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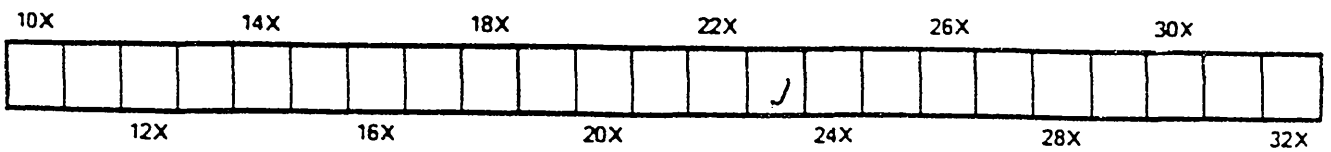

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W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor

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☞ *For Contents see last advertisement page facing cover.*

STABAT MATER.

This most pathetic hymn of the Middle Ages is not so well known among Protestants as it ought to be. "The vividness with which it pictures the weeping mother at the cross, its tenderness, its beauty of rhythm, its melodious double rhymes, and its impressiveness when sung either to the fine plain song melody or in the noble compositions which many of the great masters of music have set to it, go far to justify the place it has long held in the Roman Catholic Church." It dates in its present form from about 1150. It was written by Jacopone, Jacobus de Benedictis. It has been translated seventy-eight times into German, and many times into every other language. It has been set to music by Palestrina, Pergolesi, Haydn, Rossini, and Dvorak. It has been Protestantized by mutilation in "Hymns Ancient and Modern." We give six stanzas of the original, and a translation, which misses, however, the sweet lyric beauty of the Latin text:

Stabat Mater dolorosa
Juxta crucem lacrymosa,
Dum pendebat filius,
Cujus animam gementem,
Contristantem et dolentem
Pertransivit gladius.

At the cross her station keeping,
Stood the mournful Mother weeping
Close to Jesus to the last;
Through her heart his sorrow sharing,
All his bitter anguish bearing,
Now at length the sword had passed.

O quam tristis et afflicta
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater unigeniti,
Quae moerebat, dum dolebat
Et tremebat, dum videbat
Nati poenas inclyti.

Oh, how sad and sore distressèd
Was that Mother highly blessèd
Of the sole-begotten One!
Christ above in torment hangs,
She beneath beholds the pangs
Of her dying glorious Son.

Quis est homo, qui non fleret,
Matrem Christi si videret,
In tanto supplicio?
Quis non posset contristari,
Piam matrem contemplari
Dolentem cum filio?

Is there one who would not weep,
Whelmed in miseries so deep,
Christ's dear Mother to behold?
Can the human heart refrain
From partaking in her pain,
In that Mother's pain untold?

Pro peccatis suae gentis
Vidit Jesum in tormentis
Et flagellis subditum:
Vidit suum dulcem natum
Morientem, desolatum,
Dum emisit spiritum.

Bruised, derided, cursed, defiled,
She beheld her tender child
All with bloody scourges rent,
For the sins of His own nation,
Saw Him hang in desolation,
Till His spirit forth He sent.

Fac me vere tecum flere,
Crucifixo condolere,
Donec ego vixero;
Juxta crucem tecum stare,
Te libenter sociare
In planctu desidero.

Let me mingle tears with thee,
Mourning Him who mourned for me,
All the days that I may live:
By the cross with thee to stay,
There with thee to weep and pray,
Is all I ask of thee to give.

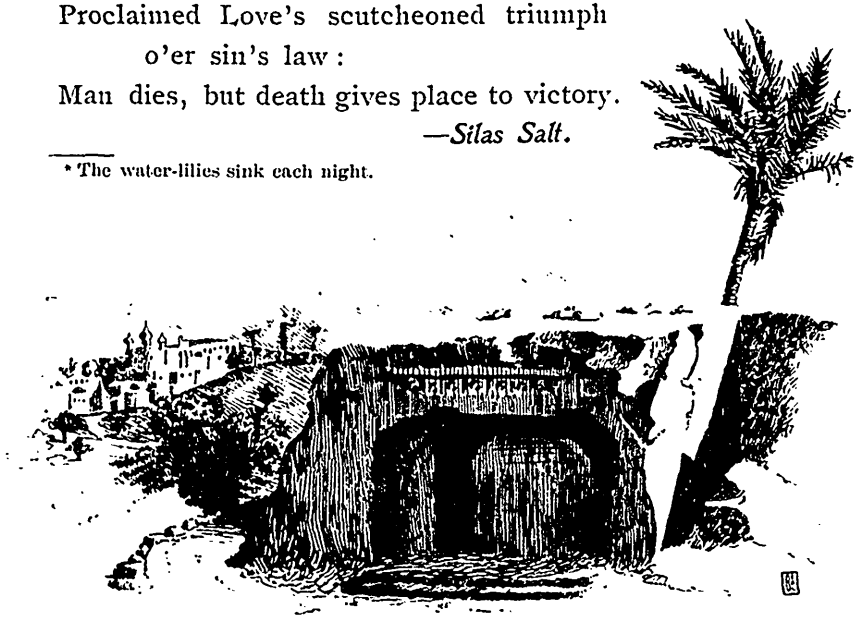
Fac me cruce custodiri,
Morte Christi praemuniri,
Confoveri gratia.
Quando corpus morietur,
Fac, ut animae donetur
Paradisi gloria.

Christ, when Thou shalt call me hence,
Be Thou only my defence,
Be Thy cross my victory;
While my body here decays,
May my soul Thy goodness praise,
Safe in Paradise with Thee.

THE lambent purple of an evening sky
Is softening all the brilliant lights of day
To mellow brown, rich black, and Druid grey,
While I among the water-lilies lie
And watch them wrap their waxen hearts in dye
Moss-green and rose and cream, then sink* to lay
Cool ointments on their day-fret pains, and weigh
Their morning radiance 'gainst all question why.
But still I mused and vivid fancy wrought:
This generation passed as Israel saw
The Egyptian host made wreckage by the sea.
Yet presciently, the lilies' lesson caught,
Proclaimed Love's scutcheoned triumph
o'er sin's law:
Man dies, but death gives place to victory.

—*Silas Salt.*

* The water-lilies sink each night.



Methodist Magazine and Review.

APRIL, 1902.

THE IRISH PALATINES.*

BY C. C. JAMES, M.A.,
Deputy Minister of Agriculture of Ontario.

II.

IF you go to Limerick, you can readily reach the Palatine settlements of to-day by the railway running south-west. Eleven miles from Limerick you come to Adare, the estate of the Earl of Dunraven, where the magnificent ruins of three old abbeys attract your attention, and if you happen on the right day, you will see a Methodist gathering—a picnic—at the old Francescan Abbey. You will hear an address from some former Methodist minister; you will be struck with the fine appearance of the crowd, and you will be introduced to people bearing the names Ruttle, Switzer, Dulmage, and many others quite as familiar to you.

Six miles farther on you can alight at Ballingrane, where you will find a whole-souled man in charge of the station, Mr. William Brooks, a Methodist. Just opposite the railway station, you will see the neat little Methodist chapel or preaching house—the Embury and Heck Memorial Chapel. Near by once stood the former home of Paul Heck.

As you take the road for Rathkeale, about a mile distant, Mr. Brooks will suggest that you drop in and call at the old Ruttle homestead. I took his advice gladly, and there I met the two old ladies whose sweet smile, pleasant conversation, and kindly old-fashioned Methodist blessings linger with me yet. They were Miss Barbara Ruttle and her sister, Mrs. Sara Ruttle. This is the house in which Barbara Ruttle Heck was born, though added to since then. You pass from the road through the heavy iron gates into a neat, well-kept country yard. A hedge grows green in front. There stands the old pear tree under which John Wesley used to preach.

In the sitting-room of the house are to be found some good Methodist books, among which I noticed Stevens' History of Methodism. On the wall is the portrait of Barbara, familiar to us in America, and on either side hangs in a frame a certificate of honorary membership in John Street Chapel, New York—for Miss Barbara and Mrs. Ruttle have been thus honoured. They are grandnieces of our own Barbara Heck. They were pleased to hear of the progress of the Palatines in this land, and made enquiries for some of the late settlers in Canada, the Corneils, the Shiers, and others.

* A paper read before the Methodist Historical Society, November 2nd, 1901.

THE OLD RUTTLE (OR RUCKLE) HOME AT BALLINGRANE.
THE BIRTHPLACE OF BARBARA HECK.

I asked to see the barn or stable, and was shown out through the old part of the house, where the clay floor and the open hearth indicate antiquity. I looked up at the huge beams above, and Miss Ruttle said: "That loft is just as it was in Barbara's time." Out and across the court-yard and into the open barn—why did I wish to see this place? Because there, when the weather was inclement, John Wesley preached to the Palatines nearly one hundred and fifty years ago.

But we must hurry away, though there is a pressing invitation to stay for dinner. As I said good-bye to those dear old ladies (eighty-two and seventy-seven years of age), thoughts of the grandmothers of some of us swept through my mind, and I felt that this old home in Ballingrane was worthy of our remembrance.

As you leave the Ruttle home, you see across the road all that remains of Philip Embury's Irish home—the great pillars at the gate-way are falling down, beyond you can trace where the house stood, and there, the last stone to remain, lies the great hearthstone. It is a strange thing to me that that stone has not been brought to America to serve as a corner-stone or a stone let into the wall of some great American Methodist edifice.

We hurry through Rathkeale, past another Methodist chapel, see the square where Gideon Ouseley preached with such demonstrative interruptions, and fly along in our Irish jaunting car through the main street till we reach the south-west end of this village of two thousand people. Here stands the Episcopalian church where Philip Embury and Margaret Switzer were married, November, 1758, and where others of the Palatines were baptized and married. And on out a mile or so along the winding road, till we draw up in front of the home of Jacob Switzer, at Court Matrix.

It is an old home with its thatched roof, but the sweet peas

MISS BARBARA RUTTLE, Aged 77. MRS. SARA RUTTLE, Aged 82.
Sisters; grandnieces of Barbara Heck, sitting under the pear-tree in front of the old Ruttle home.

bloom in great showers of blossoms above our heads, for the flowers grow tall and luxuriant in Ireland. Right opposite are the crumbling ruins of some old houses, the former homes of Palatines, and in their midst we can trace the foundations of the first chapel of these German-Irish Methodists, built in 1758, with Philip Embury of Ballingrane as chief carpenter.

Here stood the first Palatine preaching-house or chapel, in which Wesley preached—to-day not a trace of it remains ; it has disappeared, but a thousand Methodist chapels in Upper Canada are its offspring. Let us quote John Wesley himself :

"Friday, June 23rd, 1758, I rode over to Court Matrix, a colony of Germans, whose parents came out of the Palatinate about fifty years ago. Twenty families of them settled here, twenty more at Killiheen a mile off, fifty at Ballingrane about two miles eastward, and twenty at Pallas four miles farther. Each family had a few acres of ground on which they built many little houses. They are since considerably increased in numbers of souls, though decreased in number of families. Having no minister, they were become eminent for drunkenness, swearing and an utter neglect of religion. But they are washed since they heard and received the truth which is able to save their souls. An oath is now rarely heard among them or a drunkard seen in their midst. Court Matrix is built in the form of a square, in the middle of which they have placed a pretty large preaching-house, but it would not contain one-half

of the congregation, so I stood in a large yard. The wind kept off the rain while I was preaching. As soon as I ended it began." *

Wesley had been at Ballingrane in 1756, two years before; this was his second visit to the settlement. Seven times afterwards he records his visits, but they were made after the little band had sailed from Limerick in that memorable voyage in 1760. Wesley, it should be remembered, could preach in German, and he had a warm place in his heart for the people of the Fatherland. We have time only to refer to Thomas Walsh, the learned Irishman of Limerick, and Philip Guier, the burgomaster, teacher and preacher —the leader of the infant Church among the Germans—a man whose name is inseparably connected with Embury and Heck, and the others who brought Methodism to this continent. Philip Guier died in Ireland, but we have his descendants holding prominent places in our Canadian Methodism. One of them is Principal of Wesley College, Winnipeg.

Methodism was first introduced among the Palatines about 1749, by one of Wesley's itinerants. Three years later Philip Guier was appointed a local preacher, and in 1758, at the Limerick Conference, Philip Embury, of Ballingrane, and William Thompson, from near Enniskillen, were received on trial. Embury, then thirty years of age, was placed on the reserve list, that he might look after the Palatines, and William Thompson went into active work, and in 1791 was chosen the first President of the British Conference. He "had perhaps," says the Rev. Wm. Crook, "more to do with moulding the ecclesiastical framework of Methodism than any other man that could be named."

* Wesley's Journal, II., p. 429.

We pass now to America. On the 10th of August, 1760, a boat landed in New York with a load of settlers. They had come from Limerick to seek homes in America. Among the number were Philip Embury and his wife, Margaret Switzer; two of Embury's brothers with their families; Peter Switzer, brother of Mrs. Embury; Paul Heck and Barbara, Valentine Tetler (or Detlor), Philip Morgan, and a family of Dulmages. This company, with the exception of Philip Embury, who died in New York State in 1773, and probably also Philip Morgan, all, twenty-four years later, found homes in Upper Canada. In 1765 others came out, relatives and friends, and thus increased the number of Irish Palatine Methodists.

Why did they come? The explanation generally given was that the rents were raised at home. Perhaps I may add something that is suggestive, and that I came across only lately. John Dulmage, in his evidence before the British Commissioners, investigating claims for compensation in connection with the Revolutionary War, stated that he came to New York in 1756. This John Dulmage was married to a sister of Paul Heck, and Philip Embury and Barbara Heck were cousins. It may have been that he urged them to come; we know that it was largely through the reports of early German Palatines in Pennsylvania that the great stream of settlers was kept flowing into that State for fifty years.

I shall not dwell at any great length on their sojourn in New York City. In Ireland the Palatines appear to have maintained a more or less close connection with the Established Church. The Episcopalian church at Rathkeale was their religious headquarters, and the little chapels at Court Matrix and Ballingrane were

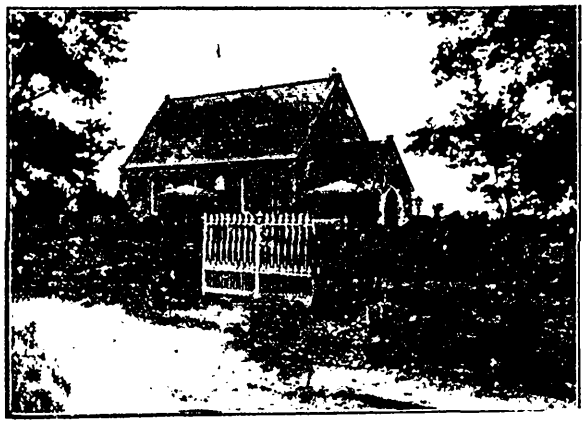
SITE OF PHILIP EMBURY'S HOUSE AT BALLINGRANE.
The large white stone in the foreground is the hearthstone of the original house.

known as preaching-houses. So when they settled in New York they appear to have associated themselves with the historic Trinity Church, that still stands as a landmark amid the rush and bustle of New York mercantile life. It was at Trinity that they received communion, and I have no doubt the old records would show that there they went to be married and there they took their children to be baptized. We know that some of their associates were buried in the Trinity Church grounds.

Whether through falling from grace, or because Trinity satisfied their religious wants, they allowed six years to go by before resuming their own Methodistic services. In October, 1776, Philip Embury, the carpenter and former preacher, held the first service and preached the first Methodist sermon in his house on Barrick Street, now Park Place. The Palatines were again drawn together, and next year, 1767, it was found necessary to rent a room near the Barracks, and a little later the Rigging Loft on Horse and Cart Street, now William Street, and here Embury and the old warrior, Captain Webb, who had fought at Quebec under Wolfe, preached to the Methodists with such fervour that the building of a chapel became necessary.

To build a chapel a lot was first required, so we find that on the 29th of March, 1768, Mary Barclay and three others, executors of the estate of Henry Barclay, conveyed lots 112 and 113 on John Street to Philip Embury, Wm. Lupton, Charles White, Richard Sause, Henry Newton, Paul Heck, Thos. Taylor and Thos. Webb. We recognize at least two of these trustees as our old friends from Ballingrane. Charles White and Richard Sause also were from Ireland, and Captain Thomas Webb is by some credited to the same country. Who were the Barclays ?

Rev. Henry Barclay, D.D., was the second rector of Trinity Church (from 1746 to the date of his death, 1764), and Mary Barclay was his widow. The title deed was not signed until 1770, and some property adjoining was purchased in 1786 from the Dutch Reformed Church. The deeds do not bear the names of Embury and Heck, because they had left New York just before or at the time the final transfer of the property took place.



EXTERIOR OF THE EMBURY AND HECK MEMORIAL CHAPEL, BALLINGRANE.

It stands just beyond and to the north of the railway station.

The building of the chapel began at once. Barbara Heck, we are told, supplied the plan ; a building with fireplace built like a large house, so that the rights of the Established Church would not be infringed upon. Philip Embury did much of the work ; he built the pulpit with his own hands. The full list of subscriptions to the building fund may be found in Wakeley's " Lost Chapter of Methodism." The preamble to the list is worth reading.

"A number of persons, desirous to worship God in spirit and truth, commonly called Methodists (under the direction of the Rev. Mr. John Wesley), whom it is evident God has been pleased to bless in their meetings in New York, thinking it would be more to the glory of God and the good of souls had they a more convenient place to meet in where the Gospel of Jesus Christ might be preached without distinction of sects or parties ; and as Mr. Philip Embury is a member and helper in the Gospel, they humbly beg the assistance of Christian friends in order to enable them to build a small house for that purpose, not doubting but the God of all consolation will abundantly bless all such as are willing to contribute to the same."

Who responded to this call ?

Rev. Dr. Samuel Auchmvty, Rector of Trinity; Rev. John Ogilvie, assistant to the Rector; Rev. Charles Inglis, afterwards Bishop of Nova Scotia ; Philip Livingston, James Duane, Frederick DePeyster, James DeLancy, Oliver DeLancy, and a number of others, the leading men of the city. All the officials of Trinity Church appear upon the list ; and also Paul

Heck, £3 5s.; Jacob Heck, £1; Valentine Tetlor (or Detlor), £1; David Embury, £2.

These are names on the list that suggest the Irish Palatines did what they could. Philip Embury did not subscribe, perhaps because he was not able, but he gave time and labour, and on the 30th of October, 1768, he preached the opening or dedicatory sermon from Hosea x. 12, "Sow to yourselves in righteousness, reap in mercy, break up your fallow ground; for it is time to seek the Lord, till He come and rain righteousness upon you."

Philip Embury was for a time a trustee. He was also the first treasurer, and filled the office of preacher until Rev. Robert Williams arrived from Ireland, and Mr. Wesley sent out Rev. Richard Broadman and Rev. Joseph Pilmoor in the fall of 1769. For some years this building in John Street was known as Wesley's Chapel.

We shall close our references to the John Street Chapel by referring to the fact that all through the American Revolutionary War this little building kept open house; its membership was increased by refugees, to whom the Rev. John Mann preached, and when the British evacuated the city John Mann and most of his congregation emigrated to Nova Scotia, while at the same time the Rev. Charles Inglis (another Irishman, it might be mentioned), with his Episcopalian congregation at Trinity, left to increase the Episcopalian population of Nova Scotia, and to establish another King's College, the plans for which were formulated in New York City in 1783.

The Irish Palatines were by training a rural people—they had been brought up on small farms, and from all that we know of them, were inclined to lead plain, inexpensive lives. They evidently did not find in New York conditions of life that were satisfactory.

When they arrived in America, the Eastern boundary line of New York State was unsettled; there was a disputed territory. Massachusetts and New Hampshire both claimed jurisdiction over the districts lying east of the Hudson River. Here and there through that region were some scattered

INTERIOR OF THE EMBURY AND HECK MEMORIAL CHAPEL AT BALLINGRANE.

Tablet on left is to Philip Embury.
Tablet on right is to Barbara Heck.

settlements, but it was just about the middle of the century that we find schemes being launched for the planting of colonies, and large purchases were made from the crown by persons of means, who then looked about for settlers. The lands were not sold to these settlers, but leased on long terms, so that there promised to be in the near future an aristocracy of landed proprietors such as we find to-day in England and Ireland.

On an old map of New York State, of the latter part of the century, you will find east of Saratoga and northeast of Albany, an irregularly-shaped block of land with the name across it, "Embury Patent," or "Embury and Wilson Patent," and a reference to the Documentary History of Colonial New York informs us that in 1765, this block was granted to Philip Embury, David Embury, and others. It is quite evident, therefore, that the Emburys did not intend to remain permanently in New York, and that before John Street Church was built some of the Palatines had selected a home for themselves on the frontier, in the wilderness.

In the latter part of 1769, Thomas Ashton led a body of Irish people from New York up the Hudson, and settled them in the valley to the west of the Embury Patent. This Thomas Ashton was just out from Dublin, an Irishman of means, and a Methodist. He was the man who paid the passage money for Rev. Robert Williams, the Irish Methodist preacher, and brought him out as his fellow passenger in 1769, the first Methodist itinerant minister in the United States. Robert Williams was the spiritual father of Jesse Lee.

Nearly every one of these Ashton settlers was an Irish Palatine, or closely related to the Palatines. Most of them are buried in the old Ashgrove Burial Ground. Thomas Madden, one of these settlers who came to Canada, was no other than the pioneer, Rev. Thomas Madden, who was ordained by Bishop Asbury. He was the father of the Rev. David B. Madden, who died only last year, and grandfather of four Methodist ministers. Thomas Madden sleeps in the old Blue Church Burying Ground near Prescott, beside his friends the Hecks.

Following Ashton, in 1770, Philip Embury led his contingent up the Hudson. An examination of the land evidently led them to change their plans, for instead of settling on the Embury Patent they moved north and took possession of 2,500 acres of leased land, lying north of Ashgrove.

These two settlements—Ashton's at Ashgrove, and Embury's in the Camden Valley, are generally confused by writers of Methodist history. They were distinct, six miles apart. Between them lay a whole township and the Batten Kill, a small river.

Who were of Embury's company? From the agreement subdividing the land we get the following names: Though it is not complete, it gives us interesting information, as far as it goes.

Settlers in West Camden: Philip Embury, David Embury, John Dulmage, Edward Carscallen, Valentine Detlor, Paul Heck, Peter Miller, Peter Sparling, Nathan Hawley, Abraham Bininger, Peter Switzer, John Lawrence, John Embury, Catharine Low.

Of these fourteen, ten came to Canada, Philip Embury, died before the war, two remained as settlers, and as to one we are uncertain.

I shall have to pass over in this paper the sketch of this settlement in the wilderness, the pioneer Methodists of the Troy Conference. The only point I can refer to is the sudden death of Philip Embury in August, 1773. He was buried on Abraham Bininger's farm, a short distance up the valley. In May, 1832, his remains were removed to Ashgrove, and in 1866, a second removal took place to Cambridge, two miles to the west, where a tall shaft now marks the third and final resting-place of this first Methodist preacher in America.

After six years of pioneer work, the Revolutionary War broke out, and the quiet valley was disturbed. Thankful for the beneficent deal-

THE OLD FRANCISCAN ABBEY, ADARE, IN THE ESTATE OF THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN, COUNTY LIMERICK.

ings of the English and Irish Parliaments, the men of the Embury Settlement enlisted on the British side. If you look over the printed list of the U. E. Loyalists, you will find that many of these enlisted under Major Edward Jessup, in the Loyal American Regiment. His company was known as the Royal Rangers, or Jessup's Rangers. They suffered the vicissitudes of war, their farms were overrun, and all their possessions destroyed as far as possible, and at the end of the war, when peace came in 1783, they were just where their fathers and grandfathers were in 1709, dependent upon British generosity. They drew lands, along with Jessup's other veterans, in two districts, Augusta Township and on the Bay of Quinte.

John Lawrence, who had married the widow of Philip Embury; John Dulmage, whose wife was a sister of Paul Heck; Samuel Embury, the son of Philip, and Paul and Barbara Heck, settled in Augusta Township. There they formed the first Methodist Class in Upper Canada, with Samuel Embury as leader, and thus began the Methodism of the St. Lawrence Valley. They all sleep in the old Blue Church Burying Ground near Prescott, but their work has spread; the seed brought from Ballingrane has produced an abundant crop.

A word or two as to these Augusta settlers. We have referred to Philip Embury's son Samuel, as the leader of the first class in Canada. His wife was Catharine Miller, daughter of one of the Irish Palatines. He died at St. Armand, Quebec, in 1853, aged eighty-eight. There were twelve children in this family. Philip's daughter, Catharine, married Duncan Fisher, of Montreal, and among the grandchildren and great-grandchildren

were many who were pillars of the Methodist Church in that city. I need mention only Mr. John Torrance, who is the great-great-grandson of Philip Embury.

Paul and Barbara Heck had two sons—Samuel, an honoured preacher in the early days, and Jacob, who married Miss Shorts, daughter of a pioneer Methodist, Rev. Augustus Shorts, who traced his lineage back to the Swiss Mennonites on his father's side, and whose mother was an Irish Palatine, Rosanna Monk.

John Dulmage, as already stated, was married to Paul Heck's sister. Their daughter married Rev. Samuel Choate, who built the first Methodist chapel in Montreal in 1809. It may be worth recording that among the great grandchildren of John Dulmage is the wife of the present Provost of Trinity University, Toronto. The Rev. Canon Spencer, who recently died at Kingston, was a great grandson. Elias Dulmage, of Kingston, was his son, and George V. Dulmage, of Sydenham, the son of Elias, is living to-day, a hale old man of eighty-six years.

The other Irish Palatines settled in the Bay of Quinte district, and to-day it would be difficult to find an old Methodist family in that section not connected more or less intimately with these Irish Palatines, and the other Irish pioneers associated with them.

David Embury, of Adolphustown was a brother of Philip. He had two sons, Andrew and John; the former married to a Miss Bell, daughter of a loyalist from Argyle, the Scotch-Irish region adjacent to Ashgrove, and the latter married a daughter of Valentine Detlor. The Emburys belonged to the first class formed by Losee at Paul Huff's in Adolphustown, and assisted in the erection of the first Methodist church in the Province—the building that stands to-day on the shores of Hay Bay. It was at a Methodist meeting in Andrew Embury's house that Dr. Wellington Jeffers preached his trial sermon with Rev. Anson Green as presiding minister.

The Millers settled in Ernestown and assisted in the formation of Losee's second class, and the erection of the second Methodist church in the Province, a few months after the first. This family has given several ministers to the church and many local preachers and class leaders.

It was at the Detlor homestead that the third class was organized by Losee. This was in Fredericksburg, near Napanee. It was the Methodist itinerant's home and Rev. Darius Dunham found it so indeed, for he married a daughter of Valentine Detlor. To show how these early Irish Palatines increased and multiplied, it is worth mentioning that when Mrs. Valentine Detlor died in 1826, in her eighty-seventh year, she left behind sixty-six grandchildren, eighty great-grandchildren, and three great-great-grandchildren. The daughters of Valentine Detlor were married to John Embury, Daniel McMullen, Darius Dunham, Elias Dulmage, and Micajah Purdy. Mrs. Detlor had a clear recollection of Wesley's visits to her father's home in County Limerick.

John Dulmage had settled in Augusta, David Dulmage, his brother, settled first in Ernestown and shortly after in Marysburg. His son Jacob was a pioneer local preacher, and was drowned when returning from holding a service across the bay. Rev. David Wright, father of the late Dr. H. H. Wright, of Toronto, was a grandson of this pioneer. Owen Roblin married a daughter of David Dulmage. The descendants of David Dulmage are numerous in the Bay of Quinte district, especi-

THE ANNUAL METHODIST GATHERING AT THE FRANCISCAN ABBEY, ADARE.

ally in that stronghold of Methodism, South Marysburg, where one granddaughter still survives.

Peter Switzer, the brother of Mrs. Embury, was born at Court Marix in 1730. There are Switzers living there yet. He married Anna Maria Guier, the daughter of Philip Guier, the Burgomaster, who became the spiritual leader of the Palatines, and so remained until his death in 1778. There were ten Switzer children. Elizabeth, the eldest, married Garrett Miller, the Palatine; Mary married Thomas Empey, of the Ashgrove Settlement, and Margaret married Anthony Neville. The descendants of these three would make a good-sized Methodist congregation. The three sons, Philip, John, and Christopher, settled in Camden East, Loughborough and Ernestown. The descendants are scattered far and wide over Canada. You may recall that it was at Switzer's Chapel, in Ernestown, built by Rev. John Ryerson in 1824, on Christopher Switzer's farm, that the separation from the U. S. took place in 1828, and the independent Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada was first organized. In addition to the Nevilles, Empeys and Millers, many of the McKims and Shoreys of the Bay of Quinte trace back to Peter Switzer. Rev. Darius Dunham lies buried in an unmarked grave at Switzer's chapel. The Methodists of this Province should erect a suitable stone to mark the spot where rest the remains of the first ordained Methodist minister to this people.

A. Bininger was, perhaps, the only one of the Embury settlement in Camden Valley not of the Irish Palatines. Who was he? In Wesley's Journal we find this entry as he starts on his Atlantic voyage: "October 17th, 1735.—I began to learn German in order to converse with the Germans, six-and-twenty of whom we had on board." The tradition handed down at Washington Co., where his descendants live, is that Abraham Bininger was one of the twenty-six—he was a Moravian missionary bound for America. After serving his cause for many years he settled down in the Cam-

den Valley, where he died 1811, aged ninety-one. He was a warm friend of Philip Embury; he preached his funeral sermon, and laid him to rest under a great oak tree on his farm. Abraham Bininger subscribed £1 to the building of the John Street Church, New York, and on the subscription list of the first Methodist church in Upper Canada appears the name "John Bininger, £1." He was a son of Abraham Bininger, and for three years was a teacher to the Mohawks, on the reserve near Deseronto.

Time fails us, or we could follow up the descendants of Edward Carscallen, Nathan Hawley, James McKim, the Empeys, and the Maddens. There is hardly a Methodist family in the Bay of Quinte district that does not trace its origin back, either directly or indirectly, to the Irish Palatines. The handful that left Ireland in the middle of the eighteenth century has become a great host.

There is another class of Irish Palatines, the descendants who have come direct to this Province during the past century. To the Township of Brock there came the Shiers, St. Johns, Switzers, Millers, Brethours, Ruttles. In the Gwillimburys you will find many more. Dr. Carroll tells us of a settlement near Streetsville. In Blanchard, near St. Mary's, you will find Sparlings and Switzers; in Middlesex County the Corneils and others; and in Huron is a settlement of Tipperary Palatines—Glaziers, Coles, Cooks, Sparlings, Sleeps and others. Many other families settled here and there throughout the Province.

And what about the Palatines who came to England and did not settle in Ireland? Their story has been well told in several very interesting volumes that have appeared in the past few years. They came out to the valley of the Hudson and the Mohawk, and when the U. E. Loyalists came across the line to settle, a large number of them followed the British flag. Let me give you a few names: Springer, Bowslaugh, Beam, Bowman, Warner, Cline, Smith, Horning—these were the pioneer Methodists of the Niagara District — Germans from New York and New Jersey. The Fralicks, Aylesworths, Asselstines, Huffmans, and a number of others in Bay of Quinte were of same origin. These are but a few of a long list that might be given of Methodists of German Palatine origin, while mention may be made of the fact that the German Lutherans of Waterloo, the German Mennonites of York, and the Germans of Matilda Township, on the St. Lawrence, trace back to the Palatine Germans of Pennsylvania and New York.

