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THE "DEVIL'S BRIDGE," ST. GOTTHARD PASS.

# THE Methodist Magazine.

May, 1890.

CANADIAN TOURIST PARTY IN EUROPE.

*FROM LUCERNE TO MILAN.*



SUMMIT OF THE MYTHEN.

THE St. Gotthard Railway proper begins at Immensee, on Lake Zug. But most passengers take the rail either at Lucerne or Zurich. The Canadian tourist party did neither; preferring the far more interesting route, from Lucerne to Flüelen, upon the waters of the storied lake of the Four Forest Cantons. The railway route is not without its attractions, some of which are illustrated in the cuts which accompany this article. The road winds in and out among the mountains, skirting where it can the borders of the lake, and where insur-

mountable obstacles occur diving through the heart of the mountains, by means of boldly-constructed tunnels. Our party stopped all night at the little village of Flüelen, starting in the morning for the memorable ride over the Alps by the St. Gotthard route. This is one of the wildest and grandest of all the Alpine passes.

Indeed, during much of the year, before the construction of the railway, it was very dangerous, if not impassable, on account of the avalanches and the depth of the snow. While the railway



TEILS CHAFEL

journey is much more comfortable in all weathers, it misses only a comparatively small part of the magnificent scenery while passing through the tunnels, and it gives some striking points



of view which surpass anything witnessed from the old-fashioned *diligence*.

The ride from Flüelen to Göschenen is one of surpassing grandeur, and is, I think, the finest I ever had in my life. The snow-clad mountains, the dark green forests, the deep valleys, the foaming torrents and waterfalls, the bright sunshine, make up a picture of sublimity and beauty which I thank God for permitting me to behold. In one narrow defile—the Schöllenen—



BRUNNEN.

precipices rise a thousand feet in the air, and the snowy Reuss raves along its channel far below. In four leagues the river descends 2,500 feet. The road winds along the edge of the chasm, or boldly leaps across in a single arch. Far up the mountain sides can be seen the mountain cattle and goats, on slopes so steep that you wonder they do not slide down. The loftier summits glisten with their crown of snow, or are swathed in a mantle of cloud. They give a new sense of vastness, of power, of sub-

limity to the soul. After busy months spent in crowded cities—the work of men—it is a moral tonic to be brought face to face with the grandest work of God.

Here the famous St. Gotthard tunnel begins. It is one of the mightiest works accomplished in modern times. The length of the tunnel is a little over  $9\frac{1}{4}$  miles, or about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles longer than the Mont Cenis Tunnel. The tunnel is from 5,000 to 6,500 feet below the peaks of St. Gotthard. Its construction is thus described by an engineer:—

“At the entrance to the tunnel were huge air reservoirs, in which the air was compressed by means of the water-power of the Reuss and of the Ticino to less than one-twentieth of its volume. The compressed air was conducted in pipes to the scene of operations, where it entered a cylinder, the piston of which was forced backwards and forwards with immense velocity by the expansion of the air. The piston was connected with the



THE RUTLI MEADOW.

perforator, which penetrated deeper and deeper into the rock at every stroke. After the boring the perforator was withdrawn; the miners put in charges of dynamite, the explosion of the dynamite followed, shattering the rock. Compressed air was then allowed to escape into the opening, driving the smoke to the mouth of the tunnel. The débris was removed, and the process repeated. The

work of excavation was preceded by exact measurements and calculations, in order to ensure meeting in the interior of the mountain.

“The obstacles met with were many and various. They consisted especially in the hard and difficult nature of the rock, fissures, beds of clay or loam, and frequent rushes of water, the latter being a most serious interruption to the work. The saddest day during the nine years the tunnel was in construction was on July 19th, 1879, when Louis Favre, the contractor was struck with apoplexy while inspecting the interior, and died in the arms of the persons accompanying him.

“On February 28th, 1880, a perforator from the south side penetrated the last partition between North and South. The workmen on either side exchanged greetings, and the leaden capsule containing the portrait of Louis Favre was pushed through the aperture—a touching act of recognition on the part of the workmen of the merits of their late employer.”

One of the most extraordinary things about the tunnel is that in four places it turns completely around in the heart of the mountain in a spiral curve, crossing its own track at a higher level, either in the mountain or just as it emerges from it. Unless one follows a map, he can hardly believe that the road which

he sees far below is the one by which he has entered the mountain. At Wasen we see the same church now far above us, then on a level, then far below, and it requires almost a mathematical demonstration to convince one that after all the travel we are having it is still the same church. As the train leaps out of a dark tunnel into the bright light, reflected from the snow-clad mountains and the evergreen pines, it is one of the most remarkable experiences of the journey. To give completeness to this narrative I quote an account of the ride over the mountain:

The first time I crossed this remarkable pass the railway was not completed, and I had to climb laboriously over the summit of the pass, on the top of a lumbering *diligence*, on my way from Italy. The *diligence* is a huge vehicle with broad-tired wheels, set about six feet apart to prevent upsetting, and formidable with brakes, and drags, and chains, suggestive of mountain perils. It is like a stage-coach, with another coach cut in two and placed part in front and part aloft behind. The luggage is stored on a strong deck on top. I was fortunate in securing a place outside, *en banquette* as it is called, but I gave it up to two fellow-tourists condemned to the *interieur*, and sat with the guard upon the luggage. We rattled through the squalid, stone-paved, ill-smelling town of Biasca, and through many like it, climbing ever higher and higher. The Ticino, whose banks the road follows, tears its way down in foaming cataracts of the wildest character through a mountain cleft. There is not even room for the road, which is carried through tunnels, or on arches over the boiling flood. On either side the milky torrents stream down the mountain side, "like tears of gladness o'er a giant's face." I noticed far up a distant slope a huge cross, like a sign of consecration, formed of snow drifts.

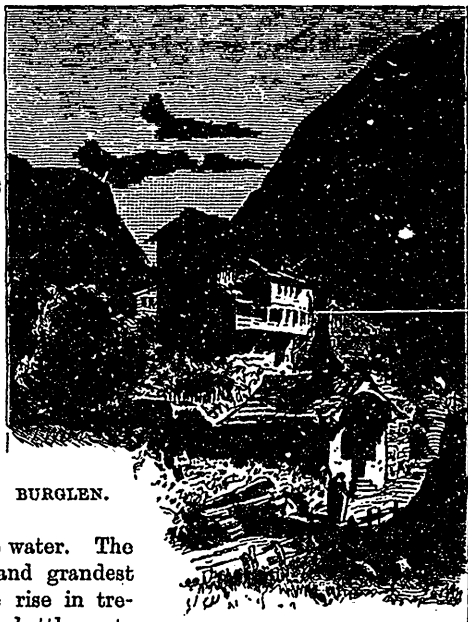
At Airolo, where we stopped for lunch, a peasant fair was in progress, and the costumes of both men and women were very picturesque. Some of the women wore a most extraordinary tiara of silver, almost like a nimbus, on their heads. From this point we climbed to the summit of the pass by some thirty zigzags, dragged up by seven stout horses, which can advance no faster than a slow walk. Ever wider horizons opened on every side. The vines and chestnuts, the mulberries and olives were left far below. The trees of my native land, the pines and spruces, asserted their reign. They climbed in serried ranks; and on lone inaccessible heights stood majestic and sublime, grappling firm foothold on the everlasting rocks, and bidding defiance to the winds of heaven. These in turn become dwarfed and disappeared, and only the beautiful Alpine rose clothed the rocks, like humble virtue breathing its beauty amid a cold and unfriendly environment. Vast upland meadows and mountain pastures were covered with these beautiful flowers. At last even these gave way to the icy desolation of eternal winter. We passed through snow-drifts over thirty feet deep, and from the top of the *diligence* I could gather snowballs, and once the road led through a tunnel in the snow. Only the chamois and the mountain eagle dwell amid these lone solitudes. Yet even to this sanctuary of nature the warring passions of man have found their way. In 1799, the Russian General, Suwarrow, led an army through these bleak defiles, and

on a huge rock near the summit of the pass was engraven in huge letters, the legend, *SUWARROW, VICTOR*. Several stone defences against avalanches, and refuges for storm-stayed travellers, also occur.

At the summit of the pass, 7,000 feet above the sea, is a large and gloomy Italian inn, and near it is a *hospice*, erected by the Canton, containing fifteen beds for poor travellers, who are received gratuitously. I made my way up the dark stairway, in an exploring mood, and came to the conclusion that they must be very poor travellers who take refuge in these dismal cells. In a large room I found a telegraph office and signal station, and was told that in that bleak outpost the sentinels of civilization kept their lonely watch the long winter through. At this great height were several small lakes, fed from the snow-clad mountains which towered all around. Passing the summit, our huge vehicle rattled down a desolate valley in a very alarming manner, threatening, as it turned the sharp angles, to topple over the low wall into the abyss below. But strong arms were at the brakes, and after ten miles' descent we dashed into the little Alpine village of Andermatt.

I was eager to see before dark the celebrated "Devil's Bridge," across the Reuss, so I hurried on without waiting for dinner. The bridge is a single stone arch, which leaps across a brawling torrent at a giddy height above the water. The scenery is of the wildest and grandest character. On either side rise in tremendous cliffs the everlasting battlements of rock. Against these walls of adamant the tortured river hurls itself, and plunges into an abyss a hundred feet deep. A scene of more appalling desolation it is scarce possible to conceive. Yet a sterner aspect has been given by the wrath of man. Here, amid these sublimities of nature, was fought a terrible battle between the French and Russians in 1799. The river ran red with blood, and hundreds of soldiers were hurled into the abyss and drowned, or dashed to pieces. As I stood and watched the raging torrent in the twilight, made the darker by the shadows of the steep mountain cliffs, I seemed to see the poor fellows struggling with their fate in the dreadful gorge.

The legend of the building of the *Teufelsbrucke* is thus recorded in Longfellow's "Golden Legend :"—



BURGLEN.

WAYSIDE SHRINE.

“This bridge is called the Devil's Bridge.  
With a single arch from ridge to ridge  
It leaps across the terrible chasm  
Yawning beneath it black and deep,  
As if in some convulsive spasm  
The summits of the hills had cracked,  
And made a road for the cataract  
That raves and rages down the steep.  
Never any bridge but this  
Could stand across the wild abyss ;  
All the rest of wood or stone,  
By the Devil's hand were overthrown.  
He toppled crags from the precipice ;  
And whatsoever was built by day,  
In the night was swept away ;  
None could stand but this alone.  
Abbot Giraldus, of Einsiedel,  
For pilgrims on their way to Rome,  
Built this at last with a single arch,  
Under which in its endless march,  
Runs the river white with foam,  
Like a thread through the eye of a needle.  
And the Devil promised to let it stand,  
Under compact and condition  
That the first living thing which crossed  
Should be surrendered into his hand  
And be beyond redemption lost.  
At length, the bridge being all completed,  
The Abbot, standing at its head,  
Threw across it a loaf of bread,  
Which a hungry dog sprang after ;  
And the rocks re-echoed with peals of laughter  
To see the Devil thus defeated.”

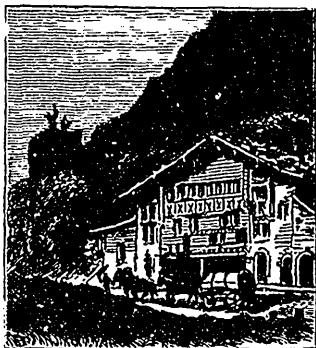
I returned about nine o'clock to the quaint old Swiss hotel, the “Drei Könige” or “Three Kings,” and enjoyed a good dinner after a hard day's work. I was shown up the winding stair to my room, in which was an old-fashioned high bedstead with a feather bed on top by way of comforter. And very glad I was to crawl under it, for the air was very cold.

The morning broke bright and clear. From the quaint little windows of the hotel I looked out upon a rapid stream rushing swiftly below, and down the village street. The houses had all broad overhanging roofs, with carved gables and timbers, and had altogether a very comfortable and hospitable look.

As we descend the Italian slopes of the Alps, through the winding valley of the Ticino, the scenery is a blending of Alpine grandeur, with soft Italian beauty. Villas, churches, and ancient castles crown the neighbouring heights. Snowy cascades gleam through the dense foliage and leap headlong from the cliffs:

Huge fallen rocks bestrew the valley, as though the Titans had here piled Pelion on Ossa, striving to storm the skies. Instead of the sombre evergreen pines on every side is the dense and rich foliage of the chestnut and mulberry, and farther on the silvery-gray of the olive and the tender green of the vine, and the glistening leaves of the myrtle, and fig, and orange. Bellinzona is thoroughly Italian in appearance as in name, dominated by grim castles perched on neighbouring heights, once a place of much strategic importance and holding the key to the St. Gotthard valley. The railway climbs along the mountain-side and gives a fine view as we advance of the far-spreading plain below, and after a couple more tunnels there bursts upon the view one of the loveliest of the Italian lakes—Lugano—like a sapphire amid a setting of emerald. Less sublime in their environment than those

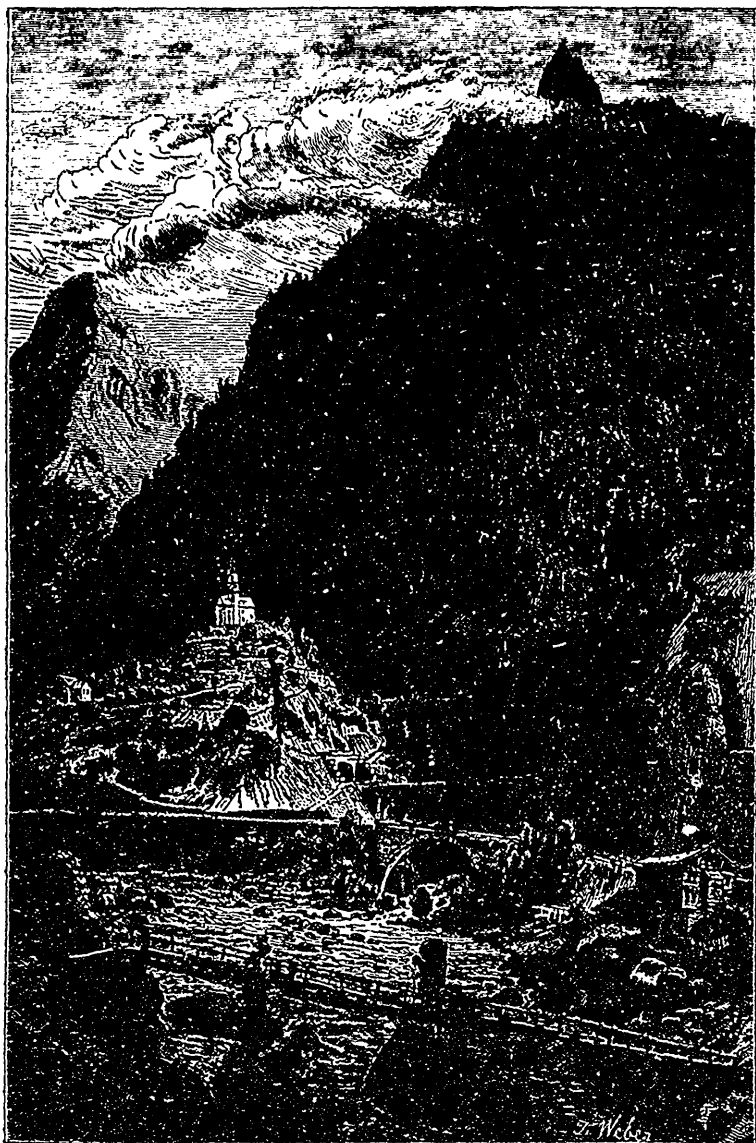
of Switzerland, these lakes are far more beautiful. The surrounding foliage, also, is much richer; the orange and myrtle take the place of the spruce and the pine. The sky is of a sunnier blue, and the air of a balmier breath, and the water of a deeper and more transparent hue.



WAYSIDE INN, SILENEN.

We are soon at lunch at our hotel—once the monastery of St. Mary of the Angels—and very fine comfortable quarters those old monks had, with large cool corridors, lofty rooms, and a lovely garden. In the old chapel are some very quaint frescoes by Luino. A stroll through the arcades of the town where nut-brown women sold all manner of wares, and where the airs were by no means those of Araby the blest, greatly interested, especially the lady tourists. A fine statue of Tell reminded us that we were still in Switzerland.

In mid-afternoon we took a steamer for Porlezza, over the placid waters laving the vine-clad hills, crowned on their apparently inaccessible heights with churches, each with its square campanile. It is apparently a point of religion to make access to the churches as difficult as possible, that there may be the more merit in attendance at the sacred functions. Elegant villas, gaily frescoed, arcaded and embowered amid terraced gardens, gave a rare charm to the scene. The handsome Italian custom's officer in the steamer, brilliant with gold lace and epaulettes, quite won the hearts of the ladies by declining to inspect their luggage, which was piled up on the deck for that purpose. If he could



BRIDGES OVER THE MAIENREUSS AT WASEN.

have understood all the complimentary things they said about him, it would have quite turned his head.

At Porlezza a train of tiny cars on a narrow guage railway awaited us, in which we were soon winding amid the valleys and climbing the hills, till, from the summit there burst on the view

a great stretch of Lake Como, loveliest of lakes, with its far-winding and villa-studded shores, at our feet Menaggio, Bellagio, Bellano, and many other places of pleasant sojourn.

After dinner a number of the party went out for a sail on the lake. Softly crept the purple shadows over wave and shore. Gliding beneath the lofty cliffs, the boatman woke the echoes with his song. Snowy sails glided by like sheeted ghosts in the deepening darkness. As the Benediction rang from the village campaniles—one after another taking up the strain—now near, now far, the liquid notes floated over the waves like the music of the spheres. Listening in silence, with suspended oar, to the solemn voices calling through the darkness—

“We heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,  
The manifold soft chimes  
That fills the haunted chambers of the night,  
Like some old poet’s rhymes.”

Next day we made a boat excursion to the famous Villa Carlotta, at Cadenabbia. Landing at stately marble steps, we were led through lofty *suites* of rooms filled with costly art treasures. For Thorwaldsen’s *bas reliefs* of the triumphs of Alexander alone, was paid the sum of nearly 375,000 francs. Then we wandered through the terraced garden, studded with fragrant magnolias and other rare trees and plants, and commanding exquisite views over the lakes. Yet all this splendour cannot give happiness, for its owner, a bereaved widower, seldom enjoys it, its associations being chiefly of sadness and sorrow. Our sturdy rowers soon took us across to Bellagio, where the ladies found remarkable attractions in the woven silk portières of richest colours and designs, a local manufacture of much repute.

The afternoon sail down the lake was like a dream of beauty. The mountains rise in verdurous slopes, clothed to their summits with chestnuts and olives, to the height of 7,000 feet. At their base nestle the gay villas of the Milanese aristocracy, embowered amid lemon and myrtle groves. Lovely bays, continued into winding valleys, run up between the jutting capes and towering mountains. The richest effects of glowing light and creeping shadows, like the play of smiles on a lovely face, gives expression to the landscape. Like a swift shuttle, the steamer darts across the narrow lake from village to village. The glowing sunlight, the warm tints of the frescoed villas, the snowy campaniles, and the gay costumes, mobile features, and animated gestures of the peasantry, give a wondrous life and colour to the scene. At length we reach Como, the birth-place of the elder and younger Pliny, and take train for Milan.

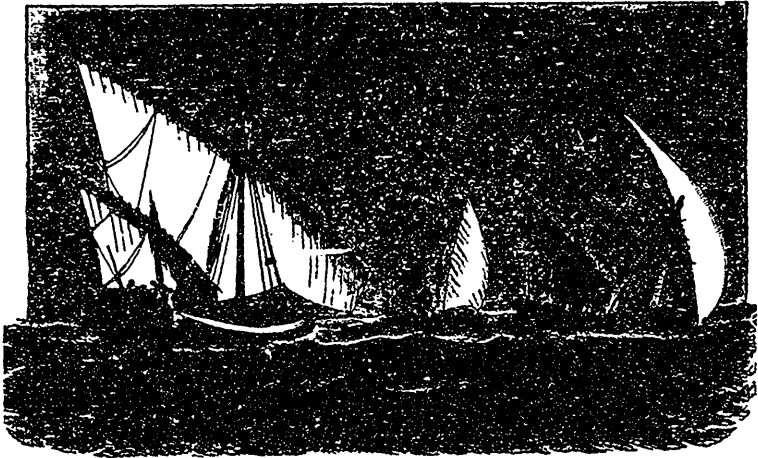


“THE LAST VOYAGE.”

BY LADY BRASSEY.

V.

BURMAH AND BORNEO.



MERCHANT DHOWS, INDIAN OCEAN.

*Thursday, March 17th.*—The government pilot came on board at 6 a.m., and we at once got up the anchor and proceeded under steam up the branch of the Irrawady called the Rangoon River, leading to the town of that name. Its banks are flat, low, and densely wooded. The Great Pagoda is seen shortly after entering the mouth. Later on the factories, wharves, offices, public buildings and houses of the city become visible in quick succession.

Little more than thirty years ago Rangoon consisted of a mere swamp, with a few mat huts mounted on wooden piles, and surrounded by a log stockade and fosse. Now it is a city of 200,000 inhabitants, the terminus of a railway, and almost rivals Bombay in beauty and extent. It possesses fine palaces, public offices, and pagodas; warehouses, schools, hospitals, lovely gardens and lakes, excellent roads, and shady promenades. We arrived opposite the town about half-past ten, passing through quite a crowd of shipping, amongst which were several fine clippers and steamers, bound to all parts of the world. The rice season is now at its height, and everybody is working his hardest.

Important as are the commercial aspects of the place, it is not these which interest and arrest the attention of the stranger, but rather what is old, quaint, and perhaps more or less effete. The appearance of the people themselves, to begin with, is most picturesque. Nearly all the men are naked to the waist, or wear a small white open linen jacket, with a voluminous *putso*, wound tightly

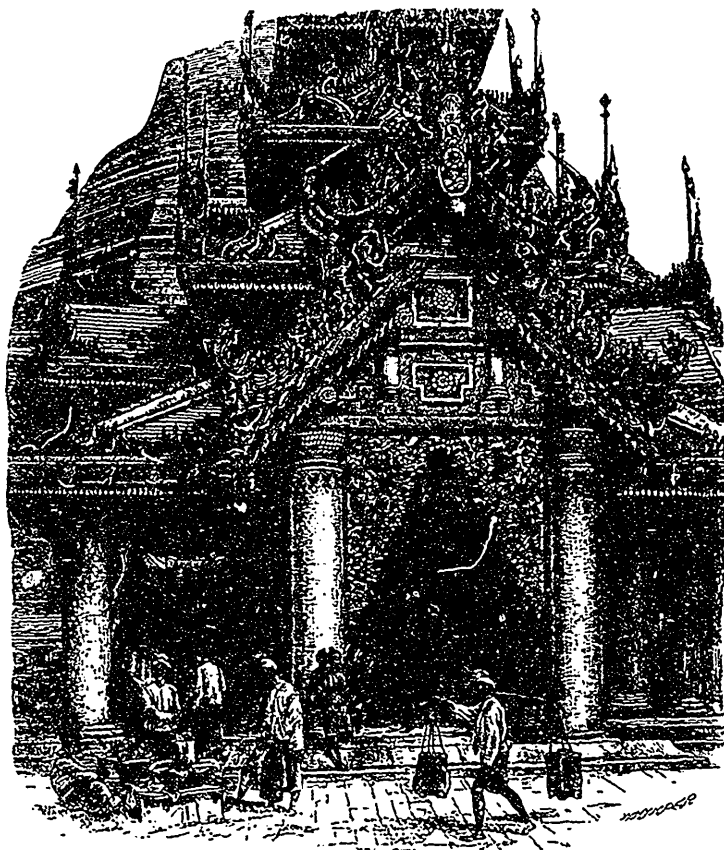


GREAT PAGODA COURT.

round their loins and gathered into a great bundle or knot in front. Their long hair is beautifully trimmed, plaited and oiled, and their glossy locks are protected from the sun by an oiled-silk umbrella. The women wear much the same costume, except that the *tamieri* which replaces the *putso* is gayer in colour and more gracefully put on.

But it was not only the people that interested me. There were the great pagodas, like huge hand-bells, gilded and decorated in various styles, with curious little gilt crowns at the top, ornamented with rubies and emeralds. On the extreme summit, in the

place of honour, is almost invariably fixed an English soda-water bottle, while the minor positions of importance are occupied by tonic-water bottles, which are of the same shape, but of a blue colour. The still more inferior places are crowned by dark green square-shouldered seltzer-water bottles. It seems a curious idea that a crown, which is not only a real work of art, but is

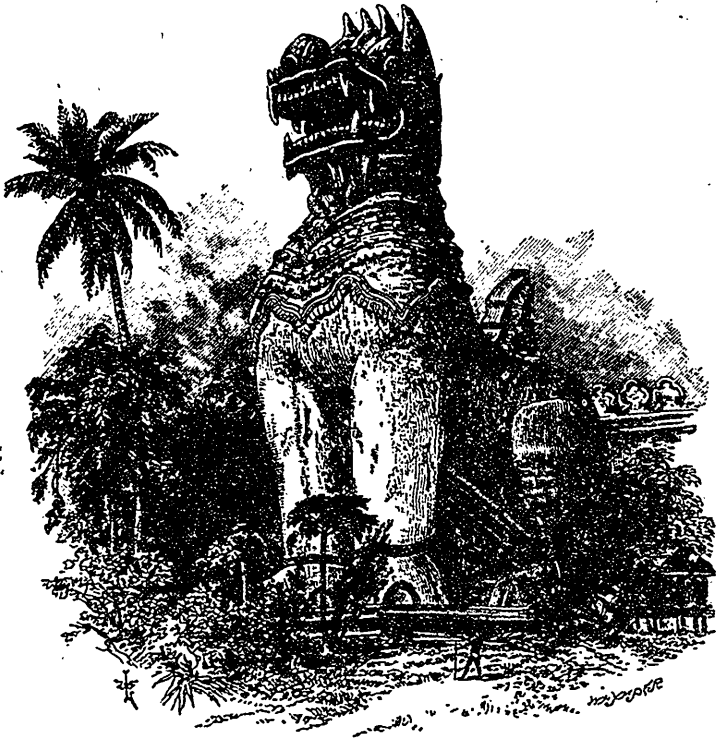


ENTRANCE TO TEMPLE.

made of rich materials, and worth £30,000 sterling, and after having been placed with much pomp and ceremony on the top of the finest pagoda in Burmah (the gilded spire of which rises as high as St. Paul's Cathedral), should be surmounted and surrounded by the most commonplace articles of the conquering "barbarian hordes."

