, not in moral suasion, but in brute force. After the last Chinese War, in which we unhappily combined with France in the



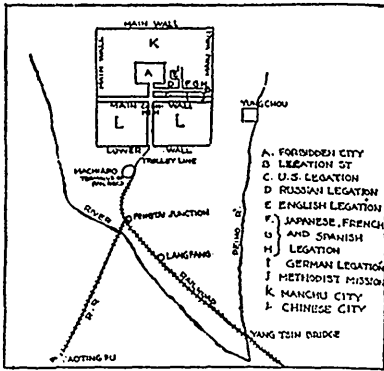
LI HUNG CHANG.

interests of the opium trade and of Romanism, one of the conditions of peace, which infidel France, under the guidance of Jesuit Rome, demanded at the point of the bayonet, was a magnificent site in the capital of China for a Roman Catholic cathedral. The recent demand for the status of Mandarin has naturally provoked the fiercest resentment of the natives, who see how this unjustifiable demand is exposing them to every kind of injustice and wrong. Here, as in Europe, the deadly enemy of peace is clericalism.

However, although this is the immediate cause, we are all involved in the consequences, and Protestants will also suffer.



EXTERIOR OF THE ROYAL PALACE AT PEKIN.



PLAN OF PEKIN.

Showing streets of Legations where the Ambassadors and most of the European population reside.

The hour is one of the deepest anxiety both for Christian missionaries and for statesmen. The use of force, as we understand the Bible and the teaching of history, is not prohibited in the same absolute and peremptory way where, on the part of Christian and civilized Governments, the State, as distinguished from the Church, is permitted, when all other resources are exhausted, to resist riot, injustice and bloodshed with force. It may be necessary for the British Government to use force by sea and land to prevent massacre in China, just as it ought to have used force to prevent the murder of one hundred thousand Armenians by the diabolical Turkish Government.

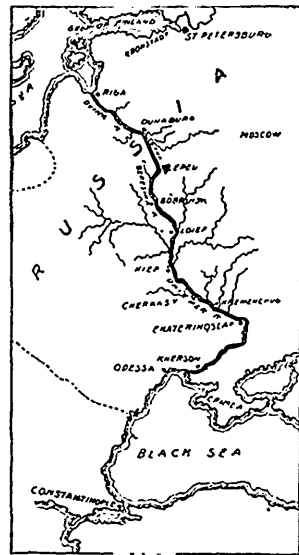
THE BALTIC-BLACK SEA CANAL.

The route of this great canal is shown on the accompanying map:

The introduction of the railway, as a factor in the development of the resources of Siberia and Central Asia, says the *Fortnightly Review*, is justly regarded as marking an epoch in the history of the Russian Empire, but so far as Europe is directly concerned, the political and economic advantages resulting from this great achievement are of comparative insignificance to the latest project of the Russian government-- the establishment of naval and commercial communication between the Baltic and the Black seas. This is to be accomplished by means of a waterway, extending from Dümünde, in the Gulf of Riga, to Kherson, on the estuary of the Dnieper. Although the importance of the new undertaking, when judged by the strategic and commercial advantages likely to accrue from it, is

comparable to that of the great railway, it will be even more remarkable as an engineering exploit; while the outlay of money involved-- a not inconsiderable sum-- and the time occupied in the work, will, in view of the magnitude of the enterprise, be relatively insignificant. It is estimated that when the railway is finished, the total cost will have amounted to 400,000,000 roubles, while the revenues will, for a long time to come, be unimportant and out of all proportion to the money invested; but from the new enterprise there will be considerable and immediate returns when the waterway is open for traffic. The waterway, when first projected, was estimated to cost \$20,000,000, and the work was to be completed in five years, but it is highly improbable that it can be completed in less than eight or even ten years.