You have only to read the roll of the Methodist ministry in this Province to find how great a debt is owed to Ireland. George Neal, the soldier who preached at Niagara, and Charles Justin McCarthy, who was banished from the Bay of Quinte before a regular minister was sent to Upper Canada, were both Irishmen. Henry Ryan, Thomas Madden, John Black, Matthew Richey, John Carroll, John Breden, Wm. Henry Poole, might do to head the list, and we could finish with Drs. Burns, Dewart, Briggs, and Potts.

If we take in Newfoundland, we can include the interesting story of how Methodism grew out of the work of three Irishmen—Lawrence Coghlan, Arthur Thornly, and John Stretton,—how it was thence carried back across the Atlantic to the Island of Guernsey, and on into France.

Let me give you another list of preachers:

Samuel Heck, Augustus Shorts, David Wright, William Miller,

Aaron Miller, W. R. Parker, D. L. Brethour, S. J. Shorey, J. W. Sparling, Wm. Sparling, W. H. Sparling, John Holmes, J. C. Switzer, A. Glazier, W. T. Smith, C. G. Corneille, A. N. St. John, W. J. Smith.

These men all trace back to Irish Palatine parentage. If we were to make a list of those who have been assisted in their work by wives of Irish Palatine ancestry, we could, I think, make a still larger list—Samuel Choate, Darius Dunham, Joseph Lockwood, John Hick, Jacob Freshman, and many others.

The Methodist Church of Canada has drawn its workers and its adherents from many lands and from many nationalities. The story that I have tried to tell is not the whole history of Methodism in this Province, but I submit that it is a very important part—a proof of the prophetic wisdom of that unique and marvellous man, John Wesley, who, when remonstrated with for spending so much time and energy in Ireland, replied: "Have patience, and Ireland will repay you."

NOTE.—Since the above paper was written the author has received a large amount of additional information hitherto unpublished, and he proposes to put it forth in book form. The descendants of Irish Palatines are more numerous than was supposed. Notes as to any descendants not referred to in the foregoing papers will be gratefully received.—C. C. JAMES, Toronto, Ont.

SUNRISE.

BY MARY E. ALLBRIGHT.

It was dark to Mary of Magdala
As she stole from her lonely room,
And sped away ere the break of day
To the place of the rich man's tomb.
It was dark as night in her mournful soul;
The hope of her life had fled;
For sin had won, and the deed was done,
And the Son of God was dead.

This was the end, then, after all!
The power of the Christ to save,
And sins forgiven, and hopes of heaven,
All buried in Jesus' grave!
With the old sad shame in her lovely eyes,
In her heart the old dull pain:
"Can help arise from a man who dies?
I shall never see Him again."

But a glow crept up from the purple hills;
Dawn came to the morning air,
And a sudden grace to the tear-stained face
Of the woman waiting there.

For lo! in the sunlit garden path
Stood the Master! Kingly still,
He was just the same, for He spoke her name,
And quietly told His will.

"Rabboni!" Only one word she said,
But her heart was in the cry,
There He stood, her Christ! and the sight sufficed,
Although she had seen Him die.
And for Mary of Magdala, through the power
Of that resurrection day,
All the dark and the night, all sin and blight,
Had for ever passed away!

Is the Christ alive? Let us feel it then,—
The rapture, the joy, the thrill!
No sorrowful years or despairing tears,
He lives! and is mighty still.
We, too, whom the Master calls by name
Have nothing to do with night;
Let us lift our eyes to the Easter skies,
And live in the endless Light!

—*The Christian Endeavour World.*

At Easter-time, oh, who can doubt
That He who calls the violets out
Of their brown graves beneath the rime
Will wake us, too, in His good time?
Are we not more than many flowers?
Oh, sweet the lesson of the hours
At Easter-time.

—*May Riley Smith.*

LEGAL LUMINARIES OF ENGLAND.*

BY S. PARKES CADMAN, D.D.

UNLIKE many countries of civilization, England has no code of laws, nor would such a codification be an easy task, seeing that the British jurisprudence is governed by unwritten precedents as much as by written documents. Speaking broadly, the laws administered by the legal luminaries of His Majesty's empire may be divided into two classes. First come those springing from time immemorial, and sanctioned by innumerable judicial decisions, and secondly, those directly enacted by parliamentary legislation. The former are more deeply rooted in English life and reverence than are the latter. They presuppose upon the part of the judiciary a wide and intimate knowledge of the development of law from its simple and crude stage onward to its modern complex and many-sided character.

This presupposition has partly caused the formation in England of what may not improperly be called a great school of historical jurists. By far the most considerable individual contribution to literature made by any member of this school has come from the pen of Sir Henry Maine. The first of a series of writings from this profound and scholarly authority was entitled, "Ancient Law," published in 1861, and it probably had a wider influence on contemporary thought than any other book of the generation.

The proposal of Sir Henry's significant volume is to trace the connection of law with the early history of society, and afterward its relations to modern ideas. The book did this, and it did more; it

LORD JUSTICE COTTON.

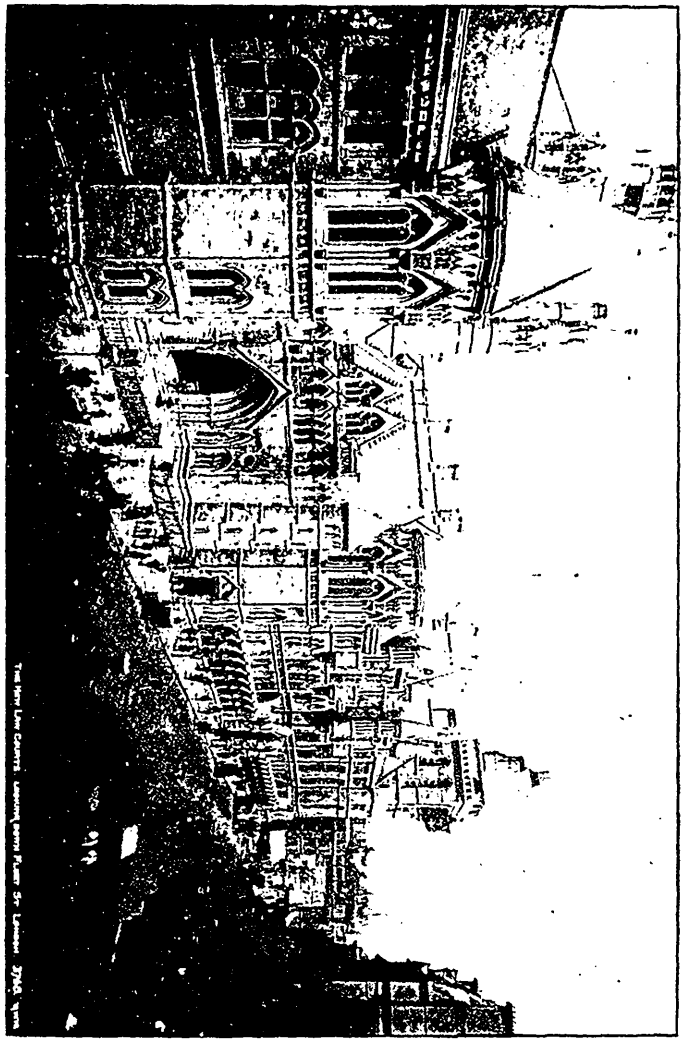
undermined what had been accepted as first principles by showing the history behind them and of which they were sequences; it gratified the intellectual sense by its discovery of identical legal ideas, however much these had been obscured by differences of time, place, and circumstance; and it set the attitude of the best legal minds, which regard a law, not as an isolated fact, but as the last link in an historical series.

Sir Henry Maine's books were to historical law what Captain Mahan's have proved themselves to be in the record of naval struggles, successes, and supremacy. Both alike infused into their subject a correcter philosophy, based upon a more able, just, and scientific interpretation of principles, facts and events.

It would not be too much to say that Roman law and the English law of indigenous growth between them govern the legal relations of nearly the whole of the civilized world. Jeremy Bentham, the greatest of law reformers, the severest

* By courtesy of The Chautauquan.

of practical critics, contends that all the law libraries of political states in Europe do not comprise a collection of cases equal in variety, in amplitude, in clearness of state-



THE ENGLISH LAW COURTS, THE STRAND, LONDON.

ment—in a word, in constructiveness—to that made by English reports of adjudged cases.

When the reader enters the magnificent law courts situated in the Strand, London, he may remember that they represent an older national institution than even the palace of St. Stephen, the Chambers of Parliament. For there were judges and exponents of law who slowly broadened down from precedent to precedent, long before parliaments met or written statutes were enacted.

The most ancient court in England is that of the King's Bench. The great Alfred sat upon its seat of justice, and following monarchs copied his example until the busy functions of royalty usurped the

judicial duty of the reigning sovereign and his office was delegated to his representatives, the judges.

The other venerable court, the Court of Chancery, is almost as old as the King's Bench. One thousand years after Alfred's accession the Judicature Act of 1871 destroyed the independence of these two courts, and made them a part of five departments, the remaining three being the Common Pleas, the Exchequer, and the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Divisions.

SIR FRANCIS HENRY JEUNE.

At the head of these departments is the supreme legal official of the law of Great Britain and Ireland, the Lord High Chancellor. He is appointed by the crown, upon the motion of the premier of the realm, and changes office with his political party. He sits upon the woolsack, the presiding officer's chair in the House of Lords, and is also a member of the Privy Council, and the chief judge of the appellate tribunals.

Next in rank is the Lord Chief Justice of England, who rules in the King's Bench Division, and after him comes the Master of the Rolls, who presides over the Court of Appeals.

The president of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division is Sir Francis Henry Jeune, who succeeded in that office one of the best and worthiest of English legalists, the late Sir James Hannen.

Any review of the personnel of these British jurists points to their great dignity, rank, wealth, and fame. Nothing is withheld which can enhance their prestige. No popular clamour, nor even its voice of reason, can make or unmake them. They hold office for life, and their public entries into assize towns are almost royal in the respect shown by high and low alike to the representatives of the king and the kingdom. The English judges owe nothing to any man in the exercise of their duties: they are the sworn liegemen of justice and law. The salaries paid to them are liberal; and titles are given in every case when an advocate obtains a judgeship. The Lord Chancellor is at the head of England's peerage, after the princes of the blood and the Archbishop of Canterbury; his salary is $50,000 a year. The Lords of Appeal receive $30,000 a year each; so does the Master of the Rolls. The Chief Justice has $40,000 anually, the judges generally $25,000 a year.

Strange though it may seem, many of these gentlemen are of a great age. They have no limit as to retirement, and apparently desire none. Lord Esher, the Master of the Rolls, delivers marvellous charges at an age when most mortals lag superfluous on the stage.

The advantages connected with the retention of such Nestors of judgment far outweigh any perceivable disadvantages.

Lord Halsbury, an old and familiar friend of the Marquis of Salisbury, was not forgotten when Lord Herschell, the Jewish chancellor of the late Liberal government, vacated the woolsack. For the second time Lord Halsbury took the

THE LATE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COLERIDGE.

highest honours of the English bar. He was by no means a great chancellor, such as were Lords Eldon and Brougham, but he was a safe presiding officer and a man of judicial temperament and great dignity.

Among the wearers of the judicial ermine, the late Chief Justice Coleridge was conspicuous for his liberal views, since liberalism is not a prevalent creed with judges in England. His elocution, beautiful voice, and distinguished presence, his lucid exposition, social brilliancy, and wide reading, gave him a better title to fame than Disraeli, the past-master of caustic phraseology, was inclined to allow him. The latter gentleman once spoke of him as "silver-tongued mediocrity." He was decidedly not so great a judge as Sir Alexander Cockburn. Lord Russell has said that few judges could hope to equal Sir Alexander's massive synthetical and analytical powers. But his elegant literary qualities, backed as they were by broad, sympathetic interpretations of law, have commended Lord Chief Justice Coleridge to posterity in too hearty a fashion for Disraeli's sarcasm to affect his standing reputation. As a raconteur Coleridge was surpassed by none, and his social influence was probably larger than that of any judge of his times. In ceremonial duties he was well known

to the United States. In 1883, the late Sir James Hannen, Lord Bowen, Sir Horace Davey, Mr. James Bryce, and the present Chief Justice, Lord Russell, accompanied Lord Chief Justice Coleridge to that country. No body of distinguished men received its characteristic hospitality with more unfeigned pleasure, and it is questionable whether a greater intellectual delegation was ever welcomed there.

SIR HENRY HAWKINS.

Lord Russell succeeded Coleridge in 1894, taking oath that he would "do right to all manner of people after the laws and usages of this realm, without fear or favour, affection or ill-will." He is known far better as Sir Charles Russell, the great advocate, the prince of cross-examiners, the recipient of the largest income paid to any modern lawyer before his judicial promotion, and, above all, as the grand inquisitor into the mixture of bigotry and "Piggotry" which collapsed beneath his touch like a snowflake, and left Mr. Parnell triumphant over The Times.

For once the "Thunderer" retired to hide its vanquished head, and had The Times been less historic or the British nation less conservative in its attachments, the permanent injury to the leading newspaper of the world would have been more serious.

Lord Russell of Killowen was always good to his junior counsel. He had associated with him in The Times case Mr. H. H. Asquith, who in five years from then had climbed to the high place of a cabinet minister in the late Liberal administration.

He became Home Secretary, an office which really made him the supreme court of appeal in all death sentences. At the time Mr. Gladstone appointed him to this difficult post, conservatism looked askance, and the lugubrious warnings of the authorities foreboded failure. But Mr. Asquith triumphed. Acute, calm, critical, incisive, and always cool, he fully justified the "old parliamentary hand" which promoted him, and forced admiration from all quarters. Mr. Asquith married Miss Margot Tennant, a prominent lady in London society, who divides honours with her sister, Mrs. H. M. Stanley, as a woman lavishly gifted with grace, vivacity, and intellectual force.

This fragmentary survey of a man who had so compelled the gifts of men by the time he was forty can only be pardoned for its brevity by my reminding the reader that Mr. Asquith's future is still before him.

A son of Nonconformity, with simple integrity, pronounced in his unselfishness, and superbly trained, he has been heard from already, and that unmistakably He will be heard from again, for one has no reason to doubt that when he comes once more into public life he will realize the highest anticipations.

Sir Henry Fowler was mentioned as Home Secretary when Mr. Asquith was appointed, but he became

LORD JUSTICE BOWEN.

the president of the Local Government Board instead. A Methodist layman and lawyer, the son of a great preacher in Wesleyanism, Sir Henry has always been enthusiastic in the Liberal camp. He afterward accepted the Secretaryship for India, and by his conduct during the Chitral campaign earned the thanks of the nation.

Fancy the son of one of John Wesley's preachers becoming the virtual ruler of three hundred millions of people : " the Methodist Grand Mogul," as W. T. Stead termed him. This shows what vast responsibilities are centred at Downing Street, Whitehall, London, and how much depends upon the legal acumen and statesmanlike ability of British ministers.

While mentioning Nonconformist lights of the bench and bar, one may surely introduce the genial Samuel Danks Waddy, Esq., K.C., who first won his spurs in breach of promise cases, and afterwards sat as the recorder of the town of Leeds, one of Yorkshire's busiest centres for woollen manufactures. He is the son of Dr. Waddy, who was a preacher, a scholar, and a college president of first rank in British Methodism, presiding over the Wesleyan Conference for his brief year with the exquisite humour and finely balanced qualities of heart and mind which made him a leader his brethren delighted to honour.

Sir Henry Hawkins was probably the ablest criminal judge upon the bench. Sir Henry was long the terror of evil-doers in England, and when one of the masonry of criminals hears that Sir 'Enry 'Awkins is coming to judgment, his language is generally more forcible than polite. Time and again I have entered his court and that of Lord Chief Justice Coleridge during my student days in London, and I always came away feeling that if men training for my profession of the ministry were masters of such a style of address as these eminent men and their brethren exemplified, the pulpit would materially gain in power.

It is no small part of a public speaker's education to frequent the courts where great legal minds preside. How to sift and arrange the various kinds of evidence in its cumulative or diminishing forces—to do this and much more so as to make twelve ordinary citizens grasp knotty, intricate details, and discern where things begin to differ, and

THE LATE MR. JUSTICE DENMAN.

SIR EDWARD CLARKE.

adjust complicated relations where the issues are vital—these are processes which may be applied to the historical events of religion with the best possible results for an intelligent comprehension of the same.

Lord Justice Bowen was renowned in English courts of law for his accomplishments as a scholar. His pen was employed with the profounder side of many topics, and he gave promise of a great work as an authority, a litterateur, and a judge, which was defeated by his recent death at a comparatively early age.

Associated with him in the Court of Appeals was the late Lord Justice Cotton, an encyclopædic mind, erudite to the last degree and devoted to the honourable career of discovering truth that he might right wrong.

Mr. Justice Denman is another of the English jurists of fame recently deceased.

Sir Francis H. Jeune succeeded Sir James Hannen as the "Great Unmarrier," viz., the president of the Divorce, Probate, and Admiralty Division. Sir James never recovered the strain laid upon him by the Paris Arbitration Tribunal concerning the seal fisheries dispute between the United States and England. In his own day Hannen was declared by many competent authorities to have been the first judge of the English bench. Sir Francis H. Jeune has ably succeeded him, and he possesses a talented wife, whose contributions to literature have made the name familiar to many readers of English magazines.

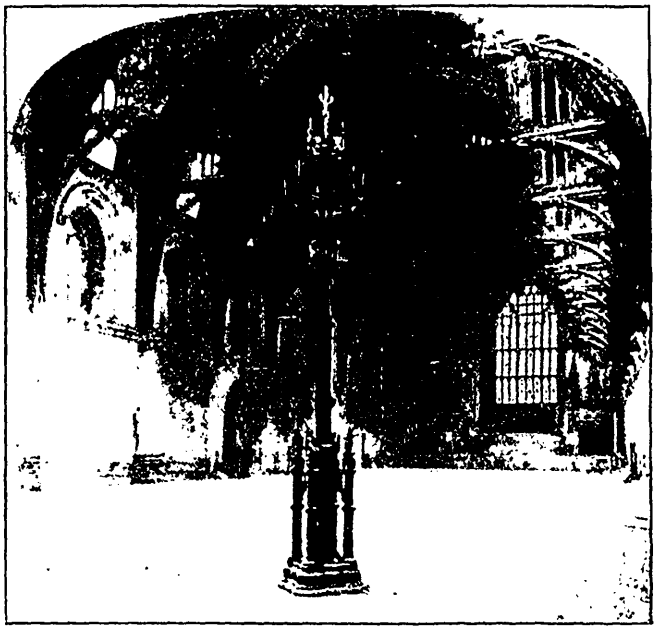
The last name to be mentioned here is Sir Edward Clarke, a shrewd and sturdy debater and capital lawyer. The trial of forensic skill and legal strength which was made during the sitting of the Bering Strait arbitration courts showed the characteristic qualities of the advocates on both sides. Both countries are one in their inextinguishable love of right, and this basal principle has operated during nearly twenty centuries to the promotion and growth of just and equitable laws.

The judgeships are, as a rule, filled by men whose acquaintance with that principle is most profound and whose sympathy with it has prompted their devotion and zeal during many years of toil and research. Such a vocation of itself breeds dignity and breadth of character, and also the judicial faculty, which is capable of great cultivation.

It is a matter of congratulation that these eminent Englishmen and their compeers here are above suspicion. Seldom has the ermine been soiled, and the profound indignation exhibited at its rare occurrence demonstrated how unusual was the sight thus presented to the public gaze.

Connected with this purity is the fact that the profession is more jealous for its existence than any one else could be. The protests against an unjust judge are loudest from the bar to his fellow judges, save where professional etiquette bids the latter speak but slightly of what they strenuously feel, and, heaven be thanked, these protests are very rarely necessary.

As one enters the ancient law courts, reminiscent of some of the loftiest and most august intellects given to our race, the reverence for an unbroken majesty of law's just administration compels the feeling that here is holy ground, and that outside the temples of God's Son there is no ground on earth more holy.



WESTMINSTER HALL, THE ANCIENT LAW COURTS.

CHRIST IS RISEN.

BY MAY RILEY SMITH.

O, sad-faced mourners, who each day are wending,
Through churchyard paths of cypress and of yew,
Leave for to-day the low graves you are tending,
And lift your eyes to God's eternal blue!

It is no time for bitterness or sadness;
Twine Easter lilies, not pale asphodels;
Let your souls thrill to the caress of gladness,
And answer the sweet chime of Easter bells.

If Christ were still within the grave's low prison,
A captive of the enemy we dread;
If from that mouldering cell He had not risen,
Who, then, could chide the gloomy tears you shed?

If Christ were dead, there would be need to sorrow,
But He has risen and vanquished death for aye.
Hush, then, your sighs, if only till the morrow;
At Easter give your grief a holiday.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF BURMA.*

BY ERNEST G. HARMER.

MAULMAIN, BURMA.

I.

THE country of Burma, — the land of gold and radiance and of a myriad enchantments,—has ever exercised over the Englishman a singular fascination. Unlike Egypt or Borneo, unlike even the Deccan, Burma owes to Britain and to Britain alone, her contact with the West, her rescue from misrule, her present pre-eminence among the vast satrapies founded by the resolute zeal of Englishmen around the southern coasts of Asia. The story of Burma is one that has long needed to be told, and to be told fully, competently from the inside. Few Anglo-Burmans could be named whose claims to be heard on this theme rival those of the experienced Conservator of Forests, who for many a long year drank in the spirit of the land, the fragrance of its woodlands, the genius of its streams. The moment, therefore, of the completion of Dr. Nisbet's laborious and encyclopædic work is opportune for passing under review some of the features of the story, and for seeking to estimate the force and direction of the tendencies that are producing a new Burma out of the traditions of an immemorial past.

The title of the work before us is in itself an inspiration. It emphasizes the primary fact of Bur-

* "Burma, Under British Rule—and Before." By John Nisbet, D.Occ. (Westminster: Archibald Constable & Co. 1901.)

"A Handbook to India, Burma, and Ceylon." Fourth Edition. (London: John Murray. 1901.)

"Burma Administration Report, 1899-1900. (Rangoon. Government Press. 1900.)

Mr. Harmer is an authority on the subject on which he writes and has just completed a volume entitled "The Story of Burma" for The Story of the Nations Series. He is familiar at first hand with the subject on which he writes, having resided in Burma. Reprinted from the author's proof-sheets of article in the London Quarterly Review.

mese history, a history of two chapters, albeit of scenes innumerable. Since first the Mongol hordes streamed southwards from out the chilly steppes of Tartary upon the kindlier bosom of the mighty Irawadi, the races of the Golden Chersonese wrought out their several destinies for two thousand years, and the drama,—complex, long drawn out though it be,—has in the telling the cohesion of an epic. Within less than a century, by stages that were slow, patient, but inevitable, Burma has come under the rule of England. Between Burma before and Burma after the British there are few organic links. The face of the land has been changed, less by an evolution than by a transformation.

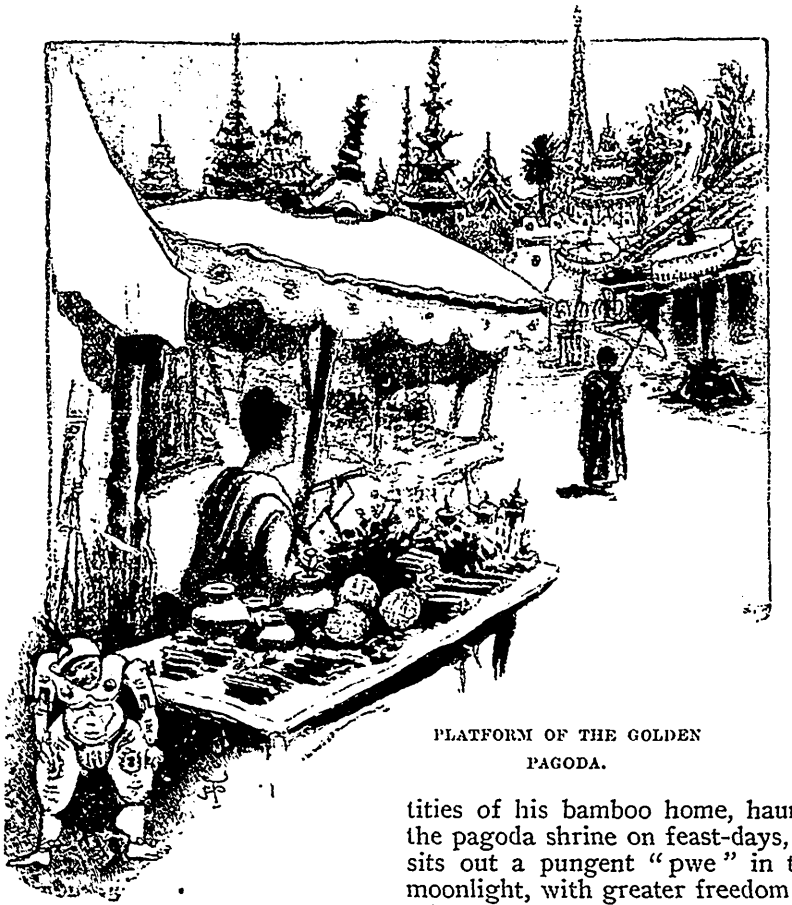
The splendours of the Burmese Court were made known to Europe centuries ago by the romantic reports of mediæval travellers. While Elizabeth was ambling down to Tilbury to rally her lieges to the defence of the homeland in the fateful Armada time, one Ralph Fitch was dreaming dreams of a wider empire, to be wrested out of the Orient by the peaceful conquests of trade. Standing on the platform of the Golden Pagoda of Rangoon, he saw around him a vast plain of limitless rice-stalks, whose golden tips lay glittering under the opulent warmth of a tropic sun. In little more than a decade—during the closing hours of the sixteenth century—the Honourable East India Company was formed in London; before another decade had been launched into the past its agents were to be met with from end to end of the Irawadi stream.

Age after age the land was racked by the ceaseless strife of its peoples, monarch against monarch, race against race. Amid the clash of arms the agents of John Company sought to pursue their peaceful avocations, and had the Alompra kings, the last of the native despots, been as wise in their generation as the rulers of Siam, Burma might be to-day where Siam is. But they ran full tilt against the conquerors of India, and the power which laid the empire of the Moguls in the dust was driven in self-defence to extend its boundaries eastward, until they embraced the eastern shores of the Bay of Bengal, with all the rich valleys that pour their wealth into its ample bosom.

The causes out of which sprang the three Burmese wars need not here be examined. Elsewhere in the world Britain may have been avid of dominion; in Burma, at any rate, she ever displayed exemplary patience under provocation, and moderation in the hour of victory. Arakan and Tanasserim were acquired by treaty in 1826; Rangoon and the Delta were added in 1852; Upper Burma, upon which France had underhand designs, was saved in the nick of time by the occupation of Mandalay in 1885. In swift, absorbing chapters our author traces out the inner history of the century during which the monarchs rather than the peoples of Burma were rushing upon their inevitable doom. Nor need one tell over again the story of Thibaw's unexampled barbarities, his insensate self-absorption, his fatuous ill-will. Goaded on by his termagant queen, the blood-stained Supaya Lat, his crimes against humanity placed him outside the pale of responsible being. It were more profitable to embark upon a brief survey of the main effects of his deposition.

On the day—November 7th, 1885—on which the Arbiter of Existence resolved to defy the warnings of the Government of India, he issued a manifesto in these terms:

"Those heretics, the English barbarians, having most harshly made demands likely to impair and destroy our religion, violate our national customs,



PLATFORM OF THE GOLDEN PAGODA.

and degrade our race, are making a display and preparation as if about to wage war against our State."

When, a week after, General Prendergast crossed the frontier between the two Burmas, he carried with him a proclamation containing this promise :

"It is the earnest desire of the Viceroy and Governor-General of India that bloodshed should be avoided, and that the peaceful inhabitants of all classes should be encouraged to pursue their usual callings without fear of molestation. . . . Your private rights, your religion, and national customs will be scrupulously respected."

The promise was kept, and to-day the Burman enjoys the quaint sanctities of his bamboo home, haunts the pagoda shrine on feast-days, or sits out a pungent "pwe" in the moonlight, with greater freedom of mind, less peril of body, than ever he did under the despotism which is now overturned for ever.

What causes have conjoined to make the Burman—half Aryan, half Mongol—the man that he is ? Whence the radical difference between the sad-eyed races of India, the stolid, astute peoples of China, and the laughter-loving women, the ease-loving men, of the country that lies between? They owe much to the opulent environment wherewith they are dowered. The sylvan wealth, the plenitude of fruit and grain, which led Ptolemy to call this fortunate peninsula the land of gold, make labour a superfluity, and effort a wanton trifling with the gifts of nature. The half-

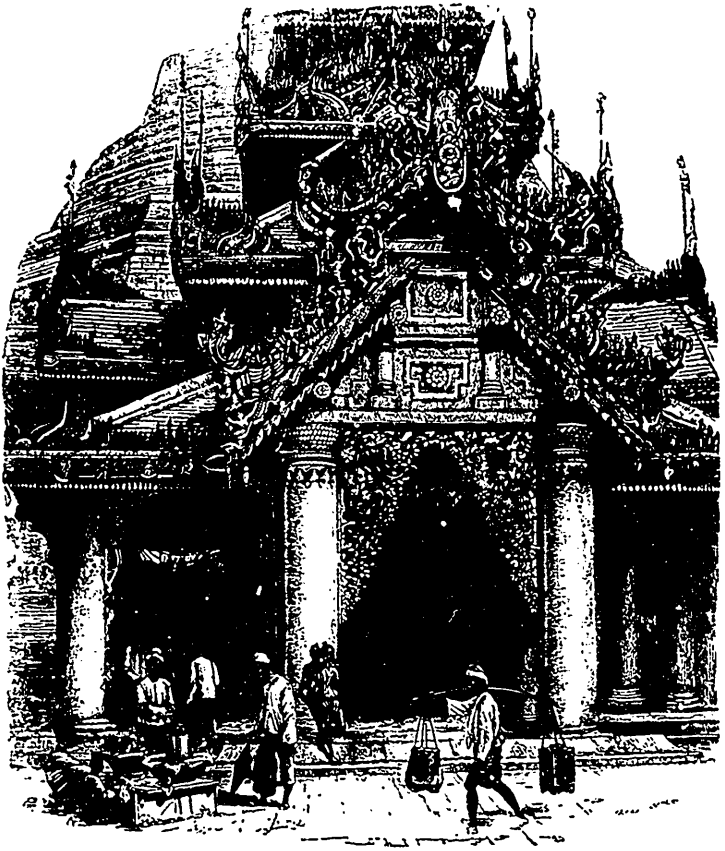
century that has elapsed since the occupation of Rangoon has witnessed the creation of limitless sources of wealth in rice cultivation alone, and to-day the province ranks as one of the main rice granaries of the world. Within ten years the rice export has doubled, and the figure for the first ten months of 1900 reached the huge total of 1,906,738 tons, apart from the large quantities that were sent up from the rich delta regions into the drier belt of the upper valley. Not the least of the material benefits conferred upon this happy-go-lucky people by British rule is the conversion of its waste lands into food-producing areas.

