

CONVENT OF MAL NAHA.

THE  
Methodist Magazine.

FEBRUARY, 1894.

TENT LIFE IN PALESTINE.

BY THE EDITOR.

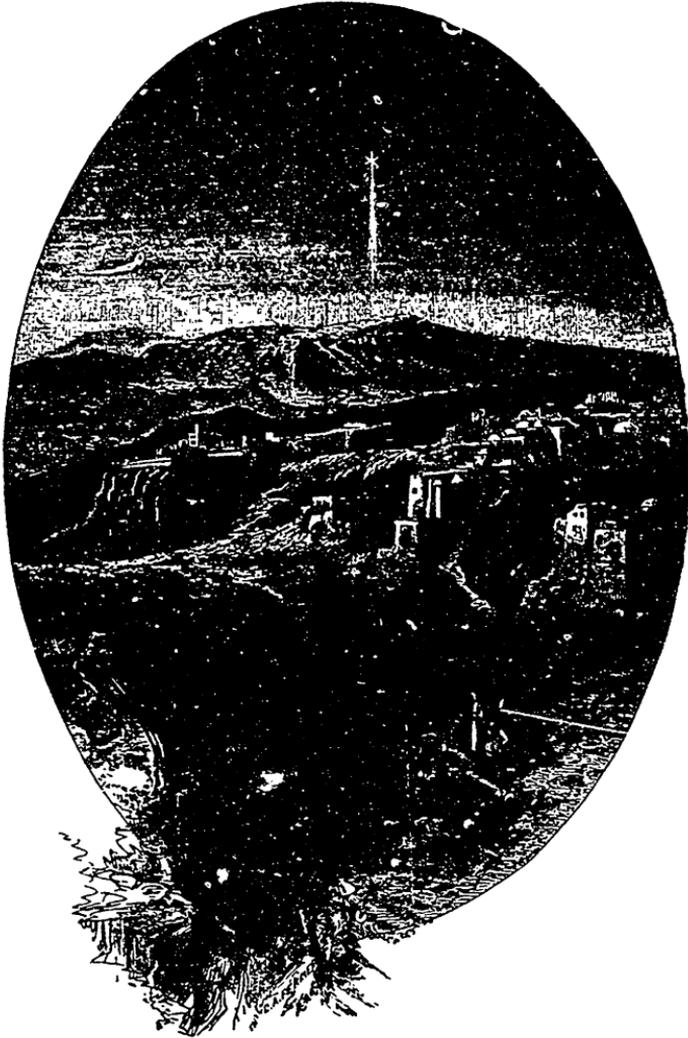
*BETHLEHEM AND MAR SABA.*



BETHLEHEM, FROM THE CHAPEL OF THE NATIVITY.

THE place where Christ was born is one of the best verified sites in Palestine. It has been a place of pilgrimage since the third century. Indeed, the tradition of the identification of the Grotto of the Nativity was accepted by Justin Martyr within a century after the death of our Lord. Few places have so many tender and thrilling associations. Memories of Ruth, and David, and "great David's greater Son" throng upon the mind as one approaches the stone buildings of Bethlehem, set amid orchards of gray-leaved olives.

Our horses clattered through the narrow streets, and we were soon at David's Well, at which the stripling shepherd had often quenched his thirst. Therefore when he was hunted like a partridge upon the mountains and hiding in the cave of Adullam he said, "Oh that one would give me to drink of the water of the



BETHLEHEM, FROM THE SHEPHERDS' FIELD.

well of Bethlehem which is by the gate!" But when the three mighty men broke through the hosts of the Philistines and brought the water to David, with a chivalry beyond that of Sir Philip Sidney at Zutphen, he poured it out upon the ground saying, "Is not this the blood of the men that went in jeopardy of their lives?"

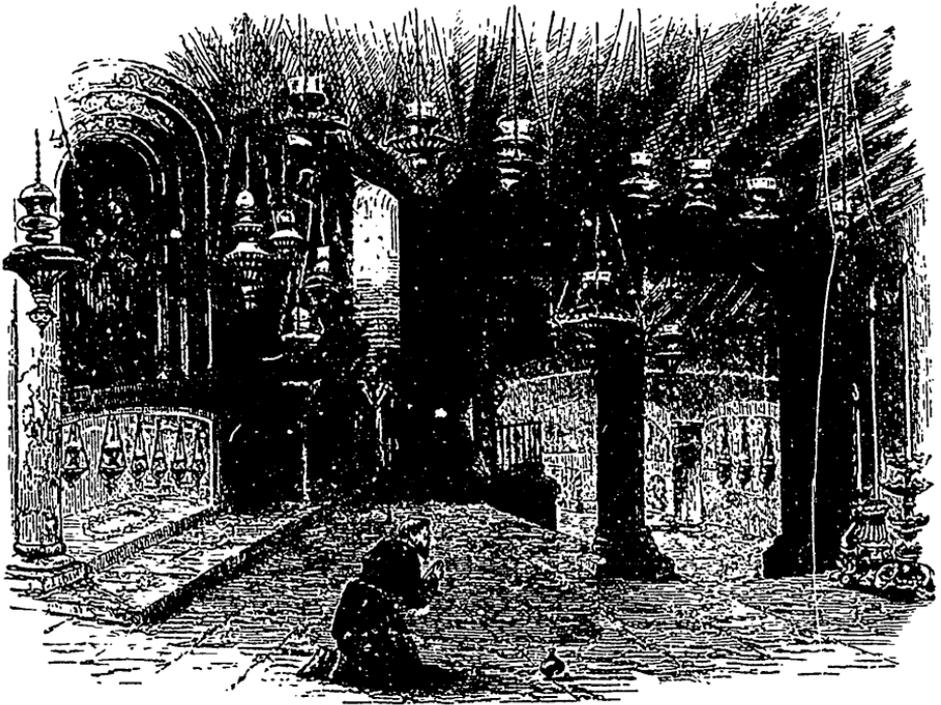
A sweet-faced girl, wearing the quaint, high, square linen head-covering peculiar to the women of Bethlehem, came to meet us and drew water for our refreshment from this old well.

But the chief interest of Bethlehem centres around the Church of the Nativity and its adjacent convents. It looks, with its huge walls and massive masonry, more like a mediæval fortress than



GROTTO OF THE NATIVITY—THE MANGER.

like a church. We entered the ancient Basilica, built by the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine, in 330, one of the oldest Christian churches in the world. It has four rows of columns, each a single stone of reddish limestone veined with white. In the dim, religious light may be discerned a series of mosaic groups of the kings and patriarchs who were the ancestors of Mary, and the saints and angels of the heavenly hierarchy. Here



GROTTO OF THE NATIVITY AND CHAPEL OF THE ADORATION.

on Christmas Day, 1101, Baldwin, the heroic crusader, was crowned sovereign of the Christian kingdom of Jerusalem. In 1482, Edward IV. of England constructed the open timber roof which we now see, sending the woodwork by sea to Jaffa and thence to Bethlehem on camels.

But of chief interest is the Grotto of the Nativity, to which we descend by a narrow stair. The grotto is only four yards wide, about thrice as long, and ten feet high. It is lit with over thirty silver lamps, whose soft light dispels the darkness. A recess in the wall is said to be the place where the manger stood. A silver star is let into the stone, and a Latin inscription surrounding it reads: "*Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est*"—"Here of the Virgin Mary Jesus Christ was born." A number of pilgrims were devoutly kneeling and kissing with passionate devotion the sacred spot.

A small chamber to the right is that of the adoration of the Magi. In looking around I was startled to see standing behind me a Turkish soldier, with musket and side-arms, on guard to prevent the rival Greek and Latin Christians from desecrating with their quarrels this sacred place. So keen is the rivalry

between these sects that when the Latins covered the rock walls of this crypt with beautiful tapestry, the Greeks set it on fire and destroyed it. It is now replaced by one of woven wire to prevent



such destruction. What a comment upon the jealousy of Christian sects exhibited at the very birthplace of our Lord!

The public press records that, late in the year 1893, two Latin

monks were killed in this grotto by Russian pilgrims of the Greek Church. The pilgrims affirm that they were assailed by the monks for not observing silence, and in the *melee* that ensued



“WHEN SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS BY NIGHT.”

two of the latter were slain. What a frightful travesty on the angels' song of “peace on earth, good will toward men”!

In a cell near by Saint Jerome, the grandest Latin Father of the fourth century, dwelt for many years; and here he made the first translation of the Bible into the Latin language. Here, too, is his tomb, and that of the Christian matron Paula, and of her daughter Eustochia, who fourteen hundred years ago were laid to rest in this sacred crypt.

After making our way past the Turkish guard in the Church of the Nativity,

we went out to enjoy the commanding view over the broad, fertile valley, studded with fig and olive orchards, with vineyards and wheat-fields. In the distance lay the pasture grounds, still known as “the field of the shepherds,” where first was heard

that glorious song which is ringing louder, clearer, sweeter every hallowed Christmastide, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will toward men."

Through one of the streets of the town, as the shadows of evening descended, poured jostling, crowding flocks of sheep and goats from the pasture fields without, under the charge of shepherds, to be safely folded within the walls as a protection against the raids of thievish Arabs, who even so near Jerusalem make it unsafe to leave the flocks in the fields.

When the glorious full moon rose and flooded the valley with its silver light we climbed from ledge to ledge and came to an overhanging shelf of rock where we could look down upon that fair pastoral scene. It was an hour of solemn thought — of deep and thrilling emotion. How this little town of Bethlehem, with all its hallowed associations, has entered into the thought and life of Christendom. Upon the hearts of millions who have never heard of London, of Paris, of Vienna, of Chicago or New York, and to whom even Rome and Athens are almost unknown words, are engraved the words "Bethlehem," "Nazareth," "Jerusalem,"—the birth-place, the home, the scene of the crucifixion of the Saviour of men.



CAVES IN SOUTHERN PALESTINE.

In the dim distance lay the traditional field of Boaz, where Ruth gleaned among the reapers—the scene of the most exquisite idyl in the world.

To my great disappointment the Latin convent, which covers the Grotto of the Nativity and Tomb of Jerome, was so filled with pilgrims that I could not obtain even a cell. I had to go to the more comfortable, if less romantic, native inn. I lingered long in the glorious moonlight on the stone balcony, and gazed down upon the silent, white-walled town, and in thought seemed to see the heaven opened and a white-winged multitude of the

heavenly host cleaving the blue sky and to hear again the blessed angels sing.

The Judge, Madame and Mr. Rorke rode back in the glorious moonlight to Jerusalem. Messrs. Lewis, Satterfield, Read and the writer determined to make a *detour* by way of the Convent of Mar Saba. We rose early and visited again the Church of the Nativity. In the gathering shadows of the evening twilight, relieved only by the twinkling tapers on the altar, it had looked exceedingly impressive; but in the gray light of the morning it had a bare, cold aspect, the faded frescoes and mosaics on the wall revealing more clearly the impairing hand of time. The Greek monastery near by has also its sacred cave, the "Milk Grotto," in which tradition avers the Holy Family once sought shelter or concealment. This place we also duly visited.

A few minutes' ride brought us to the shepherds' field where "came upon the midnight clear the glorious song of old." The ruins of the mediæval church of "Gloria in Excelsis" strew the ground, but shepherds still lead forth their flocks just as they did on that first Christmastide, and as the shepherd boy of Bethlehem did a thousand years before that.

We rode on though a wild hill-country of weird sterility and desolation, a few black tents of the Bedouins with their scattered flocks of sheep and goats being the only sign of life. Barren mountains, rugged slopes and yawning ravines, worn and weather-stained with the winters' storms and summer heat of ages, stretched around us, with, in the background, the ever-present purple cliffs of the mountains of Moab beyond the Dead Sea.

Along the hillside ran a narrow track scarce discernible on the smooth rock. While crossing the steep slope my horse's feet slipped and he was instantly scrambling up the rock like a cat up the roof of a house. Our athletic dragoman, Yusef (Joseph), who had been specially detailed to convoy us, was off his horse in a moment and had mine by the bridle, and by main force prevented horse and rider from sliding into the deep ravine.

These wild and rocky limestone-hills are honeycombed with caves, from time immemorial the hiding-places of bandits and outlaws. One of the largest of these, about five miles from Bethlehem, bears the traditional name of the Cave of Adullam. It is reached by a winding path on a narrow ledge of rock, having a fearful gorge below and a steep cliff above. The entrance is very narrow, and a handful of men might keep a whole army at bay. Inside is a large chamber, some sixty feet long and perhaps thirty or forty high. Within are other chambers with numerous ramifications, the entire length being over five

hundred feet. The air is pure and dry and it was admirably adapted for concealment and protection. Here have been found some ancient pottery and glass and copper fibulæ, possibly those of shepherds or wandering Bedouins. As a shepherd lad David doubtless knew well this stronghold in the mountains. In this vast cavern there was ample room for his miscellaneous company of his brethren and those of his father's house, when "everyone that was in distress, and everyone that was in debt, and everyone



ENTRANCE TO CAVE OF ADULLAM.

that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him; and he became a captain over them: and there were with him about four hundred men." A spring has also been found which might to some extent supply their wants, but David, remembering the cool, fresh water of Bethlehem, which had often quenched his thirst in his boyhood shepherd days, expressed a natural yearning for the water that was by the gate of Bethlehem, some two hours distant. Despite the hosts of the Philistines in the Valley of Rephaim, the "three mighty men" of his band broke through the hostile lines

and brought water from the well. But recoiling from the selfish wish that put in jeopardy the lives of these men he poured out the water upon the ground as a drink-offering to the Lord. The situation suggests that of a highland chief surrounded by his clansmen in hiding amid the glens and caves of the mountains.

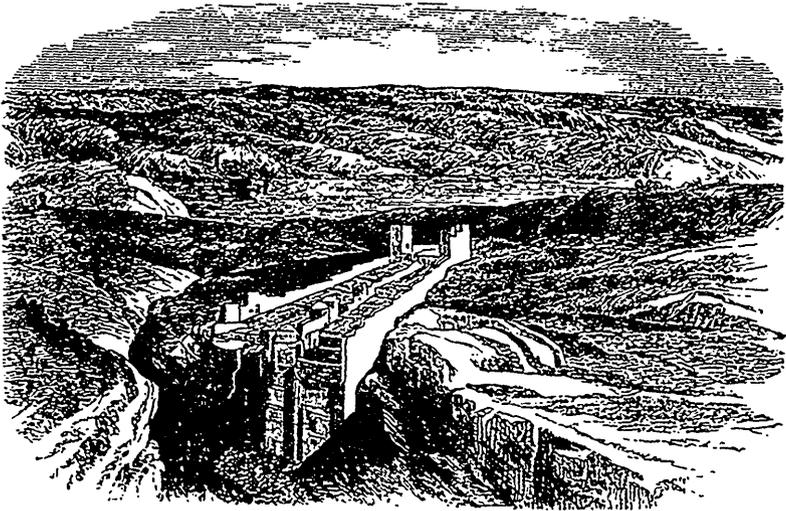
Without, however, stopping to visit this historic cave, we rode on over ever wilder and more arid hills till we reached the deep,



CAVE OF ADULLAM.

yawning chasm of Wady-Nar, or Valley of Fire, whose walls seem scorched and blasted as if by volcanic eruption. This is the channel of the Kedron to the Dead Sea. We followed it along a shelf protected by a wall till we saw before us the confused mass of buildings of the convent of Mar Saba, clinging like swallows' nests to the face of the cliff, while mighty buttresses supported the vast foundations from beneath. It is surrounded by a high stone wall, at whose wicket gate we waited

while our letter of introduction from the Greek Patriarch at Jerusalem, beautifully written in Greek characters, was examined by the monk on guard. Formerly these letters were received in a basket let down from an opening in the wall. But, such precautions against Bedouin invasion are not now deemed necessary. No Bedouins, nor women, are admitted within the door—the former for fear of treachery, of which the history of the convent is not without examples, and the latter by the rules of the order. “The monks,” says Miss Martineau, “are too holy to be hospitable.” A high, square tower without the walls provides accommodation for these unwelcome guests. We were told that five days before the Arabs had killed a man in the neighbourhood.



CONVENT OF MAR SABA AND THE DEAD SEA.

Our visit to the convent was like a bewildering nightmare. We climbed up and down from one terrace to another where were clustered narrow courts, hanging gardens, groups of cells, partly hewn in the living rock and partly clinging to the cliff, so that one could hardly tell which was cave and which was cell. A large chamber with broad divan overhanging the ravine was prepared for the reception of guests.

The monks, a sad-eyed, silent brotherhood, with sandalled feet and brown serge dress, cord girdle and tall, brimless hats, were very courteous, and glad apparently to receive a visit from the outside world to break the strange monotony of their existence. The church of St. Saba is crowned by gilded dome, the walls

and rood screen gorgeous with gilding and sombre with paintings of ascetic-looking patriarchs and apostles.

I noticed a grim picture of the Last Judgment, with ranks of the saved, in golden nimbus, sitting in rows as if in a church, the angels occupying a gallery. Beneath them was the yawning mouth of hell, revealing its doomed inhabitants.

In a picture of late date of Abraham entertaining the angels, the latter are represented as eating with a fork. In a picture of the death of the Virgin Mary, Christ is represented as taking her soul up to heaven crowned with a nimbus.

Behind this chapel, a dark cave lined with pictures, in which the brown faces gleam out from silver casings, is visible in the dim obscurity. Behind a grating are shown the bones and skulls of, it is said, 1,400 martyrs massacred by Chosroes, the Persian invader, in the beginning of the seventh century.

The founder of the monastery, St. Saba, was born in Cappadocia about 439, and when a boy of eight, fled from the world and entered the novitiate of a monastery. For over seventy years he lived in this wild gorge, first as solitary hermit, and then as Abbot or Archimandrite, and here he died at the age of ninety-four.

The grotto of St. Saba himself, in which the holy father lived and died, consists of two small chambers in the rock. A red-bearded priest while showing it to us told us in broken English the story of St. Saba and the lion. According to the legend, the saint, on entering his cave, found a lion in possession, but, after the manner of the hermits, he undauntedly said his prayers and then fell asleep. The lion twice dragged him out of the cave, but he remonstrated, "What do you want with me? If God permits you to eat me, eat me." Then the saint assigned the lion a corner of the cave and they dwelt amicably together. This sort of story is told with variations of St. Jerome, St. Paul, St. Anthony, and others of the hermit saints, and, perhaps, was an allegorical way of representing their struggle with the Devil, who "goeth about like a roaring lion," even penetrating the solitude of a hermitage.

The rule of the monks is very austere. They are under a vow never to eat animal food. In the refectory are long marble tables with wooden benches, with grim religious pictures on the walls, and a pulpit from which a reader drones the legend of the good St. Saba, or St. Basil's homilies, no one meanwhile being permitted to speak. Their midday meal consists of bread and olives—the bread very dry and poor. The best thing in evidence was some fragrant coffee which a monk was pounding in a

mortar. They have five religious services during the day, and twice in the night get up at the most unheard-of hours for prayers.

The monks have but one amusement, that of taming the wild birds and beasts of the savage gorge. A pet wolf comes at the ringing of a bell for a ration of bread dipped in oil, and every morning jackals and foxes assemble at the bottom of the gorge, 600 feet below, and the monks cast down food to the ravenous beasts. Even the shy birds will catch berries as they are thrown in the air, or feed from the hands of the monks, their wild cries the while resounding from cliff to cliff.

A few fig-trees grow on the sheltered ledges, and a solitary palm grows out of the rock, planted long centuries ago, it is alleged, by St. Saba.

It lends pathetic interest to this wild and desolate monastery to know that here were written eleven centuries ago by St. Stephen the Sabaite, the beautiful hymn number 213 in our hymn-book :

Art thou weary, art thou languid,  
Art thou sore distress'd ?  
"Come to me," saith One, "and coming,  
Be at rest."

Even the solitude of these cells and cloisters cannot give the peace for which in every age the human heart has yearned. St. Stephen entered the monastery as a boy of ten, and here he remained for fifty-nine long years. If the good monk in the better world can know that throughout Christendom his beautiful hymn is inspiring faith and hope and bringing consolation, he may feel that his deep heart-searchings and holy aspirations amid these savage surrounding have not been in vain.

Here, too, lived St. Cosmas, who wrote 1,200 years ago the Advent hymn, "Christ is born, set forth His name;" and St. John Damascene, who, in the eighth century, forsook the comforts of his wealthy home at Damascus for the austerities of these hermit cells, and wrote the noble Easter hymn, beginning "The day of resurrection."

In the third and fourth centuries hermit life took root in Palestine, and the dismal sepulchres of the dead became the homes of the living. The cliffs of Southern Palestine, especially those in the tremendous gorges of the Kedron and the Dead Sea, fairly swarmed with hermits. We could see many of these cells, hollowed out like martins' nests in the sides of the cliffs, apparently inaccessible, some still reached by hanging galleries suspended from the rock. I noticed one marked 922. Whether they were numbered in sequence or not, I could not tell.

Dr. Macleod thus describes the beginnings of this strange monastery :

“That wonderful building, the hospice of pilgrims during many centuries, had its origin with the hermits—*tradition* says to the number of 15,000 who once sought refuge from persecution in this place of solitude and defence. The precipices are full of caves. These were enlarged, and fashioned, by the aid of walls closing up apertures and connecting jutting strata, into something like houses, or cells rather, by the anchorites. One abode communicated with another, a hundred feet below or above it, by narrow paths and tortuous holes, such as a fox might creep through with caution ; and there they lived—God alone, who feeds the wild beasts of the desert, knows how !—on herbs and water, nourishing skeleton bodies with strange minds, whose ideas belong to a world of thought we know not of.

“But how can I give an idea of the convent ? Well, imagine a cell scooped out between the ledges of those rocks, then several others near it, and then a cave enlarged into a chapel, and this chapel becoming the parish church of the wild glen, and being surrounded by other cells and houses built on this ledge of rock, and others below on another ledge reached by stairs, and others on storey below storey, and so down the face of the precipice, cells and chapels and houses being multiplied, until, from the ridge above to the stream below, a beehive has been formed, which is finally defended by high walls and two strong towers.

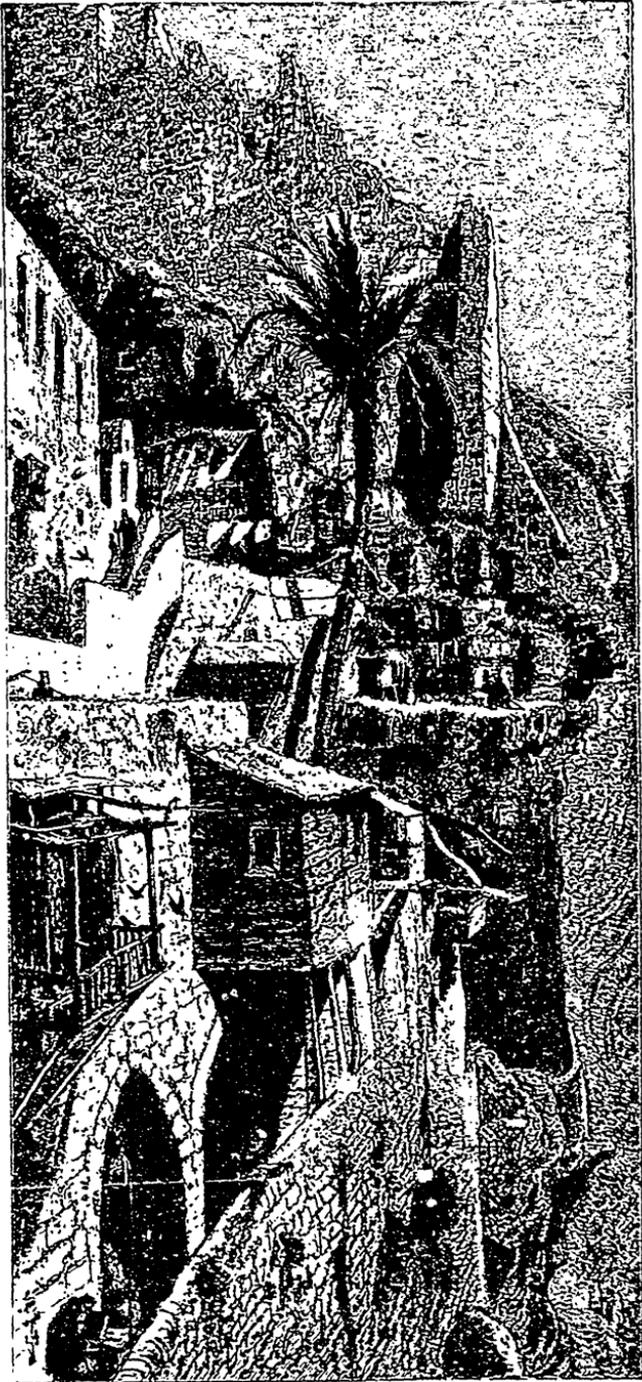
“It is a haven of repose in the wilderness to every pilgrim. It can accommodate hundreds in its endless honeycombs ; and is the *beau idéal* of a monastery, such as one reads about in the tales of the Crusades and of the Middle Ages.”

In the library of the old convent, Tischendorf and Curzon found about a thousand Greek manuscripts, among them eight books of the Old Testament and a copy of Homer's Iliad. About sixty monks are in residence, chiefly from Turkey and Greece, and a few Russians. Greek is the language in daily use.

In the chapel a long-haired priest was droning at the altar. I saw some very old and infirm monks on whose strength the austerities of the frequent and protracted services seemed too severe a tax. No seats are permitted in the chapel, but a number of stalls are provided with arms about shoulder high, on which the monks may rest. Others had a single crutch-shaped staff on which they leaned during prayer. It made me think of Jacob, who “worshipped leaning upon the top of his staff.”

The effect by moonlight of this deep, dark gorge, with its crouching shadows, the high lights on cliff and scaur, the lambent lamps of the stars above, the twinkling tapers in the chapel, the ghostly tolling of the convent bell, and the brawling of the Kedron in the rocky bed below, are said to be weirdly impressive.

After rest and refreshment we mounted our horses and rode up this Valley of Fire between its sterile and desolate cliffs till we reached the more fertile and wider Valley of Kedron near



ST. SABA'S PALM-TREE AND CONVENT TERRACES.

Jerusalem, and then passing the Well of Job and skirting the gray and crennelated walls, entered again the Holy City.

Whatever excuse, if any, there may have been for this hermit life in the days when the whole world was filled with violence and rapine, there is none for it now. It seems like being absolutely buried alive. Some of the monks confess that they seek it for the bread of idleness which it furnishes. There is about them no aggressive missionary character like that of the monks of the West in the early time. Its great object seems to be the selfish one of saving one's own soul alive, irrespective of the wreck or ruin of the rest of the world. In this connection a striking passage in Charles Reade's "Cloister and the Hearth" is brought to mind: "A priest has no more right to care only for his own soul than only for his body. Who ever yet lost his soul by caring for the souls of others? So long as Satan walks the whole earth tempting men, and so long as the sons of Belial do never lock themselves in caves, but run like ants, to and fro, corrupting others, the good man that skulks apart plays the Devil's game, or at least gives him the odds. Thou a soldier of Christ? Ask thy comrade, who is but a soldier of the Duke, ask him if he ever skulked in a hole and shunned the battle because, forsooth, in battle is danger as well as duty."

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### EVENING.

BY ANNIE CLARKE.