The Siberian railway traverses a country which, to an area of 400,000 miles, has only 100,000 inhabitants, while the cities and towns connected by it are yet in their infancy; whereas the waterway across western Russia will connect important cities and towns already in a flourishing condition, which, with increased facilities for the export of their produce, could



double, and even treble, their present output. But leaving commercial considerations for the moment apart, we shall find that what the railway system is to the army, the canal will be to the navy. While the former enables Russia

to mobilize her troops with an economy and dispatch formerly impossible, the waterway will enable her to concentrate her naval strength in either the Baltic or Black seas, as occasion may require—an achievement altogether impossible under the present circumstances.

For some time to come, Russia will probably rest content with her recent territorial acquisitions and occupy herself with their internal development; but should war break out, the intercommunication between her northern and southern naval establishments will enable her to muster all her available battleships in the Black Sea, almost before the powers realize her object. I need not point out that such a waterway could easily be rendered impregnable.

It would be going beyond facts to assert that this undertaking will make Russia a great naval power; but it will at least strengthen her position, and while she will be a constant menace to Constantinople, it will render her practically unassailable in her own waters.

THE LATE MRS. WILLIAM GLADSTONE.

Nearly fifty-one years ago the handsome Miss Catherine Glynne became Mrs. William Ewart Gladstone, who was at that time in his thirtieth year. Miss Glynne was the eldest daughter of Sir Stephen R. Glynne, of Hawarden, Flintshire, and was three years younger than her husband. Her attention was first called to Gladstone, so goes the story, by a remark made by an English Minister who sat beside her at a dinner party at which Gladstone was also present. "Mark that young man," said he; "he will yet be Prime Minister of England." Miss Glynne keenly scrutinized the handsome and expressive features of the young member of Parliament who sat opposite her, and the following winter made his acquaintance in Italy—and the next year after that married him, her sister, Miss

Mary, being wedded to the fourth Baron Lyttleton at the same time.

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone had eight children, four sons and four daughters, of whom six are living. One daughter died in infancy in 1850, while the late Right Hon. William Henry Gladstone died July 4th, 1891, after a creditable and successful parliamentary career. One of the surviving sons is engaged in commercial pursuits in Calcutta; the other two reside in England, one, Rev. Stephen Gladstone, being rector of Hawarden, while the other, the Right Hon. Herbert John Gladstone, is member of Parliament for Leeds, with the promise of a brilliant political career before him. Two of the daughters are married, one of them being the wife of the Rev. Harry Drew, vicar of Buckley. The third surviving daughter, Helen, is still unmarried, and for a long time held the honourable position of principal of Newnham College, at Cambridge.

Mrs. Gladstone was in all respects an ideal wife and mother. She nursed all her children herself and looked after them from infancy, as if she had not been the lady of the castle, who was able to command any amount of assistance that she might require. When out of office, Mr. Gladstone taught his elder children Italian. The girls were educated at home by governesses, English, French and German. The boys all went to Eton and afterwards to Oxford.

Since Mr. Gladstone's death, May 19, 1898, Mrs. Gladstone has been in failing health. The Hawarden estate, which Mrs. Gladstone inherited from her father, and which was the home of her family for many years, passed into the late Mr. Gladstone's hands as owner in 1874, but he conveyed it to his eldest son two years later, and it is now managed by the trustees of the latter's eldest son. It is a valuable property, covering four square miles, with a rental of \$90,000 and valuable minerals underlying.

THE FELLOWSHIP OF TOIL.

I have to toil, but so did He
Who trod the shores of Galilee!
I may not sit as some men do,
Behind rich palace gates,
Unmindful of the beggar who
Beside the pillar waits.
Each day which dawns but brings to me
The same old toilsome round,
The same old struggle to be free,
And night still finds me bound.

I see the rich pass proudly by,
I read of them at play
Upon the grassy slopes, while I
Must ever toil away.
I may not have the joys I crave,
The dawn but lights me to
My narrow pathway to the grave
And work that I must do!
I have to toil—but so did He
Who bore His cross to Calvary!

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

A FORWARD MOVEMENT.