Another gift of nature to this fortunate land is to be found in its interminable forests. Of teak timber alone there was exported, during the closing year of the century, a quantity of 272,286 tons, of the value of £1,524,797. The best of this went to the Government dockyard in Bombay, and the bulk of the remainder found its way into the shipbuilding yards at home, where it forms the indispensable cuticle of the modern ocean greyhound. It is many a long day since our ships were "hearts of oak," and the timber resources of Burma have been of incalculable utility to the nation whose very being hangs upon the possession of the empire of the sea.

These episodes in the physical environment of the peoples of Burma are cited, not for their own sake, but for the purpose of illustrating the vitality of the land, immense, exhaustless. The English colony is small, and by reason of the climate its numbers can never be great. There is nowadays little scope for large individual fortunes, and many a trader, despite a lifetime of application, returns home with the barest competency to support the enforced leisure of his later years. The aim and secret of British rule are enshrined in the motto, "Burma for the Burmans," and the successful attainment of this ideal is written large upon the face of the land.

It is a trite epigram in the East that calls the city of Rangoon a suburb of Madras. The saying is, literally, a half-truth, for the census of 1891 revealed the presence of 86,714 Hindus, Mohammedans and Parsees, whereas the true Burmese were but a part of the 79,857 classed as Buddhists and Jains. The Burman is not a town-dweller, and is incapable of the qualities of obedience, punctuality, and self-restraint which are of the essence of urban life. He will never make a factory hand, a postman, or a policeman, for the drudgery of regular employment is repugnant to his nature. It is in the villages that Jack Burman is at his best, and it is in the unspoiled vastness of the upper valleys, the silences of the woodlands, the expanses of the paddy fields, that one must seek out the heart and secret of the Burmese mind.

The primary fact of Burmese life is the sovranty of the woman. Nowhere in all the East does womankind enjoy the freedom that belongs to her sex in this happy-hearted province. It was ever thus, and the inheritance of two thousand years of equality with man has raised her aptitude for freedom to the level of an instinct. Unveiled, free as the air to roam the forest or the village street, mistress of her future, untrammelled by the miseries of child-marriage, the Burmese girl is a fitter mate for the youth of her choice than any of her chastened sisters among the caste peoples of central India could ever be. It is she who directs the sowing of the crops, the winnowing of the grain, the economics of the household. It is she who sets up a stall in the bazaar, not for the profit that it brings—although there is no keener hand at a bargain anywhere in the



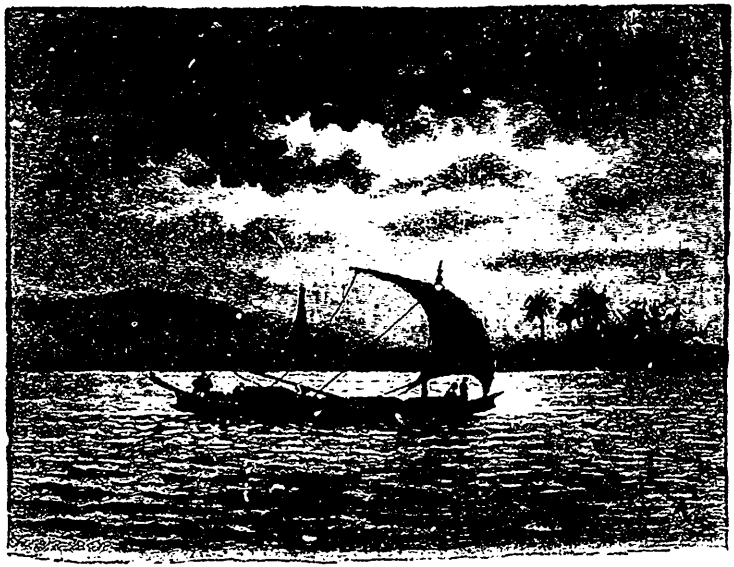
ENTRANCE TO THE GOLDEN PAGODA, RANGOON, BURMA.

world. She goes thither for the pleasure of the gossip and the chaffering and the laughter that make a village bazaar on a river bank, in the listless hours of a tropic afternoon, a bower of delights. And when the paddy broker comes up from Rangoon, he knows that it is with the peasant's goodwife that he will have to reckon, her good-humoured raillery that he will have to face, as he makes a bid for the crop, a bid which he knows full well he will have to double before the keen-witted woman will part with the produce of her husband's labour.

The present writer has seen a Burmese woman, with a babe at the breast, directing the intricate labours of a dozen men, who are engaged upon the task of printing and dyeing lustrous silk kerchiefs. These are an indispensable item of the dress of a fashionable damsel in this land of radiant colours and strange fragrances.

Although, however, the family life of the Burman presents some of the features of a gynarchy, the man has his place to fill. The average tenure throughout the province is a farmstead of fifteen acres, and the farmer and his sons must therefore do the bulk of the work of cultivation with their own hands. Happily for his temperament, he is aided by the unfailing energies of the sun and the rain, which are indeed the main sources of his wealth.

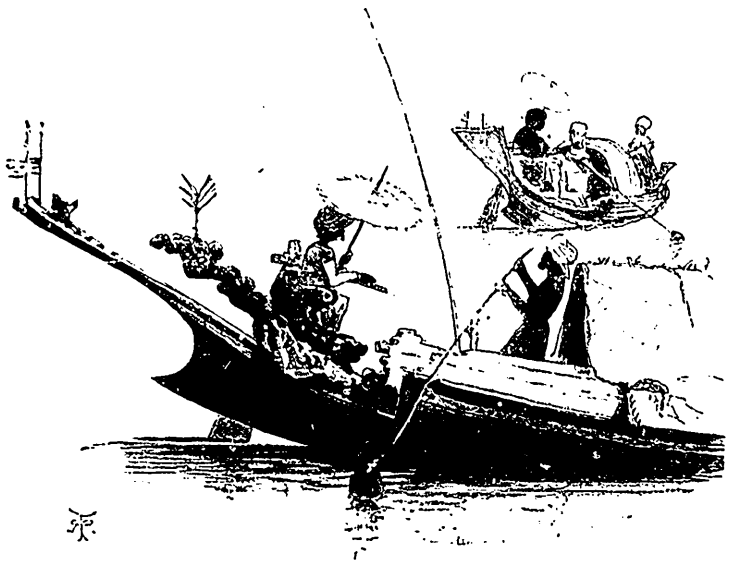
A gentle scratching of the sodden ground at ploughing time, an insouciant scattering of the seed, an indolent watching of the jays and herons during the sprouting, a leisurely harvesting, and all is done. If the wife be prudent, she saves enough for the needs of the family during the season, sets aside the seed-rice for the next sowing, and the surplus is spent in the silk or cotton bazaar, or in acquiring merit for the next existence by lavish gifts to the village shrine and the village monastery. For the life of the Burman is tinged to the core by the spirit of the Buddhist faith.



ON THE IRAWADI, BURMA.

While the transformation of Burma on its material side has already been stupendous, its reformation on the ethical side is something yet to be. The cold, passionless tenets of Gaudama were introduced into the Irawadi valley while as yet the lord Buddha was alive, and the barriers of mountain and sea by which the land is hemmed in on every hand have had the result of preserving its religious practice in a purer form than in any other part of the Buddhist East. The sacred books were not brought to its shores until Buddhaghosa, "the voice of Buddha," went to Ceylon for the purpose of transcribing them, in the year 400 A.D., and when he returned he landed them at Thaton, on the edge of the Gulf of Martaban. Seven hundred years afterwards the city was sacked by a king who carried them off to Pagan, whose ruined pagodas remain to this day the most splendid and imposing shrines of Buddhist art. Thirty-two elephant loads of scriptures, and a thousand monks, were thus transferred, and while in western Europe the sublimer faith was still in its darker decadence, the renascence of Buddhism in the Golden Chersonese was influencing the thought and practice of southern Asia.

That influence has endured to this day. The monastic life is an integral factor in the story of the race. From prince to peasant,



RANGOON BOAT (STERN) WITH PROPITIATORY TWIGS.

every man must, as a primal necessity of manhood, become a monk. His probation may be of the briefest, but without it his social ostracism is complete and inevitable.

The strength of the Buddhist position lies in the coaction of these two potent incentives to the monastic life—indolence in this present world, and escape from degrading toil hereafter. There is a sense, indeed, in which, within the narrow limits of pure selfishness, saintliness of this sort is "profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." The ideal austerities taught by the holy Gaudama are practised by few, but public opinion compels the observance of the outward form of self-negation, and there are certain moral obliquities which are visited with direr condemnation than in some priesthoods whose ideals are worthier.

The weakness of the disciple of the Buddha lies in this, that he is no preaching friar. It is this that makes of him in many instances little more than a sturdy vagabond, of the type immortalized by M. Jusserand in "English Wayfaring Life in the Middle Ages."

The ultimate basis of Burmese Buddhism is the belief that every man and woman maintains with infinity a debit and credit account, the balance sheet of which is made up at the end of each existence. Repentance, forgiveness, reform are inconceivable terms. Wrongdoing is counterbalanced by works of merit, and the merit lies, not in the motive of the doer, but in the saintliness of the object. A handful of rice, flung into the begging-bowl of a recluse, counts for more on the credit side than any self-abnegation for the sake of a worthless child, any arduous duty performed for the benefit of the body politic. As the end of life approaches the layman seeks to wipe out the evils of his earlier manhood by building a rest-house, a monastery, or a pagoda, and the noble order of the yellow robe tacitly accepts a situation which ensures to itself freedom from all mundane anxieties. There is no conception

of a supreme Being; even the holy Buddha has now attained Nirvana, and is therefore no longer a personal entity. Hence the pagoda is not a temple, but a relic shrine, and the mutterings of the devout are no prayers, but mere formulæ of aspiration, mere acts of reverence for the memory of the passionless founder of the creed.

Yet even on this side of its story Burma is already in the throes of a veritable transformation. While as yet there lived in Ava and the Mandalay plain a visible head, in the sacred person of the monarch, the integrity of the faith was assured by the force of social sanction. Thibaw himself was venerated as a monk who had attained by study the highest honours in the divinity examinations conducted by the archbishop. But the unconscious effect of the material prosperity that resulted from the contact with Western energy was a relaxation of the austere manners, and even while a king sat upon the throne in Upper Burma there had sprung up a Low Church party, whose laxer observance of the Buddhist ritual broke up the nation into two opposing camps. Year by year the leaven of laxity is exerting its disintegrant force within the lump of Buddhist faith and practice, and today it is the exception for the mendicant monk to content himself with the simple food thrown by the faithful into his begging-bowl, as he makes his tour of the village in the guise of humility. These alms are more commonly flung to the pariah dogs, and "tid-bits are generally supplied by the supporter of the monastery and by other admirers." Thus the fabric of Buddhism, like that of its glittering shrines, is slowly but surely crumbling away, and the process of decay can never again be arrested.

EASTER MORN.

BY S. JEAN WALKER.

"Oh, balmy wind, all fragrance sweetly blending,
At dawn's first eastern ray.
Didst see the angels from on high descending
That resurrection day?"

"I saw,—O majesty of God,—awaking
A mightier than they,
Come from the tomb triumphant, death's chains breaking,
That resurrection day."

"Oh, wind of morn, so pure, so softly blowing,
Didst see the women speed,
Bearing rich spices, love and sorrow showing
In tender, loving deed?"

"I saw,—O joy beyond all joy comparing,—
The risen blessed Lord.
And angels fair the joy with earthborn sharing
In holy, sweet accord."

Thamesville, Ont.

O wondrous death of Christ! may we
Be made to live to Christ by Thee!
O deathless death, destroy our sin,
Give us the prize of life to win!
—*Adam of St. Victor.*

HENRY TIMROD.*

THE POET OF "THE LOST CAUSE."

BY ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART (PASTOR FELIX.)

LIKE the stars that differ in glory, and in their lustrous degrees move over us—now beheld and now unseen—are the poets; and he who grants a Milky Way to the heavens, will not altogether disdain even the multitudinous human lights that, in the haze of time, have become almost indistinguishable. Sirius, Perseus, Argol, may reign supreme, and catch the eye heaven-raised, like princes issuing from their chambers; but there are the lesser lights, wanting which the planisphere could not be perfect.

Or, in the chorus of the grove, the common, untrained ear may not discover the peculiar quality of many voices that swell in the leaf-hid choir; yet every one augments the melody, and increases the sum of delight. But if, perchance, the mocking-bird, or the hermit-thrush break forth, or we hear the whippoorwill in his lonely evensong, the singer cannot fail of recognition, but must win his meed of grateful applause. The fitting time, and the distinctiveness of his note, are in his favour.

So the writer of the introduction to the memorial edition of Henry Timrod's Poems, commences with these appropriate words:

"'A true poet is one of the most precious gifts that can be bestowed on a generation.' He speaks for it and he speaks to it. . . 'Nor is it to the great masters alone that our homage and thankfulness are due. Wherever a true child of song strikes his harp, we love to listen. All we ask is that the music be native, born of impassioned impulse that will not be denied, heartfelt—like the lark when she soars up to greet the morning and pours out her song by the same quivering ecstasy that impels her flight.' For though the voices be many, the oracle is one, for 'God gave the poet his song.'

"Such was Henry Timrod, the Southern poet. A child of nature, his song is the voice of the Southland. . . He was the poet of the 'lost cause,' the finest interpreter of the feelings and traditions of the splendid heroism of a brave people. Moreover, by his catholic spirit, his wide range, and world-wide sympathies, he is a true American poet."

With the more complete unification of the American Republic,

* The first published volume of Timrod's verse was put forth by Ticknor and Fields, at Boston, in 1866, just before the Civil War, while yet the young poet was high in hope and ambition. Hailed by the few, it was nearly lost in that "seething torrent" in which his life, as that of his country, was involved. Not till the poet was in his grave, and his country was in some degree recovered from the ravage of war, was a complete edition of his work possible. This appeared in 1873, at New York, from the press of E. T. Hale & Son, who in the following year issued a second edition, containing that "noble series of war poems." By the same publishers an illustrated edition of "Katie" was put forth in 1884. All these editions were long ago exhausted. The Memorial Edition, by which we are enabled to prepare this paper, was published at Boston, in 1899, by Houghton, Mifflin & Company, to make his genuine poetry more widely known and enjoyed, and to aid in the erection of the public memorial that was recently unveiled at Charleston, his native city.

and the elimination of the element of bitterness from the memories of the terrible strife, the name of Henry Timrod is gradually emerging from the obscurity that so long has invested it, and he is assuming his place as one of the distinctive poets of the Southern division of his great country, only Edgar Allan Poe and Sidney Lanier being, in point of genius, nameable before him. It is true that his light is yet almost hidden from the wider republic of readers—his name not occurring in the Encyclopedia Britannica;—but this is equally true of Lanier, who is yearly becoming a more recognizable force in American letters.

Timrod was one of the American poets to whom a stimulus was given by the blasts of battle. We all know something of James Russell Lowell—whose "Biglow Papers" were in part a fruitage of that soul-stirring time;—and of that Tyrteus of the North, John Greenleaf Whittier. But there are also the ringing ballads of Henry Howard Brownell, of Connecticut, and that Marseillaise of the Northern armies, moving to the grand martial chorus of "John Brown's Body," which immortalizes the name of Julia Ward Howe. But the singers of the South felt equally the patriotic stirring; so we have Randall's burning ballad of "Maryland, my Maryland;" Father Ryan's devoted muse bewailing the dead of many fields; John Williamson Palmer, with his lyrics, "For Charlie's Sake," and his "Maryland Battalion;" and Finch, singing his ballad of reconciliation over "The Blue and the Gray." But none sang with a more penetrating note than our Carolinian bard, who tells

"Of nameless graves on battle-plains,
Wash'd by a single winter's rains,
Where, some beneath Virginian hills,
And some by green Atlantic rills,
Some by the waters of the West,
A myriad unknown heroes rest."

As his memorialist has written, "His voice was also the voice of Carolina, and, through her, of the South, in all the rich, glad life poured out in patriotic pride into that fatal struggle, in all the valour and endurance of that dark conflict, in all the gloom of its disaster, and in all the sacred tenderness that clings about its memories."

Before we turn the pages of his pathetic history, let us listen to that "voice," in one of its most characteristic utterances:

CHARLESTON.

Calm as that second summer which precedes
The first fall of the snow,
In the broad sunlight of heroic deeds,
The city bides the foe.

As yet, behind their ramparts stern and proud,
Her bolted thunders sleep—
Dark Sumter, like a battlemented cloud,
Looms o'er the solemn deep.

No Calpe frowns from lofty cliff or scar
To guard the holy strand;
But Moultrie holds in leash her dogs of war
Above the level sand.

And down the dunes a thousand guns lie couched,
Unseen, beside the flood—
Like tigers in some Orient jungle crouched
That wait and watch for blood.

Meanwhile, through streets, still echoing with trade,
Walk grave and thoughtful men,
Whose hands may one day wield the patriot's blade
As lightly as the pen.

And maidens, with such eyes as would grow dim
Over a bleeding hound,
Seem each one to have caught the strength of him
Whose sword she sadly bound.

Thus girt without and garrisoned at home,
Day patient follows day,
Old Charleston looks from roof and spire and dome
Across her tranquil bay.

Ships, through a hundred foes, from Saxon lands
And spicy Indian ports,
Bring Saxon steel and iron to her hands,
And summer to her courts.

But still, along yon dim Atlantic line,
The only hostile smoke,
Creeps like a harmless mist above the brine,
From some frail floating oak.

Shall the Spring dawn, and she still clad in smiles,
And with an unscathed brow,
Rest in the strong arms of her palm-crowned isles,
As fair and free as now?

We know not: in the temple of the Fates
God has inscribed her doom;
And, all untroubled in her faith, she waits
The triumph, or the tomb.

And can we not hear the indignant, passionate ardour that thrilled the heart of the South, in these stanzas from his lyrical appeal to Carolina! *

Call on thy children of the hill,
Wake swamp and river, coast and rill,
Rouse all thy strength and all thy skill,
Carolina!

. . . . . .

Hold up the glories of thy dead
Say how thy elder children bled,
And point to Eutaw's battle-bed,
Carolina!

Tell how the patriot's soul was tried,
And what his dauntless breast defied;
How Rutledge ruled and Laurens died,
Carolina!

Cry! till thy summons, heard at last,
Shall fall like Marion's bugle blast,
Re-echoed from the haunted Past,
Carolina!

I hear a murmur as of waves
That grope their way thro' sunless caves,
Like bodies struggling in their graves,
Carolina!

And now it deepens; slow and grand
It swells, as, rolling to the land,
An ocean broke upon thy strand,
Carolina!

Shout! let it reach the startled Huns!
And roar with all thy festal guns!
It is the answer of thy sons,
Carolina!

They will not wait to hear thee call;
From Sachem's Head to Sumter's wall
Resounds the voice of hut and hall,
Carolina!

No! thou hast not a stain, they say,
Or none save what the battle-day
Shall wash in seas of blood away,
Carolina!

Thy skirts indeed the foe may part,
Thy robe be pierced with sword and dart,
They shall not touch thy noble heart,
Carolina!

Henry Timrod, in whose veins flowed a mingled strain of Teutonic and of British blood, with some slight infusion of the heroic Swiss, was born at Charleston, S.C., Dec. 8th, 1829; the son of a father of conspicuous gifts, who had borne an honourable part in the affairs of his State and city, and who suffered in health and came to an early death, in consequence of exposure in the everglades of Florida during the Seminole War. His paternal grandfather, an emigrant from Germany, prior to the Revolution, had also served his adopted country well during her earlier struggle; so that the poet had reason for pride in the military and civic record of his progenitors. That William Henry Timrod was a man of noble impulse and of no mean poetic power is evidenced by a little book of verse, from which examples are given by the biographer of his still more gifted son. He who could say of Time—

"The breath of thy departing wings
Dries all our tears away;"

and of the characteristic song-bird of the South—

"A full choir
Within himself, the merry Mock Bird sate,
Filling the air with melody; and at times
In the rapt fervour of his sweetest song
His quivering form would spring into the sky,
In spiral circles, as if he would catch

* Paul Hamilton Hayne gives us the impression made upon him by this powerful lyric in these words: "I read these lines first, and was thrilled by their power and pathos, upon a stormy March evening in Fort Sumter. Walking along the battlements under the red light of a tempestuous sunset, the wind steadily and loudly blowing from off the bar across the tossing and moaning waste of waters, driven inland; with scores of gulls and white seabirds flying and shrieking around me,—those wild voices of nature mingled strangely with the rhythmic roll and beat of the poet's impassioned music."

New powers from kindred warblers in the clouds
Who would bend down to greet him,"—

was surely worthy to become the sire of a poet, and need not be disdained by any fancier of dainty verse. The father dearly loved, and did much to form and foster, his "poetic child."

But it is the mother who bears the wand of inspiration; and in his maternity Timrod was equally fortunate. She was of English extraction—a Miss Prince, daughter of a prominent citizen of Charleston; beautiful in form and face, and filled with all that enthusiastic graciousness which is the distinguishing characteristic of the finest Southern female character. She is described as possessing that exquisite sensibility to natural influences which puts the poet into a rapture in the presence of woods and streams. "Her purity and goodness, her delight in all the sights and sounds of the country, her childlike pleasure in wood and field, her love of flowers and trees, and all the mystery and gladness of nature, are among the cherished memories of all her children."

He had the advantage of the best school of the city. There he met, and had for his seat-mate, his fellow poet and true friend and companion, and subsequent eulogist, Paul Hamilton Hayne. They compared, in many a musing hour, the firstlings of their fanciful invention, and hoped, and dreamed, and exulted together. After the death of his friend, Hayne depicted him in words we delight to quote:

"Modest and diffident, with a nervous utterance, but with melody ever in his heart and on his lip. Though always slow of speech, he was yet, like Burns, quick to learn. The chariot wheels might jar in the gate through which he tried to drive his winged steeds, but the horses were of celestial temper and the car purest gold."

He was entered at the University of Georgia, but was unable to complete his course. The death of his father left him without pecuniary resource; and then, ensuing upon a fit of illness by which he was prostrated, came on the terrible convulsion by which all settled life in the South was broken up. But his college life was not without its excellent influence. Like Byron, and like Shelley, he revelled in the library, and gave his devotion alternately to books and to woods and fields. Deeply as he loved, and loved to the last, his native city, he was not, like Charles Lamb, a devotee to urban life. "The sweet security of streets" had no charm for him. He rejoiced in Nature and her changing scenes and seasons. She was always to him comfort, refreshment, balm. She never turned her face from him, and through all his years he "leaned on her breast with loving trustfulness, as a little child." But he had other teachers. He studied all classic literature. "The Aeschylean drama had no attraction for him; he revelled in the rich and elegant strains of Virgil, and of the many-toned lyre of Horace and the silver lute of Catullus. From the full and inexhaustible fountain of English letters he drank unceasingly. Spencer, Shakespeare, Milton, Burns, Wordsworth, and later, Tennyson, were his immediate inspiration."

He undertook the study of law, but unsuccessfully. The revolt of poets who have frequented the chambers of the lords of jurisprudence, has become a by-word and a proverb. Themis is a jealous mistress, as was ever Clio or Urania, and he who undertakes to be a servant of two finds himself in a thorny way. Yet, if he could have adapted himself to that vocation, he was entered under favourable auspices, being in the office of his friend, the Honourable I. L.

Petigru, one of the ablest jurists of the South in his time.

He was disappointed in his hope of a professorship, for which he was in some respects well fitted; but, in lieu of an academic chair, he accepted a position as a private teacher—"an office the sacredness of which he profoundly realized." Subsequently he adopted journalism as his profession, but at all times he was sedulous in his cultivation of poetry. In Charleston he became one of a coterie of gifted men—some of them celebrated men—among whom were Simms, the novelist, and Hayne, the poet; who then presided over the literary organ in the Charleston of that day —"Russell's Magazine." Then there were "Judge Bryan, and Dr. Bruns (to whom Hayne dedicated his edition of Timrod's Poems), and others of this glad fellowship; and his social hours were bright in their intercourse and in the cordial appreciation of his genius and the tender love they bore him. These he never forgot, and returning after the ravages of war to his impoverished and suffering city, he writes, in the last year of his young life, "My eyes were blind to everything and everybody but a few old friends."

With the outbreak of hostilities, he became a war correspondent, for the Charleston "Mercury." Nothing could have been more distasteful to him. He was altogether unfit for the miserable scenes amid which his lot was cast. The violence and bloody horrors of which he became a witness saddened and perplexed his sensitive, gentle spirit, and gave him such anguish as loving hearts alone can know. "Too weak for the field (for the fatal weakness that finally sapped his life was then upon him), he was compelled, under medical direction, to retire from the battle ranks, and made a last desperate effort to serve the cause he loved as a war correspondent. In this capacity he joined the army of the West after the battle of Shiloh. The story of his camp life was indeed pathetic. . . . 'One can scarcely conceive of a situation more hopelessly wretched than that of a mere child in the world's ways suddenly flung down . . . and tossed like a straw on the crest of those refluent waves, from which he escaped as by a miracle.'"

This mode of life having become impracticable, he returned to his native city, "baffled, dispirited and sore hurt, to receive the succour of generous friendship, and for a time a safe, congenial refuge." Installed in the seat of the "South Carolinian," he wrote such editorials as stirred the hearts of many in that critical time; and, amid a season of comparative calm, and hopeful of better times, he ventured upon matrimony, uniting, in 1864, his fortunes to those of Miss Goodwin —the "Fair Saxon," the "Katie," of his beautiful verse. Alas! it was a perilous step. A moment's sun gleamed over his head, the shores seemed green and smiling; but he sat upon the smoothness of a rapid! The fall of dire misfortune waited just beyond. The home was set up; a child was born to him—the "darling Willie" of his song—and there seemed the promise of lasting happiness; but then came Sherman's famous march to the sea, with the extinction of his high hopes and the wrecking of his slender fortunes.

"He saw the capital of his native state, marked for vengeance, pitilessly destroyed by fire and sword. Here gaunt ruin stalked, and want entered his own home, made desolate as all the hearthstones of his people. Here the peace that ensued was the peace of the desert! Here the army defeated and broken, came back after the long heroic struggle to blackened chimneys, sole vestige of the home, and the South, with not even bread for her

famishing children, still stood in solemn silence by those deeper furrows watered with blood."

Needless to say how he suffered, not only the death of his highest hopes on earth, and of his dearest flesh—his only child—but that dire physical distress and misery which comes usually only to the beggared and outcast of mankind. Like Chatterton, and like Keats, no longer

> "Sublime of thought, and confident of fame,"

he saw no future on the earth—only a grave, and the oblivion that swallows unfledged poets when they die.

Some of his later days were spent among the Georgian pines, questing vainly after health, and in the cottage of his friend, Hayne. His lovingly-observant eye noted his brother poet in these declining days, and thereby we possess these clear poetic glimpses:

"We would rest on the hillsides in the swaying golden shadows, watching together the Titanic masses of snow-white clouds which floated slowly and vaguely through the sky, suggesting by their form, whiteness, and serene motion, despite the season, flotillas of icebergs upon Arctic seas. Like Lazzaroni we basked in the quiet noons, sunk into the depths of reverie, or perhaps of yet more charmed sleep! Or we smoked, conversing lazily between the puffs.

"Just as the woods were assuming their first delicate autumnal tints, Timrod took his leave of us. . . On the 13th of September, ten days after his return to Columbia, he wrote me the following note:

"'Dear P.——: I have been too sick to write before. You will be surprised and pained to hear that I have had a severe hemorrhage of the lungs. I did not come home an instant too soon. I found them without money or provisions. Fortunately I brought with me a small sum. I won't tell you how small, but six dollars of it was from the editor of The Opinion for my last poem. I left your climate to my injury. But not only for the sake of my health, I begin already to look back to Copse Hill. You have all made me feel as if I had two beloved homes.'"

There is an ailment for which there is only one physician and one medicine. And the consoler of all sorrows of just and good men—and such he was—came near. Friends gathered about him still, and gave him the best they had. "The best physicians lovingly gave their skilful ministration, and the State's most eminent men, in their common need, tenderly cared for him and his. With death before him, he clung passionately to his art, absorbed in that alone and in the great Beyond." Like as in the case of the Scottish poet, David Gray, his last work was the correction of proof-sheets of his own poems. When life had departed, they still lay beside him, stained with his own blood.*

"In the autumn of 1867 he was laid by his beloved child in Trinity Churchyard, Columbia, S.C. General Hampton, Governor Thompson, and other great Carolinians bore him to the grave,—a grave that through the sackcloth of the Reconstruction period in South Carolina remained without a stone."

But his brother-poet, Carl McKinley, sang a requiem over him:

> "See where he lies—his last sad home
> Of all memorial bare,
> Save for a little heap of leaves
> The winds have gathered there.
>
> "One fair, frail shell from some far sea
> Lies lone above his breast,
> Sad emblem and sole epitaph
> To mark his place of rest."

His friend, Dr. I. Dickson Bruns, has given us the following account of his appearance, and of his personal characteristics:

"In stature Timrod was far below the medium height. He had always excelled in boyish sports, and, as he grew to manhood, his unusual breadth of shoulder still seemed to indicate a physical vigour which the slender wrists, thin, transparent hands, and habitually lax attitude but

* He died October 5th, 1867, and was buried October 7th.

too plainly contradicted. The square jaw was almost stern in its strongly pronounced lines, the mouth large, the lips exquisitely sensitive, the grey eyes set deeply under massive brows, and full of melancholy and pleading tenderness, which attracted attention to his face at once, as the face of one who had thought and suffered much. His walk was quick and nervous, with an energy in it which betokened decision of character, but ill-sustained by the stammering speech; for in society he was the most undemonstrative of men. To a single friend whom he trusted, he would pour out his inmost heart; but let two or three be gathered together, above all, introduce a stranger, and he instantly became a quiet, unobstrusive listener, though never a moody or uncongenial one. Among men of letters he was always esteemed as a most sympathic companion, timid, reserved, unready if taken by surprise, but highly cultivated, and still more highly endowed. The key to his social character was to be found in the feminine gentleness of his temperament. He shrank from noisy debate, and the wordy clash of argument, as from a blow. It stunned and bewildered him, and left him, in the mêlée, alike incapable of defence or attack. And yet, when some burly protagonist would thrust himself too rudely into the ring, and try to bear down opposition by sheer vehemence of declamation, from the corner where he sat ensconced in unregarded silence, he would suddenly sling out some sharp, swift pebble of thought, which he had been slowly rounding, and smite with an aim so keen and true as rarely failed to bring down the boastful Anakim."

Regarding, his work as a poet, Timrod has fulfilled the Miltonic conditions, in that his poetry is "simple, sensuous, and passionate," and of the most immaculate purity; so that the author of "Comus" himself could not require more austere beauty. He was throughout his life one of Sidney Lanier's men who are maids* in their chastity of thought and feeling. Like Lanier himself, he is a Galahad of poets. No turgidity or obscurity is to be found in his verse; no bizarre ornament, no straining after effect, no attempt at unusual manners or measures. He followed the best traditions of the earlier English poets. As he says of himself, in the "Dedication" to his "Katie":

> "I, who from a boy
> Have felt an almost English joy
> In England's undecaying might,
> And England's love of truth and right,
> Next to my own young country's fame
> Holding her honour and her name,
> I — who, though born where not a vale
> Hath ever nursed a nightingale,
> Have fed my muse with English song
> Until her feeble wing grew strong—
> Heel, while with all the reverence meet
> I lay this volume at your feet,
> As if through your dear self I pay
> For many a deep and deathless lay,
> For noble lessons nobly taught,
> For tears, for laughter, and for thought,
> A portion of the mighty debt
> We owe to Shakespeare's England yet!"