Presently we passed the funeral car of a Phoongyee, or Buddhist priest—a marvellous structure, reminding one of the Juggler-

naut cars of India. The funeral of a Phoongyee is always made the occasion of a great function. The body is embalmed in honey and placed on one of these huge cars; and the people from the surrounding villages flock to the ceremony, bringing cartloads of fireworks, for the manufacture of which the Burmese are celebrated. Great rivalry arises as to which village shall be fortunate enough, through its representative, to set the gorgeous canopy on fire, and thereby release the good man's departed spirit and send

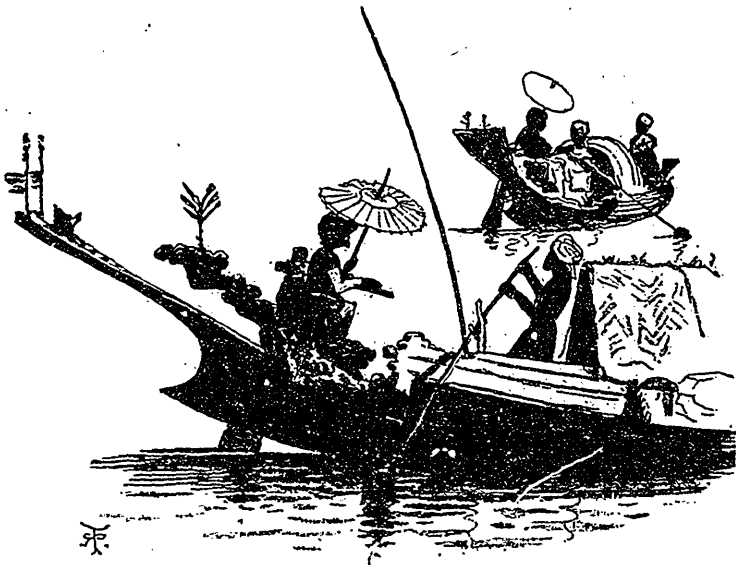


DAGON.

it straight to heaven without any further transmigration or trouble. This happy consummation is supposed to occur directly the large funeral pile, which is always of highly inflammable materials, takes fire. The result is that many accidents occur, besides a great deal of heart-burning and loss of life; for sometimes a whole quarter of the town is set on fire and much property destroyed in these contests.

The avenue leading to the Shway Dagohu Pagoda is guarded at the entrance by two enormous statues of *bylus*, or monsters,

erected to propitiate the evil spirits; *bylus* and *nats* being to the Burmese very much what demons and devils are to us. The view of the pagoda from the avenue is indeed wonderful. The great gilt dome, with its brilliant golden *htee*, grows and grows and increases upon the vision, until its enormous bulk is at last fully realized. Fancy a vast bell-shaped erection, with a pointed handle of solid gold, rising to nearly the height of the cross on the top of St. Paul's, surrounded by numerous smaller pagodas and dagolas, bell-temples, tombs, and rest-houses, some much dilapidated—it being considered more meritorious to build a new temple than to repair an old one.



RANGOON BOAT (STERN).

The pagoda is supposed to have been commenced 588 years B.C., in order to enshrine some hairs of Buddha and the bathing-gown of another holy man who lived two thousand years before him. The carved teak with which it is covered is solidly gilt from top to bottom, and this process costs £30,000 each time it is repeated. To wander round the top platform or courtyard outside the pagoda in the twilight and listen to the bells was an extraordinary experience for all of us. The big Burmese bells are celebrated for their tone, especially those in the temples. The little bells which are hung on at the tops of the various pinnacles surrounding the soda-water bottles have long clappers, easily moved by the wind; and the sound of these various bells and gongs

borne on the evening breeze is harmonious in the extreme. The drive back to Rangoon through the Dalhousie Park and Gardens, once the appanage of a royal palace, was perfectly delightful.

*Friday, March 18th.*—Left the yacht about seven o'clock to see a timber-yard, where elephants are extensively used. It was a wonderful exhibition of strength, patience, and dexterity. The docile creatures lift, roll, and push the logs of timber to any part of the yard. They pile it up into stacks high above their heads, seizing one end of a log with their trunk, placing it on the pile of timber, and then taking the other end of the log and pushing it forward, finally placing it on their heads, and sending it into its place. They work undisturbed amid the buzz of circular



MOULMEIN.

saws and machinery, were it would seem almost impossible for animals of such huge proportions to escape injury. They carry their intelligence to the point of rigidly enforcing the rights of labour. Nothing will persuade an elephant to do a stroke of work, after he has heard the workmen's dinner-bell, during the hour of mid-day rest to which he rightly considers himself entitled. Their mental powers seem, indeed, to be very nearly on a level with those of the human workmen, with whose efforts their own are combined. No less than two thousand elephants were formerly employed in the yard of the Bombay and Burmah Company. Steam machinery is now rapidly superseding elephants, for each animal requires at least three men to look after him. Some Burmese curiosity-vendors paid us a visit in the afternoon, and we made some purchases, chiefly of silver and

gongs. Posted our budget of letters and sent off telegrams in the evening, and sailed from Rangoon at 11 p.m.

*Saturday, March 19th.*—Arrived off the Salwen River about 1 p.m., but found that the tide did not suit for going up to Moulmein. We therefore had to anchor until the next morning. At five o'clock we landed and went to the water pagoda at Point Amherst—a curious wooden structure, held sacred by the Buddhists.



*Sunday, March 20th.*—Moulmein is admirably situated on a range of hills, rising to a considerable elevation on the left bank of the Salwen. The population consists largely of



ELEPHANTS AT WORK.

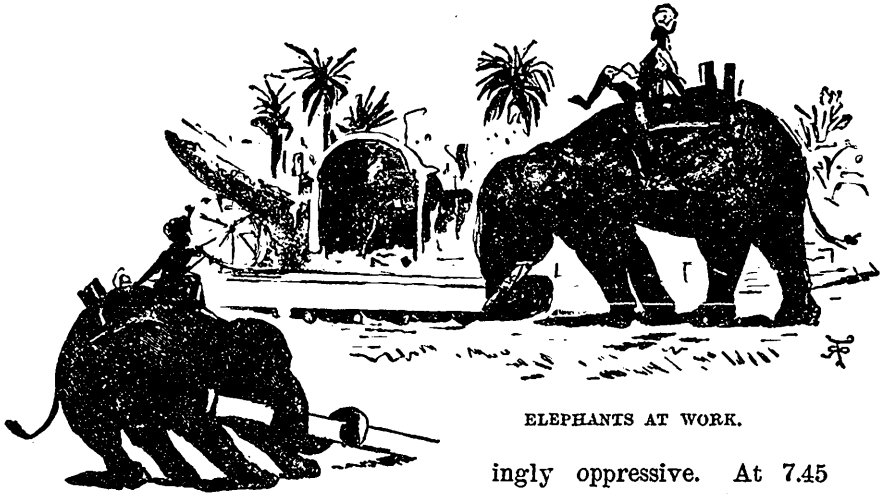
foreigners, Chinese and Hindoos forming a large proportion of the aggregate number of 50,000. About half-past four we landed and drove up to Salwen Lodge, where we had tea with Colonel and Mrs. Plant. Afterwards to church, which was very hot and full of mosquitoes.

*Tuesday, March 22nd.*—Started very early to see the caves, about eight miles from Moulmein. The smaller of the two contains a large number of sacred images, while the other is of vast dimensions. A large portion of Burmah is still uninhabited. Much larger in area, it has not one-fifth of the population of France. But the increase is immensely rapid. Between 1871 and 1881 it was at the rate of 34 per cent.

At 12.45 we got up the port anchor, and at 1.30 the starboard

anchor, and proceeded down the river, taking several instantaneous photographs *en route*. We waved adieux to the skipper, pointed the yacht's head to the southward, made sail, and, as soon as it was cool enough, lowered the funnel and set the main-sail, bound for Singapore, distant 1,150 miles.

*Saturday, March 26th.*—The day proved intensely hot and steamy, with scarcely any air. Thankful we all were when, after some little delay, caused by the difficulty of obtaining sufficient draught in the furnaces, we were able at four o'clock to steam ahead and so create a breeze for ourselves. Lightning flashed and gleamed on all sides, and the air felt sulphurous and suffocat-



ELEPHANTS AT WORK.

ingly oppressive. At 7.45 p.m. we were overtaken by a heavy squall of wind, accompanied by thunder, lightning and rain, which obliged us to close all ports and skylights. Fortunately the storm did not last long, though the weather continued showery all night.

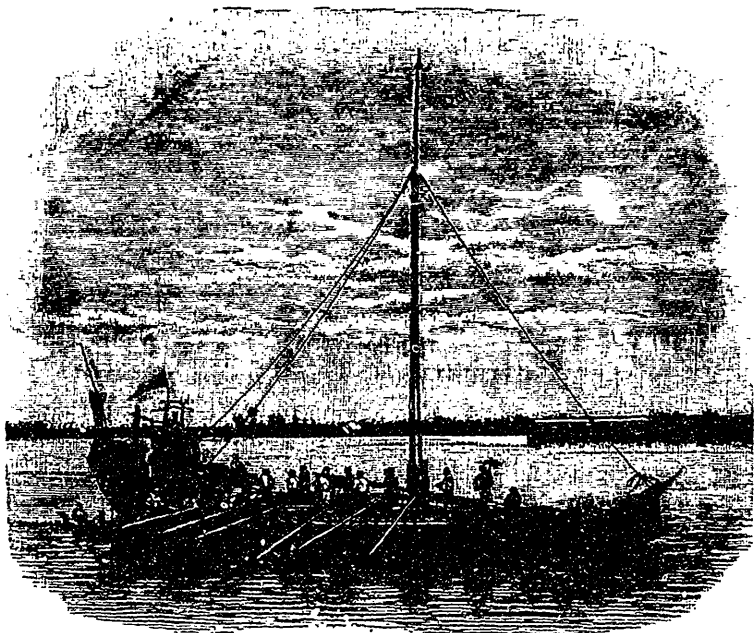
*Sunday, March 27th.*—The day broke dull, cloudy, and squally, and so continued. I felt rather unwell all day, and not being able to go down to afternoon prayers, listened to them from the deck.

*Monday, March 28th.*—To-day we were to the north of Acheen Head and Brasse Island, but too far off to see the land. Scarcely any cape in the world is sighted by so many vessels and touched at by so few as Acheen Head. Lord Reay warned us most strongly against approaching it too closely in our comparatively defenceless condition, on account of the piratical character of the inhabitants.



*Tuesday, March 29th.*—I had a good night in the cool deck-house, and woke refreshed. I have been rather overworked lately, and am consequently beginning to sleep badly and lose my appetite.

*Wednesday, March 30th.*—The morning was brilliant, and the lights and shadows over the city of Singapore made it look even prettier than when I last saw it. We had not been long at the coaling-wharf when our old friend the Sultan of Johore drove down and came on board. He was profuse in his offers of hospi-



MOULMEIN RIVER BOAT.

tality, and wanted us to stay a week or two with him and to make all sorts of interesting excursions up the river in his new steam-yacht. This, however, was impossible. We took a long drive through the prettiest part of Singapore. A steep climb up a hill and through a pretty garden brought us at last to the Sultan's town-house, which is full of lovely things, especially those brought from Japan. Such delightfully hideous monsters in bronze and gold, such splendid models, magnificent embroideries, matchless china, rare carvings, elaborate tables and cabinets, are seldom found collected together in one house. By this time we were quite ready for tea served in the veranda, with all sorts

of nice fruits and cakes. The drives down afterwards to the pier in jinrikishas proved delightful to the children.

*Thursday, March 31st.*—Hove the anchor up at 1.30 p.m. and proceeded under steam, with pilot on board, through the Straits of Johore to the Sultan's palace, where we dined and slept.

*Saturday, April 2nd.*—We were talking to-day of the St. John Ambulance Association, and as an illustration of what a useful institution it would be in these parts, Mr. Crocker spoke of the case of an unfortunate man who had broken, or rather smashed, his arm so badly as to make it evident that his only chance

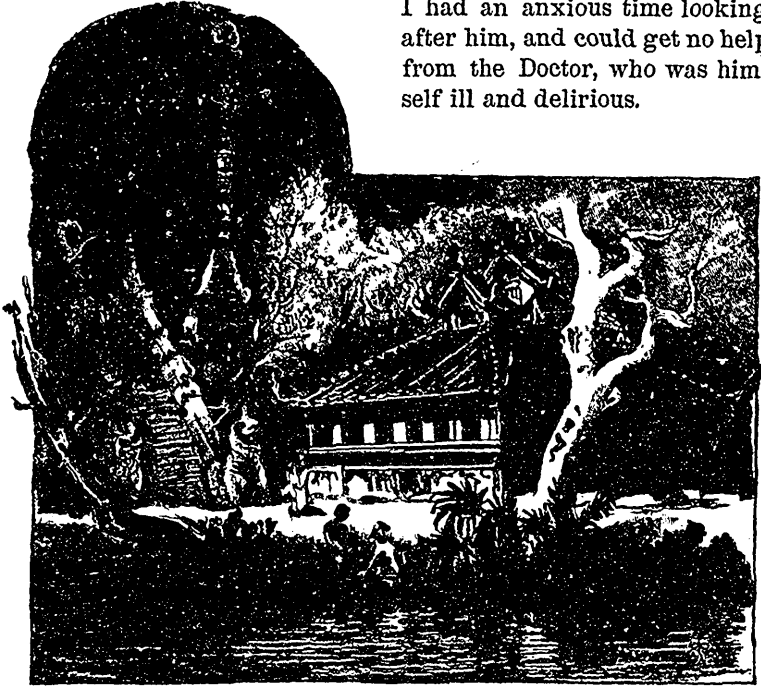


ON THE IRRAWADDY.

of life lay in removing the shattered limb. There was no doctor near, nor any one who knew anything of surgery. Somebody had, however, fortunately seen a surgical book at Government House. This was brought, and one man read aloud from it, while the other did his best to follow the instructions, and with the aid of an ordinary knife and saw, cut off the arm. The wound healed in a marvellous manner, and the man is now alive and well.

We had an "Ambulance" case on board to-night for a vein burst suddenly in the Doctor's leg. Fortunately Pratt was close at hand, and with ice and ligatures checked the hæmorrhage. Without his prompt help the consequences might have been very serious.

*Sunday, April 3rd.*—At noon we were exactly under the sun, and were therefore all as shadowless as Peter Schlemihl. Despite the heat we had the Litany at half-past eleven, and evening-service at half-past six. At 10 p.m. we anchored at the mouth of the river Kuching, on which stands the capital of Sarawak, Borneo. Tom feels the heat greatly, and has been unwell for the last day or two. To-night I had an anxious time looking after him, and could get no help from the Doctor, who was himself ill and delirious.

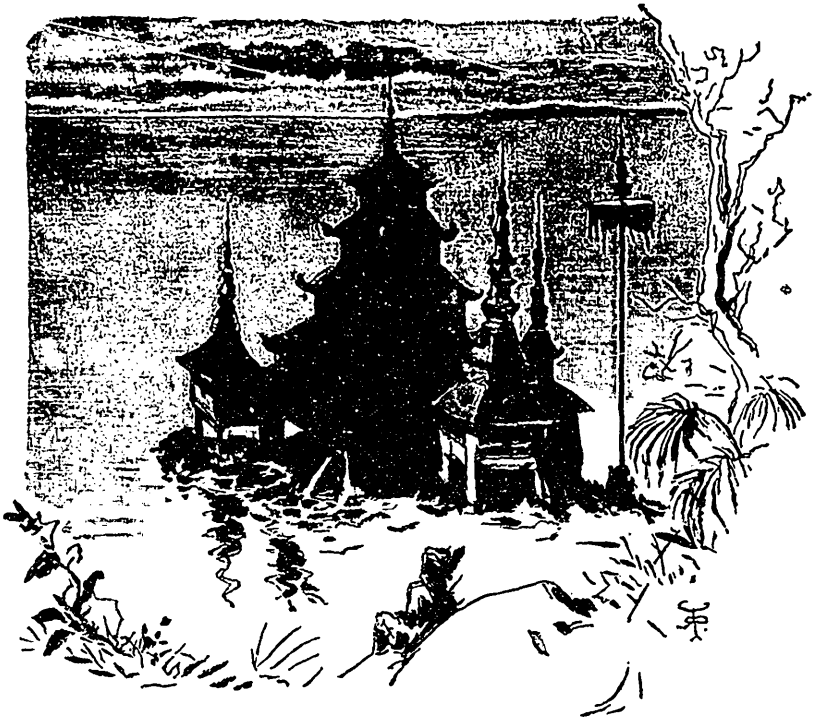


ENTRANCE TO CAVES, MOULMEIN.

*Monday, April 4th.*—The anchor was hove at 6.30 a.m., and we proceeded towards the entrance to the river, meeting several natives in fishing-boats, who told us that Rajah Brooke was away at Labuan in his steam yacht the *Aline*. We therefore hesitated about going up the river, especially without a pilot; but it seemed a pity to be so near and to miss the opportunity of seeing Kuching. So off we went up the narrow muddy stream, guided only by the curious direction-boards fixed at intervals on posts in the water, or hung from trees on the banks.

This plan of making every man his own pilot seems both sensible and useful; but the general effect of the notice-boards was not picturesque. The wording of some of the notices were

brief and practical, though such a caution as "Hug this close on the outside," painted in large letters on a board at the water's edge, had a certain quaintness about it which amused us. We ascended the river at half-tide, when the channel is pretty clearly apparent; but at high tide, the way must be difficult to find. The scenery was somewhat monotonous until we approached Kuching. The town itself seemed a busy little place, and there

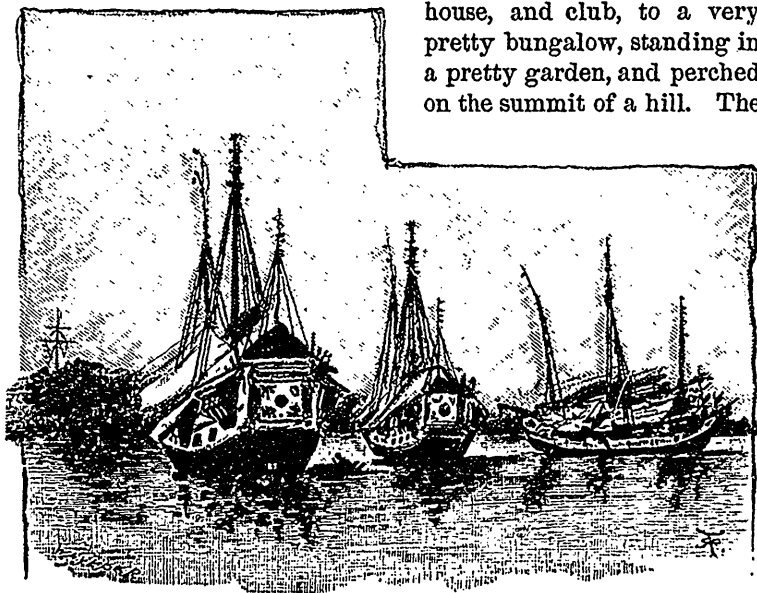


POINT AMHERST—WATER TEMPLE.

were two steamers lying alongside the wharf. Our arrival, without a pilot, caused much surprise, especially as we had not been expected until a day or two later. After reaching our destination we found great difficulty in turning round, owing to the narrowness of the river. The heat was fearful, and the sun poured down through the double awnings with an intensity which must be felt to be understood. We were rather afraid of both the fever and the mosquitoes, and as neither the Rajah nor Ranee was at Kuching, we intended to drop down the river again with the afternoon tide. We were shown one of the ingenious air-compressing tubes

which have been used by the natives for hundreds of years past to produce fire. It seemed to afford a proof of the truth of the old adage that there is nothing new under the sun. Professor Faraday alluded in one of his lectures to the possibility of producing fire by means of compressed air as a discovery of comparatively modern science; whereas the fact has long been recognized and put to practical use in these obscure regions of the earth.

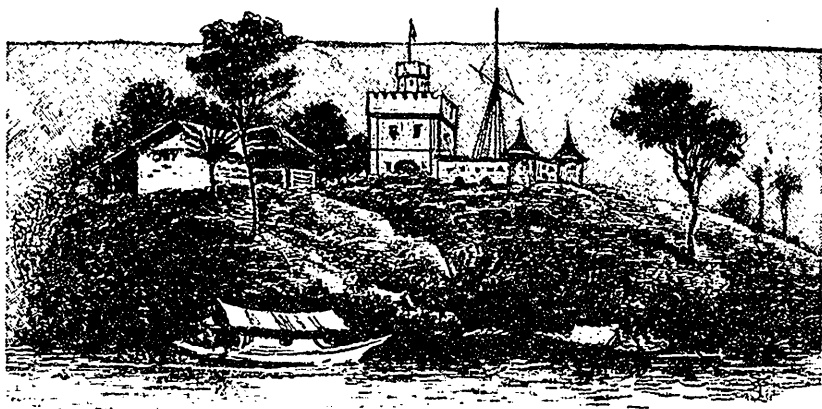
The Rajah's carriage was waiting to take us to Mr. Maxwell's house, where we were to lunch. We drove along excellent roads, passing a church, school-house, and club, to a very pretty bungalow, standing in a pretty garden, and perched on the summit of a hill. The



JUNKS, SINGAPORE.

air felt much cooler here than in the town or on the river, and gave us excellent appetites for a nice impromptu little lunch. One delicacy consisted of fresh turtle's eggs, which I am afraid we did not all appreciate, for they tasted like ordinary eggs mixed with coarse sand. They are quite round, about the size of a small orange, with soft white leather, or rather parchment-like shells, and are found in great abundance on an island near Kuching.

The walls of the dining-room were covered with shields, kreises, spears, and arms of all kinds, collected by Mr. Maxwell himself. In some of them mason bees were making or had already made



THE FORT.

their nests! No wonder Mrs. Maxwell complained bitterly of the mischief they did, and the ravages of white ants, which are even more destructive. The dampness of the climate, moreover, makes it necessary to have the contents of wardrobes and bookcases frequently taken out and shaken, turned, and examined.

Shortly after starting down the river the strong current caught our bow and carried us into the bank, causing us to collide with and considerably damage two schooners, as well as the balcony of one of the wooden houses standing on the piles in the river. The bowsprit of one of the schooners was completely interlaced with the stanchions, ropes and railings of our gangway, and it must have been a good stick not to snap off short. The tide was now much higher than when we came up, but the temperature had been considerably lowered by the thunderstorm, and was still further reduced by the rain, which continued to fall throughout the afternoon, making photography well-nigh impossible. After tea we said farewell with regret to our kind friends, and, with the "Adeh" to guide us over the treacherous shoals and mud-banks, steamed away, until we were once more fairly at sea and had lost sight of our pilot in the gathering darkness. Tom had another bad night, fancying he had caught the fever, and that we should all have it from going up the river.

*Tuesday, April 5th.*—A calm, close day, with a heavy swell running down from the China Sea, probably caused by a typhoon. Everybody most uncomfortable. Tom is still unwell; but I think it is better that he should be obliged to exert himself on deck, instead of remaining in his cabin.

## VAGABOND VIGNETTES.

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

*ON HORSEBACK THROUGH PALESTINE—FROM ZION  
TO HERMON.*

CONNECTED with the winding, undulating road, leading northwards from Samaria, I have a memory that I can never recall without a smile. I was jogging along quietly, and at some distance from the rest of the party, when, suddenly a terrible screaming behind me made me look with some trepidation in the direction from whence the sound proceeded. On a low ridge, which I had just crossed, appeared a horse and rider, the horse cantering briskly, the rider evidently in an agony of terror at the speed, clinging, John Gilpin fashion to its mane, and screaming wildly. It was our English legal friend, more at home, evidently, in the office-chair than in the saddle. His horse, left somewhat behind, had taken it into its head to regain the ranks of its companions, and our friend's nerves being at the best somewhat shaky, had given way altogether, as he found himself hurried at the animal's will along the rough road. The sight was wonderfully ludicrous as it came into view, and so photographed itself upon my memory that I have at this moment a very vivid mental picture of that awkward and alarmed equestrian.

On the crest of a ridge, in the late afternoon of the day, we halted for a few minutes to take in the wide landscape which opened before us. The ridge formed the northern frontier of the central hills of Palestine, and the border-land between Samaria and Galilee. Immediately below us lay the plains of Dothan—a hill in the neighbourhood still retaining the ancient name—where the shepherd sons of Jacob were pasturing their sheep when Joseph paid them that memorable visit, which for him and them had such an apparently untoward, but really providential, ending. Somewhere, on one of the hills around, it was where Elisha's servant saw the envioning fiery horses and chariots guarding the prophet from the beleaguering hosts of the Syrian king. Away in front the view opened out towards the plain of Esdraelon, with Little Hermon and the hills of Gilboa on its farther side. We rode down the steep pass from the summit of the ridge and camped close beside the village of Jenin, the ancient En-Gannin, a charming spot, situate where the glen opens into the plain of Esdraelon. The village women were busy draw-

ing water from the large stone reservoir in the square of the village, as we rode through it on the way to camp. The presence and plentiful supply of water were evidenced by the gardens around the village and the bright green of foliage and pasture. The ancient name, En-Gannin means, indeed, the Fountain of Gardens.

Early next morning we rode around by a slight détour to the Fountain of Jalûd, at the northern base of Gilboa. The fountain, which pours out at the foot of a stiff cliff, is probably that at which Gideon's three hundred men "lapped," in the test which separated them from their fellows for that extraordinary stratagem and victory which followed; in which the flashing of torches and crash of broken pitchers brought dismay, confusion, and destruction into the hosts of the Midianite enemy, while the wild cry, "The sword of Jehovah and of Gideon," filled the midnight air. Half an hour after leaving the fountain, we were close by Zerín, the squalid Arab village which occupies the site of the former royal city of Jezreel. There is not a vestige of its former grandeur. The city of Ahab and Jezebel has passed entirely away. Heaps of rubbish are scattered round the village, and in the neighbourhood are more than three hundred subterranean granaries for storing corn, but all above ground is dirt, desolation and decay. The site is fine, however, and the view across the valley far-stretching and lovely—an amphitheatre of hills engirdling it on every side—south the hills of Samaria, west Carmel, north-west the hills of Galilee, north the ridge of Dûby or Little Hermon, and east the mountains of Gilead.

As we stood by Zerín, with the savage yelping of the village dogs at our horses' heels, reminding one of Jezebel and her awful fate, the battle-field of the ages lay just at our feet—the Valley of Jezreel, the Plain of Esdraelon. Carpeted, in many places, with rich verdure, it spreads out, an irregular triangle, with a base of fifteen miles, and sides of twelve and eighteen miles respectively, and with its surrounding ramparts of hills giving entrance to it from every side by steep glens and rocky defiles. It was fitting theatre for war; and from the very first of its history down to the days of Napoleon, the din of battle, the clash of contending hosts has echoed and re-echoed through it. Here Barak triumphed; here, on the slopes of Mount Gilboa, Saul and Jonathan fell. Here the Crusaders fought the Saracenic profaners of the Cross and Sepulchre; and here Napoleon routed the Turkish forces in the last year of the last century. What a history of conflict, what a succession of contestants—Canaanite, Midianite, Amalekite, Israelite, Frank, Bedawin and Turk!



. Directly across the plain from Zerim we turned our horses' heads to where, on the slope of Little Hermon, lay the village of Sulem. It is a bright, fresh-looking place, in strong contrast to most villages of its size in Palestine; and its enclosing hedges of prickly pear and pleasant grove of orange and lemon trees make it a welcome spot for rest and refreshment. Under the cool shade of the orange trees and with the scent of the fresh blossoms filling the air about us, we rested for lunch. Sulem is the Shunem of Scripture, the site of the encampment of the Philistines when they waged war with Saul, and the abode of the



MOUNT TABOR.