DIM and holy is the light  
 Flooding land and sea ;  
 Fair the stars that, tender-bright,  
 Bend their looks on me ;  
 A l l a fragrant wind is straying,  
 Fanning cheek and brow,  
 And my heart is stirr'd to praying--  
 I am praying now.

Let Thy love, Lord, through life's  
 night,  
 Be my guiding star ;  
 Let me follow in its light,  
 Near, and not afar.  
 Make me glad with Thy forgiving,  
 Sinless may I be ;  
 Make me ready for receiving  
 All Thou hast for me.

VICTORIA, B.C.

Peace is here and everywhere,  
 Brooding tenderly  
 On the mountains bleak and bare,  
 On the shining sea.  
 Lord, I wait Thy blest bestowing,  
 Now my faith increase,  
 Fill my soul to overflowing  
 With Thy perfect peace.

Unseen flowers are at my feet,  
 Shadow'd by the trees ;  
 Mingled odours fresh and sweet,  
 Flout upon the breeze.  
 Saviour, sin and need confess-  
 ing,  
 At Thy feet I bow ;  
 Come, Who only comest blessing !  
 I am waiting now.

## ZURICH AND ITS MEMORIES.

BY WALDEMAR RADEN.

## II.



Orell Füssli &amp; Co.

ZURICH COSTUME.

TURNING from its storied past to the Zurich of to-day we find nearly everything in a flourishing state of prosperity, whether we look at the villages or the groves of fruit-trees, or the fields with their waving crops, or the vines which clothe the gently-sloping hills. Upon the waters, too, there is abundance of life. Like huge bees intent upon gathering honey, the numerous boats and steamers are perpetually crossing and re-crossing one another as they dart through the transparent green-blue waves, and touch at the countless little towns and villages which border the lake like so many white blossoms. A poet has written thus of the aspect of the lake: "It is a smiling idyl, and reminds one of the land of Jean

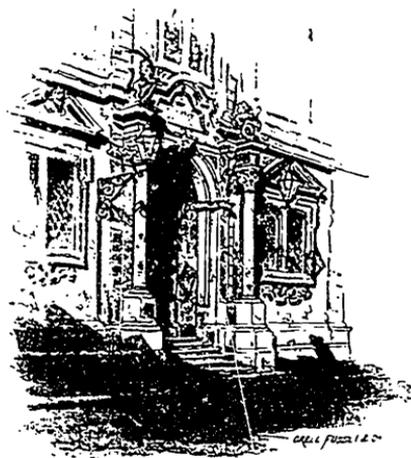
Paul, full of light, and corn, and sunshine."

The town looks very beautiful as we come up the lake; but whether it be, as modern English tourists have asserted, the pleasantest and most beautiful town next to Damascus, is a question we must leave undecided. True it is that in some of the old refractory parts, in the heart of the town, there are still several dark streets and alleys, and damp, shady nooks—streets where the sun never shines, and no shadows are cast even by the brightest of full moons.

But after all, these queer, old, crooked streets, these houses with their hanging eaves, their rusty tiles and corner balconies, are what the traveller and the artist love to see but soon can see no more; for they are passing away, and in their stead grow up new

granite piles and palaces. But not the traveller alone will miss these monuments of other days. The Switzers, too, have bits of sentiment about such things as these, and the eyes of more than one old Zurichcr were 'wet, a few years since, on learning that the council had resolved to tear away the city's mossy walls and towers, and, in their stead, build modern streets.

The chief life of the place is concentrated upon the banks of the Limmat and the shore of the lake, and this is the Zurich which the stranger sees and speedily learns to love. Zurich is sure to fascinate them, and they will be likely to endorse the circumnavigator of the globe who says: "Europe is the most beautiful quarter of the world, Switzerland is the most favoured country in Europe, and the pleasantest place in Switzerland, beyond all doubt, is Zurich."



DOORWAY OF TOWN HALL, ZURICH.

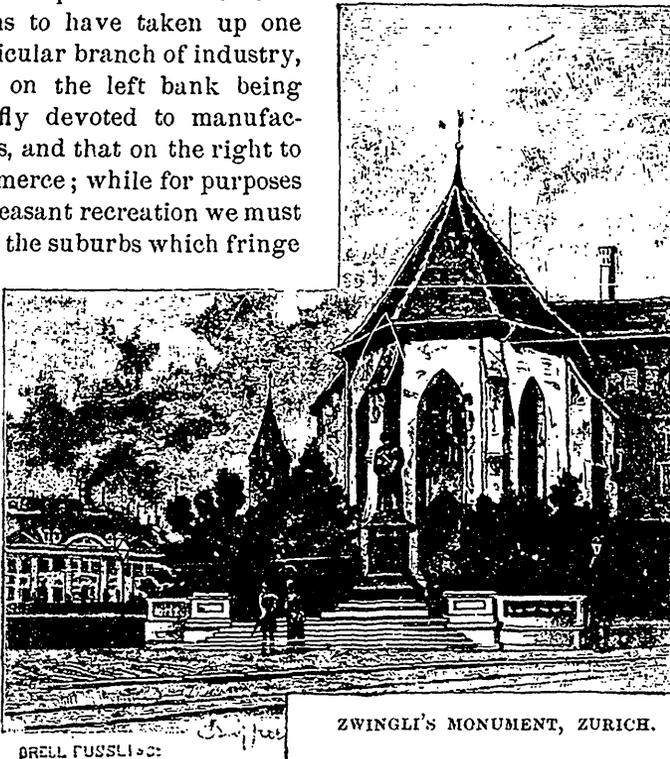
It is the very centre and focus of a province which has a great destiny before it. It lies in the midst of one of the grand amphitheatres in which the great battle of civilization is being fought out. The rich fields and meadows slope gently upwards into green hills covered with vines, among which are scattered many pleasant villas. Behind the hills rise dark, wooded heights, over which a torn, jagged wall of mountain looks solemnly down, and the horizon is bounded by the white glaciers of the high Alps. In the midst

of this grand landscape lies the proud and commanding town of Zurich.

If we take our way along the right bank of the Limmat, and look across to the other side when we are near the market, we shall see a group of dark, shady trees, growing upon a little hill which is surrounded by a wall. The trees are limes, and the place, called the Lindenhof, is historically remarkable. They will tell of men in armour and of the noise of arms—ay, and will even tell us that they have seen the maidens and matrons of the town clad in men's armour and bearing arms, not for any masquerading purposes, but that their large numbers might deceive and frighten their enemy, Duke Albrecht, who was then threatening the town.

In the days when ancient Zurich was struggling for her religious and political freedom, the Kleine Stadt, on the left bank of the Limmat, was the abode of various maiconcents, recruited chiefly from the ranks of the clergy and nobility; and the churches were so many fortified castles built for the purpose of arresting progress and liberty. But the older city gained the victory; and now both are growing vigorously and loyally together into one perfect whole. As many as five connecting bridges have been thrown across the river; nor do the people seem to think even these enough.

Each quarter of the town seems to have taken up one particular branch of industry, that on the left bank being chiefly devoted to manufactures, and that on the right to commerce; while for purposes of pleasant recreation we must seek the suburbs which fringe



ZWINGLI'S MONUMENT, ZURICH.

the lake, or slope upwards among the hills, where we shall find many a tasteful and even splendid villa, surrounded by its own well-kept gardens. In fact the whole environs of Zurich are one long, park-like garden. A native of Zurich climbs the Zurichberg with a certain feeling of pride; and as he sits beneath the shady trees on the raised terrace, he congratulates himself on belonging to the bright-looking town which lies below. Visitors will return again and again to gaze at the delightful



THE ARMOURY, ZURICH.

view of the lake and distant Alps—rosy red at morn and eve, and snowy white at high noon—which is to be had from the Höhe Promenade or from Grand Minster bridge.



ZWINGLI'S WEAPONS.

On the right bank of the Limmat towers the Grossmünster, the venerable cathedral, which dates from the eleventh century. It is a simple but noble structure, chiefly in the Byzantine style, though its two fine towers and much of the decoration were added at a later period.

On New Year's Day, 1519, the work of reformation in Zurich was begun by Ulrich Zwingli from the pulpit of the Grossmünster. Not far from the church stands the house which Zwingli occupied up to the 10th October, 1531, when he left it to return no more, for on the following day he lost his life in the battle of

Kappel. And down yonder by the Limmat, in front of the choir of the Wasserkirche, stands a bronze statue of the reformer, executed by a Viennese sculptor and unveiled in August, 1885. Zwingli is represented standing with a Bible in his arms, his

hand on his sword, gazing over the lake towards the everlasting mountains.

Opposite the Grossmünster stands its rival, the stately and splendid Frauenmünster, of the thirteenth century.

The scene along the quay is of the very liveliest description, and any one who wishes to count the heads of the two-and-twenty thousand citizens of the inner town, cannot do better than take his stand here at certain particular seasons. The Rathhaus has retained very few marks of antiquity. Its two predecessors served their generation from the twelfth to the end of the seventeenth century. The development of the city was for a long time restrained by the iron girdle which encircled it in the form of solid ramparts, dating from mediæval times. But one day the town drew a deeper breath than usual, burst her bands, and from that moment grew as she had never done before. Only a few fragments of the bastions and ramparts were left standing here and there, and these are now chiefly used as spots of vantage-ground whence to survey the surrounding landscape.

What a view it is for the eye to wander over! The panoramic view embraces five hundred grand mountains and chains of mountains, from the jagged Säntis, which stands out so boldly conspicuous on the left, to the Bernese Alps, the Alps of Glarus, and the Jungfrau, who just shows her head, far away to the right, and the Faulhorn, which is well-nigh hidden in mist.



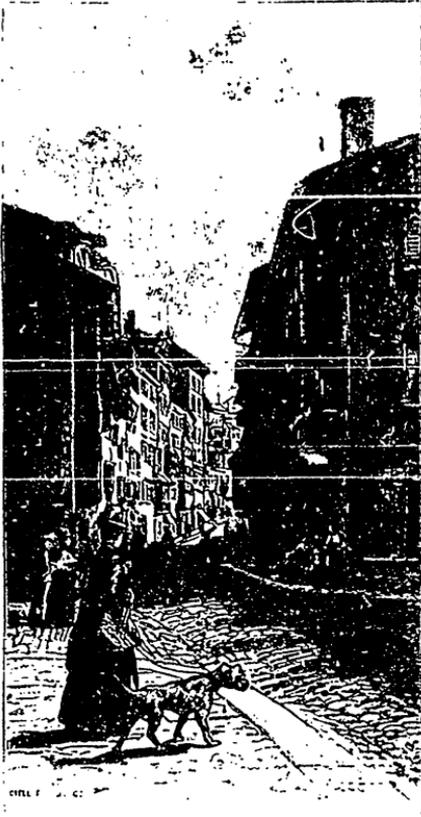
TROPHY OF SWISS ARMOUR  
AND WEAPONS.

Among the many places in the city well worth a visit is the

Armoury, containing as it does many objects of historical interest. The following are specially noteworthy :

Six ancient bronze cannon; two cannon encased in leather: a cross-bow, called after William Tell; fine suits of armour; halberds; targe of thirteenth century; a rifled breechloading field-piece of 1611, "The Bride of Zurich," with the inscription: *Ich bin ein Jungfrau wolgestalt, Welchen ich küss der wirt nit alt*, ("A maiden I of lovely mould, he whom I kiss will not grow old,") Zwingli's weapons, his pulpit, and other relics.

#### A FAMOUS TECHNICAL COLLEGE.



STREET IN ZURICH.

Few Englishmen, we suspect, in thinking of the great educational centres of the world, would turn their minds to the city of Zurich. Yet a most excellent authority, the late Sir Francis O. Adams, British Envoy at Berne, calls it "one of the greatest scholastic centres, not only of Europe, but of the whole world." Zurich is indeed an educational marvel. Her primary schools are among the best of their kind, and her secondary and higher schools are no less excellent, whilst her medical, physical, physiological, chemical, agricultural, and other colleges, are not only of the highest order of excellence, but are in almost bewildering numbers. The Zurich university on its present footing dates from 1832. Above all, the splendid federal institutions for the study of chemis-

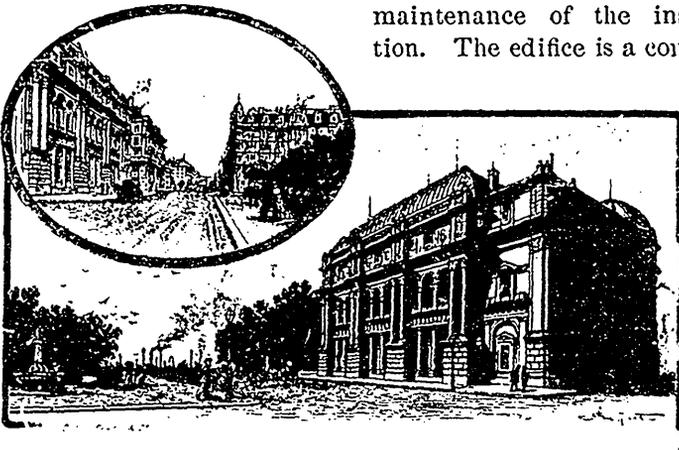
try, physical science, agriculture, the observatory, and so forth, which cluster round the great central Polytechnicum, make the beautiful heights above the city a veritable Acropolis of learning. The *tout ensemble* indeed forms an intellectual high city, and is the pride and glory of the town. All this is a place of only ninety thousand souls.

The great Polytechnicum and its satellites together form, beyond all doubt, one of the most important technical colleges in the world. It is perhaps well to remind our readers that in Switzerland each canton is left to provide as it pleases for its own educational wants, and that, consequently, the public schools are cantonal, and not national. There is, however, one great exception, that of the Polytechnicum of Zurich, which is a national institution, organized and maintained by the Swiss Confederation.

The canton of Zurich provided a fine site on the heights overlooking the town and lake, and also bore the cost of erecting the building itself. Then the State stepped in and provided all the apparatus, etc., and makes liberal grants, to whatever amount may be necessary, for the maintenance of the institution. The edifice is a conspic-



LINDENHOF VILLA, ZURICH.



THE EXCHANGE, ZURICH.

uous and imposing quadrangular block, some four hundred and thirty-five feet by three hundred and fifteen feet. The building is approached by a fine flight of steps, as it rests on a natural terrace, the view from which is exceedingly beautiful, and calls

forth the admiration of every visitor. The edifice itself presents a singularly massive and imposing appearance.

Hardly inferior to the Polytechnicum is the great college of chemistry. The series of laboratories is very complete, being designed to meet the wants of several subsections—for example, the industrial, the pharmaceutical, the photographic, the analytical, the assay, and what not.

The college of physical science is perched aloft on a declivity of Zurichberg. In lofty isolation it towers above its sister colleges, standing free on all sides, accessible to the light, sun and air. It is thus aloof from the din of the city, from the reverberations caused by carts or machinery, and from the smoke and tainted air which might interfere with the delicate experiments to be carried on in the building.



FORESTER'S  
HOUSE.

Truly, a grand and almost unique collection of institutions for the furtherance of technical and industrial studies! The difficulty of giving an adequate idea of the work done in the Zurich Polytechnic institutions will appear when it is stated that the staff of professors and teachers numbers no fewer than one hundred and twenty-two, and that from two hundred and forty to two hundred and eighty distinct courses of lectures are given each

six months to the large number of students who attend the college.

The Polytechnicum is divided into seven distinct sections or colleges, viz.: (1) the school of architecture, (2) civil engineering, (3) mechanical engineering, (4) chemistry, (5) agriculture and forestry, (6) professional, or rather professorial, school for the training of teachers, professors, and scientists generally; (7) last, and most characteristic of all, the division *des cours libres*, or school of philosophical, political and general science, as we may call it.

This division *des cours libres* was called into being to meet a distinct and much-felt want. Man cannot live by bread alone, neither can he live on mathematics, or chemistry, or physics

alone; and even the most earnest technical student will crave for some knowledge of his own and other tongues and literatures, of the history of by-gone times, of the laws under which he and others live, of the sciences of political economy and political philosophy. The Swiss authorities early discovered this, hence the division *des cours libres*.

Perhaps the most striking thing about this institution is its low scale of fees. There are, it is true, several extras, but they are very moderate in amount. The chief of these extras are a half-yearly charge of fifteen to sixty francs for laboratory, and five francs for use of library. To the *privat docent* or professor extraordinary who teaches him the student pays five francs per week. It will surprise no one to hear that the fees of the students make up only one-sixth of the cost of the Polytechnicum, and, as the institution is quite unendowed, the charge on the public taxes is heavy. Including everything, the total cost is about a million francs per annum. With a liberality that does it the highest honour, the Swiss Confederation admits foreign students at the same rate as natives.



PUBLIC PROMENADE, ZÜRICH.

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EQUIPOISE.

JUST when we think we've fixed the golden mean—  
 The diamond point, on which to balance fair  
 Life, and life's lofty issues—weighing there,  
 With fractional precision, close and keen,  
 Thought, motive, word, and deed, there comes between  
 Some wayward circumstance, some jostling care,  
 Some temper's fret, some mood's unwise despair,  
 To mar the equilibrium, unforeseen,  
 And spoil our nice adjustment! Happy he  
 Whose soul's calm equipoise can know no jar,  
 Because the unwavering hand that holds the scales  
 Is the same hand that weighed each steadfast star—  
 Is the same hand that on the sacred tree  
 Bore for his sake the anguish of the nails!

—Margaret J. Preston.

## JOHN WILLIAMS.

*THE MARTYR MISSIONARY OF POLYNESIA.*

BY MRS. R. P. HOPPER.

“The soul of music slumbers in the shell,  
Till waked and kindled by the Master's spell.”

THE secret that caused the subject of this sketch to write his name among those who are kept in everlasting remembrance, was the divine touch kindling into heavenly symphonies his best affections, and subduing his will into sweetest harmony with the light within him, and heaven's atmosphere about him.

John Williams was born at Tottenham, London, June 29th, 1796, and though the family may be traced to the reign of James I., and an ancestor<sup>1</sup> of the missionary was one of Cromwell's Ironsides, yet they were not in any way a distinguished family, but rather respectable people, moving in the middle ranks of life.

John Williams had a strong physical frame, and a godly mother who gave him his early education, afterwards sending him to a school three miles distant, to which he walked daily. He was not brought up in idleness, for, at the age of fourteen, he was apprenticed to an ironmonger for seven years, from whom he was to acquire such knowledge as would enable him to manage a business of his own. Wilberforce has said, “Every man's best education is that which he gives himself,” and the natural energy of the young apprentice caused him to lose no opportunity of acquiring a practical knowledge of his trade, and so efficient did he become that work requiring extra skill was always intrusted to his care.

At the age of nineteen, while waiting for some jovial companions to accompany him to Highbury Tea Gardens to spend the Sabbath evening, a lady recognized him as one of her husband's apprentices, and, prompted by a divine impulse, invited him to go with her to the Old Whitefield Tabernacle. He refused, but she was kindly persistent, and, annoyed by his companions' delay, he yielded, and left the service a converted man. Like a voice from the Eternal Wisdom came the solemn question to his soul, “What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?”

From that hour his was a consecrated life. He threw his

thoughts, his influence, his time, his talents into the work that lay nearest at hand. In the Sunday-school, as a tract distributor and as a sick visitor, he sought out and improved his opportunities of doing good. He was not a dead weight for the Church to lift heavenward, but a strong staff for the weak to lean upon.

Almost his first consciousness was the limitation of his knowledge, and he began to improve his mind as a means of increasing his power. To this end he accepted an invitation to join a class of young men preparing for the ministry, under the guidance of the eccentric Rev. Matthew Wilks, who held a missionary meeting once each quarter. At one of these meetings, in the year 1815, Mr. Wilks announced the conversion of Pomare, King of Tahiti, and many of his subjects to Christianity, and emphasized the need of additional missionaries. In response to this appeal John Williams felt called of God to this work and offered himself to the directors of the London Missionary Society. His offer was at once accepted and he forthwith gave his time to careful study of the Word and preparation for his life-work.

It was intended to send John Williams and Robert Moffatt together to the South Seas, but the plan was changed and Moffatt went to Africa, there to win immortal fame, and Williams proceeded to Eimeo, one of the Society Islands. He was accompanied by his young wife, of whom it has been said, "In Christian heroism she proved the equal of her intrepid husband, and in patient endurance his superior." She was a true missionary. It had long been her prayer that she might be sent to the heathen to tell them of the love of Christ. Her portrait indicates a winsome combination of gentleness and strength.

After a six months' voyage they reached Sydney, and six months later the island of Eimeo. Mr. Williams carefully studied every part of the vessel in which he sailed, and the knowledge thus gained proved of incalculable assistance to him in his missionary work. During his life he built five mission vessels, forging the iron-work himself and sometimes making the tools for the natives and teaching them how to use them. He learned the language by mixing with the people, and in a few months was able to preach to them. He was so full of the love, sweetness and gentleness of Christ that he won the love of all who associated with him, and in his zeal for their salvation he coveted no greater glory than to spend his life on their behalf. His consecrated spirit may be seen in an extract from a letter sent home to his parents:

"MY DEAREST PARENTS,—Grieve not at my absence, for I am engaged in the best of services, for the best of masters, upon the best of terms ;

but rather rejoice in having a child 'upon whom the Lord has conferred this honour."

There were many disheartening circumstances. The barbarous people were jealous of each other and lived in isolated homes. He induced them to form in settlements, built himself a house and helped them to imitate it.

The construction of a pair of bellows was a source of amazement to the natives. They saw at once the advantages of the strong draft for forging metal, but could not imagine how so much wind got into such a small box.

They were astonished at the first use of lime as plaster. They saw with amazement their missionary burn the stones which turned white and crumbled under the process, and then absorbed an enormous quantity of water, and again became hard and smooth as polished rock when spread upon the walls.

Mr. Williams stimulated their self-respect, showed them how to cultivate the soil, trained them in the mechanical arts of civilization, and framed a code of laws for them, so that property could be protected and offenders punished. During the second year a church was built at Raiatea and a court-house adjoining it—the Law and the Gospel under one roof. The church would hold 2,400 people, and the king's brother was appointed judge.

Another discouraging circumstance was the lack of social morality among the people. They had to be taught the sacredness of the marriage bond as the basis of all social and national order, and a meeting of the chiefs was called for the discussion of the subject. To some persistent offenders the chiefs said, "You had better go away and serve the devil again; let not this land be stained with sin."

It seems almost incredible the amount of work this godly missionary accomplished and the inspiration he became to the people; his power in all branches of social, political, mercantile, mechanical and religious economy proving him to be the counterpart of the great Apostle to the Gentiles. His work was not confined to one island or group of islands. He founded schools, and a brother missionary having set up a printing-press at Huabine, one of the Society Islands, he prepared and had printed class-books from which to teach them. He was their poet, composing their hymns, their lawgiver, teacher, evangelist, mechanic, navigator, and translated the whole Testament into the Rarotongan language.

On his second visit to Rarotonga he witnessed a scene which, to him, must have been of gratifying import. He was desired to take a seat outside of his house, and, having done so, a long

procession of natives filed past him and laid their idols at his feet, the smallest being five feet long. The Sabbath following this public renunciation of heathenism, a congregation of 4,000 people assembled for divine worship. The chapel he had previously built proved far too small, and on the following day a public meeting was held to build another which would hold 3,000 people. In seven weeks it was completed.

During its construction, Mr. Williams wrote a request on a chip for a tool he had forgotten and asked a man to carry it to Mrs. Williams and she would send what he wanted. The man smiled and said he would rather not, she would scold him and laugh at him "What will I say to her?" "Nothing," said Mr. Williams, "the chip will tell her." The man was incredulous, but took it, and Mrs. Williams gave him the article.

"How do you know," said he, "that this is what he wants?"

She replied, "The chip told me."

"I did not hear it say anything!"

She replied, "I did, and it is all right."

The man left with the chip and ran through the village shouting, "See the wisdom of these English, they can make chips talk."

The members of the church were divided into classes of eight or ten families, and these met on the Sabbath for prayer, mutual oversight, and instruction, and to arrange for reporting the sermon. One would take the text, another the first division, another the second, another the third, another the references from the Scriptures, and thus they questioned and built each other up in spirituality and general intelligence, and sowed the seed from which sprang future missionaries among themselves.

As an example of how the people in general craved instruction, note this incident. A man saw his neighbour sitting idly at home after the school-bell had rung. He was discouraged, he said he could not get past "b-a, ba," and he did not mean to try again. His friend reminded him how he concealed the hook while fishing, and, said he, "The devil has a fish-hook in that evil thought of yours; therefore, let us have nothing to do with him, but go immediately and learn."

In every place where the work of God is zealously promoted, the devil stirs up opposition, and on six different occasions wicked men plotted against the life of this devoted missionary; but their plans were frustrated.

"A Christian cannot die before his time,  
The Lord's appointment is His servant's hour."

Sickness came, and the missionaries had to go to Sydney for

treatment. Sometimes the husband and father would be absent for months from his home, his wife, and his little ones, without a white face to look upon. But sacrifice brought the grandest successes, and missions with teachers were opened up on every accessible island. It was in 1823, that, with the aid of his missionary ship, Mr. Williams discovered Raratonga, and this island became the fruitful mother of many missions. He used to warn his native teachers with reference to their personal life among the heathen. "They will watch you with rats' eyes to find little crooked places in your conduct. Remember well your work. Give to it your hands, your mouths, your bodies, your souls; and God bless your labours! In your temporal concerns be diligent. A lazy missionary is both an ugly and a useless being. Have singleness of heart to Jesus and His Gospel. Search His Word and pray to Him that He will not leave nor forsake you."

On one island where the native teachers landed, the people seized their goods, and one man broke a saw into three pieces and hung them on his ears for ornaments. At another island the natives were very simple, and on seeing goats for the first time called them "birds with great teeth in their heads." When Mr. Williams brought back with him from Sydney to Raratonga several horses, asses, horned cattle, and dogs, the people were amazed, having seen no domestic animal larger than a pig. The horse, they called "the great pig that carries man"; the dog, "the barking pig"; the ass, "the noisy" or "long-eared pig."

The missionaries had not tasted beef for ten years, and when the first ox was killed they found they could neither bear the smell nor taste of it, they had lost all relish for it.

Many ancient customs were hard to uproot, some of them very barbarous. When a young man attained to years of manhood, he must wrestle with his father, and should the son prove the stronger, he took possession of everything and expelled his parents from their house. If a man died, his relatives seized all he had and left his widow and children to starve.

Mr. Williams gathered the natives around him, and by ties as sweet as strong, explained Christian laws and the power of love, and by this means imparted blessings to their souls. Well may heathen lands be called "the habitations of cruelty."

Some officers visiting Raiatea spoke doubtingly of the genuineness of the conversion of the natives, whereupon Mr. Williams suggested that they should personally examine them. The following is an example of the questions asked and the answers given :

"Do you believe the Bible to be the Word of God, and Christianity of Divine origin?"

The native Christian moved his wrists, his legs, opened and shut his mouth several times, and then remarked, "I have hinges all over me; if I wish to handle anything, walk or speak, the hinges in my hands, legs, or jaws enable me to do it. When I look in my bible I see proofs of wisdom which correspond exactly with those which appear in my frame, so I conclude that the Maker of my body is the Author of that book." The examiner was satisfied.