His verse, as much as that of Burns, manifests a passionate sincerity, without the notes of affectation and the doubtfulness of sentiment that sometimes occur in the Scottish poet. His faults are the faults of immaturity; but at his best he has given us a body of verse having in it the light of immortality. There was seen in this universe the soul of beauty, and himself was the beautiful soul that saw.

The reader who would know Timrod at his greatest, must read "Ethnogenesis," "The Cotton Boll," "Katie," and some of the patriotic poems, which are too extensive for reproduction here.*

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* Shall ne'er prevail the woman's plea,
We maids would far, far whiter be
If that our eyes might sometimes see
Men maids in purity.
—*The Symphony.*

* "Ethnogenesis" (The Birth of a Nation) is regarded by some his greatest poem. It is prophecy linked with the hope and aspiration of the new-born nation of the South. A permanent image of the Southern nature and character is thus richly portrayed:

The type
Whereby we shall be known in every land,
Is that vast gulf which lips our Southern strand,
And through the cold untempered ocean pours
Its genial warmth that far-off Arctic shores

The following is perhaps the finest of his shorter lyrics. Can any reader fail to appreciate its subtle delicacy?

SPRING.

Spring, with that nameless pathos in the air
Which dwells with all things fair,
Spring, with her golden suns and silver rain,
Is with us once again.

Out in the lonely woods the jasmine burns
Its fragrant lamps, and turns
Into a royal court with green festoons
The banks of dark lagoons.

In the deep heart of every forest tree
The blood is all aglee,
And there's a look about the leafless bowers
As if they dreamed of flowers.

Yet still on every side we trace the hand
Of Winter in the land,
Save where the maple reddens on the lawn,
Flushed by the season's dawn;

Or where, like those strange semblances we find
That age to childhood bind,
The elm puts on, as if in Nature's scorn,
The brown of Autumn corn.

As yet the turf is dark, although you know
That, not a span below,
A thousand germs are groping thro' the gloom,
And soon will burst their tomb.

Already, here and there, on frailest stems
Appear some azure gems,
Small as might deck, upon a gala day
The forehead of a fay.

In gardens you may note amid the dearth
The crocus breaking earth;
And near the snowdrop's tender white and green,
The violet in its screen.

But many gleams and shadows needs must pass
Along the budding grass,
And weeks go by, before the enamoured South
Shall kiss the rose's mouth.

Still there's a sense of blossoms yet unborn
In the sweet airs of morn;
One almost looks to see the very street
Grow purple at his feet.

At times a fragrant breeze comes floating by,
And brings, you know not why,
A feeling as when eager crowds await
Before a palace gate

Some wondrous pageant; and you scarce would start
If from a beech's heart,
A blue-eyed Dryad, stepping forth, should say,
"Behold me! I am May!"

Ah! who would couple thoughts of war and crime
With such a blessèd time!
Who in the west wind's aromatic breath
Could hear the call of Death!

Yet not more surely shall the Spring awake
The voice of wood and brake,
Than she shall rouse, for all her tranquil charms,
A million men to arms.

There shall be deeper hues upon her plains
Than all her sunlit rains,
And every gladdening influence around,
Can summon from the ground.

Oh! standing on this desecrated mould,
Methinks that I behold
Lifting her bloody daisies up to God,
Spring kneeling on the sod,

And calling, with the voice of all her rills,
Upon the ancient hills
To fall and crush the tyrants and the slaves
Who turn her meads to graves.

To Timrod the universe was a vast temple, and the poet was a priest at a shrine. Poesy to him was a holy thing, and he never profaned it. The muse beckoned him from above, as "a calm, a beautiful, a sacred star." He was, by his own devotion, a child of God. He says: "We may trace the mighty sun above even by the shadow of a slender flower." To him, Nature, fondly as he turned to her, was only the visible form and symbol of the divine and eternal. "He felt with Milton, in his noble words, "that the abiding work is not raised in the heat of youth, or the vapours of wine, or by 'invo-

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May sometimes catch upon the softening breeze
Strange tropic warmth and hints of summer seas.

"The Cotton Boll," in "The Snow of Southern Summers," is a forerunner of Lanier's "Corn." It reveals the mystic spell and kingly power of that far-stretching tropic snow, and contains that glowing painting of Carolina from sea to mountain, which closes—

"No fairer land hath fired a poet's lays
Or given a home to man."

—Introduction to the Memorial Edition of Timrod's Poems. Other lyrics, such as "A Year's Courtship," "Præceptor Amat," "The Lily Confidante," "The Arctic Voyager," "Too Long, O Spirit of Storm," "Unknown Dead," and "Carmen Triumphale," manifest his peculiar quality in finest form.

cation to dame Memory and her siren daughters; but by devout prayer to that eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and send out His seraphim with the hallowed fire of His altars to touch and purify the lips of whom He pleases.'" To him the truest poet is a divine interpreter. As he has written, in his "Vision of Poesy"—

"All lovely things and gentle—the sweet laugh
Of children, Girlhood's kiss, and Friendship's clasp,
The boy that sporteth with the old man's staff,
The baby, and the breast its fingers grasp—
All that exalts the grounds of happiness,
All griefs that hallow, and all joys that bless,

"To me are sacred; at my holy shrine
Love breathes its latest dreams, its earliest hints;
I turn life's tasteless waters into wine,
And flush them through and through with purple tints;
Wherever Earth is fair, and Heaven looks down,
I rear my altars and I wear my crown."

His was the heart's noblest creed—a trust unfaltering, a cheerfulness unfailing. It was to him, and is to all, the antidote to many woes. His griefs were great, but they were unselfish, and he shared the miseries of a people deeply loved. In loss, in poverty, in sorrow, in disappointment, divine poesy was still his solace. It was the light within the darkest cloud, with the sun not very far behind. It was a "quenchless radiance," filling his soul with an "abiding light." His melancholy was a tender gloom; a noble, refined and spiritualized medium, through which he saw the Eternal City, as through a haze of summer mist we discern the stars. To quote him once again, he looked through tears to—

A shadowy land, where joy and sorrow kiss,
Each still to each corrective and relief,
Where dim delights are brightened into bliss,
And nothing wholly perishes but Grief.

"Ah, me!—not dies—no more than spirit dies;
But in a change like death is clothed with wings;
A serious angel, with entrancèd eyes,
Looking to far off and celestial things."

Manfully he surrendered what he could not hold. He desired to live longer on the earth; but, knowing God had a larger, unencumbered life beyond the "things that are se· .," he went to meet death without fear. He might have spoken, in the exquisite words of our own Bliss Carman:

"There is a part of me that knows,
Beneath incertitude and fear,
I shall not perish when I pass
Beyond mortality's frontier.
In patience, therefore, I await
My friend's unchanged, benign regard,-
Some April when I too shall be
Spilt water from a broken shard."

One of his latest and best-known poems is the "Ode Sung on the Occasion of Decorating the Graves of the Confederate Dead, at Magnolia Cemetery, Charleston, S.C., 1867," which seems to us to embody a latent prophecy of the rehabilitation of his own fame. With this lyric we take leave of our subject:

Sleep sweetly, in your humble graves,
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause;
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrim here to pause.

In seeds of laurel in the earth,
The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere waiting for its birth
The shaft is in the stone!

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years
Which keep in trust your storied tombs,
Behold! your sisters bring their tears,
And these memorial blooms.

Small tributes! but your shades will smile
More proudly on these wreaths to-day,
Than when some cannon-moulded pile
Shall overlook this bay.

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valour lies,
By mourning beauty crowned.

LIGHT AT EVENING TIME.*

A MESSAGE AT FOUR-SCORE.

BY THE REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

"PRAISE GOD from whom all blessings flow" is the song my old heart is singing this happy morning which shines with seven-fold the brightness of yonder sun. This is a great Sabbath to me. My cup runneth over; and taking that full cup with thanksgiving, I have come once more to this beloved church, to face this beloved flock, to bring to you such a message as I trust the Living God will permit me now to offer. I shall not inflict any historical discourse on you, nor indulge to any great degree in personal reminiscence. I would rather come to you as I have always come, that is, to bring a simple gospel message to you all. The text I have chosen I think may not be inappropriate to a message at four-score.

"At evening time it shall be light." Despair is demoralizing; fear is deadening; doubt is debilitating; hope, after all, comes to sit down with us when we are tempted and troubled, and when no relief would otherwise break upon our dreary path, and sheds a light like the stars in the sky, and we can push gratefully and cheerfully forward. God's Word is a wonderful book; it addresses itself not to our fears, but continually to our hopes. It never appeals to despair, but always to the possibility and expectation of better, *better* things to come. Scores of promises have floated out from this pulpit to you, like life-boats to those who have felt as if they were sinking beneath the waves. Many, many a time I have been permitted to hoist lantern texts to those passing through dark waters, and the shadow of death. Now this morning I bring such a one from that cheerful old prophet who describes the day when Jerusalem, after passing through a time of persecution and wrong, should once more come to be a happy capital, her "children playing in the streets."

This text is a perfect gem. Like a diamond, it has many sides which will bear turning. Is it not the province of a diamond to shine in a dark room? So this text throws out brightness and joy to many an eye that is full of weeping and sorrow because of bereavement. Now the very essence of hope lies in this, that it is an expectation of better things, and kindles our hearts and minds to an expectation of blessing for this life and for the life to come. Some persons may have come up here this morning who have brought trouble and disquiet of heart, and some loss, it may be, that has caused you sorrow and anxiety. There never can be an assemblage such as this without some hearts in it needing an uplift right from the throne of God. I come, therefore, this morning to bring you these words of cheer, because it may be a needful message to many a one in this congregation.

Have not some of us had experience in the glorious Alps, when, on

* "At evening time it shall be light."—Zech. xiv. 7. A sermon preached in the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, on Sunday, January 12th, 1902, celebrating his 80th birthday. Abridged from The Treasury Magazine.

nearly reaching the top, we have been surrounded by clouds, mist filled the air, the tempest hurtled around us, and we sat down utterly disappointed in our hope of a glorious view, and ready to wail with despair at a lost day, a lost prospect, a lost joy. But by and by a strong wind swept the heavens and revealed the beauty of the skies! There stood the white throne of the Monte Rosa, and yonder the magnificent Matterhorn, and as the evening sun bathed it in rosy glory, we have stood lost in admiration. "At evening time it was light."

Have not you and I had experiences in the past like that? Ah! we have, and realized the blessed hope. We cannot give up in despair, even in times of trial. Many are the experiences of this kind, I say, in the history of God's people. Look at poor old Jacob, bewailing the fate of his dead: "All these things are against me; I will go down into the grave unto my son mourning." Wait a minute! The caravan is coming! Glorious news! His sons returning, bringing full sacks of corn to Jacob and his family. At evening time to the old man it is light—it is light!

After all, the Christian life is a walk of faith from beginning to end. God never deceives His children. There is never a broken promise in all the history of God's Church, not one. All things work together for good to them that love Him. He says, "I will make the darkness to be light before you, the crooked things straight. These things will I do for you." Very often our poor hearts feel

"The way is dark, my Father,
Cloud on cloud is gathering thick before me,
And loud the thunders roar above me. See, I stand
Like one bewildered. Father, take my hand,
And through the gloom lead safely home Thy child."

Listen! Back comes the answer:

"The day comes fast, My child. And it shall be
Not one step longer than is best for thee.
Cling close to Me, and ev'ry spectral cloud
Of fear shall vanish. I will take thy hand,
And then at evening time it shall be light,
My child."

Let us give another turn to the diamond: This gives a very encouraging view to all who are engaged in labouring in Christ's vineyard, to every one who is giving his time and heart to enterprises to usher in the Kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ. Things easily done are of very little value. It is costly undertakings that count the most. So as I look at all Christian history, from the birth hour in Bethlehem in the manger, when there was no room at the inn, and on through the trials of His life to Gethsemane's dark hour, and Calvary's sacrifice, and from that hour to this, I find the same law continually prevailing; first conflict before victory, shadow before light, labour before reward. Look back at the whole history of Christ's Church, you will find this truth abundantly illustrated. For example, when for centuries what is called the dark ages—exceedingly dark—had existed, God raised up Martin Luther, who seized the trumpet of the Saxon tongue and blew a blast that rang from Rome to the Arctics; and from the darkness burst forth the splendid light of the Reformation!

I remember well the time when my dear old friend Whittier and others were threatened with personal violence because they lifted up their voices for the emancipation of the slave. Yet that grand poet lived to see the victorious close of the conflict that bound up the Union and unbound the slave. We are labouring in this great reform of temperance. There are dark hours and bright. Let us thank God and take courage and gird up our loins afresh, for this conflict surely is for truth and righteousness. God's hand is in it, and it shall not fail.

If I had time I should love to recall some of the incidents in my own humble life that would illustrate the text. I remember in the first pastoral charge committed to me, in a very small church with a very weak congregation; we were discouraged, clouds gathered about me so thickly that I seriously meditated a retreat. But God sent me a wonderful surprise. One or two souls were awakened, which led me instantly to summon the people to special services, and in the next month God led me through the most wonderful manifestations of His Spirit, that I have ever been permitted to know in fifty-six years of my ministry. It was wonderful. Dr. Alexander said to me, "This month is more to you than all the work you went through in the theological seminary." I learned a lesson of trust in God that is worth all and more than I can experience. I learned how oftentimes at evening time, after difficulty and toil and trial, when sore tried, God sends a sunburst of His blessed light. My prayer now is for our beloved city, for every good endeavour, for every church, and all the multitude of souls, there may be a glorious burst of the manifestation of God's Holy Spirit. Then we shall sing, "At evening time it shall be light." How bright the light, how blessed!

I have told you this is to me a happy day. I hardly recall another in all my life's journey that is one of such unspeakable joy and gladness. Good friends, I hope many of you are having happy days. And yet, are you sure that you are having as many as you might have, "full, pressed down, running over"? You may have them if you will, more than perhaps you have ever known. I will give you a prescription: Take a huge draught of Bible every morning; throw open your heart's door to the promises of the Master; utter a few words of honest prayer, and add an act of kindness to some one that needs a word to uplift him. It will do more to brighten your countenance and help your digestion than all the prescriptions of all the doctors. And if you want to get your aches and pains out of sight, bury them down under your mercies. Bear in mind that your happiness is very much in your own making or marring. There is no luck. You cannot create spiritual sunshine any more than you can create the sun in the heavens to-day. But you can put yourself in the sunshine of Christ's countenance. Begin every day with God! Carry it through with a clean conscience, and a good stock of Bible promises always within reach. Keep a strong, robust faith that can draw honey out of the rock and oil out of the flinty rock; and then never spend a day without trying to do somebody good. Keep step with your Master. March on! up the steepest "Hill Difficulty" that ever confronted a traveller. It will be all sunshine when we get up yonder; for "there shall be no night there," I assure you.

Turn the diamond again; and I want to say the text has a very beautiful application to a Christian old age. There are some people who have a pitiful dread of old age. I have sometimes thought that they consider that the line in the family record that records the day of their birth, if subjected to the fashionable doctrine of "Higher Criticism" would prove to be an erroneous statement. For myself, I would not alter the record that my blessed mother wrote there if I could. To-day, instead of being a matter of sorrow or pain, it is a matter of profound joy, that God has been willing to write in that record "four-score years." But I did not believe at the outset that I would ever reach it. My beloved father, a brilliant lawyer, died at twenty-eight. His own family suffered from what I feared might be con-

stitutional weakness of the lungs. I started expecting a brief ministry; but thanks to a wiry constitution and one of the best of mothers; thanks to the fact that I have endeavoured through life to keep the primal laws of health, avoiding indigestible food, avoiding stimulants and narcotics, and securing sufficient sound sleep, I have been permitted under a kind providence to stand six-and-fifty years in the blessed work of preaching Christ, and never yet passed a Sabbath on a bed of sickness! "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

When I think how many powerfully-built men, giants in stature, are slumbering to-day with the dead, I wonder that I should have outlived them! Of all the pastors of New York that stood by my side in early days, not one survives; and there is not one single minister beside me in this part of Brooklyn that is still waiting in old age. Well, if life were used aright, its closing years might sometimes be among its most valuable ones. I think that the Indian summer of life may be sometimes the brightest, when God's sunshine kindles every leaf on the trees in the grandeur of golden beauty. The October of life may be one of the best months in all the calendar—that bountiful fruit-month of the year. My very old friend, Newman Hall, of London, does some of his best work when eighty-five years have ripened his ministry. I have no doubt that the most thrilling, majestic burst of eloquence that ever came from Gladstone's lips was that appeal for bleeding Armenia when the grand old man's life-clock had struck eighty-six! If a man never outlives his trust and hope in God, why should not the later years of life be among the happiest and brightest? My beloved mother's Bible is marked in the margin with various texts which she had tested during a period of eighty-five years.

You remember that Bunyan brings his pilgrims not into a second infant school or kindergarten, where they sit down in imbecility or loiter in idleness. He brings them into Beulah-land, where the birds fill the air with music, and where they catch glimpses of the Celestial City, just the other side of the Jordan. When we love Christ, and love men, and love to bring souls to Christ, we never need ask an hour's vacation, but go at last with the armour on—with the seed bags scattering their precious seeds, and the sickle bringing in the sheaves.

And yet the close of every life is not happy, would that it were! Sometimes at evening it is chilly, and dark, and dreary; clouds canopy the heavens and shut out the sun. Sometimes when we would expect closing days to be brighter, they are shadowed with sorrow and disappointment. Let me give two illustrations, one drawn from the biography of the prince of all modern romancers—for to this hour Sir Walter Scott remains king of the realm of romance the world over. It is very pathetic to turn to his diary and find him writing at that age: "The old post-chaise gets more shattered at every turn of the wheel; the windows are not plumb; doors refuse to open; sicknesses come thicker and thicker; friends become fewer and fewer. I look back on a long, dark avenue of friendship, and as through a grated door of a burial-place I see monuments of those once dear to me. I feel I shall never reach three-score and ten; and my life will be summed up at a discount." O, that doesn't seem a very cheerful way for a man to speak who had the adoring admiration of the world.

I turn to another, a contemporary of his, and by way of contrast I ask you to listen to these words, written by perhaps the grandest Christian philanthropist of the nineteenth century, William Wilber-

force, the champion of the Bible and of foreign missions, who at last went up to Heaven carrying millions of broken fetters to lay them before God. Listen to Wilberforce. He says: "I sometimes understand why my life has been spared so long. It is to prove that I can be just as happy since I lost my worldly fortune as when I possessed it." (Wilberforce suffered great pecuniary losses.) Sailors, it is said, on a voyage at sea, drink to the friends astern till they get half over, then to the friends ahead for the rest of the voyage. We may discern friends ahead for many a year. He was getting nearer home, and at evening it was light.

And I might add just here, coming back to this dear spot, that I miss from these pews some of the most loved faces I ever knew, and I think of where they are this morning. I stand and say, "Friends ahead! Friends ahead! ere long perhaps your old pastor will join you in the song before the throne!"

Is the end of every life bright? No, no, no! Friend, it will not be light with you if you attempt the terrible experiment of spending it without Jesus Christ. A Christless life, I repeat it, a Christless life brings at last a hopeless soul, a homeless soul, and a heavenless soul! When you meet Him He will say, "I called and ye refused; I stretched out my pierced hands and ye would not regard it; henceforth depart from me, for ye would not have eternal life." O, if there be in this assembly this morning one solitary man, woman or child, that has lived up to this day without Christ, I beg you as if I went down on my knees before you, and God speaking through me I entreat you to-day to accept this great salvation.

And now my last thought. To those without Christ life ends oft in darkness, and perhaps in despair. Yet for Christ's own people the close of life may be among its most precious, its most joyous, its most delightful of all experiences throughout life's long journey. I love to recall, as there comes before me the thousands of God's people that I have known, how beautifully God has fulfilled the promise of my text, "At evening time there shall be light." I recall this morning an experience I once had in a house not far from this sanctuary. Pastors may gather more from their people than they give to them. Some of the best teaching I have ever had has come from the lips of my own flock, who were verifying and substantiating the power of an indwelling Christ. I recall an hour spent some years ago in a room where one of God's faithful handmaidens was closing life with a most excruciating malady. The end was coming near. I stood to hear a far-off token-word from the eternities, and catch a foregleam of the throne. I shall never forget the pathos of her utterance when she repeated,

"Abide with me, fast falls the eventide.

"Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies,
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me."

You know that often toward evening the sun shines with a peculiar sweetness and radiance. Late in the afternoon the atmosphere seems to have lost its impurity, and is strangely clear, and in that evening light we gaze as it were into the heavens. So it is with the departing Christian—every hour gaining new discoveries, every hour enlarging knowledge. Scientific discovery is a continual movement out of the unknown into the known. During my four-score years I have seen the evidence, the splendid triumph of the principle of the continual invasion of the region of the unknown by the lamp of scientific

discovery. Precisely so in religion. We are passing all the time out of the unknown into the known. Here we see through a glass dimly, then face to face. O what mysteries will be cleared up then! What problems will be solved! What puzzles will be explained! What apparently strange acts and orderings of Providence will become just as clear as the noon-day. And then, O heavenly, everlasting discovery! We shall need no Bible then. It is here we need the guide-book. We shall not need to read God's Word. We had God's Word and God's mercies and prayer, outside the gate; we have no need for them any longer. God gave them here for the journey. When we get there we experience an eternal flooding of light and glory. Now we look at God's providences, and it is like looking on the rude, rough side of a tapestry, rugged, ragged, unexplained, sometimes revolting. We need to turn it to God's side. In eternity we come upon God's side of the tapestry. There are the magnificent marchings of Providence. Heaven grant that you and I may study God's Providence, redemption, and Christ, where at evening time the light of earth shall give place to the morning of glory. There shall be no night there, no funeral processions, no broken hearts, no distress, disappointments, despair, or death. All these will be dropped when we pass through the gates into the City.

Friends, are you ready? Am I ready? Are you ready to live? that is best of all, then you will be ready to depart when the hour shall come. O to be ready when the time shall come! O to be ready, ready to tread the last road to where the glorious crown awaits!

"No chains to sever
That earth has twined,
No spell to loosen
That sin would bind;
No flitting shadows
To dim the light,
When Heavenward pinions
Are winged for flight.
But sweetly, gently
To pass away,
Out of the twilight
Into the day—
The glorious day!
The endless, *endless* DAY!"

ALIVE.

BY MARY LOWE DICKINSON.

Alive! Yes, after the midnight
Of anguish and bloody sweat,
And the base kiss of betrayal
On cheeks with the night-dews wet;
After the judgment chamber,
Reed-sceptre and crown of thorn
And scourge—and the sorer smiting
Of curse and denial and scorn.

Alive! Yes, after the spear-wound
The thirst, and the gall and myrrh,
After the grave whose portal
God's angel alone could stir;
After the sun shrank—shrouded—
And the pale stars hid in shame;
Alive, and the whole world ringing
With the glory of His name.

Alive! And He cometh to meet us,
Over our troubled sea;
Alive! And He goeth before us,
Into our Galilee.
Alive, that our sorrow and sighing,
Our sin, and weakness and loss
May die with the pangs of His dying,
May share in the grace of His cross.

For this at the Easter dawning,
Ring out, O gladsome bells;
The whole world's song of morning
In music ebbs and swells,
From humblest souls and greatest
Glad Easter praises rise,
Earth's sad eyes gazing Godward
Have seen the Christ arise.

—*Union Signal.*

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

BY ETTA CAMPBELL.

MRS. BROWNING is our greatest woman poet; there is no other that comes at all near her in greatness, unless perhaps it be sweet Jean Ingelow, whose genius is not the genius of Mrs. Browning. The weary-hearted toiler, setting himself to the task of digging out golden treasures of thought, hidden away between the two covers of the book that bears her name, is taken by the hand and led away from this workaday world by this woman with the great soul and tender heart—away into higher worlds where he finds cheer and strength and high ideals, and longings for a nobler life.

No one was more fitted to sympathize with the sad-hearted than Elizabeth Barrett, who, in a darkened chamber, spent years of solitude and physical suffering. Yet during her shut-in life she "followed rhymes upon her mountains of delight," and from time to time there went forth from that darkened room songs of sweetness and soul-power—songs that for all time were to enrich the world of thought and enhance the beauty of it, and make gladder the gladness of it—songs that will not leave off singing, but for ever make music in the hearts of those who love her.

But there came a rift in the clouds of suffering that hovered above her. A gleam of sunshine shot through and touched and inspired her life and poetry with light and love. This ray of brightness was the friendship of Robert Browning for the poetess—a friendship brought about by the mutual admiration of each other's poetry—a friendship which soon ripened into the tenderest affection. Miss Barrett, concealing her own love for the poet, forbade him ever to mention the subject, fearing that she, a confirmed invalid, could only be a burden to him, or in her own words, "a stone in his path," "a cloud in his sky."

As time went on she could not fail to be touched by many proofs of the poet's affection, and finally she promised that in the event of her health improving, she would be his wife. Happily for them, in the sunshine of their mutual affection, her health did improve. Robert Browning had won

> "His bride of dreams who walked so still and high,—
> Through flowery poems as through meadow grass,
> The dust of golden lilies on her feet."

She was worthy of his love, and he of hers. It was no common love. It was the reverencing of two souls each for the other, poet and poetess, each discerning in the other its own best—a beautiful something—a soul-beauty worthy of worship. Love to them was a most holy thing, and throughout the fifteen years of their happy married life, Robert Browning, the stern, austere man of the world, cared most tenderly for the fragile wife whom he worshipped for her genius and soul-purity.

The most beautiful thing about Mrs. Browning was her intense love—a three-fold cord—love for God, love for her husband, and love for

humanity. The soul of her was pure gold, and her poetry was that soul's expression. As she was she wrote; she wrote herself into her poetry; she could not do otherwise, she was too sincere. Her ideal of her divine calling was a high one. It was her mission,

> "To love all things set above her,
> All of good and all of fair."

She looked upon her soul as a medium between the soul of the Infinite and the souls of those whom she touched by her poetry. Hear her own words:

> "I laid my soul before Thy feet,
> That images of fair and sweet
> Might walk on other men to it."

> "How sure it is
> That, if we say a true word, instantly
> We feel 'tis God's, not ours, and pass it on,
> Like bread at sacrament we taste and pass,
> Nor handle for a moment, as indeed
> We dared to set up any claim to such."

> "Is the music mine,
> As a man's voice or breath is called his own,
> Inbreathed by the Life-breather?"

She wrote not for fame, or for any pecuniary reward, but solely for Art's sake. The words of a true poet she was convinced would go on singing after his death.

> "And while he rests his songs in troops
> Walk up and down our earthly slopes
> Companioned by diviner hopes."

Much of Mrs. Browning's verse is lacking in the musical quality that characterized the poetry of Shelley, or Keats, or Tennyson, but it possesses attractive qualities totally wanting in these great masters of music.

Perhaps one of the greatest charms of Mrs. Browning's poetry is its sincerity. One of the truest tests of poetic power is truth.

> "Beauty is truth; truth, beauty."

Mrs. Browning considered it the duty of a poet to reveal the truth.

> "O, brave poets, keep back nothing
> Nor mix falsehood with the whole;
> Look up Godward; speak the truth in
> Worthy song from earnest soul:
> Hold in high poetic duty
> Truest truth the fairest beauty!"

Another charm is her deep pathos—her power to stir the tenderest emotions of the human heart and thus develop in her readers the beautiful grace of sympathy. Her power in this direction arose from her own intense sympathy with all living creatures. Her woman's heart was greater always than her broad mind.

> "She had sympathies so rapid, open, free
> as bird on branch
> Just as ready to fly east and west, whichever way besought them."

For examples of her tender-heartedness, read "Bertha in the Lane," "Cowper's Grave," "The Cry of the Children," or "A Forced Recruit at Solferino."

For the Christian, Mrs. Browning possesses a special interest, for this high-souled, pure-thoughted, reverent woman was a daughter of the King, "All glorious within, a corner-stone polished after the similitude of a palace." She lived close to the heart of the Eternal One; her trust in God sustained her; her submission to Him in physical suffering and mental anguish was at once wise and sweet.

> "Oh, the little birds sang east, and the
> little birds sang west,
> And I smiled to think God's greatness
> flowed around our incompleteness,—
> Round our restlessness, His rest."

The only fitting word to characterize her miscellaneous sonnets is noble—noble in sentiment, noble in expression. The lines fairly glow with whole-souled, earnest thought; they burn with the essence of Christianity; they are sweet with the spirit of content, and buoyant with hopefulness. To appreciate them fully one must read them in the quiet of one's own room, with just one's heart and one's own thoughts and God for company.

"Aurora Leigh," while surpassed in beauty of thought and sweetness of expression by some of her minor poems, Mrs. Browning calls the most mature of her works, the one into which entered her highest convictions upon life and art. In this book she puts in poetic setting her opinions about poets, poetry, and books in general, and of woman's place and worth in the world. In it she shows the development of her own aesthetic and imaginative nature from childhood. Upon the story that runs through the poem rests the touch of human interest. It stirs one's soul to the very depths. How one loves Aurora Leigh, and burns with indignation at the Lady Waldemar, and how one's heart aches for Marian Erle. To read it is to have one's heart purified, one's sympathies enlarged, and one's mind broadened.

The characteristics which made this woman so great and so lovable were a winsome womanliness above that of most women ; pureness of character and intense sympathy for earth's suffering ones. Patience in her own sufferings ; power of deep study and love for her work, with genuine poetic inspiration. This was the woman whom Robert Browning called,

"His lyric love, half angel and half bird."

But the love that was a poem, the life that was a poem, came to an end, to be renewed in the great beyond. The sweet, weary singer laid down her earnest pen. The "soul of fire enclosed in a shell of pearl" had burst its bonds and was free. Her wish that her friends should not grieve for her is beautifully expressed in these stanzas of "The Sleep":

"For me, my heart that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the mummers leap,
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would child-like on His love repose
Who giveth His beloved sleep.

"And friends, dear friends, when it shall be,
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say, 'Not a tear must o'er her fall !
He giveth His beloved sleep.'"

Haydon, Ont.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Though cravens clamour in the street,
And shrill, premeditated cries
Of sloth, despair, and malice rise,
To stay the weary runner's feet—

Amid the dust of hopeless war,
The endless road, the thankless part,
He sees, and seeing steels his heart,
The glory of the morning star.

His soul instinct with steel and fire,
The new ideals in his blood,
He sets his breast against the flood,
And struggles upward through the mire.

Behind the camp, beyond the strife,
He sees, like pastures after rain,
A mighty people born again
To nobler ends, to richer life.

A people strong in deed and will,
Clear-sighted, iron-handed, free :
And peace, begot of liberty,
Brood dovelike over dale and hill.