No feature of the recent Conferences has been more marked than the emphasis laid upon a great evangelistic forward movement to close the nineteenth and begin the twentieth century. This was, no doubt, the cardinal idea in the mind at the very inception of the Twentieth Century Fund. So the General Conference by special resolution declared that, "the success of this movement means incalculable blessing to our Church, and that of its success there can be no doubt, if we, as a people, in all places, sections, and departments of our Zion, devote ourselves in the spirit of the Gospel, with zeal, intelligence, consecration and love of souls, to this work, and by earnest prayer, and unflinching, unflagging faith, secure God's blessing upon it."

The committee appointed by the General Conference to carry out this has recommended that the entire Church, with solemn fasting and prayer, in the spirit of confession, consecration and faith, enter upon this great movement; that there be a general use, under wise adaptation, of the means and methods by which Methodism has achieved her former triumphs, that the great doctrines of Repentance, Justification, Regeneration, and Entire Sanctification be set forth with clearness and energy, that humble dependence upon the presence and power of the Holy Spirit be earnestly enjoined, and that the cry of the Church everywhere be, "O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years, in the midst of the years make known; in wrath remember mercy."

The Annual Conferences have heartily concurred in these wise suggestions. The whole Church is girding itself up for a mighty effort for the extension of the Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

There is nothing mechanical or perfunctory about this. It is merely accepting the challenge of the Almighty, "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

God grant that the ecclesiastical year on which we have entered may be indeed a year of grace such as our Church and country has never known. It is an omen of brightest augury that for the whole of the closing year of this century, and for the first six months of the next century, which swings wide on golden hinges before us, the Sunday-schools of Christendom are studying the Life of our Lord. Never since it was lived on earth has that Matchless Life been so widely and so deeply and lovingly studied as during this pivotal period. Surely such noble ideals will be created, and such obedience to the heavenly vision secured, as never before. Surely as never before the Scripture will be fulfilled, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me."

THE FORWARD MOVEMENT IN THE UNITED STATES.

So important is the spiritual aspect of this great epoch in the history of the world felt to be that the Methodist Episcopal Church appoints to its special oversight two of its most successful leaders, Bishop Thoburn and Bishop Joyce. The General Conference report says: "The Christian world is on the eve of a grander jubilee than has ever been witnessed in history. The closing day of the present year is the closing day of the nineteenth Christian century. Its setting sun will summon to their places of prayer millions of watch-night worshippers, who with liveliest gratitude will recall the past and jubilantly face the future. In every land the militant host of Jesus Christ will hold a solemn self-review and plan new and bolder campaigns for the kingdom."

The Forward Movement has for its aim the rousing of the people to undertake general and continuous revival work, for the rescue of the unsaved multitudes, for the quickening of Christian activity, and for the enlistment of the Church's forces, men, women and young people, in direct and immediate personal effort at winning souls.

The *Western Christian Advocate* well says: "Rightly organized and promptly brought to the heart of the Church by methods which will reach every pastor,

superintendent, League president and teacher, every professor and every student in our institutions of learning, and every home in Methodism, an invigorating thrill of new life should be felt in all our borders. No one, however, who reads these lines need wait for the 'organization' to begin its work. Each reader may be a partner in the plan, a co-worker with God in the undertaking. By a new consecration of ourselves to Christ, by seeking in prayer for the endowment of power, by recognizing and utilizing daily opportunities to deliver testimony, to give an invitation, and to speak a word of warning to those who are out of Christ,—by these and other modes of activity we may all help on this Forward Movement."

A WORLD-WIDE REVIVAL.

Far wider than the bounds of Methodism is this great movement destined to sweep. Some of the leading clergymen of the United States have signed a petition to the Christians of the nation to celebrate the advent of the new century by a national religious revival, preceded by a year of prayer and preparation. They hope that "the movement will result in a higher standard of Christian life, manifesting itself in unparalleled enterprises for spreading the Gospel during the twentieth century."