In 1834, after an exile of eighteen years, Mr. and Mrs. Williams visited England and remained four years, during which time the Bible Society printed his translation of the New Testament in the Raratongan language, 5,000 copies of which he took with him on his return. He visited the large cities of England and raised £4,000 for the purchase of a ship and outfit to be used in his missionary endeavours. He also published his book on "Missionary Enterprise in the South Seas," and within five years 38,000 copies were sold.

In 1838 he returned to the chosen sphere of his labours, visited many of the islands and arranged for a college for the training of native ministers and teachers. He purposed making one of the islands of the Samoan group his future home, and from there he took his final and fatal voyage to the New Hebrides. On the 3rd of November, 1839, he preached for the last time strangely enough, from Acts xx. 36-38: "And they all wept sore, and fell upon Paul's neck and kissed him, sorrowing most of all, for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more." Both congregation and speaker were much depressed; instinctively all felt the shadows of separation nearing them.

On the evening of the 19th, the *Camden* lay off the shores of Erromanga. Mr. Williams spent a restless night, his mind full of the anxieties of the coming day. A boat was lowered and several of the party landed, children were playing on the beach and one of the chiefs brought water for them to drink. A few natives were collected about Mr. Williams, when suddenly the yell of savages was heard approaching. He did not seem to fully realize his peril until the war-shell was blown, and instead of running for the boat he started for the beach; a native armed with a club in full pursuit. Mr. Williams threw himself into the water, but soon the tragedy was completed and his lifeless body was brought to shore, stripped of its clothing and carried inland.

The feelings of those who escaped from the natives were indescribable. One of the party, writing of it, said: "The most intense grief took possession of our hearts as we looked vacantly

on the shore and realized our loss. The more we think of it the more we grieve, the more we wonder."

Some months after a vessel from Sydney visited the island to obtain the remains, but the natives confessed they had eaten the body, and nothing remained but the skull and a few bones. These were carried to the mission station at Upolu for interment, and, on the 24th of March, Mrs. Williams learned she was a widow.

The grief of the natives was intense; pathetic cries of "Alas Williams!" "Alas our father!" resounded on every side. His death was the occasion of great lamentation on all the islands which owed to him their Christianity and civilization.

On the island of Upolu, at the Apia mission station, will be found a tablet bearing this inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Rev. John Williams, father of the Samoan and other missions, aged forty-three years and five months, who was killed by the cruel natives of Erromanga, on November 20th, 1839, while endeavouring to plant the Gospel of Peace on their shores."

John Williams has written an imperishable record on human souls. He died for men. Earth's funeral pageantry and pomp will pass away and be forgotten; marble columns and pillars will fall and crumble to dust, but they who turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever. Nature weeps at the tragedy, faith triumphs at the victory, and the Comforter whispers to those bereaved:

"Do you mourn when another star  
Shines out from the glorious sky?  
Do you weep when the voice of war  
And the rage of conflict die?  
Why then should your tears roll down,  
Or your heart be sorely riven,  
For another gem in the Saviour's crown  
And another soul in heaven?"

Mrs. Williams returned to England in 1842 with a prayer for forgiveness for those who had robbed her life of its dearest treasure. In 1851 she rejoined her husband in the land of light.

John Williams was a man of great adaptability, of mechanical genius, of unflagging industry, and untiring perseverance. It has been said of him that he possessed in an extraordinary degree the power of organization, and no other missionary has ever been so successful in making the advance of civilization accompany the progress of Christianity. He Christianized the Society Islands, the Hervey Islands, the Samoan group, and many others, and nations that sat in darkness were born into the kingdom of light and peace.

Wellington and Nelson may stir our national pride, Newton and Edison excite our wonder in the world of discovery and invention, but earthly fame will pass away and be forgotten, while John Williams has won immortal renown. He has so written his name on the page of history that the winds carry it and the waves murmur it, while the annals of missionary toil are read.

John Williams was a remarkable man and he did a remarkable work. He visited nations without arts or industries, sunk in the depths of moral degradation, steeped in the vices of infanticide, social debasement and cannibalism, and he opened their hearts with the key of kindness.

With the Word of God as a lever, and indomitable faith as his fulcrum, and being filled with the power of the Holy Ghost, he lifted men from the lowest depths of impurity to the high ground of Christian civilization, and on and on up to the paradise of God. He saw men burn their idols, renounce heathenism, sue for enlightenment and education, and receive the baptism that made of themselves missionaries to convert the world.

John Williams believed the Atonement "a truth worth carrying around the world." In his farewell address on leaving England for the last time, he said, "I feel still that the work of Christian missions is the greatest, noblest, and the sublimest to which the energies of the human mind can be devoted. I think no labour, no sacrifice we can make, no journeys we can take, too great for the grand purpose of illuminating the dark world with the light of the glorious Gospel."

At the early age of forty-three years, John Williams heard the Master say, "It is enough, come up higher," and as we see him pass through the everlasting gates to receive the martyr's starry crown, we hear echoing back to earth the words of inspiration:

"These are they which came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

"Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple; and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.

"They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

"For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them to living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

CLAREMONT, Ont.

## THE CITIZENSHIP OF WOMEN.

BY THE REV. THOS. WEBSTER, D.D.\*

WHEN God created the human pair, did He design mutual equality between them; creating each the complement of the other, and each mutually and equally dependent upon the other; without superiority or inferiority on the part of either of them; giving them together joint and equal authority over every other created living thing and object? Did He subsequently revoke this authority? Or, did the Creator at the outset ordain a fixed and unalterable superiority in the man, vesting in him supreme and absolute authority over the woman and all else; at the same time allotting to the woman an unalterably fixed inferiority of position, coupled with servile vassalage? These questions have been propounded over and over again, at longer or shorter intervals since the beginnings of the world's history, and seem likely to be propounded many times more before a demonstration is arrived at, which will be accepted by students of the Bible as conclusive. And yet, a correct solution of the problem, if one can be gained, is of immense importance in arriving at a proper understanding of the true position of women, as indicated by the Bible; and also, to learn beyond doubt whether her civil status, for all time, is even pronounced upon by the Bible.

I believe that God created the man and the woman equal; and conferred equal joint authority upon them both; and that that equality, and joint authority, was not revoked, as far as concerned the woman, as a consequence of her transgression at the time of the Fall; but that the strained interpretations put upon, or given to, certain isolated passages of Scripture pre-supposing, or countenancing, the doctrine of the inferior position of women as being ordained of God, either at the creation, or as part of the awful punishment for the first transgression, is a result of the misconstructions and of the errors which began to becloud the minds of men as the doctrines began to be evolved and formulated that "might makes right," and that the physically or politically strong are, and from the beginning of the world's history have been, privileged to oppress and enslave the weak and helpless; just as the doc-

\* The writer of this vigorous paper is probably the oldest living minister in the Methodist Church, being now in his eighty-fifth year. He still takes as deep an interest in all that pertains to his Church and country as ever he did. Twenty years ago the Methodist Book Concern, Cincinnati, published an admirable volume of his, entitled "Woman, Man's Equal," which may be ordered through our Book Rooms at Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. — ED.

trine of the divine origin of human slavery was evolved ; the texts quoted in proof of this latter contention, and the interpretations thereof, having quite as much weight and authority as those of the former have—and I claim the Word of God sustains me in my belief of this reciprocal equality of the man and the woman.

In Genesis i., 26, 27, 28, we read :

“ And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness : and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.

“ So God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him ; male and female created He them.

“ And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it : and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth.”

Here, then, the statement of conferring by the Creator of joint authority upon both the man and the woman is most explicit. First, in the mind of God before creation, when He said “ Let us make man in our image, after our likeness : and let them, (*them*, not him) have dominion over the fish of the sea,” etc. ; and, secondly, in the narrative contained in the succeeding verses, where the fact is stated that God had so created them, and also the joint investiture of authority and joint charge is rehearsed.

“ But,” it is contended, “ these privileges were forever forfeited by Eve, and through her by all her daughters as a consequence of her transgression.” I do not believe they were, nor that the Scriptures sustain the contention that they were. The grievous Fall occurred, entailing all its dreadful consequences upon the whole human race, and Eve, being the first in the transgression, had the severer sentence pronounced upon her ; but she was not “ cursed ” as some maintain. The serpent was cursed ; and so was the ground, for man’s sake ; but the sacred narrative neither states nor implies that the woman was cursed, any more than it does that the man was cursed ; and those who contend for woman’s inferiority because of the penalty pronounced upon her, do not claim that Adam was cursed. What were the respective penalties attached to their act of joint disobedience, apart from the penalties which fell jointly upon them both, and therefore upon all the race ?

For Adam, the ground was cursed for his sake, in sorrow was he to eat of it all his days. Thorns also and thistles was it to bring forth. In the sweat of his face was he to eat bread, until he returned unto the ground—toil, hardship, sorrow. For Eve, “ Unto the woman He said, I will greatly multiply thy sorrow

and thy conception; in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children; and thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee."—Gen. iii., 16.

It is upon this 16th verse that the doctrine of man's absolute authority over woman in every action of her life, and her consequent subjection and inferiority is predicated. I contend that the text gives no ground for any such affirmation, but that while Adam's earthly penalty was to be unremitting toil and sorrow, disappointment and hardship, in contending with adverse surroundings—the cursed ground, the thorns and the thistles—in the procuring of his livelihood, and his ultimate death, Eve's earthly penalty was to be the greatly multiplied sorrow, consequent upon maternity, and the greater physical suffering and weakness, till all here was also ended by temporal death. The text gives no intimation of any change in the relations existing between the pair, excepting that, in her "desire being to her husband," he shall rule over her. Nor do we find in the narrative that Adam during all the many years of their subsequent life together exercised or claimed absolute authority or "rule" over his wife. The grammatical construction of the entire verse favours this my contention, and I am of the opinion that one reading the sacred narrative for the first time, without any preconceived ideas or prejudices on the subject, would so construe it.

But apart from any of the interpretations given to this verse, either *pro* or *con.*, I fail to find in the Scriptures any definite decree pronouncing upon the civil status of women, or upon what position she should or shall occupy in the commonwealth.

In Bible history we know that she frequently appears upon the scene—and without rebuke or adverse criticism as to her "un-womanliness," or sinfulness in "stepping out of her God-given sphere"—and we find her occupying prominent positions in the councils of her country; listened to with deference, and her counsel acted upon in grave crises, to the great benefit of the nation. In war, too, she figures as a leader and commander of armies, successful in battle, though the leaders of the opposing hosts had been valiant men of war from youth. Miriam, whose faithful watch-care and shrewdness had secured for her infant brother his own mother as nurse and guardian, in his imperilled infancy, is spoken of as a prophetess and was publicly associated with Moses and Aaron at the passage of the Red Sea, and during many years of the wanderings of the Israelites in the wilderness.

Though Deborah, the prophetess, was the wife of Lapidoth, it was she, and not her husband, who was Judge of Israel at the time of the decisive battle which freed her people from the

oppression of Jabin, king of Canaan. It was she, who, in her official capacities as prophetess and judge, commanded Barak in the name of the Lord to marshal the host of Israel and lead them forth to battle, and when the timid Barak refused to go, unless she associated herself with him in the hazardous undertaking, she did so, encountering fearlessly the perils of the fight, and ordering the attack upon the army of Sisera, thus giving rest to the people for many years.

Huldah was an accredited prophetess, in the reign of Josiah, dwelling "in the college" in Jerusalem, and so highly esteemed as such, that the ministers of the anxious king went to her for instruction and advice in their fear and perplexity; though Jeremiah was exercising his prophetic gifts at the same time. Of independent monarchs who were women and who are mentioned in Scripture, the Queen of Sheba, and Candace, Queen of the Ethiopians, who flourished centuries later, must suffice.

Coming down to the New Dispensation, Anna, the prophetess, was associated with Simeon in those wonderful outbursts of prophetic song in which each welcomed the infant Jesus as the world's Redeemer on His first appearance in the temple. Unrebuked by Him, women ministered to Christ as he went up and down Jewry; were last at the Cross, and first at the sepulchre, and were chosen by the risen Lord as the first heralds of the Resurrection.

That women were, with the full consent of the Apostles, taking a prominent part in the worship is evident from the justification of such a course of procedure by Peter, when on the day of Pentecost he quoted the words of the prophet Joel relating thereto. "And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh: and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, . . . and on my servants and on my handmaidens I will pour out in those days of my Spirit; and they shall prophesy."

Priscilla was associated with her husband in the honourable mention of them, as instructors of Apollos, in Christian doctrine, and both were recognized as "helpers" by Paul, as also was Phœbe "a servant of the Church . . . at Cenchrea." And in his letter to the Galatians he most emphatically states this doctrine of perfect Christian equality in the words "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus."

So much for the positions some women are known to have occupied, by the direction of the Almighty, both under the Old and the New Dispensations; and the bearing, if any, which Old

and New Testament teaching and history have upon the subject under discussion at the present, viz.: the social and civil position now assigned to woman by both civil and ecclesiastical law, and that equality to which, it is contended, she is in common justice—to say nothing of humanity—entitled. What are the arguments adduced in favour of either the contention that the laws at present in force concerning women are just and equitable, and her position and the privileges accorded her all to which she is entitled—and more than that to which she is entitled; or, of the opposite contention that such is not the case, and never can be, until she is granted the franchise, and placed upon equal legal and ecclesiastical footing with her male relatives in every department of life?

For the former contention, the reasons assigned have been numerous, and have, like the old arguments—long since abandoned by thinking men—in defence of West Indian and American slavery, been most vehemently iterated and reiterated, so that they have been pretty well threshed out; but, with the persistency of Luther, in his last stock argument in favour of transubstantiation, “*Hoc est Corpus,*” “*Hoc est Corpus,*” those who are opposed to according greater liberty to women, return to the attack with the same phrases again and again. To permit women to have a voice in the deliberative councils of either Church or State, say they, is “flying in the face of Paul’s prohibition to the Corinthian women,” quite ignoring the fact that there are many local directions given to the church at Corinth which are not repeated in the epistles to the other churches; and that the state of affairs existing in dissolute Corinth, among a class of men and women but recently converted from gross idolatry; where most indecorous disputes were sure to occur, does not exist in Christianized or civilized countries in these last years of the nineteenth century; and ignoring the fact, also, that Paul, in another part of that same letter, gave the Corinthians minute directions as to how women should appear and comport themselves in public assemblies, as well as how men should. Law-abiding himself, he was desirous that his converts should be such, so far as they could be so, and be Christians, and in every way so comport themselves that their “good should not be evil spoken of.” His mission was neither to make civil laws nor to reform those of the country in which he laboured. As far as it was possible to do so, he ordered his secular life in accordance with the civil law of the land, and enjoined the same course of conduct upon the Christian converts, even when it might entail very serious consequences. A case in point is his insisting on the fugitive slave returning to his master.

As to the civil status of women, like the civil status of the slave, he left it as he found it, arrogating to himself no authority in such matters.

I have viewed the contentions adverse to the according of citizenship to women with the asserted relations thereto of the teaching of the Scriptures, at more length, perhaps, than the space allotted me warrants. But I have been led to do so, because of the frequent and, as I think, improper and incorrect use—or misuse—made of them in recent discussions on the subject, and in unblushing defence of the legalized unjust discriminations between the sexes, because of sex, and of all the degrading legal disabilities which bear so heavily upon women even in Christian lands. Especially have I been so led by the careful reading of a lengthy address delivered from his place upon the floor of the Legislature, by an honourable statesman, who, in his attack on woman suffrage, declared in so many words that God at the Fall “CURSED” the woman; and declared also, in substance, that the logical irremediable result of this “curse of God” resting for all time upon her was, that she was, and is forever to be, subject to hatred and abuse, which, if she were a true womanly woman, would be borne with un murmuring meekness and submission as the fulfilling of God’s will towards her. Such seemed from his own speech to be his idea of the justice and mercy of the Almighty Creator. Were any of the old pro-slavery utterances in defence of that iniquitous institution more God-dishonouring or abominable? I trow not.

And just as far astray is the theory, that the issue of the same father and mother is, in the human race, divided into two distinct and separate classes of beings; one the male, of a superior order, and the other, the female, of an inferior, an anomaly occurring nowhere else in nature—the superior, by right of sex merely—being entitled to prerogatives, rights and privileges which are denied to the other sex, because of sex, irrespective of intelligence or equal fitness in other respects; while at the same time each sex, irrespective of sex, is held equally amenable to the laws, for infractions thereof.

It is now an established principle in enlightened nations that the people shall themselves, as a people, determine the laws by which they shall be governed; and to which they shall be held responsible; and yet, in every nation under heaven, more than one-half of those having attained maturity are denied a voice in the making of these laws, many of which so nearly concern their own welfare, and many of which are so glaringly oppressive that if similar ones were enforced as between man and man they

would not be tolerated. But because this half or more are women it is sagely contended that the principle is fully carried out, and therefore all right. For, are not the women represented by their male relatives? I contend they are not, and cannot be in the nature of things adequately represented by their male relatives. A father is not supposed capable of representing the views of his son, who has attained his majority, at the polls, nor is he allowed to do so; nor can the son the father, nor one brother the views of another. How then can they fairly represent the views of mother, wife, daughter, or sister, where the interests are so widely different?

Nor in asking to represent herself and her own particular and inherent interests, does woman "usurp authority over the man," or seek to do so. She simply desires to be relieved from the usurpation of the man over her—in a word, to be "free and equal" in the eyes of the law, and enjoy equal—not superior—privileges with husband, son, or brother, a right not accorded her. In a country enjoying any measure of freedom a man must be tried by his peers for an infraction, or alleged infraction, of the law; and if by usurpation or tyranny this fundamental rule of government is violated there is uproar and clamour till the matter is righted. A woman is never so tried, never can be tried by her peers while there are no woman jurors.

What an outcry there would be were a jury composed of women to try a man for the murder of his wife! Yet women are by law so tried by men, and there is no redress on the score of the sex of the triers. In more cases than one it makes a wonderful difference "whose ox is gored."

Women possessed of property, whether possessed of husbands or not, are taxed equally with men upon their property. Yet, though the principle that there shall be no taxation without representation has long been recognized as essential to British liberty in this Canada of ours, a large proportion of those so taxed are deprived of their right to representation.

A grudging, partial, and very modified franchise has been accorded widows and spinsters, in Ontario. They may vote, if owners of property, on purely municipal affairs, for municipal officers, and for school trustees, and in this temperance agitation, where, because their vote can have no appreciable weight either way, because of a different-coloured ballot, but "just as an expression of opinion," they are permitted to vote on the Prohibition Plebiscite; but the property-holding wife, though having many more interests at stake, may not. Worse yet, in this very Prohibition Plebiscite campaign, the drunken, utterly worthless

husband who is supported by his wife, may go to the polls, and on his wife's property, held in her own right, inherited or acquired by her own earnings before she became a wife, vote against Prohibition, so "representing" his wife. But she pays the taxes.

But for neither the Dominion nor the Local legislatures may women cast their ballots. No matter how heavily taxed she may be, a woman because he is a woman must be a "keeper at home" upon election day, while men not possessed of a tithe of her taxable property—nay more, some but little removed from idiocy—may, through their votes, pass judgment upon the most important fiscal policy; or on matters of infinitely more moment to them—the women—than any issue of the Tariff or Free Trade, or the making or widening of canals; for instance, the suppression of vice, or an Age of Consent bill.

For the Ontario Legislature, the man having a right to vote is not necessarily a property-holder at all, need not even be a householder or pay an income tax. If he be not a criminal suffering the penalty of his crime, an unquestioned idiot, or a sort of nomadic tramp who cannot abide a certain number of months in one locality, that is about all that is required to qualify him for the exercise of the franchise, in this "premier province" of the Dominion.

"Ah well," observe the defenders of the present system, as an offset to the disabilities complained of, "women, without incurring responsibility, enjoy the *protection* of the State,"—protection written *large*—"and complete immunity from military service." So do the Friends—commonly called "Quakers" and yet the men of that sect are not thereby debarred the rights of citizenship. So, also, except in case of actual invasion of the country, are clergymen, physicians, and millers exempt, yet their ballots are not rejected—unless the physician be a woman. In time of invasion, women in Canada have rendered invaluable service to their country at the peril of their lives, to what end? But apart from this, if all the vital statistics relating thereto could be presented at a glance, I think I am safe in averring, that more women have died, directly, from *maternity*, than men have been slain in *battle*; and many more women have died of debility and diseases consequent upon maternity, than have men of diseases contracted through war or wounds received in battle. The one offsets the other.

An excuse for not extending the franchise to women, made by legislators and others not professedly opposed to Mr. Water's bill of last session, that is not opposed to the bill "in the abstract," was, that it would "enlarge the voter's list, thus increasing election

expenses." How much attention was paid to any such objection in the Legislature or out of it, when the last almost universal Suffrage Act was passed, adding thousands of young men's names to the lists, thereby increasing election expenses. "Justice, let the necessary expense be what it may," was then the watchword. But what a travesty on justice!

In all the ages, the one amelioration of woman's enforced subjection, and the inferior place assigned her by human laws, has been that, individually, men were better than the systems of government under which they lived. Through the enlightening influences of Christianity, each century becoming more potent for good; and, during the present century—especially the latter half of it—the wider diffusion of knowledge through increased facilities for acquiring education, and thus a more rapid growth of intelligence, there has been a marked improvement in her condition, as well as in the condition of the rest of mankind, though still far from equal justice is meted out to her.

There was a time when in Christian England—not the Christian England of to-day, thank God—the husband might dispose of wife or daughter, as he would of any beast he might own. Under the "law of domestic" relations, they were his vassals, nothing more, he was their baron or lord. As such under the Common Law he might chastise his wife with a stick. But, I suppose, that she might be "protected by law" from undue abuse, it was mercifully enacted, that "the stick must not be thicker than his thumb"—See Irving Browne's *Elements of the Laws of Domestic Relations*.

But, happily for the world, for men as well as for women, times and the moral tone of society have changed. Fifty years ago the higher schools, and the other seats of learning were closed to women, but with the gradual opening of these closed doors to them, a brighter era has dawned, and the opportunity afforded of acquiring knowledge has enabled them to demonstrate the fact that they were, and are, the equals of their male competitors in mental capacity, and quite as well fitted as they to endure the strain of close study. With the opening out of wider spheres of usefulness, they have developed an equal capacity for transacting business which has astonished those who were most unwilling to admit that they were so endowed. But the demonstration has in a degree compelled recognition. Even amid the turmoil which occurs in such speculative associations as the "Board of Trade" women have, within recent years, found a place for the exercise of that peculiar talent; in one city at least a woman having been elected to a seat in that body, an acknowledged peer of her fellow speculators, establishing her right to be there if she so desired.

Since women entered the lists there has been scarcely a single great reform movement inaugurated, or carried into successful operation, that has not borne the stamp of woman's mind, and her persistent and untiring work upon it. Take, for instance, the greater efficiency manifest in every department of Christian enterprise in these later years. Since the formation of the Woman's Missionary Societies of the various evangelical churches, how much greater and more permanent results have been attained. Similarly, look at the work accomplished by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union; a work found impossible of accomplishment by the temperance organizations entirely composed of, or officered by, men, but so fruitful now in beneficent results, when complemented by these Women's Societies, working side by side with those of the other sex.

If then, in every field of labour, or enterprise upon which she has entered, woman has demonstrated—as she has done—ability to keep step with man in the struggle for all the human soul holds dear, why should she be denied the hard-earned right? Why indeed?

But there is still another side to this many-sided question; one that nearly concerns men themselves, especially Christian philosophers and statesmen. In the conflict being waged between sin and righteousness, the Christian hosts have been repeatedly repulsed, even driven back from ground they thought they had almost gained, and looped to retain, because of their reluctance to bring their whole force into action. One wing of their army, and an efficient one at that, has been continually ordered to the rear, and hence defeat and retreat have followed and the enemy has gained instead of losing ground. Whereas, if each column had faced the foe, marching side by side, shoulder to shoulder, the error and sin and the hosts of hell would have long ago been vanquished.

In conclusion, I believe, if we are ever to be freed from the rum demon in Canada; if we are ever to secure social purity, if we are ever to occupy the position we should occupy as a Christian country, in working out the country's true destiny, and elevating the moral tone of Eastern emigrants who are to throng our coasts, the rights of citizenship must be given to our women. Let every avenue of labour they desire to enter be opened up to them equally with men. If they are unable to hold their own the failure is theirs, and their competitors win. In the partial franchise already accorded them, they have demonstrated that they know how to use it. Enfranchise them fully. A fair field in the world's enterprise is all either they or their advocates ask.

NEWBURY, Ont.

## HARD TIMES, THEIR CAUSE AND CURE.

BY THE REV. WM. GALBRAITH, PH.D., LL.B.

HARD times are restricted to no age or country. The wail of suffering humanity is ever heard, but not always heeded. The commands of God and the claims of humanity loudly demand our attention. What are the causes of hard times?

*National Wickedness.*—Right is inherent in the Divine nature. He has constructed the universe upon the principles of righteousness. All departure from truth, right, kindness and love must meet with retribution. "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people." "The kingdom and nation that will not serve me shall perish; yea, those nations shall be utterly wasted." "He turneth a fruitful land into barrenness for the wickedness of them that dwell therein."

Nations, like corporations, have no souls, and can, therefore, have no retribution as nations in a future life. They must, if punished at all as nations, meet with just retribution here and now. The minority must share in the curse or blessing of the majority. If the great body of the people follow after righteousness, the wicked minority will share in the prosperity of that nation. On the other hand, if the great bulk of the nation disregard the principles of truth and eternal righteousness, then the upright minority will suffer with the wicked majority in all national reverses and calamities.

Wickedness dug the graves of the most powerful nations of antiquity. Egypt, Nineveh, Babylon and Rome, where are they? Their memorial has almost perished with them. Spread before you a map of the world in the present century, and you will readily perceive with a single glance that the nations which have been most daring and impious, most cruel and oppressive, most regardless of law, truth and righteousness, have been the nations destroyed by the fierce angels of famine, war and pestilence. The nations that have most observed the principles of justice and truth are the nations which have risen to the largest influence and prosperity.

*Wasted Resources.*—Vast amounts of money are squandered. These, if economized and wisely applied, would put the whole population of the earth in the position of every necessary and comfort of life. The amount expended in the support of fine equipage, vain display, extravagant living, social vices, corrupt literature and evil habits is enormous.

The productive industries by sea and land of this continent are, in round numbers, \$8,000,000,000 annually.

The liquor business costs the people of this continent every year \$1,600,000,000. This is one-fifth of the entire productive industries. If a destructive fire were to burn up all our industries once in every five years the presence of hard times would be no surprise. Yet a parasite is feasting upon the vitals of these nations that is quite equal to the destruction of all the products of our industries once in every fifth year.

The value of the live-stock of this continent is estimated at \$1,500,000,000. If all these were annually swept away by some destructive disease it would be no greater national ruin than the wasting of our resources by the liquor traffic.

The tobacco bill is equal to about one-half the expenditure on liquor.

It is computed that the ladies of the United States spend annually on chewing-gum \$6,000,000. Then there is the amount squandered in support of theatres and all dens of iniquity.

*The Curse of Idleness.*—Idleness is a fruitful cause of hard times. There are two classes of unemployed. First, those who would work and cannot get it. Secondly, those who will not work however favourable the opportunity. The former command the sympathy of all right-thinking people. The latter deserve but little consideration.