Shunamite woman, whose child, dead of sunstroke, was miraculously restored to her by the intercession and effort of the prophet Elisha.

In less than an hour from Sulem we came to another village on the hill-side, one of the most squalid, cheerless places conceivable. Dry, dusty and deserted-looking, it has nothing but its fine site and the splendid view it gives across the plain to the hills of Galilee, to recommend it to the eye; but it bears a name that links it for all time, with our tenderest thoughts of the sympathy and help of Christ. It is Nain, the scene of the raising to life of that dead man, "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow," whose funeral cortege our Lord met, just outside the gates as He

entered the town with His disciples. "And when the Lord saw her, He had compassion on her and said unto her, Weep not! And He came and touched the bier; and, they that bare him stood still. And He said, Young man, I say unto thee, arise. And he that was dead sat up and began to speak. And He delivered him to his mother." As Dr. Macleod finely says, "What has Babylon or Nineveh been to the world in comparison with Nain? And this is the wonder constantly suggested by the insignificant villages of Palestine, that their names have become parts, as it were, of the deepest experiences of the noblest persons of every land and of every age."

From Nain some of the best riders of our party rode off to Endor and its traditional Witch's Cave, but the most of us preferred to keep straight on to Nazareth. As we rode across the plain, Mount Tabor was on our immediate right, and its splendidly symmetrical slopes were in full view. It is some thirteen hundred and fifty feet above the level of the plain, and over two thousand above sea-level. Its Old Testament associations are connected with the romantic and warlike history of Deborah and Barak. It was here that the prophetess commanded the general to gather his army, and here that he went down to his victorious conflict. "And Barak went down from Mount Tabor and ten thousand men after him. And the Lord discomfited Sisera and all his host with the edge of the sword before Barak." In the New Testament it is not mentioned by name, though a tradition authorized by Origen and Jerome, and believed for many centuries, affirms it to be the site of the Transfiguration. Modern scholarship, however, with its acute literary criticism, disproves successfully the ancient tradition, and shows that the Transfiguration must have taken place many miles from Tabor, on one of the lower slopes of Hermon.

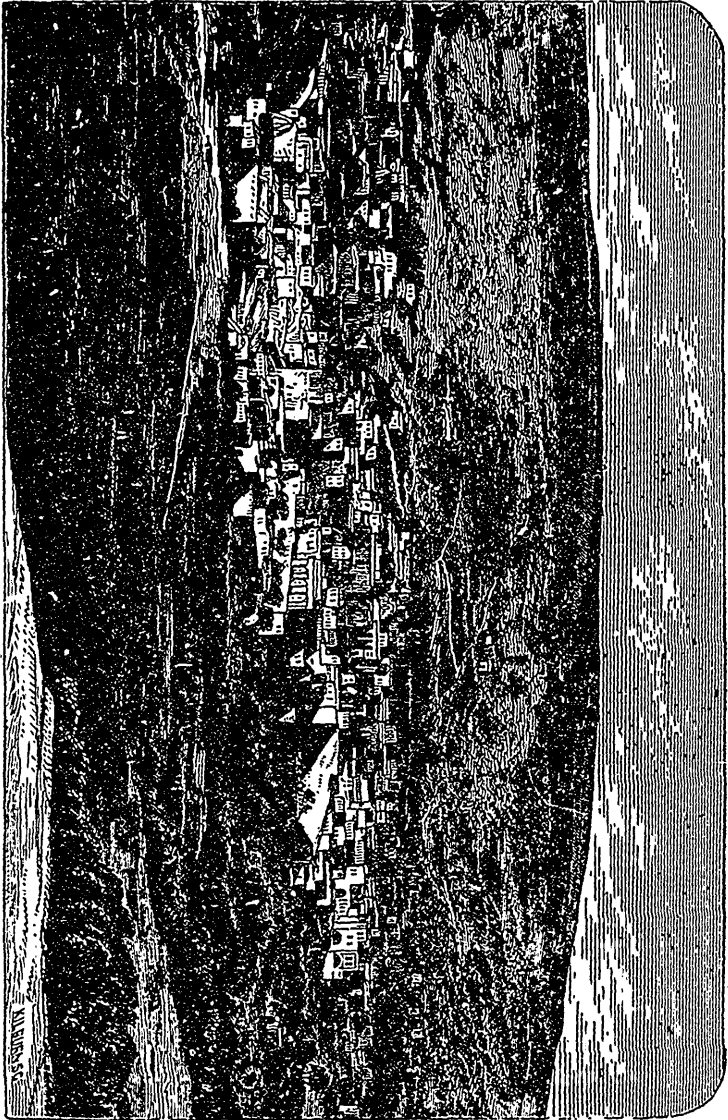
There is a broad plateau on the summit of the famous hill, and heaps of ruins, some very ancient, others probably of crusading times. Some of the old vaults are utilized as chapels by the Greek and Latin Churches.

After crossing the Plain of Esdraelon the road wound, with a sharp ascent, through the glens of the hills of Galilee, and about the middle of the afternoon we reached our camp, pitched on a broad smooth meadow, around which on two sides arose gently sloping hills, with the houses of a town built one above the other upon their sides. We were at Nazareth, the scene of the boyhood and earlier manhood of Jesus, where He lived with His mother and Joseph for nearly thirty years.

The modern town lies, as doubtless the ancient one also did, in

the cup-like hollow formed by the hills which environ it on the west and north, and which rise in sheltering height above its terraced houses. It is one of the cleanest, brightest, thriftiest-looking

NAZARETH.



places I saw in the East, and the people are said to be of a better class than anywhere else in Palestine. The women are proverbial for their beauty, and for a peculiarly handsome and ornamental

style of dress. The town contains some five or six thousand inhabitants, of whom over one half belong to the orthodox Greek Church, other denominations—the Latins, the United Greeks, Maronites, Protestants, etc.—making up four-fifths of the population, the rest being Moslems. There is not a Jew living in Nazareth. They will not live, it is said, in the town of the hated Nazarene.

Nazareth is most picturesque in appearance and situation, and its stone-built dwellings and the religious edifices owned by the more important denominations give a most substantial and even imposing look.

Our camp was pitched in the green hollow at the edge of the town, and from our tents we had one of the finest views of it, as it lies against its background of sweeping and sheltering hills. Close at hand were the buildings of the Latin Convent of the Annunciation, and somewhat farther to the left the English Church, while high up the slope of the hill above the town were fine buildings of the Girls' Orphanage established by the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East, a most interesting, well-ordered and flourishing institution, where cultured English ladies, imbued with the spirit of their Divine Master, give their hearts and lives to the instruction and elevation of the neglected and down-trodden children of the soil.

As I lay stretched at full length in my tent, wearied with the day's riding and waiting for dinner, my friend M——, who had been off exploring, as was his wont, came running in, crying "Bond, come out with me, and see the tenth chapter of John." I accordingly followed him a few hundred yards to a group of houses at the base of a hill. Unceremoniously climbing to the flat roof of one of these, we could see, immediately in its rear, a sort of wide open cave, used as a fold, in which were lying quietly a number of the long-haired Syrian goats. Below us in a narrow passageway was the entrance, a rough wooden door. It was indeed, literally as my friend had said, the tenth chapter of John. Here before us was the fold, entered only by the narrow "door" between the houses which barred its opening, and possible means of entrance to "thief or robber" only by "climbing up some other way" over the house-tops. How vividly it brought up—that rocky cave—the sheep-fold of the Good Shepherd, that rude wooden portal His significant words, "I am the door of the sheep," and the whole scene, the wonderful message of mercy which John has recorded. In the unchanging life of Palestine, it may well have been that this cave was a sheep-fold in our Lord's time; and, familiar from His boyhood, called up the illustration He so beautifully used.

Before we left Nazareth we photographed the place, M—— the fold, and I the door; and our pictures remain to us as souvenirs of a most striking and interesting reminder of Christ's life and teaching, connected with the place in which He dwelt so long.

During our stay at Nazareth, we were fortunate enough to see another sight also vividly recalling His words. Looking through an open doorway, one of our party found two women grinding at the mill, and calling others of us who were near, we entered the room and watched the women at their work, to their great amusement evidently. Seated as in the picture, the one was industriously turning the upper stone around on the lower, while the



GRINDING AT THE MILL.

other heaped the corn into a hollow in the upper, from which it ran down between the stones, and was slowly ground into coarse meal.

We spent the Sunday, encamped at Nazareth, a day of rest very welcome in any case after the riding of the past few days, but doubly welcome as coming amid such associations. When I awoke in the morning, I found that my comrade had already been up and out in the bright clear morning air, and I was not long in following him. It was a never-to-be-forgotten Sabbath. Early after breakfast we had a united sacramental service in our dining tent, attended by representatives of at least five different denominations and it was deeply interesting amid such scenes, to

unite, from countries so widely severed, and from Churches of so many varying names and polities, in breaking the bread and drinking the wine in honour of Him whom we recognized and loved as our common Lord and Saviour.

Afterwards many of us visited the Latin Chapel of the Annunciation. It was Palm Sunday, and the building was attended by many worshippers clad in the bright, quaint costumes of the country, and eagerly pressing towards the priests, who were distributing green branches in honour of the day. Thence, after a few minutes stay, we went to the English Church, a pleasant and neat building, where we had as fellow-worshippers the bright-faced children of the Orphanage, and heard a singularly unimpressive and common-place sermon.

But the afternoon's experiences were, in some ways, more memorable than any other. Climbing up above the houses we reached the top of the highest hill among those which encircle the town. On the summit was a *wely*, a shrine erected to some local saint, and sitting on its flat roof or by its base, we could see the prominent points of nearly the whole of Palestine. The Mediterranean was plainly to be seen, with the great headland of Carmel pushing out into the blue waters, and all around the usual tumbling sea of hill-tops—the mountains round about Jerusalem far to south; Samaria's hills yet nearer; Gilead and the steep line of the trans-Jordanic chain to the east; and north the great white peak of Hermon and the nearer billows of the hills of Galilee. As we sat there drinking in the pure atmosphere and filling our eyes with the wide and wonderful landscape, it was most of all, interesting to think that Jesus must often and often, in His boyhood and manhood, have trodden this hill-top and taken in this view. Many a time, doubtless, He came up here alone, away from the common-place monotony of the life of the village, to breathe the clear, thrilling air, to feast His eyes upon the wide landscape with its storied hills far stretched on every side, to meditate upon the ancient history of His people and ponder over His own great mission, but, most of all, in the sweet solitude, to pour out His heart in prayer to His Father, and hold communion face to face with God. Nineteen hundred years have changed many things, but they have left unchanged all the prominent features of that landscape. It might have been yesterday that Jesus trod the turf slopes and prayed and thought on this Galilean hill.

My friend M—— and I strolled away together after leaving the hill-top, and making a détour to the north of the town found ourselves, in a little while, at the Greek Church of the Annunciation, a plain, quaint old building, filled with some of the wildest looking and most extraordinarily dressed Christian worshippers

I ever saw. A little way from the church is the village well, the Virgin's Well as it is called. It is the only spring near Nazareth, and therefore the sole source, except from rain-cisterns of its



WOMEN AT THE WELL IN PALESTINE.

water-supply, as it must have been from time immemorial. Here, doubtless, we have a site closely connected with the boyhood of Jesus, and with the household life of His mother. Many and many a time must He have played around the well-side

as His mother came hither at early morning and at sunset to fetch water for the requirements of her humble home, and waited for her turn among the throng of women similarly engaged. As M—— and I stood there in the quiet Sabbath evening, troops of women and girls were constantly coming and going, and the air around the pointed archway which covers the smooth stone over which the water runs, was vocal with their shrill chatter and gossip, as they filled their water pots in turn, or loitered in friendly groups for a few minutes beside it. It was curious to notice that as they came along the road to the well with their empty pitchers, these were always carried on the head, lying on their side; while with the full pitchers, poised at an angle on the top of their heads, and with hands on hips, they walked away as unconcernedly and carelessly as though utterly unencumbered. It was really wonderful the careless grace and ease with which those heavy jars of black earthenware, holding, I should judge, three or four gallons of water, were carried on the women's heads, unsteadied by the hand, and apparently almost forgotten, as the straight supple figures moved homewards singly or in vivacious twos or threes.

Of course, we saw the traditional sites of Nazareth, the scene of the Annunciation, under the Latin Church, the workshop of Joseph, the Table of Christ; but these worse than apocryphal places had little of interest as connected with the history and life of our Lord, in comparison with, or rather in contrast to, the lonely hill-top and the Virgin's Well.

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#### DEATH AND PRAYER—A SONNET.

BY MATHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.

THE name that was so welcome to my lips,  
 Shall it be banished from them in my prayer?  
 Can I ask naught for her? Has she no share  
 When faith sends forth her venture of small ships?  
 Since death so soon of her sweet presence strips  
 My home, the home that presence made so fair,  
 And leaves it, save for memory, cold and bare;  
 Spare me the name into my prayer that slips!

I pray for those I love—her I love most,  
 Is there no good that I may seek for her?  
 Nothing to be regained which life had lost?  
 Nothing that still may pass the sepulchre?  
 Is life so full upon that blissful coast  
 That love's petition can no boon confer?

BENTON, N.B.



## CHRIST'S TREATMENT OF HONEST DOUBT.\*

BY THE REV. JOHN BOND.

THROW back the massive gates. We enter Machærus. The passages grow damp and dark. But lower we go—we seek the inner dungeon—the condemned cell of Herod's prison. At length, groping in the flickering lamp-light, into it we step. Yonder is the prisoner—pale, worn, only the shadow of the robust man he was a few days ago. We stand in the presence of him than whom, save One, no nobler was ever born of woman—the prophet of the desert, John the Baptist. Look upon him. Out of the prison darkness he sees, in mental vision, away in Galilee and Judea, the Stranger of whom he once had confidently spoken as the victorious Messiah. But now physical weakness and mental depression have struck the strong man's faith, and it trembles. A cloud comes over him. It is not as some have thought, that he simulates doubt in order that he may confirm the faith of his disciples. Of simulation this son of the desert knows nothing. Unworthy of both his simplicity and his sagacity would it be. To confirm their faith, would he not rather first have protested his own, and then sent his disciples to Jesus for further and final evidence? But the first plain suggestion of the text is, that he felt his own faith trembling. Further, the Baptist's disciples make no suggestion of any such occult object as their own faith. Why should we doubt the temporary feebleness of his faith? Have not the greatest servants of God had similar experiences? Was there not doubt born in the hour of darkness in the case of John's great prototype, Elijah? See the hero that had bearded Ahab; that had mastered the combined priesthood on Carmel; that had awoken the whole nation to a stupendous religious revolution in which they had slain the priests of Baal—see him as he sits sighing under the juniper-tree, and cries to God: "It is enough; now, O Lord, take away my life."

Besides, it must be remembered, John was a son of the old covenant. From his prophetic Pisgah he had beheld the promised

\* "Now when John had heard in the prison the works of Christ, he sent two of his disciples, and said unto Him, Art thou He that should come, or do we look for another? Jesus answered and said unto them, Go and show John again those things which ye do hear and see: The blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the Gospel preached to them. And blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in Me."—MATT. xi. 2-6.

land of New Testament grace, but he had not entered it. Mightiest of the sons of the old kingdom, yet, said Jesus, "the least in the kingdom of God" was in knowledge and privilege "greater than he." John was in weakness. He languished in Herod's terrible prison. Instead of being crowded upon by the whole population, he is in solitude and silence. His mighty voice gave no outlet for his burning heart, and it grew chill. Darkness, captivity, solitary hours, heavy fetters, these weighed down his body, and the sympathetic soul was touched. The fickleness of the people depressed him: one day enthusiastic for religion, and the next indifferent, if not hostile. The kingdom of God, too, which, at one moment, had seemed about to bound into triumph, now, to his impetuous spirit, seemed to lag. Hope deferred made his heart sick; and he was in trouble and in doubt.

But he was a conscientious doubter. He was determined to do right, or he would not have been in that prison. One word of absolution for Herod's crime would have set him free, but that word he would never speak.

In the year of grace 1890, doubt is in the air around us everywhere. Did not Jesus ask: "When the Son of Man cometh shall He find faith on the earth?" In some this doubt is but the child of frivolous amusement. In others, it is an acrobatic vanity, dancing on the tight-rope of speculation to win applause. In others, it is a demon caressed and welcomed for the sake of licentiousness. But John was in Machærus, a sincere, earnest, upright doubter—an anxious inquirer; and our text tells us how Jesus dealt with him, leaving an example for those who in these days have to deal with honest doubt. John's disciples come and say to Jesus, on behalf of their master: "Art Thou He that should come, or do we look for another?" "Go and show John," replies Jesus, "those things which ye do hear and see: The blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the Gospel preached to them."

I. Jesus pointed John's messenger to His own miraculous works as the first element in His answer. Against miracles as Christian evidence, a great cry is raised. Two points have to be settled: first, Where they wrought? and, second, What, in that case, is their value? That the messenger of John, and John himself, were desired to believe in Christ's authority, at least in part, on this ground, is indubitable; and so still, common-sense will believe that if the miracles occurred—if the lame were made to walk, and the lepers were cleansed, and the dead were raised up—then was Jesus the Messenger of heaven. Men may doubt whether the

miracles were wrought, but admitting that they were, they will admit Christ's authority. On this belief Christianity was at first propagated and accepted. Men then so believed, and so they still will believe.

But were these miracles wrought? To say that miracles are incredible or impossible is to beg the whole question. It is admitted that men have often been deceived with sham miracles; but pretended miracles suggest real ones, just as counterfeit sovereigns suggests real coin. Moreover, the fact that men have been ready to accept miracles, suggests that there are miracles for acceptance, just as the capacity of the eye for light suggests the existence of light. If there were no real miracles, it would appear that God made us so that as a race we might incorporate in our nature not truth, but falsehood; that our life might be constituted on a lie. Miracles, as to their working, must be unintelligible, or they would not be miracles; but who can explain how, with certain movements of my muscles, the air expelled from my mouth makes another understand the thoughts now working in my mind? You will accept, on testimony, the statement that an oculist has made a man that was blind to see. Why should we not accept, on adequate testimony, the other fact, that Jesus made the blind to see? The testimony that would establish the fact in the one case, ought to establish the fact in the other.

Science has cleared away a mass of rubbish, but she has stopped at the New Testament miracles, and has said I cannot clear these away. I can deny the truth of the alleged facts; but, admitting them, I cannot explain them. I cannot tell how, by a word, a blind man was made to see, or a dead man to live. Science has blown away mythical clouds; but she cannot blow away the mountain-miracles of the New Testament. The smallest of men can bring in a power that can modify or obstruct the laws of nature—that, for instance, can resist gravitation and arrest the falling book; and God surely has not left us freedom which He has denied to Himself. He has not enslaved Himself and enthroned us. Admit one miracle, and you can find no ground for denying others. Did God create anything—this world, or any other world, or any germ matter out of which worlds have come? If so, then once He did that which was of the nature of miracle, why not again? Science is clever; but has she ever made the dead to live? There have been instances of restoration of suspended animation; there has been galvanized spasmodic muscular action; there has been temporary inflation of the lungs; there may have been given a grim, nervous smile; but in no case

would science say she had restored the dead to life. Christ did that, and He says: "If ye believe not Me, believe My works."

II. But these miracles were not only works of Divine power, but also of moral beauty and significance. The blind see, the deaf hear, the lepers are cleansed. Have we not in these deeds pictures and illustrations of Divine beneficence? Embodied in this noble casket of Divine power, we see flashing the precious jewel of Divine love. When the hand of Omnipotence is here opened, it opens out to men the gifts of joy and life. The miracles were not useless prodigies, such as Satan would have had performed when he said to Jesus: Cast Thyself down from the pinnacle, and Thou shalt arise unhurt: a prodigy, no doubt, exciting the wonder of the multitude, but one in which no moral quality was to be displayed. Still less were they destructive prodigies, wasting as the fire that swept at the prophet's bidding over the three captains and their fifties when they attempted the capture of Elijah. Such fire would have told of law and sin, rather than of love. In these miracles of our Master, the finger of Omnipotence touched the earth to give songs to the dumb, and sight to the blind, and health to the leper. Miracles that blossomed thus could never be the deeds of Satan, or Satan's servants. What! harvests of happy eyes, dancing hearts, grateful smiles, universal blessing—were these reaped of hell-sown seed? No, Nazarene, Thou art the Son of God! We have looked on Thy wonders, and they have astonished and confounded us, and we have felt that we trod on the skirts of a Power mightier than nature. Then we have asked: What power is this in the cloud of mystery? and awe-stricken have we waited for the answer. The cloud opens, and now we see all heaven in its bosom, and stooping to earth in blessing. We follow the Son of Man; Thy path is not amongst Samson-warriors exulting in their physical might; it is not amongst Nimrods of the forest and desert sporting in their fearless animal strength; it is not amongst those whose muscular frame and superb health enthrone them as princes above their fellows; but downward Thou goest to the sad and the suffering. We find Thee where are the sick, and the blind, and the lame, and the deaf, and the dumb and the lepers; and Thou art their triumphant Physician. See, Thy name is Love, Omnipotent Love. Thou art the brightness of the Father's glory, and "the express image of His person."

III. Another sphere, and the highest, have we yet to enter. We have seen the material touched by the finger of God, and touched into blessedness; but deeper lies human need in moral woe, and we go to that. Hitherto have we entered but the porch of the

temple of Christ; we now tread its holy of holies. "To the poor the Gospel is preached." Man's material woes are but the outward and visible signs of deeper moral woes. They are but the scars, blotches and eruptions which tell of disease, deep and deadly, within. Can the finger of power which has removed the eruption, touch the disease and extirpate it? It can. Stand by, honest doubter, and see this, the greatest of the sights. Our appeal is not to the intellect, but to the moral nature of the doubter. "The Gospel is preached." What is involved in this?

1. *Recognition of man as a sinner.*—Tumult—confused voices—crowd of men and women—rabble of the streets, some; others, men of reputation and sanctity. See those venerable men, draped with venerated robes, at the head of the mob, with looks of holy horror on their faces and imprecations on their lips—what is that in the midst of them? A woman—a woman pale, haggard, fainting, stricken down—with defiled garments, dragged fiercely along. Here they come. "Master, we found this woman, found her an adulteress;" and they cast her at His feet and stand off, loathing. Down bends the Master, writing on the ground, "as though He heard them not." His apparent continued inattention awoke their appeal to persistent repetition; and, at length, lifting Himself up, He looked at them with scrutinizing eyes, and said: "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her;" and then resumed his writing in the dust. Away, one by one, slunk the crowd, each by his departure confessing himself a sinner; and when, at length, Jesus again arose, all were gone. This confession might be elicited anywhere and any day. No man ever lived whose conscience would allow him, in sober truth, to deny his sinfulness. If any in the company of his fellow-creatures should have the hardihood to assert himself absolutely free from sin in all his past life, he would be met with their derisive incredulity. Philosophize as men may about sin as an accident; as a contingent of progress; as a half-developed form of the good and true; plead inbred tendencies as they may, no human court of justice will exonerate them if they do wrong. Common-sense rejects their inventions, and declares that, if human beings are not sinners, and are not so because not capable of sin, they are simply deficient in the qualities that constitute men and women; that they are not above, but below men and women; that they are idiots or insane. The fundamental fact of sin is recognized by the Gospel. There is no room for honest doubt here.

2. *Revelation of God as a Saviour.*—This fits in to man's moral need; and is just what might be expected from a perfect and

beneficent Ruler, man's moral nature being judge. Christ is "God manifest in the flesh," not dethroning righteousness, but revealing love; love which, not forgetting the outward ills of man, presses beyond them to his most radical ailments to heal them; love which applies itself to the moral leprosy which consumes the soul, and to the paralysis of will which renders men incapable of good. Now our moral nature teaches us to expect this Gospel. I see here on earth a being created with capacities for knowing God, and loving God, and enjoying God; gifted with instincts and aspirations irrepressible and infinite; yet this being is lost, enslaved, sunken in hopeless woe; born to this, inheriting it by no fault of his own. I see a world full of such beings, helpless unless God interpose. And there, in those serene, majestic heights I see a God mighty and good; is He not bound by His own character to intervene to help them? Do you tell me that He is pledged by His dignity and by natural law to leave these wretched ones to their cruel fate? My conscience tells me, as sure as God is God, He must interpose. Does natural law obstruct? Then He must intervene supernaturally. His eternal, essential moral immutability cannot be bound by any supposed physical immutability, registered in time, and but of yesterday. God must be Himself, if even it involve the subversion of the works of His hands. Rather can I believe that they shall change, than shall He. They are but His instruments, and they may not control Him, but He shall control them.

God cannot refuse aid to such a world as ours. Conscience necessitates the Gospel to such a God of love as ours. I am puzzled without the Gospel; my moral nature drives me into doubt without the Gospel; but when I have it, I sit down and sing. Like Simeon, I stand wondering and waiting in the temple, but when I grasp the Child, I say: "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace."

In this intervention there is necessarily involved atonement. The world's ruin is a terrific tragedy, and its redemption must be more than a poem and a sigh. Sin and no suffering! All human conscience has connected absolution from sin with suffering for sin. Erroneously have men sought to propitiate God's personal vengeance, rather than His judicial anger. Conscience demands judicial rectitude, and the enthronement and maintenance of law, and against that the intervention of love would be itself a crime. But take me to the cross: show me the Son of God, Himself guiltless, of His own free will bending beneath the sin of a guilty world, bearing our griefs and carrying our sorrows in the presence of judicial rectitude and infinite love, and my moral nature stands so far satisfied and strengthened.

But if we leave our Redeemer on the Cross and in the tomb, are we fully satisfied? So magnificent a deed done, and so terrible a ruin retrieved, and no triumph for the Redeemer? Such love and such victory, and yet the Saviour expiring and buried amidst the howls of those whom He has redeemed! No, the work is not fully completed without His resurrection. His resurrection and glorification we demand, and this the Gospel shows: "Now is Christ risen from the dead." "When He ascended up on high, He led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men."

IV. This Gospel, said Jesus, is preached to the poor! For all men it is intended. If there is one class more difficult of salvation than another, they are not the poor, but the rich. "Easier," said our Master, is it "for a camel to go through a needle's eye, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God." Wealth, with its depraving luxury and pride, instead of a help is a tremendous hindrance. It is with a sigh that Jesus exclaims: "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God."