In England a united effort of all the Nonconformist Churches is planned to open a great religious campaign in every large centre of population. The Anglican Church cannot fail to follow. Throughout the world-wide mission-fields the sacred influence will spread. The very fiery trial through which the Chinese missions are now passing will but intensify the zeal of the Churches' effort. Again will be demonstrated, as often before, the never-failing truth, "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church." Like the rosemary and thyme, which the more they are bruised the more do they spread abroad their fragrance, so the very persecutions of God's saints shall fill the world with the divine savour of their patience amid tribulation, their faith exulting o'er their fears, their triumph over death itself. A tidal wave of salvation by God's overruling providence will sweep around the world. The Saviour shall see of the travail of his soul and shall be satisfied.

"Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll;
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole."



THE CANTREEN BAIT.
—The New York Evening Post.

TEMPERANCE AT THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.

The greatest enemy of the liquor traffic is the Methodist Church. That Church is pledged to unceasing war with this foe of all righteousness till it be finally and utterly destroyed. Of this the ringing utterances at our own Conferences, and at the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, United States, are a demonstration. The Church which declared that the liquor traffic "could not be legalized without sin" has not gone back on its record. The debate on temperance was one of the most earnest of the whole Conference, and the strongest denunciations of the guilty trade in the bodies and souls of men were emphatically reiterated. On the canteen question it was equally pronounced. The *New York Evening Post* says: "It used to be said in President Grant's time that there were three political parties in this country: Republicans, Democrats and Methodists—these three, and the greatest of these is the Methodists. Their handling of the army canteen question in the General Conference at Chicago shows that they have not forgotten how to do it."

The Conference declared as follows: "Aroused and indignant at the aggressions of the liquor power, at the inexcusable miscarriage of the anti-canteen law, and at the new perils in which the nation is involving its new possessions, the Church will summon and pledge all our ministers and people to a more determined struggle against this enormous

evil and urge each to contribute thereto, according to his judgment, his testimony, his example and his ballot.

"We call upon the administration to make use of its tremendous power in the military government of the Eastern islands that have come under our control, so that the people of those islands shall not be debauched by the introduction of the liquor traffic among them."

NEW MONROISM.

Secretary Root rather startled the nation by his recent after-dinner speech to the effect that if the United States would maintain her Monroe Doctrine she must fight for it, and maintain it she would. If this be true, the time may come when she shall need again, as she needed during the recent Spanish war, the sympathy and help of Britain, and it would be well to show some reciprocity of sympathy when the "tight little island" confronts the hostile sentiment of almost the whole of Europe, a sentiment which, nevertheless, could not crystallize into action without the help of the United States.

METHODIST UNION IN AUSTRALIA.

The Rev. H. T. Burgess, LL.D., writes thus in the *Independent*:

The first Conference of the united Methodist Churches in South Australia was held in March, and made the union both visible and real. A large amount of public interest was manifested in the event, which is not surprising when the position of Methodism in that colony is taken into account. South Australia was founded by men of liberal ideas and religious principles. They meant it to be a centre of moral and intellectual influence, and laid their plans accordingly. They wove into its constitution what at the time were advanced ideas, and at the same time took pains to select men of a superior type to take the leading positions. Thus it fell out that the captain of the first ship to arrive with emigrants was an old-type Methodist, the celebration on board when land was sighted took the form of a prayer-meeting, and the first man to step ashore as the manager of the South Australia Company, was the son of an English Wesleyan minister. Methodist local preachers conducted the earliest public services, and the first place of worship erected in the city of Adelaide was a Wesleyan chapel.

The initiative then taken has been fairly well maintained, not only by the older body, but by the younger branches—the Bible Christians and Primitive Methodists. The two latter were nearly equal in numerical strength, etc., and together were about equal to the Wesleys. Hence the union was necessarily an amalgamation and not an absorption, consequently presenting more than the average amount of difficulty. Collectively, as the result of sustained earnestness and self-denying toil, the united Church is much the largest religious organization in the land. It has 500 churches, and its property, altogether, has cost at least £500,000.