Lazy people often repeat the trite remark: "The world owes me a living." No; the world owes no man a living, only him who has honestly earned it. Carping people usually have never done anything to place the world under obligations to them. The Book of Proverbs is replete with its denunciations upon idleness. Paul says: "If any man will not work, neither shall he eat."

*Unequal Distribution of Labour.*—Another cause of hard times is unequal and improper distribution of labour. In many branches of business there is overcrowding, and the supply is greater than the demand. In other departments the supply is not sufficient for the demand.

Too many, by far, rush into professional and commercial life. Too few cultivate the soil. Multitudes leave the farm and crowd into the city. The result is we have thousands, willing to work, who can get no employment. We have broad, uncultivated fields and immense acreage of land unoccupied, and yet people are starving at our very doors.

Our Dominion contains sufficient natural resources, if properly utilized, to meet the needs of the entire population of the globe;

yet with our scanty population of less than 5,000,000 we have thousands suffering from extreme poverty.

*Incompetent Workmen.*—Incompetency is still another cause of hard times. In every department of life places are occupied by persons utterly incompetent to fill them. Comparatively few are efficient in the professions, mercantile life is thronged with those incapable of meeting the demands of commercial life. Skilled workmen are comparatively few.

*Conflict between Capital and Labour.*—Another cause of hard times is the unnatural conflict between capital and labour. War is always expensive, and no war retards national prosperity more effectually than the conflict between capital and labour. Not only the employer and the employees, but every class of society is less or more affected by every large and prolonged strike.

*Grinding Monopolies.*—The cruel extortion and oppressions of monopolies, combinations and governments is still another fruitful cause of hard times. No sins are more frequently denounced in the Bible than are these. Selfishness enters into large combinations and enriches itself by the impoverishment of the whole populace.

No man has a right to grow rich by extorting from others. The corporation, or the church, or the state, that takes man's labour, or his money, without adequate compensation, is dishonest and wrong.

No man can become so enormously rich as some men do without involving injustice to his fellow-men. Those who are millionaires now begin to talk of becoming billionaires. No man has the skill or the power to accumulate by his own energy or effort, such vast treasures of material wealth. Few men, if any, can possess it without deteriorating their own truest manhood. The unequal and unjust distribution of money is the parent of discontent, strife and poverty.

*A Cure for Hard Times.*—There must be the abandonment of all national wickedness. This can be accomplished in no other way than by the proper use of moral and legal forces. Christianity needs to be applied to every department of secular life. The preachers of the day must denounce all kind of injustice, oppression and wrong with the fearlessness which characterized the prophets of olden times. Laws should be enacted, not to support vice and wrong, but to crush them out of existence. Church, political, social and national life requires a thorough purification.

*Stop Wasting our Resources.*—Stop at once and forever wasting our resources. Abolish immediately the liquor traffic. It is the standing disgrace of all civilization.

Let idleness be punished as a crime. It is a parasite, pressing upon industry. It should be starved to death. It is a habit for which no palliation nor reasonable excuse can be offered.

Labour must be properly distributed. Brain work and manual work are both imperatively needed. The one is just as honourable as the other. Unemployed labour should be brought into contact with undeveloped resources.

*Statesmen are needed.*—We have too many politicians and too few statesmen. Instead of squabbling over petty questions of party politics, the representatives of the people in our legislative halls should devise ways and means to develop our ample natural resources by the labour of the unemployed. Incompetent politicians will not do this. Statesmen like Joseph in Egypt, Daniel in Babylon, and Mordecai and Nehemiah in Persia, would speedily bring our country into a flourishing state of prosperity.

All young people should thoroughly qualify themselves for some necessary vocation. Instead of treating life as a jest, they should regard it as having a definite object. Instead of throwing it away it ought to be utilized for the highest good of man and the glory of God. Instead of wasting it on worthless literature and unprofitable amusements, it ought to be employed in securing a thorough qualification for the fulfilment of a useful mission.

*Compulsory Arbitration.*—The Government of the country should provide for the settlement of all disputes between capital and labour by enforced arbitration. The greatest national controversies are now referred to the decision of arbitrators. There is no good reason why the conflicts in society should not be settled in the same way.

*Prevent Unprincipled Combinations.*—Every Government should provide by legal enactment for the protection of its subjects against the cruelty, extortion and oppression of unprincipled combinations. The despotic power of ancient monarchs was not more oppressive or more frequently abused than the despotic power of the cruel monopolies and combinations of modern society.

The laws need to be reconstructed and framed to meet present conditions. If legislators do not adjust the laws to the needs and well-being of the people as a whole, then the people ought to put them out and elect men more worthy of trust and confidence.

*Broad Social Reforms.*—No one remedy, whether single tax, nationalism, or any one of the score of other proposed methods for the abolition of poverty will be successful in its extermination? Hard times result, not from one cause, but from many. The remedy must meet and overcome these numerous causes.

Social reformers must not run in a narrow grove, but fully recognize all the prevalent evils of society and resort to all reasonable means for their utter abolition.

*Reconstruction of Individual Character.*—Above all, society must be regenerated. It is everywhere in a disordered condition. It needs reconstruction. In my opinion the only remedy for all the ills of the individual, domestic, social and national life, is the reconstruction of individual character after the model of Jesus Christ, and this can be accomplished in no other way than by the right and proper use of the living and life-giving forces of Christianity.

## WORDS OF JESUS FOR WOMEN.

*DEDICATED TO THE WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETIES.*

O SISTERS, in our fair Canadian land,  
 What said the Master, the incarnate God,  
 In praise, or blame, entreaty, or command,  
 To women near Him, while this earth He trod ?  
 While crowds into the stately temple passed,  
 His gracious, gentle words let us recall,  
 While the rich their gifts into the treasury cast,  
 "This widow poor hath done more than ye all."

The alien woman at the ancient well,  
 Is gently warned her errors to retrieve,  
 And made His messenger the tale to tell,  
 And many from her word the Lord believe.  
 As one, from suffering to gain release,  
 Came trembling, of His robe to touch the hem,  
 "Be of good cheer," "Be whole and go in peace";  
 To guiltier one, "Neither do I condemn."

With loving care, how thoughtful, tender, wise,  
 We see Him weeping parents gently greet;  
 "Damsel," He cried, "I say to thee arise,"  
 To those around "Now give ye her to eat."  
 The weeping widow following the bier,  
 Wailing her only son, receives unsought  
 Succour from One who dries the widow's tear,  
 Gave to her arms her son, and said, "Weep not."

Another came, with alabaster cruse,  
 And wiped His blessed feet with long black hair:  
 "Thy sins forgiven are." He would not bruise  
 That heart which "loved much," reproof could dare.

Despised, repulsed, appealing to His power,  
Who for her daughter begs, with faith sublime,  
"Great is thy faith, be healed from this hour,"  
And this of her is told in every clime.

O ye who for a brother mourn, behold  
Him with those sisters weep, in that sad hour  
Although their message met with silence cold,  
Their brother rises by His gracious power.  
When loving mothers little children bring,  
And earnest, for His blessing humbly pray,  
"Suffer the children," says the gracious King,  
"Forbid them not," and makes them His for aye.

To her who brought, more precious far than gold,  
Pure nard, to wash the feet of the All-good,  
For this as her memorial shall be told,  
"Restrain her not, she hath done what she could."  
And once again are fainter accents caught,  
When on that bitter road, "Weep not for me,  
Ye daughters of Jerusalem, weep not,"  
For them His ruth in that great agony.

When by four bleeding, gaping wounds He hangs  
Upon the cross, the victory almost won,  
A sacred charge He gave, even in those pangs,  
"Behold thy mother," and "Behold thy son."  
The women to the tomb who early speed,  
He makes His messengers to tell the tale  
That "Christ the Lord has risen," has risen indeed,  
And shall we now to tell that message fail?

Yet through the circling years on us bestowed  
The news is scarcely told o'er land and sea,  
And still the earth He trod is the abode  
Of hideous wrong, of horrid cruelty.  
Long to our homes of ease so fair and bright,  
Our dusky sisters stretch their hand, have sued  
In vain ;—to break their bonds, to give them light,  
Have we, my sisters fair, done what we could?

We know not if the one who cast her mite  
E'er heard His words approving, sweet, yet strong ;  
May those who now go forth in darkest night  
Return in joy, bringing their sheaves along.  
And when the Master comes in glorious guise  
The distant isles, the nations all subdued,  
Oh may He say, that Master kind and wise,  
"Ye have for Me, ye have done what ye could."

## ACCEPTED OF THE BEASTS.

BY S. R. CROCKETT.\*

It was a bright June day when the Reverend Hugh Hamilton was placed in the little kirk of the Cowdenknowes. He was twenty-two years of age, and he had flushed like a girl of sixteen when he preached as a candidate before the congregation. But he did not blush when he was ordained by the laying on of the hands of the presbytery. There was a look of the other world on his face as he knelt in sight of all the people to receive on his yellow hair the hands of the assembled brethren. Hugh Hamilton had been devoted to temple service, like Samuel, from his birth; yet there had never been anything of the "pious boy" about him even as a lad. He could always climb a tree or run a race to the top of the Bow Fell with anyone. He was therefore never lightly treated by his companions, but as he had not been known to tell a lie even when circumstances made it extremely convenient, nor even so much as steal a turnip—a plant in which there are no rights of property in Scotland—his companions had long ago decided that there must be a lack of sound morality somewhere about him. He was a popular sort of boy, but was not considered to have very good principles.

At college he spent most of his time in helping the laggards of his companions over the numerous examination fences that barred their way—mere skipping-ropes to him, but very five-barred gates to the Rodericks and Dugalds who had come down from the hills with the grace of God in their hearts, a bag of oatmeal coarse ground for brose in their wooden boxes, and twelve pounds in single notes inside their waistcoats to see them through the session.

One of these came all the way to Hugh's ordination. He was now the Rev. Roderick M'Leod of the parish of Kilmuir in the Lews, and he made the speech of the evening. It ran or rather hipped somewhat as follows:

"I hef arose to speak, no' that I am that goot at the speakin', but I cannot gang away back to the Hielan's an' keep silence on this occasion. For if it had no' been for your minister and the kindness of Providence it's no' here that I would hef been, nor yet at my awn manse in the Lews; but it's sittin' I would hef been on a stone dyke in the Ross of Mull keepin' the craws aff three rigs of pitawties. If I could speak to you in the Gaelic, I would tell you the feelin's that's in my heart for your minister, but the English is no' a langwage that is good for expressin' the feelin's in. I hef no wife at awl, but if I had ten wives I wouldna think ass muckle o' them ass I do of your minister for his kindness to a puir lad from Mull."

It was thought to be a very happy settlement, and Hugh Ham-

\* Abridged from "The Stickit Minister and Some Common Men." By S. R. CROCKETT. New York: Macmillan & Company. Toronto: William Briggs.

ilton felt it to be a consecration. Had he been called to minister to a congregation of the angels in some rural parish of heaven, he could not have held higher opinions of his parishioners. He might have had a fair chance in the garden of Eden to the general advantage of the race, but he was sorely handicapped in the Cowdenknoces. He was aware that all men did not act aright on every occasion; but Hugh considered this to be not so much their own fault, as a proof of the constant agency of that power which worketh for evil, of which he was almost morbidly conscious in his own soul.

His first sermon was a wonder. As the theological postman said, "He was ayont the cluds afore we could get oor books shut, oot o' sicht gin we gat oorsel's settled in oor seats, an' we saw nae mair o' him till he said, 'Amen.'" But Hugh Hamilton knew nothing of this. He had been in high communion with the Unseen, and he doubted not that each one of his hearers had accompanied him all the way and seen the sights of the seventh heavens as he had seen them that day.

As he walked down the street on the following day he swung along to an unheard melody—the music of the other world playing in his ear. But he did not know enough of this world to catch the eye of the wife of the richest merchant in the place when she had got all ready to bow to him.

"An' him had his tea in my verra hoose on Wednesday three weeks, nae farther gane, the prood upstart!" said she.

Hugh Hamilton went on to the deathbed of a child, all unconscious that he had made an enemy for life. But Mrs. Penpont went home in a white rage, and told her husband the story with frills and furbelows of adornment—how the new minister had "slichtit her, the Bailie's wife, that had taen twa seats in his kirk juist for obleegement—her that was a laird's dochter——"

"I wadna work the auld man's kail-yard ower sair!" said her husband.

"An' you're but little better, Andra Penpont, jibin' an' jeerin' at yer ain' marriet wife, you that wad hae been nocht ava but for what ye got wi' me!"

"'Deed, Jess, I wad let that flee stick to the wa' gin I war you. A' that I ever gat wi' you has been paid for twa or three times ower!"

But Mrs. Andrew did not stand fire, for her husband knew how to keep a tight grip of these two vast forces in affairs domestic—the purse and the temper. Great power is given to him who knoweth how to keep these two.

Hugh Hamilton was not a great success in the pulpit. "He's far ower the beids o' the fowk," was the complaint laid against him where the wisacres most did congregate. "Without doot he has graun' heid-knowledge, but it's no' to be lookit for that a laddie like him should hae the leevin' experience o' religion."

But he had a mysterious fascination for children of all ages. They recognized that in somewise he was kin to them. The younger they were, the stronger seemed the attraction which drew

them to the minister. He seemed to be a citizen of that country forth from which they had lately voyaged. There were a dozen of them ever about his knees, listening rapt while he told them the simple stories which pleased them best, or as he sang to them in a voice like a heavenly flute or a lonely bird singing in the first of spring.

"I like nae siccan wark," said some, "how is he to fricht them when he comes to catechize them if he makes so free wi' them the noo, that's what I wad like to ken?" "Na, an' anither thing, he's aye sing, singin' at his hymns. Noo, there may be twa-three guid hymns, though I hae my doots—but among a' that he sings, it stan's to reason that there maun be a hantle o' balderdash!"

Meantime Hugh Hamilton went about as he did ever with his head in the air, unconscious that he had an evil-wisher in the world, smiling with boyish frankness on all with his short-sighted blue eyes. There was not a lass in the parish but looked kindly upon him, for Hugh's eyes had the dangerous gift of personal speech, so that the slightest word from him seemed under the radiance of his glance, to be weighty with personal meanings. If one heart beat faster as he walked down the long green Kirk Loan with May Carruthers, the belle of the parish, that heart was not Hugh Hamilton's. He was trysted to a fairer bride, and like Him whom he took to be his master in all things, he longed to lay down his life for the people. But he was too humble to expect that his God would so honour him.

He awakened memories of that young James Renwick who died in the Edinburgh Grass-Market, last of them who counted not their lives dear for the sake of the Scottish Covenant; but he had something too of the over-sweetness which marks certain of Rutherford's letters. His was a life foredoomed to bitter experience, and to the outsider his actual experience seemed of the grimest and the bitterest, yet he never thought himself worth even self-pity, that most enervating draught which any man can drink. Like the Israelitish city he was ringed round with unseen celestial defences and passed unscathed through the most terrible experiences.

So two years went over the young man's head, and to the few who best understood him he seemed like an angel entertained unawares. But in the secret darks of the stairs, in the whispered colloquy of the parlours, an enemy was at work; and murderous whispers, indefinite, disquieting, suggesting vague possibilities of all things evil, brought with them the foul reek of the pit where they were forged, paralyzing his work and killing his best usefulness. But Hugh Hamilton wotted not at all of it. What threats came to him by the penny post or were slipped into his letter-box on dark nights, were known only to himself and his Maker. Probably he held them to be only what he must expect from the Accuser of the brethren. At least, he made no sound, and none knew if he suffered. Elders dropped away, members lifted their lines and went to other communions. Only his Sabbath-school remained unimpaired. There his marvellous voice shrilled

clearer and ever clearer, even after there remained no teacher to assist him, as though he had led his little flock to the very gate of heaven, and were now pleading with the Guardian of the Keys to let the children in straightway to their inheritance. Children of strict and orthodox parents were removed, but the Sabbath-school remained full. For this strange young minister, a fairy changeling surely, had but to go out into the highways and the hedges to compel others to come in.

Then in a little there came the clamant and definite bitterness of the "Fama Clamosa"—the moving of the Presbytery which had licensed and ordained him, by his ruling elder and one other of the congregation. In the reverend court itself there was, at first, only bitterness and dissension. Hugh Hamilton met his accusers openly, but there was no fiery indignation in his defence, only a certain sad disappointment. He had received his first backset, and it told on him like a sentence of death. His faith in man died in a day; therefore he clung more closely to his faith in a God who looketh not on the outward appearance, but on the heart.

He could not conceive how it was possible that any should for a moment believe those things which certain witnessed against him. He had brought no witnesses. He would employ no lawyer. If the Presbytery thought fit in the interests of the religion of the parish, he would demit his charge; if they judged it right he would accept deposition without a word.

But Hugh Hamilton was not to be deposed. Suspended during inquiry, he still did the few duties which remained to him, and visited wherever there was a door open for him to enter. There were not many. This was for him "that Mount Sinai in Arabia" beneath which his Scripture told him the Christ's Man must a while sojourn.

One morning the farmer of Drumrash went out early among his beasts, and was surprised to find them grouped in a dense swaying mass about an empty quarry, horning and shouldering one another in their eagerness to approach. Mysterious sounds arose from the whin-bound quarry hole, disquieting even in the cool dawn of the morning. The farmer crept to a gap in the whin-bushes, and through it he was astonished to see the suspended minister of the Cowdenknowes with a face all suffused with joy, singing words he could not understand to a tune no man had ever heard before; while about him, ever nearer and nearer, the "nowt" beasts pressed, tossing their sullen fronts, silent and fascinated by the magic of the singing.

Then the farmer remembered that he had heard tell that the minister had wandered on the hills singing and praying to himself ever since they shut the door of his Sabbath-school against him.

Gradually the words came clearer—

"He was despised . . . despised . . .  
And rejected of men,  
A Man of sorrows,  
And acquainted with grief."

So the melody swayed and thrilled, breaking for a moment into delicious heart-breaking silences, anon returning with thrilling power, like the voice of a martyr praising God out of the place of fire. Drumrash felt his eyes wet with unaccustomed tears. He had never heard of Handel, and if he had he need not have been less affected, for surely never was the great music sung in such wise or to such an audience.

“He was despised . . . despised . . .  
And rejected of men . . .”

The lowering foreheads and tossing horns drooped lower, and hung over the singer like the surge of a breaking wave.

“A Man of Sorrows,  
And acquainted with grief.”

The song rose, beating tremulously against the sky, till the listener felt his heart brimming to the overflow; so, abruptly rising, he turned and fled, leaving Hugh Hamilton alone with his last congregation.

Two hours afterwards a shepherd came that way by chance, seeking a lost lamb, and in its place he found the minister of the Cowdenknowes, fallen still and silent, his face turned to the sky, and the dew of the morning yet wet upon it. There was a light of emancipation on his brow, for he had seen the Vision which every man shall one day see, and it had not affrighted him. There was even a kind of triumph under the film which had begun to gather over the eyes of translucent blue.

They buried him at his own expense in the deserted kirkyard at Kirkclaugh, a mile or two along the windy brow of the sea cliff, looking to the sale of his books to defray the cost. There were just six people at the funeral, and one of them was the farmer of Drumrash. But the whole countryside stood afar off to see what the end would be. Only the “nowt” beasts came gazing and wondering into the unfenced and deserted burying-ground as though they at least would have mourned for him who had drawn them about him when other congregation he had none.

Hardly a week after the minister was laid to rest, the dead body of the Strange Woman, whose accusation had wrought the ill—one of small repute but infinite power of mischief—was found, wave-driven, at the foot of the Kirkclaugh Heuchs. On the cliff edge above there lay a hat and veil, the latter neatly folded, and on it a note pinned—

“I can live no longer. I betrayed innocent blood. As Judas betrayed his Master, so I sold him—yet got neither money nor kiss. Now I also go to my own place.”

The minister's books fetched enough to put up a little tombstone of red sandstone simply graven with his name and age. But the

farmer of Drumrash thought it looked bare and unkindly, so taking counsel of no man, he laid his wait one day for Bourtree, the drunken stone-cutter. Him he stood over with the horsewhip of coercion till he had done his will. So now, in staggering capitals, you may read the words—

HUGH HAMILTON,

AGED 24 YEARS.

*“ He was despised . . . and rejected of men.”*

And still Hugh Hamilton's last congregation toss their sullen frontals, and nose with the moist and stupid affection of “bestial” the crumbling stone which, on that wind-vexed and unkindly promontory, tells the infrequent wayfarer of yet another “Rejected of Men.”

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KNEELING AT THE THRESHOLD.

BY DR. GUTHRIE.

I AM kneeling at the threshold, weary, faint and sore,  
Waiting for the dawning, for the opening of the door ;  
Waiting till the Master shall bid me rise and come  
To the glory of His presence, to the gladness of His home.

A weary path I've travelled, 'mid darkness, storm and strife,  
Bearing many a burden, struggling for my life ;  
But now the morn is breaking, the toil will soon be o'er.  
I'm kneeling at the threshold, my hand is on the door.

Methinks I hear the voices of the blessed as they stand  
Singing in the sunshine, in the far-off sinless land ;  
O would that I were with them, amid their shining throng,  
Mingling in their worship, joining in their song !

The friends who started with me have entered long ago.  
One by one they left me struggling with the foe ;  
Their pilgrimage was shorter, their triumph sooner won ;  
How lovingly they'll hail me when all my toil is done !

With them the blessed angels, that know no grief nor sin,  
I see them by the portals prepared to let me in.  
O Lord, I wait Thy pleasure—Thy time and way are blest !  
But I'm wasted, worn and weary ; O Father, bid me rest !

## LIGHT IN DARK PLACES.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

*DOORS OF MERCY—CHILD RESCUE IN NEW YORK.*

LATE in 1874, on the top floor of a wretched tenement-house in the Fourth Ward, a dying woman lay in the last stages of consumption. With the horror of the very poor for all hospitals she had refused to be taken to one, and lay there dying by inches and visited by the city missionary, a woman beloved by Protestant and Catholic alike.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" she questioned one day, and the woman answered,

"My time is short, and it don't make much difference for me, but oh, can't you do something for that poor little girl next door? I can't die in peace while they beat her so. She screams so that some have tried to get at her, but she's always locked up. It's her stepmother does it. Can't something be done?"

The missionary sent to the police-station, and her story was listened to with the respect she had earned, but the captain shook his head.

"You must furnish evidence of assault before we can arrest," he said. "Unless you can prove that an offence has been committed, we can't interfere, and all you know is only hearsay."

A series of visits to different benevolent societies charged with the care of children brought the same reply from all.

"If the child is legally brought to us under an order of the Court, and is a proper subject, we will take it, otherwise we cannot act in the matter."

Hampered thus on every side she went next to several well-known charitable gentlemen, and asked what could be done. From each and all came the same reply,—*"It is a dangerous thing to interfere between parent and child. You might get yourself into trouble if you did so, as parents are proverbially the best guardians of their children."*

Day after day the piteous appeal of the dying woman went on: "I can't die till something is done. The child is being murdered by inches,"—till at last in desperation the missionary said:

"I must make one more effort. There is one man in New York who has never turned a deaf ear to the cry of the helpless, and who has spent his life in just this work for the benefit of unoffending animals. I will go to Henry Bergh."

She went; and Mr. Bergh, who knew the force of law, turned at once to his friend, the counsel for the society, Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry. To interfere unless backed by the law might mean death or something worse for the child, but after much consultation Mr. Gerry decided that if there was no law the time had certainly come when there must be one, and that this should be made a test

case. As he himself assumed all responsibility a warrant was granted and the person of the child secured. The hour for holding Court was near, and the lawyer and officers alike looked dubiously at their tiny client; a child of six, with matted hair, covered with filth, alive with vermin, and her few rags insufficient to hide her starved and beaten little body, a mass of livid bruises.

A blanket was brought, and the child rolled in it, and in the officer's arms the strange bundle was brought into court followed by a curious throng, who wondered what the tall and elegant counsel might have on his hands now. The case was called, and Mr. Gerry, stepping forward, announced that he was present with his client, and, unrolling the blanket, placed the child on the table where all could see. A murmur of pity and indignation went up as the scared little thing looked around in terror. A thousand witnesses could not have spoken so forcibly as the one look that showed what life had done for her thus far. The judge made small delay, and the child was transferred temporarily to the custody of the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" till Mrs. Wheeler, the missionary, herself decided to take her in charge.

As if by magic a flood of such cases poured in. The news of the trial had spread through every court and alley, not only in the Fourth Ward, but throughout all the poor quarters of the city; and an appalling list of outrages and abuses mounted up. Mothers came to show bloodstained clubs and bent pokers with which drunken fathers had assailed helpless little ones. The children themselves, bruised, gashed, often maimed for life, were brought in evidence. It was impossible for Mr. Bergh or his aids, already overworked, to do justice even in faint degree to the crowding claims, and very shortly followed the creation and speedy incorporation of the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children," the first of its kind in the world.

One most notable feature of the work was its effect upon child beggary, these children having to a great extent disappeared from the streets. Miserable little girls, compelled to sell flowers at the doors of places of vile resort, no longer linger there night after night. Everyone who reads the daily papers will day after day find therein reports of the cases prosecuted, and the details of the rescue of hundreds of children from lives of pauperism and crime. The shameful exhibition of little children in acrobatic performances, dangerous to life and limb, has been wholly suppressed, and Juvenile Opera Troupes, in which children of a tender age are compelled, night after night, to lose their natural rest in order to put money into the pockets of avaricious managers and thoughtless parents, have been broken up.

The year 1879 saw one of the most vital pieces of work ever accomplished by this Society. For years previously an organized system had existed by which miserable little Italian children were sold by their parents and relatives into a state of bondage as bad as, and in some features worse than, any phase of slavery. Men known as "padroni" went to Italy, and bought up little

peasant children in troops, under pretence of teaching them music. They were then shipped to America and compelled to work in the streets and highways of the country as wandering musicians and peddlers, while their entire earnings were seized and squandered by the human brutes, who beat and tortured them till they dared not complain.

More helpless than others, because ignorant of English, these children suffered on, till one who had picked up enough to understand, heard that the Society existed, and with two of his companions decided to appeal to the Italian Consul-General, and through him to the Society. The results were beyond the wildest hopes of the forlorn little exiles, who were the last to suffer under the shameful oppression of the first years of Italian immigration.

Another engine potent for good was enlisted in the service of the Society, its first use being in the Report for 1887. So long as the few woodcuts given as portraits of the children were the work of any artist on illustrated journals, the defendants in special cases were always able to urge the plea,

"Oh, the child never looked like that! The artist touched up the sketch so as to make it as sensational as possible."

Over and over again have the lawyers of the Tombs urged this in behalf of their clients, and even at times moved the jury to momentary conviction that they must be right. But with the advent of the portable camera, and even before this ally of the detective had reached such perfection, came the possibility of showing things in their actual condition at the hour of appeal or of transfer to the Society. The Report for 1887, with its half dozen illustrative pictures, needs no other recommendation of its work.

Patrick Keiley, barely ten years old, had his left eye nearly destroyed, and his ears partially torn from his head by a brutal drunken father, who at the same time threw the eighteen-months baby across the room and beat his wife till she escaped and ran to the street for help. This man, already on the Society's books, was sentenced for one year, and the judge regretted that he could not order a hundred lashes in addition.