Nevertheless, to the conceptions of the leading men of John's time, the climax of Divine benevolence is presented in the statement: "To the poor the Gospel is preached." Our ideas as to the poor are Christian ideas; their ideas were semi-heathen. That the kingdom of heaven, if opened to any, should be opened to those possessed of a golden key, was in harmony with the prejudices of the period. The poor were the profane: for them the place was the outer court. Nobles, statesmen, priests, scribes, rabbis, kings, these were the favourites of God. Witness their worldly position. Startled, then, would men be when Jesus announced "to the poor is the Gospel preached." Such condescending benevolence was far from human: it was Divine. Not excluding those above, the love of God reaches down to men as men, to the lowliest members of our family. It begins its work at the bottom. As material miracles were not wrought amongst the healthy, but amongst the sick; so the moral miracles of the Gospel were to be scattered first and most widely amongst those in greatest social need. Is there not that, in this striking contrast between the habits of men and the intervention of God, that strongly appeals to our moral nature in favour of Christ? Absolutely disinterested love is sometimes seen amongst men, and it is not contrary to nature; but here you have a stream which reverses the order of nature—a rain-shower which touches the earth first, not upon its high places, but upon its lowest; a sunshine which gilds first not the hill-tops of the world, but its obscurest ditches and lowest pits. Here you have the intervention, not of man, but of God.

Skeptics, as we have seen, are of many classes. In some, skepticism seems invincible. Not even if one were "raised from the dead," Jesus has said, would they believe; no amount of evidence would win them. The honest doubter, our Master has taught us by His example how to deal with. Imitate Him. We appeal to the moral judgment in such a case. Show him the loving spirit of Christ's religion, and the moral miracles wrought by it. Show him the Gospel distributing its priceless blessings among the lowliest. Show him the moral elements of the Gospel, and their adaptation to man's moral want. O thou earnest, heart-broken doubter, see the signs that Jesus sent to John in prison? A little longer distance separates them from thee than from John, but if the testimony was true to John, it is true to thee. Jesus thought these evidences sufficient for conviction and comfort, and sent no other—take them, then. Examine them; meditate on them; pray over them. Hear Jesus say: "Blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in Me"—shall not be scandalized by Me and My works. Turn not from them. Fall not over them. Intellect may fail to win thee, but the might and love and grace of Jesus shall attract thee to Him who said: "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me."—*Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.*

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"THE ANGELUS."

(After Jean-François Millet.)

BY GRAHAM R. TOMSON.

THE faint bells chime athwart the low lit leas,  
 And all the air is mellow with their sound;  
 With bowed, bared heads, upon the tillage-ground,  
 Still as the sculptured marbles of old Greece,  
 Two toilers stand, in reverent surcease,  
 With burdens laid aside, with bonds unbound,  
 Their humble brows, their heavy labors crowned  
 At eventide with sunset-gold and peace.

Shall not Death's music sweetly call to us?  
 All we who till our bare, unfruitful land,  
 Our fields bestrewn with stones and sterile sand  
 For scanty harvests, poor and piteous;  
 Shall we not joyfully arise and stand  
 To hear the sound of our last Angelus?

LONDON, ENGLAND.



## "EAST END STORIES."\*

BY A CITY MISSIONARY.

FAIRY ARMSTRONG.

## I.

It was in connection with one of the annual treats of my district Ragged School that I first saw and came to feel an interest in the child who lives sadly but lovingly in my memory as "Fairy" Armstrong. She was, indeed, "a winsome wee thing;" sweet-faced, gentle-voiced, blue-eyed, golden-haired little creature, whom to see was for most people to love. A child whose loveliness, gentleness, and helplessness it might have been thought would have disarmed even that cupidity which seeks to make gain by children regardless of the physical suffering or moral injury that may be inflicted upon them—a dastardly, fiendish cupidity by which Fairy Armstrong suffered sorely. Poor Fairy! Thy fate was, indeed, a hard one; and yet not so utterly hard as that of many another child whose martyrdom has passed unnoticed. Thou didst at least know something of human sympathy and pity in the worst of thy evil days, and had known *some* happy days ere the evil one fell upon thee; while thousands of others have known nothing but suffering from their birth upwards, and have alike lived and died unpitied and unknown. My heart is full as I think of thy fate, and as I recall the story of thy life to tell it here,—

"My eyes are dim with childish tears,  
My heart is idly stirred,  
For the same sounds are in my ears,  
Which in those days I heard."

It was upon one of the occasions when it fell to me to give out the treat tickets to the Sunday-school scholars that I first noticed Fairy Armstrong. I say *noticed*, for as at that time she had been five weeks at the school, I had, of course, seen the little creature before, but it was only now that she attracted any special interest. There was always a considerable influx of scholars as the time for the treat approached. That the rush to the schools at this season was dictated by the wisdom of the serpent the managers did not need to be told, and they met it with some of the same wisdom. They had no hard-and-fast line, no fixed degree of regularity or given number of weeks' attendances that gave a *right* to the treat. Well-behaved children attending regularly

\* Abridged from *The Great Army of London Poor*. By the RIVERSIDE VISITOR. London: C. Kelley, 2 Castle Street, City Road, E. C. Toronto: William Briggs.

all the year round felt morally certain of being bidden to the feast, but all others were designedly left in what was considered to be a wholesome state of doubt until the treat tickets were given out about a week before the day. The faces of the children upon the occasions of these distributions were a study, and it was while observing them upon the particular occasion to which I refer, that I was struck with that of Fairy Armstrong. On many a young face beside hers there were signs of a struggle between hope and doubt, but on no other face was it so plainly or painfully visible as upon hers; no other face struck me as so expressive. While yet some half-dozen children from her, as, list and tickets in hand, I passed along the row in which she stood, I caught her bright blue eyes fixed intently upon me, and saw that she was flushed and panting with excitement. As I came nearer to her, her excitement increased until, by the time I reached her side, her cheeks were all aflame. Her name was not on the list, and the instant I had passed her, her face grew suddenly pale, her head drooped, and though she bit her lips and struggled to "be hard," two great tears welled in her eyes. But, as I was pleased to notice, she did not mutter or grumble, or assume an injured or defiant air, as was the wont of the disappointed. Favouritism in dealing with children, is, I know, a bad thing; but I am afraid that some little degree of it is natural. I knew that I was "favouring" Fairy Armstrong, and that it appeared wrong to do so, but I felt that I *must* do it.

When I had finished I went back to the governess, and, indicating Fairy Armstrong by a motion of the head, asked—

"Who is that little girl?"

"Her name is Annie Armstrong," answered the governess, "though I generally hear the other children calling her 'Fairy.'"

"Well, she is a fairy-like little creature," I said, glancing towards her as I spoke.

"Yes, she certainly is a pretty child," agreed the governess, with a smile; "still I should hardly think the name had been bestowed upon her on that ground alone. Here, Smith," she went on, beckoning to one of the scholars. "Why do you other children call Armstrong 'Fairy'?"

"Which I don't call her it more'n others," answered the girl, who evidently had an idea that she had been called up to be reprimanded.

"I don't suppose you do," said the governess; "but why do you call her so at all?"

"Well, 'cos she's one on 'em, I s'pose," was the unintelligible reply.

"I don't know what you mean. One what?" urged the governess.

"One fairy, or whatever you calls 'em, in the pantermine, you know, all in white, as if they wos in the air like. My brother Bill took me last year, and I seed her myself."

"Oh, and that is why you call her Fairy."

"Yes, and some calls her 'Paper Wings,' and some 'Spangles.' She gets called all sorts of names, but not spiteful uns, like some is called; none on us means no harm to her; we like her, and she don't mind."

"Poor little thing!" I said, referring to Fairy, when the other girl had gone back to her class, "she seems sadly cut up at not getting a ticket; I can't help feeling sorry for her, and if it was a matter of payment I would willingly pay for her."

I was feeling my way, but the governess making no response, I was constrained to speak plainly.

"Come," I said, "let me intercede for her; if it is not altogether against law and precedent, you might give her a ticket."

"I have to be very careful in such matters," she answered; "still the point is discretionary, and as she has been a very good little girl while she has been here, I'll see what I can do. Armstrong, come here," and when Fairy was near she asked, "How long have you come to Sunday-school?"

"This makes the sixth Sunday, please," she answered.

"And you came on purpose to get a ticket for the treat! At any rate, that was most what you thought about, wasn't it, now?" she went on, softening her question a little on seeing that the child remained silent.

This time she paused firmly for a reply, and at length Fairy stammered out—

"Yes, governess."

"And now that you haven't got a ticket you won't come to school any more, eh?"

"Yes, I will, governess," she answered; "I like school." And now she spoke steadily enough, and raising her head, looked the governess in the face. "I will, indeed," she added earnestly, after a moment's pause, seeing that the other remained silent.

"I believe you will," said the governess, laying her hand kindly upon the child's head; "you are a good girl, Annie. Always tell the truth as you have done to-day. I would have known that it was the thought of getting a ticket that had brought you here, even if you had said it was not. If you had denied it I would have thought you a story-telling girl; now I know you are a truthful one—and you shall have a ticket."

The revulsion of feeling which this announcement produced was almost too much for Fairy; it put her beyond speaking her thanks, but the fervent expression of delight and gratitude that overspread her countenance was a thing to remember—and treasure.

On the day of the treat I kept an especial look-out for Fairy. She was one of the first to arrive at the school, and came radiant in smiles—and red ribbons. Her dress was clean and comfortable, but it could certainly not have been described as neat. Most people, even without knowing that she had been upon the stage, would have been disposed to pronounce it stagey. Her well-worn frock of dead-white muslin was low-necked and short-

skirted, her stockings too were white, and she wore a pair of shiny "sandal" shoes; all the rest of her seemed red. There were red bows at her shoes, a red bow at her breast, her waist was encircled, and her hat heavily trimmed, with red ribbon; she had a little red worsted shawl over her left arm, and the paper flag that she carried—it was a custom with the children to provide themselves with small paper flags on these occasions—was also red.

"Here you are, then, Annie," I said, as she took her place in the class; "why you are a regular little Red Riding Hood."

She looked puzzled for a moment, and then, her face brightening, she answered with a volubility arising out of her state of excitement—

"Oh, I know, sir! the little girl in the story; dad's told me about it; he knows lots of stories. We had the ribbon by us," she went on, glancing down at her shoe bows, "and dad said I should wear it; he likes me to look nice."

Her faith in "dad's" taste and in "dad" generally was evidently unbounded, and as it was not for me to say anything reflecting upon the correctness of his taste, I passed on to the other children, leaving Fairy proud and happy in her too liberal adornment of red.

The treat-ground this year was a lovely common some sixteen miles south-west of London; and here Fairy enjoyed herself with a thoroughness and *abandon* that was specially noticeable even in a scene in which hearty enjoyment was the prevailing feature. She raced on the grass, flitted about flower-gathering among the underwood, led mimic battles in which the combatants lightly pelted each other with fir cones, and, conspicuous by her red ribbons, skipped and danced about in all directions in wild exuberance of spirits—

"Turning to mirth all things of earth  
As only childhood can."

She was nine years old, the governess informed me, in reply to a question, and she was little for her age; but when tea-time came she was quite motherly in helping to look after the younger children, and was most unselfish in giving way to others.

In preparing for the return journey she showed the same spirit, "making room" for others time after time, until in the end she found herself squeezed in a corner of the van in most uncomfortable fashion. Seeing this, I lifted her out of that vehicle and took her beside myself on the driver's seat of another van. She was quite tired out, and we were scarcely under weigh on the homeward ride when, nestling close to my side, she fell fast asleep. The season was far enough advanced for the evening to be slightly chilly; and, seeing that she had fallen asleep, the driver, good-naturedly brought a rug out of his box and put it over her. I knew this driver as a "hand" of the gentleman who had lent the van, knew that he was a decent labouring man, living in the

neighbourhood, and, noticing the fatherly tenderness with which he "tucked" the wrapper round Fairy, I asked him—

"Do you know her?"

"Well, like most others living in our neighbourhood, I know her in a general way."

"What are her people?" was my next question."

"Well, there's only two on 'em as I know of," he answered, "her father as she lives with, and her grandmother—Mother Dreadful, as they call her—as I expect would like Fairy to live with her, though it would be a bad job for her if she did."

"Is the old woman a bad one, then?"

"And no mistake!" answered the driver, giving his whip a flick by way of emphasis; "She ain't called Mother Dreadful for nothink. I should say she was a bad un! If there's ever a worse I should just like to see 'em, or rather I shouldn't like to see 'em. She must have missed her turn when hearts were a-given out. I never raised a finger agen a woman in my life, and I wouldn't, and in a general way I would be for knocking down any one as I saw doing it; but for all that I think a good dose of this"—shaking his whip—"is what would suit Mother Dreadful's complaint, and when I think of her I almost feel as if I could give it her."

"What is she?" I asked.

"She calls herself a minder," was the answer.

"A minder!" I echoed. "What's that?"

"Well, a real minder," he replied, "is a woman that takes charge of children for the day while their mothers are out at work; but the minding is only a blind with Dreadful, her place is a regular young beggars' opera."

Again I was rather at a loss as to my companion's exact meaning.

"A beggars' opera?"

"Yes; trains young beggars," exclaimed the driver; "mostly singing ones, though she has all sorts. Bless you, sir, people would hardly believe there could be such things if they didn't see 'em with their own eyes as I've done. Why, I've seen her with a dozen children round her, teaching 'em to sing their beggin' songs, just as you might be teaching a class in school their 'ymns. That wouldn't matter so much; it's the way as she knocks the poor creatures about, and starves 'em, that's the black thing agen her."

"But as I understood you just now, this little girl does not live with her," I said.

"No; but she'd like her to," he responded. "She thinks the father don't make enough out of her, and she has tried it on to get her away from him; but though he's a bit soft on most things, he held fast there. There's no mistake about him loving his daughter."

"What is the father?" I asked.

"Well, that's just as you like to name him," replied our companion. "You call him a musician, or a teacher of music, or a

busker, which is what he really is. He's got a card with 'Music Lessons Given' stuck in his window, though I never heard of any one going to him for lessons—not but what I dare say he could give 'em, for he can play on a'most anythink. He plays about the piers and in steamboat bands in summer, and in winter at the sing-songs and hops about our neighbourhood—the public-house concerts and balls, you know."

"And does he take this little girl with him to such places?" I asked.

"Not to the hops or sing-songs, he don't," answered my companion; "and he won't neither, though he's had offers to do it as would have tempted many a man. Fairy can sing and dance, and then she could be put as from 'The Theatre Royal;' and I know the landlord of the 'Help-me-through-the-World' offered him fifteen shillings a week to let her appear at his Saturday and Monday concerts, but the ole man wouldn't. And that's what crabs Mother Dreadful so much. I've seen her almost a-crying with vexation, saying as to how the child was a ready-made fortune to anybody as had sense."

When the vans reached the school there was a crowd of the parents waiting about, and Fairy, after one rapid glance at them, joyously exclaimed—

"There's dad! There's dad!"

Dad kissed his hand to her, and began to work his way forward; a tall, thin, round-shouldered man, with remarkably long arms and a shambling gait; middle-aged, with irony-gray hair, worn long and in limp ringlets. He had a shrinking, nervous expression in his eye, and a naturally cadaverous face made strikingly so by a bluish black tinge on the cheeks arising from constant shaving. The children in the van had to get out at the back, so that he alone among the parents stood at the driver's end, and I had a good look at him, though a brief one, for Fairy bidding me a hasty good night, called out, "Catch, dad!" and then sprang fearlessly into his arms.

He kissed her as he caught her, and putting her gently on her feet, wrapped round her a shawl that he had brought. Taking her hand, they started homewards, Fairy skipping at a pace that put him to the trot to keep up with her.

On the Sunday following the treat there was, as usual, a large falling off in the attendance at the school; but Fairy, as I was glad to see, was not among the absentees. On that and the two following Sundays she was duly in attendance; on the fourth Sunday, however, I missed her, and again on the fifth, and I was reluctantly coming to class her with the backsliders, when I received a letter of explanation from her father, dated from Margate, and stating that it was his practice to take Annie to the sea-side for a few weeks every year; that this year he had gone away in a hurry, and his child had been so put out at not having been able to tell her Sunday-school teachers that she was going,

that at last yielding to her importunities he had written to explain though he "dare sayed" we cared very little about it.

Happening to meet my van-driving friend a day or two later, I mentioned the receipt of this letter to him, and speaking of Armstrong, observed "he appears to be a person of some education, speaks of taking the child to the sea-side every year. Has he any means?"

"Oh, no!" exclaimed the man. "It's the other way about, as you may say. Instead of him having means to take her to the sea-side, it's taking her to the sea-side as gets him the means. His holidays pays its own expenses and something to the good. They go busking about to hotels and on the sands, him playing and her singing and going round collecting; and that's a bit of a draw, mind you, as there's plenty 'll give to a pretty little girl as wouldn't give to a rusty-looking old feller like 'im. Their sea-side trip and the pantermime season are their best times."

"But I thought you said he didn't take her about with him," I observed.

"Not to public-houses, he don't," was the answer; "but he does out of doors sometimes, and I think she likes it; at any rate she don't dislike, or she wouldn't be at it; I know he'd rather starve than force her to a thing like that."

Now, I had not so hard an opinion of the wandering-musician class as I know many good people have—principally, I think, because I had a considerable knowledge of the class. Still I knew very well that, making all due allowances, it was not a profession in which any one taking a friendly interest would like to see a child brought up—especially a girl. And as I had come to take a friendly interest in Fairy Armstrong, I decided, even at the risk of being considered meddling, to attempt to bring about her withdrawal from such a profession. With this purpose in view, I waited upon her father a few days after his return, some three weeks later than the date of his letter. He occupied a couple of rooms in a quiet by-street most mostly inhabited by respectable labourers and their families, and I easily picked out his apartment by means of the card announcing "Music Lessons," of which the van-driver had made mention. I had selected a wet morning—as being a likely time to find him in, and I was doubly fortunate on this point, as I found not only that he was at home, but that Fairy, whose presence would have been a check upon a conversation respecting herself, was out, having gone to a neighbour's house.

Armstrong himself opened the door, and greeted me with a coldly uttered, "What may be your pleasure, sir?" But on mentioning my name, and that I had come to speak to him about his daughter, his face instantly brightened, and, asking me to come in, he led the way to his living-room. It was a clean, cosey little room, but—rare fault in my district—looked crowdedly furnished—an appearance, however, that was due not to any unusual quantity of ordinary household furniture, but to the presence in the

room of a large, old-fashioned piano. Over the piano hung a couple of violins, a cornet-à-piston, and three flutes; coloured frontispieces from popular pieces of music were pasted about the walls by way of pictures, and a pile of sheet music had to be placed on the floor to free a chair for my use. Apart from the musical signs and tokens, the outfitting of the room was commonplace enough, with the exception perhaps of a large-sized, finely executed, and nicely coloured photographic portrait of Fairy in stage costume, which, in a heavy gilt frame, occupied the place of honour over the mantelpiece.

"I hope you have not come to complain of Annie," said Armstrong, rather nervously, when he had taken a seat.

"Oh, no, anything but that," I answered. "We are all very fond of her at school, and feel an interest in her welfare, and—and—in fact, that is what I have come to speak about."

The subject I had come to broach was a delicate one, and now that I was face to face with the father I was at a loss as to how I should come to it, my consciousness of good-will in the matter notwithstanding.

"The fact is, Mr. Armstrong," I said, "I take so warm an interest in your little daughter that, coupled with what I have heard of your affection for her, it has emboldened me to come here, and in all kindness put it to you as a matter for consideration whether the career to which she is now growing up is well calculated to promote her welfare."

His face flushed as I finished speaking, and for some seconds he sat in silence, nervously twitching his fingers, then, in a voice made husky by the endeavour to keep it steady under strong emotion, he answered—

"You need not put that to me, sir, as a matter for consideration, I have considered it times out of number—considered it till both heart and brain have ached—considered it tearfully and prayerfully, and I hope, though it would tear my heart-strings to part with her, unselfishly."

"And what conclusion have you arrived at?" I asked, looking at him in surprise.

"Well, you see, she is still as she is and what she is," was his enigmatical answer.

"From the tone in which you speak, I can scarcely believe that you think that the best career for her," I said.

"Well, I hardly know," he answered, slowly; "the best is rather a wide term; there's many things must go to the making up of any best, and it may have many meanings. I do think that as she is constituted, and as things have come to be between her and me, it is the happiest career she could have for the present, at any rate. In any other she would have to be separated from me, and that, though I say it, would break her heart—would make her miserable anywhere. There is a wandering strain in both of us. I have known better days, as the phrase runs, but always more or less wandering ones. My father was the manager of a provincial theatrical company, with which he 'worked' an extensive circuit.



Sometimes he kept his brougham; at others, had to keep us without Sunday's dinner to pay the Saturday-night salaries of his company. On an average, however, he was pretty well to do, and he always managed to keep up an appearance, and through all to give me a good education. When I grew up I was furbisher of plays to the company. In my day I have written what by courtesy were called original dramas; I have acted, I have arranged music for, and been 'musical director' of, a large theatre; and if I had only had what some people call 'push' and others 'cheek' in my composition, I might have got on in the world. As it was, I came down in the world. From being musical director in a large theatre, I came down to being second fiddle in a small one, and so on down to what I am now—a busker. It was when I was about midway in my downward career that I met with my wife, who was in the chorus at a minor suburban theatre, where I was in the orchestra. As you may have heard, she was the daughter of the woman they call Mother Dreadful hereabout; but she had none of her mother's evil disposition in her. She was a simple, kind-hearted creature, and things might have gone differently with Annie if she had lived. But she died when her child was only a year old, and I was as both father and mother to Annie till she was old enough to understand, and then we grew to be companions. Believe me, sir, to separate would be to injure us—her as well as me. I once read some lines that I always remember as being—to my thinking—especially applicable to the relations between my daughter and me, or the notion of making us other than we are. They run—

'For the slender beech and the sapling oak  
That grow by the shadowy rill,  
You may cut down both at a single stroke,  
You may cut down which you will;

But this you must know, that, as long as they grow,  
Whatever change may be,  
You never can teach either oak or beech  
To be aught but a greenwood tree.'

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### THE ANGEL SLEEP.

BY MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.

THE angel sleep from heaven sent,  
Unsought, unneeded there,  
To lowest hill her journey bent,  
Moved by its deep despair.

But here was grief beyond her power  
To soothe, and so at last  
She brought to earth her gentle dower,  
Her spell on men was cast.

BENTON, N.B.

## MASTER OF HIS FATE.

*A TALE OF THE WEST RIDING.*

BY MRS. AMELIA E. BARR.

## IX.—JOE'S FORTHPUT.

JOE rode over to Market Bevin and procured the papers relating to the Manchester property. He lingered a little in the familiar streets of the place, and looked with interest and with some vague regrets at the the old Hall where he had certainly spent more than twenty very happy years. With still more interest he passed the mill that might have been his own. Its massive masonry trembled with the titanic labours of steam and machinery. From hundreds of open windows came the hum—m of the wheels, and the great chimney seemed to be consciously proud of its height, and of the volumes of smoke it cast out into the blue mid-air.

The ponderous gates were shut. No visitors, no idlers, no curious people, were wanted in Bevin Mill. Business only procured an admission there, and Joe had no business now with its master. And yet he longed to see him. He took the road past Bevin Mill twice, though it was a little out of his way; but the tightly shut gates depressed him; they seemed to typify the inflexibility of his father's angry determination.

And as he rode home through the lonely lanes a purpose that had often drifted through his mind assumed a positive form. He began to consider it as practicable; he decided to follow it out. But the decision was an important one, and its very consideration imparted a solemn and resolute air to his face and manner.

Suddenly, as he turned into the high road, he met his father. Amos was in his gig. He was reconsidering a bargain he had made, and was oblivious to such an unimportant matter as his horse's speed; so the animal was placidly jogging along at the pace most comfortable to himself. It was one which gave Amos no excuse for passing his son, and perhaps he did not wish to pass him, for when Joe said, "Why, father! How are you? This is a bit of luck to meet you!" the old man's face brightened, and he answered, "I'm well enough, Joe. How art thou getting along?"

"Very well, father."

"I dare say. And how is my daughter-in-law? She doesn't think much o' me, eh? And I hear thou hes a son o' thy awn. Mebbe now thou will come to find out that fathers hev some feelings. Whativer brought thee this road?"

"I was at Market Bevin. I passed the mill twice in hopes of seeing you."

"Nay, then, I don't stand at t' gates watching folks pass? Was ta at Perkins's?"

"Yes. I went to his office for some papers about a bit of pro-

perty in Manchester. I am going there to-morrow to sell it, if the price offered be a fair one."

"My word, Joe! I wish to goodness owd Luke Bradley knew thou wert buying and selling t' property he scruffled and scraped for. I think it would be a punishment as would pay for a few of his meannesses. Well, my lad, good-night to thee! Say, Joe, what is ta goin' to call thy son? I'll bet thee a shilling Mrs. Joe will be givin' him her father's name."

"I'd let him go without a name at all before I'd have him called Luke."

"That's right, Joe! That's as it should be. I was a bit bothered at the thought of a Luke Bradley Braithwaite. It doesn't sound right, doest it? And I kept thinking to mysen, 'if Joe tacks a rascal's name before Braithwaite, it will be a shabby thing to do.'"

"Joe wouldn't do it, father; not for all the money Bradley left. If I had my way I would call him Amos. He's a fine little fellow, and he wouldn't be any thing but an honour to the best name going."

"Would ta really call him Amos? Well now, Amos is a varry good name. I niver heard tell of any blackguard called Amos, and happen it might be a good thing for t' little chap, happen it might. I must hurry a bit now, Joe. Good-night to thee."

"Shake hands, father, do!"

"Why-a! I hev no objections. I'm none o' them unreasonable fathers that can't see good as well as bad in a son. Thou vexed me in one thing, and thou hes pleased me middling well in another. I sall strike a just balance between thee and me, Joe."

Then he leaned forward and grasped Joe's hand, and if the young fellow had only thought to bend his handsome head, doubtless Amos would have done involuntarily as the tender Judean father—embraced and kissed him. But neither of the men were naturally demonstrative, and both were slightly embarrassed even by the advance made. So they parted quickly, and with less warmth of manner than might have been expected; but the warmth was at their hearts, and Amos found himself humming the only song he knew when he stopped at the mill gates.

The next morning Joe left for Manchester. Edith had really intended to make the trip a pleasure to her husband, and send him off under cheerful auspices. But women with nursing babies cannot be sure of their moods early in the morning. The child had been restless all night. She could not trust the nurse, and she lost her own sleep. In consequence, she had headache and was fretful and nervous, and quite unable to command the smiles and pleasant words she had intended to give.

But Joe was hardly conscious of her silence and her irresponsible way. Perhaps he ought to have been; ought to have understood her languor, and the evident marks of suffering on her face. A word of sympathy might have brought sunshine and exchange of courtesies and confidences. But Joe had many things on his

mind, and Edith's lassitude and reticence in the morning were familiar conditions to him."

"Good-bye, dear Edith." He took her hands and kissed her with a tenderness which touched the weary woman. At the last moment she made an effort to be sweet and loving, but a leaden weight was on every emotion; and she took his farewell with a passive apathy which very little expressed her real affection. For she was in the power of a contradictory listlessness, the result of a physical condition she was hardly to be blamed for. And oh! how many a household quarrel, miserable in its results, arises from causes as really unoffending in intent and as little within the control of women who are physically exhausted.

At the door Joe suddenly turned and asked for his son. Under a hurried protest the child was brought sleeping. He kissed and laid him in his mother's arms, and Edith saw there were tears in the father's eyes as he turned away. She was dimly troubled by the circumstance. Joe was only going on a short journey; he would return in a few days. She had not understood before that he cared so much for the child.