Though his the life of field and tent,
And his the fate alone to see
From Pisgah-heights the things to be,
He has the dream and is content—

Even as the wayfarer may stand
Where in the plain the tempest blows,
While through the storm-cloud far off glows
A sunlit, rain-washed mountain land.

—*The Spectator, London, 1901.*

CIVILIZING THE AMERICAN INDIANS.*

BY RUTH SHAFFNER.

GIRLS' CAMPUS, INDIAN SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA.

AS the years pass on, and we come to know the Indian as an individual, we are convinced that what has so long been recognized as the Indian problem has never had a just cause for existing at all.

The Indian massed in tribes is the problem. The Indian with individual opportunity away from the tribe is no problem. The atom of the tribe must be made the individual of the nation. To recognize the man as a unit and hold him responsible as such, train him for his place and then let him occupy it, is the true method of civilizing the Indian.

Any government capable of annually assimilating half a million foreigners, many of whom have come from the dregs of European countries, should in the course of a few years digest two hundred and sixty thousand Indians. What prevents? We answer, methods ; nothing but methods. Use the Indian method of isolation and segregation with the immigrant, and the American nation will be destroyed in a decade. Use the immigrant method of distribution, association, and opportu-

* Her Indian missions have been one of the chief glories of Canadian Methodism, and of all the Protestant agencies among the native races, hers have been the most successful. She has now sixty-one missions, employing thirty-eight missionaries, ten assistants, thirty-five teachers, eleven interpreters, or a total paid agency of ninety-four.

We who possess their lands owe a duty to the native races of Canada. The original occupants of the soil have inalienable rights, conferred by the great Suzerain of all the

nity with the Indian, and a decade need not pass until they become a real part of our country's life-blood. Any policy would be recognized with serious apprehension that compelled all Germans coming here to locate in a small district by themselves, all the Swedes in another, all the Poles in another, and all the Russians in still another. Very soon we should have within our borders a German empire, a Swed-

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earth, which no man may innocently ignore or deny. Not that it is for a moment conceivable as the will of Providence that these broad lands, already the homes of millions, and prospectively of millions more, should for ever continue the hunting-ground of the wandering children of the forest. But the right of conquest does not free from obligation to the conquered.

We in Canada are in the position of wardens to these weaker races. For many long years they looked up to our beloved sovereign as their "Great Mother." We are the elder and stronger brethren, their natural protectors and guardians. How have the duties springing from that relationship been discharged? The Government, it is true, has exercised a paternal care over the scattered fragments of these once numerous tribes. It has, where practicable, gathered them into reserves, bestowed annual gifts and pensions, and kept them in a state of tutelage, which has enervated their moral fibre.

But the white man's civilization has been more a bane than a blessing. His vices have taken root more deeply than his virtues. His accursed fire-water has swept away thousands and demoralized whole tribes, and the diseases he has introduced have threatened the extermination of the entire race. Many of these tribes are still pagan. They worship the Great Manitou and sacrifice the white dog. They are ruled by cunning medicine-men and are the prey of superstitious fears. Others give an unintelligent observance to the mummeries of a corrupt form of Christianity, and regard the Cross only as a more potent fetish than their ancestral totem.

The influence of our own missions has largely been felt in the improved social and moral condition of the Indian tribes, among whom have been won some of the most remarkable trophies of Divine grace. Many pagan savages have been reclaimed from lives of sin to become the disciples of Jesus, and have adorned by their consistent walk the doctrines of the Gospel. Many, by their talents, love of souls, and zeal for the welfare of their people, have done much to benefit and bless their race.

But while much has been accomplished, much yet remains to be done. Multitudes are yet wandering blindly on to an unknown future, uncheered by any hope of heaven. Shall they go down to darkness and to death unillumined by the blessed light of the Gospel of salvation? As men of our race have taught them to eat of the bitter fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, be it ours to lead them to the tree of life, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations. As we have taken possession of their ancient inheritance, let us point them to a more enduring country, an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, fairer fields and lovelier plains than even the fabled hunting-grounds of their fathers in the spirit-land.

The churches and people of the United States have also their Indian problem with which to grapple. They have experienced difficulties similar to ours and some from which we have been happily free. Till five-and-thirty years ago the control of our North-West by the Hudson's Bay Company had been in large degree a protection to the Indian races. They were thereby preserved from the desolating curse of the drink traffic. They were furnished employment in the service of the company in trapping, hunting and conducting their great trade over wastes and waters known only to themselves. So, till the unfortunate Riel Rebellions, we had no Indian wars and scarce was ever a shot fired in anger throughout nearly half a continent. The missionaries meanwhile enjoyed the protection and aid of the company in their beneficent work.

In the United States, unhappily, the excellent intentions of Washington and the earlier Presidents were often overcome through the greed and godlessness of irresponsible Indian traders and sometimes of authorized Indian agents. As a consequence many Indian wars and massacres desolated the frontiers, costing many lives and many millions of money. The cruel sentiment thus aroused found expression in the phrase, "There is no good Indian but a dead one," and it is said that the capture and punishment of each Indian cost on an average $100,000. But how much better the Christian policy of converting hostiles into friends by the potent spell of the Gospel.

At last a brave souled woman voiced the wrongs of the red man, and Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson wrote the tremendous indictment of the Indian policy, entitled "A Century of Dishonour," and the touching story of "Ramona," the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of the Indian race. The heart of the nation was thrilled by her appeal, its sense of justice was aroused, and strenuous efforts were made for the civilizing and Christianizing of the native races. One such experiment and its result is described in the accompanying pages which we condense from an interesting article in the *Chautauquan Magazine*.

ish kingdom, a Polish principality, and a Russian monarchy.

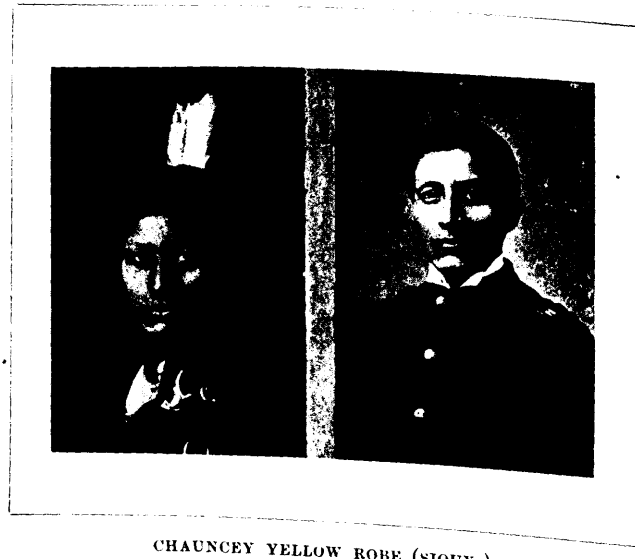
Such results are made impossible from the fact that each is free to locate where he chooses, with the natural consequence that the German, the Swede, the Pole, and the Russian become lost in the influences surrounding him, and he becomes American because perforce he speaks the English language, observes the country's customs, and submits to its laws. The Indian is not a foreigner : the tribe is not a foreign nation, notwithstanding we have treated with it as such. The Indian is, in point of fact, a member of this nation, and as such should be amenable to its laws, subject to its jurisdiction and authority and entitled to the privileges and prerogatives which belong to and are inherent in citizenship.

A glance at our national history will show how gradually and insidiously the present policy got its foothold.

Washington advocated the plan of allowing the Indian to imbibe and absorb the vital principles of our civilization by remaining among us. Had his plan been closely followed doubtless we should never have known the perplexities of an Indian problem.

Jefferson upheld the same idea. In his first message he announced a spirit of peace and friendship among the Indians and evident sense of, and desire to secure, the advantages of civilized life.

Madison continued the same policy with the happiest results.



CHAUNCEY YELLOW ROBE (SIOUX.)
On entering and on leaving the Carlisle Indian School.

Monroe acknowledges that "many of the Indian tribes have already made great progress in the arts of civilized life, . . ." but expresses impatience with the small amount of success attendant upon the scheme of reciprocity advocated by his predecessors, and as a short cut to the end of this bothersome matter suggests that the lands of the great West should be divided among the tribes, and that they be invited to settle there, with inducements that might be successful. Doubtless it was his intention to do

only the fullest justice to the red man, in fact; he so declares, yet it was the beginning of a system of pauperization the conditions for which were carried to completion in the two following administrations. John Quincy Adams suggests the ration system, because "in appropriating to ourselves their hunting-grounds, we have brought upon ourselves the obligation of providing them with subsistence." Andrew Jackson, in the hope of preventing any further unfair dealings with the Indians, assigns regions in the West for their permanent residence, whence all the tribes then east of the Mississippi were to be transplanted, and where it was expected they would forever live beyond the worry of civilization.

But as the wave of settlement rolled its way farther and farther west, the lands were needed, and the Indians were soon crowded within the narrow confines of the present reservations. As these reservations are frequently the poorer parts of the land, it is not surprising that the Indians soon dwindled into a helpless mass. Ignorant of agriculture and the ordinary arts of life, the limited amount of game soon extirpated, but one of two courses was open to them: either to starve or break away from their limitations and go elsewhere. To prevent the latter the Government inaugurated the ration system, with its train of attending evils, whereby it virtually said to the Indians:

If you will consent to be pent up within these reservations, in consideration that we have got the greater part of your land, we will issue to you beef to eat and blankets to wear. In addition we will make to you annual payments of money. We will allow unscrupulous white men to settle near you so that you can readily exchange your money for our fire-water and worthless

ROSE WHITE THUNDER.
An Indian Girl in the Carlisle Home.

trinkets. You will have an agent to watch over you, so that it will be impossible for you to escape our bounty. You shall be amenable to a bureau at Washington to the extent that its consent must be obtained before you leave the spot, even so much as for a visit. We recognize in you a people separate and distinct from ourselves, and as such we will treat with you through commissioners.

These conditions are all diametrically opposed to the development of capable citizens, and yet we wonder that the Indian is so long in becoming a part of our national life. It is as if we had bound his ankles together with heavy chains, and then express surprise that he has not learned to run. We candidly ask if any other people under the sun could reasonably be expected to evolve from native savagery into civilization under similar restrictions. On the other hand, take a body of civilized people, place them under like restrictions (were it possible to so restrict enlightened beings), render it impossible for them to provide against

their own necessities, feed and clothe them, compel them to live apart from all elevating influences, give them large sums of money for which they have not laboured, set a premium upon idleness, make it difficult for them to observe the simplest hygienic laws, set an agent over them who sees that they do not get away, and in a few years they would degenerate to exactly the conditions of an Indian reservation.

Emerson said that humanity is as lazy as it dare be. It was a merciful decree that man should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, else the world never would have progressed very far. The lash of necessity drives us to action. Deprived of the incentive to work, we lose the art. Idleness soon becomes chronic, when the premium is removed from labour.

These are fundamental laws of our being, and if disregarded we cannot expect the intervention of a miracle to prevent natural consequences. Yet it is right here that the great fault lies with the Indian policy. It pays more in dollars and cents for many Indians to remain idle, unprogressive, dependent attaches of a tribe than to become self-supporting, thrifty, independent citizens. These things ought not

MRS. HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

INDIANS AS THEY ARRIVE AT CARLISLE SCHOOL.

so to be. No government can afford to create and foster paupers. The inevitable result is discontent, anarchy, and general lawlessness, which in turn calls for sterner measures by the government in order to quell rebellion. Frequent outbreaks are liable to occur, entailing loss of life and the expenditure of millions of money. The wiser course is to remove the cause of the trouble.

Suppose the Indians were somewhat troublesome while they remained among the whites. Suppose they were a little slow to forsake savagery and assume civilized habits. Suppose they did prefer to live apart from themselves. If for no other reason than purely economical reasons they should have been obliged to develop with the country and become an integral part of our national life. We have spent five hundred million dollars

in Indian wars and to maintain police supervision, to enforce submission, and in money payments to the Indians to purchase their consent to our debasing reservation plan, besides the appalling loss of life among both whites and Indians, and what has it done toward solving the real difficulty? Nothing.

On the contrary, the relations between the two nations constantly grew more complicated, until many thought that nothing but the utter extermination of our natives would ever put an end to the trouble. Of the inhumanity of such a course most people have long been convinced. For some years past it has been agreed generally that the evil must be remedied. How this is to be done is a question that has called forth widely different opinions. Schemes of every variety of conception have been evolved. Of educational devices there has been the treaty agency school, district day school, agency boarding school, contract school, purely mission school, and finally the government training school. As a sweeping attempt at the question of land settlement we have had the Lands in Severalty Act, or the Dawes Bill.

All of these measures possess some merit, but none of them relieve the situation to any appreciable extent, and in so far as they tend to perpetuate the tribe and hold the Indians en masse, they are positively pernicious. Disintegration is the key to the whole situation. Any policy omitting to recognize this as the fundamental idea is sure to meet with failure. Experience should have taught us this long ago.

It remained for Captain R. H. Pratt, U.S.A., to demonstrate the fact that the best way to get civilization into the Indian is to get the Indian into civilization, and that the best way to keep him civilized is to let him stay.

The great Indian Industrial School located at Carlisle, Pa., is his conception, and clearly shows how readily our Indian population may be absorbed with comparatively little cost or trouble to the country. His convictions were the outgrowth of eight years' service in the regular army against the Indians in the territory, most of which time he was on some Indian duty and commanded Indian scouts. During the Indian War of 1874-75, he had charge of hundreds of Indian prisoners.

In 1879 an Indian School was established at the old barracks at Carlisle, Pa., with 145 students. Since then three thousand students, from sixty different tribes, have, at different times attended the school, for a period varying from a few months to twelve years, with sometimes over seven hundred in attendance at one time.

The aim of the school from the beginning has been to teach English and give a primary education in connection with some practical industry and means of self-support among civilized people. To this end regular shops and two farms are provided where the practical mechanical arts and farming are taught the boys, and after this training a number have profitably located away from the tribes in civilized communities. Suitable rooms and appliances are arranged where the girls are taught cooking, sewing, laundry, and housework.

One half-day work and one half-day study has been the rule of the school from the beginning. All school and work departments are organized with two sets of pupils, alternating the sets between the school and workroom each half-day. Pupils as beginners generally have an imperfect knowledge of the English language, and must of necessity acquire knowledge and skill by observation and practice. Shoemaking is taught by making shoes, tinning by making tinware, carpentry by building, tailoring by

INDIAN MOTHER AND "PAPOOSES."

making clothes, and so on through all the departments. The lowest intellect derives satisfaction and encouragement from being able to produce a tin cup, a pair of shoes, a set of harness, a horseshoe, or a table. As a consequence, the pupils become at once productive. They make the shoes needed for the school, do the repairing, make their own clothing, and farm three hundred acres of land. The printing office has always been a most valuable department of the school, and publishes two papers, The Red Man, monthly, with a circulation of about three thousand, and The Indian Helper, a small weekly, with a circulation of ten thousand, besides doing a large quantity of miscellaneous school printing.

There are twelve schoolrooms and nine grades. The graduating limit for the school is fixed at the end of the grammar-school grade.

The tendencies of the school are

pre-eminently Christian, with no favouritism for any particular denomination. About one-half of the students are members of the different churches in the town of Carlisle. Over two hundred of the girls are actively engaged in the work of the King's Daughters, and a vigorous Y. M. C. A. of over one hundred members is maintained among the boys.

One of the pleasing features of the school is an excellent band of thirty pieces, under the leadership of a young man of exceptional natural musical ability, an Oneida Indian, and a graduate of the school.

The strong right arm of the school is what is known as the "Outing System," than which no other measure is as effectual in building the Indian away from the tribe into citizenship. During vacation of each year, all pupils of both sexes, sufficiently advanced, and who can be spared from necessary school work, are sent out into families and shops and on farms as labourers, and thus learn to apply practically the lessons more or less theoretically taught at the school, besides earning a large amount of pocket money.

Each pupil when not attending school receives pay according to his or her ability. Their aggregate annual earnings for several years past have been $22,000. These amounts belong to the individuals earning them. A large proportion is saved, and bears interest at six per cent.

Such facts show how young Indians are appreciated as a labour element, and suggest that through labour and public school lines the whole Indian population may become disintegrated from tribal life and brought into a nation of self-support. Great care is exercised in selecting homes for the students where the influences are pure and wholesome, and where they become a part of the family life.

When conditions are found to be unfavourable the pupil is withdrawn. The pupils are brought into daily contact with the best of our self-supporting population, and are placed in a position to acquire such knowledge of our civilized life and institutions as will best fit him to become a part of our body politic.

Without further delay, Captain Pratt would break up the tribe, abolish the ration system, make education compulsory, throw the reservations open to settlement, and allow the Indians as individuals to become absorbed in our civilization.

Break our treaties! By no means. It is not breaking a promise to go far beyond it, and grant a thousandfold more than was at first specified. One is justified in recalling what was given in good faith when a gift of rarer value is tendered instead. To be a free man in the enjoyment of life is vastly better than to be bound to an ignorant tribe, even if thereby is guaranteed a meagre support "until such time as the Indians can support themselves," which means, until they are obliged to do so.

All Indian youth may readily be prepared to enter the common schools of the country by a two or three years' course in government schools, established for the special purpose of bringing them to this condition of fitness; and having once entered the public schools the way is open for them to remain and go up head.

THE PRELUDE.

There are no discords; life is set
To perfect measure. That which seems
To jar upon the ear, is but
The fancy of disordered dreams.

Life's music written in the key
Of joyful, sacrificing love,
Is but the prelude of the song
Which happy hearts shall sing above.

—*Susie E. Kennedy.*

THE CANADIAN INDIAN—HIS PRESENT OCCUPATION AND FUTURE PROSPECTS.

BY THE REV. T. FERRIER,

Superintendent of the Methodist Industrial School, Brandon.*

INDIAN BOYS AT WORK—INDUSTRIAL FARM, BRANDON.

FROM the standpoint of industry, the Indian may be classed under four headings: (1) Pauperism. (2) Various Earnings. (3) Natural Resources. (4) Agriculture and Ranching.

1st. Pauperism is fostered by Reservation Treaty and Rations. This policy of treatment accorded the aborigines is looked upon as being kind and humane; so it is, but it is just possible that the results are proving it to be a mistaken kindness. It may be a greater kindness if we set fire to our rationhouses, and commuted with him for his treaty. We herd them on Reserves and say to them, stay here and be quiet, and we will cart you our religion, and bread, and all you need. We give too much and require nothing in return. Rations and treaty would be all right for the aged, helpless, and infirm. Indians will hang around for rations and treaty, neglecting other duties and the cultivation of their land, in order to secure what they could earn in many cases ten times over in the same length of time; spending much time in conference, planning to get more from the white man. The system tends to destroy his energy, push and independence. The Indian must earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, like other people. We should teach him industry, and pay him for his

*As showing that the Indian problems and their solution are largely the same in both the United States and Canada, we have pleasure in reprinting from the "Farmer's Advocate" the accompanying article by the Superintendent of our Industrial School at Brandon, Manitoba. In addition to this school we have also similar institutions at Port Simpson, Bella Bella, Red Deer and Chilliwack, B.C.

The good that is being accomplished for the Red race at these stations only the Great Day shall reveal. The Woman's Missionary Society have also a similar institution at Kit-a-maat.

We are indebted to the courtesy of the Farmer's Advocate for the use of the cuts illustrating this article.—ED.

labour as we do any white man. Push him out into life, and let him hustle for himself. Force him to use his own abilities and rely upon them for sustenance. The law of necessity compelling a man to labour for what he needs is lifted under this system, and they learn in consequence to become paupers.

2nd. Various earnings, such as received from the sale of products of their own manufacture, as fancy wares, snowshoes, moccasins, mast hoops, boats, canoes, baskets and blankets. In his barbaric state he had the art of making beautiful baskets, which is now almost a lost art. He excelled in blanket-weaving. One wonders how ignorant savages could weave blankets which for beauty of design and excellence of workmanship rival the most delicate products of modern looms, and for durability are unequalled by any other fabrics.

The nature of the Indian's employment is largely determined by his surroundings. There are very few who are practical mechanics, and we are not expecting that he will take his place in the overcrowded trades and professions of to-day; but wherever unskilled labour is in demand, he finds no difficulty in securing work. He takes kindly to lumbering industries in lumber camps, steam driving, rafting, and sawmills. Where he has the opportunity he is selling hay and firewood to settlers, working as farm labourer, freighting by land and water. Many of the graduates of our Industrial Schools, finding the Reserve life uncongenial, and being handicapped at times for the want of implements or proper land, naturally drift into some such employment for a livelihood. He makes an excellent servant, and nothing but the very highest of praise comes from those engaging his services. This environment will gradually assimilate him into useful and respected citizenship, and finally to a tiller of the soil.

3rd. Those who make their living from natural resources—hunting, trapping, fishing, etc., etc. It is natural that the Indian should excel at this kind of work. For generations nearly all his natural instincts and inclinations have been developed in fishing and hunting, and these instincts and inclinations have been intensified by transmission from generation to generation. He is a careful student of nature, with keen observation, and possesses in a high degree the power of location.

Our fur-bearing animals are rapidly becoming extinct, and but a small proportion of our Indian populations are conveniently situated to good fishing-grounds. Therefore, it cannot be expected that a very large per cent. of the 100,000 Indians in our Dominion will be able to follow these natural pursuits as an occupation for their future sustenance.

4th. Those who engage in agricultural pursuits and the kindred industry of stock-raising. One not acquainted with the Indian, who sees only their crimes, and studies the history of their barbarities, can see only hordes who stand in the way of progress and civilization; but a more intimate knowledge of Indian character and life reveals the fact that they are drifting rapidly toward the occupation of farming and ranching. Much care is being given to the proper education of our Indian youth. It is very desirable that a limited attention should be given to a special or technical training, to secure practical skill in the various branches of industrial and domestic arts, the handicrafts, and mechanical trades. But I believe that the great proportion of his education should be in the direction of gardening, care of stock, and farming. The transition

from what we have termed his natural occupation is more easy to the care of cattle and tilling of the soil, and for a generation or two there is no doubt that from the land the red man must make his living. It is often asked, Will he ever become a successful farmer ? Yes ! Why not ?

It is only from the present generation that we have been trying to make farmers. The policy adopted has not always been the best, but hindrances that have been in his way, he is making progress.

To-day in Canada the Indian farms about 150,000 acres of land, including fallow, new breaking, pasture and meadow. The value of their farm products, including hay, is about $1,000,000.

As an illustration of his success, we may take the following from the Agent's report of this year's crop on the Oak River Reserve, 23 miles west of Brandon. A Sioux

GROUP OF PUPILS AT INDIAN SCHOOL, BRANDON.

this has and can undergo changes. The farming instructors have not always been the most competent. The spoils system has been too often a factor in the appointment of officials.

The tools and seed provided him have not always been sufficient.

The land assigned him has not always been the best. And his education for generations back has not been training him for such a calling. Yet, notwithstanding all the band of 316 (who receive no Government aid) raised 15,000 bushels of wheat, 1,257 of oats, 1,189 of potatoes, 229 of corn, 162 of turnips, 1,264 tons of fodder, and one Indian sold 100 dozen of eggs and 180 pounds of butter. They have plowed 43 acres new breaking, 391 summer-fallow, and 160 of fall plowing.

At the Brandon Industrial School the boys have harvested from 110 acres, 3,000 bushels of grain, 4,500

bushels of roots, 100 tons of fodder, and abundance of all kinds of garden produce. These two experiences are from the Indians who live nearest to the writer, and I trust are not rare exceptions, but they illustrate that the Indian can make the land bring forth abundantly.

On the religious side of the work done at the Brandon School, Mr. Ferrier, the Superintendent, writes as follows :

We intend that our Indian boys and girls of to-day are to be among the men and women of to-morrow, and that the character trained and developed while in this school will in a large measure determine their influence for good or ill when they have to take their place in the body politic to work out the problems of life.

Recognizing that the school exists for the best interests of the children, we are endeavouring to do something towards moulding the character, work and life of a needy people, and to accomplish this end we are trying to turn them out God-fearing men and women.

We have numerous difficulties to contend with. Most of these boys and girls have had few opportunities, and many of them are from parentage whose habits of life have been idleness, dependence and vice. Hence in some we have strong tendencies toward scheming, deceit, falsehood, and immorality. In the work of reformation we have to aid them in overcoming this weakness, and how they may best accomplish this is a part of the daily instruction of every member of the staff

In the training and development of character we place great stress on those habits of industry that must be acquired to make a success of life. We insist on quality of work rather than quantity, believing that those who do their work in a slipshod manner will have a similar character and a like Christian experience.

For the promotion of Christian life and thought we have our morning and evening devotions, Sabbath-school and preaching services each Sabbath, and class-meeting every Monday evening.

All the boys, and as many of the girls as we can take, attend the Sunday morning service in Brandon. In all of these services we endeavour to point out the way of salvation, and during the year something has been accomplished in leading the boys and girls in ways of industry, honesty, truthfulness, purity, and other principles that tend to build up an all-round Christian character.

EASTER DAY.

Tomb, thou shalt not hold Him longer ;
Death is strong, but life is stronger.
Stronger than the wrong, the right ;
Darkness banished by the light ;
Faith and hope triumphant say,
"Christ will rise on Easter Day !"

While the patient earth lies waking
Till the morning shall be breaking,
Shuddering 'neath the burden dread
Of her Master, cold and dead,
Hark ! she hears the angels say,
"Christ will rise on Easter Day !"

And when sunrise smites the mountains
Pouring light from heavenly fountains,
Then the earth blooms out to greet
Once again the blessed feet ;
And her countless voices say,
"Christ has risen on Easter Day !"

BECALMED.

BY SADIE E. SPRINGER.

T was one of those hot midsummer days, when all nature seems to languish and droop under the sun's fierce gaze. Leaving the parched shore behind us, we found ourselves gliding peacefully over the blue waters of the bay. As we looked landward, across the shimmering expanse, from over the burning hills and valleys there came a warm breeze redolent of sweet-scented blossoms and new-mown hay. Wafted by this gentle wind we sped onward until the burdened sails were bent by its increasing strength, and the air seemed filled with sweet incense, while softly to our ear came the murmur of the breaking waves. We gave ourselves up completely to the enjoyment of that halcyon summer day.

After a few hours spent in exploring a picturesque island out in the open sea, we skirted round the rocky cliff and set sail homeward again. The waves so lately all aglow, sparkling in the sunlight as though strewn with rarest gems, now wore a glassy appearance, and but little progress was made over their calm surface. We looked at the sheets—not a breath of air!—and hoped a breeze would spring up, that soon again we might be running free. It was hard to realize our true situation—becalmed three miles out at sea.

Long and patiently we waited, and fancied we saw a breeze caressing the waves away to the southward, as anxiously we scanned sea and sky. Weird tales of the miseries of becalmed voyagers, harrowing thoughts of the "Ancient Mariner" and his phantom crew came to harass us; the swift oncoming night would find us—

> "Alone, alone, all, all alone,
> Alone on the wide, wide sea."

When hope had almost almost died out of our hearts, the tedious hours of waiting came to an end. A grateful wind sprang up, then—

> "Swiftly, swiftly, flew the ship,
> Yet she sailed softly too.
> Sweetly, sweetly, blew the breeze,"

like a veritable breath from the Islands of the Blest wafting us away, soon to cross the harbour bar and thankfully disembark our precious freight of anxious souls.

. . . . . .

The years have passed swiftly since that summer day we lay becalmed on the blue, stormless bosom of the sea. These years, with their "winds of woes and storms of tears," have brought a clearer, purer vision; that motionless mast and ominous calm come back to me now with a deeper meaning.

How many souls drift far out on life's sea, lured by siren songs of love and ease, wafted by breezes perfumed with subtle odours and laden with material pleasures, which cast a glamour over the senses! Some glide calmly on, others are buffeted by rude waves of disappointment and unrest; but with all, sooner or later, life becomes disillusioned; the Dead Sea fruit which had looked so tempting has cloyed their taste and turned to ashes upon their lips.

In some unexpected moment, the deceitful, joyless calm that has settled down upon the life, is suddenly broken. The undercurrent is stirred, the sleeping soul rouses

itself. Longing in bitterness of spirit to conquer some storm or ride some fierce wave, the weary voyager cries :

" Better a day of strife, than a century of sleep;
Give me instead of the calm, the tempests and storms of the deep."

Through the silence that follows this despairing cry there comes a message like the soft, minor strains of an Aeolian harp, " I, even I, am He that comforteth you." " Be still, and know that I am God." In the mystic hush that follows the soul waits and listens; there, in that unshaken place of peace, the inner eye pierces the enshrouding darkness, and sees a " vision of the Christ."

The illumined soul wakens to a consciousness of that starry part of itself where power and divinity lie sleeping. These are now linked with God, through faith in Christ, and a wondrous peace pervades the whole being. The ecstatic moment passes, the rapturous vision fades, but the old life can never return. Over the gateway of the future there hangs this beckoning star of hope, " We shall be like Him," and the soul tremulously responds to the message of love ineffable:

" I am becalmed 'twixt the winds of my fate,
Life there to gain while in patience I wait,
Light, touch, yes, grasp of that far rarer palm
Grown 'twixt sweet winds in a pitiless calm."

Toronto.

FOUND FAITHFUL.

BY S. E. LEESON.

Once, when you spoke a wistful warning word,
To one who would not know the precious Lord,
Though your lips trembled, in your pale distress,
You woke in him the thirst for righteousness.

When you smiled kind encouragement that day,
To one who wearied in the narrow way,
You guessed not that, to her, a lonely mile
Was radiant in the mem'ry of your smile.

But more than all that you have lost or won,
Comes the sweet knowledge when the day is done,
As in a wordless thanks your eyes grow dim,
——He knows it is your will to work for Him.

And when the eyes of Love look down to view
The "few things," that He gave His child to do,
Does He not prove those simple deeds the key
To gates of broader opportunity?

Croton, Ont.

RESURGAM.

The spent earth lay in slumber deep
In a grave so wide and cold ;
And o'er it soft, and calm, and still,
The snow fell fold on fold.

But at the first warm flush of spring,
New life within her woke ;
Fresh vigour through her pulses thrilled
That death's chill fetters broke.

Once more the deadened earth shall yield
Its blooms of fragrant breath ;
Oh, wondrous miracle divine,
Life ever follows death.

Thamesville, Ont. —*S. Jean Walker.*

THE WEDDING RING.

BY ISABELLE HORTON.

"MAMMA! Mamma!" cried Kathie; and "Mamma! Mamma!" echoed little Paul, but for once mamma did not answer. She did not even hear. Leaning against the corner of an old bureau, she was gazing at something she had just taken from its upper drawer—a tiny velvet case, in which was set a ring, a solitaire diamond. Every heavy heart-throb sent the light quivering and sparkling from its polished facets.

The dreary tenement room was as far away from her as the voices of her children. Instead was the sweep of laces, the rich odour of flowers. Tearful faces fluttered and smiled around her, and at her side a manly form was bending down and speaking low, "Till death do us part."

Well, had not death parted them? Not physical death—that were better far—but the slow, torturing death of love and trust; the death of joy—of all that made life aught but a dreary desert, through which one must wander with bleeding feet until death brings oblivion. Was not all that sweet past dead to her? And was not she herself dead—dead to all but pain?

Rousing herself she gathered the baby in her arms, and bidding Paul and Kathie follow she went out into the street. She paused where three gilt balls hung over a doorway, and entered. Without a word, she laid the case upon the counter. She was no stranger there, and words were unnecessary.