Next follows a case numbered 23,891 in the Report: An officer found Jenny Lewis, a tiny, frail child, six years of age, upon her knees, brush in hand, scrubbing the floor, her face covered with bruises. "Mamma has gone out walking," she said, "please go away, for if she comes back and finds I have let anyone in she will beat me,"—and the little form shivered from fright. The officer tried to quiet her by assurances that she should not be hurt. Her face and body were much discoloured and covered with bruises, and her emaciated arms were patched with red spots from pinches. The child at last told her sad story. She once had an own mother, but did not know where she was now. Her "papa's name was Mr. White, now, but it used to be Mr. Lewis." Her own mamma, who, she added, "is dead, I guess," was good to her, but this one beat her and never let her go downstairs, and "yesterday she took me by the hair and jammed my face on the

floor,—that's why it looks so now ;" and then with a frightened start she added: " You *must* go now, or I will get beat again."

Examination showed that the father had abandoned his wife and taken the child, going off with another woman. The child's real mother, who had searched for her in anguish, knew nothing of her whereabouts until the newspapers published reports of the case as prosecuted by the Society, when, still hoping to find her child, she inquired at the Society's office and learned the whole truth.

The mother rejoiced as over one risen from the dead, and as she proved honest and worthy the Society gave her the custody of the child,—injured, it may be, for life in weakened body and crushed spirit, but at least certain of love and care.



PATRICK KEILEY, AGED TEN.

Turn now to the Gallery in the President's room in the Society's building at Twenty-third St. and Fourth Avenue. Here is an arrangement like that of the Rogue's Gallery at the Police Head-quarters; and though it is impossible to give every case, all the representative ones may be looked at in turn. "Before and after" is the order of the photographs, but often there is no "after" save that brought by merciful death.

Here, on a soap-box, is a picture of the body of an eleven-months baby starved to death by a drunken mother. The little frame is only a skeleton, and the pitiful face has a strange smile, as if of triumph at escape.

Near it is the figure of a seven-year-old child found far up town on the East side, with her hands tied with a bit of old rope cutting into old sores. Body, head, and face were covered with bruises and cuts, many of them fresh and bleeding. This had been done by a drunken father and stepmother, who had also nearly starved her; and an indignant policeman on the beat had taken the law into his own hands and arrested both without waiting for any process. Both were convicted, and the child herself recovered with that marvellous recuperative power of even the most defrauded childhood, and looks out with happy eyes from the photograph taken a few weeks later.

Farther on one encounters the photographs of two street-arabs, brothers, John and Willie D——, two small beggars, made so by their father, whose only object in life was discovered to be that of getting enough money to keep him in lager beer. The boys were arrested and held for examination until an investigation could be made of their home and surroundings. Their father was found in the upper room of a tenement-house where he had his "home," if such it could be called; his wife dead, and a daughter of twelve years his only housekeeper. The boys kept the family in food by their begging expeditions, often sleeping out nights in boxes or hogsheads. Neither ever attended school, nor could they read or write. Beaten when they failed to beg enough, the ragged little fellows plied their trade till rescued and committed to the care of the Juvenile Asylum, where hundreds of their kind have found refuge.



MICHAEL NEVINS—AGED TEN.

An officer of the Society, patrolling the streets in Harlem for just such cases, found on one of the stormiest days of winter a little child of ten, half naked and begging from door to door with the old story of drunken parents, who found in his pitiful face their fund for drinking. It is a matter of daily occurrence, yet the sadness is never less, for each case holds new forms of barbarity and outrage, and, accustomed as the officers are to every phase of wrong that unhappy childhood can suffer,

it is impossible to grow callous or indifferent.

Turning the leaves of this wonderful photographic record, the beauty of many of the children is a constant surprise. Especially is this true of the many English children brought over in acrobatic troupes, many of whom are as fair as those far remote ancestors whom the good bishop looked upon as well-nigh angels rather than captive Anglo-Saxons.

Take a day of the Society's work as it goes on from hour to hour before all who care to watch. Day and night alike the doors stand open, for night is the time in which drunkenness most

abounds, and with it the beatings and assaults that give the Society its most frequent cause of interference.

Entering the great old-fashioned house, giving barely room for all that must be done, we find the chief office, or Bureau of Reception, in a small outer room, where several clerks are at hand to receive applications or complaints, or inquiries as the welfare of cases already received and provided for. Here come the patrols of the Society with street waifs driven out by cruel parents, or the policemen who have interfered in cases of special brutality. Here, too, is the telephone through which sounds many a cry for help and demand for instant sending of an officer of the Society, whose badge takes him safely into the worst localities. Each case as it appears is registered in the great books, and then handed over to the matron and attendants in the temporary home where all are kept till the case is tried, if necessary, or the child transferred to an asylum or protectory.

Day or night the usually half-starved child—for starvation is part of the torture of such lives till the Society comes to the rescue—is sure of a meal,—bread, milk, and light food being always in readiness.

Here, as eleven o'clock strikes, is led in, stumbling from weakness, and half blind from a deep cut over the eye, a boy of ten. There is a cut on his head too, about which the hair is matted, and bruises at every point where a bruise can show. "Michael Nevins," recites the officer to the waiting clerk. "Found on a grating in Ann Street, driven out by a drunken father after a beating. Father arrested and to answer to-morrow morning in the Tombs Court."

Down go name, age, etc., and a door opens at the end of the partition and the matron takes the boy's hand. A look from her is sufficient.

"Everything must be burned," she exclaims. "He is alive."

The "alive" means not the child, who truly seems half dead, but the vermin that a moment's inspection shows are swarming all over the wretched little figure.

"Sometimes it is possible to wash the clothing, but generally it goes at once into the furnace," says the attendant, and we follow for a moment and look into the bath-room, marble-lined half-way to the ceiling, with porcelain-lined tubs, not a pipe concealed, and every precaution against either vermin or possibility of contagion provided for perfectly. Often the head must be shaved, and generally doused with larkspur tincture, the only effectual destroyer of the pests for head and body. One well-known druggist makes his contribution to the Society in the form of gallons of larkspur, which is used with a freedom born of long experience.

Often this bath is the first the child has ever known, and, as the casing of dirt dissolves, the little bodies show strangely perfect and lovely, even with the hideous life that has been theirs from the beginning. But most frequently they are so scarred and marred with such pitiable bruises, cuts, and sores, that the ten-

derest handling is required. Wounds are dressed, bruises treated, and after as large a meal as is deemed good, the child, stupefied with wonder at the whole process, and often crying for joy, is put in one of the little white beds, and sleeps such sleep as it has never known, waking incredulous to find that food and warmth and comfort are not dreams but happy realities.

Returning to the office when the processes just described have been completed, we find that two little girls, abandoned by a drunken mother and half starved, have just been brought in. They are comfortably dressed and less dirty than would be expected after two days in the streets; but the same processes are necessary, and they disappear through the waiting doorway, looking shyly up in the matron's face.



NELLIE BRADY, AGED SEVEN.—AS FOUND BY THE  
CHILD PROTECTION SOCIETY.

As they pass within, a tall policeman appears, bearing a two-years-old baby, mute from fear, and not only half naked, but covered with bruises. Its mother is well known. Most of her time is spent on the Island,—a drunken spree as soon as she comes out from serving one sentence sending her back to serve another. There were some older ones who care for the smaller children, seven in all, but Ann had been specially active this time and had beaten every child who did not have presence of mind enough to escape, ending with the baby, whose pitiful screams had drawn in the nearest policeman. He tells his

tale, and the baby passes in for its share in the blessedness the others have found.

Unspeakable are many of the tales that one must hear. Atrocious assaults occur, of so gross a nature that it seems impossible to credit the hideous details. One little thing of six is brought up from a sailors' boarding-house in the Fourth Ward a basement in which during her short years she had witnessed nightly

orgies of drunkenness. She has innocent blue eyes and a delicate face, but is a mass of filth, neglected from babyhood. An hour later she lies in a little white bed, as fair a face as child could own, and smiles up at the matron with a look so sweet that one marvels how such a lily can have sprung from such a dung-heap. But it happens more often than one would think, and the little lives grow into gentle girlhood and, in more than one case, happy and prosperous after-days, in which their own children bear no taint of the foulness left behind.



NELLIE BRADY--AFTER ONE DAY IN THE SOCIETY'S CARE.

Still another class of cases are children arrested as they are entering or leaving liquor-saloons to which they have been sent to buy drink. The law providing for such cases was enacted some years since, and makes it an indictable offence to sell liquor in this way, but the proprietors of cheap saloons do it persistently, asking no questions and taking their chances of prosecution. Hundreds of children are employed in this way, and many of them find their way at last to the Society.

This was the case with two or three brought in, and passed on to the shelter of the Home till their cases could be decided. From the Chinese quarter, where unspeakable outrage goes on, came one, a baby of three, the child of an Irishwoman and a Chinaman, dressed in Chinese costume, and a subject of fierce dispute

in these unsavoury regions, as the Chinaman wished to send her to China, and had planned to do so when the Society was notified and interfered.

Some of these waifs are as fierce and wild as starved dogs, but for the most part they are silent, scared, trembling little wretches, covered with bruises, knowing no argument but the strap, and looking with feeble interest at the large collection, at the Society's headquarters, of whips, knives, canes, broomsticks, and all the weapons employed in torture, many of them still blood-stained or bent from the force of the blows given. There they hang on the wall of the inner room, a perpetual appeal to all who look, to aid in the work of rescue and make such barbarity forevermore impossible. Face after face comes up, each one an added protest against the misery it has known. Here is little Nellie Brady, with hair a painter would gaze at with delight, found hungry and abandoned, wandering in the streets. The gallery of photographs shows what one day of care had brought about, and gives a face full of sweetness and promise, like hundreds of others in like case.

What has been the actually accomplished work of the Society? During the sixteen years of its existence it has investigated nearly 55,000 complaints, involving about 160,000 children. Of these complaints over 18,000 cases have been prosecuted; over 17,500 convictions secured; about 30,000 children relieved and rescued; 7,500 sheltered, fed, and clothed in its reception-rooms, and upwards of 70,000 meals furnished.

By its action and example 227 societies have been organized and are now in active operation throughout the world, working in unison with it. It has framed and secured the passage of laws for the protection and preservation of children, which have been copied and re-enacted not only throughout the United States but in Europe. And it enforces those laws by the prosecution of offenders with a vigour which has made it a terror to every cruel brute. Its work never ceases by day or night, during summer or winter.

MASTER, to do great work for Thee, my hand  
Is far too weak! Thou givest what may suit,  
Some little chips to cut with care minute,  
Or tint, or grave, or polish. Others stand  
Before their quarried marble, fair and grand,  
And make a life-work of the grand design  
Which Thou hast traced; or, many skilled, combine  
To build vast temples, gloriously planned,  
Yet take the tiny stones which I have wrought  
Just one by one, as they were given by Thee,  
Not knowing what came next in Thy wise thought.  
Let each stone by Thy master hand of grace  
Form the mosiac as Thou wilt for me,  
And in Thy temple pavement give it place.

*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

## A SINGER FROM THE SEA.\*

## A CORNISH STORY.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

*Author of "The Preacher's Daughter," etc.*

## CHAPTER II.—OH, THE PITY OF IT!

"It is dear honey that is licked off a thorn."

THE thing Elizabeth Tresham had done her best to prevent had really happened, but she was not much to blame. Circumstances quite unexpectedly had disarranged her plans and made her physically unable to keep her usual guard over her companion. In fact, Elizabeth's own love-affairs that eventful Saturday demanded all her womanly diplomacy and decision.

Miss Tresham had the two lovers supposed to be the lot of most women—the ineligible one, whom she contradictively preferred, and the eligible one, who adored her in spite of all discouragements. The first was the young rector of St. Penfer, a man to whom Elizabeth ascribed every heavenly perfection, but who in the matter of earthly goods had not been well considered by the Church he served. The living of St. Penfer was indeed a very poor one, but then the church itself was early Norman and the rectory more than two hundred years old. Elizabeth thought poverty might at least be picturesque under such conditions; and at nineteen years of age poverty has a romantic colouring if only love paint it.

Robert Burrell, the other lover, had nothing romantic about him, not even poverty. He was unpoetically rich—he even trafficked in money. The rector was a very young man; Burrell was thirty-eight years old. The rector wrote poetry, and understood Browning, and recited from Arnold and Morris. Burrell's tastes were for social science and statistics. He was thoughtful, intelligent, well-bred, and reticent; small in figure, with a large head and very fine eyes. The rector, on the contrary, was tall and fair, and so exceedingly handsome that women especially never perceived that the portal to all his senses was small and low, and that he was incapable of receiving a great idea.

On that Saturday morning Robert Burrell resolved to test his fate, and he wrote to Miss Tresham. It was a letter full of that passionate adoration he was too timid to personally offer, and his protestations were honourably certified by the offer of his hand and fortune. It was a noble letter; a letter no woman could easily put aside. It meant to Elizabeth a sure love to guard and comfort her and an absolute release from the petty straits and anxieties of genteel poverty. It would make her the mistress of

\* Abridged from volume of same title. Price \$1.50. Toronto: William Briggs.

the finest domestic establishment in the neighbourhood—it would give her opportunities for helping Roland to the position in life he ought to occupy; and this thought—though an after one—had a great influence on Elizabeth's mind.

After some consideration she took the letter to her father. He was in one of his most querulous moods, ill-disposed to believe in any good thing coming to him. He read the letter under such influence, and yet he could not but be sensible of its importance.

"It is a piece of unexpected good fortune for you, Elizabeth," he said with a sigh. "Of course it will leave me alone here, but I do not mind that now; all else has gone—why not you? I thought, however, the rector was your choice. I hope you have no entanglement there."

"He has never asked me to be his wife, but he has constantly shown that he wished it. He is poor—I think he felt that."

"He has made love to you, called you the fairest girl on earth, made you believe he lived only in your presence, and so on, and so on?"

"Yes, he has talked in that way for a long time."

"He never intends to ask you to marry him. He asked Dr. Eyre if you had any fortune. Oh, I know his kind and their ways!"

"I think you are mistaken, father. If he knew Mr. Burrell wished to marry me he would venture to——"

"You think he would? I am sure he would not—but here the gentleman comes. I will speak a few words to him and then he will speak to you, and after that you can answer Mr. Burrell's letter. Stay a moment, Elizabeth. It is only fair to tell you that I have no money but my annuity. When I die you will be penniless."

So Elizabeth went out of the room silent and with her head drooping a little. The word "penniless" was a shock to her. She sat down in a large chair with her back to the light and shut her eyes. She wished to set the two men clearly before her. It would be easy to love Robert Burrell if she did not love the other. Did she love the other? She examined her heart pitilessly, and found always some little "if" crouching in a corner. In some way or other it was evident she did not believe "the other" would stand trial.

Mr. Tresham had the same opinion in a more positive form, and he was quite willing to test it. He met the rector with more effusion than was usual with him, and putting on his hat said:

"Walk around the garden with me, sir. I have something to say to you, and as I am a father you must permit me to speak very plainly. I believe you are in love with Elizabeth?"

There was no answer from the young man, and his face was pale and angry.

"Well, sir! Am I right or wrong?"

"Sir, I respect and like Miss Tresham. Everyone must do so, I think."

"Have you asked her to marry you?"

"Oh, dear, no! Nothing of the kind, sir; nothing of the kind!"

"I thought not. Well, you see, sir, your dangling about my

house keeps honest men outside, and I would be obliged to you, sir—in fact, sir, I require you at once to make Miss Tresham understand that your protestations are lies—simple and straightforward lies, sir. I insist on your telling her that your love-making is your amusement and girls' hearts the pawns with which you play. You will tell her that you are a scoundrel, sir! And when you have explained yourself to Miss Tresham, you had better give the same information to Miss Trelawny, and to Miss Rose Trefuses, and to that poor little sewing-girl you practise your recitations on. Sir, I have the greatest contempt for you, and when you have spoken to Miss Tresham, you will leave my house and come here no more."

"It will give me pleasure to obey you, sir."

With these words he turned from the contemptuous old man, and in a hurried, angry mood sought Elizabeth in her usual sitting-room.

She opened her eyes as he opened the door and looked at him. Then she rose and went toward him. He waved her away imperatively, and said:

"No, Elizabeth! No! I have no caress for you to-day! I do not think I shall ever feel lovingly to you again. Why did you tell your father anything? I thought our love was a secret, sacred affair. When I am brought to catechism about my heart matters, I shut my heart close. I am not to be hectored or frightened into marrying any woman."

"Will you remember whose presence you are in?"

"If you wanted to be my wife——"

"I do not want to be your wife."

"If you loved me in the least——"

"I do not love you in the least."

"I shall come here no more. O Elizabeth! Only to think!"

"I am glad you come here no more. I see that you judge the honour and fulness of my heart by the infidelity and emptiness of your own. Go, sir, and remember, you discard not me—I discard you."

Thus speaking she passed him haughtily, and he put out his hand as if to detain her, but she gathered her drapery close and so left him. Mr. Tresham heard her footsteps and softly opened the door of his library. "Come in here, Elizabeth," he said with some tenderness.

"I have seen him."

"And he brought you the news of his own dishonour. Let him go. He is as weak as a bent flax-stalk, and to be weak is to be wicked. Bury your disappointment in your heart, do not even tell Denas—girls talk to their mothers and mothers talk to all and sundry. Turn your face to Burrell Court now—it is a fair fortune."

"And it may be a good thing for poor Roland."

"It may. A respectable position and a certain income is often salvation for a man. Write to Mr. Burrell at once, and send the letter by the gardener"

That was an easy direction to give, but Elizabeth did not find it easy to carry out. She wrote half a dozen letters, and none of them was satisfactory. So she finally asked her lover to call and see her at seven o'clock that evening. And it was very natural that, in the stress of such an important decision, the visit of Denas and their intention of dressing the altar should be forgotten. It was a kind of unpleasant surprise to her when Denas came and she remembered the obligation. Of course she could not now refuse to fulfil it. The offering was surely to God, and no relation between herself and the rector could interfere with it. But it was a great trial. She said she had a headache, and perhaps that complaint as well as any other defined the hurt and shock she had received.

Denas wondered at Elizabeth's want of interest. She did not superintend as usual the cutting of the flowers, so carefully nur- ed and saved for this occasion; and though she went to the church with Denas and really did her best to make a heart-offering with her Easter wreaths, the effort was evident. Her work lacked the joyous enthusiasm which had always distinguished Elizabeth's church duties.

The rector pointedly ignored her, and she felt keenly the curious, and in some cases the not kindly, glances of the other Easter handmaidens. In such celebrations she had always been put first; she was now last—rather, she was nowhere. It would have been hard to bear had she not known what a triumph she held in abeyance. For Mr. Burrell was the patron of St. Penfer's church; he had given its fine chime of bells and renovated its ancient pews of black oak. The new organ had been his last Christmas gift to the parish, and out of his purse mainly had come the new school buildings. The rector might ignore Miss Tresham, but she smiled to herself when she reflected on the salaams he would yet make to Mrs. Robert Burrell.

Now, Denas was not more prudent than young girls usually are. She saw that there was trouble, and she spoke of it. She saw Elizabeth was slighted, and she resented it. It was but natural under such circumstances that the church duty was made as short as possible; and it was just as natural that Elizabeth should endeavour to restore her self-respect by a confidential revelation of the great matrimonial offer she had received. And perhaps she did nothing unwomanly in leaving Denas freedom to suppose the rector's insolent indifference the fruit of his jealousy and disappointment.

In the midst of these pleasant confidences Roland unexpectedly entered. He had written positively that he was *not* coming. And then here he was. "I thought I could not borrow for the trip, but I managed it," he said with the bland satisfaction of a man who feels that he has accomplished a praiseworthy action. For once Elizabeth was not quite pleased at his visit. She would rather it had not occurred at such an important crisis of her life. She was somewhat afraid of Roland's enthusiasms and rapid friendships, and it was not unlikely that his first conception of

Mr. Burrell's alliance would be "a good person to borrow money from."

Also she wished time to dress herself carefully, and solitude to get the inner woman under control. After five o'clock Denas and Roland were both in her way. They were at the piano singing as complacently and deliberately as if the coming of her future husband was an event that could slip into and fit into any phase of ordinary life. It was a strange, wonderful thing to her, something so sacred and personal she could not bear to think of discussing it while Roland laughed and Denas sang. It was not an every-day event and she would not have it made one.

She knew her father would not interfere, and she knew one way in which to rid herself of Denas and Roland. Naturally she took it. A little after six she said: "I have a headache, Roland, and shall not walk to-night. Will you take Denas safely down the cliff?"

Roland was delighted, and Denas was no more afraid of the gay fellow than the moth is of the candle. She was pleasantly excited by the idea of a walk all alone with Roland. She wondered what he would say to her: if he would venture to give voice to the inarticulate love-making of the last two years—to all that he had looked when she sang to him—to all that he meant by the soft, prolonged pressure of her hand and by that one sweet stolen kiss which he had claimed for Christmas' sake.

They walked a little apart and very silently until they came into the glades of the cliff-breast. Then, suddenly, without word or warning, Roland took Denas in his arms and kissed her. "Denas! sweet Denas!" he cried, and the wrong was so quickly, so impulsively committed that for a moment Denas was passive under it. Then with flaming cheeks she freed herself from his embrace. "Mr. Tresham, you must go back," she said. "I can walk no further with you. Why were you so rude to me?"

"I am not rude, Denas, and I will not go back. After waiting two years for this opportunity, do you think I will give it up? And I will not let you call me Mr. Tresham. To you I am Roland, say it here in my arms, dear, lovely Denas! Do not turn away from me. You cannot go back without telling Elizabeth. And I swear you shall not go forward until you forgive me. Come, Denas, sweet, forgive me!" He held her hands, he kissed her hands, and would not release the girl, who, as she listened to his rapid, eager pleading, became more and more disposed to tenderness. He was telling the story no one could better tell than Roland Tresham. His eyes, his lips, his smile, his caressing attitudes, all went with his eager words, his enthusiastic admiration, his passionate assertion of his long-hidden affection.

And everything was in his favour. The lovely spring eve, the mystical twilight, the mellow flutings of the blackbirds and the vesper thrushes piping nothing new or strange, only the sweet old tune of love, the lift of the hills, the soft tinkling of hidden brooks, the scent of violets at their feet and of the fresh leaves above them—all the magic of the young year and of young love

made the delicious story Roland had been longing to tell, and the innocent heart of Denas fearing and longing to hear, very easy to interpret—very easy to understand.

Listening, and then refusing to listen; yielding a little, and then drawing back again, Denas heard Roland's whole sweet confession. She was taught to believe that he had loved her from their first meeting; taught to believe and half made to acknowledge that she had not been indifferent to him. She was under almost irresistible influences, and she did not think of others which might have counteracted them. Even Elizabeth's revelation to her of her own splendid matrimonial hopes was favourable to Roland's arguments; for if it was a thing for congratulating and rejoicing that Elizabeth should marry a man so much richer than herself, where was it wrong for Denas to love one supposed to be socially and financially her superior?

Before they were half-way to the shingle Roland felt that he had won. The conviction gave him a new kind of power—the power all women delight to acknowledge; the sweet dictation, the loving tyranny that claims every thought of the beloved. Roland told Denas she must not dare to remember anyone but him; he would feel it and know it if she did. She promised this readily. She must not tell Elizabeth. Elizabeth was unreasonable, she was even jealous of everything concerning her brother; she would have a hundred objections; she would influence his father unfavourably; she would do all she could to prevent their seeing each other, etc., etc. And where a man pleads, one woman is readily persuaded against another. But Denas was much harder to persuade where the article of secrecy touched her father and mother. Her conscience, uneasy for some time, told her positively at this point that deception was wicked and dangerous. Roland could not win from her a promise in this direction. But he was sure he could trust to her love and her desire to please him.

One of the cruellest things about a wrong love is that it delights in tangles and hidden ways; that it teaches and practises deceit from its first inception; that its earliest efforts are toward destroying all older and more sacred attachments. Roland was not willing to take the hand of Denas in the face of the world and say: "This is my beloved wife." Yet, for the secret pleasure of his secret love, he expected Denas to wrong father-love and mother-love and to deceive day by day the friend and the companion who had been so kind and so fairly loyal to her.

No wonder John Penelles hated him instinctively. John's soul needed but a glimpse of the lovers sauntering down the narrow cliff-path to apprehend the beginning of sorrows. Instantaneous as the glimpse was, it explained to him the restless, angry, fearful feeling that had driven him from his own cottage to the place appointed by destiny for the revelation of his child's danger and of his own admonition.

He was glad that he had obeyed the spiritual order; whatever power had warned him had done him service. It is true the fond assurances of Denas had somewhat pacified his suspicions, but he

was not altogether satisfied. When Denas declared that Roland had not made love to her, John felt certain that the girl was in some measure deceiving him—perhaps deceiving herself; for he could not imagine her to be guilty of a deliberate lie. Alas! lying is the vital air of secret love, and a girl must needs lie who hides from her parents the object and the course of her affections. Still, when he thought of her arms around his neck, of her cheek against his cheek, of her assertion that “Denas loved no one better than her father and mother,” he felt it a kind of disloyalty to his child to altogether doubt her. He believed that Denas believed in herself. Well, then, he must try and trust her as far and as long as it was possible.

And Joan trusted her daughter—she scouted the idea of Denas doing anything that was outside her mother's approval. She told John that his fear was nothing but the natural conceit of men; they thought a woman could not be with one of their sex and not be ready to sacrifice her own life and the lives of all her kinsfolk for him. “It be such puddling folly to start with,” she said indignantly; “talking about Denas being false to her father and mother! 'Tis a doleful, dismal, ghastly bit of cowardice, John. Dreadful! aw, dreadful!”

Then John was silent, but he communed with his own heart. Joan had not seen Roland and Denas as he had seen them; no one had troubled Joan as he had been troubled. For something often gives to a loving heart a kind of prescience, when it may be used for wise and saving ends; and John Penelles divined the angry trend of Roland's thoughts, though it was impossible for him to anticipate the special form that trend would take.

Roland had indeed been made furiously angry at the interference between himself and Denas. “I spoke pleasantly to the old fisher, and he was as rude as could be. Rude to me! Jove! I'll teach him the value of good manners to his betters.”

He sat down on a lichen-covered rock, lit a cigar, and began to think. His personal dignity had been deeply wounded; his pride of petty caste trod upon. He, a banker's son, had been snubbed by a common fisherman! “He took Denas from me as if I was going to kill her, body and soul. He deserves all he suspected me of.” And as these and similar thoughts passed through Roland's mind he was not at all handsome: his face looked dark and drawn and marked all over with the characters sin writes through long, late hours of selfish revelry and riot.

But however his angry thoughts wandered, they always came back to the slight of himself personally—to the failure of Penelles to appreciate the honour he was doing him in wooing his daughter. And if the devil wishes to enter easily a man or a woman, he finds no door so wide and so easy of access as the door of wounded vanity and wounded self-esteem.

Roland's first impulse was to make Denas pay her father's debt. “I will never speak to her again. Common little fisher-girl! I will teach her that gentlemen are to be used like gentlemen. Why did she not speak up to her father? She stood there without a

word and let him snub me. The idea!" These exclamations were, however, only the quick, unreasoning passion of the animal; when Roland had calmed himself with tobacco, he felt how primitive and foolish they were. His reflections were then of a different character; they began to flow steadily into a channel they had often wandered in, though hitherto without distinct purpose.