For the past hour or two, Joe enjoyed the simple sense of perfect freedom. He was alone. He was not afraid of offending, either by omitting to do something he should have done, or by doing something which he ought not to have done. But, ere long, he withdrew himself from mere outside influences; his eyes became thoughtful, his mouth settled into firm, definite curves, there was an air of purpose and resolution, in every movement he made.

Arriving at Manchester, he first of all devoted his attention to his wife's interests. After their satisfactory settlement, Joe had business of his own to attend to. It took him to Spinning-Jenny Street, a locality full of warehouses. In a few minutes he stood opposite the largest one. It bore the sign of *Samuel Yorke & Sons*. There was a link between himself and that warehouse, one, as yet, uncertain and untried, but he intended to test its strength.

Samuel Yorke was his godfather. The relationship had indeed been merely a nominal one, filled by proxy, and acknowledged only by handsome presents of baby plate and jewellery; but it was connected with memories stretching much further back. For Amos Braithwaite and Samuel Yorke had been close companions in those days when both boys sold papers in Bradford Market; and Joe knew that in every great event touching either of their lives, letters of sympathy passed between Bevin Hall and Manchester.

He had never seen his godfather, and he knew nothing of his character.

After looking at the sign a few moments, Joe pushed aside the door and found himself in a long room full of tables piled with printed calicoes. It was a dusty, dusky place, with an oily smell; and, in spite of the number of clerks and salesmen, exceedingly quiet. He asked for Mr. Yorke, and was directed to an

inner room whose door he opened. When he did so, Yorke stood facing him.

He was a small, thin man, in shabby clothing, with an old hat pushed back from his forehead. But there was an unmistakable look of master and millionaire about him. He was standing at a table on which lay freshly-opened letters, most of them containing samples of cotton; and as he pulled the snowy fibre slowly through his fingers he was softly singing a Methodist hymn. He looked up with a bit of long staple in his hand, when Joe entered, and stopped at the middle of the line:

“Canaan, bright Canaan,  
I'm bound for the land of C—”

and looked curiously at Joe. He knew him ere Joe had time to introduce himself, and said: “Why! Thou must be Amos Braithwaite's son. Downsitting and uprising, thou art thy father's varry likeness.”

“Yes, sir; I am Joe Braithwaite.”

“For sure, and my godson. I'm glad to see thee; sit tha down. Wha'tiver has brought thee to Spinning-Jenny Street? There's no wool here for you West Riding men; it is a' this stuff, lad,” and he gathered the samples of cotton, with a swift movement, together, looking almost lovingly at the “stuff” as he did so.

“Well, godfather, I didn't come to buy either cotton or wool. I came to sell a bit of property that belonged to my wife.”

“To be sure! Thou married Luke Bradley's daughter. I heard a' about it; a rich lass. I knew Bradley very well, too well, happen; he was a hard man. He had property all over. Wha'tiver did he awn in Manchester?”

“The house next the Queen's Hotel. Sykes was the agent for it. You know Sykes?”

“I sud think I do.”

“He wrote and offered us £10,000 for it.”

“Too little, far too little.”

“Yes; I sold it to the proprietor of the hotel for \$22,000.”

“That' far more like t' proper figure. But Sykes will allus feel as if thou had cheated him out of £12,000. He's that kind, is Sykes. Well, Joe, thou must stay with me to night. I want to hev a long talk wi' thee.”

“Eh, but I want to stay with you much longer than to-night.

“Well, tha's welcome in reason, ta knows. But wha'tiver is ta going to stay in Manchester for?”

“I want to apprentice myself to you. I want to learn your business from A to Z.”

“Thou tak's my breath. I thought thou wer' a lawyer, learned and licensed?”

“I am a very poor lawyer, and I never shall be any better one. I took the law out of pure contradiction, and I never made £100 by it. I want to be a cotton spinner.”

“Why not go to thy father and learn to be a wool spinner?”

One kind is as good as t' other. And thou would be near Bradley and thy wife and child. What does it a' mean, Joe?"

"I will tell you if you care to hear."

"To be sure I do; only, I'll hev no half confidences. Tell me iverything or tell me nothing, t' bad as well as t' good."

Joe was only too thankful to have some sensible kind man to open his heart to. He did not spare himself in any respect. Yorke listened patiently, watching the young man's mobile, expressive face with a good deal of interest, but never interrupting his confession. When Joe had finished, he said, "Thou hes gone wrong iver since thou left thy father. That was thy first wrong step.

"It was not all my fault. Father is so masterful."

"Well, then, he is master. And it was thy fault. 'Honour thy father.' That is t' commandment, as I read it. That is plain enough."

"But if a father is wrong, or—"

"It is 'honour thy father;' good, bad, or indifferent. There are no ifs in that commandment."

"A father may be tyrannical, unreasonable, unkind, unjust—"

"For sure, I reckon t' Almighty knew there would be them kind o' fathers; and He didn't make any exceptions. But I say that thy father is none o' them. Go to him, and ask him to tak' thee 'prentice."

"It would be no use. He told me that I should never have part nor lot in Bevin Mill, and when father says a thing in the way he did then—"

"I know; he'll be as stubborn as if stubbornness were his religion."

"As to my wife—"

"As to thy wife, I don't blame her. Women talk a good deal about love, and lots of feelings with varry fine names, but I tak' notice that they think the most of t' man that can mak' money. It is varry well for a rich man to marry a poor girl, and give her iverything he hes; that's natural, and she takes naturally to it; but when a rich woman marries a poor man, that's a varry different thing. And putting this and that together, Mrs. Braithwaite hasn't done so badly, I think. As soon as ta gets to making money she'll be a model wife, I sud think."

"I do not like to associate my wife with such opinions. Why should she think more of me if I were making money?"

"Because money is only t' visible result of a great many qualities women like men to hev—pluck, patience, good sense, good manners, industry, and what not. I'll tell thee what, Joe, when ta sees a man that is a first-rate money maker, ta sees a man that is capable o' doing lots of other things, better than most men can. I wouldn't be proud of hevving made money if I didn't think so. And when a woman sets her heart upon a man that can mak' money she's most likely to be right than wrong."

"Very likely; we won't mind that now. Can I stay with you, and learn how to make money?"

"Listen now. If I tak' thee thou wilt hev to do my way, and not thy awn. I'll hev no fine gentleman 'prentice. If ta wants to mak' thy living with clean hands, don't ye come to me. I am at business ivery morning at eight, and I stay till five."

"Your hours shall be mine, I promise."

"Thou must learn a' about spinning and weaving; a' about dyes and dyeing; and thou must tak' thy share o' t' work in t' printing room. It is a hard business. Thou wilt be dirty, and hot, and tired most of thy time, and I'll not engage to tak' thee for less than two years. Even if ta hes ivery advantage it will be that long any way."

"I will agree to all you desire."

"And thou will hev to live with me."

"With you?"

"For sure. If I tak' charge o' thee, I'll hev thee under my awn roof, and my awn eyes."

"This was more than Joe had contemplated. Among the compensations he had promised himself was the lonely freedom of evenings devoted to his own will and way. Yorke saw the momentary hesitation, and explained: "That will suit thee, Joe, and thou wilt soon find out how well, for if thou art as tired as thou ought to be, thou will want no ither thing but thy bed. And if I ask thee to go to t' chapel with me on a Sunday, I think in a little while thou will like to go well enough. My own dear lads thought it no hardship;" and he looked at Joe with such a depth of yearning, sorrowful remembrance in his eyes, that Joe's heart was sincerely touched.

"It was a great sorrow, wife and sons in one hour," he said, softly. "I wonder it did not break your heart."

"Nay, nay! Hearts tak' a deal o' breaking thet hev their trust in God Almighty. Now, then, tell me where thou bides, and go write thy letters and pack thy valise!"

"I am at the Queen's Hotel."

"Get thee ready, then. I'll call for thee soon after five o'clock. And I'm sure thou wilt do more than well. I can see thou hes plenty o' forput in thee."

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#### X.—EDITH'S HARD BLOW.

In the meantime, Edith neither was anxious nor unhappy. Joe's sober, almost solemn farewell and the mist of tears in his eyes, she understood just as little. She was both annoyed and pleased by the circumstance; annoyed because she had the common English hatred of anything like a scene, especially before servants, and going to Manchester, was not a thing to be made an event of. At the same she was flattered by her husband's evident emotion at their parting.

"He must be very fond of baby and me," and the thought made

her quiet and silent for a little while, and she hoped Joe would have a pleasant time, and manage the business he had gone about in such a way as to make any interference of Perkins in it unnecessary.

Then she turned with a busy interest to the affairs of her household. And thus employed, the days rapidly passed away; she had no time to speculate and no time to be lonely.

Joe's first letter was just what she expected it to be. It related only to his journey and to his first impressions of the cotton metropolis of the world. His second, informing her of the sale of the house for more than double the offered price, was a genuine surprise. It came while she was eating dinner, and gave her pleasant food for reflection all the evening.

Perhaps after all she had done Joe an injustice. Now that she saw a prospect of managing without Perkins, she could afford to recall a number of little things in which she was sure he had overreached his proper charges. The total of his last bill had been unusually large. "He is meddlesome, too, and very dictatorial. I'll pay him off, and Joe and I will manage Bradley. It may be a happy thing to do; at any rate we can try it," etc., etc.

Thus she mused, for there was a real sentiment of regret in her heart, and something more than suspicion that after all she had not given Joe a fair chance. By word and deed she had snubbed him. Practically she had let Perkins snub him also. She was not well pleased at herself, and she was quite angry at Perkins. Poor Joe! She intended to order events rather differently for him in the future, and she meant also to tell him that she had been unjust to him and that she was sorry for it. For though a proud, self-sufficient woman, she was, as such characters often are, essentially just.

She was, indeed, quite eager to begin her reparation. She expected Joe home the next evening, and unusual preparations were made to honour his return. The house had been renovated, and had that festival air which new draperies and decorations give. She ordered an elaborate dinner, and dressed herself and baby with tasteful splendour. For was not Joe coming home in a kind of triumph? He had more than bettered expectation. She wished him to feel that he had done well, and that she was appreciative and grateful.

As she stood before the glass tying her bonnet-strings, she smiled over her excitement, and the fresh colour it had brought to her cheeks and the brilliant light to her eyes. She looked critically to her dress and laces, and changed her ribbons for a set whose tint Joe always admired. There was no mean withdrawing, no keeping back part, no selfish reservation, in Edith's submission. The reparation she intended to make her husband was to be as perfect as possible. The opportunity she intended to give him was to be untrammelled by doubt of interference.

She went to meet the Manchester train with a heart full of kind and just thoughts. She had no doubt of Joe's arrival, and when



she did not see him among the alighting passengers she was much astonished at her disappointment that she could not for a few minutes believe in it. She went home depressed, and an unhappy feeling she could not banish dashed the enthusiasm of all her good intent.

There was a later train, and she sent the carriage to meet it, but this time she remained at home. It was baby's hour, and besides the first glow of her feelings had been chilled. Joe had failed her. She told herself that whenever she had made some extraordinary effort to brighten and sweeten things between them Joe had always failed her. She had fretted her heart into a no-use-trying temper before the time for the second train, and she made no attempt to renew the pleasant anticipations which had been so promptly disappointed.

Of course, the carriage returned without Joe. The coachman said he could not have been mistaken. Only two gentlemen had left the train, Sir Thomas Wilson and Mr. Selby. But there was a letter. The postmistress had given it to him as he passed.

She took it indifferently, and opened it almost with a feeling of anger at Joe's unnecessary delay. The contents stunned her. She turned sick, and her heart beat as if every throb was its last effort. But there were servants present, and she would not betray herself before them. By a supreme effort she managed to go through the usual form of dinner.

Then she went to her bedroom and locked the door, and sitting down, spread the letter out before her. Word by word, following the words with her jewelled forefinger, she read it through:

"MY DEAR WIFE,—I hope you are satisfied with the settlement of the Manchester property. I received the money to-day, and forward a cheque for the amount stated in my last, deducting only the regular charge on the conveyancing, etc. This money I have retained, because I shall not be at home again for two years. To-morrow morning I begin my apprenticeship to Samuel Yorke, cotton spinner and calico printer. I intend to learn the business, in all its processes, practically. I have lived too long upon your bounty, for I have lost your esteem as well as my own and I deserve the loss. Please God I will redeem the past, and with His help make a man of myself. When I am worthy of your love, worthy to be your husband, you will respect me; and until then, think as kindly of me as you can. Even for baby's sake I must try and deserve something more than forbearance, and it is better he should not know me at all, until I can rightfully claim it. Dear wife, if you will write often to me, it will strengthen me for my effort, and give me all the hope I need for the future."

Joe had not been at all satisfied with this letter, but every effort at an explanation of his motives and purpose seemed hopeless. If there were anything to be said in his favour, her own heart must discover it in order to permanently influence her.

But every letter has its peculiar atmosphere. It is often quite independent of words, and much stronger in its influence than they are. Plain and undemonstrative as Joe's letter was, Edith felt that he had put his best and tenderest self into its few lines,

and she had to summon all the strength of her soul to the task of reading them.

She was as white as the paper on which they were written, and she sat for a long time as still as if she had been turned into stone. What would her neighbours say? And all her social equals and friends? She would get the blame; women always did. How cruel it was of Joe to place her in such a position!

These were her first thoughts, but more unselfish ones soon followed. The very brevity and humility of Joe's letter was a mighty eloquence to her. Fine sentences or reproaches would probably have failed to touch her; but her conscience did. Every hour it said harder things to her. Joe had unconsciously struck the noblest chord in her nature. And in taking his destiny so calmly and resolutely out of her power he had suddenly become her master. Her old admiration for his beauty, his sunny temper, and kind heart returned with tenfold power. She had never been as much in love with Joe Braithwaite as she was in that hour, when she knew that he had left her to regain the prerogatives of his manhood.

But when the first shock passed away she began to reason clearly. She must have advice. She must have the moral strength of companionship, and she must have some one to rely upon and to go to in emergencies. She never had a hope that Joe would now recede from the position he had taken. Even if she humbled herself before him, and gave everything into his hands, it would not bring him back to her side. She felt positive that he would stay until the last hour to which he had pledged himself was out-run.

Perkins was her first thought. He would now have to retain the management of Bradley, but between Joe and herself he should not put a single word. She would not name her husband to him, or suffer him to discuss what Joe had done in any way. Who then must she go to? Sir Thomas Wilson had always liked Joe, honestly liked him; and he was in a position to give her the protection and the advice she needed. But he did not like her. She knew it in spite of his smiles and suavity. Neither did Lady Wilson like her, nor Lady Charlton, nor indeed, when she began to go over the list of her acquaintances, could she find one on whom she could rely.

She did not sleep all night, but toward morning she arrived at a definite plan for her conduct. It had come to her in one of those flashes of intelligence which visit souls earnestly seeking their way out of darkness and difficulty; come with its own assurance so perfect that she never thought of challenging it.

She would go to Joe's father!

So, early the next day, Amos Braithwaite was amazed to see a handsome carriage drive inside his mill gates, and a beautiful, richly-dressed woman alight from it. He had never seen his daughter-in-law, but he knew instinctively that it was she.

And, as suspicion was ever the first feeling in the old man's

heart, he muttered, "That's Joe's wife, I'll be bound. Now, whatever is she up to—comin' here this time of t' day?"

Then he retired at once to his private office. He was on the alert in all his senses. "He wasn't goin' to be bamboozled by any woman. And he wasn't goin', either, to let Luke Bradley's lass say a word against his Joe. If there was sides to be taken he would stick up for his awn side—ivery time!" And while he was thus thinking, the door opened and Edith entered.

Her stately beauty, her rich clothing, the faint waft of some delicate perfume that came in with her, quite subdued Amos. She looked at him with eyes full of tears, and said, softly, "Father!"

"Eh? Well, certainly, ma'am. Thou art Joe's wife happen? Sit tha down."

She sat down in the big leather chair that was the particular property of Amos, and, covering her face with her hands she began to sob; for her courage had suddenly forsaken her, and she dreaded this old man who looked at her so coldly and so curiously.

"Whatever is t' matter wi' thee, Mrs. Braithwaite?"

"Oh! father! father! Oh, Joe—Joe—Joe!"

"Joe hes been up to summat wrong, and he's sent his wife to git round me." That was the first thought Amos had. His next one was, "She'll be sharp as needles if she manages it. But he made some attempt to comfort her; and the more he tried the more Edith wept, and the sorrier Amos felt for her.

"Whatever is t' matter?" he asked. "Come now, tell me all about it. If Joe hes been unkind to thee, I'll pay him off mysen for it; see if I don't."

"Joe unkind! Oh, no, father! It is I that have been unkind."

"Oh, ta hes, hes ta? I wouldn't hev believed it of such a bonny woman. Whatever hes ta been up to? I'll be bound he is as much in t' wrong as thou art."

"No, he is not. Joe hes behaved like an angel. Joe is the noblest fellow that God ever made."

"Mebbe so, for God hes made a queer lot even in my time. Joe might be t' best of them, and then be nothing to crack about; for Joe is a long way off t' angels. But come now, you hev hed a quarrel—most married people do hev quarrels—what is it about?"

Then Edith told Amos all their domestic troubles. She had thought over things in the night, and had come to a very clear understanding of them. And she did not spare herself. She confessed to all her authoritative ways, her little meannesses, and especially her aggravating determination not to have the baby christened unless it was called Luke.

Amos had hard work to keep a straight face during this acknowledgment of Edith's faults. Over and over, he wanted to have a good hearty laugh. It amused, it delighted him, to think of Joe, who would not submit to his own father, having to bow and beck to his wife. Amos had been an autocrat in his house-

hold. That a man should be anything else to his own women-folk seemed a most preposterous state of affairs to him.

Edith's revelations affected him as a comedy might have done. And all the time he was complacently reflecting that this most unnatural condition of affairs was doubtless a judgment on Joe for his disobedience to him—a very fitting retribution indeed it seemed to the disappointed and unvalued father.

But when Edith told him that Joe had gone, that was a different thing. The quarrel was more than a joke, more than the righteous retribution he had been silently approving. His first private sentiment was one of hearty approval. Being his son, what could Joe do but cast off all rule but self-rule? Then she gave him Joe's letter to read, and his surprise and satisfaction were complete.

"There's summat in this lad after all; summat more than ordinary, Mrs. Braithwaite."

"Please, father, call me Edith."

"Varry well, if ta wants it so. There's a deal in this lad of ours, after all, Edith. I like what he hes done. It is t' most sensible thing I iver knew him to do; except happen t' marrying o' thee."

"Father, there is so much that must be done, so much to think of, and I am not able to-day for thought or work. Will you come and take dinner with me to-morrow? To-morrow is Saturday. The mill closes early on Saturday."

"Well, I'm sure I don't know; I hev a deal to do. Meddling between man and wife is a bad business."

"Father, do come. I have no one but you."

"Then, I'll come, Edith, and I'll study out things a bit, and I'll give thee t' varry best of advice. I wouldn't go to Perkins wi' this bother if I was thee."

"You are the only person in the world I would have come to about Joe, father."

"And thou will varry soon find out that ta hesn't made any mistake in coming to me."

"What time do you like dinner, father?"

"I like it at four o'clock."

"Is there anything you are particularly fond of?"

"Yes, my lass. I'm fond of a roast of beef, and a Yorkshire pudding—well browned. And if ta doesn't mind t' trouble, I'd like a bit of berry pie, and some old Stilton."

"Oh, father, what a sensible man you are! It is so comfortable to have men say just what they want, without apologies or nonsense."

"It is t' right way, and ivery woman knows it is t' right way. If Joe hed only held thee in wi' a tighter rein, both o' you would hev got on varry nicely. Bless thy heart, Edith! women aren't happy if they hev their awn way. It isn't natural, ta knows, and what isn't natural comes to grief."

Then he amused and amazed his hands by escorting her to her carriage. He walked very proudly with the beautiful woman on

his arm; and to see the care with which he wrapped her rug's around her, and the courtesy with which he lifted his hat to her in farewell, set the whole mill in a flutter, and divided it into two parties: one, certain that "t' owd fellow wer' going to get wedded again;" and the other quietly scornful over such an unlikely event. "It's nobbut young Joe's wife," they said.

For once Amos felt unable to cast away his personal affairs, and devote himself to his mill. "I'm fair dazed like!" he said, sitting before the table and holding his head in his hands. "To think of Joe going 'prentice at this time o' day! Joe Braithwaite is no fool! Going to Sam, too! Well, I niver! Dal it all, it fair caps me! And I hev promised to go to owd Bradley's; no, to Joe's, I mean," and then he laughed heartily, and by sheer force of will compelled himself to examine some yarns and write his letters.

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### SOUL AND SOUL.

AND has Death come so soon, and is she gone;  
 I left alone,  
 Through all the weary days to make my moan?  
 Left thus alone,  
 To tread dim-eyed the mazy path of life,  
 The one song gone that nerved me for the strife!

Yet, let me weave these broken thoughts that come  
 Confused within,  
 And let me see what would they prove to one  
 Left thus alone,  
 With spectral joys and grief to fill the room,  
 Of that which once we called our sweet, sweet home.

This truth ariseth clear, His grace and kindness  
 Last forever.  
 Her hand in mine, she said,—“How good God is,  
 He will not sever;  
 Believe me your angel, who was erst your bride;  
 We love till the clear light of eventide.”

So, or in cloister, mart, or wedding feast,  
 I bide alone,  
 Filling the lot set till my work has ceased,  
 And I go home;  
 In with all eternity to rest after the strife,  
 And find her, loved and lost awhile, my wife.  
 —*Chugny.*

## CRADLE HYMN.

BY W. H. O. KERÉ.

σίγα, φίλταθ', ἤσυχάζε,  
 ἀγγέλων γὰρ ἅγια  
 φυλάκη τις σοίγ' ἐστάζε  
 ἀνῆριθμα τάγαθά.

εὔδε, παῖ, σοί γαρ δώσουσι  
 ἰαὶ τροφὴν καὶ οἰκίαν  
 οἱ φίλοι, καὶ πληρώσουσι  
 πᾶσαν χρεῖαν δωρεάν.

μαλακὴ μὲν σοίγ' ἡ κοίτη·  
 σκληρά δ' ἡ Σωτήρος σπῆ·  
 οὐ γεννήσῃς ἦν ἐν φάτνῃ,  
 ἐν τῷ χόρτῳ κειμένου.

ὦ τὸ κάλλος τοῦδε Παῖδος  
 καθαρὸν, κούράνιον!  
 φρίξαν ἄγγελοι, ὡς εἰκὸς,  
 βῶων τόνδ' Ὀμέστιον.

μητι οὐδὲν δειλοὶ εἶχον  
 εἰ μὴ φάτνην, τοῦ λαβεῖν  
 τὸν οὐράνιον Μέτοικον,  
 οὐ δέισαντες ἄσεβειν;

σίγα, παῖ, οὐ σ' ὀνειδίξω,  
 φῶδ' ἂν δυσηχῆς ἦ,  
 ἐγὼ μήτηρ, σοὶ παρίξω,  
 φρουρὰ σοῦ κηδομένη.

ἀλλ' ἄδοῦς' ὡς ἐκάκωσαν  
 τὸν τῆς δόξης Κύριον  
 οἱ Ἰουδαῖοι, κάσταύρωσαν,  
 ἐχολωσάμην θυμόν.

ποιμένες τόνδ' εἰρίσκουσι  
 μετὰ μητρὸς παρθένου,  
 καὶ θαυμαστὰ σημαίνουσι  
 τέρατα τὰδ' οὐράνιον!

Καλλίπαις, ἰδ', ἐγέλασσε,  
 ἐνδυτὸς ἐσθῆματι!  
 μήτηρ δ', εἰ κλαυθυμρίασσε,  
 καμῆ σὺν φιλήματι.

ἰδ', ἐν φάτνῃ νῦν καθεύδεις  
 καὶ βόσκονται ἔλικες—  
 φίλτατ', οὐ τι κινδυνεύεις,  
 οὐ πάρεσι σοὶ βοές.

BY ISAAC WATTS.

HUSH! my dear, lie still and slumber,  
 Holy angels guard thy bed;  
 Heavenly blessings without number  
 Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe, thy food and raiment,  
 House and home thy friends provide;  
 And without the care of payment  
 All thy wants are well supplied.

Soft and easy is thy cradle;  
 Cold and hard thy Saviour lay,  
 When His birth-place was a manger  
 And His softest bed was hay.

Blessed Babe! what glorious features,  
 Spotless, fair, divinely bright!  
 Must He dwell with brutal creatures?  
 How could angels bear the sight?

Was there nothing but a manger  
 Cursed sinners could afford  
 To receive the heavenly Stranger?  
 Did they thus affront the Lord?

Soft, my child, I did not chide thee,  
 Though my song might sound too hard;  
 'Tis thy mother sits beside thee,  
 And her arms shall be thy guard.

Yet to read the shameful story,  
 How the Jews abused their King—  
 How they served the Lord of glory,  
 Makes me angry while I sing.

See the kinder shepherds round Him,  
 Telling wonders from the sky;  
 Where they sought Him there they found Him  
 With His virgin mother by.

See the lovely Babe a-dressing;  
 Lovely infant, how He smiled;  
 When He wept, the mother's blessing  
 Soothed and hushed the Holy Child.

Lo, He slumbers in the manger,  
 Where the horned oxen fed—  
 Peace, my darling, here's no danger,  
 There's no ox a-near thy bed.

Τούτου, βρέφος, δὴν βιῆς  
καὶ γαγνῶσκων καὶ φιλῶν  
τότ' ἐκείνης διὰ ζωῆς  
τῷ συνείης κείσ' ἰδὼν.

αὶ σοὶ, φίλτατε, δίδοιμι  
μυρία φίλῆματα·  
τίς ἂν μητέρων ζῆλοὶ τι  
κρείττονα χαρίσματα;

TORONTO, March, 1890.

May'st thou live to know and fear Him,  
Trust and love Him all thy days;  
Then go dwell forever near Him,  
See His face and sing His praise.

I could give Thee thousand kisses,  
Hoping what I most desire;  
Not a mother's fondest wishes  
Can to greater joys aspire.

## UNREASONING RELIGION.

BY THE REV. W. S. BLACKSTOCK.

LORD COLERIDGE, the Lord Chief-Justice of England, has pronounced an eloquent eulogy on Mr. Matthew Arnold in a couple of articles which he has contributed to the *New Review*, in which, in the main, competent judges will be apt to concur. If, here and there, the colours are laid on a little too thick, this will be regarded as an amiable weakness in one attempting to begin a portraiture of the dead, especially when he professes, as Lord Coleridge does, to perform his task with the partiality of a friend rather than with the austere justice of a critic. All that is said about Mr. Arnold's literary ability and critical skill may pass without comment. There is certainly a finish about his writings which well deserves the careful study of such as are forming their literary style, especially in an age when so much is sacrificed to strength and immediate effect. It must not be forgotten, however, that Mr. Arnold's cold-blooded style, however well it may become the critic, is scarcely the thing to move men profoundly. Writers who aim at moving the hearts of men, must be profoundly moved themselves if they would succeed. And there is something more than sweetness and light needed in the practical work of grappling with the giant evils of society, exposing its fallacies, and exploding its errors. Admitting the potency of the sunshine and the quietly falling dew, indeed of all those silent and viewless forces of nature by which such wonderful changes are being continually evolved, and such magnificent results produced, it must not be forgotten that many of her grandest, and even her most beneficent achievements are accomplished by the agency of the earthquake, the lightning and the storm.