The old money-lender walked leisurely round behind the counter, held up the ring to the light, and examined it critically. He had the keen, rapacious eyes and the beak-like nose of his race.

"I let you haf five tollars on dis," he said, disparagingly; "you pay fifty cent a month."

"Five dollars? The ring is surely worth ten times that amount," pleaded the woman. "I must have ten dollars, anyway, to keep us until I can get pay for some work."

"I GIF YOU FIVE TOLLARS—NO MORE."

"The diamond is small, madam. I lose much monish on dem tings. I gif you five tollars—no more."

She took the five dollars, less fifty cents for the first month's interest, and turned her face homeward. On the way she stopped at a baker's shop and purchased a few buns. Reaching home she opened the parcel and thrust a roll into the hand of each child, saying, "Eat, Kathie; eat, Paul, as much as you want. There's plenty for to-day." Then she sank on her knees by the bed, and hid her face in her hands. She was there a long time; but she was neither praying nor crying. Only now and then there was a long, quivering sigh, "O God! O God!"

Meanwhile Kathie and Paul, who knew no sorrow except that of being hungry, sat side by side, and munched their rolls, helping themselves again from the brown paper parcel. They felt a little perplexed at mamma's strange behaviour—but, then, mammas did many unaccountable things.

. . . . . .

One bitter, blustering afternoon a man passed under the sign of the three gilt balls. "A shentleman vagabond," said the old pawnbroker to himself, as he waited to learn in what way he might profit by his fellow-creature's misfortunes.

"Could you let me have a dollar or two on my overcoat?" asked the man. "I am rather down on my luck to-day. It's bitter weather to go without an overcoat, but a man must eat——"

"And drink," added the Jew, with a sardonic grin, turning the coat over critically.

"Well, yes," with an effort to speak jocularly. "Of course that's taken for granted. But—ah—what's that? Would you be kind enough to let me see that ring in the case—the solitaire?"

The Jew placed the ring on the counter. The man took it with hands that trembled a little, holding it to the light, examining the monogram, and the date inside.

"It's been forfeited, has it? Is it for sale?"

"Oh, yes, yes. The woman made but two payments. I lose much monish on dem tings. It's bad beesness—bad beesness! But ven a woman come in wit three little shildren in her arms, as one might say, a man must do what he can. I nefer get my money back."

"May I ask you to hold it for me a few days? I should like to purchase it," and then, reddening, as he caught the money-lender's contemptuous smile, "I'll—I'll be in to-morrow to see about it. No, I'll not leave the coat. There are occasions when a man may even starve—or thirst—with advantage. See?" and he left the shop.

. . . . . .

"Mamma! Mamma! here's a letter."

Little Kathie was toiling slowly up the long stairs, bursting with excitement. A letter was an event with Kathie. Evidently, also, with her mother, for with a glance at the handwriting she suddenly sank down into a chair. Kathie wondered why mamma's hands shook so as she opened the envelope.

"Katharine,—I dare not address you with words that my deeds have made a mockery, and yet I must speak.

"I have purchased the ring, Katharine—our wedding-ring. That I won the money at the card-table can add but little to the blackness of my account. At any rate, it is mine now. And looking at it I realize, as never before, what you have suffered—what despair you must have reached. I might have known how it would be, but I selfishly shut my eyes to the knowledge. I told myself that if I were out of the way, you and the children would be the better off. You would go back to your home, to your brother. In my heart I knew it was a lie. You were too proud, Katharine, ever to do that.

"But why should I prate of what is past? It is of the present and the future I want to speak.

"To-night, as I hold your ring in my hand something in my heart says that I can and I will throw off these chains that bind me to the life of a beast. Your love and your faith could not save me. But what your love could not do, your suffering may. I loathe myself when I think to what I have brought you; and yet, in spite of this desire, this determination in my heart, I dare not trust myself to come to you. I know your faithful heart—you would take me back with all my sins unshriven—but the old, slow torture must never be lived over again. I will first prove myself a man, and when I can hold up my head among honest men I will come and put the ring again upon your finger. Till then, pray for me as you never prayed in your life. It is my last struggle.

"Richard."

There was a strange brightness in the mother's eyes as she kissed the little faces upturned to hers. The stony despair had given place to something that could not be called hope—it was too sad and too stern for that. Rather was it the rallying of all her forces for new suffering and new endurance. And yet, as the days went by, her step gained new vigour, and her face a little of its old-time brightness, so that Paul would say, stroking her hand, "Pretty mamma!"

Weeks and months passed. There were days of hope that were cruel, because it seemed only to smite upon a wound that could not heal; days of despair that was almost coveted, because of its dull deadness. Katharine worked for her home and her children with a feverish energy, barely keeping the wolf from the

door. And slowly, little by little, the daily bread became more assured. Occasionally letters came from Richard, sometimes enclosing a cheque for a small sum of money—money which she used for the children, never for herself. The letters told of struggles that were pitiful in their intensity, struggles with the odds against him in inherited appetite, ruined reputation, and weakened constitution.

"If only the emissaries of Satan would let me alone," he wrote once. "It's bad enough to fight this cursed appetite out of sight and smell of drink. But when a walk of half a mile brings the odours of liquor from a score of saloons—when men who would refuse me employment in their stores or offices will slap me on the shoulder and say, 'Come in and take a drink for old acquaintance' sake' —when fiends without call to the fiends within—what is a man to do? Pray for me, Katharine—pray, pray."

Two years passed. It was December again, when little Kathie toiled once more up the long stairs, crying, "A letter, mamma! A letter, and a little box."

The mother took the letter, feeling all at once as though something cold and heavy had been laid upon her heart. It bore the address of a hospital in a distant city.

"My darling,—When you read this I shall be in another world. And yet —who knows—nearer to you, perhaps, than I ever could have attained in this. I can live but a few days at most, and when it is all over, the nurse will send you my letter.

"I hoped to come back to you, dear. God knows how I have striven. Sometimes the victory seemed within my reach, and then some new and unexpected temptation would sweep the foundations from under my feet. I thank God that He has led me into a harbour of refuge at the last. This little hospital seems like heaven, and the nurses have been God's angels to me. On the wall opposite my bed hangs their motto, 'For Jesus' Sake,' and I have looked at it until its meaning sinks into my heart. That is all my hope, and all my prayer. And yet, Katharine, it is knowing that you forgive all the pain I have caused you that gives me courage to ask forgiveness of God.

"I send you the ring once more. I pledged you my love, not for time, but for eternity. I have ever been true in heart to you, my wife, and perhaps God will judge me a little more mercifully for that. Again, forgive me, and good-bye."

Inside the case, close beside the ring was a tiny folded paper. Katharine unfolded it and read, "Till death us join." She looked up and said through tears, "At last he is safe. My God, I thank Thee."

HEBER'S COMMUNION HYMN.

[It has often appeared to me that the charming hymn of Bishop Heber, to which I have given the above title, is somewhat incomplete, because of its brevity. The two additional stanzas supplied are merely intended to give the rounded fulness to the hymn, which if they were equal would make it one of the finest in any body of sacred song whatever. I have been surprised to find it absent from our connexional hymnals. —Pastor Felix.]

Bread of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead;

Who wast made flesh our souls to cherish,
Who Godlike trod Time's angry wave;
Who, lest the sons of men should perish,
Became omnipotent to save;

Whose sacred wounds are mercy crying,
Whose loving-kindnesses are free;—
Our living Lord, our Lord in dying,
We cast our helpless souls on Thee.

Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

DUST THAT SHINES.

BY OUBLIÉE.

CHAPTER IV.— Cont'd.

THE editor of The Evening Fireside hurried into his office next morning. A box greeted him in the middle of his desk.

"What's this, bub?" he asked of the little coloured office boy.

"What's this, bub?" he asked of the little coloured office boy.

"I dunno, sir. Looks like it might be a goose, sir."

"You're a goose. It's those proofs, likely," said the editor, as Sammy licked the grease from the corners of his mouth and buried something the shape of a fowl's leg deeper in his dirty pocket.

The editor opened the box.

"Stars and Stripes! A roasted chicken! And one leg off! Whatever does this mean? And a piece of delicious-looking cake!"

He turned without further investigation.

"Sam, did you see any one leave this box here?"

Sam is busy shoving something back into his pocket again.

"Yes, sir. 'Twas a lady, sir."

"A lady!"

"Yes, sir, the lady that used to work in the t'other room there, that you used to talk to so long and so often, sir."

"What, Miss Forster!"

"That was her, sir."

"What time did she bring it?"

"About seven o'clock, sir. She made me promise not to tell, sir. Said she'd come back some day and give a hull quarter fur not tellin', but I thought maybe you'd give me a quarter right now if I told."

"Ha! ha! ha! All right, bub, here's your quarter!"

Sam retreated with his quarter and his chicken leg.

"Well, I wonder what my little girl means now?" he mused. "Must have been trying her hand at cooking. Wants me to taste it. A suggestive reconciliation, I must say. Wonder why the chicken only has one leg, though, and, bless my heart, she even put in bread and butter."

He lifted the loaf. "And cheese! and r-a-w b-a-c-o-n! Positively, what can the girl mean? A good three pounds. Well, she's a queer one! To treat one's gentlemen friends to cheese and raw meat. There must be some hidden meaning in this. I really must go and see to-night. She will surely let me in after surprising me with a treat like this?"

And he was undignified enough to try the taste of the surviving chicken leg, while Sam ate his more surreptitiously in the hall.

. . . . . .

But he did not go that night, nor the following. Business calls prevented, and he was still feeling perplexed over Reba's gift as he sat in the little parlour of 63 Barlow Street a few evenings later. Reba was unusually long about coming down.

The dingy curtains over the doorway parted at last, and a hand, a thin hand, held them a moment. A girl stood before him, hat and jacket on. Her cheeks were sunken, her eyes unusually large and brilliant, her lip trembled slightly, and as she came forward, she sank in a half-faint, kneeling at his feet.

"Reba, you've been ill! Why didn't you let me know?"

She shook her head without a word as he placed her in a chair, then let her hand rest, almost nestle, in his a moment.

"Forgive me," she said. "I shouldn't have been so independent. You were kind. But one naturally has some pride you know, and it was hurt. I suppose, though, I shouldn't have sent back the box."

"The box!"

"Yes, that box you sent, you know. You were kind. But a girl naturally resents charity."

"Ah, I see, the box was sent to you, and you took it as an insult, and thought you would send it back to the giver."

"Not exactly an insult. Only I just couldn't stand it."

She wondered why he kept his face turned toward the wall, and she was almost sure there was a little gleam of triumph playing about his mouth He was about to speak, but checked himself. After all, why should he tell her? She might feel worse humili-

ated, especially now that she had betrayed it to him, and her benefactor, whoever he or she might be, evidently desired to remain unknown. So Reba did not suspect for years that it was the kindly act of the bookbinder girl.

"Look here, Reba, there's no use playing this farce any longer," he said, pressing her hand warmly. "You are out of money. You are almost out of food."

"How do you know all this ?"

"I can see it in your face."

"You are a wizard."

"Not so. God gave me the power to look into your soul, my—friend."

She sobbed as he held her hand.

"Now, wait for me here a few minutes," and the sobbing girl was left alone.

"I have just telephoned for a cab," he said, hurrying in breathless from the little drug store across the street.

"You shall go down to De Vaun's restaurant. It's doubtful if you've had a square meal this day."

She smiled in a secretive way. And he knew by her smile she had eaten nothing. She was fainting with hunger. She had closed her eyes, and sat there, an unearthly look on her white face, and for himself—he paced the room in agony. He had let the woman he loved come to this, and he was her only friend in a strange city. He had meant to stay away from her, to teach her her need of him, her love for him, or to let her go her way for ever. He had told himself she was stubborn, independent, conceited, masculine, without woman's instincts. He had told himself these things again and again, in the days when no word had passed between them, and every time he said them he had grown more miserable than before. But now that she sat there helpless, weak as a child——

The cab rattled up to the door, and her strength seemed to revive with an excited look. She was just weak enough for the lights in De Vaun's to seem strangely bright and unearthly, the white tables, the flowers, the silver, the silent maids.

He took her up to the private parlour, where he had ordered her meal, everything light and nourishing that could tempt an appetite exhausted by long denial. Still it all seemed an unnatural tinkle of bells, clink of glasses and silver, light and warmth, from which she would awaken and be hungry again—very hungry, as she had been several hours ago. Even Eric Chester to her exhausted mind and body seemed but a symbol of the man she had once known, and the cab into which he helped her had seemed to dash over heaving billows of darkness.

He had no idea how weak she really was ; in fact, she did not know herself that another day like that would have brought her in sight of that last river where life's pathway ends. But the man at her side did not suspect how desperate her case really was.

"And now, Reba, tell me what you were going to do to-night ?"

"I ? I was going to apply for a position as a servant."

"Ha ! ha ! ha ! My assistant editor! Can you really work ?"

"A little, and you know it would be funny. I have often thought I should like to be a servant for a few weeks, just to see that side of life, then I'd like to be in a store, and in a factory, and a half-dozen other places."

"All right, my Don Quixote. But that's not enough even then to write up people's lives to perfection. You must get your heart in touch with them as well as your hand. A heart that can 'embrace all mankind' will picture all classes sympathetically, whether the writer has lived among them or not."

"I suppose so," she said half-sadly.

He broke out laughing a few moments later.

"What's the matter ?"

"I am laughing at my assistant editor opening the door in a white cap at Mrs. Lothrop's, or at Grayland's."

"Isn't it honourable ?" she asked, half-angrily.

"Oh, certainly, certainly. Only I'm just laughing at you. But seriously, my young friend, just what was your object in coming away off to this strange city alone ?"

"Did I never tell you I wanted a position as journalist ? I could hardly make the ends meet on story-writing at home, and besides, I felt that I was continually drawing on my past feelings and my past knowledge of life, and that was so little. I thought I would see a great deal more of life as a journalist, but, you see, I have failed to get a place, even as a reporter. Then I hated to go home and show I was a failure. I am too young for a missionary, and my very last story, on which I was depending, came home yesterday rejected."

"Why did you not send me any stories this winter ?"

There was a moment's silence before she answered.

"I hated to."

"I understand. I suppose the same feeling kept you from writing home for help?"

His voice was tender and full of feeling, but she shrank from telling him they had a struggle to keep the wolf from the door at home.

The cab drove on for some minutes, and she knew Eric Chester was deep in thought.

"Look here, Miss Forster, I have it settled for the present. I believe God sent me to you this night. Now be a sensible girl, and take what He offers.

"The assistant editor you supplied for last fall is going to leave in June—has better prospects in England. Now you can, for the most part, do his work. You fell into it beautifully last fall. What you can't do I can load on to Markham, and give him an extra hundred a year. He needs it, poor fellow, with six children. I've been wandering for a long time how I could help that fellow. That's just it, exactly, and in the meantime you're too weak for work.

"Now, sell me the manuscripts you have on hand. I will take them all, and pay you in advance to-night, and go home and rest till June. Rest in the quiet by your lake and your hill and the old slashing. Breathe the fresh air, and live in the stillness again with God. I have watched you, Miss Forster, and seen your change. I am speaking for your welfare. Your very heart and soul need the old quiet."

It seemed no longer her lover, but her pastor, that spoke, and so it was all settled, and he put her on the homeward train next morning.

CHAPTER V.

IN THE SPRING-TIME OF THE HEART.

Spring had dawned on the slopes of old Ben Hor. A breath, a touch, a pulsation, now faint, now wild and high, made old earth sigh in her slumbers, and the icy fetters were riven, the little brooks swollen, and the soft, milky clouds dreamed by night among the stars. Spring, with all her music of nesting birds, of murmuring waters, and bleating lambs! Spring, with her lap filled with violets, with orchids, and with adder-tongues! The glorious country spring-time! They know not spring who dwell on streets of mortared walls.

Reba revelled in it all, ay, she was enraptured. She strolled forth in the morning breezes, and watched the silver bloom of the willows unfold, the white chalice of the may-apple tremble and burst, the great lily-leaves spread themselves on the Tunara. She gazed over the far-reaching vistas of sunny hill and hollow and forest, and the wastes of moonlight by night, and her heart was quieted. Even the whirr of the mills was pleasant to her ears.

Yet there were moments when she grew strangely restless, when the brightness faded from the face of nature, and her heart sought rest and found it not. In such moods Aunt Hannah, and even dear old "Granddad," failed to understand her.

But on the other hand she was often unnaturally gay, and filled the little house on Sandy Knoll with laugh and song. She came in fresh-cheeked from the forest with whole baskets of flowers. There were violets on the table, orchids in the window-sill, and the white bloom of the dog-wood branches above her grandfather's chair. And the old man smiled upon her as he looked up from the shoes he nailed, and his brow wore an unbroken calm.

She watched the mails daily, but no word came from Eric Chester, none save a few curt lines, when she sent him an occasional story. Eric Chester was a strange man, strange even in his love, ay, and a wise one. For his silence made him tenfold nearer and dearer than any message could have done. His presence filled the very atmosphere around her. She felt it in the morning breeze, that fanned her cheek, she felt it in the stars that looked into her eyes at evening; she felt it in the darkness that enveloped her when she awakened in the night.

The Evening Fireside came to her daily, and it seemed almost a living thing. She read his articles on the labour question, the poor drunkard, the forgotten child. She read, and then she shrank deeper within herself as she recognized a nature nobler than her own.

The church people talked to her often of her voyage to India in the future. Then it was she knew that something was gone out of her heart. She was not the same. The joy, the buoyancy of her purpose seemed chilled. It was not that she faltered. Ah, no, it was God's way, it should be hers. She had put her hand to the plough; she would never,

never, never turn back, yet she wished that future were farther off. She was so content to rest here, knowing that he was waiting for her in the city yonder. Ah, if life could be always "just now!" And, oh!——but she checked her longings. They breathed only in her writing. And the world turned to read and praise as never before. But she knew nothing of this there in the shadows of old Ben Hor.

Her sorrow breathed in her very life, too. She had a tenderer clasp for the toil-worn hands of McCarty's men, because she had known the love of one man who was good and brave and true—a more delicate sympathy for the most untrained woman in the neighbourhood, for she had felt a joy and sorrow that was akin to theirs.

. . . . . .

It was a May noon, still, hot, lethargic. Reba sat on the threshold awaiting Miss Burness. They had planned a walk together along the banks of the Tunara.

"She'll hardly come in this heat," said Aunt Hannah.

"Our heat, though, will hardly seem anything to her, aunt, after the heat of Burma."

For Miss Burness was a returned missionary from Burma, a sister of their pastor's wife, and was spending her furlough at the parsonage. Naturally she and Reba were cementing a firm friendship. The dark, sweet face entered the little garden a few minutes later, and the two went strolling together by the lakeside. Reba was in one of her restless moods to-day, and her face revealed the tale.

"Tell me, my child, what made you think of being a missionary," said the soft voice of Miss Burness.

And Reba told her all her aim, literary and missionary, all of her ambitious dreams of interesting a public, that read no missionary literature, profoundly in missions.

"Your aims are high, my dear girl, but do you know what you are going into? Do you know it is not a life of romance, but of drudging, daily routine, line upon line, precept upon precept. The Society cannot send you out to write. You will have to bear the burdens that the rest of us bear, and teaching in India is about as romantic as teaching in any other place.

"Besides, to write a book that will make its mark in the world, you must work at your art, but in the mission field you will scarcely have time to read even, and in a few years the freshness of your intellect will have dulled from the heat and the strain. Have you counted the cost, my child?"

"But why do you talk to me like this, Miss Burness? Did you not urge the need of volunteers the other night in church?"

"I did call for volunteers, but we would not ask any for our field whom the Lord did not first call."

"And you do not think He has called me? Of course, I know I am not worthy."

"I do not mean that you are not fully consecrated, and worthy of the call, but if God has given you the call, He has fitted you strangely for it. In fact, I should say you were singularly unfit for it. You are too wrapt up in literature."

"Oh, but I don't feel that it would be right to lay down my pen; and if I don't go and do that particular work in the mission field, no one else will do it. No one else has thought of it."

"Well, it may be," said Miss Burness. "God will show you in His own good time, if you keep near Him. But I tell you what I think: I think you will marry and settle down before you are old enough to be sent."

"Oh, no! No, Miss Burness!" she said, with a look of indignation. "I don't believe in that. I despise a girl who puts her hand to the plough and then turns back."

"Suppose she had made a mistake, and God called her back?"

"Did you ever see a case like that?" asked Reba.

"Yes," and a look of deep sorrow filled the eyes of Aileen Burness. "For five years a noble man, whose call was distinctly at home, loved and sought the hand of a woman. She loved him, but her face was turned toward India. She went. He took a foolish step and married another. Four years later they parted, each taking one child, to grow up, in a sense, without a home. As for the girl in India, she learned when it was too late that love is of God, that life's highest place is that of wife and mother.

"I believe God overruled her mistake. He has certainly blessed her work there. But there is that broken home in New Hampshire she might have prevented. Others could have done her work in India. There was but one woman to do that work at home."

Aileen Burness' voice was almost choked as she finished, and Reba went home more pensive than before.

That night a restless figure sat by

her window late. Was it possible she was mistaken, then? Even a missionary condemned her purpose. If it had been a worldly woman she would not have heeded. But was it possible her place was here? A letter had come only that day from a stranger in a strange city, telling her that through the ministry of her pen he had been led to give up a life of sin. Was that her mission in life?

Then she thought of Eric Chester, and a faint tremor passed over her figure. To yield to love like that? There were moments when she thought she must yield to it any way. But, ah, it was too perfect for earth, she said.

. . . . . .

And, after all, did she know he loved her now. She repulsed his love once, and he spoke of it no more. Did she know he would ever speak of it again?

A grey filmy cloud drifted across the moon, and the light shone through, giving the world a queer, confused look, like the emotions of her own soul. Then it was she knelt down, and, like many another young Christian, dictated a little plan to the Lord. She prayed God that Eric Chester might not speak to her of love again, unless she were meant to be his wife. If he never spoke she would conclude she was meant to go. It did not occur to her that God might have altogether different purposes for her life. She had given God a plan of action, and she slept satisfied. Afterward she wondered when trouble came.

. . . . . .

The end of May, and a perfect evening! A few days more would take her back to her duties in the city. She sought the rustic seat by the lilac-trees for just a few minutes of the old, sweet quiet, with the hush of the purple night above, and the earth below at rest. The moon was climbing the steep ascent of heaven above the brow of Ben Hor. Such a full moon, it seemed as if it were about to burst among the tree-tops. It was a night when nature's heart seemed full. A flock of wild birds droned their monotonous call as they crossed the Tunara, and far-off "Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!" echoed and died, and echoed again, in the haunts of the maple slashing.

A face stole out of the darkness—a face that stole upon her everywhere, that never left her day or night. She half sighed, but checked it, for the very flowers seemed sentient things, that understood and pitied. Only it was a pity so sweet and pure she could not resent, and she communed with them all—the lily of the valley in the dark grass at her feet, the pansy preparing to unfold at morn. She almost fancied she could hear the rosebuds overhead breaking into bloom. It was the hour of the baptism of the flowers she thought, and the Master of the garden was walking there. She could feel His presence, and was still as He passed among those pure little faces, some drooping, some upturned, for the dewy baptism He laid upon their brows, touching the buds with tender hand ere yet they burst abloom.

Then she looked up at the sky, at the little filmy clouds, all star-inwrought. How vast! How mighty! World upon world! Height upon height unknown! Measureless, limitless, infinite. Suddenly she grew terrified. She was such a little thing in all this vastness where her soul had taken flight. And a cry escaped her—a cry for a human hand.

Without a word, the hand was there. Somewhere between flowers and stars, and at the feet of the all-loving God, it clasped and held her own.

"Eric! Mr. Chester!"

"Hush, dear, do not speak. Your thoughts were too beautiful for words when I came upon you; let me be still beside you."

Thus they sat, two souls that understood each other's silence.

She was drifting, she knew, to the bank of an unknown shore. She touched it in a moment, and the voice of the oarsman was in her ears.

"Listen, Reba, the quiet has brought you back to yourself. I knew it would. My dear heart, you are not going to carry on this terrible conflict with your own soul hunger. Here, in the presence of God to-night, and under his sky, can you trample on the love He gave us?"

She answered not.

"Speak, Reba."

One little word! One word!

"My wife, may I call you that?"

The lilies listened breathless, and the birds nesting together in the boughs overhead.

"Yes."

It was scarcely more than a sigh, but it swept the world from beneath their feet, and they stood far out in unknown realms alone, two human souls, face to face, their hands clasped earthward, but their eyes upturned to God.

(To be continued.)

A DISTINGUISHED CANADIAN.

JAMES L. HUGHES,
Inspector of Public Schools, Toronto.

This sketch was written to accompany the admirable article on "The Philosophy of the Kindergarten," in our February number, but it was crowded out in making up the forms. We have much pleasure in presenting the following brief sketch of its accomplished writer:

Mr. Hughes is an educational authority, not merely of national, but of international reputation. He is of good Irish-Canadian stock, born near Bowmanville, Ont., 1846. He is himself the product of the public schools to whose efficiency he has so greatly contributed, and of the Toronto Normal School. After a few years as teacher in our public schools, he became first assistant, then head master of the Provincial Normal School, and in 1874 he was appointed to his present office, Inspector of Public Schools, Toronto, an office whose duties he has discharged with ever-increasing efficiency for the long period of twenty-eight years.

Mr. Hughes is an enthusiast on the subject of the kindergarten. It was mainly through his instrumentality that the system was introduced into the province, together with the phonic method of reading and systematic hand training as a means of intellectual development. His accomplished wife was, we believe, its first teacher in this country. In so short an interval it has successfully triumphed over apathy, prejudice, opposition, and is now recognized as one of the most important factors in education. Mr. Hughes has also held high offices in the Orange, Masonic and temperance bodies. He has been for many years an enthusiastic temperance and Sunday-school worker in the Methodist Church, and is a thorough-going prohibitionist. He was for many years Sunday-school superintendent and was also President of the Toronto Sunday-school Association. He is a thorough believer in athletics, and states that he regards the training he received in the lacrosse field as no less valuable than that which he received in school. Of Mr. Hughes The New England Journal of Education remarks: "He is easily at the front among American school men." He is one of the best known educational authorities, not merely in the Dominion, but on this continent. He is in demand at the great educational gatherings in the United States as well as in Canada. He has contributed to the leading educational journals, and also to The Century Magazine, on the important subject of child-training. He has also written several works on educational topics. Mr. Hughes' paper made us feel that we were born about half a century too soon. There was not the fun in going to school then that there is now. Children too often crawled reluctantly to school, whereas now they go eagerly, with shining morning faces. The kindergarten has turned study into play, and by the adoption of its philosophy and in essence of its methods, the whole curriculum, from the kindergarten and manual training up to experimental philosophy of the laboratory, has been revolutionized through the great discovery of Froebel and Pestalozzi.

REST.

I am so weary, Lord, I cannot sleep—
Twelve strokes the lonely silence break.
Maybe it is these surging thoughts which keep
My soul responsive to the fears that wake.—
A kindly voice falls on my heavy ear,
My head seems pillowed on a loving breast—
"If heavy laden, or beset with fear,
Come thou to Me and I will give thee rest."

—*Susie E. Kennedy.*

THE RIGHTS OF MAN.*

BY THE REV. N. BURWASH, S.T.D., LL.D.,
Chancellor of Victoria University.

This is a book occupied with very old, important, and difficult problems. It is nothing less than another attempt to construct a theory of the political organization of human society, and to define the purpose of government, laying down fundamental principles which may guide in the solution of all political problems. The latter part of the book is occupied with the application of those principles to the solution of the political problems of the United States.

The author's fundamental principle, that government is for the benefit of the whole people, will, in this age, scarcely be questioned. His second position, that the only legitimate sphere of government is the protection of the rights of person, property, reputation, family, and liberty, is more open to question. Notwithstanding his repudiation of all paternalism, he certainly accepts it to the full in his view of the government of inferior races, as well as in many other matters. His third position, that that government is the best which most perfectly secures the ends of government, viz., protection of rights, certainly has its limitations; it would scarcely recommend to us the government of the United States, with its lynchings, its legal robbery by great corporations, its facility of divorce, and its unbridled license of speech. But the writer's further discussion of his subject reveals the fact that rights of person, property, family, and reputation are, in his view, less important than the fundamental right of liberty, which he defines as the right of every man to think, speak, and act as he pleases so long as he does not interfere with the rights of others.

The right of liberty is discussed at considerable length under four heads, political rights, industrial rights, educational rights, and religious rights. When we come to inquire what are the fundamental and natural political rights of man, we have no very clear answer. We may infer that he has the right to have his interests protected by Government. It it claimed that he has the right to bring about a revolution in government if this is not done. It is positively denied that he has any natural right to take part in the government, even in the form of suffrage, unless that right be acquired by proper qualification. This is perhaps one of the weakest points in the book. Who is to determine the qualification necessary to bestow the right? The Government, of course. But if the Government does not wish to share its power with others, we have here a foundation upon which can be built all manner of autocracies, imperialism, etc. We cannot but suspect that the present political needs of his own country have led the author into this dubious position. The aphorism, "Government for the people, and by the people," expresses much more clearly the trend of modern political evolution.

In the discussion of industrial rights the author accepts without hesitation the "laisser faire" principle, with its outcome of universal competition, and the survival of the fittest. He attributes the inequality of the distribution of wealth, with all its attendant evils, to the improper possession or control of natural wealth, including both land and monopolies, but he gives us no hint of a method by which he would secure the advantages of these for the whole community.

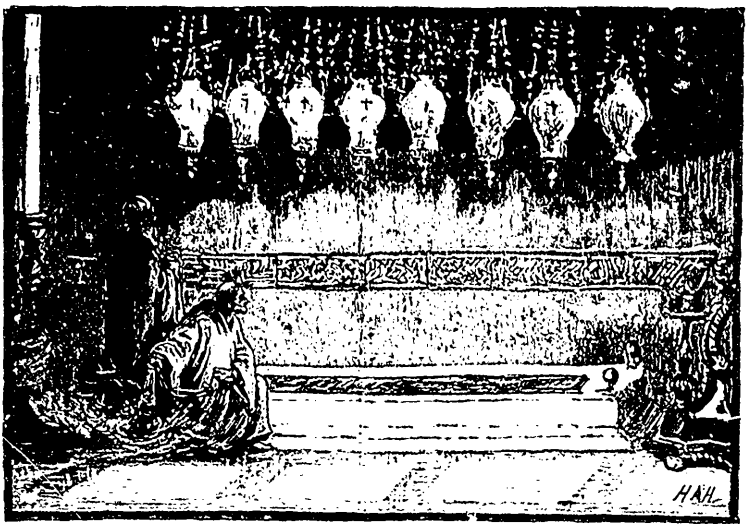
In education, he claims for every man the right to the most perfect development of all his powers of mind. Here the author certainly steps over to the side of paternalism. He justifies this on the plea that education is necessary to good citizenship, i.e., to the proper discharge of political functions. But if these are not a natural right, then certainly that which is necessary thereto cannot be claimed as a natural right in virtue of such necessity.

For religion the only right claimed is absolute liberty, in other words, religion is excluded entirely from the sphere of Government.