"After all, I like the girl. She has a kind of nixie, tantalizing, bewitching charm that would drive a crowd mad. She has a fresh, sympathetic voice, penetrating, too, as a clarion. Her folk-songs and her sea-songs go down to the bottom of a man's heart and into every corner of it. Now, if I could get her to London and have her taught how to manage her voice and face and person, if I had her taught how to dance—Jove! there is a fortune in it! Dressed in a fancy fisher costume, singing the casting songs and the boat songs—the calls and takes she knows so well—why, she would make the gas-lit theatre seem like the great ocean, and men would see the white-sailed ships go marching by, and the fishing cobbles, and the wide nets full of gleaming fish, and—and, by Jove! they would go frantic with delight. They would be at her feet. She would be the idol of London. She would sing full pockets empty. I should have all my desires, and now I have so few of them. What a prospect! But I'll reach it—I'll reach it, and all the fishers in St. Penfer shall not hinder me!"

He thought his plans over again, and then it was dark and he rose up to return home; but as he shook himself into the proper fit of his clothes and settled his hat at the correct angle, he laughed vauntingly and said:

"I shall be even with you, John Penelles, before next Easter. I was not good enough for Denas, was I not? Well, she is going to work for me and for my pleasure and profit, John Penelles; going to make money for me to spend, John Penelles. My beautiful fisher-maid! I dare be bound she is dreaming of me now. Women! women! women! What dear little fools they are, to be sure!"

He was quite excited and quite good-tempered now. A new plan was like a new fortune to Roland. He never took into consideration the contrariness of circumstances and of opposing human elements. His plans were perfect from his own standpoint; the standpoint of other people was out of his consideration. Never before had he conceived so clever a scheme for getting a livelihood made for him. There was really nobody but Denas to interfere with any of his arrangements, and Denas was under his control and could be made more so. This night he felt positive that he had "hit the very thing at last."

He reached home late, but in exuberant spirits. Elizabeth was waiting for him. She was beautifully dressed, and in a moment he saw upon her hand the flash of large and perfect diamonds. "They were mother's, I suppose, and I have as much right—yes, more right—to them than she has." This was his first thought, but he did not express it. There was an air about Elizabeth that was quite new to him; he was curious and full of expectation as

he seated himself beside her. She shook her head in a reproving manner.

"You have been making love to Denas. I see it in your eyes, Roland. And you promised me you never would."

"Upon my honour, Elizabeth. We met the old fisher Penelles a long way up the cliff and he took her from me. Talking of making love—pray, what have you been doing? I thought you had a headache."

"Roland, I am going to be married—June the 11th."

"Is that your engagement ring?"

"It is. Mr. Burrell says it was his mother's engagement ring; but then gems are all second-hand—a hundred-hand—a thousand-hand for that."

"Burrell! You take my breath away! Burrell! The man who has a bank in Threadneedle Street?"

"The same."

"Good gracious, Elizabeth! You have made all our fortunes! You noble girl! I did not know he was thinking of you."

"He was waiting for me. Destiny, Roland. But he is a noble-hearted man, and he loves me and I intend to be a good wife to him. I do indeed. He is going to make a great settlement on me, and I shall have an income of my own from it—all my own, to do what I like with."

"Elizabeth, dear, I always have loved you better than anything else in the world. You will not forget me now, will you, dear?"

"Why, Roland, I thought of you when I accepted Mr. Burrell. When I am married, Roland, I shall manage things for you as you wish them. I dare say. The man loves me so much that I could get not the half, but the whole of his kingdom from him."

"You are the dearest, noblest sister in the world."

"I could not bear to go to sleep without making you as happy as myself. Now, Roland, there is something you must not do, and that is, have any love nonsense with Denas Penelles. At Burrell Court you will meet rich girls and girls of good birth, and your only chance is in a rich marriage—you know it is, Roland."

"Oh, I do not quite think that, Elizabeth."

"Roland, you know it. How many situations have you had and lost? If Mr. Burrell gave you a desk in his bank to-morrow, you would hand back its key before my wedding-day."

"Perhaps; but there are other ways."

"None for you but a rich marriage. Every other way supposes work, and you will not work. You know you will not."

"I have some objections."

"Now, any trouble with a fisherman's daughter would be bad every way. There is the dislike rich girls have for low amours, and, worse still, the dreadfully Cornish habit fishers have of standing together. If you offend Penelles or wrong him in the least, you offend and wrong every man in St. Penfer fishing quarter. Do not snap your fingers so scornfully, Roland; you would be no match for a banded enmity like that."

"All this about Denas?"

“Yes; all this about Denas. The girl is a vain little thing, but I do not want to see her breaking her heart about you.”

She drew the handsome face down to her lips and kissed it; and Roland used every charm he possessed in order to deepen his influence over his going-to-be-rich sister. He was already making plain and straight his paths for a certain supremacy at Burrell Court. He was already feeling that a good deal of Robert Burrell's money would come, through Elizabeth's hands, into his pocket. That would be a perfectly legitimate course for it to take. Why should not a loving sister help a loving brother?

And oh, the pity of it! While brother and sister talked only of themselves, Robert Burrell sat silent and happy in his study, planning magnificent generousities for his bride; thinking of her youth, of her innocence, her ignorance of fashionable society, of her affection for and her loyalty to her father and brother, and loving her with all his great, honest heart for these very things. And Denas lay dreaming of Roland. And Roland, even while he was talking with Elizabeth about Burrell Court, was holding fast to his intention to degrade Denas. For the singing, dancing, fiddling life which he was to lead with her suited his tastes exactly; he felt it would be the absolutely necessary alternative to the wealthy decorum of Burrell Court.

O Love! what cruelties are done in thy name! We think of thee as coming with a rose, and a song, and a smile. Nay, but the Calydonian Maidens were right when they cried bitterly: “Death should have risen with Love, and Grief, and visible Fear; and there should have been heard a voice of lamentation and mourning, as of many in prison.”

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## MINISTRY.

BY ANNIE CLARKE.

GIVE to men a clear glimpse of life's meaning and beauty,  
Of the rapture of serving, the grandeur of duty;  
Let them taste the delight and the sweetness of giving—  
So life shall be lifted above merest living.

So life shall be lifted above merest living;  
Not eating, and drinking, and only receiving;  
But receiving to give, passing onward with gladness  
The mercies that met us in time of our sadness.

Learning lessons, not just for ourselves, but for others;  
Holding out the great truths that we prove, to our brothers;  
Hearing first and then telling the wonderful story  
Of love that transfigures all gloom into glory.

Not heedless, when glad, of the woes that surround us;  
Not selfish, when sorrow's dark shades are around us;  
Ever easing some pain and dispensing some sweetness—  
So life shall be rounded to full-orbed completeness.

VICTORIA, B. C.

## THE DRAGON AND THE TEA-KETTLE.

BY MRS. JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

CHAP. II.—THE DRAGON AND THE TEA-KETTLE.—*Continued.*

Miss CHIP being again at leisure for a few moments at her desk, we went to her.

"We begin to see how you make your temperance eating-house self-supporting."

"*Make it pay,*" said Miss Chip, "it supports me and mine, and gives me a little margin. I don't look to getting rich; getting rich is not in my line. But after all, it's the management; I get meat cheap too, buying a whole sheep or a quarter of beef, and nothing goes to waste. I did not tell you I kept a waggon and a hired man?"

"I had no idea of such magnificence."

"The waggon is a huxter's two-wheeled truck, bought second-hand. The man brings home all my buyings in it. The man is a poor old fellow, named Grow, a slave to drink that I found half frozen on a curbstone, the month after I moved here. There must have been some prayers to be answered for him, for he wanted to reform, and by means of staying here out of temptation, he has reformed; he gets his meals here, and sleeps in the hall. Poor Grow is very grateful, and not penniless. In his four years he has saved three guineas, and they are in my strong box; I am charged to use them to 'bury him decent without letting him be beholden to the parish.' He says now, he shall save all that he can to leave with me, when he dies, and I am to use it in rescuing some drunkard's child."

"So you have one trophy of a saved soul from your eating-house."

"I have more. Almost every servant here has been the victim or slave of strong drink. All have but Fanny. That cook and her husband were well-to-do bakers. They both took to drink. They fell into extreme poverty; the death of a loved child brought the mother to reformation and repentance. The father joined a set of thieves and died in prison. The woman struggled on, reaping in the death of her three children, whom she had exposed by her drunkenness to hardship, the wages of her sin. I found her broken-hearted, and we two joined our forces six years ago, and no doubt will now stay together to the end. Em'ly's father, a fine fellow, was hired on Rumkey, at the India Docks. One hot day he swallowed a glass of over-proof whiskey; it flew to his head, and the next minute he dashed into the water and was drowned. The mother supports, with Em'ly's help, the other children. I could tell you a story about each of them: there is Kate, the girl that washes dishes, cleans vegetables, and helps wash and iron; she was born in a gin-palace, like the one over the way. Gin-palace owners live in luxury, out of the price of souls, for a time, longer or shorter, till the Lord opens His reckonings

with them. Kate had a nurse to tend her, and a strong baby-cart and showy baby-clothes; but her parents had already taken to drinking. When Kate was five, her mother, being drunk, fell against the fire, and was so burned that she died. Her father went down in the world fast; was sold out by the sheriff when Kate was ten, killed a man in a row, and got a life sentence four years later. Kate drank, too; inherited the taste. I have brought her home drunk many's the time; but the creature is so faithful, so affectionate, so grateful, so anxious to reform, so wild with sorrow when she falls, that I try her again and again. I have found out how to manage her. Whether it is a sense of decency, or it is vanity, Kate will not go outside the door ragged, bareheaded, or barefooted. I keep her all her decent clothes locked up, and she wears a ragged skirt and sacque, and ragged felt slippers at her work, so that she will not dare to bolt across the way. She is the only servant here too untidy to wait on a table in a press of custom. Sundays, and now and then of a week-day, I give Kate her good clothes, and take her out with me. Poor Kate is very nice-looking when she is dressed well."

"I should like to see the inside of a gin-palace and contrast it with what you have showed me here."

"It is easy enough. I'll mention the matter to policeman Rogers, and he will take you in some time. The gin-house people like to be on good terms with the police; they treat them where they can. Rogers won't treat or be treated."

At this moment Emily came into the eating-room with a tray.

"How is No. 6 now?" asked Miss Chip.

"Very down-hearted; I could hardly get her to eat her breakfast. She says she'd better drown herself."

"I keep a room, No. 6, up-stairs, the one I did not open to you, for sick folk or strays I pick up. There's a young woman in there now. I found her two mornings ago, when I went to market. She was asleep in a corner of steps, a pale, weary-looking thing, with a few bunches of dead flowers, which she had failed to sell the day before, in her lap. I mistrusted at once she had walked about all night, and crept there when the market folk began to come, so as she wouldn't be noticed. I gave her some hot coffee at a stall, and brought her along home, but she fainted before she got here, and Grow propped her up on his barrow with the vegetables. I put her to bed, but she has not spoken till now; only laid in a stupor, or crying and moaning. It's another of the wrecks of the liquor demon. You look surprised, ma'am, at the amount of it I mention; but evils gather like avalanches, and generations here have gone on drinking until blood and brain are poisoned, and the children are born with vicious appetites; then, these children, that it would take much to hold temperate, instead of being taught and restrained are neglected or thrown on the streets by drunken parents. They are beset with temptations. They find liquor cheaper and easier to get than anything else; they are cold, it warms them; they are faint, it builds them up for a bit; they are hungry, and it stays their stomachs a little. Work is

scarce for such as know no more than beasts, and few children take to schooling naturally. If they did want to get to school, or Sunday-school, or church, they have no clothes. I know how it goes. There! I'm busy, I can't talk longer. Won't you go up to that poor girl, and find out what can be done for her?"

Emily took me up to No. 6, a decent little back room, where, on a narrow bed, a young woman lay with her face hidden in the pillows. She was weeping so passionately that her frail form and the bed on which she lay shook in the convulsions of her sorrow.

"Come, girl, cheer up!" said Em'ly. "I thought you'd do better after you had your breakfast. Here's a lady come to see you."

Em'ly went out, and I touched the girl lightly on the shoulder.

"I canna luik ony honest mon or woman i' the face. Lave me alane," wailed the girl.

"Dinna greet sae sair, lassie, but let us talk aboot yer troubles. Ye ken a frien' loveth at all times, and a brither is aye born for adversity," I replied, dropping into the dialect of my ancestors, familiar to my childhood.

The girl caught her breath, and hastily lifted herself on her elbow. She was a fair-haired, "sonsie"-looking Scotch girl.

"You are from Clyde bank," I said, "I am sure. Let us talk over your troubles. How came you so far from home and friends?"

"I've thrown away my chance," cried the girl, dropping back in her place. "I ha' turned my back on a' gude. There's nae hope for me mair. I maun dee. Oh, an' I were dead!"

"Where would your soul be? Thank God rather that you are where you can repent and find mercy."

"I'm too far gone for mercy," she sobbed.

"Do you desire God's mercy?"

"Ah, ma'am, who would na desire it?"

"Then you are not too far gone to get it. Have you parents?"

"I ha' deceived an' deserted them," she responded, with sobs.

I opened my pocket Testament to that never old and never equalled story: "A certain man had twc sons." As I read slowly, "and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living," her sobs sank to breathless attention. "I will arise and go to my father, and will say to him: Father, I have sinned against Heaven and before thee. . . . And his father saw him and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck and kissed him."

"I heard it. I know it. I heard it all in church, and at school; and yet see what I am!" she cried in agony.

"He is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to a knowledge of the truth."

Hers was the often-told story by which so few young people are warned. Vanity had led her into public places, to make acquaintances, unknown to her hard-working, sober-minded parents. She had met a man who professed much love, and persuaded her to go to London to marry him. But in London he had deserted her. Left penniless, she had tried to make bread by singing ballads in the streets and selling flowers. Her strength gave way in

hardships. She began to drink to drown her sorrows. In utter despair, she was meditating suicide. Her rescue by Miss Chip had awakened all her remorse. The humble decency about her brought to mind the home she had cast away.

Hope of divine pardon slowly entered her broken heart, and then the craving and the hope for human pardon. We wrote to her parents. They answered, entreating that she should come home at once; and her father's employer sent five pounds to clothe her and pay her fare.

The night of the first of December, Miss Chip put her in a car to make the journey home. Waiting for her in the morning would be the wronged and forgiving parents, a mother's arms, a father's pardon and blessing. And into that home, where she had brought the shadow of death, the poor, wretched, penitent girl would go, to die slowly in her wasted youth. "Is not this a brand plucked from the burning?"

I looked at Miss Chip, the hard-faced, decisive elderly woman, making her daily fight with the drink demon, and she seemed to me heroic. Story of old-time paladins, in their splendid beauty, going forth to slay dragons that devoured young men and women, of Theseus slaying Minotaur, sung by poets of the golden days of Greece; of Una, in her pure loveliness, like a ray of light, moving across the land, with her dominated wild beast—all these grew pale beside that humble history of this follower of Christ, who out of weakness had been made strong; who, having sorely suffered, had learnt to sympathize; and seeing lying across the highway of life a great monster that she could not destroy, yet went resolutely to rescue some of his prey—if, like a shepherd, she might get from his teeth only a fragment of the victim host.

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### CHAPTER III.—THE GIN-PALACE.

As our acquaintance with "The Dragon and the Tea-Kettle" increased, we perceived that there were two Miss Chips. Miss Chip in her high desk, ruling her eating-room, directing her maids, keeping accounts, or ordering the business of the establishment from garret to cellar, was a Miss Chip "short, sharp, decisive," terse and sparing of speech, keen of wits, and given to sudden gusts of temper if things went very wrong. But in hours of relaxation, at times when there was leisure to exhibit and discuss the house, that was the idea and the culmination of her life, or when there was an hour to sit in the beloved private room with the old lady, and sew—or, in the blessed calm of Sabbath afternoons—or, let us admit, when talking to Mr. Goldspray—there was a Miss Chip, kind, loquacious, full of anecdote, a heart long repressed and wounded expanding itself like a late-blooming flower, that, grown in cold and shade, and all untoward circumstances, unfolds at length, albeit it finds the reluctant sun of autumn, and not its proper sun of summer. Yet, in either devel-

opment of her character Miss Chip was upright, just, zealous, with an eye always quick to mark the needy, and a hand ever held out to save.

Miss Chip had not forgotten our desire to visit that complement of the temperance eating-house—the gin-palace. She engaged policeman Rogers to act as our guide. We chanced, by a mistake in the time, to reach our appointment nearly an hour before Rogers was off duty. My escort, therefore, took a turn in the neighbourhood, and I was invited to take a seat in Rogers' home, in the society of Nannie, his wife.

Nannie Rogers was a most interesting little woman; fair, delicate, well-featured, with an expression of great sweetness and abiding sadness, she impressed me at once as one for whom the joy of life had fled; who looked on existence with a secret fear and shrinking, yet tried to be cheerful for the sake of others. Rogers lived in a flat in one of the Peabody houses, and his four rooms were well aired and sunny, neatly furnished, and had a taste and order that spoke well for Nannie's housewifery. Nannie herself was a picture of neatness, and her two-year-old child, in his red dress and white apron, fair-haired and white-skinned like his mother, but robust like his father, was a pleasant picture to see.

Mrs. Rogers took me into friendship and confidence at once. We soon began to speak of Miss Chip.

"I owe everything to her," said Nannie Rogers, "my home, my life, the safety of my child, my very hope of heaven." Probably I looked surprised.

"I don't mind telling you," said Nannie, "indeed I *want* to tell you—I want to see how it looks to strangers. Rogers says I don't look at it right. You would not think I had ever been overtaken by love of drink, would you?"

"No, indeed, I would not," I said heartily

"And yet I have been—mad for liquor, crazy for it and crazy from it—drunk on the streets!"

"I can hardly believe it, when you say it. Surely this is out of accord with your general habits, your natural instincts, your principles. How did it happen; how do you explain it?"

"I feel just as Paul says, 'The evil that I would not that I do, and that which I do I allow not.' O madam, if there is ever a poor, tried human soul that can understand that seventh chapter of Romans, it is one who is striving against a hereditary passion for strong drink; conscience, all that is good about him crying out against the sin, and that awful inborn thirst crying out for indulgence. Ah, there are yet people in this world possessed with demons. How often have I thought of those words, 'I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin!'"

"But to what do you attribute this craving for drink? Were your parents drinking people?"

"My father was a sailor and drank some, as most sailors do; he was lost at sea shortly before my birth. My mother's father had been a hard drinker. I do not doubt that my mother's friends

tried to 'keep her spirits up' with liquor—at all events, she died before I was a week old, and her sister raised me. I was a feeble and crying child, and my aunt fed me liberally with gin. In fact, I was fed on gin and brandy until I was three years old. My friends were small shop-keepers, and were respectable people. I was pretty well taught. In my early years I went to church and Sabbath-school, and I joined the church when I was sixteen. I don't think I understood much what real piety was; any true religion I may have came later through bitter sorrows. I never experienced any great craving for strong drink while I was at home, though I remember that when I felt poorly, for I was never robust, I took more beer or toddy than at other times. I married young. Before my first child was born, I was low-spirited, and I began to drink a good deal; before I knew it the habit increased until I was several times dead drunk. Rogers felt terribly, and began to see that no beer or liquor must be in our house. He became a teetotaler for my sake. My child died, and my sorrow and sympathy for my husband's grief about me, the absence of all liquor, and my renewing health, kept me from drink. I almost forgot my troubles for two years. But before this little boy was born, my terrible passion came back on me like a strong man armed. I was crazy for liquor. Do the best Rogers could, and much as I repented and promised, and really tried, I would be carried away by a fury of thirst, and go out after drink.

"Finally, I think I must have been really insane, for I went out and got some liquor, but did not go home. I wandered about, and I suppose I got more liquor. I do not know what happened, for I got to the East part of the city finally. When Rogers came home he missed me, and looked all over, and set others to the search. But you see, in some of the drinking-houses I had been in, some one had taken away my bonnet and shawl, and put on me a much worse one, and I suppose people who were really looking for me, passed without knowing me. That night, about midnight, I sat on a step, quite out of my mind, sobbing and crying. I suppose if a policeman had come along I should have been arrested as 'drunk and disorderly.' Drunk I certainly was. But instead of a policeman, Miss Chip came along. She had Grow with her, and he had their truck-barrow—they were out looking for the Golden Daisy—perhaps you don't know whom I mean,—Mr. Goldspray.

"When Miss Chip saw my state, she concluded that the Lord had sent me and not Mr. Goldspray to her charge that night, and they put me in the barrow, and took me to the Dragon and the Tea-kettle. They carried me to No. 6,—perhaps you know No. 6? I was too much out of my head to know where I belonged, or even my name. I lay there three days: Miss Chip was like a mother to me; there my child was born. My poor husband was distracted at my loss, and thought I must be in the river. He happened in to get a cup of coffee at Miss Chip's, while he was looking for me. A man named Cook told his story to Miss Chip, and she knew at once where I belonged. She took Rogers to her room, and brought

down the child to him. Rogers often says there will never be an angel look more good and beautiful to him than Miss Chip did then. In a day or two they brought me home. I got over my liquor craze as I got stronger. But there it is before me. I feel sure the danger may come back; that fear so haunts me that I dread to live; and then I cannot bear to see people. I feel oppressed by disgrace, and even my child is as much sorrow as comfort, for I fear the day will come when he will despise me, and he will hear of the circumstances of his birth, and hate me that I put him to shame—or, worse than all, I may see in him the same awful taste I find at times in myself."

"Mrs Rogers," I said, "I think you are grown morbid over this. In you, drunkenness seems not a sin, but a disease. I quote from Scripture known to yourself; since you 'hate that which you do, it is no more you that do it, but sin dwelling in you.' I believe your trouble in this regard is a paroxysmal insanity. No one condemns poor, crazy Mary Lamb, who killed her mother. You suffer a curse brought on you by unhappy family circumstances and inheritance. All that is wrong in this regard, all your early yielding, you can carry for forgiveness to God, who forgiveth iniquity, transgression, and sin."

At this moment Rogers came in, and seeing tears in his wife's eyes, he said, "Ah, you have been talking to the lady as I advised you to. You thought my judgment and feelings were prejudiced, but hers are not, and I am sure she says as I do, that you are making too much of this, and bearing fear and shame that there is no need. I don't blame you, and I know the neighbours don't, and I make sure the boy won't when he gets grown. Don't you think, madam, if she would only cheer up a bit, and go about and walk, and visit her acquaintances, it would be better for her?"

"I go out when you can go with me," said the wife, uneasily, "and I go to church; but you know as well as I do that there's an open place to sell liquor every square or two, and who knows when the fit might take me? I'm afraid of myself, and if I visit my friends nine out of ten would say, 'Mrs. Rogers, you're tired, or, you're not looking well; have a glass of porter, or a sup of wine, or a mug of beer, or a little hot whiskey, to hearten you up a bit.' I know how it is; *I daren't go out.*"

Rogers sighed, and we set out to the gin-palace.

"I'm afraid I'll lose her," he said, shaking his head; "she'll mope herself to death over her misfortunes. She stays in too much, and broods, and has such fears for herself and the boy. Sometimes I think if I could get her entirely away from London, it might be better for her; but I have no trade, and I don't understand agriculture; besides it takes money to farm in England. I have an aged father and mother, and I have promised them I would not leave England as long as they live. How is it in your country, madam.—is the liquor making as bad work there as here? Are there so many open saloons and liquor places?"

I was obliged to inform Mr. Rogers that in almost all parts of our country liquor was as plenty, and as openly sold, and quite

as seductive as in England. Although it was a free country, people were not free to abolish liquor, however much they might desire to do so, nor could they protect their children and the weak members of the community from its ravages. There were certain laws against Sunday selling, selling to drunkards, selling to minors, but they were laws constantly broken and difficult to enforce. Some of us were striking at the grand root of the whole matter, and demanding Prohibition; but we were a set of fanatics and visionaries without proper ideas of political economy, personal liberty, and the safety and beauty of moderation. But it might be true that among the middle classes, and the respectable poor, the well-to-do artisans and farmers, there was less of domestic drinking, less beer and liquor in families, and his wife would be less exposed, though by no means entirely safe, among her friends.

"I have heard that Maine is a Prohibition State," said Rogers.

"Yes, so it is. You might be tolerably safe in Maine. In two or three years from now, you may be just as safe in Iowa or Kansas; some day Pennsylvania may assert her strong common sense, and not license manslaughterers; within a century there are even hopes for New Jersey."

By this time we were at the door of Whaling's gin-palace. Mr. Rogers opened it, and Whaling and his wife at once became obsequious. Our errand was soon explained—a pair of benighted Americans, who had never seen a gin-palace, and were investigating the wonders of London, would like to have a view of Mr. Whaling's establishment.

We saw in Mrs. Whaling's eye that she knew all about America and its inhabitants.

"We're very 'appy to show visitors round, I'm sure," said Mrs. Whaling, "and has for a model gin-palace, you know, Mr. Rogers, hours can't be came up to for beauty hand good horder. I'm glad you brought 'em 'ere, you couldn't ha' done better. Fifteen 'undred pound, my lady, this room and its hornaments cost Whaling—them rails is all nickel plate; them plate glasses come from furrin parts, someveres,—I don't quite remember whether hit was from Hitaly or Hostralia,—an' do but look hat the frescoes an' paintin'. Hi've bin told that Queen Victory herself hain't a better done bit o' work. Just do notice them marble tops, not a flaw hin 'em, hand all that there wood-work is hinlaid, rosewood, ma'ogany, some walnut from your country, my lady, too. We keeps two lads scourin' perpetual 'ere, for, has I sez to Whaling, hi won't be disgraced by the place what hain't in horder. But la there, my lady, it's the stock that tells—hall the very best, you can't find better liquor hin hall Lon'on. Hit makes the mouth fairly water to see that row o' bottles in the window. Now, hain't it fixed up lovely? Nothin' 'ere so disgustin' has that low place hover the street, 'The Dragon *hand* the Tea-Kettle,' with its window hall set off with beef-rumps hand pork-ribs. But la there, Rogers, hi'll keep mum, or hi'll 'ave you hup hin harms for Miss Chip. Pure liquors these, madam, hall hinspected by the gov'ment hinspector—

no poison hin none hof them—they'd do good to a baby. I feed my babies hon 'em, hand their cheeks is has red has a rose. Do 'ave a sup o' somethin', ma'am; what shall I serve you? Which flavour do you like best?"

"Not any, thank you; we have never tasted anything of the kind."

"Why, then," said Mrs. Whaling, "you don't know 'ow good it is."

"No, and probably never shall. Do all your customers come in this room?"

"Ho, no, my lady! Why, one room wouldn't begin to 'old 'em. Ho, no—we 'as different classes, han' we don't mix 'em up—hit wouldn't do. This fine room his for the fancy customers. Step this way. 'Ere's a nice room—clean floor, nice scoured tables, red curtains, chairs, hall tidy and snug—this is for the second-class customers. We treats 'em all well—'ere's bells, they can call for hall they wants."

There was considerable difference in show between the first and second rooms, but the second was warm, well supplied with play-bills, and pictures of horses and actresses, and some flash papers lay about. Rogers opened a door into a hall, and led the way back. Mrs. Whaling accompanied us; she followed, but did not lead; indeed her aiacrity and lively cheer seemed diminishing.