At the same time the influence wielded is due to other considerations than numbers. Among the lay representatives at the recent Conference were the Right Hon. Sir Samuel Way, Chief Justice and Lieutenant-Governor; the Premier of the colony, and the chairmen of committees in the Legislative Assembly, while the rank and file contained many other leading public men. The Church has taken great interest in higher education. One of its colleges—Prince Alfred—is the most successful institution of its kind south of the equator, while the other—Way College—though much younger, is putting up an excellent record.

The union was resolved upon, provided certain conditions were fulfilled, last year, and it came into effect without much demonstration on January 1st, 1900. Ministers were admitted with lay representatives in equal proportions. From the outset there was a fusing and a blending that obliterated all divisional lines. These distinctions scarcely reappeared at all in any form. A spirit of genuine brotherliness prevailed, and was fostered by exceptionally earnest and profitable devotional exercises. There was literally no trace of the bitterness sometimes shown during the union controversy, and unbroken harmony ruled from beginning to end.

One result of the dominant conditions that created some gratified surprise was the celerity and smoothness with which the Conference work was done.

Never was "God Save the Queen" sung with greater enthusiasm, or amid warmer demonstrations of Christian patriotism, than in our several Conference gatherings.

Book Notices.

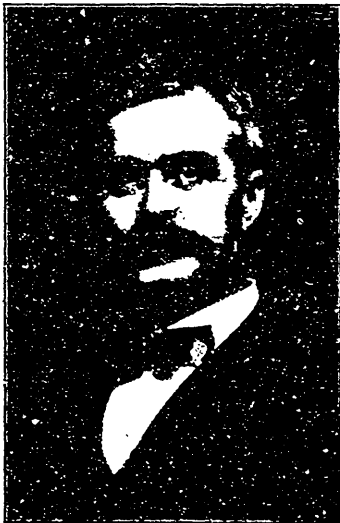
The Redemption of David Corson. By CHARLES FREDERIC GOSS, D.D. Seventh edition. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 418. Price, \$1.25.

The extraordinary success of this book is shown in the fact that within two months it passed through no less than six editions. It is a story with a purpose. That purpose is to show how, under stress and strain of severe temptation, noble natures may be perverted and dragged down into sin and misery; that God never leaves Himself without a witness, even in the hearts of those who have wandered farthest from Him; and that under the power of Divine Grace they

with God and with man. This is the "Redemption of David Corson." The book has many wonderfully dramatic situations, is of absorbing and even thrilling interest, is written from a very lofty and ethical point of view, and with rare literary skill. We predict for it a marked success.

The Rev. Dr. Hillis, of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, says: "I have just finished reading 'The Redemption of David Corson' with wet eyes and leaping heart. Warmest congratulations." The Rev. Dr. Grey reviews it with similar enthusiasm in the *Interior*, Chicago.

David and His Friends. A series of Revival Sermons by LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D., Pastor First M. E. Church, Cleveland, Ohio. Cloth, 12mo, 356 pages, gilt top. Price, \$1.50. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Company. Toronto: William Briggs.



THE REV. DR. GOSS.

may return after sore discipline and chastening and be restored to His favour and fullness of joy.

There is something singularly attractive about the Quaker hero of this story, a man in whom the "inner light" burns bright, and who has visions of the unseen and eternal. Through the spell of a misplaced earthly affection the light becomes darkened, the visions fade, he is beguiled into sin and crime. But the gentle gypsy, the object of his passion, becomes his guardian angel by whom he is rescued from perdition and restored to favour

This is the fifth volume of the series of revival sermons by Dr. Louis Albert Banks. Revival literature has seldom, if ever, received so large a contribution from one man. This volume, "David and His Friends," contains thirty-one sermons which were preached in the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Cleveland, Ohio, during January, 1900, in a series of evangelistic meetings. The author says in his preface: "At the time of their delivery they were greatly blessed by God in the awakening of sinners and in leading to conversion, and I hope and pray that as they now go forth on the printed page the Holy Spirit may continue with them and make them an inspiration and a help to all who come to them for assistance in that most blessed of all the work given man to do, the winning of souls to Christ." The original and practical character of these sermons is seen even in the titles. Here are some of them: "The Beauty of Youth"; "The Chaff in the Wind"; "The Armour Bearers"; "The King of Glory"; "God in Storm and Rainbow"; "God's Cover for Sin"; "The Tragedy of a Useless Life"; "The Harps on the Willows"; "Saul's Night with the Witch of Endor."