The limits of a book notice will not permit us to follow the author through his application of these principles to the various problems of American democracy. His judgment of his own country is pretty uniformly favourable; and his judgment of other countries, especially of England, often seems to us superficial and unjust.

* "The Rights of Man." A Study in the Twentieth Century Problems. By Lyman Abbott. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company, 1901.

EASTER READINGS.



THE STONE OF ANOINTING.—CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

The Stone of Anointing.

At the very entrance to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is the so-called Stone of Unction shown in our picture—a reddish marble slab, which is the object of extreme reverence alike by Greek and Latin, Copt and Armenian. These sects have the privilege of burning their lamps above it, for which large sums have been paid. Near by stand the great candelabra shown in part in our picture. Thousands of pilgrims devoutly kneel and kiss the stone, which rests upon the very spot, they believe, where the body of our Lord was anointed for His burial. It is a pathetic sight to behold, although no confidence can be placed in the tradition. Indeed, the very minuteness with which the site of Calvary, the rift in the rocks made by the earthquake, the very sockets in which the crosses stood, the very cell in which it is claimed our Lord was laid, all in immediate juxtaposition, render utterly incredible the legends and traditions which cluster around this building held sacred alike by the rival Christian sects whose chapels are grouped around the spot. It is very humiliating that a Turkish guard is placed within the sacred precincts to preserve these sects from quarrelling with one another. A few years ago a riot took place on Easter Sunday, in which three hundred Christians were slain, and but a few weeks ago another conflict arose which was suppressed only by the armed soldiers of the Sultan.

"He is Risen."

A dry twig from last summer's garden has hung in my window all the winter days, and fastened to it is a brown cocoon, curiously wrought—folded in a dead leaf, and woven of shining silver threads, "like white samite, mystic, wonderful." Only yesterday, touching it, you could feel the throb of life within.

But this morning it was shrivelled and empty; and above on the curtain clung a beautiful moth, shaking and drying his velvet wings for a flight in the sunshine.

Two thousand years ago a woman stood weeping by an empty tomb until she saw by her side the shining One whom the tomb could not imprison. And not alone in that old garden have men and women sought the living among the dead, or brought rich offerings to pay homage to an entombed Christ. Wherever the warm

outgoing life of the Church yields to the creeping chill of formalism or the poison of self-seeking, there we have wrapped the grave-clothes about him. Rich and rare they may be, and fragrant with

"precious unguents old;
Painted with cinnabar and rich with gold.'

We may have enshrined Him within costly piles of carven stone, and worshipped Him with classic music and stately ritual, but these will not hold Him. He "so loved the world"—the wide, sad, wandering, sinful world—that His great heart broke with love and longing to save it, and He will not abide where souls are not being saved. We may believe we have Him safe enfolded within rigid, time-honoured creeds, but if we trust to these alone we shall find that the warm, throbbing life has flown and left but an empty shell.

He is not there; but go to the busy haunts where men toil and strive and suffer—there you shall find Him. In the murk of toil and the tempests of passion a hand is pointing upward, and "Our Father" sends a thrill of hope through the despair. Go to the marts of trade, where mammon worshippers, money-mad sell their souls for millions, and through all the clamour of the money-changers steals a whisper, "Stay thy hand; it is thy brother," and the strong man bears the infirmities of the weak.

Christ is arisen. He is abroad among men; unseen perhaps, unrecognized it may be, as by the twain who walked to Emmaus. But He lives and moves on the hearts of men. Give Him, not a tomb and worship, but a living temple—a mystic body, a heart "blood-tinctured with a veined humanity," hands to minister in His name, feet to fly on His errands, lips to speak His thoughts, and ere the new century has reached its noon Christ will have come to His kingdom.—Isabelle Horton.

The Master is Seeking His Lilies Fair.

"My Beloved is gone down into his garden, to the beds of spices, to feed in the garden, and to gather lilies." How exquisite is this representation of the Christian's departure! the Christ walking in the garden of His Church, and gathering the lilies that are ready to droop—the lilies that are full bloomed—and especially the lily buds, that are lovely in His sight.

Oh, then, mourning hearts, when your beloved ones lie in the beauty and languor of death, think of them as gathered lilies!—lilies gathered by Christ for eternity; lilies blooming for ever in the paradise of God.

The Master is seeking lilies to-day,
And He bends His steps to the lotus stream;
Golden-hearted and pale they lay,
Full of wonderful peace like a holy dream.
Calm-browed women, o'er whom the Dove
Broodeth in still perpetual love,
Watching and waiting with patient eyes;
And He gathered them first for Paradise.

Then He paused where the sunshine was warm and bright,
And the glorious lilies of Judah's land
In the heavens' own purple, the saints' own white,
Bent lowly and lovingly down to His hand.
Royal natures, unselfish and pure,
Strong to contend and strong to endure,
"The Master doth need you," that will suffice,
Whether on earth or in Paradise.

Stoopeth He now 'mong the long dewy grass,
And sweet little lily-bells folds to His breast;
Ah, how He loves them! yet with grudging, alas!
We give to the Master the flowers He loves best.
Frail wee blossoms not fit for the strife,
The sorrow and pains of mortal life;
Yet somewhere, we know, beyond the skies
The lily-bells bloom in Paradise.

We see, but we see through our tears and sighs:
The parable sweet is but dimly read,
Else to the heavens we should lift our eyes,
Never bemoaning our loved as dead.
The fairest blossom in all our home
Suddenly fades from our loving eyes:
Dead! No, for the Lord hath only come
For lilies to plant in Paradise.

—Amelia E. Barr.

Immortality a Reality.

Hope of immortality never painted a rainbow of promise on pagan tears. It never engraved a motto of hope on a pagan tombstone. There are isolated verses in the Old Testament which indicate that occasional prophets of Israel, in moments of supreme inspiration, experienced a mo-

mentary hope respecting the future; but these isolated utterances are like gleams of sunshine breaking through a tempestuous sky, while the wind still sweeps through the skeleton trees, and the rain still falls in dreary torrents. There is not a patch of blue sky—no, not even in the Psalms of sanguine David, or the vision of inspired Isaiah. Christ's resurrection brought life and immortality to light. It converted the fabric of a dream into an historic reality; it transformed a despairing hope into a calm assurance. To the believer in Christ's resurrection, immortality is no longer a hope. He looks in through the open door and sees the world of light beyond. Once every voyager on the unknown sea was a Columbus, setting sail for he knew not what. Now every Christian voyager is an emigrant starting out for an Eldorado; knowing that it exists, only not knowing what wealth of possibilities it contains. "For now is Christ risen, and become the first-fruits of them that slept."—Lyman Abbott, D.D.

THE FOOTWORN WAY.

Not merely is there a future beyond the grave, but it is inhabited by One who speaks to us, who went there by the way that we must go, who sees us and can help us as we make our way along and will receive us when we come there—a Living Christ! The old, ever-new, ever-blessed Easter truth! He liveth; He was dead; He is alive for evermore. Oh that everything dead and formal might go out of our creed, out of our life, out of our heart to-day. He is alive! Do you believe it? What are you hesitating for, O worker? What are you fearing death for, O man? Oh, if we could only lift up our heads and live with Him; live new lives, high lives, lives of hope and love and holiness, to which death should be nothing but the breaking away of the last cloud, and the letting of the life out to its completion.—Phillips Brooks.

Death is as sweet as the flowers are. It is as blessed as a bird singing in spring. I never hear of the death of any one that is ready to die that my heart does not sing like a harp. I am sorry for those who are left behind, but not for those who are gone before.—Henry Ward Beecher.

The miracle of the Easter lily is nature's parable of this truth. Its lustrous whiteness came out of the black refuse at its roots, its fragrance out of the foulness of decay. By some mysterious alchemy the lovely transformation was wrought. The touch of heaven gave it its purity and sweetness. Such is the spiritual Easter of the soul. And in that miracle Jesus lifts humanity back to God.

THE UNSPOKEN.

Be not of thought too eager,
Be not of speech too bold;
For of Love the mystic message
Can never all be told.

It ebbs from our expression,
It flies Time's vocal shore;
But o'er the Soul in silence
It floweth evermore.

Ah, Love! she is not voiceless,
Nor is her accent weak;
And yet, what thing is deepest
She needeth not to speak.

But come upon her gently,
Nor break the spell she wove;—
She is a spotless vestal,
And this her sacred grove.

To minister she riseth;
The wine she pours is sweet;
And, oh, her bread, like manna,
Is excellent to eat!

She spreads her hands in blessing,
Whene'er the feast is o'er;
Her feet are white as lilies
Upon her temple floor.

The heart's dim world rejoiceth
In the glow of her sunlit eyes;
Her voice is the song of a seraph,
Blent with our mortal sighs.

—*Pastor Felix*

PROGRESS.

BY LLEWELLYN A. MORRISON.

Though scant the motion, wave by wave,
Yet still the tide creeps onward;
We build like corals, grave by grave,
Yet lift a broad land sunward;
Though beaten back in many a fray,
Strength from Defeat we borrow,
And where the vanguard strives to-day
The rear-guard camps to-morrow.

Toronto, Canada.

Though shadows veil the glory now
The Day of God is breaking;
The rays that kiss the mountain's brow
Will soon the vales be waking;
Though Poverty and Pain hold sway
And hearts keep tryst with Sorrow,
Yet, Joy's pure lilies bud to-day
And Easter blooms to-morrow.

Christ came to seek and to save the lost.
We must do the same if we would be like Him.

THE MARTYRDOM OF AN EMPRESS.*

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," said our great dramatist. Never was this aphorism more fully illustrated than in the sad story of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria. It is here told in detail by a lady-in-waiting, who was probably the most intimate friend of the hapless Empress. Those who envy the pomp and splendour of courts will be disillusioned by reading its pages. It might well be called "The Miseries of a Palace."

The Emperor Franz-Joseph was himself one of the most unfortunate of monarchs. "For half a century," says this writer," he has worn the Hapsburg crown of thorns. His cup of bitterness has been filled to overflowing. He saw his Italian provinces wrenched from him by Napoleon III. The six weeks' war which he waged with Germany ended for him at Sadowa with humiliation and sorrow. He lost his beloved brother Maximilian in an ignominious fashion in Mexico; his only son, the pride and joy of his heart, was taken from him by an unrelenting fate, and under circumstances which made his death especially painful for the Emperor to endure; his sister-in-law, the Duchess d'Alencon, to whom he was devotedly attached, was burned alive at the appalling conflagration of the Bazar de la Charite; his favourite niece, the Queen Regent of Spain, was humbled into the dust by the failure of her subjects to hold their own in the war against America; and, to cap the climax of his distress, his beautiful and lovely consort was foully slain by the knife of an anarchist."

While sharing these sorrows his imperial consort endured others of her own which caused her the most poignant anguish. She was the youngest daughter of the impoverished Duke Maximilian of Bavaria—the Cinderella of the household, the idol of the peasant people. But the gallant Prince Charming, Franz-Joseph of Austria, wooed and won her to share one of the proudest of the thrones in Europe.

A strain of insanity, or at least of marked eccentricity, ran in the family. Her brother, Prince Karl-Theodore, renounced his rank to become one of the cleverest oculists of the day—a very pardonable kind of eccentricity. Her cousin, King Ludwig, was as mad as a March hare. After rivalling in reckless extravagance his royal namesake of Versailles, he was long under restraint in his own palace. Walking one day with his physician, he dismissed the attendants and leaped into the lake, held the physician under water till he was drowned, and himself perished beneath the waves. His fate preyed upon the young Empress. She exclaimed with a sob: "Franz, forgive me; I had no right to marry. Madness is in my family, and I have brought it into yours."

The Archduchess Sophia, mother of the Emperor, was intensely chagrined at seeing the head of the House of Hapsburg under the sway of a girl of sixteen, the portionless daughter of a non-royal Duke. She only too successfully alienated his affections, and caused estrangement and domestic unhappiness of the most painful character The Empress Elizabeth's first child died at Budapesth in its second year, and her sick soul turned completely from her Austrian subjects to the faithful Magyars of Hungary, whose difficult language she learned to speak. With these the Emperor was unpopular. Kossuth had raised the nation in revolt. A Hungarian fanatic attempted the assassination of Franz-Joseph. His escape is commemorated by the Votiv-Kirche in Vienna, probably the most magnificent Gothic church in the world.

Calumny pursued the Empress remorselessly. She fled from the court, which is described by our author as "a seething cauldron, kept boiling by malice and envy, where all the Empress' actions were the subject of uncharitable comment and cruel criticism," to the retirement of a rural estate in Hungary. She at length left the imperial palace for the Ionian Islands, "fully resolved never to allow her husband to approach her or speak to her again." For years she was almost perpetually on the wing on long and restless travels, freeing herself from the incubus of perpetual show and parade. "The iron was in

* "The Martyrdom of An Empress." With Portraits from Photographs. New York: Harper & Bros. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo. Pp. 287. Price, $2.50.

her soul, the knotted cords about her waist, but she always bore a brave countenance, for she could not endure that the world should pity her."

She made a tour through the fjords of Norway, then an exploration to the Mediterranean coasts, Greece, Algeria, Egypt, Syria, Spain, Italy. In her endeavour to fly from her sorrows she would mount her horse and gallop through the African desert for hours. "She bent her supple form over black-letter folios and Latin works, Greek authors and old poets, devoting hours and hours to studying many dead and living languages. She wrote some very remarkable descriptions of her travels, and, to lighten the tedium of this labour, made hundreds of exquisite sketches of the places she visited, or played on the piano or zither, for she was a wonderful musician.

"It was then, also, that weariness of heart from her loveless existence caused her once more to turn with all-absorbing ardour to the cherished companions of her childhood and early youth—namely, to horses and to dogs—for comfort and affection. She went out in all weathers, minding neither storm nor rain, boisterous winds, intense cold, nor burning heat. Often drenched to the skin, she would walk or ride for days at a time, and she preferred her poor, empty life as a wanderer to the molestation and interference of those who had made such a wreck of her fair young days. She was justified in declining to exist in hypocrisy, and in what seemed to her to be moral degradation."

Occasional official meetings between the imperial pair became necessary, "but the young couple refused with lamentable obstinacy to talk together in private even for five minutes." After seven years of this alienated life, a formal reconciliation took place prior to the coronation at Budapesth. The State pageant was one of the most august ever celebrated, but it could not compensate for an aching heart and empty life.

A second spring of domestic peace at length came to the Empress. She was devoted to her children, to her household, to the duties of religion, to her studies in painting, sculpture, and music, and, above all, to charity. "She penetrated into the darkest, poorest, and roughest quarters, where were huddled together the fierce multitudes that breed anarchy and that make revolutions. She was perfectly safe among them. No one knew who she was, but her courage, her gentleness, and her open-hearted generosity caused the wretched creatures whom she visited to regard her in the light of an angel." She organized an association of four hundred ladies of the noblest rank, and served 10,000 persons a day, from poor university students to ragged tramps, in a great volkskuchen, or people's kitchen.

She consoled them as did her namesake, Elizabeth of Hungary, centuries before. "I remember many a secret errand upon which we went together, unaccompanied by even so much as a servant, at dusk, in the most squalid quarters of Vienna or Budapesth. Dressed in the plainest fashion possible, we wended our way through narrow alleys and ascended damp, mouldy staircases, where it hardly seemed safe to tread, in quest of the dark lodgings of the truly deserving poor, who belong to a class too proud to become actual beggars. Many a sick-bed was brightened by flowers and fruit, of which Elizabeth always insisted upon carrying her fair share. Her sweet face brought light and joy to the miserable wretches tossing their fevered bodies on dingy beds. No sore was too repulsive, no task too fatiguing for her slender, imperial hands."

One day, finding a ruffian beating his wife, she laid her heavy whip over his shoulders, which soon brought his wife to the rescue. "Beat her, my friend," said the Empress, "beat her all she wants."

A lady of a noble Polish family was imprisoned in a convent at Cracow for seeking marriage with an officer who had neither rank, title, nor fortune. The abbess refused admission to government officials. The Empress procured the rescue of the unhappy woman, who, confined for months in a living tomb, was driven insane by her cruelties. For ten years she lingered, the Empress to the end sending her flowers and singing birds.

Her daughter, Princess Marie-Valerie, became her inseparable companion. "She swam like an otter, rode almost as well as her mother, fenced and shot with great skill, and was a sure-footed mountaineer. She learned Latin and Greek, together with seven

or eight living languages, drew and painted with great talent, and sang with singular richness and power."

The Empress was an intrepid horsewoman, was often in the saddle before five in the morning, riding for hours, and breaking in some of the wildest horses of Hungary.

In 1879 she visited Ireland for the hunting season, bringing with her half a hundred horses, awakening greatest enthusiasm by her fearless cross-country riding.

At Corfu, following the example of Agrippina, widow of Germanicus, she built a palace of imperial splendour, the Achilleon, which cost over forty million florins. Behind the villa was a field of 25,000 rose bushes. Of all this she soon grew weary, and built a castle in the Carinthian Mountains, of more than mediaeval splendour.

The greatest sorrow of her life was the tragic fate of her son, Crown Prince Rudolph. He married the Princess Elizabeth of Belgium, but it was an uncongenial marriage of political interest. The wedding pageant was brilliant as an ice-palace—and as cold. From such an ill-starred union only misery could come. Estrangement and bitter alienation soon followed. The Crown Prince and Princess were assigned the duty of representing the Emperor at the Queen's jubilee in London. The Princess refused to accompany him, to the great grief of all the royal houses concerned. The Crown Prince sought from the Pope a dissolution of the loveless marriage. The Pope communicated with the Emperor, between whom and his son a stormy interview occurred. Two days later the tragedy of Mayerling occurred. Prince Rudolph and Marie Vetsera, a Greek lady, whom he wished to marry, were found self-slaughtered, side by side, at his hunting chateau. Horror upon horror, like those that befell the house of Atreus, accumulated on the hapless house of Hapsburg. The state funeral at Vienna was one of the saddest pageants that city ever beheld.

The remaining years of the Empress were passed under perpetual shadow. Her nervous system was completely shattered. She endeavoured to fulfil her duty at court functions, seeking diversion in the tonic of travel. In September, 1897, she was at Geneva. Her incognito was easily penetrated, and the Italian assassin, Luccheni, as she was walking with her lady-in-waiting from her hotel to the steamboat, flung himself upon her, and stabbed her to the heart. She was able to walk on board the steamer, but in a short time the world-weary spirit of the Empress Elizabeth passed away. Another solemn pageant followed in Vienna. Queen Victoria's funeral wreath bore the inscription in German :

"Ein Zeichen der innigaten Freundshaft und Vershrung von ihrer getreuen Schwester."—Victoria, R.I.

"A token of the deepest friendship and veneration from her faithful sister."—Victoria, R.I.

The cowardly ruffian who struck down the defenceless lady shouted : "I hit her well, bravo ! Long live anarchy ! All the other Sovereigns will follow, and all the wealthy folks as well. Long live the Social Revolution !" The laws of the Canton of Geneva prohibited capital punishment, and Luccheni now spends a death-in-life in a subterranean cell of the prison of Eveche. In a crypt of the Capuchin Church at Vienna, side by side with her hapless son, Rudolph, in a sarcophagus of gold and silver, lies all that is mortal of the Empress Elizabeth, with the following brief life-record :

"Elisabeth Amalia Eugenia. Imperatrix Austriae et Regina Hungariae, Maximiliani Josephi et Ludovicae, Ducum in Bavaria, Filia. Nata in Villa Possenhofen Die XXIV. Mensis Decembris Anni MDCCCXXXIII. Nupta Francisco-Josepho I., Imperatori Vindobonae Die XXIV. Mensis Aprilis Anni MDCCCLIV. Coronata Regina, Budae Die VIII. Mensis Junii Anni MDCCCLXVII. Denata Genevae Die X. Mensis Septembris Anni MDCCCXCVIII. H. S. E."

INSPIRATION.

The heart can sink so low, so low,
That it may touch the nether woe.
So high, so high, the heart may rise,
That it may sweep the topmost skies.
And naught I know 'mid earthly things,
But love that gives the spirit wings.

—*Florence Liffiton.*

Current Topics and Events.

A Reasonable Request.

The late Prohibition Convention in Toronto, numbering over 1,200 delegates, the largest ever held in the Dominion, and representing many of the Churches and every temperance organization in the Province, urgently requested, as a matter of fair play, that if it do nothing more, the Government should change the date of the referendum to that of the next municipal election, and demanded a majority vote. It was felt that thus only could an adequate expression of the people's will be ascertained, and the temperance voter be protected against the boycott, intimidation, and persecution by a greedy and unscrupulous liquor interest. It was felt to be intolerable that a liquor minority should coerce a prohibition majority. It was an outrageous injustice that the temperance people should be put to the expense of the campaign and vote, while the liquor people, who alone only make money out of the nefarious traffic, need not spend a dollar nor cast a vote, and yet be victorious, unless a tremendous vote were recorded—a vote beyond all precedent or probability.

Of over half a hundred constitutional amendments analogous to the referendum voted in the United States on the same day as state or federal elections, only sixty-four per cent. of the electors voted for state issues and only thirty-four per cent. voted for the constitutional amendments, though often of greater importance. It was felt to be a violation of the very principle of the ballot that every man going to the poll on the temperance issue could be branded and boycotted by the liquor people, by manufacturing employers, by landlords and masters, who are under bonds to the liquor interest.

Mrs. Thornley claimed that prohibition was lawfully carried in London, Hamilton, Kingston, Ottawa, on former plebiscites, but was defeated by bogus ballots, fraud, and guile. The same tactics could be pursued with tenfold advantage by merely bribing, persuading, coercing, intimidating men to remain away from the poll. No Government can afford to place a large and important portion of the community at such a disadvantage.

Are Prohibitionists Cowards?

How did the Ontario Government treat this reasonable request? It curtly refused to do anything of the sort. This was not because the Government would not change the date from that already fixed, because it did change it, and a very bad change, too, from October, when we may expect good weather, to December, when it is certain to be bad.

But Dr. Ross, not satisfied with snubbing the temperance people, went on to hector and lecture them as a schoolmaster would an obstreperous schoolboy:

"It will be said that those who go out and vote will be marked men. Who is afraid of being a marked man? Do you want to imply that a prohibitionist is tinctured with moral cowardice? I decline to be put in that class as a prohibitionist and advocate of temperance.

"If there be anything for which the temperance men of Canada have to reproach themselves more than another it is because they were not prepared to stand up and be counted either for referenda or for the Scott Act."

Dr. Ross says it would cost him only ten minutes to go and vote. It may cost some of the humbler temperance electors their employment for the rest of their lives. Definite information has reached us of poor market-gardeners who supplied green-groceries for hotels who lost their living because they ventured to vote for prohibition. There are many employees in the breweries, distilleries, cork and bottle factories and cooperages who would like to vote for prohibition, but to do so would be at the risk of losing their employment.

Dr. Ross is kind enough to say, "I dismiss as unworthy of notice the pretence that employers will exercise undue influence over the voters." For an old politician Dr. Ross is altogether too innocent. Does he not know that the liquor interest will use every means in its power in the future as it has in the past—of fraud, intimidation, even personal violence, to prevent prohibition. A Methodist minister in Buffalo has been threatened with assassination for seeking the enforcement of the law; a Methodist minister in Kansas was assassinated

for the same crime. Prohibition advocates in Canada have had their barns and houses burned over their heads, and escaped death, not by the favour of the would-be assassins, but by the providence of God. And there are thousands more who will encounter all that the wrath and malice of the liquor trade can inflict. Is it not enough to impose these penalties upon them without upbraiding any who shrink from these penalties, not for themselves, but for their families, for lack of courage?

It would be more heroic, we suppose, for these poor people, dependent on the mercies of the liquor dealers, to brave boycotting and loss of employment and persecution for the sake of their temperance principles. But they are not men of independent means, like Dr. Ross. These people may not reach to such heroic heights as Dr. Ross, but there are still more heroic heights which he might himself attain. He might have become the Moses who should guide the temperance legions, of which for thirty years he has been a leader, out of the wilderness in which they have wandered into the promised land of their hopes and longings. He has lost for ever this opportunity. He might have gone down to history as one of those heroes of reform like Lloyd Garrison, for whom he has such words of praise, or like a Cobden, a Bright, a Gladstone. But he has thrown away his chance. Dr. Ross' own words in the temperance convention of 1894 may be a prophecy: "The ministers who would neglect such a mandate of the people would be conspicuous by their epitaphs."

What to Do.

Neither political party seems inclined to do much for the prohibitionists. They must, therefore, help themselves. Now is their chance. They can, if they will, elect a sufficient number of Independent Prohibitionists —men who put principle before party, men who will be true to prohibition first and last, and all the time. Twenty such men, perhaps twelve such men, would hold the balance of power in any parliament likely to be elected in Ontario. Sir Oliver Mowat and Dr. Ross declared that the plebiscite of 1894 was a very large vote, a vote large enough to command such amount of prohibition as any Government could give, and pledged themselves to give prohibition so soon and so far as was in their power. Dr. Ross now asks a vote of over 30,000 greater than that very large vote, to be taken under circumstances much more difficult than that which was secured on municipal election day. The Montreal Star says, "With the ballot boxes already stuffed with 228,488 against prohibition, victory already perches upon the banner of the Demon Rum." No, it does not. The temperance electors have the ball at their feet next June. If they will rise above party, if they will rise to the height of their opportunity, and, we humbly think, of their obligation, they may get what they want from either party.

One speaker at the prohibition convention asserted that there were not ten per cent. of the Ontario legislators in favour of prohibition. Another asserted that there were not five per cent. Only three or four voted on the third reading of the new bill in favour of the changes asked for by the convention. Is it not time that a little more temperance sentiment were infused into the legislation? that those who voted adversely to that sentiment be held strictly to account? A dozen or twenty temperance stalwarts would do much to promote respect for prohibition in the legislative Gallios who now care naught for it. They would strengthen any Government that resolved to carry out the wishes of the temperance community. They would act as a deterrent to any Government that would try to shirk its duty or evade its responsibility, or truckle to the liquor interest.

This is a question far beyond party politics, it is a great moral issue like that of slavery in Great Britain and the United States. It is far more important than any game of "ins" or "outs," than any question of taxation or revenue—the closing of the vestibules to perdition, the saving of our boys from being debauched in body and in mind, the rescue of the poor drunkard himself, and the succour of the drunkards' worse than widowed wives, and worse than orphaned children. Temperance people should give themselves much to prayer, and to earnest effort, and the walls of Rum's Jericho shall fall.

VICTOR HUGO.

In all civilized lands the centenary of the birth of France's greatest writer has been observed. The French illustrated papers, especially, devote much space to review of his work. A pleasing observance in Toronto was the sympathetic and interpretative lecture by the Rev. Dr. Cleaver, in Central Methodist Church, on Victor Hugo's greatest work, "Les Miserables." In a literary club of over a score of members, to which the writer belonged, a vote was taken on the greatest work of the imagination we had ever read, and it was unanimous in favour of "Les Miserables." Never was penned so strong an expression of sympathy for the suffering, such a blow given to the oppression of the prisoner, and such an illustration of the power of God's grace to change a nineteen-year convict into a Christian saint.

One of the best methods of cultivating international good will is by showing it. After the siege of Paris Great Britain sent shiploads of bread to the famished people of the gay pleasure city, and has ever since in large degree aided in giving the Bread of Life to the McAll Mission. Eleven millions of French people signed a memorial of thanks for the former service. These things should be remembered, and set over against the pinpricks of the Fashoda affair and anti-British cartoons.

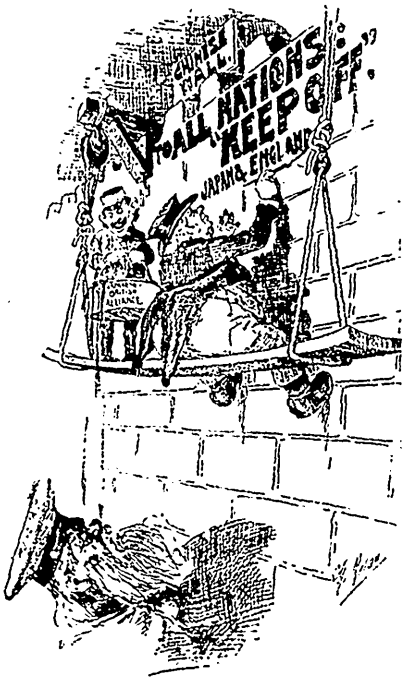
The visit of Prince Henry to the United States has been a very great success. He everywhere won golden opinions, and received a hearty welcome. He frankly avowed that the object of his mission was to promote friendlier relations between Germany and the United States. "Should you be willing to grasp a proffered hand," he said, "you will find such a one on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean." These international amenities will do much to knit the Saxon and the Teuton lands together, and make for the permanent peace of the world.

We have just one criticism to offer, and that is the exceedingly secular way in which Prince Henry spent a Sunday in New York—at club receptions, dinners, and concert, with the conspicuous absence of attending any religious service. As representing a great nation, which stands in the main for righteousness, we think this a grave fault.

King Edward VII. has been strongly commended for the religious manner in which Sunday was observed at Sandringham. We are sorry to note a departure from that usage in London, where concerts, with operatic singers and other social functions, have his patronage. Against this Dr. Joseph Parker, in the spirit of Nathan reproving David, boldly protested.

LIEUT.-GENERAL METHUEN.

Lord Methuen's disaster has called forth much sympathy and the chivalric defence of Lord Roberts. The Boers, as usual, practised their slimness by masquerading in khaki uniform. The British hesitated to fire on them lest they might injure some of their own men. This mishap cannot materially affect the inevitable result.



Russia: "What are you boys doing up there?"
Japan: "Just painting signs."
—The Philadelphia North American.

John Bull and his new ally are simply painting their sign. The alliance does not mean a Chinese wall, it means the open door for all the world.

A couple of cartoons show that Mr. Stead's Americanization of the world need not trouble John Bull very much. That doughty gentleman is up to his knees in money yet, has nearly half the carrying trade of the world.

In Canada we are no less prosperous. While glad to do business with our neighbours over the fence, we can get along very well without them, and at the same time develop our own resources and cultivate closer relations with the mother country.

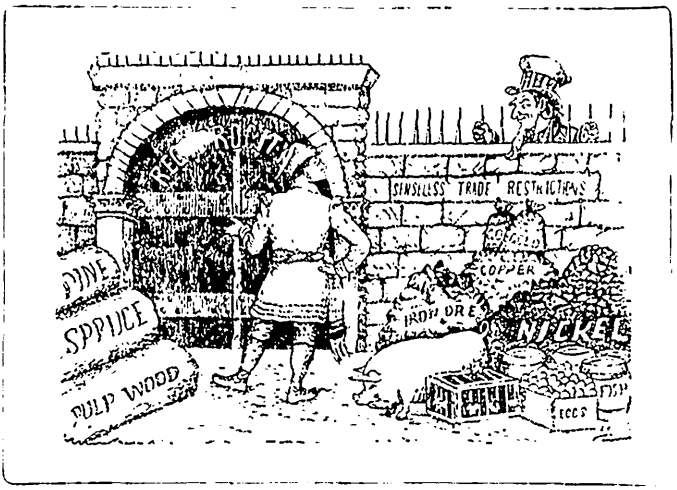
HE CAN'T FIND IT.

Uncle Sam: "What are you doing, John?"
John Bull: "Looking for that Decadence I hear so much about."—Montreal Star.