The next room exhibited by Rogers showed a great falling off in the entertainment offered to the drinking public. The windows were small and dirty, the paint was battered and worn; evidently the two boys, who worked night and day to satisfy Mrs. Whaling's ideas of neatness, did not frequently enter this portion of her establishment. The floor was covered with sawdust that had been scattered in past ages, and was mingled with tobacco juice; a little coal fire languished in a cracked, dirty stove; a long table, covered with dents, cuts, and grime, and marked with the yet wet rings of mugs and bottles, was in the centre of the floor, and the chairs and stools that stood about it were as dirty and ill-used as the table.

In each of these three rooms there had been the appropriate guests, though Rogers had chosen an hour when the place would be nearly empty. In the front room some servants in livery, some "commercial gents," some shop-keepers, cab-drivers, some flaunting, gorgeous girls and women; in the second, several men, who from their clothes or tools, their overalls and paper caps, had evidently come from carpenters' or bakers' places, from toil in adjacent buildings; some women, too, who looked as if they kept small shops, or had decent homes, and a cook or so, out of place. In this third room were leering, filthy men, old toppers who went out and earned money one day to drink it up the next. Mrs. Whaling looked on these with scorn. To the people in the front place she had been all smiles and flattery; to those in the second, beaming familiarity and good nature—these she regarded with a sidewise toss of the head, and seemed occupied in considering whether they could pay their scores. The air was foul; a moment or two served to exhaust the possibilities of curiosity. Mr. Rogers held open the door. "There's another."

"Ho, Mr. Rogers, come now, sir, the lady 'as seen hough; let me show her our nice cellars, or some of the hup-stairs rooms. Come now, sir, we won't go farther this away."

Rogers, paying no attention to these beguilements, led still toward the rear, and we persistently followed him, the landlady closing the procession with low mutterings, under her breath, curses probably, that sounded like distant thunder reverberating in her ample diaphragm.

Rogers opened a door into a room some sixteen by twenty feet; the two low windows could hardly be seen for dirt and cobwebs; three panes were supplied by old nats or rags. Around three sides of the room ran a rickety, unspeakably dirty bench; there was no table here, no fire, no bell; how the habitués got their wants supplied had been indicated to us, as we approached, by the sudden flying open of the door, a towzled head of a wrinkled and filthy old harridan thrust out, with an "Ow-w-w-w—" meant to attract some waiter busy in the "upper rooms." Seeing Rogers, this miserable creature had cried, "Ere's a bobby!" and with one or two others, had hastily scuttled out of the rear door. Still some of the frequenters of this den had been left. A wretched old man, his hoary head a badge of dishonour, was crouched in a corner, with his red eyes leering at us over the rim of a brown pitcher, whence came the odour and strong steam of toddy. A woman, who had lost all womanly appearance, a huge hulk draped in rags, was drinking beer and talking to another horrible wreck of womankind, who, with an empty glass in her hand, listened, as she suckled a thin, ragged babe. On the floor lay a man, bareheaded, barefooted, his skin showing through his torn shirt and trousers, as on that cold winter day he lay in drunken sleep, as he had fallen from the bench.

My wrath rose so hotly that I said to Rogers, "Are not these gin-palace keepers required to carry home their work?"

Mrs. Whaling had lingered in the hall. Rogers touched with his boot the prostrate form and said, "Here is work for Ketcham (the nearest policeman), and will soon be a job for the coroner."

Hearing these ominous words, Mrs. Whaling bustled in, holding her skirts close about her, and looking loathing and hate at the poor creatures who had fallen by her hands.

"Ho, hi do declare, Mr. Rogers, time an' hagen hi've said this drunken Gormly wasn't to come 'ere, but 'e creeps hin continually; hi can't watch the back door, Mr. Rogers! hi says, day hin hand day hout, hi wishes these people would get their drink somewheres helse, hi do hindeed!"

"You never said it w'en we 'ad money in 'and to come in front, Mrs. Whaling," spoke up the big woman. "You 'as got hall we 'ad, an' now we's welcome to leave. You needn't look such scorn at me. When hi was a gentleman's cook and you was a bar-girl, hi could 'ave bought you out an' out. You didn't wear silk gownds and gold chains *then*; you've got it out of such as we, as never 'ad more sense nor to spend our all with you, till we got down!"

Her voice rose as she made her charge.

"Come, no quarrelling," said Rogers. "You would do well to turn over a new leaf, Peggy, and never taste a drop more. You might get up after your falling down."

He opened the door into the back alley. A forlorn child sat on the curb waiting for some one within.

He looked at Mrs. Whaling. "Perhaps you can show us something else, ma'am, to raise our spirits a bit after this."

"Well, Mr. Rogers, you *would* come here. Hit takes you for perversity! You knows, sir, *we'd* keep people a drinkin' easy an' moderate, earning a day's wage, an' sittin' respectable with their beer or toddy at night. We can't 'elp their guzzling an' railing; we would hif we could, hif it was only along of 'opes to get some hof hour scores paid hup"

Mrs. Whaling led back to the hall by the front room. "Now, my lady, I want you to see my rooms, hour living place; you'll hadmire that, I knows."

We went up stairs carpeted with Brussels, held by bright brass rods, and Mrs. Whaling opened a door into a large room. The floor was covered with a rainbow Brussels carpet. On the marble table a great vase of wax flowers under a glass shade; sofa and chairs were covered with red and yellow brocade. On the wall was a bunch of peacocks' feathers, and beyond this hung flaming chromos of "foreign scenery," as Mrs. Whaling explained it. Foreign to anything on earth in the scenery line it surely was.

"Hain't it nice?" said Mrs. Whaling, with satisfaction; "we sits 'ere when we 'as company. That pianny my Hangeline plays lovey!"

"Have you children, Mrs. Whaling?"

"Two boys and three girls, ma'am. They're hat school. They comes 'ome honly 'n vacation. The girls learns the pianny, French, an' dancin', with their Hinglish. Ho, we're eddicatin' them lovely. We wants them to go hin good society."

"But will not this business that you follow prevent your going into respectable society? I ask for information. In England are those that keep gin-palaces, and other drinking-places, admitted into good company?"

"Why, la, ma'am, what difference do it make, so long has they 'as money?" said Mrs. Whaling, brusquely.

"I asked the facts in the case, which I really wish to know."

"Well, my lady, me an' Whaling, we're common folk—but hit's our birth, an' 'avin' no eddication, that's goné agin us in a society line, honly we do 'ave some pretty good society—hif you could only see their dresses! fit to stand alone, such thick silks—hand the rings! But for our business goin' against us, ma'am, why should hit, hif we pays hour bills? Besides, why his it to be set against hus, that we keeps a gin-palace, when the 'olesale dealer we buys of is a church hoffer, an' lives hon Regent Square? Then, don't hall the haristocracy visit the man as makes our beer? He's has rich has rich! Why, ma'am, hin Hingland the liquor trade's respectable, hall round. Many's the lease of bar, or gin-palace, or other, 'eld by the Church of Hingland 'erself, and what is good

henough for the Church is good for poor sinners has we, as don't make no pretensions! 'Ow his hit in your country, ma'am? Hain't the trade respectable, an' don't the sellers get into good society?"

"I think not," I replied.

"You forget," said my escort, "that one of the most gorgeous houses near us, at J——, belonged to a wholesale liquor dealer—it was full of *bric-a-brac*, *objets d'art*, and antique furniture; its frescoes cost ten thousand dollars, and splendid turnouts, and people with two servants in livery, went there to call. Some of our great hotel-keepers go in very fashionable society, and their wives and daughters appear at governors' and presidents' receptions, wearing, no doubt, lace and diamonds paid for by the bar. What is the hotel-bar better than the gin-palace?"

During this discourse I wilted, and hung my head, but Mrs. Whaling visibly revived.

"Ho, well, you're a lady, and don't hunderstand these things," she said, compassionating my ignorance. "Why, at boardin'-school my children goes has good has the best. We gets them good broadcloth, hand good gownds, an' fills their pockets with shillin's hand sixpences. You'd ought to see the hairs the jades puts hon when they comes 'ome, hand laughs hat my Hinglish!"

Mrs. Whaling politely dismissed us after a second offer of refreshments; and so we had seen Miss Chip's neighbour.

## I BIDE MY TIME.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

I BIDE my time. Whenever shadows darken  
 Along my path, I do but lift my eyes,  
 And faith reveals fair shores beyond the skies.  
 And through earth's harsh, discordant sounds hearken  
 And hear divinest music from afar,  
 Sweet sounds from lands where half my loved ones are.  
 I bide—I bide my time.

I bide my time. Whatever woe assails me,  
 I know the strife is only for a day;  
 A Friend waits for me on the way,  
 A Friend too faithful and too true to fail me,  
 Who will bid all life's jarring turmoil cease,  
 And lead me on to realms of perfect peace.  
 I bide—I bide my time.

I bide my time. This conflict of resistance.  
 This drop of rapture in a cup of pain,  
 This wear and tear of body and of brain  
 But fits my spirit for the new existence  
 Which waits me in the happy by-and-bye,  
 So, come what may, I'll lift my eyes, and cry:  
 I bide—I bide my time.

## THE CURSE OF STRONG DRINK.\*

BY ARCHDEACON FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S.

" Shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord: and shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this? "—*Jer.* v., 9.

THE other day I saw a fine young man under the open noon, close beside Westminster Abbey, reeling, tottering along in shameful intoxication from some neighbouring public-house. A fool could have mocked at him; a child might have pushed him over; and to think that such sights are so common in a Christian land, is surely enough to make an angel weep, and might almost make devils blush at their own handiwork. And when by the gin-shop doors and loafing about the corners of the streets, see wretched, blighted, dirty, idle men, a horror and a shame to look upon, ruined body and soul, a curse to themselves, their families, their country, and all their race—I hang my head for very shame. God made them Englishmen. He made them English boys, with all the potency within them of all things manly and generous. Who debased that splendid human material into these deplorable funnels for drink? Who made these corpses of manhood? These twice dead with something worse than death! Death is but "Our sister, the death of the body"; but these, dead with the triple death of body, soul and spirit; these who, singed and scorched in every faculty, helplessly flutter into the flame of temptation which we kindle to destroy them; who made these?

You may say their own weakness, their own appetites made them. But who allured their weakness? Who fostered their appetites? Who multiplied the temptations to which, with the hereditary taint in their veins, it was but too certain that they would succumb? Who kindled in cruel and needless multiplicity the flames about which these poor human moths

flutter for long hours and singe themselves to death? If it be true that the sight of means to do ill deeds makes ill deeds done, then can we repudiate all responsibility for the state of these things which, in generation after generation, is the source of ruin to so many of these helpless victims for whom Christ died? Yes, for every bad law, for every evil custom, for all indifference to the misery, madness, and degradation caused by intemperance, we are responsible. The innocent are growing up to fill the miserable ranks of the army of drunkards as death mows them down; and if our consciences ask us whether we consider that the death of the gladiator in the arena was less agonizing or less shameful than that of men slowly sinking into universal ruin, or into the horrors of *delirium tremens*, how shall we answer?

Oh, think how many a man dies every year in the squalid lair he calls his home, where nothing is left unpawned for drink save the rags on which he lies, and who sees round him the wife whom he has beaten, the children who he has left to be a curse to yet another generation, and who has poured the very blood of his life and flung away the eternal jewel of his soul into the till of the publican. Confronting everywhere the minimum of resistance, with the maximum of temptation, we leave our very wretchedest madly to singe themselves to death in the circle of gin-shops, with which, as with a ring of fire, we encircle the very lowest of our slums.

My friends, we cannot escape these facts; we cannot lay any soft, flattering unction to our souls by

\* This tremendous indictment of the drink traffic was contributed to the World's Temperance Congress at Chicago, by Archdeacon Farrar.—*Ed.*

saying that they are exaggerated. They are not exaggerations, but under-statements of a curse which no human imagination can adequately grasp, and no tongue adequately describe. Those of you who know anything whatever about the subject, know that while these awful facts may be ignored by doctrinaire politicians or callous men of the world, they are confirmed by thousands of the most solemn testimonies. They are confirmed by the great statesmen, who said, in the full senate, that the evils caused by intemperance were more deadly because more continuous than the evils of war, famine and pestilence combined; confirmed by the reiterated testimony of every judge upon the bench; confirmed by all the multitude of magistrates and prison officials; confirmed by all the doctors of our great hospitals; confirmed by every honest policeman who walks our streets; confirmed by every clergyman who has to deal with the poor in every parish throughout the length and breadth of the United Kingdom.

We blame a Trajan or an Aurelius for the slaughter of a few hundreds of gladiators in the amphitheatre, but they were pagans, not Christians. The light of the blessed Gospel had never dawned upon their souls. And might not they point to all the accumulated evidence of crimes, horrors, frights, catastrophes, waste, pauperism, squalour, disease, madness and suicide which drink occasions, leaving like the plague of Egypt, scarcely a house in which there is not one dead, and say to us, "We exhibited gladiators, but who slew all these?"

And this the pagans might add. One Christian martyr died, and the games sanctioned by immemorial custom—games for which the idle mob and even their very victims were passionately enthusiastic—were swept away; but you, for whole centuries together, have been warned of these evils; and still you suffer yourself to lie crushed beneath their incubus. There is scarcely one of your great poets, scarcely one of your

eloquent writers, scarcely one of your most thoughtful statesmen, who has not warned you, again and again, in burning words; and yet, without the moral insight, without the passion for humanity, without the strong nerve for righteous statesmanship, which should mark a great and God-fearing nation, you pass abstract resolutions and let them lie torpid; you print huge blue books of damning evidence and leave them to rot on dusty shelves; and the voices of ten thousand earnest men and women—voices of appeal, of warning, of entreaty, of demonstration—are raised in vain. For many a long year the air has been tremulous with sighs, filled as with a rain of tears and blood; and you go on destroying your own children at home and bringing unutterable shame on the glory of England, by the way in which you suffer the sale of ardent spirits to degenerate and decimate race after race in your dependencies abroad. And have we no fear of the awful question, "Shall not I judge for these things, saith the Lord? Shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this?"

Nor is it our men only who thus perish; it is our women also. We boast that Christianity has elevated the lot of women, and so it has; but it has not elevated it half so high as drink has hurled it low. There are streets in every great city where every effort which can be put forth is daily and fatally defeated by drink, which is the devil's most potent instrument. You may see women maddened into fiends by gin, fighting and tearing each other amid a circle of dirty and drink-degraded spectators, amid language foul enough to make fire burst from the polluted air. Read the unspeakable daily and yearly tragedies and loathliness and cruelty which the police courts reveal—infamies which would disgrace Dahomey or Ashantee—and of which the wives and daughters and mothers of drunken men are the helpless victims: go into the rotting homes of some human rookery, when the gin-shops are closed, when

"The vitriol madness flushes up in the ruffian's brain  
Till the filthy bye-lane rings with the yell  
of his trampled wife."

and then go home and repeat the decrepit joke that temperate reformers use such intemperate language! Think of those women whom drink has made unwomanly, of those mothers whom drink has made unmotherly, of those human beings whom, by myriads, drink has dehumanized, and then ask your own consciences whether God will accept feeble and threadbare epigrams as an excuse for the continuance in a Christian land of crimes like these?

And helpless children perish, too, by thousands because of drink. In old days there stood in the valley of Hinnom a huge bronze statue of Moloch, of which the arms sloped down over a cistern of fire, and pagan priests used to lay children on those cruel arms to roll off and perish. I declare to you that if you symbolized the demon of drink by such an idol here in Christian England, it would be even more

"Besmeared with blood  
Of children's sacrifice and parents' tears."

I do not suppose that even in the worst days of terror a hundred children ever so perished in any city of Ammon or Moab. But I have read how, in one single English city, in one year, more than one hundred children were overlaid by drunken mothers. God only knows what the little English children, if they survive, have to suffer by the fiend-like cruelty of drunken parents. In one parish I know of children poisoned with gin; killed by the taint of gin in their blood; born with the horrid craving for gin in their constitutions; knocked about, starved, neglected, beaten by drunken fathers; left at home by drunken mothers to burn themselves; flying from the horror of drunken parents to sleep alone in cellars with the rats, or to hide in the chimney of a neighbour's house; of children dying like flies through the taint and vice of drunken parents, or left to grow up dirty, repellant, depraved, thievish, trained

because of drink in a very hotbed for the production hereafter of the felon and the harlot, to occupy the cell of the burglar, or the grave of the suicide; the retributive scourge of the society of which they are the helpless victims.

If that be so in one parish, what is the result for English children when you multiply it by thousands of parishes? And do we remember Who it was who said, "It must needs be that offences come, but woe unto him by whom they come?" Who it was who, as it were, flung with a mill-stone round his neck into the sea those who should offend one of these little ones? And what else are we doing, when from the cradle to the grave we surround them helplessly with the fatal facility and fascination of that by which, if they survive their early perils, it is certain that thousands of them will inevitably perish—perish with a worse and a second death?

Oh, when those who are most guilty in this massacre of innocents stand before God's bar, will not the angels of these children who see the face of our Father in heaven plead trumpet-tongued against the deep damnation of their taking off?

I confess that I speak to you almost in despair. I know that many will oppose to every plain fact, to every appeal, the seven-fold shield of callousness, cynicism, egotism, and indifference. We know that these voices are but as a weak wave, which will be shattered into mist by rocky hearts, yet, if the genius of this nation be summoned before the throne of God to answer for the children whom her customs suffer to perish, will a shrug of the shoulders and a gibe suffice for her exculpation?

Let me tell you that England cannot be warned in vain forever. She has long been entangled in a network of vicious and ruinous customs. England must summon up her courage and her righteousness to burst those strangling bonds or she will perish. Here at home, in all her huge cities, awful problems are thickening around her. The immense overcrowding of her population; the fact that the greatest increase

is due to the most squalid and the most unfit; the fact that she relies almost wholly on foreign lands for her own food; the fact that socialism and discontent are spreading among her unemployed and half-starved myriads—constitute immense dangers at no distant future.

A populace of which drink is the main temptation, and the gin-shops the chief resource, is no safe depository of political power; and when I think of the crime and misery of which drink is prolific among their dense and ever-multiplying masses, I wonder whether the overflowing scourge have not been placed already in the hands of our vices—a scourge which shall smite and shall not spare. Only may God give us wisdom to see the things that are, and to see them as they are. If our sins have awakened His anger, may He bid His angel of retribution to thrust back his sword into his sheath. And may He inspire into His universal Church the strength and the tenderness which shall enable her to arouse the conscience of the nations, and so to end, or at least to mitigate, this terrible and continuous curse.

And what shall we say of the problems abroad? Abroad I see everywhere the curse with which the drink-fiend has dogged our progress and dipped our advancing feet in blood. I read, not long ago, how Radama I., King of Madagascar, tried to save his people from the curse of rum, and had the casks of maddening refuse, sent from Mauritius, staved in upon the shore. The English officials complained and interfered. Since then the Malagasy have been deluged with rum and crime. Radama's own son and successor, Radama II., a youth of great promise, became a helpless drunkard and a criminal maniac, and after a reign of nine months was assassinated by the order of his own privy council. I read but yesterday, how Zambila, the Queen of Amatongaland, horrified by the decimation of her people by rum, strenuously and at once saved her people by forbidding the sale of liquor by any of her subjects. I read in the "Early

Adventures of Sir H. Lazard," how at Shuster, on the Euphrates, the people were decent, clean and good, because (oh, shame upon us!) there were no Christians and consequently no grog-shops."

Can you read, can you hear such records without a pang of shame for the moral impotence of your country? So cannot I. How long halt ye between two opinions? If there be no God, or if Mammon, or Moloch, or a vested interest to destroy men, or the liberty of the subject to destroy himself, be God, then the continuance of our present vices will be the certainty of our ultimate ruin. But if there be a God, if Christ died to save men, woe to the nation that forbears to deliver them for whom Christ died! Would not He say to you, were He here on earth again, the Mahommedans shall rise in the judgment against this generation and shall condemn it, for they were sober at the command of their prophet, and ye would not listen to the very voice of God! The king of the Malagasy shall rise in the judgment against this generation and shall condemn it, for He tried to save his people from degradation, and ye forced destruction upon them. The poor savage queen of Amatongaland shall rise in the judgment against this generation and shall condemn it; for, wiser than you, she forbade her subjects to sell that which made them raven to their own bane, and you heap rewards upon those who sell it. Race after race—Kaffirs and Hottentots, Negroes, Maoris, American Indians, Hindoos, Cingalese—shall rise in the judgment against this nation and shall condemn it; for they shall ask by what law they were to be destroyed and demoralized by drink, only because they had the unthought misfortune to come beneath our rule.

Dark and lurid are the thunder clouds which are lowering already on the horizon. Already we may hear what one has described as the whispering together of the forest leaves in their terrified stillness which way the wind shall come—the mutterings of the archangels in the

distance as they draw their swords of flame. That coming storm may need all our patriotism, all our manhood. If once more, as in the days of the slave-trade, we purge ourselves of national guilt, and the supineness bred of mammon worship, however fierce the storm-light shine upon our faces, we, too, shall be "Armed with thunder, clad with wings," and then I dread no overthrow. But if we are to meet that coming storm with consciences hardened against unnumbered warnings, and amid the curses of weaker races which we still continue to destroy, I fear lest some voice should

say to England, as it once said to her predecessor in empire :

"Rome shall perish ! Write that word  
In the blood that she has spilt ;  
Perish hopeless and abhorred,  
Deep in ruin as in guilt."

May God Almighty bid the angel of retribution to thrust back his sword into his sheath ! May the God of Mercy avert the omen of our follies and of our sins ! May God Almighty give you the wisdom, the strength and the tenderness which shall make all of you see the duty of taking part in the endeavour to mitigate or to end this awful curse !

## SIGNALLING TO THE PLANETS.

BY SIR ROBERT S. BALL, LL.D., F.R.S.,

*Astronomer Royal for Ireland.*

THE eccentricity which is not infrequently manifested by testators received some time since a curious illustration. An old French lady, who died at Pau, seems to have been studying certain astronomical writings with so much enthusiasm that she was stimulated to make a singular bequest. According to M. Flammarion, she has left one hundred thousand francs to be awarded as a prize to that individual, no matter what his nationality, who shall first bring to a successful issue any scheme for opening up communication by signals between this earth and any of the other planets. The donor wished that the fund should be taken charge of by the renowned Institute of France, but she had, not unnaturally, some misgivings as to whether that illustrious body would charge themselves with so unusual a commission. If they did not accept the trust, then the legacy was to be offered to the Institute of Milan, while in case of their refusal, the money was apparently to take its way across the Atlantic, where it was expected that savants of a more sanguine spirit might be found than those in the Old World.

### AN IMPOSSIBLE SCHEME.

I may at once say that it seems utterly impossible for the scheme to be realized ; yet still it may be worth while to say a few words on the matter. Indeed, I have received not a few inquiries on the subject. Some of them are from no doubt excellent persons, who appear to think that, by announcing themselves as readers of *n.*; little book, "Starland," they become entitled to question me on all astronomical subjects whatever. Suppose, for a moment, that rational beings did exist in some of the other heavenly bodies ; it seems difficult to know what conceivable language could be devised by which they could communicate with us, or we could communicate with them. It is not here a question of distance alone, it is the language or symbols to be employed that offer a fundamental difficulty. It is quite conceivable that on some judiciously selected site human endeavour should compile a building or monument sufficiently large to be discerned by dwellers on the moon, if there were any, and if they were provided with telescopes as large as ours. But what hieroglyphics are we to con-

struct which should convey a notion to the mind of a being so totally different from ourselves as must be a denizen on the moon or on any other globe? The hieroglyphics of ancient Egypt are intelligible, more or less, because we have abundant collateral aid. If the ancient scribe depicts a bird, we can at a<sup>n</sup> events understand the immediate object that his picture represents. But suppose a building representing a colossal bird or a colossal fish were erected on the earth, yet under no circumstances could it be intelligible to a lunarian. His experience on the globe without water will not enable him to recognize the picture of a fish, nor is a bird a familiar conception to one whose only notions are obtained on a globe without air.

#### A UNIVERSAL SYMBQL.

Some fantastic person, however, long ago suggested that there was one method, and probably only one, by which rational beings, so utterly devoid of all common experience, could, nevertheless, conceivably communicate sympathies of a purely intellectual type. It is a characteristic of mathematical science that it must be the same throughout all space. We cannot conceive a world in which two and two make anything but four, nor can we conceive that the three angles of a triangle drawn in any corner of the universe differ by a fraction of a second from two right angles. If there be intellectual beings elsewhere, and if their faculties have been directed to mathematical pursuits, it is impossible for the arithmetic and the geometry of the most widely separated globes not to have common features. It seems, therefore, conceivable that an intellectual being totally unlike us in every respect, bodily and mental, might yet share with us such conceptions as that the angles of a triangle were equal to two right angles.

It has been suggested that if the propositions in Euclid were traced in gigantic figures many leagues in length on the desert of Sahara, and if these were illuminated by rows of brilliant electric lights they might

certainly be visible to inhabitants on the moon. If geometry had been properly cultivated on the moon, the lunarians would comprehend at once the significance of the mighty triangle, and would politely respond by erecting the famous 47th in the crater of Plato, or by decorating the Mare Serenitatis with the lineaments of the

#### PONS ASINORUM.

It is clearly something of this kind which stimulated the benevolent lady's offer of a prize of £4,000 for its realization. I do not, however, suppose that the august scientific body to whom it is proposed to intrust the funds will be likely to undertake the charge.

So far as the moon is concerned we may look on it as practically certain that there are no inhabitants; and as our next neighbour, Mars, is a hundred times as far away as the moon, it follows that the dimensions of the figures that must be drawn on the earth should be a hundred times as large as those that would suffice to arrest the attention of a supposed lunar inhabitant. In fact, as Flammarion says, an erection on the earth would have to cover about as large an area as Sicily in order to be visible from Mars. It seems, however, to be within the compass of man's power so far to modify the earth on which he dwells that the effect of his operations may be distinctly visible from some of the other heavenly bodies. Professor Langley has pointed out that the influence of man on the continent of America must certainly have affected its appearance when viewed from distant points of space. Along the eastern coast the primeval vegetation has been gradually displaced, and the aspect of the cultivated lands must have given a fringe of a somewhat reddish colour to the original green of the continent. Now, indeed, this fringe has extended so widely that the aspect of the continent from whatever points in space it would be visible must be appreciably different from that it bore a few centuries ago. But no one who gives the matter any reasonable

attention could expect any results to be realized from this bequest. Even if there were inhabitants on Mars, who knew as much about geometry as we do, we might cover the whole earth with symbols, and yet their eyes, if they have any, might not be 'titted to see them.

MARS.

Perhaps the most diligent student of Mars in modern times is Professor Schiaparelli. He has studied the neighbouring world in the clear skies of Milan, and he has detected on it many features that had eluded observers who did not possess the same penetration that he is endowed with. Mars has on its globe ruddy regions which seem to be continents of land and dark regions which seem like oceans of water. The poles of Mars are also indicated in a remarkable manner by an accumulation of white material distinctly suggesting the presence of an ice cap at each end of the axis. Mars is also surrounded with an atmosphere less substantial than our own, no doubt, but still of sufficient density to support clouds, though it must be admitted that these clouds have much more tenuity than those on our earth. These features are more or less known to all observers of the planet. It was reserved for the distinguished professor of Milan to detect on the surface a number of curious markings, generally spoken of as "canals." We cannot, with our present knowledge, assert that these have any affinity with what we know as canals on the earth. It is a remarkable circumstance that in some of his drawings the assiduous observer we have mentioned showed that the "canals" in Mars, or many of them at least, were doubled.