The Wife of His Youth; and other Stories of the Colour Line. By CHARLES W. CHESTNUT. With illustrations by

CLYDE O. DE LAND. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.50.

During the Secession War and since, many of the negroes of the South exhibited a loyalty, a chivalry, a moral heroism that have seldom been surpassed. Some aspects of these are described in the "Stories of the Colour Line" in this volume. "Each of these," says Zion's Herald, "is unique, each a gem, but perhaps the most interesting and touching is the one that gives title to the book—'The Wife of His Youth.' Mr. Ryder was the most prominent member of the 'Blue Veins,' a little society of coloured persons in the North, of which the unwritten requirement for eligibility to membership was 'white blood enough to show blue veins,' free birth, and character and culture. Mr. Ryder had decided to give a ball that should mark an epoch in the social history of Groveland—a party given in honour of a lady visitor to the town from Washington, with whom he had fallen deeply in love. But on the afternoon of the day of the reception a little old black woman—a relic of plantation life—called. She was in search of her husband of slave days—had been looking for him for twenty-five years. How she proved to be the wife of Mr. Ryder's youth, much older than he, and how with true manliness he acknowledged her as such that evening before his assembled guests and the woman he had learned to love, you must read the book to find out." The titles of the other stories are: "Her Virginia Mammy," "The Sheriff's Children," "A Matter of Principle," "Cicely's Dream," "The Passing of Grandison," "Uncle Wellington's Wives," "The Bouquet," "The Web of Circumstance."

The Burden of Christopher. By FLORENCE CONVERSE. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

This striking story is one of the latest additions to the increasing volume of fiction having for its theme questions of industrial reform and the ethical aspects of economics. It is the story of a young man who succeeded to his father's manufacturing business and endeavoured to introduce into the conduct of the enterprise profit-sharing, short hours, and the maximum wage. It shows how he is affected by competition made possible by the payment of low wages and the requirement of long hours, and the temptation

to which he is exposed. The difficulties of the problem are realized and dealt with in an evident attempt at fairness, but with a very clear feeling that the competitive system and the Golden Rule cannot be harmonized.

Infidelity Disarmed. By E. STEPHENS. Octavo. Price, 50c. Methodist Book Room, Toronto.

This book is a reply to Ingersoll's infidelity lectures, with a review of essays and articles by George Eliot, Drs. Eby, Courtice, Workman, Goldwin Smith, Rev. G. S. Bland, and others. It is a well-meant effort to review the current skepticism of the times, but it lacks discrimination, and, in some cases, confounds the friends with the enemies of Christianity.

The United Empire Loyalist Settlement at Long Point, Lake Erie. By L. H. TASKER, M.A. Vol. II. of the Papers and Records of the Ontario Historical Society. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is an extremely interesting and instructive account of one of the most romantic and heroic episodes in Canadian history. We are glad to note the good work done by the Ontario Historical Society in preserving these records of the making of Canada. The book is well printed, illustrated, and indexed. The honoured names of Ryerson, Tisdale, Munro, Johnson, and others are here commemorated.

Love Illumined. By REV. G. E. ACKERMANN, M.D., D.D. Cincinnati: Curts & Jennings. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 50c.

This is another of the attractive little books on practical religion issued by his house. The author is professor of theology at Chattanooga College, Tennessee. He points out, with clearness and force, the privilege and obligation of holiness of heart and life.

Story Lessons on Character Building (Morals) and Manners. By Lois Bates. London: Longmans, Green & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company, Limited. Pp. 143.

The kindergarten methods of instruction are in this book carried into the sphere of manners and morals. The chapters are interesting and instructive, and admirably adapted to impress important lessons on the young mind.