What Lord Coleridge says of those of Mr. Arnold's writings which are "concerned with politics in the larger sense," seems to be judicious and just. He wrote as a *doctrinaire* rather than as a practical statesman or politician. His speculations were suited to an ideal state, the Utopian creation of Mr. Arnold's imagina-

tion, rather than to the actual world with which men of affairs have to do. No doubt he did useful work in pointing out the evils and mistakes of parties, the exaggerations and misrepresentations which too often disgrace party warfare, and the arrant absurdities which are sometimes made to do duty as arguments, in times of political excitement; but probably what he contends for will be better suited to the practical politics of the millennium, when all men are intelligent and virtuous, than to the present state of moral and intellectual, social and political development. He wrote about the things of the present rather as a bystander and on-looker, than as a practical worker who took his share in shaping the movements of the state; and, of course having only an outside view, he had only a very imperfect comprehension of the internal working of the vast and complicated machinery which we call the state. Such a writer was scarcely qualified to do justice to practical statesmen or their methods. Of course, Lord Coleridge does not say all this, but what he has written when read between the lines, as he evidently intended it to be, means about this.

It is strange that the Lord Chief Justice did not perceive that all this applied quite as much to those of Mr. Arnold's writings concerned with theology as it does to those of them which deal with politics; and that the same limitation of faculty, and incapacity to deal with the subject in a way that would have any real value is quite as apparent in the one case as in the other. The apologetic tone adopted by his lordship in dealing with this part of Mr. Arnold's writings indeed implies that he could not altogether close his eyes to their defects; but he labours to divert attention from their shortcomings by giving what appears to us to be an exaggerated description of the unreasoning character of the religion of his time. One is amazed to learn from so high an authority as that of the Chief-Justice of England "that the vast majority of men and almost all women in this age, as in every age, can scarcely be said to think at all upon religion or on any grave and serious subject." And our amazement is increased when we learn that the sweeping observation is not intended to apply merely to the non-religious portion of society, but to the religious. "They believe" he tells us, "what they have been taught and hold what they hear asserted, with indolent or unintelligent acquiescence; either because they are too careless and indifferent to trouble themselves to question the soundness of that which is the life of their soul, the stay of the better part of their nature; and thus they make the importance of a truth the evidence upon which they accept it."

Is this a correct representation of the religion of this age? Is



this a trustworthy description of the attitude of what may be called the educated world of mankind toward theological and religious truth in our day. Lord Coleridge need not be told of the Oxford movement which had reached its maximum strength when Mr. Arnold entered the world of letters. He knows all about the Broad Church movement which succeeded it, and which was even more radical in its nature. He cannot be ignorant of the fierce and terrific attacks which have been made upon the foundations of the faith in recent times, both from the scientific and the critical standpoint. And if his lordship has found time to give even the most superficial attention to the "down-grade" controversy in which Mr. Spurgeon has taken such a prominent part, he must have learned that the spirit of profound and searching inquiry is abroad among the Nonconformist Churches even to a greater extent than in the Church of England. How in the presence of these facts, any educated person who has any amount of religious feeling and conviction can in these days retain his hold upon the faith without profound questioning and earnest thought, is inconceivable.

No doubt there is a part—and unfortunately a considerable part—in every nominally Christian community to which Lord Coleridge's description applies; and those who mingle chiefly with this class, naturally have no conception of the earnest and painful thought that is given to the gravest and most important of all subjects by the great mass of Christians worthy the name, who at present constitute a host more numerous, more intelligent, and more vitally active than the world ever saw bearing the same name before. It is the ignorance and character of this class which prevails among educated men which is one of the most amazing facts of the time. It is true these people do not deal with Christianity as they do with a question of physical science on one hand, or of speculative philosophy on the other. The spirit of their religion has taught them what has eluded the observation of so many highly intellectual and cultured men, that every individual kind of truth has its own appropriate tests, and that the nature of a subject must determine the mode of its investigation. They have learned, too, that the higher truths are not those which reach us as through the senses or that are come at by a process of reasoning, but that they are directly apprehended by the soul. There are truths which only need to be presented to the human spirit in its present and best words to be instantly recognized. And one of the healthiest and most encouraging signs of the times is the increasing prominence which is being given to these spiritual intuitions and the facts of Christian experience in establishing the foundations of the Christian faith.

## UNDER THE SEA.



DIVING SUIT.

MR. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, now a great and graceful writer of books, was once bent on becoming a civil engineer, a profession in which more than one of his Scottish family have won renown. In his engineering days occurred this experience, of which he has lately written :

It was gray, harsh, easterly weather, the swell ran pretty high, and out in the open there were "skippers' daughters," when I found myself at last on the diver's platform, twenty pounds of lead under each foot and

my whole person swollen with ply and ply of woollen under-clothing. One moment the salt wind was whistling round my night-capped head; the next I was crushed almost double under the weight of the helmet. As that intolerable burden was laid upon me I could have found it in my heart (only for shame's sake) to cry off from the whole enterprise. But it was too late. The attendants began to turn the hurdy-gurdy and the air to whistle through the tube; some one screwed in the barred window of the vizor, and I was cut off in a moment from my fellowmen, standing there in their midst, but quite divorced from intercourse, a creature deaf and dumb, pathetically looking forth upon them from a climate of his own. Except that I could move and feel, I was like a man fallen in a catalepsy. But time was scarce given me to realize my isolation; the weights were hung upon my back and breast, the signal-rope was thrust into my unresisting hand, and, setting a twenty-pound foot upon the ladder, I began ponderously to descend. Some twenty rounds below the

platform twilight fell. Looking up I saw a low green heaven mottled with vanishing bells of white; looking around, except for the weedy spokes and shafts of the ladder, nothing but a green gloaming, somewhat opaque but very restful and delicious. Thirty rounds lower I stepped off on the stones of the foundation; a dumb helmeted figure took me by the hand and made a gesture (as I read it) of encouragement; and looking in at the creature's window I beheld the face of Bain. There we were, hand to hand and (when it pleased us) eye to eye; and either might have burst himself with shouting and not a whisper come to his companion's hearing. Each in his own little world of air stood incommunicably separate.

As I began to go forward with the hand of my estranged companion a world of tumbled stones was visible, pillared with the weedy uprights of the staging; overhead a flat roof of green; a little in front the sea-wall, like an unfinished rampart. And presently in our upward progress, Bob motioned me to leap upon a stone. I looked to see if he were possibly in earnest, and he only signed to me the more imperiously. Now the block stood six feet high; it would have been quite a leap to me unencumbered; with the breast and back weights, and the twenty pounds upon each foot, and the staggering load of the helmet, the thing was out of reason. I laughed aloud in my tomb; and to prove to Bob how far he was astray I gave a little impulse from my toes. Up I soared like a bird, my companion soaring at my side. As high as the stone, and then higher, I pursued my impotent and empty flight. Even when the strong arm of Bob had checked my shoulders my heels continued their ascent; so that I blew out sideways like an autumn leaf, and must be hauled in, hand over hand, as sailors haul in the slack of a sail, and propped upon my feet again like an intoxicated sparrow. Yet a little higher on the foundation, and we began to be affected by the bottom of the swell, running there like a strong breeze of wind. Or so I must suppose; for, safe in my cushion of air, I was conscious of no impact; only swayed idly like a weed, and was now borne helplessly abroad, and now swiftly—and yet with dream-like gentleness—impelled against my guide.

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THOU art my Way; I wander if Thou fly;  
Thou art my Light; if hid, how blind am I!  
Thou art my Life; if Thou withdraw, I die.

—Francis Quarles.

## YET FURTHER FACTS CONCERNING FEDERATION.

BY THE REV. JAMES ALLEN, M.A.,

IN the article entitled "Some Further Facts Concerning Federation," published in the February number of THE METHODIST MAGAZINE, Dr. Burwash says that, while I have "travelled thousands of miles to gather facts in a foreign land," I have been "utterly blind to what is going on" at home. Admitting for the moment this charge to be true, it may lessen somewhat the censure laid upon me if it be shown that my blindness is not wilful, but is due to the withholding of light, and is, therefore, my misfortune not my fault.

The source of light in educational affairs pertaining to the Methodist Church should be found in the Board of Regents of Victoria University. That Board is composed of two classes. One class is formed of men who are eminently fitted by their business training and executive ability to deal with financial questions; but they have not been qualified by previous training and experience to understand the various questions connected with university management. For guidance in these matters they rely upon another class, composed of members who are supposed to make a special study of university organization, equipment and methods.

The members of this latter class are not reliable guides. They lack the necessary information. This lack may be accounted for, first by the great difficulty of obtaining it. We are living in a formative period. Experiments in university work and methods are still in progress, and, therefore, there is no reliable account of them that is easily accessible. In reply to my inquiry, where books upon this subject could be found, President Hall, of Clark University, writes: "As to literature I know of very little. Our problem has never been a pressing one in Europe and is too new here for literature." In another letter on the same subject he says: "I deeply appreciate your difficulty in procuring information, especially as I have just spent a year in quest of just such information in Europe. It has to be collected from very many petty sources, pamphlets, etc., and there has never been any bibliography of great value on the subject."

But, the main reason why we are not properly qualified for our work is that no systematic effort is made by the Board to obtain information. The best method of obtaining light is by conferences, and correspondence with Presidents and Professors of Colleges, and by personal visits to leading institutions. This principle has been so far recognized by the Board and Advisory Committee that a committee was appointed to visit the principal seats of learning in the United States, for the purpose of studying college buildings. University buildings are not more important, one would think, than university organization and methods. Yet the Board rejected twice a resolution, moved by me, for the appointment of a similar committee to visit the principal institutions in Canada and in the United States, for the purpose of collecting information respecting the best methods of carrying on university work. My efforts to procure information respecting Victoria University have met with similar success.

Every University Board of Trustees known to me—the Board of Regents of Victoria University is the sole exception—employs two methods of acquainting itself with the condition of the institution under its care. The annual report of the President and Deans of Faculties is one method. The second method is by reports of committees. A full, clear and comprehensive annual report is very valuable. When such a report is presented yearly, and carefully studied, the Regents cannot fail to have at least a general idea of the state of each department of the University. Without such a report they are placed at a great disadvantage. In 1887, I moved that a yearly report of the President and Deans of Faculties should be presented to the Board, and printed and distributed to the members of the Board and Senate. This resolution was carried, and the report was presented in 1888. In 1889, that part of my resolution which provided for a report of the Deans of Faculties, and for its printing and distribution, was not complied with. So far as I know the report presented, at my instance, in 1888, is the only one of the kind ever submitted to the Board. Reports of committees is the second method. The governing body divides itself into committees—each committee having charge of some special department of university work, such as Faculty, Library, Museum, Apparatus. It is the duty of each committee to inform itself thoroughly respecting its own department and report to the Board. Thus every member by personal investigation becomes intimately acquainted with one department; and through the reports of the other committees he obtains a general knowledge of the needs and efficiency of the entire University. At three different meetings of the Board I introduced, without success, a resolution for the appointment of such committees. If I am “utterly blind” I have at least made honest, persistent, but, so far as the Board is concerned, unsuccessful efforts to get light. Our system of transacting business, not only makes no provision for obtaining information on the general subject of higher education, but does not require from the Regents of the University even superficial knowledge of the Institution under their care. We have been accustomed to rely for information and guidance upon those members of the Board who were members of the University staff, and here we found bewildering inconsistency. There was frequent change of front and with every change new arguments and estimates were marshalled to support the new position. This vacillation exasperated the men who were determined “right or wrong” to carry out Federation, and they assumed the leadership. The principal qualification for the position, which for the time these occupy, is intense faith—faith in themselves. Sight and knowledge are superfluous. The disposition to search for light is sneered at and considered mutinous. Dr. Burwash might have said that the affliction of blindness is general. We have blind leaders who beseech the company they lead to remain blind also. “Light is in us. Shut your eyes close and fast and we will lead you.” It is due to Dr. Burwash to say that he is not responsible to the same extent as the men who have assumed the direction of our policy. “I am this day weak, though anointed king; and these men the sons of Zeruah be too hard for me.” Yet I may gently blame him. Had my efforts to procure information at home not been thwarted, or had he favoured any systematic effort to obtain it, his sarcastic remarks about my journey of two thousand miles and my visit to a dozen universities might have been made with better grace.

I accept the amount named by Dr. Burwash for the salary of a full professor. His insinuation that I am in favour of low salaries is not fair; and his statement that I "need not travel a thousand miles from home to ascertain" that \$2,000 in Cobourg, or \$2,500 in Toronto, is the lowest salary which should be paid to a thoroughly competent man is uncalled for. For years Dr. Burwash has known that I am in favour, not only of securing strong men but of paying them liberally.

In "Facts Concerning Federation" I did not presume to make statements or give estimates on my own authority. I laid before the Alumni the views of eminent university men. The Chancellor of Victoria is among the number. I quoted estimates submitted by him to the last General Conference, and printed on page 198 of the Conference Journal. It is against his own estimates that he directs the main force of his article. "I could divide myself and go to buffets," said Hotspur. Dr. Burwash has divided himself and gone to buffets. It does not follow that he must, therefore, be inconsistent. That depends on whether the changed conditions warrant his revised estimates. How shall we, who are not experts, judge between the two men: Dr. Burwash of 1890 at buffets with Dr. Burwash of 1886? A man wishes to build a house. He should have a clear idea of what he needs. If he have no ideas of his own upon the subject he will, probably, be governed by his next door neighbour whose family may be twice as large as his, and whose style of living may not be in all respects the best to follow. Every change made by his neighbour such a man will copy. But, supposing him to understand clearly the result that he desires to produce, how shall he estimate the cost? He is not a practical builder. He will, therefore, apply to practical builders for estimates. Probably he will apply to all the able and thoroughly reliable men within reach, especially if he finds that different estimates vary widely. As a variety of materials and workmen must be employed, he will not take the estimate of one man for the whole, but apply to the carpenter, bricklayer, mason, plumber, painter, and thus obtain estimates from an expert in each department. When he has all the evidence before him he will sift and compare it, and, though not a practical builder, yet if he be a man of common sense he will come to sound conclusions.

Proceeding on this principle, I must ask permission to dismiss without consideration the estimates for the repair and erection of buildings. The amount named—\$50,000—may be too low; it may be too high; it may be the exact amount required. But, as we have in the Board and Advisory Committee several business men of great ability—some of them practical builders and contractors—I may request, without even seeming to fail in the respect due to Dr. Burwash, that such estimates be made by them rather than by the Chancellor. The same reason which influences me to turn to practical master-builders for advice when buildings are to be erected, demands that I should listen with respectful and careful consideration to all that a College President has to say concerning university equipment.

We are told that the advance made during the last four years has been of such a character that even had the \$300,000 required for independence in 1886 been secured "we should have been asking for another quarter of a million by this time." Dr. Burwash required for independence in 1886 a staff of fifteen (see General Conference Journal, p. 198); he asks for inde-

pendence in 1890 a staff of sixteen. He adds one professor to the staff and a quarter of a million to the estimates. Now, if the advance made requires another quarter of a million, does not the addition of but one professor give a staff entirely inadequate for the work? Or, if as Dr. Burwash states, the addition of one professor to the fifteen proposed four years ago supplies a staff that can do thoroughly the work demanded by the great changes that have taken place, is not his request for another quarter of a million somewhat extravagant? Examine more closely. Compare the amounts for salaries. In 1886 he proposes to pay to fifteen professors salaries amounting to \$25,500. In 1890, \$32,000 is the amount required for sixteen professors. He adds one professor to the faculty, and he increases the item for salaries by the annual outlay of \$6,500. A difference in the composition of the staff makes this difference in annual expense. In 1886, his staff is composed of six senior professors at a salary of \$2,000 each and nine junior professors at a salary of \$1,500 each. Now his faculty is composed of sixteen professors at \$2,000 each. The chief difference between the estimates of 1886 and the estimates of 1890 is made by striking out of the faculty all the junior professors. Is Dr. Burwash warranted in making this change? Let us judge by the rules which he himself lays down. He tells us that in making these estimates he is "governed by the actual facts as they exist in neighbouring institutions in our own country;" and he selects Toronto and Queen's for comparison. He states that Queen's has a staff of twelve professors and eight lecturers and tutors, while Toronto has thirteen professors and sixteen lecturers and fellows. He requires sixteen professors in Victoria, while Toronto has thirteen and Queen's has twelve. Queen's has eight lecturers and tutors and Toronto has sixteen lecturers and fellows, while in his arrangement Victoria has none. But let us compare Dr. Burwash's staff and estimate for independence in Toronto with the staff and salary account of Toronto University. He requires for independence in Toronto sixteen professors for two hundred students in Arts, and he proposes to pay these professors \$2,500 each, making a total of \$40,000 a year for salaries.

The Minister of Education states that Toronto University has 492 students in Arts. The staff numbers twenty-nine, and is composed of thirteen professors and sixteen lecturers and fellows; \$46,833.33 was paid in salaries to the teaching staff for the year 1889. The salaries of the professors range from \$2,000 to \$3,100. The lecturers receive \$1,500 each and the fellows are paid \$500 each. The average salary paid to the teaching staff of Toronto University during the year 1889 was a trifle over \$1,600. A comparison of Dr. Burwash's estimates for independence in Toronto with the "actual facts" as they exist in Toronto University gives the following result. He requires sixteen professors, Toronto has thirteen professors—that is he asks for 200 students in Arts three professors more than Toronto University requires for 492 students in Arts. He has not a single lecturer, fellow or junior professor. Out of a staff of twenty-nine, Toronto University has sixteen lecturers and fellows. He proposes that Victoria University shall pay \$40,000 annually to a teaching staff of sixteen. Toronto University pays only \$6,833.33 more than that amount to a teaching staff of twenty-nine. Dr. Burwash says that for independence in Toronto we must pay to our teaching staff an average salary of \$2,500. The average salary

paid to the Toronto staff is not quite \$1,615. His estimates call for an average salary which exceeds the average salary paid in Toronto University by nearly \$900, and in asking us to accept these estimates, he says: "I have been governed by the actual facts as they exist in neighbouring institutions in our own country."

Is a staff sixteen in number needed? That is the next question. A teaching staff of sixteen supposes 200 students in Arts, but while we enroll nearly that number each year, we have not so many in actual attendance. Is it possible with our present attendance to do the work thoroughly and efficiently with a teaching staff less than sixteen in number? How shall we judge? We are not experts. Let us take the evidence of professors concerning their own departments. Dr. Burwash assigns four professors to the department of science. Dr. Haanel states, that with two men, making three in all, he would, with our present number of students, undertake to do all the work, both pass and honour, required in Science for undergraduate courses. Dr. Coleman, the present head of the department, holds the same view. Other members of the faculty are of the opinion that while it would be highly desirable to have sixteen professors, yet a staff of fourteen, or even thirteen—a fair proportion of these being junior men—can do the work demanded at the present time thoroughly, and efficiently. Of that, however, I do not feel thoroughly assured. The evidence before me is clear and reliable, but limited. Before coming to a conclusion I wish to make further inquiry. Dr. Burwash has reproached me because the address to the Alumni contained no "information as to what it will cost to equip a fairly efficient Methodist University in this Province with the necessary number of strong, well qualified, thoroughly competent men." I will endeavour to wipe off that reproach. It is my purpose to collect evidence on this subject, both at home and abroad, from men who are acknowledged to be leaders by those who are of authority in the same department of university work. If any of Dr. Burwash's conclusions are sustained, I will accept them promptly. But, at present the comparison of his estimates for 1890 with those submitted by him four years ago, the judgment of them by the rules which he himself lays down, the clear and reliable though limited evidence before me indicate that in the game of buffets Dr. Burwash of 1886 has the advantage of Dr. Burwash of 1890.

To prepare the way for his revised estimates he has not only to oppose himself, but he finds it necessary to weaken the evidence of men whose right to speak with authority on university equipment is unquestioned. His method of attempting this has at least the merit of boldness. I submitted evidence to my fellow graduates showing that specialization for the B. A. degree has reached its maximum, and is probably on the decline; that, therefore, the expense involved in this part of undergraduate work is not likely to be increased, and may be lessened. The question of options, as it affects the cost of university work, is not discussed in my pamphlet. Now, Dr. Burwash represents all that I have said of the expense of specialism as said of options. Why? That is a riddle I cannot answer. One might suppose that he had confounded the two things if he had not clearly defined the difference between them. The definition which I give of a university, the distinction between university and college work on which I insist, and the whole tenor of my argument guard him against the error of sup-



posing that I mean options though writing about specialism. In comparing the expense of independence with the expense of federation, the word options is not used. Under this head I discuss three things—the Library, “the equipment and maintenance of the Science Department,” and “*the demand of the age for specialization.*” The words Special, Specialism and Specialization are used throughout in such a way as to guard against misunderstanding, yet where I use one word Dr. Burwash represents me as using the other. For instance, I conclude my argument as follows: “It is said that we cannot maintain our independence on account of the extent of specialization, but this estimate” (Dr. Burwash’s estimate of 1886) “of \$300,000,—\$150,000 less than the estimate for federation—is based on the demand that now exists for specialization; and as we have already seen, the chief university men on this continent hold that specialization for the B. A. degree should be lessened and will be lessened. Hence we may conclude that the expense caused by specialization for the B. A. degree is now at its maximum; though there is, as has been shown, no limit to the expense caused by University or post-graduate work.” Evidently it is this passage which Dr. Burwash has in view when he says, “even in the foreign land where he discovered that *options have reached their maximum,*” italics mine, “he forgot to inquire or at least to tell us what that maximum was.” While I cannot account for this misrepresentation, I will not believe that it was done intentionally. Dr. Burwash is incapable of that. Yet the effect remains. While I am misrepresented, he steers clear of my argument.

A clear definition of a university will do much toward keeping us out of a mental fog, while considering the subject of specialization in its bearing upon the expense of carrying on college work. I may be permitted, therefore, to introduce here the following definition by the President of Johns Hopkins:

“A university is a body of teachers and scholars, a corporation maintained for the conservation and advancement of knowledge in which those who are thoroughly prepared for higher studies are encouraged to continue under competent professors their intellectual advancement in many branches of science and literature. In this society we recognize two important grades (*a*) the collegiate students who are aspirants for the degree of Bachelor of Arts, to which they look forward as a certificate that they have completed a liberal course of preliminary study; and (*b*) the university students, including the few who may be candidates for a higher diploma, that of Doctor or Master (a certificate that they have made special attainments in certain branches of knowledge); and a larger number who, without reference to a degree, are simply continuing their studies for varying periods. Corresponding to the wants of these two classes of students, we have two methods of instruction. The rule of the college which provides discipline, drill, training in appointed tasks and for definite periods; and the rule of the university, the note of which is opportunity, freedom, encouragement and guidance in more difficult studies and pursuits.”

From this definition, it is clear that all those studies which lead up to and end in the baccalaureate degree belong to the college. It is clear also that while collegiate instruction imparts the elements of knowledge, its main purpose is the cultivation of the intellectual and moral powers, the formation of habits of attention, acquisition, memory and judgment. This requires drill, training, discipline. University work is the pursuit of some

special branch or branches which may be continued to any length. And, as the university is intended to encourage original investigation and to produce leaders in scientific progress, the student is unfettered and left free to follow his own bent, the university, so far as possible, providing him with books, apparatus and guides. It is the province of the college to form character, to cultivate the intellect and the imagination. The education provided is therefore liberal, not special, and its key-note is discipline. It is the province of the university to impart learning, to encourage original research; its sphere therefore is specialism and its key-note is freedom. Now, the attempts in this country and in the United States to crowd university work into the limits of an undergraduate course have not been crowned with success. The effort to do both classes of work at the same time usually ends in both being done badly. To say nothing of inadequate staff and equipment, these methods are opposed. Collegiate instruction, to attain the highest results, requires discipline, restraint. University teaching, to attain the highest results, requires freedom. Both methods cannot be pursued with advantage at the same time. Freedom to be rightly used must be preceded by discipline. University freedom, therefore, presupposes collegiate restraint, and is founded upon it.

The chief university men on this continent are now insisting that the college and the university should each confine itself to its own legitimate work. The following sentence from a letter received from President Hall, of Clark University, sums up their views: "That colleges pretend or try to do university work is, I think, hardly less than calamitous for higher education on our continent." But it may be objected that many of these gentlemen are foreigners who preside over institutions for post-graduate work, and who aim at making the colleges preparatory schools to their universities. Listen, then, to the evidence of a gentleman who is not a foreigner, and who looks at the question from the college point of view.

The following is from the report of Dr. Reynar, Dean of the Faculty of Arts, Victoria University:

"It is to be regretted that in this country so high a premium is set on specialism that no sufficient time is allowed for the healthy and symmetrical development of the mind. On the contrary, such development is arrested by the too early concentration of attention in some special direction and the absorption of the energies in some particular exercise. . . . Even in the case of our school teachers, this demand for specialism may be pushed beyond the bounds of reason, and a special proficiency stimulated that is beyond the requirements of the work, and that in the natural course of things cannot be secured without sacrificing that balance and symmetry of culture so much to be desired in those who unconsciously mould the characters of the young, whilst they directly inform their minds."

We may conclude from the number, ability, character and position of the university men holding these views, that they will influence greatly the form taken by higher education on this continent. It is not unreasonable to suppose that their views will so far prevail that much of the specialism which now finds a place in undergraduate work will be transferred to post-graduate courses; at all events, that specialization for the B. A. degree will not be pushed beyond its present limits.

Permit me to fortify this conclusion somewhat. Until recently we had no institutions for extended post-graduate work on the continent, and the colleges were compelled with imperfect means to do the best they could for specialists or leave them wholly unprovided for. Now, however, there are in the United States several universities which have from \$300,000 to \$400,000 annual income devoted mainly to post-graduate or university work. Last October Clark University, which starts with an endowment of over \$2,000,000, was opened for post-graduate work only. These universities are easily reached from any point in Ontario.

Here the cry is raised that this means sinking into a "secondary position," that our colleges are thus made "preparatory schools" to such a university as Johns Hopkins. But what are we now? What are all the universities in Canada with all their specialisms more than "preparatory schools" to such a university as Johns Hopkins? Dr. Burwash may refuse with disdain such a "secondary position" for Victoria, but Vice-Chancellor Mulock with pride claims superiority over Queen's on the ground of the excellence of Toronto as a "preparatory school" to Johns Hopkins. In his last address, Vice-Chancellor Mulock asserts that Toronto is superior to Queen's on the ground that during the year 1887-1888 nine graduates of Toronto were pursuing post-graduate studies in Johns Hopkins, while no graduates of Queen's were in that institution.