THE MARIAN CANALS.

I have alluded to this doubling

because the strange idea seems to have been suggested that possibly it may have a connection with the scheme which the bequest of the French lady was intended to further. If we could deliver a message to Mars by the construction of vast diagrams on the globe, is it not conceivable that the inhabitants of Mars may have also conceived a like notion about communicating with us? Indeed, it has been surmised by some imaginative person not only that they may have entertained this idea, but that they may have actually carried it into effect. What we have called "canals" are on this view supposed to be merely the lines of a vast geometrical figure with which the geometers of Mars would appeal to us. They concluded, so our fanciful philosopher says, that we did not see this message, or if we saw it we did not understand it, and accordingly they have emphasized the appeal to our intellectual faculties by duplicating the lines of the diagram in the effort to assure us that they hoped their friendly communication would be understood and invite a response. I confess, however, it seems to me more likely that the "canals," and the doubling of the canals, in so far as the latter is a real phenomenon, may be better explained as indicating an inundation rather than a proposition in Euclid. Nevertheless, he must indeed be rash who presumes to limit the possible discoveries of the future. Who would have thought thirty years ago that we should be ever able to tell the material substances composing the sun? We not only now know these to a large extent, but are even able to tell the elementary bodies present in the most distant objects in space to which our most modern telescopes have been able to penetrate.

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“THINK not the Lord will spare thy child,  
 If thou hast seen the wolves go by,  
 Nor warned thy neighbour's son, beguiled  
 To pitfalls, where he sure must die  
 For want of help.”

## PHILIP SCHAFF.

BY THE REV. MARVIN R. VINCENT, D.D.

It is too soon yet to be quite credible that we shall never see Schaff again at the library table, or knock at the door of his little room adjoining the library, and see the flushed face lift itself from the paper, and the sense of the visitor and of this present world gradually come into it. For he never worked, like some men, with half his mind. Work was his element. He loved it for its ends, but also for itself. He lost himself in it. He had the German habits and methods of study—the regularity, the persistence, the scrupulousness, the deliberation—and he knew how to keep many irons in the fire at once, and to keep them all hot; how to cut out work for others, and to keep them going while he was busy on his own particular line. At the close of a list of his works, published during the present year, and containing eighty-five titles—one of which covers twenty-five volumes, another fourteen, another seven, others three and four—one reads: “Dr. Schaff hopes to write one more volume of his ‘Church History,’ and to publish his lectures on ‘Christianity—Symbolic and Irenic.’”

It was my privilege to spend a fortnight in his company, last June, at Lake Mohonk, which for several years had been one of his favorite resorts. How rich and varied was his talk on great Christian themes, as we rambled through those lovely woods, or rested in the summer-houses with their grand outlooks! How vivid and racy his reminiscences of the companions and masters of his early studies in Germany! His love of work asserted itself in the face of all cautions and remonstrances. He had just received the first imported copy of Von Gebhardt's “Gospel and Apocalypse of Peter,” with photographic reproductions of the original. No child was ever more delighted with a new gun or drum. He displayed the volume and talked about it to some

people, at least, who probably knew no more about the Gospel of Peter than about the ichthyosaurus; but it was his way to try and interest his companion, whoever he might be, in his literary pleasures; and the old guests would have listened if the Doctor had discoursed on Egyptian hieroglyphics. He gave a little talk about the document in the parlour one evening.

He had an extraordinary memory. It could never be said of him, as it was about one of his former colleagues, that he had forgotten more than most men knew, for he never seemed to have forgotten anything, whether it were a date, a name somewhere back in the second or third century, or an incident of an interview with Tholuck or with Abraham Lincoln. His memory was richly stored with hymns, Latin, German, and English. He would repeat long passages of the *Odyssey*, or the *Divina Commedia*, or *Faust*. He was a student of Dante, and less than two years ago published an elaborate essay on Dante and the *Divina Commedia*. He had a wonderful acquaintance with the literature of any subject that he treated. He seemed to have some special organs of vision on every side, which kept him constantly aware of the new sails on the critical and literary horizon. The gong is sounding for lecture. He comes down the hall from the library. “Good-morning! Oh, have you seen that new book of Carl Clemen on the Chronology of the Pauline Epistles? Rather trashy, isn't it? He doesn't throw much light on the sources of the Acts. Speaking of Acts, that's a very strong book of Ramsay's.” The gong has stopped; the students are crowding in. The Doctor begins to move toward the lecture-room. “Did you know that the first part of Godet's ‘Introduction’ is out at last? A great thing for a man in his eightieth year! Ah, I saw him in Neuchâtel a year ago”—and then

an anecdote, a criticism, a quotation, and the white head disappears through the Junior door, and the next moment his voice is heard in prayer.

He always retained a decided foreign accent. He spoke readily, of course, in German and French, and said that he used to know Italian, but had grown rusty. But he had a thorough command of English, and spoke as one who thought in it. I do not remember ever to have seen him use notes in a public address, and his extempore utterance was at once fluent and accurate.

He was no less devout than scholarly. The awe and reverence which always characterized him in public prayer were very strongly marked, and casual expressions in the course of conversation bore witness to his chastened spirit and his simple faith. Not many months ago he said to a friend that he hoped he might be spared to do some more work, but added, "At any rate, my trunk is packed." I recall a conversation with him, in the course of which, alluding to the death of his beloved daughter, he said, with a

sigh out of the depths of a father's heart, "Well, God knows best."

In everything which concerned his own theological views and doctrinal statements Dr. Schaff was eminently candid and outspoken. Thoroughly acquainted with every phase of critical opinion in theology and Biblical exegesis, he was never swept from his faith in the Scriptures and in the divine-human Son of God. His little book on the Person of Christ, originally written in German in 1865, has been translated into English, Dutch, French, Greek, Russian, Bulgarian, and Japanese.

Enshrined in the admiring recognition of the best minds of Europe and America, cherished in the memory of hosts of loving friends, stamped upon the scholarship and preaching of hundreds of successful ministers, departing in the communion of the Holy Catholic Church, in the confidence of a certain faith, in the comfort of a reasonable, religious, and holy hope, in charity with all mankind, and in peace with God—he rests from his labours, and his works do follow him.—*The Outlook*.

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## TO THE HILLS.

BY DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

AH ; distant hills, ye must be happy so !

To lie along the sunset with no pain,  
To watch the olive deepen into gray,  
The silver stars bring on the night again.

To watch them burning in the open sky,  
Or flashing from a lake so dark and deep,  
To ponder covered with your shadowy pines,  
The while your rivers murmur in their sleep.

To hear the first thrush to the morning star  
Break wild, hidden within your very heart,  
To send your eagles wheeling up the sky,  
To signal from the height the dawn's first dart.

To take the lightning on your fearless front,  
To feel the passionate storm-wind surge and blow.  
To know that calmness in the wild distress,  
Ah, distant hills, ye must be happy so.

OTTAWA, Ont.

## Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

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

### WESLEYAN METHODIST.

In India the membership has doubled every ten years during the last thirty-four years. There were then four educational institutions, with two out of thirty-eight missionaries to manage them. To-day, out of 443 agents, only four are designated for educational work.

This year the collections at Leeds Missionary Anniversary amounted to \$4,830.

A Science Hall has been erected in connection with the Leys School in Cambridge. Lord Kelvin attended the opening.

The Bermondsey settlement in London is doing a grand work. It unites the simplest forms of evangelism with high educational aims. The various departments are presided over by well-qualified persons who blend the social with the religious and literary elements. Rooms are set apart for young women to learn dressmaking; others are used by young persons of both sexes who are pursuing various courses of study.

In 1875 a mission was started in New Britain by Rev. George Brown, who had laboured fifteen years in Samoa. Forty-one churches have been built, in which, with other preaching places, 5,000 persons regularly worship. There are 900 church members, 1,300 Sunday-school scholars, and forty-five of the converts are local preachers. Last year these natives gave \$750 to the missionary society to send the Gospel "to the regions beyond."

The latest report of the London Mission shows that in the six branches—East, Central, Leysian, West, South, Grove—there are 3,955 members, an increase of 455 during the year, with 1,095 on trial and 818 meeting in junior society classes. There are fifteen ministers,

twenty lay agents, over sixty sisters and hundreds of unpaid workers.

### METHODIST EPISCOPAL.

The collections of the Board of Education for 1893 amounted to \$70,347.29, an increase of \$7,541 over last year. The total income from all sources was \$87,553.91; 1,416 students had been aided; they were of twenty-four different nationalities. These students were attending 100 different institutions throughout the world. More than three-fourths of the number are preparing for the ministry or for missionary work; 212 are expecting to teach; 193 were women, many of whom intend to be missionaries and others to become teachers.

Bishop Taylor has returned to Africa. He was accompanied by his niece, Miss Jennie Taylor, a graduate in medicine and dentistry, who will give the next two and a half years of her services to the missionary cause in Africa without compensation.

The Buffalo Deaconess Home has cost \$1,174 during the year. Some eleven workers are housed here. They called at 1,771 homes, and secured doctors and nurses for those in need, wrote letters, distributed literature, Bibles, etc., visited 190 saloons, and made 133 calls on sick in hospitals, spending about a full year of eight hours a day with the sick. The Home is estimated to be worth \$8,000.

City Methodist Unions are growing in power. The Syracuse Methodist Union has the vested title of five churches built under its auspices and part title to others. It owns property valued at \$13,000, including seven chapels and adjoining lots. This organization last year raised \$4,400 and organized three new churches that have grown rapidly.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH  
SOUTH.

Since the organization of the Church Extension Boards in 1882 they have received from all sources \$702,449.15, and have aided 2,510 churches with an average each of \$250. The total value of all the church edifices is \$18,775,362 by the census of 1890.

The next General Conference is to be held at Memphis, May, 1894. Rev. Alexander Sutherland, D.D., will attend as fraternal delegate from Canada.

METHODIST CHURCH.

Rev. Dr. Hart, Superintendent of the Mission in China, still pleads for a larger reinforcement of labourers for the Celestial Empire. Recent news states that Dr. Hart has had an attack of malaria. He had just returned from a tour of twenty days up and down the Fuh river, and everywhere found the natives friendly.

The Woman's Missionary Society has arranged a series of prayer subjects for all the months of 1894.

It is expected that Miss Munro will return to Japan in 1894.

Calls are being made by the Woman's Board for workers in Indian, Japanese, and Chinese fields. Teachers are required for the two former, and a medical missionary for the last.

A missionary map of Japan, showing the missions of the various Methodist Churches and the stations of our own Church, has been issued. As the map is very cheap it should command a large sale. Apply at the Mission Rooms, Toronto.

The Missionary Board is glad to hear that certain domestic missions have become independent. As there is a deficiency of income this year, if some others would follow such a good example the Board would rejoice.

METHODIST NEW CONNEXION.

The President of the Conference visited Kilham Memorial Chapel, Epworth. He was the bearer of

\$1,500 from Mrs. Crooks, Sheffield. It is a noteworthy fact that Epworth gave birth to both John Wesley and Alexander Kilham.

The old series of the *Connexional Magazine* now brought to a close, is the third, of which the last volume is the sixty-first, and the ninety-sixth volume from the commencement in 1798, immediately after the origin of the Connexion. Of the noble series of editors only three survive, Rev. J. H. Robinson, Ottawa, C. D. Ward, and J. C. Watts, who has just closed six and a half years of editorial work and forty-four of ministerial service. Rev. W. J. Townsend is now the Editor and Book Steward.

PRIMITIVE METHODIST.

The Local Preachers' Mutual Aid Association has had a prosperous year. All sick claims have been paid and a good balance remains on hand.

Primitive Methodism is strong in the Isle of Man; other forms of Methodism also flourish. The majority of the inhabitants are Methodists, yet the State Church monopolizes most offices and posts of power. There are forty magistrates, and thirty-eight of them belong to the Church of England.

W. P. Hartley, Esq., J.P., has presented the college in Manchester with a large collection of books.

Rev. N. Boocock, of London, has been set apart for the African field of service and will leave for his distant field at an early date.

RECENT DEATHS.

Rev. Robert M. Wilcox, of the English Wesleyan Conference, travelled forty-five years. During his superannuation he was not idle, but preached as long as his strength would allow. He also gave much time to pastoral visiting among the sick and poor. He also had a society class. The Master permitted him to pass the seventieth milestone of life before calling him home early in December.

Bishop D. A. Payne, D.D., LL.D., of the African Methodist Episcopal

Church, entered into rest in November last, aged eighty-three years. He was elected bishop in 1852. He was the Nestor of education of colored youth, and established Wilberforce College. He was widely known in England and France.

Rev. J. J. Moore, D.D., senior Bishop of the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church, died at Greensboro', N.C., December 9th. Bishop Moore was the oldest bishop of any denomination in America, being ninety years of age. He had been a minister more than sixty years, and has held the office of bishop nearly twenty-six years. His labours extended from New England to California, including nearly every State in the Union.

Rev. James Morison, D.D. This learned and devoted man died in November last. For half a century he has filled a large vacuum in the Christian church. He was reared in the United Presbyterian Church, Scotland, and became a minister in that body, from which he was expelled because of his Arminian views on the Atonement; many sympathized with him. He and his friends went forth preaching the Gospel in Scotland and the border counties, and hundreds were converted. Dr. Morison devoted himself largely to writing and soon excelled as an expounder of the Word of God. He outlived all the opposition which he once endured and became the object of admiration from all classes of theologians.

Rev. W. T. Hicks, chairman of Algoma District, was suddenly called to his heavenly home during the latter part of December. Our departed friend was a genial companion and was always ready for every good work. His death will be deeply lamented by hundreds of ministers and people. His bereaved widow and children will have the tender sympathy of all who knew them.

Rev. E. H. Koyle, M.A., B.D., of Cobourg, died December 18th, 1893. He had only been thirteen years in

the ministry, but he had been long enough to give full proof that he was a man of God who laboured to save souls. His father was also a minister and died a few years ago in the same church of which the son was pastor.

Rev. Richard Thomas, a superannuated minister in London Conference, died December 18th, 1893, at Idaho Springs, Colorado, whither he had gone for the good of his health, but he has removed to that country where the inhabitants never say "I am sick." Brother Thomas entered the ministry of the Bible Christian Church in 1875.

Rev. John A. Rogers, a superannuated minister, member of Bay of Quinte Conference, died at his home in Lindsay, December 29th. He was originally connected with the Methodist Episcopal Church. He retired from the active work several years ago, but was always ready to render assistance to his brother ministers who needed aid.

We quote from the *Guardian* the following announcement of recent deaths occurring since the above notes were received:

The Rev. John A. Rogers died at Lindsay on December 28th, and his wife, Ellen Sutherland Rogers, on Monday, December 25th. Both passed away quietly, conscious to the last, and in great peace. Their testimony, living and dying, was the same clear assurance of personal salvation to the uttermost. They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death they were not divided. Brother Rogers was eighty-two years of age and his wife sixty-eight.

One of our veteran missionaries, Rev. Robert Brooking, died the last week in the year near Cobourg. He was for several years a Wesleyan missionary in Africa, and afterwards spent a number of years in missionary work in the Hudson's Bay Territory. He leaves a widow and one daughter. For several years past he has sustained a superannuated relation to the Church.

## Book Notices.

*The Christ-Child in Art: A Study of Interpretation.* By HENRY VAN DYKE. Illustrated. New York: Harper Brothers. Toronto: William Briggs. Octavo. Gilt top. Price, \$4.75.

It is only when we contrast the condition of art and literature in Christian lands with that in lands and times without the Christ, that we can realize the infinite obligation of Christendom to God's revelation of love. The story of the Christ-Child has created new ideals of thought, "indeed," says our author, "a new kind of love and distinct type of loveliness; for certainly, since Jesus was born in Bethlehem the world has learned a new love and tenderness for childhood, and for the beauty and innocence of which it is a type."

Dr. Van Dyke's study of "The Christ-Child in Art" brings before us, with all the wealth and sumptuousness of illustration which publishing enterprise can furnish, the *chef-d'œuvres* of the old masters and modern painters. He accompanies this with a charming interpretation of this sacred art, an explanation of its attributes, allusions, legends, and the like. The engravings are particularly good. The tender grace and beauty of Fra Angelico and Botticelli, the subtle beauty of Raphael's pencil, the antique quaintness of Giotto and Ghirlandajo, the homely domesticity of Dürer and Lucas Cranach and the poetic feeling of Rossetti and Bouguereau are rendered into black and white with charming effect. We do not believe that better work with the burin was ever done than that, for instance, of Francesco Francia's "Annunciation." The infinite depth of western sky and atmospheric effects on mountain and plain are more like painting than engraving. Correggio's "La Notte," is also splendidly rendered.

Mr. Van Dyke quotes many curious incidents in the legendary lore which is recounted in the Gospel of the Infancy and other apocryphal writings. For instance, during the flight into Egypt the Holy Family were assailed by great dragons, but at the sight of the Christ-Child they fell down and worshipped him. When resting beneath a palm-tree (according to one version, a cherry-tree) Mary longed for the fruit, and at the command of the Christ-Child the branches bent down to her hand and a stream of water gushed up from the ground.

When leaving Bethlehem they passed some men sowing corn. The Virgin begged them to answer if anyone inquired when the Holy Babe passed by, "When we were sowing this corn." But during the night the corn sprang up and ripened, and when the soldiers going by asked when the fugitives passed, the husbandmen answered, "When we were sowing this corn." Thereupon the soldiers gave up the pursuit as in vain.

Attacked by robbers during the flight, one of these, Titus, gives his companion money to let the Holy Family go free, and Jesus foretells that after thirty years these two robbers should be crucified with Him, and that Titus should enter Paradise as the penitent thief.

The Egyptian idols are represented as falling from their pedestals at the approach of Jesus. A beautiful picture shows Mary and the Holy Family taking refuge in an Egyptian temple, and Mary gazing with amazement at the gigantic outline of Isis, the good mother, nursing her son Horus. We have seen another painting in which Mary has climbed into the arms of the Sphinx, and Joseph lights his lonely watch-fire, whose slow smoke climbs to the sky, while all the light of the picture comes from the Divine Child.

Holman Hunt's wonderful picture, "The Triumph of the Innocents," the result of years of labour, shows Joseph, a sturdy peasant, with his basket of tools on his back. Around the Holy Child and his mother, circle the souls of the slain innocents, the first-fruits of the holy army of martyrs, to whom the infant Christ turns with a look of soulful sympathy.

In the legend the little Jesus makes sparrows of clay and claps his hands, when they all fly off. When the pitcher which Jesus is carrying breaks, he brings the water in the corner of his robe. When the couch which Joseph is making for a customer proves too short, Jesus stretches it to the proper length. These puerile stories are given with much variety in early art, and are in striking contrast to the simple account of the Scriptures which sum up the boyhood of Christ in the words, "And He was subject unto them. And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man."

In early art Mary was represented, not as the principal figure, but merely as an accessory to the Divine Child. In course of time she came to occupy the principal place, and even received the unwarranted titles of "Theotokos," and "Mater Dei," "The Mother of God." But as there is a soul of goodness even in things evil, so even the undue exaltation of Mary were not without some moral benefit to mankind. In a coarse, rude age of rapine and wrong, a new ideal of gentleness and ruth was created. A morose asceticism had spread on every side, denouncing the sweet and gentle charities of hearth and home, and forbidding the love of wife and child to those who would attain to the heights of holiness. Woman was degraded as a being of inferior nature, regarded as "a necessary evil," and forbidden, as unworthy, to touch with her hand the sacred emblems of the passion of Christ.

But this *cultus* of Mary raised woman to a loftier plane of being, invested her with a moral dignity and power, infinite superior to any-

thing known to pagan times, and called forth a deeper reverence and more chivalrous regard :

This example of all womanhood,  
So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good,  
So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure.

ennobled and dignified the entire sex, and therefore raised and purified the whole of society. The worship of sorrow softened savage natures to more human gentleness, and ameliorated the horrors of long, dark centuries of cruelty and blood.

*Hours with the Bible.* By CUNNINGHAM GEIKIE, D.D., LL.D. *The Scriptures in the Light of Modern Discovery and Knowledge.* Entirely new edition. Revised throughout and largely rewritten. Cloth, with illustrations. Six volumes, \$7.50. Vol. I. From the creation to the Patriarchs. Vol. II. From Moses to the Judges. Vol. III. From Samson to Solomon. Vol. IV. From Rehoboam to Hezekiah. Vol. V. From Manasseh to Zedekiah. Vol. VI. Completing Old Testament. New York: James Pott & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

The study of the Word of God is ever commanding more and more of the attention of mankind. New books and new editions of standard works are teeming from the press as never before. Among the most valuable of these recent issues is that above mentioned. Dr. Geikie's "Hours with the Bible," during the last ten years has become a sort of classic in its line; but the marked development of biblical knowledge in recent times, especially in connection with recent exploration in Egypt, Assyria and Babylonia, has created the necessity for a revision of the text. Dr. Geikie gives also the benefit of his own personal recent travels in Egypt, Palestine and Assyria, and his extensive studies of the best and most recent authorities on these subjects. A list of the latter alone fills nine closely printed pages.

The purpose of the book is in harmony with the modern inductive

study of the Bible. It places within one's reach the facilities of arriving at as complete a knowledge as modern learning will supply the conditions of time and place under which the sacred narrative was written. This work is characterized by Dr. Geikie's well-known lucid style, with copious illustrations from a wide range of reading, historical and poetical. There are also a number of graphic illustrations of sacred sites and scenes, ancient monuments, reliefs—everything to elucidate the text. Each volume has its own index of topics and texts. The volumes range from about five to nearly six hundred pages.

No writer has done more than Dr. Geikie in his "Hours with the Bible," "The Life of Christ," and his "Holy Land and the Bible," to popularize the study of the Word of God. With these books in his possession every preacher and teacher will be equipped with, we judge, the best modern apparatus for the study of the sacred history of our world for the first four thousand years of its history.

This is not a work of textual comment. The learned author does not trouble his readers with philological details. He gives the result rather than the process of the best critical study. The two earlier volumes cover the ground of the Sunday-school lessons for the current half-year, and will be of special interest to all Sunday-school teachers. These may possibly be procured separately. The mechanical execution of these volumes is every way admirable—the paper good, the print clear and legible and the binding substantial.

The people of Toronto naturally feel a pride that one, who for some years lived among us and greatly promoted the intellectual life of our country, and some of whose kinsfolk occupy prominent positions in public life among us, should have become world-famous for his contributions to the sacred literature of the age.

*The Praises of Israel: an Introduction to the Study of the Psalms.*

By W. T. DAVISON, M.A., D.D.,  
Tutor in Systematic Theology,

Handsworth College, Birmingham.  
London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

This small volume is a *multum in parvo* on a great subject. The very condensation of statement and conclusions excludes much nice critical discussion, the results rather than the processes of criticism being given.

We have heard of a Scotch divine who used sometimes to say, "This is a very difficult passage, let us look it squarely in the face—and pass on." So does not Professor Davison. He frankly meets difficulties and seeks their solution. The questions of compilation, age and authorship are fairly met. The theology of the Psalms is discussed in four chapters, and the witness of the Psalms to Christ in two more. The Professor has no doubt as to the Messianic character of several of these Psalms.

"A true hymn-book," says our author, "is not made, but grows." "The real hymn-book, with its roots struck deep in the life and affections of a spiritual community will itself exhibit the life and growth of an organism." Such in a special degree is this book of Psalms. It is a Bible within a Bible. "The Psalms," said the late Dean Church, "are a pillar of fire, and light the history of the early world." "That the light of the Psalter may be seen more clearly," says our author, "in order that He may be seen more clearly of whose celestial glory it is but a single earthly ray, is the object of the following chapters."

The study of this book will unquestionably lead to a more intelligent appreciation of that wondrous collection of sacred hymns of the old Hebrew world. "But the Psalter," says Dr. Davison, "is its own best commentary, and nothing is more refreshing than to turn from reading *about* the Psalms, to ponder the book itself. If the readers of this little volume lay it down with any added zest for drinking at the Fountain-head, its end will be abundantly answered." The dedication of this book "*Conjugi meæ delectissima*" gives a tender vein of sentiment to a scholarly and admirable production.

*Tom Heron of Sax. A Story of the Evangelical Revival of the Eighteenth Century.* By EVELYN EVERETT - GREEN. Illustrated. London: The Religious Tract Society. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.75.

This story achieved great popularity in running as a serial through the *Sunday at Home* for 1892. It is here brought out in all the glory of green cloth, full gilt, and handsomely printed and illustrated. It is of special interest to Methodist readers as giving a vivid picture of the days of Wesley. It illustrates the power of divine grace to change a drinking, roistering village blacksmith to a saint, an apostle and a martyr. John Wesley, Geo. Whitefield, John Nelson and other makers of Methodism appear in these pages. It exhibits a more pleasing, and we think probably a truer view of the relations between the Methodists and the Church people, with the exception of a few persecuting bigots, than we sometimes receive. It is an admirable book for our Sunday-schools and families.

*A Japanese Interior.* By ALICE MABEL BACON. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 267. Price, \$1.25.

These letters describe the experience of a bright, intelligent lady engaged as a teacher in a school for higher class Japanese girls under the management of the Imperial Household Department. The writer had admirable facilities for studying the inner life of the Japanese in palace and court circles. Her pictures are of photographic fidelity, and give a very pleasing impression of the amiable Japanese character. She pays a high tribute to the intelligence of the congregation listening to a sermon in the Mission in whose Sunday-school she was teacher. They had more the look of students in a lecture room than of a congregation. Almost all the men and women had Bibles, which they consulted for every reference, and many had paper on which they took notes. They

were evidently in search of instruction rather than oratory or æsthetic gratification of any kind.

The young men in her Bible-class were of similar character, and some of the questions propounded by them showed not only deep interest but a deep insight into Christian religion. The author devoted much time in answering in writing the puzzling questions made by her Bible-class. One boy asked twenty-five questions, some of them requiring long and full answers. We would be glad if all our Canadian Bible students exhibited as deep and intelligent an interest as did these Japanese recently emerged from heathendom.

*Japan in History, Folk-lore, and Art.*

By WILLIAM ELLIOTT GRIFFIS, author of "Mikado's Empire." Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 230.

Few persons have been so intimately identified with the progress of Japan as Dr. Griffis. He was one of the first Americans to go to that country to organize schools and teach science. He thoroughly studied the country, its institutions and literature, and has written some of the best books on Japan. The present volume gives an account of the Japanese mythology, folk-lore, and traditions. One of the most interesting parts is that on the New Japan, showing the marvellous progress which has been made in the last twenty years.

*The Master Sower.* By Rev. F. S. DAVIS, A.M. Cincinnati: Cranston & Curts. Pp. 196. Price 75c.

Adopting the beautiful parable of our Lord, of the Sower of the Seed, the author of this book exemplifies in a clear, strong, cogent manner, the lessons of that holy teaching. He discusses the seed sown, the thin soil, temptation, trials, care, riches, sinful pleasures, unripe fruit, the Christian truth accepted with honest conviction, honest repentance, and honest conversion, and the ripe fruit of the spirit, even life everlasting. This is a very suggestive and instructive volume.