SCOLDED AGAIN.

Mr. Kipling, in a letter from Cape Town, referring to the question of amnesty to the Cape rebels, is reported as saying: "One gets so weary and so ashamed of one's motherland when one leaves it."

Little Johnnie Bull: "Boo-hoo! She called me an oaf and she called me a fool—boo-hoo! And now she says she's ashamed of me—boo-hoo."



Jack Canadian: "Want some of my timber and ores, do you? Would like to have my fish, flesh and fowl. Eh, bien, there's a good big gate there, and you have the key on your side of the fence!" Montreal Witness.

In almost every Continental country the socialists and anarchists are creating unrest. In Italy a universal railway strike was imminent till 200,000 troops are mobilized, and warships sent to Genoa, Leghorn, and Naples. At Turin, and elsewhere, serious riots occurred. At Barcelona, in Spain, which has lost most of its trade through the cession of the Philippines, extreme industrial depression has led to socialist outbreaks, which have been sternly repressed by General Weyler with the loss of sixty lives. In Germany, Austria, and Russia much industrial depression and political unrest is felt. The May Day demonstration is anticipated with anxiety. The militarism under which these nations groan, the conscription which imposes such enormous burdens on the people, and their oppressive taxation, make life a burden.

The question of precedence has been again discussed in Parliament. The Montreal Star has a fling at the ministers because "their ambitions, or those of some of them, do not aspire to anything more exalted than due recognition at Rideau Hall." We think The Star is mistaken. We are sure that no minister worthy of his calling cares a button personally for these social distinctions, but no minister should be indifferent to an unjust discrimination in a free country like ours against any Church. We agree with The Star that it would be better to have no order of precedence. Take away all invidious distinctions and give good sense and Christian courtesy a chance, and there will be no difficulty in Canada as there is none in the United States.

Cuba.

The election of Signor Palma by the free suffrages of the people as President of Cuba is a demonstration of the purpose of the United States to fulfil its pledge not to interfere with the self-government of the island. After the expenditure of blood and treasure by the larger country many of its citizens urged the retention of the Pearl of the Antilles to recoup that cost; but the great republic has steadfastly refused to go back upon its plighted word. We know no nobler instance of national integrity and magnanimity than this; but it was equalled many years ago by Great Britain restoring to the Greeks the Ionian Islands and by Mr. Gladstone's treatment of the Boers.

Faith builds a bridge acro s the gulf of death,
To break the shock blind nature cannot shun,
And lands thought smoothly on the further shore.

Religious Intelligence.

ADVISORY COMMITTEE.

Rev. Judson Smith, D.D. Rev. H. C. Mabie, D.D.
Rev. S. L. Baldwin, D.D. Rt. Rev. M. E. Baldwin, D.D. Rev. A. McLean, D.D.
Mr. Robert E. Speer. Prof. E. C. Dargan, D.D.

THE STUDENTS' CONVENTION.

The most notable event of the month, or of many months, in the religious world, is the Student Volunteer Convention in Toronto, probably the most important missionary convention that was ever held. The recent great gathering of returned missionaries in New York, Dr. Potts well remarked, was largely historic; the Students' Convention was largely prophetic. These earnest young souls face the future, and essay the high emprise of "The evangelization of the world in the present generation." The consecrated audacity of this design, and the shrewd strategy for its accomplishment, command our admiration. The capture of the colleges of Christendom means the capture of the world.

No longer is it possible for Church

JOHN R. MOTT,
Secretary, 1888-1902.

dignitaries, like Sydney Smith, to sneer at missions. The Church which the unreverend Prebend so misrepresented has had a noble record in their extension. Many of her noblest sons have become missionary bishops and missionary martyrs—to one of whom we are indebted for that Marseillaise of the mission cause, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains."

Many society people and fine ladies still think it unfashionable, if not positively vulgar, to be interested in missions. But if these superfine daughters of fashion find that the best brain of the universities is studying the mission problem and mission literature, and volunteering in hundreds for the mission field, it may dawn upon their minds that the subject is not altogether beneath their attention. Clever satirists like Charles Dickens, who made merry over the missions to the blacks of Borrioboola-gha, find their occupation gone. The man who now sneers at missions shows himself to be either ignorant or bigoted, or probably both—even though he be as wise in his own conceit as Mr. Stead himself.

The marked note of the convention was its intense moral earnestness, its spiritual power, its dependence upon prayer, its realizing sense of the presence of Christ, and its utter consecration to his service. It was an inspiring sight to behold the well-nigh three thousand delegates, representing the best blood and brain of nearly five hundred colleges, and 100,000 students, and the representatives of fifty Missionary Societies, united in the study of mission problems and mission methods.

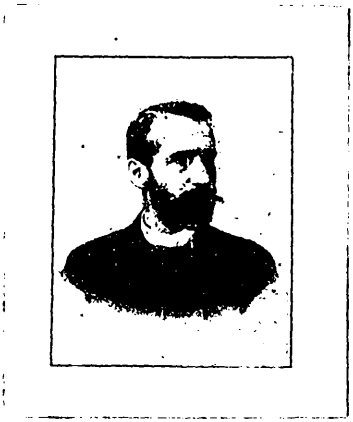
There was an utter absence of sensational means. There was no booming of big guns, no announcement of distinguished speakers, no tumultuous applause. The raising of $60,000 in a few minutes without fervid appeal, without announcement of names, in the quiet and solemnity of an act of worship, represented the spirit of the entire series of meetings. The pauses for silent prayer, a silence that could be felt, were most impressive.

There were no attempts at mere oratory, the most soul-stirring speeches were marked, not by eloquence, but by simplicity and spiritual power. Mr. John R. Mott and his faithful coadjutors were men of superb organizing ability, and of plain, level-headed common-sense.

We were impressed with the youthful appearance of the convention. There were a few "grave and reverend seigniors" on the platform, but most of the delegates and many of the speakers were young men, just buckling on the armour for the battle of life. It is a pledge and promise of a great forward movement for the conquest of the world.

In the great array of high-class addresses, among the most important were that of our own Dr. Potts, who struck the key-note of the convention in his impressive words of welcome; that of Bishop Thoburn, the veteran missionary of forty-three years' apostolic triumph in the plains of India; the soul-stirring eloquence of Bishop Galloway, of the M. E. Church, South; the plain Quaker speech of Mr. Hotchkiss, of West Africa; the magnificent

ROBERT P. WILDER,
Secretary, 1886-7.



JOHN N. FORMAN,
Secretary, 1886-7.

presentation of the challenge of the world by Mr. R. E. Speer; the tender and touching, heart-searching words of Mrs. Howard Taylor, and Prebendary Fox's cultured and forceful missionary appeals.

The great convention reached its culmination in the last session on Sunday night, when cabled greetings were received from the student societies of Norway, Sweden, Germany, India, China, Japan, as well as by delegations from the British and American universities. Most impressive of all was the closing scene, when over a hundred young men and young women, the pride of their colleges and universities, the hope of our country, the very flower of our Christian civilization, offered themselves for the foreign mission field, and were commended in earnest prayer and tearful hymn to God and the Word of his grace. Thus the great convention passed into history, and the three thousand delegates went back to their colleges or their fields of labour in foreign lands, not again to meet "till the day break and the shadows flee away."

It is significant that the first Missionary Society in America was organizen through the efforts of a group of students. In 1806 Samuel J. Mills, with three other students of Williams College, in a prayer-meeting under the lee of a haystack, where they had taken refuge from a thunderstorm, proposed that they should endeavour to send the Gospel to the heathen. Shortly after, at Andover Seminary, Adoniram Judson, a name of potent memory, with kindred spirits, took up the sacred cause, and led, in 1810, to the organization of that noble society, destined to be so widely known as the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Under its auspices, in 1812, Judson, Rice, Newell, Hall, and Nott sailed for Calcutta. The British authorities refused them permission to land. The last three ultimately settled at Bombay, and Judson became the Apostle of Burma.

The story of missions in all lands is told in a couple of hundred pages in Withrow's "Religious Progress of the Nineteenth Century." (Linscott Publishing Company, Toronto.)

Missionaries Vindicated.

We referred last month to Mr. Stead's attack on missions and missionaries. He joins Mark Twain in his disproved slander against Dr. Ament, one of the heroes of the siege of the legations, who was heard with such pleasure at the late convention.

The New York Independent is a better type of responsible journalism than Mr. Stead's hysterical review. It has made a special topic of missionary subjects for fifty years. It verifies its statements and gives us the facts of the case. It thus vindicates the missionary heroes in China on the authority of Sir Robert Hart, the vet-

THE HAYSTACK MONUMENT,
WILLIAMS COLLEGE.

eran pro-consul, whose name everywhere commands the highest respect:

The best known foreigner in China is Sir Robert Hart, an Englishman, selected for his ability and his honesty to have control of the collection of the Chinese customs. Having been for nearly forty years in the service of the Chinese Government as Inspector-General or Director of Customs, he knows the Chinese sympathetically, and sees things from their standpoint as well as from that of the foreigner. In an article by him on "The Missionary Question in China" in The North China Herald, he strongly defends the missionaries from such aspersions as Mr. Stead and Mark Twain cast upon them.

As to the behaviour of the missionaries in the late troubles, and especially their efforts to secure indemnification for the losses of their Chinese converts, Sir Robert Hart declares the right to restitution to be beyond question. This brings him to the subject of what is erroneously called "looting," which is really confiscation. He says:

"During the siege we looted neighbouring houses; we thereby got food to live on and materials to make sand-bags with. After the siege we had to find quarters for ourselves, and we had to furnish them. And we had to find food for ourselves and for the Chinese connected with us. If we occupied other people's empty houses, if we collected necessary furniture from other people's deserted houses, and if we seized or used food at points where there was nobody in charge to buy it from, it was because necessity forced us to do so, a necessity which grew out of such lawless doings as temporarily swept away all possibility of living according to law."

Sir Robert Hart, after referring to the abuse of looting, devotes a paragraph to the warm praise and defence of Dr. Ament, who Mark Twain and Mr. Stead seek to gibbet in public infamy.

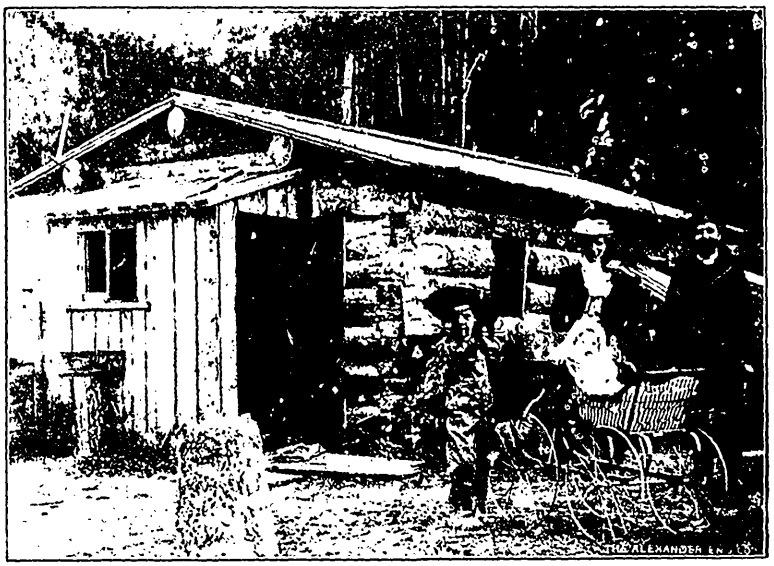
Before the siege it was Dr. Ament, he says, who single-handed ventured down to Tungchau, fifteen miles from Pekin, and brought up the missionary community "that would probably have perished there, had it not been for his plucky, timely and self-sacrificing intervention." It was Dr. Ament who was set apart by the Legation authorities to take charge of whatever looted property was brought in for the use of the Legations—a tribute to his honesty and capacity. It was Dr. Ament who, like his colleagues, with no home of his own to return to, took refuge in the palace of a prince known to have played a leading part in the destruction of the missionary premises with which Dr. Ament was connected—a very righteous "tit-for-tat," and approved of, I believe, by his national officials. It was again Dr. Ament who ventured outside of and away from Pekin to inquire into the condition of converts at various points, and, with the support of officials, arranged in an amicable manner for compensation for injuries and losses. First and last, and all through, Dr. Ament did excellent work.

"So speaks," says The Independent, "the wisest, the most experienced civil or official foreigner in all China. It is safe to be governed by his conclusions. We are proud of the record of our missionaries in China, of Dr. Ament, Mr. Gamewell, and the whole circle of them, and we accept Sir Robert Hart's advice as to avoiding litigation and respecting the prejudices of the people."

Pioneering in Kootenay.

We have pleasure in presenting pictures of the pioneer church and parsonage of our faithful missionary, the Rev. T. H. Wright, at Michel, in the Kootenay district. Brother Wright was a volunteer from the Montreal Conference to this pioneer work. His first home was in the one-roomed shanty shown in our cut, and here, with his little family, he lived that sweet idyl, life in a Methodist parsonage. "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home." In the larger building, kindly placed at his disposal by the coal company, regular services, Sunday-school and day-school were held, till the company gave them the use of a larger hall, recently erected.

Brother Wright is full of heart and hope, and writes with cheer of the rapid growth of the Kootenay district. Rossland and Nelson are growing cities, well repaying the Missionary Society for the investment made. Cranbrook has church property worth $5,000; at Fernie is a new church, lighted with electricity and furnace heated. This church received in all for its planting only $536, and has al-



FIRST METHODIST PARSONAGE, MICHEL, B.C.

ready paid back $140 of this. Thus are the foundations of Europe being laid in the new west of our great Dominion.

Toronto has never been favoured with so many meetings in the same time as during the last month, the conventions of the Dominion Alliance, the Student Volunteer Movement, and the Foreign Missionary Boards of the United States and Canada, and the Woman's Missionary Boards. These great gatherings show how deeply the heart of the world is stirred by great moral issues. Not for gain or pleasure or fashion do these earnest workers come at much expense of time and money, but to stem the tide of sin and advance the Redeemer's kingdom.

At the Mission Boards conference our own Dr. Sutherland, who is now on his way to Japan to promote Methodist union there, thus summarized these important principles: Don't spend your money till you get it. Each board should seek out a man of financial genius to plan out a financial method, and the whole Church should stand behind him to carry out the plan to a successful issue.

The deaconess headquarters in Chicago is making a strong forward movement. From a circular issued by Mrs. Meyer we learn that twenty hospitals have been opened in American Methodism since December, 1887, nearly all under deaconess care. Here the call for nurse deaconesses is very urgent. Many hospitals are being offered to the Church wherein there would be wonderful opportunities to work for God. "We are compelled to reply that we cannot take them, because we have not the women to manage them." Free training is offered a hundred women who will volunteer for such service. A special normal course of practical Bible and field study has also been begun, free to all Christian workers. It includes biblical studies, biblical sociological and practical Christian work,

A TORONTO DEACONESS.

FIRST METHODIST CHURCH, MICHEL, B.C.

under such able leaders as Mrs. Lucy Rider Meyer, Miss Horton, who is so well known in Canada, Judge Horton, Professors George Vincent and Votaw, of Chicago University; President Little and Professors from the Northwestern, and other able lecturers. This is an exceedingly generous offer.

A pleasing incident in Ontario Methodism was the tribute of love tendered the Rev. Dr. Wakefield, of Paris, upon the completion of the fiftieth year of his long and successful ministry. Many of his brethren from near and far joined in testimonies of esteem for his faithful work. Dr. Wakefield was long one of the most powerful preachers and workers in the old-fashioned camp-meetings and pioneer services, by which so many thousands of souls were won to God. We shall never forget the persuasive speech, the powerful prayers, the soul-touching song with which he swayed the multitudes as the wind the waving grass. His visit to Australia a few years ago seems to have renewed his youth, and as a Nestor in council, he renders invaluable services to the Church of his choice.

Miss Ellen M. Stone has at last been released on the payment of a ransom of $70,000. She and Madame Tsilka were treated with rude kindness during the one hundred and seventy days of their captivity, but were, nevertheless, subjected to much privation, especially Madame Tsilka with her new-born babe. A touching letter from Miss Stone in captivity, dated, "Somewhere in Macedonia, October 29, 1901," addressed to her "Blessed mother and all our dear family," describes her hardships. The brigands were, it seems, Macedonian "patriots," who took this way of levying toll for the Macedonian war fund. The United States cannot afford to ignore this international crime. For a similar one Great Britain sent an army to Magdala.

The union of the Methodist Churches in Australia was consummated by the stroke of midnight on December 31, 1901. This will give new strength to Methodism in the island continent. It is less strong relatively than in Canada, only about one-ninth of the people being adherents, against one-fifth in Canada, or one-third in Ontario. It has successful colleges, but its chief glory is its missions in Tonga, Samoa, New Guinea, and among the Solomon Islands. We are glad to know that a

gracious revival has followed this union.

After prolonged agitation the Methodist Conferences of the United States have formally admitted women delegates into full membership of the General Conference. The ministerial votes in favour were 8,196; against, 2,513. Of the twenty Conferences that voted against admission, all but four were German, Swiss, or Danish. Thus, by a vote of more than three to one, does the Church welcome woman's help in its highest courts.

A society for the preservation of Methodist historical literature has been organized in connection with Victoria College, with fifty charter members in different parts of the Dominion. There must be old letters, documents, and books in many Methodist homes referring to the early history of this province, especially its Methodist history. The energetic secretary of the society, Rev. E. Chown, M.A., will be glad to receive any such for preservation in Victoria College library.

We are glad to see that Messrs. Crossley and Hunter are back again in Toronto conducting an evangelistic campaign at the old Queen Street Church. They have just concluded very successful services at Brooklyn, N.Y., and Wheeling, West Virginia. We trust that their labours in Canada may be crowned with the old-time success.

Newman Hall.

The death of Newman Hall on February 18th, in his eighty-sixth year, removes one of the most conspicuous figures of English Nonconformity. He occupied for many years the Lincoln Memorial Church, London. He was an able minister of the New Testament, and a valiant soldier of God in the fight against intemperance, slavery, and civic unrighteousness. He numbered among his intimate friends Mr. Gladstone, Dean Stanley, and others of high rank in Church and State. We met him socially at the hospitable home of Senator Sanford in Hamilton. He was a brilliant conversationalist, and gave a graphic account of his lunching with Mr. Gladstone and the Jubilee Singers, when the great statesman showed kindest courtesies towards his sable guests. Dr. Cuyler estimates that Newman Hall, during the sixty years of his ministry, preached more sermons than any other man of the nineteenth century. But more useful than his sermons was his famous tract, "Come to Jesus," of which four million copies have been circulated in twenty languages. He was brother of Captain Vine Hall, commander of the "Great Eastern."

The Rev. Dr. Smith.

We are sorry to note the death, on March 8th, in his sixty-fifth year, after a few days' illness, of the Rev. T. Watson Smith, D.D., LL.D., of Halifax, Nova Scotia. Dr. Smith was one of the best known and best loved ministers in Maritime Methodism. He had been in the ministry for over fifty years, serving important circuits and stations in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Bermuda (twice), and as editor of The Wesleyan. When impaired health prevented his taking full work of the pastorate he continued to devote his energies to literary work. His "History of Methodism in the Maritime Provinces and Bermuda" is a monument of his literary ability and scholarly research. His contributions to the learned societies of his own country, especially his masterly "History of Slavery in Canada," are contributions of much value to Canadian literature. But the best claim that Dr. Smith had upon our love and regret was his sweet and saintly Christian character. As opportunity offered and health permitted he was always glad to serve the Church of his choice. He rests from his labours, and his works do follow him.

The Rev. Dr. Laing.

We regret to note the death of the Rev. Dr. Laing, of Dundas, who passed away in the Toronto Hospital, February 27th, in his seventy-fourth year. Dr. Laing was one of the strongest men in the Presbyterian Church. He served as Moderator in the General Assembly, and many other important positions. We had pleasing personal relations with Dr. Laing when as a student at Knox College he taught classes in the Toronto Academy. We told Dr. Laing years after that we had a very feeling recollection of his teachings, as we had received from him the severest thrashing we ever had in our life (and thrashing was a

very common occurrence in those days), for stupidity, we suppose. He meant no malice, however, and we cherished none, and hope it did us good.

Great sympathy is expressed throughout the Province and Dominion with the Premier of Ontario in the irreparable loss he has sustained in the death of his faithful helpmeet in many years of public service. The blow came with appalling suddenness. Amid the vehemence of political strife a touch of sorrow makes the whole world kin. Men politically opposed and politically agreed with the Premier vied in expressing their sincere condolence.

Book Notices.

"Centennial Survey of Foreign Missions." A statistical supplement to "Christian Missions and Social Progress," being a conspectus of the achievements and results of evangelical missions in all lands at the close of the nineteenth century. By the Rev. James S. Dennis, D.D. New York, Chicago, and Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Oblong 4to. Pp. 426. Price, $4 net.

This great work is a fitting compendium to Dr. Dennis' magnum opus, the three volumes of his "Christian Missions and Social Progress." It fairly staggers one as a revelation of the evidence of the enormous work accomplished by Christian missions throughout the world, and of the great labour involved in their tabulation and presentation in this volume. It is by no means a mere collection of statistics. A large proportion of space is devoted to historical and general remarks. This book has well been called "A milestone on the pathway of the kingdom at the close of a working century, inscribed with a record of consecrated ministries throughout the earth; ministries in many languages and many lands, by men and women who have dedicated themselves to humane helpfulness, ennobling instruction, patient service, and serious endeavour after high ideals of character, culture, and progress among the less favoured races of mankind. A basis of verified facts and outstanding credentials, capable of inspection, which the nineteenth century passes on to the twentieth as a message of inspiration and cheer."

It is presented in an oblong quarto, which gives fine space for the numerous full-page portrait groups, and for the number of excellent maps in which the mission stations are indicated. While in some these stations seem fairly well distributed, in others are a great blank, as nearly the whole of Arabia, much of Persia, Afghanistan, Siam, Thibet, and Chinese Tartary, also vast regions in South America and Africa.

The achievements already accomplished are but an incentive to still wider conquests till the whole world shall be brought to the acceptance of the blessed Gospel of the grace of God. The editor truly remarks, "The critical, censorious, and sometimes frankly unfriendly attitude of many persons toward missions is usually the result of ignorance." This book will go far toward removing that ignorance, and prove an inspiration to all lovers of Christian missions. Our own Canada is well represented in this great work.

No nobler evidences of Christianity were ever presented than the great mission work in many lands and many tongues presented in this volume. It is a earnest of the fulfilment of prophetic vision when the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our God and of his Christ.

Dr. Cuthbert Hall well remarks. "The Church is making her modern evangelistic history so rapidly and abundantly that it is but time to begin to feel the thrilling effects of that history reacting upon the divinity school. . . . The study of missions in the colleges is bringing out a type of manhood which is full of heroic beauty, enthusiasm, and faith. And in many a college to-day are found the very flower of our youth, to whom the ministry appears not as a reserved and gloomy world of ecclesiastical technicalities, but as the

King's own highway to joyful and abundant service."

This great truth has been strikingly emphasized by the great gathering in our city of the most earnest souls from nearly all the colleges and universities of this continent.

"Die Geschichte der weiblichen Diakonie." Von Rev. C. Golder, Ph.D. President des Diakonissen-Mutterhauses und des Bethesda-Hospitals in Cincinnati, Ohio, und fruherer President der Protestantischen Diakonie-Konferenz in den Ver Staaten. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo. Pp. xv-508.

This is the most comprehensive history of the deaconess movement in all lands with which we are acquainted. It traces the history of deaconesses in the Apostolic Church, and in more recent times. It devotes a special chapter to the new deaconess movement begun in Kaiserswerth, Westphalia, and its subsequent development both in the State and Free Churches of Germany and other European countries, in England and Scotland. It specially traces its marvellous development in the Methodist Episcopal and other Churches in the United States. It gives also contributions on this important subject by German and English writers, including Bishops Thoburn and Fowler. It sets forth the ritual and constitution of the organization, and gives elaborate statistics of its growth in all lands.

It is a significant fact that in 1901 there were seventy-five Mother Houses in many lands—Germany, France, Norway, Sweden, Russia, Denmark, and two in the United States, together with many "Daughter Houses." The book is an example of thoroughgoing German exactness and diligent research. It has over 200 illustrations, including portraits and pictures of the Deaconess Homes, hospitals, and other institutions in the United States and other lands, including buildings in Alexandria, Smyrna, Cairo, many of them stately and beautiful buildings. This large and handsome volume is issued from the Methodist press, Cincinnati, in the German tongue. German Methodism is a very important factor in the religious life of the United States. It maintains a vigorous weekly organ, Sunday-school literature, and a handsome illustrated magazine. "Haus und Herd." We were astonished at the department of German books in the Cincinnati house, and their large sales. We understand that an English translation of this important work will appear in the near future.

"Ulysses: A Drama in a Prologue and Three Acts." By Stephen Phillips. New York: The Macmillan Company. Toronto: George N. Morang & Company. Pp. 178.

A new poet of remarkable originality and force has appeared in the author of "Herod" and "Ulysses." In the one a great biblical theme is made vital and real, in the other an old classical story is interpreted into the language of modern life. In the prologue to "Ulysses" the scene is on Mount Olympus, where the old Greek gods are represented as a sort of wrangling family, whose jealousies Father Zeus has much trouble to suppress. Athene and Poseidon (Minerva and Neptune) pose as respectively the friend and enemy of the much-planning, far-wandering, crafty Ulysses. Zeus exclaims:

> "Peace!
> Children, from your shrill reviling cease,"

The old Greek idea of a compelling Fate he thus describes:

> "It is that power which rules us as with rods,
> Lord above lords and god behind the gods;
> Fate hath decreed Ulysses should abide
> More toils and fiercer than all men beside."

The most impressive part of the poem is that describing the ordeal of Ulysses in the nether world, a weird and desolate region, haunted by ghosts, "a whist world, but for whirring as of wings." He sees the shades of Sisyphus, of Agamemnon, of Prometheus, of Tantalus, and "a great swirl of souls," enduring their never-ending punishment. After manifold adventures he reaches his native isle of Ithaca, flings himself upon the brown earth, and exclaims:

> "I kiss and kiss thee: here I fling me down
> And roll and clasp and cover me with thee!"

He finds his wife, the faithful Penelope, sorely bestead by the rival suitors, but he circumvents them by his craft and strength, and clasps again his long-tried Penelope.

This is one of the books of the high-class literature about to be issued by the George N. Morang Company, of

Toronto, as representing the well-known Macmillan Company, of London and New York, a house that probably brings out more high-class books than any other in the world.

"Essays and Addresses." By Augustine Birrell, Honorary Fellow of Trinity Hall, Cambridge. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. vii-290. Price, $1.

Mr. Birrell is a busy man of affairs, a member of the most august deliberative assembly in the world, the British Parliament. Yet he finds time to favour the world with such admirable essays as his "Obiter Dicta," and essays and reviews like those in this volume, written with such unique grace and skill as led to the coining of the new word "Birrelling." To Methodist readers the first of these essays will have special interest on the eve, as we are, of the bicentenary of the birth of John Wesley, of whom it is an appreciation. It is gratifying to know that many of the most generous tributes to Wesley come from men like Macaulay and Lecky and Birrell, who are not themselves Methodists. This chapter is one of the most generous tributes ever paid to that great man. He especially commends, as one of the best books of the eighteenth century, "Wesley's Journal":

"If you want to get into the last century, to feel its pulses throb beneath your finger, ride up and down the country with the greatest force of the eighteenth century in England. . . . No single figure influenced so many minds, no single voice touched so many hearts. No other man did such a life's work for England."

His answer to the question, "What, then, did happen at the Reformation?" will not please our High Church friends. His other essays discuss Christian Evidences, The Ideal University, Bagehot, Froude, Browning, Sir Robert Peel, and the House of Commons, of which he is such a distinguished member.

"Principles of Western Civilization." By Benjamin Kidd. Author of "Social Evolution," etc. Toronto: George N. Morang & Company. Pp. vi-538.

Mr. Kidd won wide recognition by his previous volume on "Social Evolution." He proceeds in this book to apply the evolutionary philosophy to western civilization. He describes the Darwinian hypothesis as a shifting of the centre of significance in modern thought. The development of the great Antinomy of the west in a virgin field, and with new economic conditions, and its outlook for the future is the substance of the present volume. Among the causes of the wonderful development of the United States the author notes the separation of Church and State, together with the intense belief in the accepted forms of religion, and the fact that notwithstanding its protective tariff, it has the largest free-trading area in the world. He fears that the yellow races will monopolize the trade of the east, and largely invade that of the west, and, on the competition theories of the Manchester school, drag down the condition of civilization.

Civilization, he concludes, moves towards a universal empire, in which it has become the destiny of the Western Demos to lead in the gigantic struggle now closing in upon us "The ruling principle of the past era of human evolution moves slowly towards its challenge, in the economic process in all its manifestations throughout the world."

We regard Mr. Kidd as of the same philosophical school as the late Mr. Henry T. Buckle. We are not convinced by his line of argument. We think he has omitted to include some *of the profoundest moral factors in the* development of civilization, and, above all, that overruling providence of God which guides the world, as a skilful rider guides his steed, up the heights of progress to a glorious goal.

"The Ancient Catholic Church." From the Accession of Trajan to the Fourth General Council (A.D. 98-451). By Robert Rainy, D.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xii-539. Price, $2.50 net.

This book covers one of the most interesting period of history of the Christian Church, the period in which it was contending with paganism for the mastery of the world. It is a luminous survey of the broad field and a lucid exposition and discriminative analysis of the forces at work. It is in Principal Rainy's clear, strong style, and is a valuable addition to the International Theological Library. This is so important a book that we shall make it the subject of fuller review.

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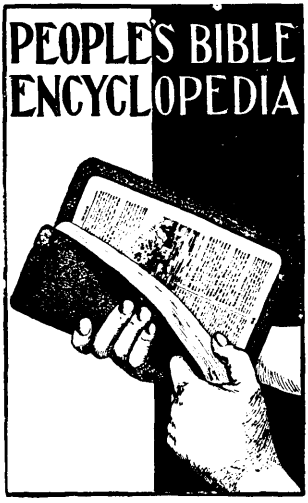

Biographical, Geographical Historical and Doctrinal

EDITED BY THE

Rev. Charles Randall Barnes,

A.B., A.M., D.D.

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OUR distinguished author, DR. CHARLES RANDALL BARNES, is peculiarly fitted for the preparation of a work of this kind. His wide experience as a long-time pastor, in numerous charges, and as an earnest worker in Sunday schools has taught him the crying need of a work which, while **popular in style** and to be sold **at a very low price**, should yet **embody the results of the latest research** in all the fields of Biblical knowledge. Moreover, as a co-laborer for several years with DR. JAMES STRONG on *McClintock and Strong's Cyclopædia*, he enjoyed an excellent preparation for the labor required. His wide acquaintance likewise enabled him to avail himself of the valuable assistance of **able specialists**, whose names appear in the Introduction and are signed to their several articles. So vast is the range of Topics and so extensive the available material that no one person can be **master** of it all. These signed articles, as well as others, furnish up-to-date facts and the results of the latest researches.

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Did space permit, the discussion of these different features might be very largely extended We aim here merely to sketch some of the leading features of the work in the briefest possible manner.

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