But we are told that federation will lift us out of this "secondary position," and give Ontario a university supplying advantages to post-graduate students equal to those given by the best institutions in the United States and in Europe. For five years Dr. Burwash and his associates have been telling the people of this country that federation will give us a university "the peer of any university on this continent," "a first-class university scarcely inferior to any university on the continent, and for which we might otherwise have to wait for two full generations to come," "a first-class university possessing ample provision for teaching in every department of university work, which would render it unnecessary for our best young men to go to other countries to complete their education." By what authority are such statements made? Will Dr. Burwash point out the clause in the Federation Act which makes provision for such a university? Will he give a single sentence from the Minister of Education or from any member of the Cabinet containing a pledge from the Ontario Government to establish a university with post-graduate courses in the event of federation? Will he show us where, under the scheme of federation, provision is made for teaching more than is required for the B. A. degree? Of course, I cannot think the advocates of federation capable of wilful misrepresentation, but nevertheless the public has been widely misled. The division of the university staff renders the misrepresentation difficult to detect. In federation the University Faculty is to be divided. One part is styled the Faculty of University College. The other part, which is common to all federating colleges, is called the University Professoriate. Many have accepted the statements made supposing that post-graduate subjects would be assigned to the university professoriate, but the work done by the university staff is of the same grade as the work done by the federating colleges. It is all collegiate work; undergraduate work; work preliminary to the B. A. degree. I pointed this out in my pamphlet, and insisted upon it in a letter

published in the *Mail* of November 8th, in reply to criticisms made by the Editor of the METHODIST MAGAZINE. No explanations have been offered in reply; but when Dr. Burwash deals with this subject in his article I notice a remarkable change in his tone. He now tells us that the advocates of federation have a post-graduate course similar to that of Yale "before their minds;" and he states further that this post-graduate course which they have "before their minds" "might be furnished in Toronto under federation within five years." During the last five years the advocates of federation have spoken in the language of certainty of "a first-class university possessing ample provision for efficient teaching in every department of university work, which would render it unnecessary for our best young men to go to other countries to complete their education," as a thing secured to us by federation. Now they tell us that it is *before their minds*, and under federation it *might be* furnished within *five years*. If it is only "before their minds," I must ask pardon for refusing to believe it to be more substantial than "the baseless fabric of a vision."

Dr. Burwash deals in a singular fashion with the estimates quoted by me for a library and scientific apparatus. I quoted \$10,000 and \$1,000 annual outlay for the purchase and maintenance of apparatus, and \$5,000 for a library, with a yearly sum for the purchase of the latest works, making total of \$15,000 for the first outlay, not \$20,000, as misquoted in his article. With respect to these estimates he says, first: "I need not quarrel with Mr. Allen," he then adds, that he will "gladly accept" them, and he incorporates the figures which he quotes as mine in his own estimates for independence. On the next page, he says that he has exposed "the utter fallacy of the last ten pages of Mr. Allen's pamphlet" where the estimates for the library and apparatus are dealt with in detail; and in his conclusion he says: "The whole tenor of Mr. Allen's argument is to show how little is needed for independence. All that we need is a little cheap apparatus and a few cheap books." Now, I must not allow myself to be dazzled by the Chancellor's generosity in intimating on one page that he will not "quarrel" with me, and that he will "gladly accept" my estimates, into permitting him to say on the next page that he has exposed their "utter fallacy," and to sneer at the equipment contemplated by them as "a little cheap apparatus and a few cheap books."

Dr. Burwash states that a library and scientific apparatus are "supplemental requisites of a university." In this I think him right, but he has sometimes conveyed the impression that vast sums were required to provide a library. His report to the Board of Regents contains the following: "But the limited ground covered is due to the fact that we have not been in a position to adopt the more modern method of dealing with these subjects. The study of Languages, Literature, History, Philosophy and Civil Polity by advanced students should be prosecuted in a thoroughly furnished library of works of reference. The work of the professors should be to direct the extended reading of his students." He recommends this method of work for honour men during the third and fourth years, and adds: "The expenditure of money in this direction would more directly than any other way add to the efficiency of the university." I made enquiry in Rochester, Syracuse, Boston University, the University of the City of New York, Yale, Cornell, Columbia and Johns Hopkins and in none of these

universities do *undergraduate* students pursue this "modern method." This method is pursued by *post-graduate* students: by men who have been graduated in Arts, and are taking a further special course or are proceeding to the Ph. D. degree. Now, in the absence of all systematic means—such as a standing committee on the library—of collecting information, the vagueness of our ideas upon the subject should not occasion surprise. The inference was naturally drawn from the report that an immense library similar to those possessed by well appointed universities for post-graduate work was required for the successful prosecution of the studies required for the B. A. degree, and this was used freely and forcibly as an argument in favour of federation. I asked the Presidents and the Librarians of the universities I visited the following question: "What sum is required to purchase a good working library for a college with an attendance of from 200 to 300 students and doing all the work required for the B. A. degree?" The lowest estimate was \$3,000, the highest \$5,000. The President of Johns Hopkins and the Librarian of Columbia mentioned the higher figure. Let me give the substance of President Gilman's words: For \$5,000, and a small annual sum for the latest works, you can purchase a library for the undergraduate part of university work, but you must put brains into the selection. Some one must purchase your books who knows what to buy. Not a dollar must be spent in buying a useless book. This statement is confirmed by Dr. Reynar, Dean of the Arts Faculty; \$5,000 to begin with, he says, and \$1,000 annual outlay for the latest publications, will provide all the books we can profitably use in our work.

Dr. Burwash calls \$10,000 worth of apparatus "little" and "cheap." Why did he not add to this negative information a positive statement of the sum that would meet his views for the equipment of the Science Department? Vague, general statements are liable to mislead, especially with regard to this part of university equipment. Before purchasing apparatus we should understand clearly what we need. As we have already seen there are two classes of university work: Collegiate, or undergraduate, and university, or post-graduate work. Undergraduate work includes all the studies required for the B. A. degree; post-graduate studies may go in any direction and to any length. Now, post-graduate courses are not contemplated, either in independence or federation; therefore, we require apparatus for undergraduate work only. Apparatus for this purpose is comparatively simple and inexpensive, but that required for post-graduate students is very costly, hence the necessity for definite statement, that we may not confound them. The most extravagant estimates have been made, because the apparatus required for university has been confounded with that required for collegiate equipment. I have heard sums from \$50,000 all the way up to \$6,000,000, quoted for the equipment of the single department of Practical Science in an undergraduate college. And yet we are told that there is no need for a committee charged with the duty of collecting information concerning the equipment of the Science Department.

In my pamphlet estimates are given in detail for scientific apparatus in each subject. Any one desiring to refer to them will receive a copy of the pamphlet on application. These estimates were supplied to me by Dr. Haanel, Dean of our Science Department, and now Professor of Physics in

Syracuse University ; by Dr. Gilman, and Dr. Kimball, one President and the other Associate Professor of Physics in Johns Hopkins ; by Dr. Chandler, Dean of the School of Mines, Columbia ; by Dr. Harris, Professor of Chemistry, Amherst ; by Professor Cooke, Director of the Chemical Laboratory, Harvard, and by other men of the same stamp. Dr. Haanel states, that \$10,000 worth of apparatus added to what is now in our laboratory, and \$1,000 annual outlay to maintain it, will put us in a position, with respect to apparatus, not only to do as good work as can be done for our students by the University Professoriate, but to do as good work for the B. A. degree as can be done on this continent or in Europe, because that sum would furnish our laboratory with all the apparatus that could be used in our undergraduate work for purposes of instruction. But every professor who supplied these estimates emphasized the fact that the sums would serve the purposes indicated only in the event of being intrusted to one who knew precisely what to purchase. That a comparatively small sum of money is spent in furnishing a laboratory and a library is no proof that the apparatus is "little" and "cheap," and that the books are "cheap" and "few." It may be a proof that the purchaser knows how to select apparatus and books and how to make use of them.

"Wherever we do our work," says Dr. Burwash, "we must provide for our sons all that can be had elsewhere." The fact that a thing can be had elsewhere is not a sufficient proof that we should provide it for our sons. Some things may be had elsewhere which our sons would be better without ; and there may be some things not found elsewhere which ought to be provided. The estimates for library and apparatus are given upon the assumption that we "must compete" with other universities ; but the principle of competition is not, in my opinion, a sound one. It has done much to destroy the true educational spirit in Ontario, by embroiling the universities in a warfare of selfish interests. It is not a lofty principle nor a noble one, even for common hucksters, much less for a university, which should be a source of light and a centre of peace. Co-operation is better than competition. The President of Clark University, says, in his inaugural address :

"We have selected a small but closely related group of five departments, and shall at first focus all our means and care to make these the best possible. We choose to assert the same privilege for ourselves that other institutions allow their students, and offer the latter, in choosing their subjects, a larger option *between institutions*. Our strongest universities are too feeble to do justice to all the departments, old and new, which they undertake ; our institutions are also too uniform, and every new departure of the stronger is copied and thus often enfeebled by the weaker ones. When they specialize among the fields of academic culture doing well what they do, but not attempting to do everything, our American system may yet come to represent the highest educational needs of the country."

Canadian universities have been prompted by the spirit of competition to undertake work for which they are not qualified. Instead of aiming to provide all that can be had elsewhere, let us supply what other colleges lack, not attempting to do everything, but doing thoroughly what we undertake ; satisfied if in some respects we can give a better education than can be found elsewhere, and rejoicing in the success of other institutions in their

own chosen lines. We shall thus avoid the uniformity and feebleness spoken of by President Clark, and make a positive contribution to Canadian education.

But Dr. Burwash says that unless we provide "all that can be had elsewhere we will lose our students, and our position will be very speedily reduced to that of a mere theological school and that in a little rural town." For five years we have been listening to this prophecy, and the history of Victoria during these five years proves it to be untrue. During that time the work of the college has been carried on under the most depressing circumstances. Nothing has been done to strengthen the hands of the faculty, but our energy has been wasted in tearing down and destroying. We have been plunged, by our own mismanagement, into irritating and expensive litigation. Our staff and equipment have been wretchedly inadequate. Our Chancellor has predicted the speedy dissolution of our college, and students who have had faith in his prophecy have gone to other institutions. We cannot easily imagine a condition more unfavourable to progress; yet, during these very years, while doleful prophecies of death have filled the air, and while many have endeavoured with all their energy and ability to turn these prophecies into history, the number of our students have steadily increased until now, with only ten professors, without even "a little cheap apparatus and a few cheap books," Dr. Burwash confesses, in the very article in which he predicts that "we will lose our students," that we enroll nearly as many students as can be efficiently handled by a teaching staff of sixteen.

The failure of Dr. Burwash's prophecy is due to the excellent work done by him and by his faculty in the lecture-room. Our professors are "strong, well qualified, thoroughly competent men"; and they will merit and receive the support of the country in making Victoria second to no college in the Province, though neither the rival nor the copy of any existing institution.

COBURG, March 26th.

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#### AN ARAB SAYING.

REMEMBER, three things come not back :  
The arrow sent upon its track—  
It will not swerve, it will not stay  
Its speed ; it flies to wound or slay.

The spoken word, so soon forgot  
By thee ; but it has perished not :  
In other hearts 'tis living still,  
And doing work for good or ill.

And the lost opportunity,  
That cometh back no more to thee.  
In vain thou weepest, in vain dost yearn,  
Those three will nevermore return.

## BRIEF REJOINDER BY DR. BURWASH.\*

We make a few brief notes on Mr. Allen's article :

1. The complaint of Mr. Allen that the Board of Regents have not furnished him with certain information, certainly, is not "a fact concerning federation." Probably if Victoria were in Toronto within convenient reach of a large number of the members of the Board, all the committees which he suggests would be practicable as standing committees. At present committees are appointed and called together at expense of time and money, when there is some directly feasible work to be done.

2. The attempt at disparagement of Dr. Burwash's estimate for independence may fairly be classed under Whately's fallacy of objections. He tosses aside Dr. Burwash's estimate for buildings because he is not a practical builder, forgetting that the man who is to live in the house is the best judge of the size and style of house which he requires, and that information quite sufficiently accurate for ordinary purposes as to what such a house will cost is not difficult to obtain. He compares the estimate of 1890 with that of 1886, forgetting that Victoria University receives one per cent. less for its investments to-day than it did four years ago ; forgetting, too, that the men who were junior professors four years ago are now, after winning high honours in Europe, entitled to the full rank and pay of professors ; and forgetting that four years has added largely to our embarrassing debt. If Mr. Allen's policy is to be carried into effect we must dismiss half our present staff, and fill their places with juniors.

3. As to comparison of average salary in Toronto University with that proposed by Dr. Burwash, Mr. Allen is again quite oblivious of a few fundamental facts. (1) The same *departments of study* must be

provided for two hundred students as are needed for four hundred. These departments are in Toronto (omitting the subordinate departments) fourteen in number. Eleven of these are in the hands of full professors ; three are temporarily assigned to lecturers, making fourteen men absolutely needed to cover the ground even for two hundred students. With four hundred students the classes must be divided, and it is in these subdivided classes that the junior men are employed in Toronto. (2) Of course, the employment of these men reduces the average salary over the whole staff ; but the fair estimate is by departments. Toronto maintains fourteen departments, at an average cost of \$3,314 for each department. Dr. Burwash proposes to condense to thirteen departments, at an expense in Toronto of \$2,500 for each department. These are average figures in each case. It is, of course, cheaper to provide for four hundred students in one college, than to maintain two colleges each with two hundred. In his criticism Mr. Allen seems to forget altogether the Theological department with its three professors. Dr. Burwash's estimate of sixteen professors evidently includes that, leaving thirteen professors in Arts.

4. The gist of the rest of this article seems to lie in three sentences : "Specialization for the B.A. degree should be lessened, and will be lessened." "The college and university should each confine itself to its own legitimate work." The hope of a first-class university for Canada is not "more substantial than 'the baseless fabric of a vision.'" The plain inference is Victoria must be herself content to remain one of these "preparatory" colleges. Is this the glorious outcome of all the outcry for "independence" and to maintain "the degree-conferring

\* With the concurrence of Mr. Allen a proof of his article was sent to Dr. Burwash. After the following editorial was in type, the accompanying brief rejoinder was received from Dr. Burwash.—ED.



power?" Is this the policy which is to bring "our colleges and universities under the fostering care of the Church?" We are to have no Canadian university! but are to seek those fountains of intellectual life which the university should supply in a foreign land! All this is, of course, in perfect harmony

with the subordinate position assigned to denominational colleges by the presidents of the "true universities," and this, with the corresponding library and equipment, indicates the legitimate work to which they are so sagely advised to confine themselves.

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## FEDERATION AGAIN.

THE best answer to the accusation of the new anti-federation paper, *Methodist Topics*, that the METHODIST MAGAZINE refused a hearing to the Rev. Mr. Allen on this subject "unless on conditions almost prohibitory," is the appearance in this number of his long and strong anti-federation article—an article in type before the first number of *Methodist Topics* was published. From regard to the character of the writer of the article printed herewith, and from a desire to prevent our anti-federation friends from having the least vestige of ground of complaint that they do not get fair play, and more than fair play, in this MAGAZINE, it has gone to the expense of printing an inordinately long article—the longest contributed article it ever printed—to the exclusion of much interesting matter pledged to the public, although from the premises, arguments and conclusions of that article the Editor, from conscientious conviction, utterly dissents. We will expect, of course, that the *Methodist Topics* will show an equal love of fair play, by printing the much shorter article in which the Chancellor of the University defends the policy decided upon by the General Conference, and for the carrying out of which he is responsible. If it will not do this, it will at least, in common fairness, give the eight lines quoted below setting forth his estimate of the comparative cost of federation, of independence at Cobourg, and of independence at Toronto.

"Now these are the present facts :

"We have yet to raise for independence in Cobourg . . . . .	\$477,000
"For independence in Toronto . . . . .	665,000
"For federation . . . . .	110,000

"These in each case are net sums."

As to Mr. Allen's article in reply to Dr. Burwash, we have not much to say. We have no pleasure, but much pain, in having a controversy with Mr. Allen or with any one else on this subject. Dr. Burwash is amply able to defend both himself and the policy which he is appointed by the Church to carry out, if he think that such defence is necessary. If he do not so think, our readers have the material for forming a judgment by a comparison of Dr. Burwash's article in the February number of this MAGAZINE with that of Mr. Allen in the present number. We may assume that the strongest word has here been spoken against federation which it is possible to speak. Mr. Allen is a distinguished graduate of Victoria University, he is an enthusiastic lover of his *Alma Mater*, for three years he has been in charge of what may be called the university pulpit in the town of Cobourg. He has given much time and thought to this subject. He writes with clearness, force and vigour. He has not stinted himself as to space—his article is more than one-half longer than that to which it is a reply. Surely, with all these advantages, he has spoken the last word and the strongest word that can be said on this subject. We leave it to our

readers to conclude whether or not he has disproved one tittle of Dr. Burwash's statements of fact, or whether he has shaken one jot of his arguments.

We are struck with surprise in reading Mr. Allen's article, by its tendency—unconsciously to himself, no doubt, for he is a loyal man—to belittle and disparage the status not only of Victoria, but of all Canadian universities; or rather, if we understand him aright, to assert that they are incapable of doing university work at all. He discriminates, on page 460, between a college and a university, and quotes with seeming approval the *dictum* of President Hall, head of an exclusively post-graduate institution, "that colleges pretend to do university work, is, I think, hardly less than calamitous for higher education on our continent." Yet this is just what Victoria University, unless her very name is a misnomer and a sham, has been professing to do for a good many years.

In harmony with this belittling the character of Victoria and other Canadian universities, Mr. Allen quotes from the heads of institutions which have very large libraries and which are yet asking money for library extension, the statement that about \$5,000 is sufficient for a library for Victoria as an independent university. They have a very different idea at Toronto University, where they value the library recently destroyed by fire at \$150,000, and are endeavouring to procure another of not less value. In the few weeks since the fire over \$40,000 have been subscribed for this purpose, and 3,000 valuable books donated. Yale, with its 140,000 volumes in its library and its magnificent museums and apparatus, yet says she is "crippled for lack of funds," and asks for \$2,000,000 more for university work, a considerable amount of which will, doubtless, be expended in library extension.

Then for scientific apparatus, \$10,000 is considered by Mr. Allen a liberal estimate. The apparatus of Toronto University used for undergraduate work is estimated at \$25,-

000. No estimate at all is given by Mr. Allen for a biological museum, so absolutely necessary for biological studies, and yet costing so much to procure and maintain, probably not less than \$25,000 more. "Canadian universities," Mr. Allen assures us, "have been prompted by the spirit of competition to undertake work for which they are not qualified." Elsewhere Mr. Allen says (*Mail*, November 8, 1889), "For advanced courses her graduates (those of Toronto University) must go to the United States or Europe." But for the benefit of Canadian aspirants after higher education, we are told that "there are in the United States several universities which have from \$300,000 to \$400,000 annual income, devoted mainly to post-graduate work. . . . Those universities 'moreover,' are easily reached from any point in Ontario."

"What," Mr. Allen asks, "are all the universities in Canada with all their specialisms, more than 'preparatory schools' to such a university as Johns Hopkins?" And he seems to imply that such they must remain, for when Chancellor Burwash tells us that "the advocates of federation have a post graduate course similar to that of Yale before their minds," and that this post-graduate course might be furnished in Toronto under federation within five years, so that it will be no longer necessary for our best young men to go to foreign countries to complete their education, Mr. Allen assumes a tone of utter scepticism of the possibility of such a thing, and says, "if it be only before their minds," I must beg pardon for refusing to believe it to be more substantial than "the baseless fabric of a vision."

If that is Mr. Allen's idea of the destiny of Canada for all time to come, we hope it is not very largely shared by patriotic Canadians. For our part, we believe and hope better of Canada than that. We believe, to use the language of Milton that "She is a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious and piercing spirit; acute to invent, subtle to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point that human capacity can soar to."

Even the small, rugged, and poor Republic of Switzerland, with only about half the population of Canada, has at least three universities—one among the most famous in Europe, with 88 professors, another with a library of 200,000 volumes, besides numerous technical and scientific schools. Sweden, still poorer, with a population about that of Ontario, has two universities, with 163 professors, 2,000 students, and very large and valuable libraries. Little Denmark has its university, with 2,000 students and library of 200,000 volumes. Even Portugal has its university, with eighty-eight professors and tutors and 1,500 students. Germany, besides her splendid system of gymnasias, has no less than twenty universities, with over 1,700 professors and teachers. Italy has seventeen, with 805 professors and teachers. Even the subarctic province of Finland has its well-manned university, some of whose professors at least have won world-wide fame.

We, too, in Canada, if we have but patriotic faith in its possibilities, may help to build up a high-class university which shall reflect lustre upon our country. We prefer to follow in this matter the guidance of Dr. Burwash, who for eight and twenty years has been a student, professor, dean or president, of Victoria University, who has been a post-graduate student at Yale, who has made university problems a life-study, whose heart throbs with undying love for the institution so identified with his existence, who is entrusted by the Church with the administration of its educational policy, who does not despair of his country, but cherishes high hopes of its becoming in the near future intellectually and educationally the peer of any country under heaven.

Above all, let us not disparage and minimize what Canadians have done and are doing. We think that Mr. Allen speaks without full knowledge of the facts when he says that Canadian universities are so inferior to certain much-vaunted American ones, and are, therefore, incapable of doing original work. The honour-work of Toronto University in many of its

departments will compare favourably with that of any university in America. Moreover a considerable number of its brilliant graduates are now doing high class post-graduate work. Its biological and scientific departments are rapidly developing in strength and breadth, and are furnishing ample opportunity for original investigation.

In another important department, that of classical and Christian epigraphy, Toronto University had before the late fire the best equipped apparatus on this continent; and in its late President, Dr. McCaul, had an expert in that difficult science not equalled on this continent and not surpassed in any university in the world. In ethnology and its kindred sciences, its present distinguished head, Sir Daniel Wilson, has a world-wide reputation; and in Sir W. J. Dawson, the sister university of McGill College has an original investigator of commanding influence. It is well known also that in the laboratory of Victoria University its late accomplished Professor Haanel made important original investigations and discoveries, and was well able to direct original work. The same is true, we think, of his accomplished successor, Professor Coleman. The same was certainly true of the late Professor Croft, and we presume is also true of his successor of Toronto University.

If we are as a young nation to claim our place in the republic of letters, it will not be by disparaging and belittling what we have done or what we may do. Neither will it be by isolating Victoria College from the higher educational system of the country and prescribing to universities in the country the petty rôle of being merely "preparatory schools" to American universities. But it will be by the Canadian universities combining their resources, uniting their efforts, burying their old-time jealousies and antagonisms, and being resolved to give the Province of Ontario such a university that her sons will not be obliged to take a post-graduate course at any American university.

Mr. Allen justly condemns in

another connection the sordid spirit of "competition" between universities. "It is not a lofty principle," he admirably says, "nor a noble one, even for common hucksters, much less for a university, which should be a source of light and a centre of peace. *Co-operation is better than competition.*" We gladly emphasize the last sentence. Instead of planting in Toronto beside the provincial institution a rival university, which must duplicate at immense cost most of the advantages already offered to the public, or else it will lose a still larger proportion of Methodist students than the 116 who now attend Toronto University, let us cordially co-operate with that institution, and combining the strength of two, build up a great

Canadian university of which we all may be proud. Such a university the policy of federation alone can give us. This is the wise, the large, the just, the patriotic view the General Conference decided upon after its opponents had exhausted every conceivable plea and argument against it. Till an assembly of equal authority shall reverse that decision, this MAGAZINE shall feel bound to strengthen the hands and second the efforts of those honoured brethren to whom has been committed, by the highest authority of the Church, the duty of carrying into effect the enactments of the legislature of the Church and of bearing the heavy burdens of its educational policy.

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#### THE NEWFOUNDLAND DIFFICULTY.

The people of Newfoundland are greatly exercised by the ever-increasing aggressions of the French upon the neutral ground known as the "French Shore." This is an immense sweep of deeply indented coast, extending from Cape Ray around the whole north-west and northern part of the island, a distance of 400 miles. It includes the fairest valleys and richest soils of Newfoundland, and borders on the most prolific fishing grounds. By the treaties of 1713, 1763 and 1783 the French received the privilege of catching and curing fish and erecting huts and stages along this coast—a concession of which they have availed themselves to so full an extent that, like the camel that got his nose into a tent, they threaten to exclude the native fishermen altogether, and have destroyed their lobster factories and refused them the right to fish in those prolific waters. The consequence is intense excitement in the island, which is increased by the *Modus Vivendi* announced by the Downing Street authorities, in which the rights of the islanders, they claim, are sacrificed to political exigencies. An immense out-of-door meeting was held in St. John's, at which the Hon. J. J. Rogerson, a

distinguished member of the Methodist Church, presided and made a vigorous speech in defence of Newfoundland rights; the Rev. George Bond, a prominent minister of our Church, Sir James Winter, Sir Robert Thorburn, and other gentlemen, made intensely patriotic speeches, demanding for the islanders the full and unrestrained enjoyment of their territorial, maritime and constitutional rights.

There are no more loyal people under the British Crown than the people of Newfoundland, but loyalty to the Crown is, and must be, indissolubly united with loyalty to the rights and interests of Newfoundland. We cannot believe that the rights of Britain's oldest colony will be sacrificed to secure French connivance at the British occupation of Egypt, or for any similar reason. The vigorous protest of the islanders will surely bring redress of their wrong. The immense fishing interests of the colony, its mineral resources, its strategic advantages must not be allowed to slip, as is gravely threatened, from the hands of the Mother Country, for lack of bold and vigorous statesmanship in the home government.

“GREATER BRITAIN.”\*

Twenty years ago Sir Charles Dilke wrote a book of travel around the world, which was not only a great literary success, but also gave currency to the striking phrase, “Greater Britain,” which is embodied in the title of the comprehensive work before us. This book, however, is not a mere book of travel, but a statesman-like and philosophical discussion of the many and difficult problems which arise in the study of this complex subject. Special attention is given to the relations of the English-speaking countries with one another, and to the comparative politics of the countries under British government. The author has twice journeyed around the world and twice nearly around. He has made exhaustive studies of the subject on which he writes, and has produced a book which has not its parallel in fulness of information on the social, political, and economic conditions of the many colonies and states which make up the British Empire.

Of this Great and Greater Britain he says, “the British Empire, with its protectorates, and even without counting its less defined sphere of influence, has an area of some nine million of square miles, or, very roughly speaking, of nearly three Europes; revenues amounting to some two hundred and ten millions sterling; and half the sea-borne commerce of the world. This empire, lying in all latitudes, produces every requirement of life and trade. We possess the greatest wheat granaries, wool markets, timber forests, and diamond fields of the world. . . . In coal, iron, and copper, we hold our own with all mankind. . . . As regards food supply, it is certain that we might, if we please, be entirely independent of any foreign source. The states of

Greater Britain thus scattered over the best portions of the globe vary infinitely in their forms of government, between the absolutism that prevails in India and the democracy of South Australia or Ontario.

“The dominant force in bringing that empire together and in maintaining it as one body has been the eminence among the races of the world of our own well mixed people. As to the ultimate results of their high deeds there can be no doubt. . . . More than a hundred million speak English as their chief tongue, and vastly more than that number as one of two languages; while four hundred millions of people are, more or less directly, under English rule.”

We are tempted to quote much more, but our limits of space prevents.

This is not a mere jingoist outburst of patriotism. Our author discerns the difficulty of the many problems before the statesman, and contributes his quota to their solution. The part of this book referring to the Dominion of Canada will naturally be of most interest to us. He points out the very superior advantages it offers to the immigrant as compared with Australia or any other part of the empire. He points out, too, the superiority of the soil of the great North-West to that of the neighbouring Republic. Of its future he has the most sanguine anticipations. “Of all the lands under a temperate climate,” he says, “to which British emigrants can go, North America is by far the most accessible” and Canada, he shows offers by far the largest and richest area of food-producing soil.

Sir Charles describes very fairly the political condition of the Dominion, and justly characterizes its provinces and principal cities. “If

\* *Problems of Greater Britain.* By THE RIGHT HON. SIR CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE, Bart. 8vo, pp. xii-738. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price \$4.50.

Quebec is the most picturesque," he says, "Montreal is the most sumptuous in appearance of all the towns of the American Continent." Toronto, he anticipates will soon surpass her Eastern sister, and states that "the educational and religious activity of the 'Queen City,' is as striking as its commercial enterprise." The Parliament Buildings at Ottawa he affirms to be a finer architectural group than anything at Washington. He favourably notices Canadian literature and art, discusses fairly the problem of the mixed races, religions and languages, and says, "in one respect Canada seems to have led the way, namely, in that temperance legislation which has, perhaps too hastily, been pronounced a failure." This subject he discusses fully in a later chapter,

He gives Canada a foremost place in enacting restrictive and prohibitory liquor-laws. For this result he gives the Methodist Church and the Methodist Conference which, he says, "are very powerful in Canada," due credit. The consumption of liquor in Canada, he says, "is the smallest per head in any English-speaking country in the world," which we think a fine tribute to our higher civilization.

In discussing religious problems, our author gives the Methodist Church more justice than many English writers. He states that in Canada, as in Australia, "the Methodists and Presbyterians have in fact the numbers which they claim on paper, whereas the Roman Catholics and the Church of England receive the nominal allegiance of large numbers of persons who neither attend church nor give money toward church purposes of any kind." He pays a high tribute to the success of Methodist and Presbyterian unions, and says that the plans proposed for further union show a more practical side than the schemes

which have been mooted in the Mother-Country for bringing about the unity of Christendom. "Throughout the Dominion," he further says, "the Methodist Church forms not only a religious but a social centre for its people." He quotes the complaint of the Bishop Ontario that "the wealth in the cities is in the hands of sectarians; and the unions recently formed, both between the various Presbyterian bodies and the Methodists have brought the Church of England face to face with two powerful antagonistic organizations." That strikes us as hardly a happy phrase to apply to sister churches to which the invitation has been given to seek a closer union. "The signatures of the bishops in Canada," he adds "strike one with astonishment, and point out an assumption of geographical control which one would think had best be abandoned, 'E. Algoma,' 'W. C. Mackenzie River,' and 'A. R. J. Qu'Appelle,' are not only odd signatures, but perhaps in some small degree ridiculous under the circumstances of the case."

We have left ourselves no space to speak of the chapters on the colonies of Australia and South Africa, of the vast Indian Empire, of the United States, and the West Indies, of the many crown colonies dotted over the world; of the problems of colonial democracy, labour, provident societies and the poor; of education, religion, etc.; of the future relations between the Mother-Country and the remainder of the empire; of imperial defence, etc. These will be found treated very fully and fairly; the author has by no means spoken the last word on these subjects but one can the more intelligently discuss them after reading his pregnant chapters. The book is so closely printed that it contains more matter than many twice its size. It has fine excellent folding maps and an admirable index.

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As cloth is tinged of any dye  
 In which it long time plunged may lie,  
 So those with whom he loves to live  
 To every man his colour give.

—*Hindu Proverb.*

## Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

### WESLEYAN METHODIST.

The following are the present statistics of ministers and members of Great Britain: 1,975 ministers, 514,790 members; in Ireland, 234 ministers, 25,960 members; in foreign missions, 375 ministers, 37,788 members; French Conference, 30 ministers, 1,541 members; South African Conference, 172 ministers, 36,876 members; West India Conference, 89 ministers, 48,082 members; Australian Conferences, 605 ministers, 78,060 members. Total in connection with the Parent Body, ministers and members, 746,627.

Methodist councils, with a view to promote unity among the various Methodist Churches in the cities and towns of England, have been formed in various places; united co-operation will thus be secured on behalf of religious and social questions which now demand increased attention. Such councils will prevent circuit and congregational isolation, and tend to develop much latent talent.

The leaders of the West London Mission have more applications from ladies desirous to join the sisterhood than they can accept. Both "Houses" are full. Some of the lady applicants are willing to give their services gratuitously, but another "House" is absolutely required.

A Home for the training of women for Christian service will soon be established by a few ministers and laymen. Mr. Mewburn has offered Dr. Stephenson a considerable sum of money for such purpose.

Rev. Alex. McAulay has gone to South Africa on an evangelistic tour. He has been near fifty years in the ministry, and, possessing private means, he prefers to spend the evening of life in evangelistic labours in various parts of the world.

The success of *Joyful News Mission* is somewhat marvellous. An agent sent to China by the Rev. T. Champness has learned enough of the Yoruba language to preach and pray with the natives. Some of the Wesleyan places of worship in China are known as "Joyful News Halls" among the natives.

In seven years Mr. Champness has raised upwards of £12,000 for mission purposes, and money flows in every week, sometimes as much as £200, in small sums. Recently a gentleman sent £400, and desired to be known as "Matthew vi. 30."

Rev. W. D. Walters, Secretary of the West End Mission, at a recent public meeting stated that over 1,000 persons were attending class, 95 per cent. of whom had been gathered from the world, and every class of society from the richest to the poorest was being reached; 2,500 children were in the Band of Hope, and one large class led by Mr. Nix comprised 220, with an average attendance of 175.

### METHODIST NEW CONNEXION.

Rev. W. J. Townsend, Missionary Secretary, is announced as one of the speakers at the United Methodist Free Churches Annual Missionary meeting in Exeter Hall.

About six months ago a Sunday morning school was commenced at Barrow, with the object of teaching working-men to read and write. At the commemoration meeting just held 500 persons were present, prizes were distributed. The school has been a success.

### PRIMITIVE METHODIST.

The yearly returns of Church membership are being collected, the net increase will be about 1,000.

A Bible and Prayer Union has been organized with a view to encourage the habit of daily reading the Scriptures. Nearly 20,000 persons have enrolled themselves as members.

The Evangelists' Home has had a successful year. There are nearly forty evangelists employed.

In ten years \$170,000 have been paid from the Book Room profits to the fund for superannuated ministers, widows and orphans.

A mission party has been sent to Zambesi, Africa. Great anxiety is felt on their account as no tidings can be heard from them for several months.

#### BIBLE CHRISTIANS.

The President of the Conference has been visiting Crewkerne, and delivering addresses at a circuit convention on "Sanctification," "The Spirit of the Age," and "The Work of the Holy Spirit." More than thirty persons professed conversion.

Evangelistic services have been held at St. John's, Sevenoaks. Colonel Edmunds and Mrs. Hoadley were the principal labourers. Miss North has also been engaged in similar services at Zion Street, Plymouth.

#### METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Bishop Hurst has made the first payment of \$20,000 for the university site in Washington. The amount was raised chiefly in Washington. A grand mass meeting on its behalf was held in the city, which was addressed by Bishops Hurst and Newman and several leading laymen.

Bluffton, Ala., has given \$500,000 to the Methodist Episcopal Church for the location of the educational institutions known as the University of the Southland. The Rev. Dr. C. L. Mann, who has it in charge, says that \$1,500,000 will be expended on the main building, which will be 300 feet by 300 feet, and seven stories in height, with an inner court 200 feet square.

Some idea of the amount of plates kept by the Book Concern in New York may be formed from the fact

that the agents have just sold for old metal eighty tons of old plates and type.

Bishop Foster says that forty years ago the membership was 700,000, and now is 5,000,000. Then there were only three important educational institutions, while now the work among the coloured population alone is greater than all the educational work of forty years ago.

This Church now stands at the head of all the American churches in contributions to foreign missions. The amounts contributed by each Church are as follows:—Methodist Episcopal Church, \$877,527; Presbyterian Church North, \$852,815; American Board Congregational, \$682,111; American Baptist Mission Union, \$308,145; Protestant Episcopal Church, \$159,149. For the present year the Connexional Societies are asking for the following amounts—Missionary Society, \$1,200,000; Church Extension, \$253,000; Freedman's Aid and Southern Educational Society, \$280,000; Sunday-school Union, Tract Society, and Board of Education, each \$50,000; Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, \$228,659; Woman's Home Missionary Society, \$86,000; Pennsylvania Bible Society, \$100,000.

Glorious news comes from India. The camp-meetings had been held at Rohilcund. There were 2,200 people in camp. On the last day more than 4,000 were present. The interest surpassed anything ever seen before in India. In one day 230 persons were forward for prayer.

Anderson Fowler, Esq., thus writes respecting Bishop Taylor's self-supporting missions in South America. During ten years about \$120,000 have been invested in building colleges, and churches and furnishing them. During those years over twenty missionaries have been constantly at work, and there are now twenty-nine in the field. All are self-supporting, some of the stations have had \$20,000 surplus over self-support, all of which have been invested in the work. Hundreds have been converted. Fifty more missionaries could be employed, all



of whom would reach self-support when provided with churches, schools and homes in which to do mission work. I consider that an investment of \$250,000 would establish fifty missionaries, whose work would go on and on indefinitely, until the country is saved.

Rev. W. Green writes from Mexico: "Public gambling is as common as the return of night. I saw Roman Catholic priests at the gambling tables, not taking chances on their own account, but to cover up their gambling, they place their stakes in the name of "La Santissima Virgin" (Most Holy Virgin). I saw priests drunk in the streets and brawling like any other drunken sinners. Twenty towns I passed through had no priests, and no religious instruction of any kind.

A Deaconess Home is about to be established in Washington, as a memorial to Mrs. Lacy Webb Hayes. This will give a most powerful impetus to one of the most significant movements of the Church.

Over 2,200 Epworth Leagues have been organized in connection with this Church, besides nearly 100 in Canada. A periodical, the organ of the League is to be published at Chicago, of which the Rev. Dr. Berry, son of Rev. F. Berry, formerly a Methodist minister in Canada, has been appointed editor. We congratulate our Canadian brother, and wish him abundant success.

A gentleman, whose earthly name must remain unknown, has given, through Chaplain McCabe, \$10,000 toward the Loan Fund of the Church Extension Society. This sum will secure the erection of at least twenty good churches right away, and in five years from this time, by its aid, twenty more churches will be built.

#### METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH.

It is stated that only one Methodist Church in the United States raised a larger sum than McKendree Church, Nashville, Tennessee, raised last year for missions. It contributed \$6,431.91.

#### THE METHODIST CHURCH.

The following statistics indicate the strong and influential position of Methodism in Ontario. Of the persons married, 10,057 were Methodists, 5,713 Presbyterians, 5,209 Episcopalians, and 4,033 Roman Catholics.

Rev. Messrs. Hunter and Crossley, after a successful campaign at Montreal, went to Brantford. Rev. John Kay says: "The whole city seems to be moved as seldom, if ever, before. Hundreds have been seeking the Lord, and the work is deepening and reaching far out to all classes."

Rev. D. D. Moore, A.M., of Charlottetown, has accepted a call to the foreign work in India. His removal will be a great loss to Methodism in Canada.

Rev. L. Gaetz, whose failure of health compelled him to resign his position as minister in London a few years ago, settled at Red Deer, about ninety miles from Calgary, in the North-West Territory. There is now a village of forty or fifty families, with church and school accommodation. Brother Gaetz has lately been visiting in the east, and feels assured that the future of the North-West will be glorious.

The Hon. James Angel has been elected a member of the Legislative Council. The *Methodist Monthly Greeting* says, "A more worthy man could not well be found."

Rev. Ch'an Sing Kai, native Chinese missionary in Vancouver, writes: "Since the new year we have had an average of 150 to 200 coming regularly to our Sunday services. In our prayer-meeting we have an average of 100. We had seven Chinese baptized last Sunday evening, by the Rev. E. Robson, in the Homer Street Church. New Westminster shows a good beginning, since the first of the year there are from 80 to 100 Chinese attend regularly the Friday and Sunday evening services.

The trustees of the McDougall Memorial Church, Winnipeg, want to raise \$15,000, to erect such a building as they think they need.

The former edifice, built some six years ago, is no longer a fitting memorial of the heroic man whose name it bears. They expect to raise \$4,000 in the city, and appeal to Methodists in the Dominion for the remainder.

Another new Church has been dedicated in Toronto, to be known as "St. Albans." It is situated in the north-west of Parkdale, and promises to be a flourishing station.

Toronto Methodists set a good example to their brethren in towns and cities where there are a number of churches, by holding Union Love-feasts on Good Friday. The last series consisted of six love-feasts, all of which were seasons of great spiritual enjoyment; not the least deserving of note was the love-feast held in Elm Street, which was for members of more than twenty years' standing, and was conducted by the venerable Dr. Rose.

Rev. Robert Wallace (father of Professor Wallace, Victoria College,) has just retired from the active work of the ministry. He has been about half a century in the Presbyterian ministry, during which he has travelled 10,000 miles on horseback. For the past twenty-two years he has been pastor of the Western Presbyterian Church, Toronto. The congregation have secured him an annuity of \$600 a year.

#### ITEMS.

Rev. Dr. Robertson, Superintendent of Presbyterian Missions in the North-West and British Columbia, wants 170 volunteers for those mission fields.

The Home Mission Committee (Presbyterian) recently met and appointed 160 missionaries, chiefly students, to labour in the various Presbyteries between Quebec and the Pacific Ocean.

#### RECENT DEATHS.

Rev. J. Goodison, of Newfoundland Conference, has been numbered with the great majority. He was

interred at Carbonear, where he spent three ministerial terms. He was a man greatly beloved. As a preacher he occupied high rank. His removal has made a great vacuum in the Conference brotherhood. At one time he was President of Conference and was also a representative at the last General Conference.

Mr. Robert Irving Walker, of Toronto, well-known among the laity, has joined the church triumphant. He was only fifty years of age when the Master said, "Come up higher." The writer of these notes received him into the Church about thirty-five years ago, and has always taken deep interest in his progress, temporally and spiritually. As a local preacher, class-leader and Sunday-school superintendent he was greatly distinguished. He was a prominent member in many important Connexional Committees. The last religious service in which we took part with him was the corner-stone service at Claremont church, when, after laying the stone, he gave \$50, and in his address made a pleasant allusion to his spiritual father. He was a grand man.

*The Canadian Independent* for April states that sixty-nine Congregational ministers died in Great Britain last year. Three were in their ninetieth year, and the average age was upwards of sixty-eight.

As these notes were being prepared news has reached us that the Rev. Joseph Toulson, President of the Primitive Methodist Conference, England, died as he was walking along the streets of London a few days ago. This is certainly ceasing at once to work and live.

The wife of Bishop Hurst died suddenly, in Washington, of apoplexy. She was the authoress of a series of biographical works, entitled, "Good Women in History," and was distinguished for her skill in painting and languages.

## Book Notices.

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*The Word.* By the REV. T. MOZLEY, M.A. London: Longmans, Green & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$2.10.

This book has a touching personal interest. It is the work of a very old man—at the time of writing more than half through his eighty-third year. His sight was much impaired; "I may wake to-morrow," he writes, "to find the world quite shut out. I have to make up much lost time and, if possible, do some good work before I die. The world is passing away from me; I have never sufficiently renounced the world, and so the world, thank God, is renouncing me. I hope to gain access to many souls, dear to God and His angels, though seemingly not of much account in this age." Such is the spirit of this good old Simeon singing his "*nunc dimittis*" on the outmost shoal of time. As for the subject of this book, it is nothing less than being the character and the spiritual operations of Almighty God. "Specially," he says, "am I addressing myself to those tenderly described as 'babes in Christ,' the humble, the unlearned, little privileged, little helped, little thought of." It is not for the learned, though the learned may find much that is helpful from the spiritual insight of this aged saint. The venerable scholar, the author of the charming "*Reminiscences of Oriel College*," a sort of Christian Plato, gathers around him his ideal audience, and discourses wisely and widely on the most august themes in the universe—on the Eternal Logos, the Desire of all Nations, the Great Teacher of men. He speaks of the Word made flesh, the Word in the mind of man, the Word the same in all lands and all times. Then follow a series of chapters on practical duties—of husband and wife, fathers and children, work and talk, on

reading and acting, and on many kindred subjects.

*Heroes of the Dark Continent, and How Stanley Found Emin Pasha.* By J. W. BUEL. Royal 8vo, pp. 576, with 500 engravings. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$3.50.

We have had occasion to read a large number of books of African exploration, including nearly everything that Stanley has published on the subject. We do not hesitate to say that we regard Mr. J. W. Buel's "*Heroes of the Dark Continent*" as the most satisfactory account of exploration and discovery in the Dark Continent from the earliest period down to the relief of Emin Pasha that we have met. The man who condenses the numerous books on this subject into one, giving in a single volume a comprehensive account of Bruce, Speke, Livingstone, Baker, Gordon and Stanley, has rendered a valuable service to busy people in this busy age. The greater part of this book is given to Stanley, the greatest of all African explorers, 250 of its large pages being devoted to stirring story of the rescue of Emin Pasha. This is a narrative sufficiently full for every practical purpose, and is largely made up of Stanley's own letters to Sir W. Mackinnon, President of the East African Company and chairman of the Emin Pasha Relief Committee. There are also important letters from Emin Pasha, Herbert Ward and other members of the famous exhibition

The book is excellently printed, the only criticism we have to make is in the character of a few of the engravings. The horrors of the slave-trade are very graphically portrayed, proving the truth of Livingstone's saying that this nefarious traffic is the open sore of the world.

As we have intimated elsewhere we

think the true heroes of the Dark Continent are the missionary pioneers. Of course, Stanley is a bold, brave, plucky and adventurous man. But neither his objects nor his methods have the moral elevation of those of Moffatt or Livingstone. Emin Pasha is a distinctly low type of man—sordid, selfish, and time-serving. By birth, a German; by education, a physician; he became a wandering adventurer in the moral chaos of Constantinople. He became a Moslem, took service under the Khedive, was sent to the Soudan, married one or two native wives, and required a great deal of coaxing before he would consent to be rescued. The Egyptian Government it seems, did not think him worth risking much for, for they took no part in the rescue beyond a substantial subscription.

To our mind, Stanley's methods all through seem distinctly sanguinary and lawless. He takes with him a machine gun which will fire eleven shots a second, besides a perfect arsenal of weapons. He has three steamers, an armed force of 1,100 men, including some 400 allies under the control of Tippoo Tib, one of the greatest rascals unhung. It is over a year after Emin Pasha receives intelligence of the approach of the relief party, before he will consent to be rescued. Even then only part of his command joins Stanley, and many of these are a very turbulent and demoralized lot. Almost the first exploit of Emin on his return to civilization is to get drunk and fall out of a window and nearly break his neck. To crown all, he seems, if the cablegrams are true, to add ingratitude to his other vices, and joins the Germans, forsaking those who have risked life and treasure in his rescue, and goes back to Central Africa to intrigue against the British interests. Stanley's greatest deeds were his earlier ones—the finding of Livingstone, the crossing the Dark Continent, and especially, the founding of the free state of Congo; all which are recorded in this book. His later exploits will add little to his name or fame, beyond discover-

ing the Mountains of the Moon and some hitherto uncharted lakes and rivers.

*Calabar and its Mission.* By HUGH F. GOLDIE, Missionary at Old Calabar. Pp. 328. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.50.

The greatest victories that have been achieved in Africa are those that have been won by the Gospel. We esteem Moffatt and Livingstone, William Taylor and Hugh Goldie, heroes of a far nobler type than the Bakers, Camerons and Stanleys, who have bulked so much more hugely in the world's eye. The chief mission of the former was to save the souls of men, not merely to find a market for Sheffield and Manchester goods; to establish in the dark places of the earth the kingdom of God, not chiefly to extend to empire or trade of Britain. And their methods are as sublime as their results are marvellous. Without prestige, without arms, almost literally without purse or scrip, they plunged into the heart of the Dark Continent, and by the simple preaching of the Gospel they wrought a moral reformation in darkest souls and changed a savage barbarism into a Christian civilization. Too often the selfishness of trade has brought a still deeper blight upon those dark races, and the white man's vices and the white man's accursed rum have created a tenfold greater pandemonium than they found. It is inspiring to find in such books as this a new chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, and to learn that the old, old Gospel is still the power of God unto salvation of darkest tribes and races. This is a narrative of great interest, and it is admirably told and well illustrated. The chapter on Calabar folk-lore and Calabar proverbs, indicates a very considerable amount of mental ability in the natives, but the most striking chapters are those illustrating the moral reformation and elevation of these once savage pagans.

*Five Hundred Dollars, and other Stories of New England Life.* By HEMAN W. CHAPLIN. Pp. 301. Second edition. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price 50 cents.

This book is pronounced by Colonel Higginson, in the *Independent*, "the best volume of New England stories ever written." We have not read all the others, so cannot say; but they are a very notable collection, not like a photograph, copying all the insignificant details, but like an artistic etching, giving a strong and vivid impression of reality. They nearly all deal with the strange seaside life of New England—the men half sailors, half farmers, equally at home rounding Cape Horn or ploughing a scrubby wind-swept hillside in Massachusetts Bay. The hand of an artist is shown in these clear-cut scenes. The lesson of "The Village Convict" is very striking, and the humour of "St. Patrick," and "The Minister's Great Opportunity," is quite delicious.

*Dying at the Top; The Moral and Spiritual Condition of Young Men of America.* By the REV. J. W. CLOKEY, D.D. Chicago: W. W. Vanarsdale. Price 50 cents.

This book is an endeavour to show that the life-tree of America is "dying at the top," that its boughs and roots are shrivelling, and that society, especially among young men, is so corrupt that it is a national peril. We do not believe a word of it. It is true that there is a great deal of vice, especially in the great cities, but when we think of the 75 or 80 per cent. of foreigners, many of them the very slough cast off by the vilest cities of the Old World, the marvel is that they have been so largely made amenable to law and order. The author admits that the present day is the best in the history of the world. Never were there so many young people enrolled in the service of Christ. Nearly 2,000,000 are engaged in Sunday-school work. Nearly every town has its vigorous Y. M. C. A., the young are working in the Church

as never before. The Christian Endeavour, the Epworth League and kindred societies are organizing them for the conquest of the world for Christ. In response to the call for foreign missionaries, 2,000 young men exclaimed, "Here am I, send me!" Fifty years ago almost every college was a hot-bed of infidelity, now they are the centres of Christian activity, almost every one with its vigorous Y. M. C. A. Dr. Dorchester's "Problem of Religious Progress" shows that never were the auguries for the conquest of the world for the Messiah-King so bright. And it is the young men now in the schools and colleges and shops and factories who must largely achieve this glorious work. Of the golden future we may say to them, "Go ye up and possess the land, for ye are well able."

*Three Years in Centre London: A Record of Principles, Methods, and Successes.* By EDWARD SMITH, Wesleyan minister. London: T. Woolmer, 2 Castle Street, City Road, E.C.

This unpretentious volume is a really valuable contribution to the evangelistic and pastoral literature of Methodism. It is the record of extraordinary success in soul-saving, and church building, in the true spiritual sense, achieved in the face of the most formidable difficulties in one of the most discouraging fields in Christendom. The principles on which this work was carried on appears to us to be sound and Scriptural; the methods employed are not only in harmony with the teaching of the New Testament, but such as are fully justified by reason and common sense; and the results are such as to prove that the old-fashioned Gospel which our fathers found to be the power of God unto salvation to every one that believed in their day, is no less adapted to meet the moral and spiritual requirements of our own times.

We heartily commend the book, not only as being well written and full of interest, but as being eminently calculated to do good. The

vivid glimpses which it gives of the heart of the great Metropolis are of themselves worth more than the price of the volume. But for the Christian worker intent upon soul-saving, it is invested with a far deeper interest than that which arises from any description, however vivid or poetic. It is the work of a master in that divine art, in which he lays bare the principles and aims by which he has been guided, and the means and methods by which he has secured the largest and best results. It is not easy to see how any minister, or indeed any one who is earnestly and heartily engaged in promoting the saving work of God among men can read this little book without profit. We heartily commend it, believing that its mission is to do good.

*Marie Bashkirtseff.* The Journal of a young Artist, 1860-1884. Translated by MARY J. SERRANO, with Portrait. Pp. 434. New York: Cassell Publishing Co. Paper 50 cents.

This strange life-story is described by Mr. Gladstone as a book "without a parallel." It can well remain so. It strikes us, after cursory examination, as a piece of unwholesome self-division—of strange morbid anatomy. This young Russian girl, gifted with genius, successful in art, clinging to life with pathetic intensity, yet seeing life glide away with unfulfilled ambitions and hopes, lays bare her inmost soul, in this tragical diary "with the cynicism of a Machiavelli and the naivete of an ardent and enthusiastic girl." Happy they who amid a more wholesome environment live a quieter and less storm-tossed life.

*The Gospel of Common Sense as Contained in the Canonical Epistle of James.* By CHARLES F. DEEMS, D.D., LL.D. New York: Wilbur B. Ketcham. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.50.

No epistle of the New Testament is more pertinent to the affairs of

daily life than that of Saint James. And few men from their breadth of mind, and deep sympathy with the recent problems of modern society, are more capable of treating this very practical epistle wisely and well than the pastor of the Church of the Strangers, New York. The fact that the entire first edition was sold on the day of publication, shows at once the appreciation in which the public hold the author and the interest which the sermons awakened. A strong point in the book is an entirely new and scholarly translation from the Greek of the whole epistle, which is made the basis of these discourses. There is something very stimulating and attractive in this book, which in part explains the great popularity of its author as pastor and preacher.

*Witch Winnie: The Story of a King's Daughter.* By ELIZABETH W. CHAMPNEY. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.

This is an interesting story of philanthropic work among the poor, under the auspices of that beautiful organization, the King's Daughters. The Home of the Elder Brother, here described, is the realization of a noble impulse. Some of the studies of life among the lowly have a good deal of humour. The vignette character studies are very clever, and the literary merit of the book is superior to that of most juveniles.

*The Bible in Picture and Story.* By MRS. L. S. HOUGHTON. Small 4to, pp. 240. New York: American Tract Society. Toronto: Wm. Briggs, and Methodist Book Rooms in Montreal and Halifax.

This is an excellent condensation of the Bible narrative for the instruction of children and the young. Its most striking feature is its copious and excellent illustrations; there being nearly 300 engravings, many of them reductions from Dore's fine plates and from Raphael's cartoons, and other famous designs. For Sunday readings to the little folk we can very highly commend it.